

No Love Lost: 2017

March 5, 2017 | Philips Arena - Atlanta, Georgia

NO LOVE LOST 2017

[THE OPEN](#) The scene opens to the Phillips Arena sold out crowd. The camera scans across the fans as they all jump, scream, leap and wave their signs. We see the new stage design for the PPV, as the camera switches sides of the arena. Explosions happen at the top of the stage and work their way down the ramp. Then from all four turnbuckles. The fans respond with loud cheering in response.

We finally land on our favorite Colour team in all of wrestling. Tommy Ace and Jason Blackfront, both men wear very fine suits and have smiles on their faces.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentleman its finally time for the pay per view event we've been waiting for, for over a year now! The last time WrestleUTA had a pay per view event, was back in the early part of 2016. Since that time, we've changed ownership twice, and brought in many a new faces, with what is now a very very strong roster of the best wrestling superstars found anywhere in the world!

Ace: And speaking of the best wrestlers of the world! Tonight we get to see MY MAN Jesse Fredricks Kendrix defend his WrestleUTA World title against A man many WrestleUTA fans have been familiar with for about 17 years now! A former World Champion in his own right, I think his task is just a BIT TOO MUCH tonight! I see our amazing champion retaining his title, and walking out of here with that belt in hand!

Jason turns to Tommy now.

Blackfront: Only time will tell Tommy, but Crimson Lord is REALLY itching to get his hands on Kendrix, forget the championship, when JFK superkicked Zoey two weeks ago on WrestleUTA on Hulu, Crimson Lord has vowed revenge, and tonight he is finally allowed to strike Kendrix, after Mikey made the no contact stipulation a month ago. I see this being one brutal war tonight! I for one cannot wait to get started! What else do we have.....?

Ace: Well OBVS we got the World Title Match....

Blackfront: ...

Tommy looks at Jason Incredulously.

Ace: I gave you a chance to TOTALLY OBVS me Jason! You blew it!

He shrugs exacerbad.

Ace: Well we've got The Mouth vs The Marathon Man! Chris "The Boss" Ross is going to wipe the floor with

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Impulse tonight, and I for one cannot wait to sit ringside for it.

Blackfront: You're not kidding! This match has been building since the Debut of Ross on Hulu. Since that time he has felt Impulse has had it out for him and stealing his spotlight. Impulse on the other hand is under the impression that someone has to shut up Ross, and it might as well be him. So tonight the two go toe to toe!

The pair switch back to the camera.

Blackfront: We also have Andy Murray going up against a former UTA champion of Mikey's choice tonight! Andy proved a few weeks back that the shoulder is 100% and he's ready to compete against Kendrix, but WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely hasn't bought in, until Murray has hopped every hurdle placed in his way. Tonight the final hurdle on the way back to the title. Who's it going to be Tommy!?

Ace: Woah, if I know Mikey like I think I do, then it's going to be a HUGE SURPRISE! I'm thinking Yoshi!? Sean Jackson!? Or LFB HIMSELF!

Blackfront: It could be anyone! Gentleman Jack! CBR! The Second Coming! Spectre! Or many more!

Ace: I love a good surprise! Speaking of Surprises.... I heard THE Jay Harvey is in the building tonight and he's none too pleased about not having a match! Rumor has it, he's working on getting into the ring here tonight as well!

Blackfront: Later on this evening we have another one that's been getting more and more serious lately, Scott Stevens has been absolutely bludgeoned by the cast of David Hightower, tonight we see the two finally tangle in the ring alone!

Ace: Not only that Jason, but its NO DISQUALIFICATIONS! Did you order a hearse tonight Jason!?

Blackfront: No, why!?

Ace: Cause It's Stevens Funeral! Hahaha

Blackfront: All of that action is yet to come tonight folks but before we do that we have our first matchup of the evening. In what has been nothing short of... interesting....two newcomers to WrestleUTA, Dexter Poindexter and Jestal both have been a pain in the others side. Jestal more so than the former.

Ace: Well one's a loser with a super hot girlfriend and the other one is a fat ugly clown so.....In what universe would that not be weird!? I'm not sure who wants the other one more in this one. On one hand Jestal has constantly attacked Jade.... Not that I blame him!

Blackfront: TOMMY! Remain professional! We're kicking off with that one folks...

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[THAT PUNK!](#)

That Punk

We fade in on food, drinks, plates, cups, etc. on the concrete floor in the back of the Philips Arena. The view tilts up to reveal WrestleUTA Owner Mikey Unlikely in his finest suit with a look of horror on his face.

Unlikely: Look at this mess! Not tonight! I can't have this!

Mikey puts his right hand to his head and paces, thinking to himself. All of a sudden it hits him.

Unlikely: Someone get that overpaid geek Ron Hall out here! Now!

Mikey looks down at the mess on the floor and the tipped over craft services table. Within moments UTA Hall of Famer, now turned janitor, Ron Hall enters the picture.

Unlikely: Ron!

Mikey points at the chaos.

Unlikely: Clean this up! This is my first Pay Per View as owner... I can't have this! Tonight has to be perfect.

Hall: A little late for that now isn't it?

Mikey shoots Ron an evil look.

Hall: I've got it. Chill out will you?

Mikey Unlikely adjusts his suit, takes a deep breath and runs his fingers through his hair.

Unlikely: Tonight is gonna be great. This is nothing, got a big night...

Mikey walks off talking to himself. Ron puts on a pair of nitrile gloves and pulls out a garbage bag from his back pocket. Hall opens up the black garbage bag and begins shoveling in the debris. He scoops a pile-up and sees a piece of paper. He picks it up and unfolds it. Hall begins reading it as the look on his face goes from confusion to anger. The paper crumbles almost instantly in Ron's hand.

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Hall: That punk!

We zoom in on the frustrated face of "The Southern Rebel" and soon fade out.

DEXTER POINDEXTER VS JESTAL

â™«His world by Zebrahead begins to play over the loudspeakers..

Jordan: The following contest is your opening match of the evening...

Dexter and his girlfriend Ivy walk out hand in hand.

They walk down the ramp hand in hand and stop in front of the ring. Ivy talks with Dexter giving him a pep talk before the match.

Jordan: introducing first from Wilmington, North Carolina....he weighs in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds...

Dexter smiles sliding Ivy's face mask down and kissing her softly before he slides into the ring and gets ready for the match.

Jordan: THE KEYBOARD WARRIOR....DEXXTTTTERR POINTDEXTTTTTEEEERRRR!â™«

Dexter warms up in the corner as a Ringmaster makes his way in the ring, he whispers something in Jordan's ear before waving him off. Jordan shrugs his shoulders as the Ringmaster takes his microphone from him. Jordan leaves the ring as Dexter watches him leave baffled why he is leaving.

Blackfront: It appears like we have a ringmaster in the ring here Tommy.

Ace: Perhaps Jestal thinks Jordan's introductions are rather amateurish?

Ringmaster: Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls WELCOME to NO LOVE LOST!

The fans cheer for the moment until that familiar theme song hits the PA...(Jestal's theme Song)

â™«Jestal comes from behind the curtain pulling the same crate Clucky sat on two weeks ago. Jestal is dressed in a pink jogging suit with the hoodie over his head. He has a brisk jog to the ring during the ringmasters intro.

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Ringmaster: I present to you boys and girls ACT ONE of tonight's festivities. You all have been introduced to him....

The Ringmaster points at Dexter standing in the corner with Ivy not impressed much. The Ringmaster resumes his introductions.

Ringmaster: Making his way to the ring the cocky, the impressive, the man all the ladies in this arena lust for over everynight.

Blackfront: Oh give me a break.

Ringmaster: He stands a impressive FIVE feet! He weighs in at a incredible two hundred and eighty pounds!

Ace: Wow Jestal really got in shape, what is his secret?

Ringmaster: The main attraction of the evening...I give to you...."THE MAD PRINCE" JESTALLLL!!!

Jestal reaches the bottom of the ramp and turns around to stop the cart. He walks over to the cart and takes Clucky off the cart. He jogs around the ring with Dexter watching him. He walks up the steps and steps through the ropes and raises his arms out with Clucky in his clutches to a chorus of boos as the ringmaster leaves the ring. Sparklers explode from the ring post Dexter staggers to the side surprised.

Blackfront: Is all this really necessary?

Ace: What he is the main attraction why wouldn't it be?

Blackfront: I would think Kendrix and Crimson would have something to say about that.

Jestal takes his jogging suit off revealing a new outfit, he has pants with suspenders now. He puts a pair of green boxing gloves on.™« He knees in his corner facing the crowd talking to Clucky the camera can not make out what he is saying. He makes a cross with his hands over his head to his mid chest then to his shoulders. He stands up and bounces around and touches his gloves together.

Blackfront: I think this nut case thinks this is a boxing match?

Ace: Dexter looks like he has no clue what to do.

Jestal moves to the center of the ring followed by Dexter. The two circle and Jestal starts to throw punches. Dexter gets hit a few times before dodging everything Jestal throws! Jestal swings wide and Dexter shout..

Dexter: STAR Super Uppercut!

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The camera catches Dexter's fist under Jestal's chin. The Clown hits the mat hard and rolls out of the ring. Dexter looks back at Ivy as Jestal is laid out, outside of the ring. The referee in charge Skip McLendon begins a ten count.

Blackfront: Someone tell this jester this is suppose to be wrestling not boxing.

Ace: It's called entertainment from our main attraction of the evening Jestal; Jason.

ONE.....TWO.....THREE.....FOUR.....FIVE...

Jestal gets to his feet he stumbles into the steel steps and waves at McLendon he is fine. But McLendon continues the count!

Blackfront: He thinks he is getting a standing ten count, unbelievable.

Ace: I don't know why this ref is still counting clearly the Mad Prince is on his feet.

SIX.....SEVEN.....EIGHT!

Jestal slides in the ring, He looks in the corner nodding his head as though Clucky is giving him instructions. He looks back at Dexter and goes in on the attack trying to jab his adversary. Dexter continues to dodge and retaliates with a cross stunning The Clown. Dexter lets loose with the hooks into the gut of Jestal. The Jester lowers his gloves from his face and smiles as though he absorbs the body blows. Not realizing he left his chin wide open!

Blackfront: Well, if he thinks this is a boxing match; boxers do not leave their chin wide open like he is doing right now.

Ace: Cover up Jestal!

Dexter unloads a vicious left hook. Knocking Jestal's mouthpiece out and knocking him through the ropes to the floor. Dexter waves his hands up as McLendon who starts his ten count again.

ONE.....TWO.....THREE.....FOUR.....FIVE.....SIX

Jestal staggers to his feet once more clearly clueless where he is he puts his fists up in the air. Shadow boxing while McLendon continues to count.

Blackfront: I think he thinks Dexter is outside with him, clearly Dexter is a lot stronger than people think he is.

Ace: Lucky shot, Dexter has the strength of a wet noodle!

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SEVEN.....EIGHT.....NINE...

Dexter exits the ring breaking the count, and grabs Jestal by the hair and throws him in the ring. Jestal hobbles up to his feet his legs looking like they feel like jello. Dexter clearly is done messing around. He grabs Jestal by the neck and executes a Neckbreaker! Jestal is then picked up and thrown into the corner. Dexter charges in with a Missile Dropkick!

Blackfront: It appears Dexter is done playing this boxing game Jestal has tried to turn this matchup into.

Ace: This not legal, Skip disqualify Dexter for using a Neckbreaker!

Jestal stumbles out of the corner along the ropes. Dexter goes off the ropes and clotheslines The Clown over the top rope. Jestal once again absorbs the ten count. As The Clown gets to his feet this time, he looks toward Dexter furious. He yells at Skip while he continues to count.

Jestal: That was not a boxing move disqualify him!

McLendon breaks his count in a response, denying Jestal's argument. The Clown enraged pulls his gloves off and slides in the ring at the count of nine! The Mad Prince charges and Dexter runs and nails Jestal with a flying bicycle kick! Jestal crashes to the mat hard and The Keyboard Warrior stands up and Jestal rolls to his feet keeping himself balanced by the corner.

Dexter runs and does a baseball slide slamming his feet right into The Mad Prince's knee! Jestal collapses holding his knee and Dexter slides out of the ring and grabs Jestal by the feet and with all his strength pulls him groin first into the ring post!

Ace: What the hell is going on around here?! This match is getting out of control!

Blackfront: Was it really in control to begin with!?

Dexter grabs The Clown's leg and smacks the side of it right into the ring post. Jestal screams in pain as Dexter jumps up on the apron before making a bow and arrow motion and he runs across and does a baseball slide right into the injured knee against the post again!

Ace: Oh my god! Jestal certainly isn't laughing over that one!

Blackfront: Dexter may have seriously injured Jestal's knee!

Dexter jumps into the ring and grabs Jestal lifting him to his feet. The Keyboard Warrior turns roundhouse kicking Jestal into the knee he's working on. The Mad Prince falls to his knees and Dexter bounces off the ropes and slams a knee right into his face. Dexter goes for a cover....

One...

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Two...

Jestal kicks out and Dexter wastes no time planning his next attack.

Blackfront: Dexter is in full control here!

Ace: He is now but The Mad Prince is very unpredictable. He may be luring him into a trap!

Jestal slowly gets to his feet limping using the rope for support and Dexter rushes in and takes him down with a chop block! The Clown rolls around favoring his knee and The Keyboard Warrior rushes and climbs to the top rope. He looks down at Ivy who is cheering him on and smiles nodding his head before he leaps off and lands a double foot stomp onto Jestal's knee!

Ace: What the hell was that?!

Blackfront: That was different but that looked painful!

Jestal lets out a scream the moment the move lands. The Mad Prince slides out of the ring trying to walk but he is limping badly. He holds himself up against the steps. Dexter slides out of the ring on the other side....

ONE...

TWO....

Ace: LOOK OUT MAD PRINCE!!!!!!!

Dexter with a running start runs and nails the steps with a dropkick sending the mound of metal right into Jestal's knees. The Clown collapses holding his knee in clear pain.

THREE...

FOUR...

Blackfront: Dexter has a clear plan of attack here, that knee continues to be his focus.

FIVE...

Ace: I don't know if Jestal will be able to walk after that!

SIX...

The referee restarts the count after Dexter slides into the ring. Jestal slowly regains his senses getting up and stealing a drink from a fan downing it.

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ONE...

TWO....

Blackfront: Hey! I'm sure that fan paid good money for that beer!

THREE...

Ace: I'm sure he did! Eleven dollars for one beer!

FOUR....

FIVE....

The Mad Prince limps to the ring and Dexter runs and hits him right in the face with a baseball slide. Jestal flies back and slams into the guardrail hard. The Gamer Nerd stands on the apron. With Jestal still stunned on his feet The Keyboard Warrior flies through the air and lands on top of him with a moonsault.

ONE....

TWO.....

THREE....

Blackfront: Listen to these fans erupt!!!!

Ace: Jestal is in serious trouble here! Dexter isn't letting him back in the ring!

FOUR....

FIVE....

Dexter gets up and slides back into the ring waiting for Jestal to get up. The Clown gets up slowly before he climbs the apron still favoring his knee. Dexter runs and cracks him in the jaw with an elbow. Then another. And another. He turns and nails him with a roaring elbow! The Mad Prince is on the apron, stunned. Dexter goes off the ropes looking to spear Jestal off the apron. Jestal turns in a one eighty and Dexter's momentum throws him in a suicidal dive head first into the barricade separating the fans from the ring!

ONE....

TWO...

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

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Ace: Toro! Toro!

The Jester holds his knee for a second, before trying to get some pressure on it by standing on it. Jestal chuckles a bit. Jestal runs a bit on the apron and drops an elbow to the floor on Dexter. Jestal holds his head for a moment. Using the ring apron to pull himself up. Favoring his knee a bit, He picks up Dexter and throws him right into the ring steps knocking the top section off!

ONE....

Blackfront: it appears these two prefer to have this match outside the ring then actually in it. Dexter is hurt here fans he hit that barricade hard.

TWO...

Ace: Jestal, is not in prime condition either Jason stop favoring this nerd so much!

The Jester grabs Dexter's arm and places it over the bottom half of the steps and walks up the step and jumps up and slams his foot down on Dexter's arm he screams in pain! Jestal stalks Dexter now laughing as he approaches him.

Blackfront: These two better get in the ring or this will be a double count-out!

He picks up Dexter and throws him back in the ring as McLendon has reached a nine count.

Ace: Look at that after that assault on Jestal's knee, he is still looks like he is having the time of his life.

The Clown enters the ring right after him as Dexter holds his arm, Jestal doesn't give him a chance to try and shake it off and violently continues to stomp on Dexter's arm! He picks up Dexter and twists his arm and locks in a standing armbar. Dexter slaps his shoulder, they move to the apron Dexter uses the ropes and backflips reversing the armbar, but Jestal quickly retaliates before he can get a solid lock and clotheslines Dexter to the mat!

Blackfront: Jestal, quickly reverses Dexter's attempt at reversing his Armbar. Through all the antics and the behavior of this nutcase he has shown he is a very accomplished mat wrestler.

Ace: Wow, shocker you actually giving Jestal some praises who would've thought, I on the other hand will go on record as saying Dexter should of stayed in his mother's basement.

Jestal wastes no time and once more applies another Armbar really trying to pull Dexter's shoulder out of its socket! McLendon is checking on Dexter who is refusing to quit. Desperately Dexter reaches for the ropes crawling ever so close as The Jester continues to try and keep the pressure on Dexter being cheered on by Ivy outside. FINALLY he grabs a hold of the bottom rope the ref quickly tells Jestal to break the hold. The Clown refuses and McLendon begins to count Dexter riving in pain.

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Blackfront: Jestal needs to break this hold, Skip is giving him the standing five count here, break it or get DQ Jestal.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

Ace: See he released it don't get your panties in a bunch Jason.

Jestal has released the hold...but The Clown continues his assault laughing as he picks up Dexter. He quickly locks in a Chicken Wing on Dexter's bad arm behind him and Bodyslams him to the mat! Jestal wastes no time stretches Dexter's bad arm out and begins to drive knee after knee into the shoulder of Dexter's bad arm.

Blackfront: Dexter is in trouble here fans much like earlier where Jestal's knee was being the focal point of Dexter's attack, now it appears the tables have been turned and Jestal is returning the favor by a all out assault on Dexter's right arm!

Ace: Turnabout is fair play Jason.

Jestal stops his assault to laugh at the capacity crowd in the Phillips Arena. Dexter struggles to get to his feet holding his arm still riving in pain. Jestal notices him and begins to mock Dexter, by dangling his arm in front of him. Dexter gets upset and charges Jestal, The Clown gets clotheslined out of the ring. Dexter struggles to get some feeling back in his arm. He exits the ring and grabs Jestal, who quickly rakes Dexter's eyes. The Keyboard Warrior staggers around blinded. Jestal wastes no time gets behind Dexter and locks in a Arm Trap Exploder Suplex to the pavement!

