

WARPED: WARPEDLive! #18 "MOVE Along, Move Along"

November 28, 2010

WARPEDLive! #18 "MOVE Along, Move Along"

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You open the DVD of WARPEDLive! #18 "MOVE

Along, Move

Along" and enter it into your favorite DVD player. The sounds of by Digitalism play as the WARPED Wrestling logo floats down from the top to the middle of the screen. Underneath that fades in to words "Play DVD". You click... and the show begins.

The show fades in as we see "November 28, 2010 -

Morristown,

NJ

" on the bottom right of the screen.

CRAIG COHEN vs THE MIDNIGHTER

Randy

Long: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Making his way to the ring, from Sacramento, California, weighing in at 210 pounds - Double C Craig Cohen!"

The lights go out and "So What'cha Want?" hits the PA System and out comes Craig Cohen. He holds in his left hand a black Menorah and holds it in the air as the fans boo. Cohen makes his way down the aisle and slides into the ring. He goes to the middle of the ropes and steps up on them, holding the Menorah high into the air with a smile on his face as the fans boo the man who calls himself "The Chosen Jew". He requests a microphone and his music dies down.

Craig Cohen: "Let me make this easy for you - Sit down and shut the hell up and show me some God Damn Respect!"

The fans here in Jersey boo! Cohen looks pissed.

Craig Cohen: "How dare you! You are pin the presence of greatness!

I am Craig Cohen, Double

C, the greatest of all time!"

"Please Go Home! Please Go Home!" chants the crowd.

Craig Cohen: "You'd like it if I went home, now wouldn't you?"

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The fans cheer.

Craig Cohen: "Heh.. well too.. damn.. BAD! Ya know I'm gettin' sick and damn tired of ya'll sayin' that I ain't great when ya know damn good and well that I am. I am here to win gold and I will not stop until I own every single title in this company, and hell, maybe even one day.. the company itself. I can see it now.. WARPED Wrestling- a Craig Cohen Company. I like the sound of that! So let's go, bring out the 'former Evolution Champion' so I can beat his ass and get one step closer to winnin' my first title!"

The crowd boos as Cohen hands the microphone over to the tech at ringside, along with his Menorah. The lights in the arena go out as "My Time" by Fabulous plays and the fans pop!

Randy Long: "And from Jacksonville, Florida, weighing in at 295 pounds - The Midnighter!"

the Midnighter enters the arena and taunts with 4 ladies. Blue, white and black lights are flashing all around. The Midnighter gets in the ring and taunts again as he removes his entrance attire, as the ladies make their way toward the back.

The bell sounds and both men lock up. Irish whip by The Midnighter, sending Craig Cohen into the ropes. Cohen holds onto the rope and The Midnighter runs but gets backdropped down to the floor!

Tony D: "We're just seconds into the match, and already we're seeing bodies fly!"

The Midnighter gets up on apron and Cohen grabs his hair flipping him into the ring the hard way. Cohen picks The Midnighter up and applies a side headlock, but The Midnighter counters into a side suplex. Both men get to their feet and The Midnighter goes for a clothesline, but Cohen ducks it and nails The Midnighter with a hard boot to the face! He pauses and raises his arms in the air as the fans boo. Tony D: "The Midnighter down to his knees as a result of that kick.."

Kris Red: "And nobody here likes the Jew."

Cohen brings The Midnighter up and whips him across the ring, off the ropes.. and then nails The Midnighter with another high boot followed by a bulldog off the ropes! Cohen covers.. 1.. 2.. Kick out.

Both get to their feet and exchange rights and lefts. The Midnighter starts to fight out with back elbows, but Cohen stops him dead in his tracks with a dropkick. Cohen then drags The Midnighter to the corner and places his foot on The Midnighter's throat, getting boos from the crowd.

Tony D: "These fans have grown to NOT like Craig Cohen."

Kris Red: "They are going to have to learn TO like him, because he's the Chosen Jew, Tony D."

Cohen brings The Midnighter to his feet and places him on top of the turnbuckle. Cohen climbs and looks to be setting up for a hurricanrana from the top but The Midnighthe gains his balance and comes off with a diving clothesline but Cohen sidesteps it.

Kris Red: "Cohen was smart there, moving out of the way in just the right time. And stupid by The Midnighter.. what's he thinking trying to act all high flyer.."