Blackfront: Dexter is in trouble here fans, Ivy clearly is concerned for her man.

Ace: Jestal in ring abilities seem to get better every night he comes out here.

Jestal hops to his feet laughing at Dexter and then giving a cheesy grin toward Ivy. Jestal slides in the ring and quickly back out. He grabs Dexter's arm and drags him to the steel steps earlier in the match he puts his damaged arm between the ring post and steel steps. Without hesitation Jestal kicks the steps smashing Dexter's arm between the metal post and the steel steps. Dexter screams in pain holding his arm in clear pain.

Blackfront: My god, Jestal is literally trying to rip Dexter's arm off.

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Ace: He may treat everything like a big game, but the man knows how to weaken a body part.

Jestal begins to taunt fans and tease them while Dexter rolls around on the ground holding his arm. Jestal slides in the ring and waits for Dexter to get back in. McLendon has reached a eight count as Dexter tries frantically to get into the ring. Ivy is checking on Dexter, she hasn't given up encouraging her man. He slides in the ring in the nick of time.

Blackfront: Dexter refusing to give up here fans..the determination of this young man can not be overlooked.

Ace: Yea sure come back in the ring and have Jestal beat you silly with your own arm. Real smart there, just give up and call it a night Dexter you clearly do not belong in this business.

Jestal quickly gets a hold of Dexter and locks in another Arm Trap Exploder Suplex! Dexter continues to have trouble fighting through the pain. Jestal helps him up now taunting and laughing at Dexter. The Clown begins to slap Dexter over and over. Until Dexter explodes and Thuel Presses Jestal and unloads with lefts and rights to the face of the dastardly jester!

Blackfront: Dexter is letting Jestal have it he is far from done here fans. These fans are energizing this young man.

Ace: He may think he is some sort of superhero but reality will catch up to him real quick!

Dexter picks up Jestal and locks in a T-Bone Suplex! Dexter gets up as Jestal staggers to his feet. Dexter moves in once again on the knee of Jestal with stomps to it. Jestal staggers around as now Dexter is throwing roundhouse kicks to the back of Jestal's leg.

Blackfront: Dexter has his second wind here Tommy!

Ace: Come on Jestal, don't let this nerd takeover.

Dexter grabs Jestal by the hair and slams him head first into the turnbuckle..

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

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SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NINE

TEN!

Jestal turns around his eyes roll in the back of his head and he falls face first. Dexter wastes no time and grabs Jestal's injured leg and locks in a single leg crab! Jestal yells in pain as The Keyboard Warrior pulls back on the hold. Jestal looks as though he is about to tap...but suddenly twist and is able to flip on his back with his free leg pushes Dexter off of him. Dexter hits the turnbuckle with his injured arm! Dexter quickly holds his arm. Jestal hobbles to his feet as Dexter turns around Jestal arm drags Dexter to the ground.

Blackfront: Jestal almost gave up there, but was able to reverse the single leg crab!

Ace: Not to mention he twisted his body sort of to directed Dexter into the turnbuckle with his bad arm first, smart move by The Mad Prince!

Jestal quick to change moves upon hitting the mat he locks in his Seated Fujimara Armbar! Dexter screams in agony as Jestal pulls back laughing at the agony Dexter is in. Dexter is struggling to try and break the hold and can not find any way to break the hold. Dexter begins to crawl once more to the ropes Ivy slamming her hands on the mat cheering him on. The Keyboard Warrior is just about there but Jestal applies even more pressure to the injured limb.

Blackfront: We first saw Jestal's Fujimara Armbar two weeks ago against the challenger tonight for the World Title Crimson Lord. It's a move that puts tremendous pain on the shoulder of its opponent!

Ace: Indeed and in the arsenal of a guy like Jestal, almost made that seven foot goof to tap out to it!

Dexter finally grabs the rope, and again Jestal refuses to break the hold. McLendon once again begins his count to break the hold.

ONE

TWO

THREE

Blackfront: Come on Jestal break the damn hold!

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FOUR

Ace: Jestal is smart enough he knows how to milk a count.

Jestal finally releases the hold Ivy is checking on Dexter from outside the ring. Jestal is strutting around hobbling around while doing it. Dexter pulls himself up in the corner. Jestal wastes no time and charges at Dexter.

Blackfront: Here he comes again!

Ace: NO! Jestal hit chest first into the turnbuckle!

Blackfront: Dexter quickly moved out of the way, Dexter with a School Boy on Jestal!

ONE....

Ace: Kick out Jestal!

TWO....

Jestal kicks out, Dexter gets up with Jestal.

Blackfront: Dexter showing he belongs here now with a Small Package on Jestal!

ONE...TWO...TWO and a HALF !

Jestal kicks out again! Jestal now rather angry gets up and charges Dexter, he drop toe holds Jestal...

Dexter: *CHEAT CODE ACTIVATED!!*

Blackfront: Jestal is staying alive, but Dexter is...

Ace: Are you kidding me he is trying to steal Jestal's own finisher!

Jestal put into his very own *KillJoy!* Jestal's eyes widen as Dexter twists him into a pretzel!

Blackfront: Dexter has Jestal in his own *KillJoy!* We saw this a few weeks ago when Dexter did the same to Chris Ross with his *Welcome to Harrisburg!*

Ace: What is the matter Dexter only know one way to finish a match use someone else's maneuver to do it.

Jestal appears to be about to tap. McLendon is in position. Jestal refuses to give up. Dexter seems to be losing his grip on the hold. Jestal clearly has done a significant amount of damage on the arm. Dexter with his

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teeth clenched tries to maintain the hold. Jestal starts to pull himself to the ropes. Until he is able to grab them. Dexter releases the hold and grabs his arm in pain.

Blackfront: Dexter is really hurt here fans, Jestal really has done a number on his arm here tonight.

Ace: Only credit I will give this nerd is Jestal hasn't been able to walk very well after Dexter also did a number on his knee.

Jestal slides out of the ring, on the floor outside on his hands and knees trying to shake off the hold. Ivy checks on Dexter, and Dexter says something to her but the camera is unable to make it out. The look on Ivy's face is that of worry and concern for him. Dexter gets to his feet and Grabs Jestal by the hair as he is back on his feet, and pulling him on the apron. He sets him up for a suplex still in alot of pain. He lifts him up and Jestal flips over the top of Dexter.

Blackfront: Jestal reversing a suplex by Dexter what agility from a two hundred eighty pounder!

He quickly locks in a Chicken Wing and falls to the mat Dexter in even more pain! Dexter starts to turn his body trying to take the leverage of the hold off him. Jestal realizing it tries to lock it in tighter. McLendon checking on Dexter, The Keyboard Warrior refusing to give up. He has no choice but to crawl to the ropes and grab them just barely!

Blackfront: Jestal just will not stop focusing on Dexter's arm.

Ace: Like a shark that smells blood.

Jestal wastes no time and releases the hold. The Clown walks around laughing for a moment, he then grabs Dexters feet and drags him to the center of the ring grapevines the legs and locks in *The KillJoy!*

Blackfront: THE KILLJOY! Dexter has nowhere to go!

Ace: Rip his arm off Jestal, make him regret ever coming into this business!

Blackfront: Dexter is in the middle of the ring and can not go anywhere.

Ivy trying to cheer him on.

Ace: TAP Dexter! TAP!

Jestal has the hold firmly locked in and Dexter can not break it. McLendon right there to check, Dexter looks to be fading the ref begins to lift his arm up

Blackfront: Dexter seems to be worned down enough and is not moving much. Skip is checking on him now.

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Ace: McLendon is starting to raise Dexter's good arm, just call it, Dexter is done!

ONE.....TWO.....

Dexter keeps his hand up. Jestal is in shock, Dexter begins his attempt to get to the ropes. The more energy he puts out the slower he is able to get to the ring.

Blackfront: Come on Dexter reach! The heart of this young man will not allow him to give up!

Dexter is about to get to the ropes and suddenly goes lifeless.

Ace: So much for heart looks like Dexter has passed out.

McLendon checks on him and quickly rings the bell. Dexter seems to have passed out from the pain.

Blackfront: Dexter almost got to the ropes, unfortunately his body could not take the pain any longer. Nothing to be ashamed of Dexter, you never gave up!

Ace: Blah,Blah he succumbed to *The KillJoy*, THAT is how you lock in *The KillJoy* Dexter take notes!

â™«Jestal's Theme hits as Jestal gets off Dexter and sits on his knees laughing hysterically as the ref raises his hand.

The Ringmaster, gets over the PA..

The Ringmaster: The winner of the first act of No Love Lost..."THE MAD PRINCE" JESTTTALLL!

Camera catches Ivy and the ref checking on Dexter holding his arm.

Blackfront: The determination of and heart of this young man proved he did not give up tonight!

Jestal slides out of the ring and grabs Clucky on his way up the ramp laughing at a few fans who have Dexter's T-Shirt on. â™«

[ARRIVAL OF THE CHALLENGER](#)

Arrival of the Challenger

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The shot switches backstage. The crowd erupts when they see Crimson Lord dressed in black shirt with the a design of two pistols one facing the right one facing the left. It has text over the guns saying "Who Shot JFK" . Crimson has a black jean jacket on with a green hood, covering his face. CL is sporting a beard now. What the camera can make out it appears Crimson has black lines under his eyes. Almost like he may of not had a wink of sleep. He wears a pair of black jeans with a gold buckle belt. He has a pair of black timberland hiking boots on as well. He has his duffel bag in one hand and is pulling luggage in his other hand.

Jon Laver comes into focus microphone in hand.

Laver: Crimson....Crimson...Crimson..

Crimson continues to walk through the parking lot ignoring Jon. He meets the security guard and stage hand. The stagehand hands Crimson his VIP pass for the backstage area. Crimson takes the pass and grabs his handle for his luggage he was pulling and enters the backstage area. Jon continues to follow him like a lost puppy.

Laver: Crimson do you have any update on your daughters condition?

Crimson stops he slowly flips his hood back, Crimson clearly look like he has not slept in weeks. He slowly looks back at Jon with a look to make him back up. Crimson looks forward again and continues to walk through the backstage area Jon. Watches him walk away, but is determined to get a response from the challenger tonight.

Laver: I am sorry Crimson can we get any sort of response to the man you are facing tonight for the WrestleUTA World Championship?

Crimson continues to ignore, Jon as he makes it toward the area the wrestlers stay. He walks up to a door marked Crimson Lord on it he reaches for the handle.

Laver: Crimson can we get any sort of response to JFK's actions?

Jon tries to once again put the microphone to Crimson's mouth. Crimson just enters the room with his luggage.

Laver: Anyth...

Before Jon can try yet another question Crimson Lord slams the door in his face. Jon looks back at the main camera.

Laver: Well, it appears the challenger for the World Title tonight is not in the mood for talking.

Laver walks off camera

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[I'M WAITING...](#)

I'm Waiting...

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins to play through the sound system in the Philips Arena. The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She stops in front of the WrestleUTA LED screen atop the entrance ramp. She is dressed in a hot black number showing off WAY too much skin. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. He is dressed for ring action and raises his arms into the air as he is serenaded in boos.

Blackfront: THE Jay Harvey and Catalina making their way to the ring. Harvey has been mysteriously not been given a match here on the pay per view.

Ace: Well Jason for your information... THE Jay Harvey and I spoke earlier in the week like we usually do...

Blackfront: You and Jay Harvey talk weekly?

Ace: Of course! Jay Harvey is a big fan of mine and I'm a big fan of his.

Blackfront: Anyway... what did he say when you two spoke?

Ace: For one, he's not a fan of you... but he told me he was going to come out here at No Love Lost and do something marvelous.

The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle. Cameramen move right in the two, Catalina brushes the lens away but Harvey has some words for the people watching at home.

Harvey: Mr. P-P-V is in the goddamn building.

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

Blackfront: Really Tommy, what did he say about tonight?

Ace: What did who say, Jason? I got a little distracted... oof.

Harvey walks toward C.H. Jordan and beckons for a microphone.

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Ace: What a few months it's been for THE Jay Harvey since his debut here in WrestleUTA.

Blackfront: Indeed. You may not have liked his tactics but Jay Harvey remains undefeated in WrestleUTA.

The fans continue to let Harvey hear their displeasure with his presence. Harvey walks to the center of the ring and begins to speak.

Harvey: Will you disgusting pieces of Atlanta trailer trash please shut your mouths?

The crowd boos the man in the ring in total unison. Catalina seems to be getting a kick out of Harvey's words to the sold out crowd.

Harvey: Now... to you pack of savages here in HOT-Lanta.

Harvey says mockingly.

Harvey: You might be asking yourself what I'm doing here. You might also be asking yourself if your cousin is cheating on you with your brother.

The crowd is not amused.

Harvey: For those of you with less chromosomes than fingers and toes... you might think that THE Jay Harvey doesn't have a match here at No Love Lost.

Harvey paces the ring and we cut to a view of the sold out Philips Arena.

Harvey: Just like most of you thinking two plus two is five... you are wrong.

We go back to the ring to catch Harvey laugh as the crowd boos, a common theme.

Harvey: I went to WrestleUTA Owner Michael Unlikely with an idea... Mr. Unlikely loved that idea and gave me his blessing.

Ace: Of course Mikey loved the idea. It came from THE Jay Harvey!

Harvey: So tonight... LIVE on Pay Per View... The first ever "THE Jay Harvey Open Challenge".

Harvey pulls the microphone from his face and looks proud of himself. Catalina claps behind him, loving every second.

Harvey: I got my gear on. I'm in the middle of the ring. Who wants to go one on one with the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth?

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He chuckles and extends his free hand outward. He waits a few seconds and no one comes out.

Harvey: No one in the back wants to face THE Jay Harvey? How about that fat blob Bobby Dean? Get his big ass out here and I'll body slam him... Twice!

Harvey seems to be really enjoying himself.

Harvey: I know there are some alumni members in the back... how about one of you becomes relevant again for twenty minutes?

Again... nothing.

Harvey: I get it... I wouldn't want to face me either.

Blackfront: This guy is so full of himself. It makes me sick.

Ace: Oh pipe down!

Harvey looks at his wrist which is missing a watch. He puts the microphone back towards his mouth.

Harvey: How about you Atlanta? You want some of me?

The crowd is going crazy. Fans are putting their hands up in the air. Harvey points his finger at a teenager in the front row.

Harvey: Kid... I'm getting more money here tonight than your father makes in an entire year. Sit back down before you get hurt.

The crowd lets out a boo that can be heard throughout Atlanta. Catalina is laughing so hard that she is shedding tears.

Harvey: I'm waiting...

Blackfront: Will there be any takers?

Ace: It doesn't look like it, Jason...

Harvey turns his back to the entrance ramp and takes a few steps. Out of nowhere "Gold Medal" by Tha Trademarc blasts out the P.A. System and the Philips Arena goes berzerk. Harvey's eyes go wide.

Blackfront: The Southern Rebel!

Ace: He's a janitor! He retired!

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Blackfront: Ron Hall is coming to the ring!

Ron Hall walks down the aisle with purpose. The look of determination and anger all over his face. Hall looks dressed for a street fight with blue jeans, boots, and a white "Property of UTA Wrestling" T-Shirt. Catalina exits the ring and Harvey tosses the microphone to the outside. He gestures for Hall to get in the ring.

Blackfront: Ron Hall has accepted the "THE Jay Harvey Open Challenge"... listen to this crowd!

Ace: Ron Hall is in for a rude awakening. He's walking into a lion's den!

Hall walks up the ring steps, stopping for a moment to take the shirt off and throws it into the crowd. His eyes locked onto Harvey. Ron goes through the ring ropes and gets right in the face of the brash upstart. Harvey smirks and shakes his head in amazement.

Blackfront: This crowd is electric!

The Atlanta faithful begin to chant.

Southern Rebel!

Clap-Clap-Clap Clap Clap

Southern Rebel!

Clap-Clap-Clap Clap Clap

Southern Rebel!

Clap-Clap-Clap Clap Clap

The two men in the middle of the ring haven't taken their eyes off of each other. A referee comes into the frame and talks with the men, who still have their eyes locked on one another.

Blackfront: Buckle your seatbelts, folks. Business is about to pick up.

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THE JAY HARVEY OPEN CHALLENGE

Ron Hall and Jay Harvey are toe to toe in the middle of the ring. The referee calls for the bell and the match is underway. The crowd is pulsating it seems as Ron lands a swift right fist that knocks Harvey on his ass and gets the Atlanta crowd on their feet. Harvey quickly gets back to his feet only to get met by another swift right. Harvey gets right back up and is holding his face in pain. Ron sweeps Harvey's feet from under him and starts landing furious rights and lefts.

Blackfront: Hall is like a man possessed!

Ace: This isn't right! He's not on the WrestleUTA roster!

Blackfront: No, he's a Hall of Famer! Ron accepted the open challenge and he's pummeling Jay Harvey into next week!

Hall gets to his feet and walks around the ring, pumping his fists. The Philips Arena is on fire.

Blackfront: Serves Harvey right!

Ace: Someone needs to put a stop to this! THE Jay Harvey did absolutely nothing to Ron for him to act like this!

Hall pulls Harvey to his feet and goes for an Irish Whip. Harvey sprints across the ring and is sent crashing to the mat after a Hip Toss from Hall.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey belittled Ron Hall two weeks ago and I have a feeling that Jay is responsible for that mess in the back.

Ace: Ron needs to remember this is Twenty-Sixteen and not Two-Thousand-Two.

Harvey rolls to the outside and slams his hands on the canvas near him. Harvey seems rattled.

Ace: Veteran move by Harvey. He needs to stop Ron's momentum.

Hall stands near the far ropes and braces himself for take off. He bounces off the ropes and goes for a Baseball Slide but Harvey moves out of the way. Ron slides out but lands on his feet. Jay greets Ron with a hard left and a chop. Ron returns the favor with a stiff left of his own. Hall and Harvey go blow for blow on the outside. Harvey gains the advantage with a knee to Hall's midsection. Harvey and Hall trade places and Harvey sets Hall up for a Suplex.

Blackfront: Harvey is going to Suplex... wait... Hall is blocking it.

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Ace: Come on Jay!

Hall once again places his foot behind Harvey's to block the Suplex attempt. Hall grabs a handful of Harvey's tights and uses his strength to Snap Suplex Harvey onto the padded mats on the outside of the ring. Harvey grabs at his back and yells out in pain. The referee has begun his Ten Count inside the ring. Ron slides back into the ring, leaving Harvey on the outside.

Blackfront: Listen to this crowd!

You still got it!

Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap

You still got it!

Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap

Jay Harvey slowly makes his way to his feet. Catalina is seen saying something to him as she stands behind him but microphones nearby don't pick it up.

Ace: Catalina offering her man some moral support.

Harvey pulls at the middle rope and gets to the ring apron. He finally stands on the apron and holds the top rope. Ron Hall acts quickly and grabs at the top rope. Harvey is sent over the top rope and comes slamming down on the mat back into the ring. Hall locks in a Rear Chin Lock on Harvey.

Hall: Ask him, Ref!

Hall continues to keep pressure underneath Harvey's chin. Harvey is trying to fight out of it but Hall keeps the hold locked on. Harvey is able to get to one knee, fighting Hall. Harvey grabs Ron's head with both hands and executes a Jawbreaker to break himself free.

Blackfront: That was a move out of pure desperation.

Jay knocks the cobwebs loose and goes on the attack. Harvey lands some boot stomps to the body of Ron Hall before going full mount and raining down right fists on Hall.

Ace: Get him! Teach that janitor a lesson!

Jay Harvey gets to his feet and poses for the crowd which brings out the boo-birds. Harvey flips the fans off and turns his attention back to his opponent. Ron Hall is crawling on his hands and feet. Jay Harvey takes a few steps toward Hall and stomps on Hall's left hand. Hall waves his hand in an attempt to relieve the pain. Harvey grabs Hall by the head and brings him close to his body. Harvey lands left after left to the forehead of

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Ron Hall.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey continuing his assault on Ron Hall.

Ace: Keep it going, remind him where he belongs!

Harvey sets up Hall for a Piledriver. Harvey tries to lift Hall up but Hall halts it. Harvey's eyes bulge out as Ron Hall Back Body Drops Harvey to the mat. Harvey sits up from the mat as Ron Hall bounces off the ropes, coming back at Harvey and landing a vicious Clothesline.

Blackfront: Ron Hall with the Lateral Press... Harvey kicks out at two.

Hall brings Harvey to his feet. Harvey out of nowhere takes Hall's back and hits a Snap Dragon Suplex to silence the crowd. Both men are down and the Referee starts his Ten Count.

Referee: One!

Blackfront: Both men are down.

Ace: Come on Jay!

The two competitors start to stir.

Referee: Four!

Jay Harvey is at a knee as Ron Hall is close to the ropes. Hall is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Hall now props himself up in the corner as Jay Harvey sizes him up. Harvey rushes Hall and goes for a Splash in the corner but Hall moves away at the last second. Harvey now in the corner gets Knife Edge Chopped several times by Hall. The Atlanta crowd is heard screaming the obligatory "Woooooo" as the chops land, each harder than the last. Hall climbs up the ropes and has Harvey where he wants him. Ron raises his right fist into the air and the fans are loving it.

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

Hall jumps down from the ropes and steps away from Harvey, who immediately falls face first down to the mat. Harvey crawls a bit before resting on his knees. He puts his hands up to stop the attack from his opponent. Hall comes closer to Harvey and pays for it. Harvey grabs Hall by his belt and sends him crashing into the ring post shoulder first. Harvey sits on his backside and points his index finger at his head.

Ace: Smart move from a smart man.

Blackfront: Think you got something on your nose, Tommy.

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Ace: Shut up.

Jay Harvey walks toward Ron Hall and grabs his arm, tossing him down to the mat and locking in an Armbar submission. Catalina is jumping with joy on the outside. Jay Harvey keeps the pressure on Hall's arm and shoulder. The Referee is in position. Ron Hall tries furiously to get his foot on the nearby rope. The crowd is cheering loudly for Hall.

Blackfront: Ron Hall is desperately trying to reach that bottom rope... and he's got it!

The fans go wild but Harvey keeps the Armbar locked in. The Referee counts to four before Harvey lets the hold go. Harvey wastes no time in continuing his attack. He grabs Hall by the hair and pants, tossing him neck first on the second rope. Harvey begins choking Ron Hall by pressing the back of his head against the second rope.

Ace: Give up, Ron! I need my dressing room cleaned already!

Blackfront: Come on, Ref!

The Referee forces Harvey to break the choke and gives him a warning. Ron Hall begins coughing, fighting for air as he holds his throat. As the Referee's back is turned Catalina comes into the picture. She grabs Ron by the back of the head and chokes him against the second rope.

Blackfront: Turnaround, Ref!

Catalina lets go before the Referee can see. She laughs as she walks away and Harvey goes back to work. Harvey hits the ropes. He bounces off and slides under the bottom rope and connecting with a stiff right fist to the jaw of Hall. Ron lay draped over the bottom rope.

Harvey: Shut your mouth you little worm.

The fans along ringside boo Harvey. He now turns his attention back to Hall who still is on the bottom rope. Harvey rushes Hall and lands a Front Dropkick to Ron's face. Harvey sits on the ring apron as the boos fill the Philips Arena. Jay Harvey gets to his feet and showboats in front of the sold out crowd. Ron Hall is out cold. Jay Harvey makes his way to the top rope.

Ace: This is it! He's gonna finally end the career of Ron Hall!

Blackfront: Jay Harvey is going to the top rope. This could be it.

Harvey stands on the top rope and looks down at Hall still on the mat. Harvey leaps off going for the Diving Headbutt. Ron Hall puts his left leg up and connects with Harvey's face. The crowd is once again back in this match. Harvey eats the boot and stumbles for a second before falling face first to the mat. The Referee starts a Ten Count.

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Blackfront: What a match! What a match!

Referee: Two!

Ron Hall is the first man to move. Hall tries to grab for the ropes but isn't close enough.

Referee: Three!

Hall finally is able to get the ropes and uses whatever strength he has left to bring himself to his feet. Jay Harvey is now starting to move around.

Referee: Five!

Hall is on his feet, he stumbles towards the corner and props himself up on the turnbuckles. Hall is taking deep breaths as he watches his opponent stirring on the mat. Ron starts climbing the ropes. The fans are on their feet as the UTA Hall of Famer stands on the top turnbuckle. He waits for Harvey to get vertical. Hall goes for a Double Axe Handle but Harvey lands a fist to Hall's midsection. Harvey hits the ropes and comes back at Hall with the Wake Up Call running knee strike.

Ace: He's out! Pin him!

Jay Harvey goes for the cover and hooks the leg.

Referee: One! Two!

Ron Hall kicks out before three and the crowd roars. Jay Harvey and Catalina can't believe it. Harvey on his knees pulls at the Referee's shirt asking him if it was a three count or not.

Ace: Slow count!

Blackfront: Jay Harvey can't believe Ron Hall kicked out of that!

Ace: I'm shocked! Stay down, Ron! You bozo!

Jay Harvey looks enraged. He moves towards the ropes behind Hall. He's motioning for Hall to get up. Ron Hall is struggling to lift himself up. Hall gets to his knees and is immediately hit with a Superkick. Jay Harvey once again goes for the pin.

Blackfront: You've got to be kidding me!

Ace: It's truly Marvelous!

Referee: One! Two!

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Blackfront: Ron Hall kicked out!

Ace: How in the...

The crowd is electric. Jay Harvey is beside himself. Catalina's jaw is on the ground. Harvey goes for the vertical press once more.

Referee: One! Two!

Ron Hall again kicks out. The fans are louder than ever. Harvey slams his hands on the mat in disbelief and anger. Harvey gets vertical and walks to the ring ropes. He steps through the ropes and again beckons Ron to get up.

Harvey: Get up you son of a bitch! Get up!

Harvey shakes the ropes and yells. Ron Hall struggles to get to a knee. Harvey is seething waiting for Ron Hall to finally get to his feet.

Ace: THE Jay Harvey is looking to end this.

Blackfront: How many more times can Ron Hall kick out?

Harvey: Get up you has-been! GET UP!

Jay Harvey bangs his head back and forth eagerly waiting for Ron Hall to get to his feet. Ron finally stands up on wobbly legs. He takes a few steps away from Harvey who is behind him ready to pounce. Hall goes to turn and Harvey is off. He springboards, jumping off the top rope...

Blackfront: SPEAR! Ron Hall Speared Jay Harvey out of the air!

Ace: Oh my god!

Ron Hall rolls away from his opponent and both men are down again. Catalina slams her hands on the canvas trying to get Harvey to get up. The crowd is going ballistic.

This is awesome!

Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap

This is awesome!

Clap-CLap-ClapClapClap

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The crowd continues to chant as the Referee checks on both men. Ron Hall is showing life. The crowd seems to be bringing him back to life.

Blackfront: Where is Ron Hall getting this strength from?

Hall is back on his feet. He walks over to the corner slowly. He starts "tuning up the band".

Blackfront: Ooooooh... Ron Hall is getting ready to show Jay how it's done! Jay may be about to hear some Country Chin Music!

Hall stomps his right foot again and again. Jay Harvey has his back turned to Hall.

Blackfront: Ron Hall is going to get some payback and teach this young punk a lesson in respect!

Ace: Sesh, Blackfront. Getting a little hot...

Blackfront: It's about time Harvey pays the piper.

Harvey gets the attention of the Referee who now has his back turned to Hall. Catalina grabs the middle rope and gets to the ring apron. She low blows Ron Hall who bends at the hip, holding his groin in pain. The crowd boos her interference.

Blackfront: Damn her!

Jay Harvey realizes what has occurred and rushes to Ron Hall. Harvey lifts Hall up and has in in a Fireman's Carry.

Blackfront: No! Not this way!

Ace: Oh shut up, Jason! Game Over for the Has Been Hall of Famer!

Harvey tosses Hall up into the air and cracks him in the face with a vicious Knee Lift. Hall hits the mat and Harvey drops down for the cover.

Referee: One! Two! Three!

Blackfront: Damnit! That witch! She handed Harvey that win on a silver platter.

Jay Harvey raises both his hands in the air in victory. Catalina makes her way into the ring. She pushes the Referee out of the way and grabs Harvey's left hand. The two are celebrating amongst the boos of the Philips Arena.

Jordan: The winner of the match by pinfall... "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey!

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Harvey's music blares from the P.A. System.

Ace: What a win! What a match! What.. cat got your tongue?

Blackfront: Damnit! Damn Catalina and Damn Harvey!

Blackfront stays silent obviously annoyed by what has transpired. We cut to a replay of the low blow by Catalina followed by Harvey's finisher.

Blackfront: Ron Hall had this match won until... until that witch Catalina involved herself behind the Referee's back.

Cameras go to a shot of Ron Hall laying on the mat with his eyes open, his face covered in sweat. We cut back to Catalina and Harvey celebrating in the ring.

Ace: That'll show Ron Hall. He's done, it's Game Over for "The Southern Rebel". He needs to stick to janitorial duty!

Blackfront: Ron has nothing to be ashamed of here tonight. He reminded all of us why he's a founding father of this company and a member of the WrestleUTA Hall of Fame!

We go to views of the sold out Atlanta crowd. We now go to the ramp where Harvey and Catalina are making their exit. Both are all smiles as we fade out and continue the show.

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[NO REMORSE](#)

No Remorse

The shot opens at ringside, focused on the big screen above the stage. The footage opens to the parking lot area of the Phillips Arena. The words "Earlier This Evening" appear in the bottom right hand corner.

The shot switches fully to the pre-recorded footage centred on a Limo, engine echoing steadily in the background, It's driver walks to the back of the vehicle where several members of WrestleUTA security are guarding the area. The driver opens the door on the passenger side.

Ace: Who is it Jason?

The Cameraman tries to get in closer for a better view but it's momentarily blocked off by Security. The Cameraman manages to catch a glimpse of a man stepping out of the car in a dapper looking dark grey three piece suit and white shirt. The back of his hair tied up in a topknot The Cameraman manoeuvres around Security to get a closer view but the man ducks his head into the backseat area to reach back into the Limo. Security close the view up again but only for a moment as the man comes back into view...

BOOOOOOOOOO!

...this time with the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship draped over his shoulder. The champ doesn't look happy.

Blackfront: The Champ is in the building Ladies and Gentlemen.

Kendrix: Listen yeah, where's my luggage, Bruv? It should be here by my side ready for me BEFORE you open the door, yah get me?!

The Driver looks disappointed in himself or maybe because he anticipates a lack of tip coming in his direction for this evening's work. He rushes round to the boot of the Limo and opens the hood up as Kendrix shakes his head in disgust.

Kendrix: Unbelievable!

The Driver shuts the boot of the Limo and returns with JFK's luggage. Jesse grabs the handle away from him and wags his index finger at him

Kendrix: JFK's upset with you Chip, if that is your real name?

Chip looks like he's about to answer but he's cut off.

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Kendrix: Who cares, JFK's about to show the world he's the greatest World Heavyweight Champion of alllll tiiimmmeee. High Five!

Jesse holds his hand up flat in front of Chip who moves to strike...but Jesse moves his hand out of the way.

Kendrix: Haha! Too slow, Bruv!

Jesse moves away from the Limo, dragging his suitcase in tow as security form a circle around him. The cameraman follows as his colleague and all round inquisitive man himself, Jamie Sawyers appears try to keep up with the cordon.

Sawyers: Kendrix, are you feeling any remorse following your actions towards Crimson Lord's daughter that put her in a hospital bed, two weeks ago?

Jesse rolls his eyes at the question but doesn't break his stride as the cordon make their way toward the backstage area of the Phillips Arena.

Kendrix: No, Jimmy Jam. JFK couldn't give a flying monkeys about her. That girl was an accident waiting to happen. I mean, it's really Crimson Lord's fault, when you think about it. Who on earth brings their own Daughter inside a WrestleUTA ring? It's a dangerous place, Bruv.

Having made it inside the arena a stage hand hands over an all access area VIP lanyard to JFK who signs himself into the building. Jamie catches up, breathing heavily trying to keep up with the cordon's pace. Nethertheless his determination never waivers.

Sawyers: What about the situation between you and Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix? It seemed Mikey wasn't happy with your actions towards Zoey.

Jesse holds his mic out toward Kendrix, who's turns slightly toward the interviewer, the first time he's actually bothered to acknowledge him eye to eye. He removes his giant bug eye shades from his eyes and holds them out at Jamie, pointing at him with his index finger.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah. JFK knows what you're trying to do here Jimmy Jam. Classic reporter bullshit trying to make something out of nothing. The Hollywood Bruvs are as tight as ever. There's no story here. Just like JFK made sure there's going to be no stories about out of control monsters being triggered out of washed up Legends this evening.

Jesse points his thumb behind him over his shoulder.

Kendrix: JFK did what he had to do two weeks ago to ensure that the first ever main event of the Mikey Era...here in Atlanta, Georgia...is gonna be a good old fashioned one on one match. No interference from Baby Lord, no monsters being triggered...

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He looks over at the title resting on his shoulder before giving it a quick polish with his closed fist.

Kendrix: Just a classic one on one match between a man...and The Chosen One. Now if you excuse me, Bruv...

With a flick of his fingers, one of Jesse's security guards gets in between him and Sawyers, grabbing the mic out of his hand and ushering him away from the Champ.

Blackfront: Kendrix showing absolutely no remorse for his actions two weeks ago prior to the much awaited title match in the main event later tonight.

The cameraman focuses back on the Champ and being cordoned along the corridor before the shot becomes unstable as the security guard ushers the cameraman off in the same direction as Sawyers.

Fade Out.

[ANDY MURRAY VS FORMER UTA CHAMPION](#)

Cut to your boys in the announce booth.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome back to ringside! It's time for a very special match indeed. Andy Murray is set to face-off against a mystery opponent, and the only thing we know about the guy is that he's a "former champion." With names like Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca flown around in recent weeks, this could be a low-key match of the night contender!

Ace: It absolutely will be if Jackson or LFB show-up, and it takes sense - they're Mikey's old Dynasty boys! I, for one, can't wait to see what our glorious leader has up his sleeve.

Blackfront: Murray's frustrations have been abundantly clear in recent weeks. He entered the Kendrix match with a clear handicap in his injured shoulder, and feels like he deserves a chance at redemption. Having defeated Michael Byrd and Bobby Dean in recent weeks, surely Mikey can't have any more hurdles for him to jump over?

Ace: Mikey can do whatever the hell he pleases, Jason. What has Murray done to deserve another title shot? Beaten *Michael fucking Byrd*?! It's not Mikey's problem that the old-timer got injured, and it's not Kendrix's either. Maybe if Murray defeats this former champion tonight, we can think about having that conversation, but for now? Let's keep hush.

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Blackfront: Regardless, let's get this show on the road.

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

"Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes hits, and the crowd do their thing. The house lights cut, but multi-coloured spotlights start swirling the stage as the song runs through its organ-based intro, and the anticipation builds.

BOOM!

A huge pyrotechnic explosion as the track kicks in. The lights come back up, and Andy Murray is stood at the top of the ramp, gazing-out at the crowd, smiling broadly.

Blackfront: Looks like Murray's happy to be back at 100%!

Ace: Is he really 100%?! We don't know that yet.

Blackfront: I mean, he picked-up Bobby Dean...

Ace: ... okay, good point.

Jordan: Introducing first, from Aberdeen, Scotland! He weighs in at 280lbs... "THE KING"... ANDYYYYYYYYY MURRRRAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

A tremendous reception as Murray's name is read out. He starts making his way down to the ring, slapping hands and bumping fists on one side, then doing the same on the other. Eventually, Murray reaches the bottom of the ramp, hops up onto the apron, and throws both arms in the air.

Having basked in the glory for a few seconds, Murray eventually climbs into the ring, then walks over to the other side. He salutes the fans on that edge of the arena before taking his ring jacket off, and proudly slapping a shoulder that, until a couple of weeks ago, was firmly secured by at least five layers of tape.

Blackfront: No bandages, Tommy!

Ace: Yeah, but that could just be bravado. This guy loves showing-off as much as anybody else in the country, and it's within his interests to convince Mikey that he's at 100% tonight. Coming-out with a mummified shoulder probably wouldn't send the desired message.

In the ring, Andy rolls his shoulder back and forth a couple of times for good measure, then gives a direct thumbs-up to the nearest camera. Winking, he turns away, focusing his attention on the ramp. His music cuts from the PA system.

Blackfront: So who's it gonna be?

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Ace: Like I said, a Dynasty guy seems most likely. Perfection and Jackson were booted-out after losing in the tournament, however. La Flama Blanca would be a hot pick, as would CBR, who hasn't been seen or heard from since WrestleUTA's grand revival.

Blackfront: Either of those guys would be something else. LFB is one of the most impressive luchadores I've ever seen, but CBR, with his technical expertise, could pose all kinds of problems to Murray's healing shoulder.

Ace: I don't know if he can rule-out legends like The Spectre or even someone like Yoshii either, Jason. You never know who's going to show-up in UTA these days...

Stood in the center of the ring, Murray calls for whoever his opponent is to show his face.

Blackfront: Looks like we're gonna have to play a little waiting game.