Cohen then climbs to the top and waits for The Midnighter to get to his feet. The Midnighter does, and faces Cohen, and Cohen comes off with a Sunset Flip to The Midnighter, keeping it held on for the pin! 1.. 2.. Kick

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out!

Tony D: "That was the Underdog from Craig Cohen, and it almost got him the three count!"

Kris Red: "Almost.. almost."

Cohen brings The Midnighter to his feet and sets him in the corner, delivering vicious chops to his chest. with each chop from the crowd, and Cohen takes some time to look out at the fans. The Midnighter sees an opening and turns the tables, now chopping away at the corner-bound Craig Cohen's chest!

The crowd cheers for The Midnighter as he delivers chop after chop. Finally he stops and Cohen stumbles forward, The Midnighter grabs him and lifts

him, turns 180 and slams him with a Spinebuster!

Tony D: "Spinebuster! Here's the cover.." 1.. 2.. Kick out!

Tony D: "Only two."

The Midnighter picks Craig Cohen up goes for a DDT but Cohen drops to one knee and delivers a low blow to The Midnighter. The referee sees this and calls for the bell, disqualifying Craig Cohen. Midnighter drops to his knees and to the mat while Cohen argues with the referee.

Randy Long: "The winner of this match as a result of a disqualification - The Midnighter!"

Cohen scoffs at the announcement and looks back at the referee who is still berating him. Cohen pushes the referee down to the mat and goes through the ropes toward the ring announce wood table. He grabs his Menorah and slides into the ring as The Midnighter gets to his feet.. and then WHACK

Cohen cracks the Menorah over the head of The Midnighter and the fans loudly boo. Cohen smiles, checks his Jewfro, and dusts off the Menorah, before stepping through the ropes, down the steps, and up the aisle, ignoring the fans along the way and walking with a strut.

Tony D: "The Midnighter is victorious in this match but Craig Cohen once again walks out with his head held high after beating someone down with that Menorah of his.. wow."

BACKSTAGE

We then go backstage where we see Chad Santana stepping down the hallway when suddenly Kelly Calloway steps up with a microphone. Santana stops and sizes her up.

Chad Santana: "Damn girl.."

Kelly blushes..

Kelly Calloway: "Chad.. I was wondering if I could get a couple words from you about your match tonight and what you did at WARPED 17..?"

Chad Santana: "At 17? Whateva mightcha be talkin' bout, honey?"

Kelly Calloway: "Well, many are curious as to why you'd attack Jeremy Filth and Seth Owens unprovoked?"

Chad Santana: "Oh, that. Don't you watch my YouTube video promos I do for this fed before the show? Does anyone watch those anymore? Anyway, honey.. it's simple. They think they bad with they rock music

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and stank ass lives. Who da hell they think they is bringin' that crap up in here? This is wrestling. This is WARPED Wrestling. We ain't no rock n' roll, we true n' real and we hood. I represent a community that ain't gettin' no respect, and it's 'bout time we do. Rock shit.. get real. And tonight? Jeremy Filth, simply put, ya gonna go down. Lemme break it down real quick.."

Jeremy Filth, it's that time, for me to beatcha ass, and then you'll whine. Tryna act tough, but ya have NO LUCK!

Ain't nothin' scarin' me, You just a joke you see. Try to compare with the mad shit I spit,

You'll get left in the dust throwin' a fit. You act so damn crazy And look so damn lazy. You might be hopin' the belts are gonna be handed your way, But too bad this

ain't Wal-Mart, and ya can't put 'em on lay-a-way! Shoot just give up on this one, and puh-lease, stop the hate.. Cuz comin' up in a few minutes, son, You'll suffer an unfortunate twist of fate! BAM!

Chad poses for the camera for a second, before walking down the hall on his way toward the ring.

JEREMY FILTH vs CHAD SANTANA

The

scene opens up as we see Chad Santana entering the ring, Jeremy Filth behind him, ready to go. The bell sounds as they go to lock up.. but Santana looks a bit hesitant to do so. Filth wants to go! Santana looks to be ready and they circle.. go to lock up.. but Santana steps back, shaking his finger. The Jersey crowd gives their homestate boy Santana a little mixed reaction, but still plenty of boos for his unsportsmanlike conduct. Santana looks around, steps toward the corner and looks out, flipping everyone off. They mostly boo now! Filth now comes from behind as Santana turns around and Filth lays into Santana with right punches before pulling him from the corner and whipping him into the ropes.