Ace: Mindgames, baby. Whoever this opponent is clearly knows what they're doing.

Then, the lights cut.

The anticipation builds.

Ace: Here we go!

Wait for it.

Wait for it...

Wait... for... it...

Blackfront: Who is th--

Zac Brown Band feat. Chris Cornell - "Heavy Is The Head."

Ace: WHAT?!

Blackfront: ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

Immediately recognising the music, Andy Murray grins.

EVERYONE in the building immediately leaps to the feet out of shock more than anything else. They know exactly who this song belongs to.

Ace: IT'S ERIC FUCKING DANE!

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Blackfront: I'M IN SHOCK, TOMMY!

Sure enough, a greying, goatee-bearded grappler waltzes out in the dim light. Dane's clad in his trademark sequined robe and \$40,000 *DRAGONSKIN* boots, and his appearance gets a huge "what the FUCK?!" pop from the crowd.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is one of the last men to hold the UTA Championship prior to the company's closure! Mikey wasn't lying when he said "former champion!"

Ace: Mikey Unlikely is an honorable man, Jason! Goddamnit, I'm fired-up!

Just like the good old days, Dane's trademark pyrotechnics fire-off at the top of the ramp. The full houselights come back on, and The Only Star does a full rotation as he starts walking down the ramp.

Ace: This could be one hell of a fight! These guys have over fifty years' experience between them, and Dane is as nasty as they come! Contrast that with Murray's cleaner, showier fighting style, and this could be a match for the ages.

Blackfront: Absolutely Tommy! Murray and Dane have never faced before, and while Dane had more than his fair share of issues with Andy's younger brother, Cayle, during his previous run-- hey...

Gradually, the crowd's reaction turns on its head.

It starts with fans in the first few rows, then slowly creeps through the rest of the building. Eventually, Tommy Ace catches on.

Ace: Wait a goddamn minute...

When "Eric Dane" stops at the bottom of the ramp, cups his hands, and yells out "LITTLE BRUISES," everyone in the building realises what's going on.

Ace: That's not Eric Da--

Blackfront: It's Jack Hunter!

Ace: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

Andy Murray realises it too. Angry, he throws his hands out to the side, then verbally complains to the referee. There's nothing that can be done about it, however. Murray watches The Little Bruiser climb up the ramp, wipes his boots down on the apron, and step into the ring.

Ace: Murray is PISSED!

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Blackfront: So would you be, Tommy! He thought he was going to fight someone with pedigree tonight!

Ace: Goddamnit, I hate Jack Hunter.

Murray approaches Hunter, eyeing him with complete and utter contempt. Jack, as usual, has a trademark shit-eating grin across his face. He extends a hand to Murray, but just as he does this, his fake goatee beard falls off and tumbles to the mat.

Ace: KILL ME NOW.

Jack hurriedly leans down and slaps it back on his face. Murray is none too amused by this, but watches as Hunter scurries around him, grabs Jordan's microphone, and smacks it against his forehead to make sure it's working.

Hunter: SILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLYMAN!

The music cuts.

Hunter: Wrestling Utah! 'Tis I, back again, THE ONE STAR, AKA Dangerous Eric, AKA Eric Dean, AKA Erection Day, AKA Epic Dave, and I am here, once again, back in the Wrestling Utah, where I used to wrestle, but do not wrestle anymore... except tonight!

The crowd are usually up for Jack Hunter's shit, but not nothing. They were fired-up for a potential Dane vs. Murray match, and now they're pissed.

Hunter: Now listen here Andrew Murphy, what makes you think that you, a Scotchman person, can go toe to toe, eye to eye, nose to nose, knee to knee, nostril to nostril, with I, the *UNDEFEATIBOOBLED 20503-0 HASH TAG NEW--*

Quietly, unaggressively, Andy Murray plucks the microphone right out of Jack Hunter's hand and passes it back to Jordan. The announcer leaves the ring, and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Well, I guess we're underway!

Ace: God, I hope this is quick... fuck Jack Hunter.

Jack isn't exactly pleased about getting his epic promo cut short. Without even taking his stupid, over-the-top robe off, Hunter charges at Andy Murray, trying to take his head off with a clothesline.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Murray ducks, however, then damn nears boots Jack out of his robe after hitting the ropes.

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Ace: Ha! Take that you sack of shit!

Blackfront: Down goes Jack Hunter!

Again, The King looks down at his opponent with nothing but distaste plastered across his face. He has absolutely no interest in wrestling another one of Mikey's geeks, and he's not going to waste any time.

Blackfront: Murray picks him up!

With Hunter on his feet, Andy leans down and pulls him onto his shoulder.

Blackfront: Here it comes!

In one quick snap, Andy drives him down into the mat, compressing his head, neck, and shoulders.

Ace: Highland Hangover!

Blackfront: And the immediate cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings, and Murray rises to his feet, still glaring at Jack Hunter.

Blackfront: Well, that wasn't exactly what I expected...

Ace: Me neither, but I gotta say, watching Murray murder Hunter in about 10 seconds was pretty entertaining!

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... ANDYYYYYYYY MURRRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYYYYY!

The Heavy Eyes start playing over the PA system, and Andy Murray gets his hand raised. He shakes his head, then clasps his hands together like he's apologising to the crowd.

Blackfront: We thought we'd be setting-up for a big-time match here, but no. You won't see a shorter contest all year, folks.

Ace: Jack Hunter doesn't belong in the ring with a potato, let alone a 23-year veteran! Get that man outta here immediately!

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Blackfront: He beat BR Ellis once, you know...

Ace: Exactly! A fucking potato! Bah...

Blackfront: How do you think this aids Murray's title hopes? I can't imagine his next interaction with Mikey is going to be all that cordial!

Ace: I dunno. I don't care. Fuck... just get Hunter out of my sight before I throw up!

Cut.

[BLISS](#)

Bliss

The scene opens to the office of Mikey Unlikely. He sits at his desk with his feet up. He has his hands behind his head and he's watching the monitor. Andy Murray just beat the The Only Faux Star Jack Hunter. A huge smile across the face of WrestleUTA owner.

Unlikely: What a dork! That Jack Hunter, always upto something! Glad Andy Murray got his "BIG MATCH" though!

He chuckles to himself once more.

Unlikely: That Murray, always thinks he's got one up on the bossman! NO ONE does it better than Mikey Money!

The office door creaks open.

OSV: Did I hear you say, Mikey Money!?

Mikey's face lights up.

Unlikely: Bruv! YAS!

The WrestleUTA World Champion Kendrix walks through the door to the office. He smiles and the two do a quick...

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Mikey & JFK together: GLUEFIST!

After they do the ridiculous hand gesture, JFK pops a squat in the chair directly across from Mikey.

Unlikely: You ready for the big match my man!?

Kendrix nods his head confidently.

Kendrix: Always! You know how I do it! But listen, JFK is OBVS the best champion of the Mikey Era!

Unlikely: Totally Obvs!

Kendrix: But I just wanted to stop in here and make sure we're on the same page! Things got a little heated a few weeks ago, and I know you weren't too happy about it, and well.... I just wanted to bring you something to smooth things over.

Mikey sits up in his seat excited. His eyes get wide.

Unlikely: First off, we're always on the same page! THE FRONT PAGE BAYBAY!

The pair yell out ridiculous celebratory howling.

Unlikely: But you know me Bruv, I'm always down for a big surprise! SPEAKING of which, Before we do that, what did you think of my surprise for Andy Murray!

The Champion pretends his mind is blown.

Kendrix: You know, I have a hard time watching all of the losers that wrestle early in the show! But that match! Well that match was definitely worth watching! I bet that doofus is hotter than a california cactus right now!

Unlikely holds his gut and bellows out.

Unlikely: oh what about MY surprise!?

A look of realization comes over JFK's face. he holds up one finger and presses away at his brand new cell phone. A few seconds later there's a knock on the door.

Kendrix: Now I know you have an OBVS HUGE night! And I know that this is the first PPV of the Mikey Money Era! And I know you will need your energy to keep up with the beating that JFK is going to deliver to that even bigger doofus Crimson Lord tonight... SO i wanted to make sure you could stay awake...

Mikey is writhing his hands in excitement, he just KNOWS there are strippees on the other end of that door.

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That's when JFK pulls it all the way open. The view is blocked by the door, but Mikey's jaw drops like the panties of a stripee when the big bucks come out. Mikey doesn't move for a few seconds, Suddenly it appears there are tears in his eyes. He wipes at one and tries to say something but nothing comes out. Mikey walks over to JFK and gives him the biggest bro hug ever. That's when the dolly is pushed through the door and it's revealed not to be strippees at all.

Unlikely (Choked Up): It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen! Thank you bruv!

Through the door, on a pallet truck, comes a human sized, 6 foot tall, Freezing Oreo Frappe with enough whipped cream that it overflows from the enormous cup. The bossman looks it up and down and is flabbergasted by its brilliance. He slaps Jesse on the chest.

Unlikely: You brought home the frappe.... Now get out there, and you bring back this title!

He points to the World Championship as the scene fades on Mikey trying to reach up for the top of the straw.

IMPULSE VS CHRIS ROSS

Blackfront: This next match has been highly anticipated for weeks, Tommy!

Ace: By who? The people who already saw it happen at WrestleUTA on Hulu episode 13?

Blackfront: This is different, Tommy! Both men learned from that match, and I think they'll work harder to not let emotion overtake them.

Ace: Please. All we got out of the last one was Impulse should've learned not to make The Boss mad, and The Boss learned to wait until after he wins to beat up Impulse outside the ring.

Blackfront: You'll never learn, and neither will Ross. Let's head on up to the ring!

SFX: DING DING DING

Harvey: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minutes time limit! Introducing first, from Harrisburg PA...

"Badlands" by iMayday starts to play, drawing a huge chorus of boos from the fans.

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Ace: Show some respect to The Boss!

Chris Ross storms out carrying a microphone.

Ross: Harvey don't even think about it! Unless you want to spend the rest of the week in an iron lung I suggest you keep your mouth shut!

The fans boo louder as The Boss walks to the ring with a look of purpose tonight.

Ross: What each and every one of you no good spam eating hillbillies are going to witness is revenge at it's finest! I'm not here to beat Impulse! I'm here to hurt him! Screw the introduction! Impulse get your sorry ass out here so I can show you how we do shit on the streets of Harrisburg!

Blackfront: I'll say this for Ross; he's ready for action! Look at the way he's pacing the ring, Tommy... but will his temper get the better of him?

Ace: True, he needs to focus on the task at hand of teabagging that vanilla midget, but if he can do so with his trademark anger, why not?

Harvey: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by Calico Rose...

"Revolution" by SIRS Y replaces iMayday, and the fans' boos are replaced by a huge uproar of cheers. In the ring, Chris Ross leans against a far corner and makes a jerking - off motion with his hands.

Ace: Exactly, Boss!

Without warning, Impulse walks out from behind the curtain and stops at the top of the ramp. He has eschewed his leather jacket tonight, and is wearing a T-shirt advertising the old-school WrestleUTA hero, Mister Fantastic.

The status of the other three is unknown.

Harvey: From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred ninety one pounds... this is... 'THE MARATHON MAN'... IMMMMMMMPULSE!

Blackfront: I think it's clear who these fans are behind, Tommy!

Ace: The fans can be behind my pale white ass, Jason... it won't change the way this match shakes out.

Impulse ignores the fans on his way to the ring, though Cally does her best to say hello to all of them.

Literally. It... takes a minute or two.

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Blackfront: All these intense athletes, all these mouthy valets and managers... she's a breath of fresh air.

Ace: If you define fresh air as patchouli and weed, you might be right.

The referee stands mid - ring, between Chris Ross on the far side of the ring, and Impulse on the floor. The Marathon Man talks to Cally for a few seconds, before he tentatively pulls himself up to the ring apron. He turns back to her for a brief kiss--

Blackfront: CHRIS ROSS WITH A RUNNING KNEE!

Finally, the bell rings, and Ross pulls Impulse through the ropes. He tears his T-shirt and chokes him out with the remnants, all the while the referee tries to pull the two men apart!

Ace: There ya go! I knew he'd outwrestle Impulse from the start!

Blackfront: Wrestle? Seriously?

Ace: ...That right there! That's a Greco-Roman Shirt Choke!

Ross pulls Impulse up to his feet, and takes him over with... It might be a headlock takedown if it wasn't for the shirt. Impulse crawls to the ropes and pulls himself up on the middle, but Chris Ross grabs the shirt again and pulls back, all the while he has his knee in between Impulse's shoulder blades, and he continues to choke!

Blackfront: This is ridiculous!!!!

Ace: Ross is from the streets where they have no rules Blackfront!

Blackfront: This isn't a street fight!!!

The referee finally manages to separate the 2 men and the bell actually rings. Ross wastes no time and grabs Impulse, hooking his arm and throwing him over his head with a head and arm trapping suplex. The Keystone State Killa storms over and starts kicking him hard before he scoops him, and with full force throws him shoulder first right into the ring post! Before Impulse can even react Ross wraps his arms around his waist and folds him up like an accordion with a bone crunching German suplex!

Ace: Ross is absolutely destroying Impulse here!

Blackfront: This assault by Ross has been just downright brutal and I don't know how much more The Marathon Man can take!

Impulse turns over to his stomach trying to get up and Ross grabs him by the legs and leans back slamming him down with a Wheelbarrow suplex! Impulse rolls out of the ring and falls to his knees, with one hand on

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the ring apron. The Boss - not having any of it - slides out of the ring and grabs the mat, peeling it back and exposing the concrete underneath.

Blackfront: What is Ross doing?!

Ace: He's about to end Impulse's career!

Ross slides back into the ring and immediately out again restarting the count before he grabs Impulse and jerks him forward, hooking him with a double underhook. Ross lifts...

Blackfront: Impulse locks his ankles! Elbow to the face!

Ace: SO CLOSE! DAMN IT!

Blackfront: Impulse with a headscissors takedown on the floor, and he scrambles away from The Boss to catch his breath!

Ross holds his back before slowly getting to his feet with a look of fire in his eyes he gives chase running after Impulse. Impulse takes a breath, and he lunges forward and drops back to his knees, and drives his shoulder into Chris Ross' stomach, doubling the Keystone State Killa over!

Ace: That's cheating!

Blackfront: That's cheating, but a choke with a shirt isn't?

Ace: ...Yes.

Impulse sends Ross back into the ring under the bottom rope, and he takes another deep breath before he follows him in. A quick cover!

ONE...

TWO Kickout! Ross isn't anywhere near finished off!

Blackfront: Finally, the tide has turned, and we might be able to see some wrestling action!

Ace: Call it what you want, I want the Boss to destroy!

Ross rolls away and pushes himself back up on his knees, and he locks eyes with his opponent once more. Impulse adjusts his wrist tape and moves in to lock up - Ross with a low blow and a small package!

ONE...

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TWO...

Kickout!

Blackfront: I'm surprised the referee even counted!

Ace: First rule of being The Boss, Jason... don't get caught!

The fans' volume rises at the sight of Calico Rose climbing to the top step, saying something potentially less - than - polite at Chris Ross. Clearly she saw the low blow, but the referee cautions her to get down. Ross waves at her, then flips her off to a chorus of boos. Quickly, however, his attention returns to Impulse, who he drives back down to the mat with an elbow between his shoulder blades.

Blackfront: Cally should be careful, I don't think Ross would have any hesitation to hit her.

Ace: Well...

Blackfront: Sure, go ahead and defend that

Ace: She... shouldn't be on the apron!

Blackfront: Finally, something we agree on.

The Boss hooks Impulse again with the double underhook, and this time he manages to hit the suplex at the end of it, and he pops back to his feet with his arms up in a victory pose. Predictably, again, to a chorus of boos.

Blackfront: The ferocity, I can almost respect. The cockiness and lack of respect, that's what gets me, Tommy.

Ace: Respect goes to those that earn it. For example, he's THE BOSS.

Once again, Ross scoops Impulse and rocks him with a stiff right hand. He pushes the Marathon Man into the ropes and whips him to the opposite side, and catches him on the rebound with a spinebuster that shakes the mat. Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

TKICKOUT! Impulse gets the shoulder up and rolls towards the ropes!

Ace: The Boss drops a forearm on Impulse's rib cage! He ain't gonna run again!

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Blackfront: I think he was hardly running, Tommy - he was looking for a breather to clear his head, but you're right, Impulse doesn't get the ropes, and Ross drags him back to the middle of the ring!

Ross continues his relentless assault and drops elbow after elbow into the middle of The Marathon Man's back before he grabs him by the hair and drives a brutal forearm into the side of his head.

Blackfront: I don't know how much more Impulse can take.

Ace: Ross is just beating the holy crap out of him!

The Boss hoists Impulse up and slams him down with a belly to belly suplex... He stands up keeping his hands clasped and slams him down with another belly to belly suplex. He stands up again bringing Impulse to his feet and finishes the trio of suplexes with an overhead belly to belly suplex where Impulse lands in a heap. Another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THRICKOUT by Impulse!

Blackfront: I think Impulse is well showing why he's known as the Marathon Man, Tommy! He's been off balance since this match started, but there's absolutely no quit in him!

Ace: Lucky us. And yes, I'm being sarcastic.

Ross slams his fists into the mat frustrated before ripping his opponent up off the mat and he hooks his arms throwing him back in a Dragon suplex... He rolls and readjusts his arms and throws him back with a Tiger suplex.... Continuing the chain of moves he rolls and gets to his feet and he throws Impulse one last time with a release german suplex! Ross goes for the cover...

ONE...

TWO....

THRICKOUT!!!

Blackfront: Unbelievable!!!!

Ace: What does The Boss have to do to put Impulse away?!

Ross at this point is beyond frustrated and he slides out of the ring and retrieves the time keeper's chair.

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Blackfront: Oh god now Ross has a chair!!! Come on!!!!

No sooner does he slide in with the chair, however, that the referee steps between him and Impulse and threatens him with disqualification.

Ace: Disqualify him, then! Small price to pay.

Ross argues with the referee, but in the end he throws the chair to the mat in frustration and rushes Impulse

--

Blackfront: Drop Toe Hold by Impulse! Chris Ross' head just bounced off the bottom turnbuckle! Impulse rolls away and pulls himself up on the ropes! This could be his moment!

Ace: You can say it and say it and eventually you might be right, but now's not the time.

As Ross pulls himself back to his feet in the corner as well, Impulse shakes his head violently to clear his vision and steps towards him with purpose. Ross' body turns to the left just as Impulse's forearm flies from the right, and the Keystone State Killa is rocked backwards! Impulse whips him across the corner and follows right behind...

Blackfront: Hornet Splash on Chris Ross!

Ace: Who?

Blackfront: You know who-- never mind.

After the impact, Impulse backs up, energized by his sudden rush of adrenalin, and gives off a huge shout to the fans, who respond in kind. He grabs Ross by the arm again and whips him to the opposite corner once more, and he measures him and rushes for another - Chris Ross drops his head and backdrops Impulse over the ringpost to the floor!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!!!

Ace: STICK A FORK IN 'EM, BLACKFRONT!

This time there isn't any strutting or posturing from Ross - he falls to his knee to regain his own breath. On the outside of the ring, Impulse lies on his back with his hands pressed into his eyes as the replay shows him going over, barely grazing the top of the ringpost with his hands to attempt to control his descent.

Either way, it was a rough landing.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

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Blackfront: The referee counts Impulse, and Cally is right there in front of us to check on his condition and see if he can continue, and I don't think we'd blame him if he couldn't.

Ross, having regained his footing, shakes his head and slides out of the ring clearly not wanting to win but to inflict as much damage as he can.

Blackfront: What is Ross doing!?

Ace: Like I said! Ross isn't in this to win! He wants to hurt Impulse!

Ross grabs Impulse by the head and hoists him up on his shoulders. He walks over to the announce table with The Marathon Man on his shoulders and walks on top of it.

Ace: Oh god I'm outta here!!!!

Blackfront: Right behind you!!!!

The announcers scatter from behind the table. Ross nodding his head leaps up and drives Impulse head first with a Death Valley Driver into the table. The impact causing the entire announce table to fall into pieces, and both men lay in a heap while the fans roar their approval and continue their previous chant.

Blackfront: The referee's count is at two, but what happens if we go to another double countout? Was it worth it for Chris Ross to take himself out of the match as he did his opponent?

Ace: I don't think The Boss bothers with such trivialities as 'consequences,' Jason. He's too busy being The Boss.

Just around the corner, Cally stands with her hands covering her open mouth in shock, and she takes a few tentative steps towards the two downed men. The referee breaks the count to caution her to keep her distance and not interfere; she nods her understanding and waits by the ring steps.

Ace: Get up, Boss!

Tommy Ace steps back into the carnage and pours a bottle of water over Chris Ross' face to try to revive him.

Blackfront: Don't do that, Tommy! Don't get involved!

Ace: What? I'm clumsy, I slipped!

The damage (or lack thereof) was done, however - and Chris Ross stirs in the midst of the wreckage. He rolls to his knees and pushes himself up, raising a dazed hand in - once again - premature victory.

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Blackfront: Ross is so out of it he thinks he won the match!

Ace: That was a hell of a landing both men took!

Ross turns around and looks at his opponent, who is incredibly struggling back to his feet himself. Impulse manages to dodge a right hand, and he crossfaces Ross, knocking both men into the ring apron where they hang on for dear life!

Blackfront: I'm impressed with both men, Tommy, and their determination to keep going!

Ace: I'm impressed with The Boss.

Blackfront: ...And?

Ace: That's it.

The two men lock up - for the first time in this match - and struggle, until Chris Ross whips Impulse into the ring steps, sending them flying --

Blackfront: Look out!

--into Calico Rose, who was standing on the other side of them.

The front row of fans all stand up to get a look at the downed valet, all the while Ross continues his momentum and scoops Impulse to send him into the ring.

Blackfront: I think she was able to get out of the way, Tommy - but look at the replay, the lower steps clipped her ankle and she's clearly favoring it as she tries to get to her feet.

Ace: It's her own fault. Who wears low top sneakers to the ring? Why isn't she wearing whorny stripper boots like the rest of these bitches?

A security guard retrieves a chair for Cally and she sits down, her eyes glued on the ring - all the while a faint (but noticeable) swell starts on her ankle.

Inside the ring, The Boss drops another elbow and goes for the pin...

ONE....

TWO....

THRE..... Impulse places his foot on the bottom rope.

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Blackfront: Great ring awareness by the veteran!

Ace: I can not believe Impulse even has any senses left after being splatted on the floor like a bug and driven head first through the announce table!

The Keystone State Killa lets out an audible scream of frustration pounding his fists into the mat.

Ace: Eyes on the prize, son! Eyes on the prize!

With a crazed look on his face The Boss lifts Impulse to his feet and lifts him up to his shoulders hooking both his head and legs.

Ace: Oh god this looks like it's going to hurt!!!!

Ross storms around before he runs and slams Impulse down with a muscle buster! The fans let out an audible groan as Impulse's neck is snapped off of Ross' own shoulder. The Boss goes for another cover...

ONE...

TWO....

THRE.... Impulse barely gets his shoulder up.

At this point The Keystone State Killa is going ballistic grabbing the referee by his shirt screaming in his face... The referee warns Ross he will disqualify him.

Blackfront: Ross is losing his temper here!

Ace: The referee is losing his patience as well!

While Ross continues to argue with the referee Impulse suddenly rolls him up with a package!

ONE...

TWO...

THR....

Ross kicks out and immediately stands up kicking Impulse a few times. Impulse gets onto all fours trying to get up but The boss bounces off the ropes and punts him right in the ribs with an audible crack!

Blackfront: Oh my god! Ross may have just broken a few of Impulse's ribs there!

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Ace: Good!!!!

The Boss hoists Impulse to his feet and locks his head under his armpit from behind. He falls back and drops The Marathon man across the top rope with a reverse suplex! Like a folded up towel Impulse lays there as Ross measures his opponent.

Blackfront: This may be all she wrote, Tommy!

Ross waits, breathing heavy, right next to the ropes behind Impulse as the Marathon Man staggers to his feet. The Boss backs into the ropes and comes off with his fist curled.

Ace: Time for the knockout game!

Ross is about to hit it, when Impulse's head twitches, and he sends an elbow straight back, catching Ross square in the eye! Ross hits the mat on his back, and Impulse drops to his knees!

Ace: THAT'S NOT THE RIGHT KNOCKOUT GAME!

Blackfront: But it's effective!

The fans are cheering, and Cally has even hobbled to the ring apron to will Impulse back to his feet. The Marathon Man rolls back and stands up, stepping away from Ross as the Boss rolls twice to get himself up as well, as a large bruise is swelling on his face!

Ace: He'll pay for that.

From one and a half eyes, Ross locks his glare on his opponent again, and he runs at Impulse with a clothesline cocked, locked, and ready. Impulse ducks and rebounds off the ropes! Ross turns, and Impulse hits him with a flying clothesline of his own! Both men are down!

Ace: What the crap? Seriously, where did that come from?

Blackfront: There's still some fight in Impulse, and this match is still up for grabs!

The referee counts two, three, four, as both men are still on the canvas. Slowly, Chris Ross rolls over and grabs the bottom rope, and he pulls himself up to a kneeling position.

Blackfront: IMPULSE KIPS UP! YES!

Ace: And he falls backwards into the corner! Yes!

It appears to have been simply an off - balance attempt, as Impulse gets himself up onto unsteady legs and clasps his hands, rolling his wrists to loosen himself back! He moves towards Chris Ross, who pivots on his

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left foot and sends another right hand towards his opponent - Impulse dodges it and grabs Ross' arm!

Blackfront: The Message! He's locking on that double wristlock!

Ace: NO HE IS NOT! NO NO NO!

The volume in the arena continues to rise, but the fact is that Impulse does not have the double wristlock fully applied - Ross is blocking his second hand from getting into position, and just as Impulse finally gets in the right position, Ross drives the palm of his free hand into Impulse's neck!

Ace: TOLD YOU SO!

Blackfront: It's not over yet!

Ross lands strike after strike after strike but Impulse refuses to give up the hold! Finally, he locks it on, and pain immediately etches all over Ross' face, but he had maneuvered himself into position to hook the bottom rope with his foot! Impulse immediately breaks at the referee's instruction!

Ace: That was close!

Blackfront: The fans in this arena are deafening! These two men are throwing everything they have in their arsenal at each other!

Ross using the ropes in the corner to get to his feet reaches down and grabs the steel chair that was brought into the ring earlier. The referee immediately steps in taking it away from Ross.

Ace: Oh come on Ref!!!!

Blackfront: Wait what is that Ross has?!

The Keystone State Killa reaches into his pocket and pulls out what appears to be a pair of metal hand cuffs. With the referee's back turned discarding the chair Ross nails Impulse right in the face with the cuffs around his fist sending him down in a heap.

Blackfront: OH COME ON!!!!!! NOT LIKE THIS!!!!!!

Ace: YES YES YES YES YES!!!!

After sliding the hidden weapon into his pocket The Boss goes for the cover....

ONE....

TWO....

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THRE.....

Impulse barely gets his shoulder up!

Ace: ARE YOU SHITTING ME?! SLOW COUNT REF! SLOW COUNT!!!

Ross can not believe his opponent kicked out as Impulse now has a stream of blood trickling down his face.

Ross: GOD DAMN IT, YOU IDIOT! DO YOUR FUCKING JOB!

Blackfront: Yelling that at the referee isn't the way to win a match, Tommy!

Ace: Well, he's just saying what we're all feeling!

Blackfront: What, that he should win after he used a foreign object and Impulse kicked out?

The referee yells back at Chris Ross to keep away from him and keep his head in his match, but Ross turns, shouting obscenities as he goes. He puts a hand on top of Impulse's head and the other on his chin, and pulls him up - Impulse grabs Ross by the head and drops down with a chinbreaker to the pleased surprise of the crowd! Ross staggers backwards towards the ropes as Impulse wipes the blood from his face, and the Marathon Man shoves Ross into the corner and rolls back with a roll up!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT by Chris Ross!

Blackfront: So close!

Ace: Too close! Get the handcuffs out again, Boss!

When Ross kicked out, he sent Impulse back into the corner, but he catches himself on the top rope and was able to brace himself and wait. Ross rolls to his knees and stands up, and he staggers around to face his opponent...

Ace: NO! NO! NO!

Blackfront: SUDDEN IMPACT! SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse falls down with his arm over Ross' chest!

ONE...

TWO...

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THREE!

Ace: NOOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: He kicked out! Last possible moment, Chris Ross kicked out! I can't believe it!

The entire arena is in disbelief, as Impulse pushes up to his knees and breathes heavily. He nods his head ever so slightly - it's as if he's giving Chris Ross the slightest bit of respect for his own tenacity. Impulse rolls to his feet and pulls Ross back up, and he scoops and slams The Boss in the middle of the ring!

Blackfront: What do either men have to do to put either away?

Ace: Whatever it is, I bet Impulse can't do it.

Deep breath. Impulse steps under the top rope and climbs the corner to the top, and he measures Chris Ross from halfway across the ring. SHOOTING STAR PRESS! CHRIS ROSS ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY AND IMPULSE LANDS ON HIS FACE AND CHEST!

Ace: THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!!

Blackfront: That impact just took the wind out of Impulse's sails, but Ross is still down as well, and he's unable to follow through!

Ace: Give him time, Jason!

After the referee starts counting both men Ross slowly rolls to the ropes using them to get to his wobbly feet. He looks at Impulse and grabs him pulling him to the middle of the ring. The Boss pulls back both of his arms and places a foot on the back of his head.

Ross: NIGHTY NIGHT BITCH!!!!!!

Ace: THIS IS IT!!!!!!!!!

Impulse's eyes are closed in pain, but a close up shows him taking deep, measured breaths.

Blackfront: Wait, what?

Ace: That's gross!

Out of nowhere, Impulse's shoulders both 'twitch' a bit. We can't really describe it any better, but he's able to move his head to throw Chris Ross' foot from the back of his head! Ross falls forward and loses his grip, but

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Impulse rolls over and hooks Ross under his arms with his ankles and rolls him backwards, hooking him around the legs! Shoulders are down!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

The bell rings, as the fans explode in cheers!

Ace: NO!

Blackfront: Yes!

Harvey: As the result of a pinfall, your winner... IMMMMPULSE!

Calico Rose slides into the ring to greet Impulse, all the while Chris Ross rolls away and pounds his fist into the mat in anger.

Blackfront: It looks like Impulse just dislocated his shoulders to get himself out of that hold, that's certainly... unorthodox!

Ace: That was gross, and should be illegal!

Blackfront: Your priorities are incredibly skewed. Regardless, Chris Ross arguing with the referee over the official decision, but the fact remains, Impulse has triumphed over Chris Ross here tonight!

Cally has helped Impulse to pop one shoulder back into its' socket, and they help each other to their feet and embrace by the corner. The fans are on their feet while "Revolution" continues to play, and the referee ultimately dismisses Ross.

Blackfront: This has to be sweet vindication for Impulse. After everything he's gone through since coming to Wrestle UTA -- LOOK OUT!

Impulse is driven into the corner and slowly fades to the mat, as Chris Ross stands over him, holding that long - forgotten chair in his hands. Cally steps back, but loses her balance over her bad ankle and can only watch in horror as Ross brings the chair down again, and again, and again.

The bell continues to sound as Ross tosses the chair aside, and he shoves the referee back while he pulls the handcuffs out again and cuffs Impulse to the bottom rope!

Blackfront: Can we get security down here? This is too much!

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Ace: Let this be a warning to everyone, if you do something gross you could end up like Impulse!

Finally, after the referee gets back up and wrestles the chair from Ross' grip, Chris Ross curbstomps the back of Impulse's head, and he's knocked forward a step by a fist from Calico Rose!

Ace: Oh - oh, was that a bad idea.

Blackfront: Get out of there, Cally!

Ace: I don't think she can.

Actually, Cally does attempt to back up, but she's hampered by the injury to her leg, and Ross grabs her by the hair and presses her above his head, and he drops her to the floor!

Blackfront: Leave her alone, you bully!

Ace: I can't watch.

Ross looks around laughing before he storms over and slaps Impulse in the face a few times until he regains consciousness. Impulse looks at Ross his eyes growing wide as he grabs the chair he used opening it up and setting it in the middle of the ring. The Boss grabs Cally by the foot who was trying to crawl out of the ring who immediately lets out a shriek when he grabs it.

Blackfront: What is Ross doing?!

Ace: I.... I don't know!

Impulse is going ballistic in the corner trying to get out but he can't go anywhere cuffed to the rope. The Keystone State Killa looks at Impulse and casually waves at him as he drags Cally to her feet onto her knees in front of the chair. Impulse stops and takes a breath, and he starts to pull at the handcuff, as if he's trying to pull it over - slash - through - his own wrist!

Ace: Oh my god.... He's not.....

Ross grabs Cally by the arms.....

Blackfront: NO!!! NO!!!! NO!!!!!

He sets his foot on the back of her head...Impulse's hand is starting to openly bleed.

Ace: SOMEBODY STOP THIS!!!!!!

The entire arena lets out a scream of horror as Ross drives Cally face first into the seat of the chair with a

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curbstomp, and Impulse pulls even harder!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!!!! OH MY GOD!!!! OH MY GOD!!!!

Ace: I.... I don't know what to say.....

Blackfront: SOMEONE GET THE MEDICS OUT HERE GOD DAMNIT!!!!

Ross looks at Impulse and yells...

Ross: THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SCREW ME OVER!!!!!!

The camera zooms in Impulse, who has finally wrenched his hand free, leaving what looks like at least a few layers of skin stuck to the cuffs - and he scrambles to Cally as quickly as he can. Ross has finally been separated from her by security, and he laughs as he's escorted - slash - dragged out of the arena.

The entire arena boos so loud that trash is starting to get thrown into the ring as the medics check her over and Impulse cradles her head, blood dripping both from his own forehead and from each side of his left hand.

Blackfront: You just had to egg him on, didn't you?

Ace: It's not my fault! I.... I didn't think Chris Ross was capable of that!

Blackfront: We'll be back as soon as we can clear the ring.

SCOTT STEVENS VS DAVID HIGHTOWER

Blackfront: Well folks, we've been waiting for this one for a long time now. This has been building for weeks!

"A Country Boy Can Survive" By Hank Williams begins to play over the loudspeaker. The fans boo as David Hightower waists no time coming through the curtain.

Ace: Oh yea! It's on now!

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a NO DISQUALIFICATIONS match! Coming to the ring first, hailing from West Memphis, Arkansas... weighing in at 250 lbs.... The Toughest Dog In The Yard.... David HIGHTOOOWWWWWEEEEERRRRRRRR!

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David ignores the fans who reach for him, as well as the ones who boo. He heads straight for the ring, and rubs the cast on his arm. He rolls in, and walks to his corner, no flash, no posing, he's ready for a fight.

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

Blackfront: No more sneak attacks, no more tag matches, we are finally getting the one on one match everyone has been waiting for especially this man.

Ace: There can only be one winner and that will be David Hightower!

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

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

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

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

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares down at his opponent.

Jordan: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

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

Blackfront: The intensity in Stevens' eyes says it all.

Ace: Hightower is about to knock that intensity out like he has done since the beginning.

As the music begins to fade out, David Hightower stomps around the ring.

Blackfront: Stevens can not wait to get his hands on David, you can see it in his eyes.

Scott steps up, his stare never leaving Hightower, who finally walks over. The two stand nose to nose in the center of the ring as the bell sounds. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: These two men are ready to go.

Ace: It's going to be explosive!

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They begin yelling at each other, aggression filling the atmosphere as they move in even closer, literally standing face to face. Finally, David pulls his fist back and brings a hard shot to the side of Steven's head.

Blackfront: And we're off! Stevens rocked by that shot, now returning with his own. Another hard right from Hightower. Scott Stevens replies with a jarring fist of his own.

Ace: Out of the gate these two are bringing it!

The fans go crazy as they slam their fist into each other's heads back and forward. Hightower yet to use the cast on his arm.

Blackfront: Stevens grabs Hightowers arm. He whi- No! reversal. The Texan sent running. off of the ropes. He ducks a clothesline attempt by the West Memphis native. Off of the ropes again. on the return, he leaps...

Scott Stevens thrusts everything he has with a flying shoulder block.

Blackfront: And Stevens takes David off his feet with that shoulder!

The fans cheer. Scott quickly rolls over and pushes up, as does Hightower

Blackfront: Both men back on their feet quickly. The shorter but stronger Hightower charges Scott Stevens. This time he ducks another clothesline.

They both swing around to face each other.

Blackfront: David Hightower now with a boot to the gut of the Scorpion!

David grabs Scott's head and yanks it backward, sending him to the canvas.

Ace: Stevens started out with momentum, but once Hightower gets turned on, there's no stopping him.

Blackfront: The Toughest Dog in the Yard now stomping away at his opponent with pure aggression. This is what he is known for folks, unadulterated hate.

He stomps Stevens, making his way around him as he stomps different parts of his body.

Blackfront: David Hightower now lifting Stevens back up.

Sliding behind him, David placing him in a modified Nelson, grabbing Stevens face and pulling backward.

Blackfront: Stevens trying to get free, but the power of Hightower may be too much.

Ace: I hate to say it Jason, but I think Stoovins picked off more than he could chew when he challenged

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Hightower to this match.

Blackfront: You may be right Tommy. He is trying to fight free.

Stevens is finally able to wiggle free as he stomps the foot. Scott rolls around behind Hightower, slaps him in his own full nelson lock as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: The Scorpion able to free himself and now has David locked in. He lifts up... FULL NELSON SLAM BY SCOTT STEVENS!

The fans cheer as Hightower hits the canvas and the ring shakes

Ace: Stevens able to change things up, but he's got to be weak. He needs to end this one soon. This is a No DQ match and we're yet to see any rules broken! What the hell!?

Blackfront: Scott Stevens is indeed not one hundred percent right now after the last WrestleUTA on Hulu, where he was thrown off the stage, but he is still in this, as he lifts Hightower up to his feet by his good arm.

Hightower swings his fist/cast up as he rises, catching Stevens off guard and knocking the Texan straight onto his back. Hightower takes a minute to catch his breath before locking his eyes on the Texan.

Blackfront: There it is! The first use of that cast by David Hightower, he's been using that thing as a weapon for weeks!

Ace: Ha! I love it! That's what Stevens gets for breaking the hand of The West Memphis Maniac!

Hightower moves over to where Stevens is starting to stand up and clubs him again on the upper back. Stevens arches his back in pain as the sick thud of the cast meets skin. After three blows to the back Stevens is floored onto his stomach. Hightower holds the cast up high and the fans toss the boos.

Ace: This match will be much shorter than anticipated if Hightower keeps this up!

Blackfront: You're not kidding Tommy, that cast has to feel like a ton of bricks dropping across the back of Scott Stevens.

Stevens crawls to the ropes, slides underneath, and begins to get up on the apron. Hightower sees this, walks over and swings for the fences with the cast. Scott Stevens ducks at the last second, grabs the head of Hightower and brings him down neck first across the top rope! Hightower stumbles to the middle of the ring holding his throat. Stevens takes the opportunity to get back in the ring as David turns back around.

Blackfront: David charges... Once more Stevens ducks the clothesline.

Both men turn to each other.

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Blackfront: Scott with a boot to the gut! He grabs the arm... Hightower whipped hard into the ropes. Stevens follows...

As Hightower hits, The Texan throws his arm out and catches him, sending him over the top rope and crashing to the floor.

Blackfront: David Hightower hits the ground with force!

Ace: I don't care who you are Jason, that floor does not feel good.

Blackfront: David didn't get the scars on his body by being in safe matches.

Stevens steps through the ropes and to the apron as Hightower rolls over and begins to push up.

Blackfront: Stevens heading outside of the ring now. He grabs the head of Hightower, lifting hi- NO! with a shot to the midsection, and another. Hightower is up... Stevens sent hard into the barrier!

The fans slap the back of Stevens as he is propped up on the barrier. Hightower runs at him.

Blackfront: CLOTHESLINE BY DAVID HIGHTOWER! STEVENS IS IN THE FANS SECTION!

The Texan goes over the top of the barrier and crashes into the front row. David lets out a loud roar of testosterone.

Blackfront: David Hightower searching under the ring for something.

Ace: Oh this can't be good Jason.

Blackfront: It looks as if he is pulling out a table.

He slides the table out, lifting it as he stands up. He begins pulling the legs down as Stevens uses the barrier to begin pulling himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Hightower has that table set up outside. This is not good at all.

Ace: Maybe you should just call it a day Stoovins...

He heads over and slams a forearm into the back of Stevens before grabbing his head and yanking him over the top of the barrier. He continues to hold his head, grabbing the shorts of Scott before lifting him up and dropping him backwards through the table.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! SCOTT STEVENS THROUGH THE TABLE!

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Ace: He may be dead Jason!

The fans are on their feet with excitement chanting *HOLT SHIT! HOLY SHIT!* Hightower rolls over and stands up

Blackfront: The Toughest Dog in the Yard admiring his handy work as Stevens lies motionless.

Ace: How could he not be?

Hightower grabs Stevens by the head and lifts him up and sets him against the ring post.

Blackfront: David looking to put the Texas legend away now and quite frankly I'm glad. No man's body should have to go through that!

Hightower backs up and comes running full speed toward Scott Stevens. He puts the cast out and tries to smash the face of Stevens which is sandwiched by the ring post.

Ace: Oh No!

Blackfront: Stevens moved! It looks like Hightowers cast met straight steel on that one! And he is hurting!

Scott Stevens shakes the cobwebs loose and looks around. He sees Hightower favoring his hand and looks to take over. He reaches over the guardrail and grabs a folding chair. He closes it, and turns around at the same time as his opponent. Stevens reacts quicker and shoves the end of the chair into the gut of David Hightower. He doubles over, Stevens lifts the chair high above his head and comes crashing down across the back of David Hightower.

Ace: Hey! What's going on here!? I thought Hightower was gunna cream this guy!?

Blackfront: Stevens now lifts Hightower back up, and he...is he?... He's pinning the cast of David Hightower against the ringpost and...OH MY GOD!

Ace: OWWWWWWWWWIE!

Stevens blasts the cast with the steel chair, slamming it against the ringpost as well. The pain on Hightowers face is incredulous as he drops to his knees holding his wrist. The camera zooms in.

Ace: Jason! There's a crack in the cast from that chair shot! You can't do that to an injured man!

Blackfront: Hightower has been driving Stevens mad for weeks, what are you talking about!? But yes, there is most definitely a break in that cast folks, and it looks like Stevens has found it himself!

Stevens tries to use his fingers to pry at the cast but a swipe from the other arm of Hightower makes him

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realize that won't work. So he tries another tactic....

Blackfront: Stevens has the cast and arm of Hightower and he's slamming it repeatedly into that ring post!

Ace: There's pieces of cast falling off with each shot! Disqualify that man!

Blackfront: This match is No DQ Tommy!

On about the fifth or sixth slam into the post, the cast finally breaks away and all that's left is the hand of Hightower. He clutches at it, trying to get his arm back from Stevens but he throws it against the post unguarded one time for good measure.

Blackfront: Hightower is hurt! Hightower is hurt! Stevens may have shattered that arm into a million pieces!

Ace: Stop the match! He has a broken hand!

The announcer's pleas fall on deaf ears as Hightower rolls around clutching his wrist in pain. Stevens sees the steel chair lying on the ground a few feet away and a sinister grin forms over the Texan's face as he walks over and picks it up.

Ace: Oh God! You're above this Stevens!

Blackfront: After what Hightower has done to him over the last few weeks do you blame him?

Stevens holds the chair up and the arena goes berserk.

Ace: What's wrong with these people?!?!?!? Can't wait until Trump builds the Wall and they all get deported! Disgusting heathens!

Hightower looks back at Stevens and a rare look of fear fills the Big Dog's eyes as he sees the chair in Stevens hands. Hightower begins to crawl to safety but Stevens stalks him around the ring looking to vent his built up frustration. Stevens makes a beeline at the West Memphis native as introduces his metal knee brace to the back of Hightower's head.

Blackfront: Don't Mess With Texas from Stevens!

Ace: Fuck Texas!

Stevens begins to stomp away on Hightower targeting the head and arm of Hightower. With each stomp to the head we begin to see blood beginning to trickle down onto the mat.

Blackfront: Hightower's been busted open! Stevens draws first blood!

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Ace: MEDIC!

Stevens takes a few steps back before running and kicking Hightower in the side which sends all the air out of the Big Dog causing Hightower to roll over onto his back gasping for air and we see his face is dripping with blood. Stevens stands over Hightower and begins a verbal assault of him before loudly ending the barrage with a hearty, "*FUCK YOU!*"

Ace: This is a PG show! Stevens is trying to get us cancelled with his foul language and brutal assault of a handicapped man! Some role model he is ladies and gentlemen.

Blackfront: You dropped the F-bomb a few.....

Ace: Shut the fuck up!

Stevens slowly raises the steel chair high above his head.

Blackfront: Stevens is looking to finish of Hightower right here.

Ace: I can't look!

However, the end isn't near as the match continues as Hightower goes low with a quick kick to the Texan's privates.

Blackfront: Desperation move by Hightower and the match continues.

Ace: Desperation? He had it perfectly planned!

Stevens drops the chair and to one knee as he tries to catch his breath giving the Big Dog time to recover.

Blackfront: Hightower's back up and he doesn't look happy.

Ace: Is he ever happy?

Hightower feels the back of his head and when he sees his own blood all he sees is red. Blood begins to drip down the face of Hightower as he lets out a primal roar and charges at Stevens who is back to his feet.

Blackfront: The Dog's Pounce!

The momentum sends Stevens stumbling backwards and the side of his face connects with the steel ring post causing flesh to be sliced open and blood to flow.

Ace: Bleed Stevens! BLEEEEEEEEEED!

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While Stevens tries to clear the blood from his eyes, Hightower lifts the ring apron up and begins to look for something.

Blackfront: Oh god, Hightower is looking for something to inflict more pain.

Ace: I wonder what it could be?

We soon find out what The Big Dog was looking for as he brings out a steel chain with a metal padlock on the end.

Blackfront: Hightower and his patented chain. Stevens needs to get out of dodge here.

Ace: We aren't in Dodge we are in Hotlanta!

Blackfront: Oy vey.

Hightower extends the chain and charges at Stevens looking to decapitate him but the Texan bends down and sends Hightower flying overhead with a back body drop.

Blackfront: Stevens narrowly escaped having his head taken off and this is the moment he needs to take control of the match.

Ace: Biased much?

Before Stevens can take advantage of the situation Hightower is back up to his feet and he lashes his chain at the Texan which causes the former Wildfire champion to wince in pain.

Blackfront: That padlock just connected with the spine of Stevens.

Ace: Steel always wins against bone.

Stevens begins to crawl on all fours as Hightower begins to use his chain as a whip and connects with Stevens' back once again causing the Texan to yell out in pain.

Blackfront: Stevens showing tremendous heart and fortitude here tonight, but Hightower may be just too much to handle for the Scorpion.

Ace: Well Texans are naturally stupid.

Hightower continues to stalk his prey and goes to whip Stevens once more who quickly rolls into the ring to avoid the hit and the Big Dog follows him in. Hightower circles Stevens swinging his chain and goes to whip him, and Stevens rolls out of the way and rocks Hightower with a jumping European uppercut.

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Blackfront: Debbie Does Dallas!

The uppercut sends Hightower back into the nearest corner. Stevens slaps his face to stay alert as his face is a crimson mask now.

Ace: Stevens looks like a used tampon.

The Scorpion runs towards the corner and jumps connecting with a splash in the corner.

Blackfront: Stinger Splash from the Scorpion and he's looking to end it right now!

Stevens kicks Hightower in the gut and goes for the Toxic Sting but there is some fight left in the Big Dog as he shoves the Texan away.

Ace: Hightower isn't Old Yeller, you can't put him down that easily.

As Stevens turns around he sees Hightower charging at him with chain extended and ducks underneath.

Blackfront: Stevens escapes decapitation again.

Ace: He has to be the luckiest man on the planet.

Stevens turns around and catches a chain to the side. Hightower continues to whip Stevens unmercifully until Stevens catches it and grabs ahold of the chain. Stevens quickly wraps it around his hand and wrist and catches Hightower off guard as he yanks him forward and sends him into the corner with a chain shot.

Blackfront: Stevens has the chain now and he is looking to tee off on Hightower.

Stevens begins to unload rights to the body and face of Hightower. Stevens continues the onslaught until a rake of the eyes by Hightower sends the Texan back holding his eyes.

Ace: That's what I'm talking about! Get him!

Hightower shakes the cobwebs out and charges at Stevens once again knocking the Texan loopy with a lariat. Hightower points to the announce table on the outside as he places Stevens between his legs.

Blackfront: He's not.....

Ace: I'm getting the hell out of the way!

Hightower lifts Stevens up and Stevens begins pounding away at the Big Dog with his right hand with the chain still wrapped around it. After the third shot to the face Hightower loses his grip and drops to a knee dazed. Stevens takes the chain and begins to tie it around the neck of Hightower. Stevens grabs Hightower

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by the back of his jeans and tosses him over the top rope and holds onto the chain causes the Big Dog to grasp at the chain as he hangs there.

Blackfront: Stevens just used Closing Time on Hightower and the Big Dog is trying to get free.

The fight from Hightower slowly begins to fade as his breathing begins to grow shorter and shorter and his eyes slowly roll until the back of his head as he goes limp. The referee quickly checks him as he shakes his arm and quickly signals for the bell.

Jordan: And your winner of the match by technical knockout...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
STEEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Blackfront: Stevens did it! He did the impossible!

Ace: Bullshit! it was a fluke! He got lucky!

As the bell sounds Stevens lets go of the chain and Hightower falls the to the ground as EMTs and other medical staff rush to ringside to check on Hightower as Stevens as his hand raised high in victory. The medical staff tries to stop Stevens so he can be examined, he brushes them off and waves to the fans who continue to cheer for him!

Blackfront: What a hell of a match! What a war!

Ace: And we still have one more match!

Fade.

[THE BOSS' EXPLANATION](#)

Explanations

The scene turns to backstage where Jamie Sawyers is standing.

Sawyers: I am live backstage and I am about to try and get a word from Chris Ross about his actions we just saw....

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The camera turns showing Chris Ross walking down the corridor drinking a can of Mad Dog energy drink. Sawyers cautiously approaches The Boss.

Sawyers: Chris! Quick word!

Ross looks at Sawyers clearly not in the mood.

Ross: Oh let me guess you want to talk about what I did out there right?

Sawyers nods his head holding the microphone in front of Ross.

Ross: You know you are one of the most annoying jackasses the UTA keeps around here! Oh I just busted my ass in a god damn match all I want is my Mad Dog energy drink and here you are sticking this cock in my face!

Jamie can't help but let out a chuckle.

Sawyers: But Chris we all want to know..... Why..... Why Cally.....

The Boss rolls his eyes.

Ross: You really want to know why? I don't even think the question needs to be asked! But hey I'll be nice enough to give your happy meal eating ass an answer! Since day one Impulse has done nothing but find ways to try and ruin my career!

The Keystone State Killa rips the microphone out of Sawyers' hand.

Ross: If it weren't for him I'd be holding that belt right now but no it's in the hands of some Amish guy who smells like the back end of a cow! Because of Impulse my stock has dropped to an all time low even though I am the most talented guy in this company!

Jamie Sawyers is about to speak up when Ross cuts him off.

Ross: Shut it Sawyers! I have no interest in what you have to say and to be frank there really isn't anything you can say that won't piss me off at this point!

Sawyers backs off slowly.

Ross: As I was saying we got nobodies like Jay Harvey getting more respect than me! JAY HARVEY! The no talented bald ass hole who thinks he's relevant! Because of Impulse I lost to Dexter.....

Chris Ross shivers with rage....

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Ross: I lost to a guy who shouldn't even be in a wrestling ring! That guy should be at Geek Squad fixing my computer! Do you know how that made me feel Sawyers?

Sawyers looks at Ross nervously.

Sawyers: N....

The boss suddenly dumps his can of Mad Dog energy drink on Sawyers' head.

Ross: DO YOU?!

Sawyers clams up looking down at the floor.

Ross: HELLO!!!!!! I AM SPEAKING TO YOU YOU ANNOYING GNAT! ANSWER MY QUESTION!!!!!!

Sawyers looks up at him nervously.

Sawyers: N.... No sir.....

Ross: That's what I thought! Now allow me to show you how I felt that day!

Sawyers: AHHH WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Ross grabs Jamie Sawyers ripping his shirt and pulling it over his head before pulling it off completely. Sawyers stands there with a degraded look on his face completely shirtless.

Ross: Now Jamie you stupid piss ant why don't you tell me how you feel huh?

Sawyers: Hu.... Humiliated sir.....

The Keystone State Killa laughs in Sawyers' face.

Ross: Now you know how I felt! Nuff said! THE BOSS HAS SPOKEN!

And with that said Ross storms out of the picture leaving Jamie Sawyers picking up his torn shirt and suit jacket. He lets out a sigh.

Sawyers: I still don't get what any of that has to do with Cally...

He says as the scene turns back to ringside.

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KENDRIX VS CRIMSON LORD

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like to thank the WrestleUTA staff here for getting our Announcers Table back up and running as quickly as they have.

Ace: Just in time too because it's time for the main event of the first ever Pay Per View of the Mikey Era!

â™«Death Dealer by The Engima TNG begins to play! The fans jump to their feet in anticipation for the colossal Main Event of No Love Lost....

Crimson Lord walks from behind the curtain to a roar from the capacity crowd here in the Phillips Arena in Atlanta GA! The fans begin their dual chants which seem to have become the norm for a Crimson Lord Match now...

GUILTY, GUILTY, GUILTY, GUILTY!

The lights continue to flash on and off rapidly, Crimson has not bothered to do any sort of posing and is without his daughter Zoey while he makes his way to the ring. Crimson still showing the look of a man who has clearly not slept in days.

INNOCENT, INNOCENT, INNOCENT!

Jordan: The following contest is your Main Event of the evening and it is for the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship!!!!

The fans roar in excitement on the announcement from Jordan.

Blackfront: I have no earthly idea what sort of frame of mind the challenger is in tonight Tommy. This will be the first time we see him without Zoey. The woman who Kendrix revealed to the world two weeks ago; to be his daughter.

Ace: I really can't argue with you on that point. As smart as Kendrix is, I don't think Super Kicking her helped our Chosen One's situation either.

Crimson continues his walk toward the ring.

Blackfront: I think JFK's plan was to get inside the head of Crimson Lord, however, I don't think it worked out quite the way he wanted it too.

Ace: Can anyone truly manipulate a man whose mind is a box of marbles?

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Jordan: Coming to the ring first is the challenger... weighing in at three-hundred and forty-eight pounds...from Chicago, Illinois..... "The PERFECT Weapon" CRIMMMSSSSOOONNN LORRRDD!

The fans roar in excitement once more at the announcement of Crimson Lord from Jordan.

GUILTY GUILTY GUILTY!!!

Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up to the apron. Stepping over the top rope and into the ring he walks to the center and removes his jacket and skull cap, throwing them toward the ropes. He turns around and stares coldly back at the entranceway awaiting the world champion. â™«

â™« *"Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System.*

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

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

Blackfront: Cocky, arrogant, confident, are just some of the words being used to describe the first WrestleUTA Champion of the Mikey Unlikely era, ever since he stepped foot in the industry...but as of two weeks ago, some are suggesting that the champ is a *desperate* man after what he did to Zoey.

Ace: Desperate? I beg to differ, Kendrix has just shown he's willing to do whatever it takes to get the job done! It's one thing to become Champion, it's quite another to remain Champion.

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Jordan: He is the WRESTLEUTA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIOONNN! JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY..... KEEEEEEENDRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXXX!

The moment Jordan says "Kendrix" The camera catches Crimson's eyes widen! His teeth clenched in anger, so much so that spit is pushed from behind his teeth as he stares at the Champion. Having held the title up high above his head, beating his free hand across his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side, Kendrix twists around down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the otherâ™«

Blackfront: My God, look at the intensity in Crimson's eyes!

Oblivious to his opponents change in state, Jesse discards his shades and "JFK" t-shirt to a ringside hand. As senior referee James Brooks approaches him, Jesse holds the belt close to his chest, hugging his arms around it and shaking his head back at the ref before begrudgingly handing over the WrestleUTA World

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Championship to him.

The shot closes in on the WrestleUTA belt raised above Brooks's head. Upon handing the title to the ringside hand he signals both participants to their corners before signaling to the timekeeper to start the match.

Ding Ding Ding!

Blackfront: Here we go! Crimson making a beeline for the champ straight away but JFK's out of there as quick as a flash!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ace: Haha! Crimson's gotta move quicker than that if he wants to get his hands on Kendrix!

Jesse smirks up at Crimson and flicks him "the bird" but his eyes widen, looking hurriedly from left to right as Crimson throws one of his giant legs over the top rope, followed by the other onto the apron. Kendrix tail gates, holding his hands out flat at the UTA legend. Wasting no time, Crimson hops off the apron and Jesse runs away from him around the ring. However, Crimson is in hot pursuit as he stalks his opponent around the ring.

Blackfront: Now tell me, Tommy, is this the action of a fighting champion?!

Ace: He's just having a mid match jog around the ring, Jason. It's called Cardio! Maybe you should try it sometime!

Blackfront: Mid match? The match has just started!

Kendrix slides back into the ring, closely followed in by Crimson, however, The Champion hits a falling double axe handle club to the back of the challenger's head, pummeling forearm after forearm to the side of Crimson's temple.

Ace: See Jason, that's smart strategy from Kendrix. Look at the size difference between the two men. A man of JFK's size can't beat Crimson Lord in an out and out fight, you have to outsmart him.

Following being stomped into the corner, Crimson takes stock of his surroundings as Jesse takes a few steps back to the centre of the ring and charges toward his seated opponent. However, the giant lunges forward and nails Kendrix with a vicious lariat, knocking the champ three hundred and sixty degrees and down to the canvas.

The shot zooms in on Kendrix, covering his throat with his hand, taking deep breaths

Ace: Uh oh!

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Blackfront: Uh oh indeed, Kendrix just had the wind knocked out of him, and look at the strength of Crimson, he just dragged Kendrix back to his feet by his neck!

Jesse flails his hands around trying to free himself of Lord's grip, the Giant staring deep down into Kendrix's eyes, seething, gritting his teeth as he tightens the hold. Brooks is imploring him to release the hold, he gets to the count of three, four...

Crimson releases the choke, as Jesse gasps for air. The Ref tries to admonish Crimson but just gets a cold glare back his way and decides to get away from him. CL grabs Kendrix's arm and whiplashes him into the corner, unloading with stiff shots across the side of the Champs head, then repeatedly to his stomach. JFK tries to cover up, but the blows are so powerful, covering up isn't helping much.

Blackfront: Crimson throwing some vicious forearms and hooks all over Kendrix body.

Ace: Do something Brooks, you're supposed to be unbiased aren't you?

The Official tries to get in between Crimson and Kendrix attempting to break it up. This time Crimson takes a step toward the Ref who quickly back tracks. Crimson looks back at Jesse who's holding his jaw. The seven footer puts his mammoth size boot across Jesse's throat, choking the Champion in the corner. Brooks again begins to count at Crimson who's lost in a sea of rage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Crimson releases the choke as Jesse slumps over and falls to his hands and knees gasping for air. Crimson picks him up and slams his head back into the turnbuckle and delivers a few elbow shots, smashing JFK in the corner with each shot.

Blackfront: Crimson just will not give Jesse a chance to catch his breathe, or get out of that corner for that matter.

Ace: Break it up! This is unfair to our World Champion!

Crimson grabs JFK again by the neck with both hands and lifts him up in the air placing him on the top turnbuckle, he lets go with his left hand while his right firmly squeezes the air from Jesse who's struggling to break the choke. Crimson swings Kendrix over back to the mat in a one hundred eighty degree chokeslam from the top rope!

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Blackfront: My god, Crimson with a top rope Chokeslam!

Ace: Come on Champ, get out of there. Catch your breath!

Kendrix continues to cough while holding the back of his head. Crimson wastes no time and gets on top of the champion and begins to unload with a flurry of punches JFK again trying to cover up, but is just being completely overpowered! CL gets off Jesse and picks him up by his tied up hair.

He drags him to the center of the ring and throws JFK's head between his legs. He lifts him high in the air and drops JFK from the heavens to the mat in a Powerbomb! Not giving the champ a chance to even remotely recover, Crimson quickly grabs Kendrix once more and again sets him up in a Powerbomb, tossing him right into the corner with Jesse's back bouncing off the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Jesse clearly has no clue where he is, the wrath of the seven footer has completely taken him out of whatever game plan he had going into this match. He may not be an out of control monster, but Kendrix's actions toward Zoey has brought out a pretty destructable force of Crimson.

Ace: Crimson has hit some big moves already in this match. Sure he's intent on hurting JFK for what he did to Zoey but he *should* be thinking of going for a cover!

Not done, Lord pulls Kendrix out of the corner and yet again lifts him up. As he holds the egomaniacal Champion high in the air he spins in a circle a few times before launching JFK across the ring toward the turnbuckles on the other side of the ring.

Blackfront: JFK is laid out on the mat, with the seven footer slowly moving toward him like a predator stalking its prey. Crimson looking down at the fallen champion and finally he goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

Blackfront: Jesse in the nick of time gets his foot on the bottom rope! Crimson was just a whisker away from becoming World Champion.

Ace: See, there's our Fighting Champion right there, Jason!

Crimson stands up and has an ear to ear grin on his face a mixture of surprise at the kickout and anticipation of unleashing more brutality towards the Champ. He picks up JFK and lifts him up into a sidewalk slam, carrying the champ around the ring like a baby, before dropping him to the mat. Crimson gets to his feet and uses his boot to rub across JFK's face.

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Blackfront: Man, Kendrix is being mauled here Tommy, if he has any hope of holding on to that Championship he better do something soon or this is going to be over rather quickly!

Ace: Who let Brooks officiate this match? The Chosen One should of retained the title by now this nut case should have been disqualified a long time ago for those strikes in the corner and intimidating the ref!

Blackfront: Will you stop it, Tommy! Crimson down on one knee and slams his right hand across Jesse's face into an Iron Claw submission move. JFK frantically trying to peel Crimson's grip off but it's locked in well.

Crimson holds Jesse up with his Iron Claw still intact. Jesse desperately searches out for the ropes, he's close but just as he's about to grab it Crimson lifts him up turns slightly to the right and Iron Claw slams him to the mat!

Blackfront: A Iron Claw version of a Chokeslam, wow! Kendrix continues to try to fight through the pain, trying to peel Crimson's hand from his face. He's being dominated here!

Ace: JFK's movements have slowed down dramatically, this can not be happening, NO! Jason, he's fading fast...

Brooks holds Jesse's hand up but it drops to the mat, once more, same result. Third time but JFK, with his last resort, uses his free hand and stabs Crimson in the eyes, the hold is released as Crimson tends to his eyes.

Blackfront: Ohh, Crimson was so close. Kendrix FINALLY gets some breathing space after that dirty tactic.

Ace: Any means necessary when it comes to survival, and this is what this match has become for Kendrix, it's all about surviving right now.

JFK crawls away from Crimson, who continues to try and recover from the eye gouge. Jesse slides out of the ring as Crimson slowly recovers his sight. In tremendous pain, Kendrix staggers around the ring to the announcer's section, snatching his Title Belt and staggers back around the ring towards the ramp.

ONE!

Blackfront: Brooks has started his count. Where's the Champ going Tommy? Looks like he's going for the coward's way out of this.

TWO!

Ace: How can you insinuate such a thing? Maybe he's just off to sign some of the fans' signs since Crimson's decided to take a breather.

THREE!

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JFK waves goodbye up at Crimson and starts to head up the ramp. Crimson quickly exits the ring, breaking the count and forcing Brooks to start over. Jesse not, paying attention has his back turned as he charges up the ramp. Crimson gets a hold of him forcing Jesse to drop the Title as Crimson drags the champion toward the apron slamming his head into it before tossing him back inside the ring at the count of seven.

Blackfront: Crimson making sure Kendrix can't sneak his way out of this one, a reminder, the Title can't change hands as a result of a DQ.

As Crimson follows Jesse into the ring under the bottom rope. The Champ, pouncing quickly, tries to take advantage as he did earlier in the match, dropping Double Axe Handle shots to the back of CL's head. Crimson powers up to his feet and Jesse whips him off the ropes. Going off the opposite ropes himself, JFK tries a clothesline but Crimson ducks the attempt. Slamming on the breaks, CL turns around, catches Jesse off balance and grabs him by the throat, lifting and dropping Jesse with a Chokeslam and into the cover.

Ace: NOOO!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

Blackfront: JFK barely getting the shoulder up. Whatever you think of him you've got to be impressed with the resilience he's showing here tonight.

Ace: Oh, that was too close. We were so close to having that freak as our WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion, Jason.

Crimson looks down at the worn down World Champion. He suddenly looks outside the ring almost as though he has an idea.

Blackfront: Uh Oh, that look can't spell anything good for Kendrix.

Crimson exits the ring and starts to pull a table from under the ring the fans erupt in anticipation. Brooks throws his arms out wide of his midriff at CL, asking him to get back in the ring, however, the Giant ignores him, forcing Brook to begin his count.

ONE!

CL sets the table up and once again goes under the ring and pulls out another table.

TWO!

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The fans get louder as CL sets this table up next to the first one.

THREE!

Inside the ring Jesse has begun to stir, rolling onto his front.

Ace: Crimson's building something...someone stop him!

FOUR!

Crimson flips the apron up once more as Brooks stops his count for a moment, imploring him to stop what he's doing. Ignoring the ref, Crimson looks under the ring for a couple seconds until he pulls out two chairs.

Blackfront: Crimson's snapped here. I know he wants to punish Kendrix for what he did to his Daughter, but he's risking disqualification and losing out on the title!

FIVE!

Crimson unfolds each chair and sets them facing each other on the tables set up side by side. Crimson looks out at the fans raising his index finger with a sick smile.

SIX!

Ace: He's lost it! You cannot be serious? what is this lunatic planning to do?!

SEVEN!

Crimson pulls a third table out to a huge ovation from the fans! He unfolds the table and lifts it up in the middle of the two tables side by side.

EIGHT!

Crimson has totally forgotten about Kendrix as he stares at this table pyramid he constructed. With the count out closing in he finally looks back to the ring...

Ace: OH NO, NOT AGAIN!

Blackfront: SUICIDE DIVE FROM THE RING BY THE CHAMPION!

The two tumble into the front of Jason and Tommy's recently reconstructed announcers table.

Blackfront: Our table managed to survive this time, although the force of that fall has moved us back a few yards after that impressive maneuver by Kendrix!

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ONE!

As the ref continues his count, the shot splits in two with the live feed of the two competitors recovering on the floor to the left of the screen while a replay two the right of the screen shows the Suicide Dive again.

TWO!

Blackfront: A well timed dive through the ropes from the Champ, who managed to pick up enough speed coming back off the opposite ropes there.

THREE!

Ace: Nothing would give me more pleasure to see Crimson Lord get disqualified but can you imagine if our Champ were to have been put through that monstrosity of a Pyramid?!

FOUR!

The feed returns to full screen focussing on the live action as Kendrix crawls toward the apron and Crimson, resting his back upon the front of the announcers table, turns to raise an arm to its topside.

FIVE!

Crimson has gotten to his feet, as has Kendrix. Jesse turns around and throws a punch at Crimson. He strikes the seven footer jerking his head to the side. Crimson slowly looks back at Jesse with a furious look. Jesse's mouth opens wide in shock and quickly slides back into the ring closely followed by the challenger!

Blackfront: Our so called "Chosen One" is, once again, running from the man he said he wouldn't...Jesse goes off the ropes; Crimson tries a lariat JFK ducks it, comes back off the ropes. Crimson tries again but JFK is able to dodge it once more.

Crimson's momentum has taken him close to the ropes he turns around quickly as JFK launches himself into a flying crossbody. Crimson catches him but the momentum takes both men over the top rope and down to the outside.

Ace: Look out!

Still in Crimson's clutches, Jesse's side slams into the apron as Crimson lands awkwardly on his feet. Crimson is heard yelling in pain as he falls quickly to the floor holding his knee. Jesse, however, is also screaming in agony as he tends to his side whilst laid out on the apron.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Crimson gets up very gingerly shaking off the landing he took. Jesse falls off the apron to the floor holding

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his side in excruciating pain. Crimson is walking around the outside trying to walk off his bad landing. He does a full circle and seems to have walked it off. As he passes that table pyramid, he goes back on the attack picking up Jesse and tossing him into the ring. Crimson slides back in.

Blackfront: Crimson trying to finish this now...

ONE!

TWO!

Ace: YES! Great call, Brooks. No sneaky win for Crimson here, Jason!

Jesse with enough ring presence gets his foot on the rope. Crimson gets up shaking his leg out, still feeling the effects of the earlier landing. He moves over to JFK picking him up and tossing him into the corner. Crimson again begins to unload with a flurry of stiff forearm shots up and down Kendrix body. Pulling Jesse out from the corner, CL tosses him off the ropes, on the Champs return Crimson catapults JFK up to the heavens catching him on his back and quickly falling back down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Samoan Drop! Surely this is just a matter of time, how much more of this punishment can Kendrix take?

Jesse screams out in pain and quickly rolls out of the ring before Crimson gets up.... Suddenly Crimson has a Joker like smile quickly followed by a laugh.

Blackfront: He's laughing Tommy, what in the world is going on inside Crimson's head?

Ace: I have no idea when it comes to this man anymore.

Suddenly Crimson stops mid laugh, his mood quickly changes to the same somber mindset he was in earlier in the night.

Blackfront: Something is off with Crimson. He looks like he did earlier before this match.

Ace: This guy belongs in a straight jacket, not in a Wrestling Ring, especially against The Chosen One!

Crimson shakes his head for a second, noticing Kendrix outside on his hands and knees. He steps over the rope, following his downed opponent to the outside. Kendrix, coughing and gasping for air, manages to crawl over to the steel steps, resting his back upon it, shaking his head and holding his hands out in a "time out" shape up at his dominant opponent. Crimson looks out at the fans by the barricade, egging him on to keep the pressure on the defending champion.

GUILTY GUILTY GUILTY

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Crimson looks back down at Kendrix, points towards him and darts forward. However, JFK manages to slide himself up against the ring apron before executing a perfectly timed drop toe hold sending Lord face first onto the top of the steel steps.

Ace: Ohhh! There it is!

Blackfront: You could hear the sound of Crimson's face thumping down against the steps reverberate around the arena and more importantly, the Champ has bought himself some time here.

Kendrix falls back to a seated position, his eyes widen at the rare opening as Crimson rests his hand to his head upon the steps. As Brooks signals his count for 6 Jesse slides himself back into the ring. Brooks momentarily halts the count to check on Jesse for a moment...

Kendrix: COUNT FASTER, BRUV!!!

Leaving Jesse to haul himself up to his feet by the ropes, Brooks gets back to the count as Crimson begins to stir.

SEVEN!

Blackfront: The Champ desperate for the Brooks to finish his count, he wants to defend his title with a count out victory.

Ace: A wins a win, Jason! He's so close!

NINE!

But a huge pop fills the arena as Crimson slides himself back into the ring at the very last moment. Kendrix is beside himself, banging his arms in frustration upon the top rope and kicking out at the bottom turnbuckle. Crimson manages to get himself up to one knee but Jesse is aware of his surroundings, sits himself up on the top turnbuckle, his feet planted on the second rope. As Crimson plants both feet firmly to the canvas, Kendrix hits a falling drop kick straight to the back of Crimson's right knee, sending him back down to the mat.

Ace: Yes! That's how you take the big man down!

Blackfront: Great strategy indeed by Kendrix and it doesn't look like he's wasting any time here as he sends the same knee up and crashing down hard against the canvass. And again, and again.

Crimson turns onto his back and desperately pushes a kick out sending Jesse away from him but it's only momentarily as Kendrix comes straight back off the ropes and hits a baseball slide against the same knee before Crimson can get fully back to his feet. Like a flash, Kendrix is up and stomps away at Lord's knee as he tries to crawl back into the corner. Jesse decides to aim for Crimson's torso a couple of times before the giant again pushes him away.

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Blackfront: The strength of Crimson is scary, he just sent the champ down to the canvass from a seated position.

Ace: It's crazy but he needs to get himself out of that corner cos that's not gonna keep Kendrix down for long.

Crimson pulls himself up via the top rope and gingerly hobbles his way out of the corner, aiming a measured lariat towards the Champ. However, Kendrix sees it coming, ducks underneath, rebounds off the ropes and, before Lord can turn to face him in time, throws himself low, hooking his arm across the back of the same knee, sending the big man back first down to the mat.

Blackfront: Kendrix, making sure he keeps Crimson on his back. Love him or hate him, despite all the tomfoolery, this young man is a resilient and smart competitor.

Ace: He's yelling at Crimson to get up!

Having made his way to the other side of the apron, Jesse holds one hand on the top rope, gesturing for Crimson to stand tall with the other. As Crimson slowly makes his way up to one knee Jesse plants his other hand over the top rope, squats down, jumps, planting both of his feet onto the top rope before leveraging himself up and knee first into mid air.

Blackfront: Knee strike connects with Crimson's head, cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Blackfront: KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY. Kendrix was almost sent flying to the opposite side of the ring.

Ace: How?!

Crimson holds his hand to his head as he turns over to his front, knees placed on the mat. Jesse grits his teeth and closes his eyes for a moment, trying to regain his composure. Upon opening them wide he makes for his opponent, sits down upon his back and grabs both ankles, trying and failing to pull them both towards him. Dropping Crimson's left leg he focuses back on the damaged right, both hands wrapped around the ankle and arching the knee back into a single leg Boston Crab.

Blackfront: Crimson screaming out in pain, dead centre of the ring, needs to fight through this and make it to the ropes.

Ace: TAP OUT, CRIMSON!

Crimson reaches out for the ropes but he's nowhere near them. Kendrix pulls back harder, shouting out as

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he does so. Crimson lands both hands down to the canvas and arches his torso off the ground, dragging himself towards the ropes, reaching out desperately trying to break the hold but his fingertips just miss as the ref looks on.

Kendrix: ASK HIM!

Down to the mat by Crimson's side the Brooks questions the challenger but Crimson, fingertips away from breaking the hold, reaches out for the ropes once more. Jesse drags him back to the centre of the ring. However, this gives Crimson the opportunity to twist over to his back and kick Kendrix off of him and into the corner. Frustrated, the champ shakes his head out at the fans as Crimson hobbles over to the opposite corner.

Ace: Focus JFK, Crimson's up!

Blackfront: The champ has been in control but you can see the frustration etched across his face and...OH! Huge running knee from Kendrix right into Crimson's face.

With Crimson slumped, barely standing in his corner, Jesse makes his way to the opposite turnbuckle, his confident trademark smirk returning to his face as he does so as the crowd let him know exactly what they think of him. Squatting down, he rises, turns and leans back against the top turnbuckle before running full pelt toward his opponent and jumping his knee across Crimson's face once more, sending the big man stumbling out of the corner.

Blackfront: Kendrix stalking the challenger and drives him down to the canvass with a devastating DDT.

Ace: Crimson looks out of it, go for the cover!

Jesse looks down at Crimson and then over at the turnbuckle and back at the challenger.

Blackfront: JFK's hesitant to go for the cover here, perhaps because of the earlier kick out with authority by Crimson.

Ace: Looks like he wants to make sure he stays down this time, he's going up top!

Having made his way to the top rope, he squats to measure his leap toward his opponent, however, his attention and the attention of the arena is grabbed by footage on the big screen of a car pulling up in the parking lot.

Blackfront: What's going on here? It appears we have an arrival here at the Phillips Arena.

The fans' anticipated cries turn into a roar of excitement. The shot switches to the footage and out steps Zoey, her hair in a ponytail wearing a purple sports bra with a blue jean jacket reaching just past her chest. With a pair of light blue yoga pants and a pair of sneakers. The arena continues to cheer while she makes

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her way toward the arena. The shot switches back ringside focussing on Kendrix, still atop the top turnbuckle, but with his jaw dropped in disbelief.

Blackfront: It's ZOEY! Listen to these fans!

Ace: How is Zoey even here?! Shouldn't she be in a hospital!?

Blackfront: Kendrix looks like he's seen a ghost! We've never seen him this worried. If Zoey manages to make her way to ringside she can trigger that monster out of her Father.

The shot switches back to the footage following Zoey through the parking lot and into the backstage area.

Ace: Quick JFK, finish the job!

The shot switches back on Kendrix, puffing his cheeks out in frustration, in anger. He arches his back up straight, holds his hands out wide and launches himself into a Five Star Frog Splash...and landing his torso directly onto the knees of Crimson Lord!

Blackfront: Lord got the knees up right in the nick of time, both men are down and the Brooks has started his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Kendrix, holding his ribs, crawls to one corner while Crimson pulls his massive frame up via the ropes, favouring his weight to his healthy leg. As Brooks checks on him he turns his attention to the Champ, who's still sits in the corner, holding his ribs.

SIX!

Kendrix grabs the top rope and slowly begins to pull himself up.

SEVEN!

Crimson steps forward but the ref sees him coming and halts him in his tracks before turning his attention back to Kendrix.

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EIGHT!

The cheers in the arena pick up and grab Crimson's attention, he turns and sees the footage on the big screen showing his Daughter approaching the Gorilla area.

Blackfront: Kendrix up on the count of Nine, turn-around Crimson!

Ace: Yeah, turn around!

SUPER KICK!

As soon as Crimson got his head back in the game he was met with a pin point kick to the chin.

Blackfront: Crimson is down, cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE...

ACE: YES!

Blackfront: NO, FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Brooks signals two fingers over to the time keeper. Jesse's arms are up in the air in celebration as he exhaustedly lays back first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Crimson got his huge boot up on the bottom rope just in time, JFK thinks he's won but Brooks spotted it.

Ace: The ref's telling Kendrix now!

Up to both knees, Jesse holds three fingers up at Brooks who adamantly holds two back at him. Kendrix pulls at the Senior Official's shirt, pleading with him for the pinfall but Brooks shakes his head back at the champ, who releases the shirt and holds his hands frustratingly to his head before slamming his back down to the canvass and thumping the palms of his hands down to the canvas.

Ace: I can't believe it Jason, that definitely looked like a three count to me.

Blackfront: It would to you! Ugh, the Champ is acting like a petulant child, Tommy! Ladies and Gentlemen this match is not over...and here comes Zoey!

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Ace: Oh no! She's gonna trigger that monster out of Crimson Lord, I don't think JFK can take even more pain than he's already taken tonight!

Back to his feet, Kendrix locks eyes with Zoey. As the noise in the arena picks up, an initial panicked shake of the head is followed by a rather pleased smirk on the face of the Champ as the shot focuses back on Zoey.

Blackfront: Wait a second, Zoey's jaw is wired shut.

Ace: Haha! Yes, there's no way she can summon the monster!

Zoey interrupts her disgusted gaze toward Kendrix short and makes her way around the ring and begins to slam her hands down to the mat, encouraging her Father to get back to his feet. The fans in the Phillips Arena clap along in unison with her.

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!

Jesse turns around. Crimson is up and locks his hand tight around Jesse's throat. He lifts him up...

Ace: The Chosen One just reversed it into an Armbar!

Blackfront: Crimson is still holding Jesse off the mat trying to find a way out of the move!

Crimson drops to a knee as Jesse continues to keep the Armbar locked in...

Blackfront: Zoey is pointing up while Crimson looks down at her, what in the world is she trying to tell him?

Crimson slowly gets off his knee yelling while he is doing it.

Ace: NO...NO!

Crimson gets to a vertical base and digs down deep to pull JFK up over his head. The look of shock quickly comes over the Champion's face. Crimson lifts JFK slightly over shoulder level and falls backward. Jesse slams into the mat immediately breaking the hold!

Blackfront: My god, what monstrous strength by Crimson Lord!

Jesse quickly tries to recover with Crimson slow to get up. He's first to his feet waiting for Crimson to get

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up...

Blackfront: JFK trying for a flying Axe Kick...CRIMSON CAUGHT HIM!

Crimson adjusts while having JFK in his clutches, his hand gripped around his throat once more. JFK is set down and lifted back up in the air by Crimson...

Ace: YES! Great strike from The Champ. He got the knee up under Crimson's chin to block the chokeslam what a move!

With the seven footer disoriented, Crimson is whiplashed into the opposite turnbuckle. JFK gets a full head of steam and charges at CL!

Crimson: Not today, KID!

Crimson catches Jesse and slams him down into a one handed front slam! Jesse tries to frantically get to his feet as Crimson begins to take a breather. Jesse stumbles into the opposite corner from Crimson. The seven footer shakes his head for a second and then bee-lines toward Kendrix!

Blackfront: HEY! JESSE JUST PULLED BROOKS IN-BETWEEN THEM!

Getting sandwiched between Crimson and Jesse, Brooks collapses to the mat out cold. CL's attention is taken off Kendrix for a second, but that's all Kendrix needs, the Champ hops on the top rope and launches himself toward Crimson!

Ace: Jesse pulling out all the stops he's going for a hurricanran...

Before Tommy can finish his sentence Crimson has caught Jesse and reverses his hurricanrana into a atomic drop quickly followed by a devastating lariat sending the Champion to the mat alongside Brooks.

Blackfront: What a move these fans have not left their seats these two men are giving you everything they got!

Crimson gets to his feet and walks gingerly toward the opposite turnbuckle once more and steps over the top rope.

Ace: Are you kidding me i have never seen Crimson Lord climb the ropes!?

Blackfront: That's three hundred and forty-eight pounds of a man climbing up! Crimson looking to finish it here.

The beating JFK had given to CL's knee clearly has affected Crimson's ascent up the turnbuckle. He clearly is taking way more time needed to get up top. While he attempts his ascent, Jesse is on the apron and runs

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to the turnbuckle Crimson's climbing. JFK sets his hands on the top rope squats down, jumps up onto the top rope and uses the momentum he generated off the rope to launch himself at Crimson!

Blackfront: SPRING BOARD DROPKICK FROM THE TOP ROPE!

Ace: Oh dear, GOD!

Crimson is hit just enough by JFK's Dropkick to make him lose his balance and fall right through the pyramid of tables set up earlier in the match!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: My God! Crimson Lord is motionless in the debris of that pyramid!

All three tables are broken the two chairs in the pyramid are now warped. Zoey worriedly checks on her Father. Having landed back first in the ring, Jesse slowly gets up to his feet with help from the ropes. He catches a glance down at Crimson out cold in the debris.

The live feed switches to a couple of real time replays of Kendrix sending Crimson falling from the top rope and crashing into the Pyramid.

Returning to the live feed, the shot catches JFK with a cold stare down at Crimson lying in the rubble before switching back to Brooks still lying unconscious in the ring. The fans show their utter disdain for JFK who's pleased with his handiwork.

Blackfront: Crimson is motionless outside in the remains of that demonic table pyramid he constructed earlier. Kendrix is trying to wake Brooks but the official hasn't come to.

Ace: He should be counting Crimson out right now!

Frustrated, Jesse slides out of the ring and looks down at the challenger, taking a moment to relish in the fall of the legend. Zoey steps away as the Champ picks up Crimson shaking his head.

Kendrix: WHY ARE YOU SO HEAVY, BRUV?!

Slowly managing to get the deadweight of Crimson moving, Jesse struggles but digs deep to haul him back into the ring. Following him in, Kendrix walks over to Brooks and gives him a few nudges with his boot which seem to get the official to stir a little. Frustrated, JFK makes his way over to Crimson, grabbing the back of his head and slapping him across the face. The ringside camera's picking up the audio.

Kendrix: Ready to join that other decrypt old guy Murray; Huh, Crimsy?

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Blackfront: Total lack of respect being shown from Kendrix!

Ace: Can you blame him, Jason? Crimson would have been counted out had it not been for that lazy ref. What a time to have a nap!

JFK backs away, poised as the slaps seem to have made Crimson stir a bit. JFK is now screaming at Crimson to get up, looking like a predator stalking his prey. Crimson finally staggers to his feet, what looks like sweat piercing through the lower back of his singlet. The Giant slowly turns around...

Blackfront: This could be curtains for Crimson Lord!

Ace: BELL-END! IT'S OVER!

JFK's eyes light up and goes for the cover quick as a flash, hooking the leg and kicking back his feet to the mat for leverage. Brooks is very slow to crawl over for the count, frustrating Jesse to no end.

Blackfront: Brooks is finally in position!

Ace: COUNT!

ONE.....

TWO.....

THRE...

Blackfront: Crimson got the shoulder up! Unbelievable! And look at JFK, he can't believe it!

Ace: That's gotta be the slowest count ever!

Extremely pissed off now, JFK starts to yell right in the face of the still dazed official. Brooks tries to get to his feet, with help from the ropes with JFK still in the ref's face. Meanwhile, Crimson has managed to slowly pull himself up to his feet. JFK finishes his tirade with Brooks and focuses back on his opponent, who drops back down to one knee. Kendrix moves in to strike but just as he does Crimson is up in a flash and grabs Jesse by the throat as the fans erupt in cheers.

Blackfront: Kendrix about to go for a ride here!

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JFK struggles to break the choke as CL looks up at him the stain seen on the back of his singlet shows blood coming from it. The blood is smeared on Crimson's side. Crimson gets to a vertical base with JFK struggling to break the choke this time. Crimson lifts him up....JFK thinks fast and eye rakes Crimson in the face, forcing the seven footer to release him.

Jesse quickly recovers and grabs Crimson by the arm in an attempt to whiplash him into the corner. Crimson blocks it. JFK tries it again but Crimson holds his ground once more! He tries it once more and is quickly pulled into Crimson with a vicious lariat folding the Champion in half!

Blackfront: Kendrix almost got decapitated there! That's gotta be it.

Ace: Oh, I can't watch!

Crimson takes a moment on the mat with his hands and knees trying to catch his breath. Zoey frantically slams her hands down by the apron to encourage her Father. He finally turns to Kendrix and rolls him on his back and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH....

Blackfront: NO! Again, Kendrix with enough ring presence, gets his foot on the rope just before the three count! Both men are down, exhausted and Brooks begins his ten count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Blackfront: Crimson reaches the corner and pulls himself up. Jesse is now on one knee opposite side of the ring holding the top rope. Both men exhausted, labouring towards each other in the middle of the ring...

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Kendrix throws a tired right hand punch - crowd follows with a boo!

Crimson throws a tired right hand punch - crowd follows with a yes!

BOOOO!

YES!

BOOOO!

YES!

YES!

Blackfront: Crimson forcing Jesse back

Ace: Fight back Champ!

YES!

YES!

Crimson grabs a stunned Jesse, whips him into the corner and quickly follows up with a Clothesline. JFK staggers out of the corner and straight into the arms of Crimson who lifts him up onto his shoulders for....

Blackfront: FINAL JUDGEMENT...

VERDICT: INNOCENT!

JFK manages to squirms out and turns CL around...

Ace: *BELL-END!*

Crimson however is knocked back into the corner turnbuckle and uses the ropes to keep him vertical. JFK stirs on the mat, before rising to a vertical base. He jumps on the second turnbuckle and starts to unload with punches to the top of Crimson's temple!

ONE

TWO

THREE

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FOUR

Blackfront: Kendrix hammering away at the challenger!

Ace: Wait, get away from him Kendrix!

At that moment, Crimson puts his arms under JFK's legs and lifts the Champion up to his shoulder to the shock of the champ! Crimson slams the champion down with a powerbomb out of the corner! Crimson slowly makes his way to JFK and hooks the far leg!

Blackfront: WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: SHOULDER UP! KENDRIX GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HOW HAS HE DONE THAT?!

Ace: Unbelievable! Crimson is stunned, even Brooks is questioning his own count!

Jesse holds the back of his head. Crimson slowly gets to a vertical base as Jesse tries to soak up some time rolling out of the ring. Unfortunately for him Crimson doesn't let him get that far and stops him in his tracks by grabbing him by the side of his head. He looks over at Zoey who's eyes light up, nodding knowingly back at him. Kendrix looks up at Crimson, desperation in his eyes, hands clasped together up at the challenger.

Blackfront: The Champ is pleading here, praying at Crimson Lord but I don't think he's in the forgiving mood...ohhh, Kendrix went for the low blow but Crimson saw it coming! He's got his arm.

Crimson drags Kendrix by the arm back up to his feet, shakes his head slowly from side to side at the Champ before lifting him up upon his shoulders, his arms holding the back of Jesse's head and ankles in place.

Ace: NOOOOOOOO!

VERDICT: INNOOCCEENNT!

Crimson steps back confidently into the centre of the ring as the arena stands in anticipation. Crimson twists his body slightly to the left...

Blackfront: Kendrix has got a hold of Brooks' shirt Crimson's stumbling back...

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Murmuring from a section of the crowd can be heard as Crimson stumbles off balance back first toward the ropes as Jesse holds on at the collar of the Official's shirt, dragging Brooks along with them.

Blackfront: Hey, what the, what's Jay Harvey doing here, he's just grabbed the title from the ramp...

Ace: THE Jay Harvey, get it right!

The ref is counting at Jesse to release his grip around his collar but the Champ holds on for dear life. Off balance, as Kendrix squirms and the ref tries to free himself away, Crimson releases JFK's ankles, now dangling down CL's back, and reaches out for the ropes to regain his balance. Crimson stumbles forward, loosening his grip on Kendrix's neck who in turn releases Brooks who stumbles around gasping for air tending to his throat.

OHHHHHHHHH!

Blackfront: What the hell?! Harvey struck the skull of Crimson with the belt...

With the ref's back turned, tending to his throat, Jesse twists around in one motion, grabs Crimson by the back of the head and brings the Challenger's face down hard towards his raised knees as the two drop down hard to the canvass.

Ace: BELL-END!!!!!! YEEESSSSSS!

Kendrix pops back up off the canvass and desperately crawls across to the body of the fallen Crimson...

Blackfront: The ref missed Harvey's strike trying to get free of Kendrix, not like this...

ONNNEEE!

and pushes his feet out repeatedly against the canvas for leverage!

TWOOO!

Blackfront: KICK OUT, CRIMSON!

THREEEEEE!

ACE: HE DID IT!

DING DING DING!

â™« "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System.

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Jordan: Your winner... and STIIIIILL WRESTLE UTA WORLD CHAMPI...

Jay Harvey makes his way to ring announcer's table and picks up a folding chair. Jordan moves out of the way as Harvey slides under the bottom rope. â™«

Blackfront: Jay Harvey cost Crimson Lord the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship!

Ace: Harvey couldn't let that seven foot Twilight wannabe walk out of No Love Lost with the WrestleUTA World Title.

The Atlanta crowd is booing louder than they have all night. Harvey sets up shop in the nearby corner, he gives the chair a long look. The ref follows Kendrix who rolls himself off of Crimson Lord, to try and raise his hand in victory.

Blackfront: The Champ retains but I don't think he even knows where he is right now

Ace: Crimson sent him to hell and back but he survived!

The ref hops out of the ring as JFK exhaustedly rolls himself out, collapsing to the floor beside his title. Back in the ring, Crimson is just coming to and Harvey is waiting for him to get to his feet.

Blackfront: No...

Ace: I think so, Jason.

Crimson slowly rises. Zoey waves her arms up at her father from ringside, trying to warn her Father, but when he finally gets vertical his back is to Harvey who swings the steel chair, hitting Crimson Lord on his upper back. Crimson falls down to his knees in pain. Jay Harvey rotates around Crimson now facing him.

Blackfront: That son of a bitch! Stop!

Harvey unleashes a sickening chair shot right to the center of Crimson Lord's forehead. It rocks Crimson, sending his eyes back into his head. Crimson spits out of his mouth as a little clings to his chin.

Ace: Hit him again!

Jay Harvey has a look of hatred on his face. He says something to Lord but microphones around ringside can't pick it up. Harvey raises the chair up to his face and gives it a kiss before connecting again to Crimson's skull. Crimson Lord falls down to the mat and appears unconscious.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey has signed his own death warrant tonight.

Jay Harvey looks down at Crimson Lord and spits on the mat. He raises the steel chair in the air as the boos

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rain down on him. The shot switches to Kendrix, with the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship laid out on his lap, sat exhaustedly back on the ramp while Brooks raises his hand in victory.

Blackfront: The self proclaimed Chosen One not only survived but he retains here tonight at No Love Lost, but at what cost and what damage to his body?

The WrestleUTA logo and credits appear at the bottom right hand corner of the screen focussing in on Kendrix hugging the title across his chest before dropping his torso down to the side still holding onto the belt and coughing out big time for air, seconds before the feed fades to black.