Tony D: "And starting this match off at his own pace, Filth whips Santana into the ropes..."

Santana rebounds off the ropes and ducks an attempted clothesline from Filth before bouncing off the other ropes...Santana goes for a clothesline off his own but Filth ducks it and grabs Santana - dropping him with a Samoan Drop! Santana quickly hops up and is met with a clothesline from Filth!

Tony D: "Jeremy Filth is not messing around. He isn't happy at all with Chad Santana."

Jeremy Filth grabs Chad Santana and pulls him to his feet. Filth pulls him to the center of the ring. He sets him up for a Rib Breaker and connects! Filth hooks his leg for a quick cover attempt... 1.. 2.. Kick out!

Filth looks at the referee then hammers Santana with a few mounted punches as the crowd cheers him on. The referee goes to start a disqualification count but Filth stops before he can start. Jeremy Filth gets off and takes a few steps away from Santana, looking out into the crowd. Santana gets to his feet as Filth walks back over to him but Santana pokes him in the eyes! Filth covers his eyes as stumbles away but Santana goes after him, pummeling him with quick right and left punches!

After a right hook that sends Filth staggering into a circle, Santana hits the ropes and returns with a leaping back

elbow, taking Filth doowwwwn!

Tony D: "Chad Santana showing off his quickness there with the elbow, taking Jeremy Filth down to the mat!"

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Kris Red: "Did you see that elevation?"

Santana slaps his chest and shouts out 'THAT'S HOW ITS DONE!' and the fans in his homestate give off a mixed reaction of cheers AND boos. Filth gets to his feet staggers into the corner to regain his composure as Santana charges towards him...He collides with Filth with a running forearm splash! Santana steps from the corner and Filth drops to the mat. Santana drops next to him and hooks his leg... 1.. 2.. Kickout! Filth gets his shoulder up. Santana complains to the referee as Filth rolls a foot away, getting to his knees. Santana backs the referee into a corner and fusses at him as Filth prepares to stand up. Santana walks back over to the other side of the ring towards Filth...Filth quickly kicks Santana square in the gut and sets him up for a powerbomb. He hoists Chad Santana up onto his shoulders and drives him to the mat! Filth throws up the double horns and drops down into a cover, hooking the leg... 1... 2... 3.....noooo! Kick out!

Kris Red: "Ahh dayum!"

Tony D: "BARELY kicking out was Chad Santana after that devastating Powerbomb from Jeremy Filth. This is all about revenge tonight!"

Filth brings Santana to his feet and says 'that's it' before placing Santana in position for the Stalling Brianbuster finisher of his!

Tony D: "Head Trip perhaps?!"

Filth raises Santana up into the air, holding him there, letting the blood rush to his head...but suddenly Santana wiggles free and drops behind Filth, landing on his feet. Santana then hits an Inverted Facelock, 3/4 turn Neckbreaker on Jeremy Filth!!

Tony D: "The Regulator!!!"

Santana covers... 1... 2... 3..KIIIIICKOUT!

Kris Red: "Twoooooo"

Santana can't believe it! He takes his bandana off his head and tosses it at the referee, yelling at him to "learn how to f'n count"

He turns around and puts the boots to Jeremy Filth as he starts to get to his feet. Santana grabs his arm, backs him into the ropes and goes for an irish whip, but its countered, and Santana is sent into the ropes. Filth hits the center of the ring as Santana bounces off the ropes and is then lifted into the air and hit with a 180 Spinebuster! Filth signals for it to be all over as he immediately brings Santana to his feet, sets him up for the Brainbuster, lifts him in the air.. wait... wait... hold it.. 5... 6... 7 seconds later.. BRAINBUSTER!

Tony D: "Jeremy Filth hits the Head Trip!!!"

And into the cover... 1.... 2..... 3!!!

Kris Red: "Head Trip equals win! It's oval!"

The bell sounds and "Sex, Drugs and Rock N' Roll" by Saliva begins to play as the fans cheer for Jeremy Filth. He gets to his feet and the referee raises his arm in the air.

Kris Red: "What a match, Tony D... these guys really went at it.."

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Tony D: "No doubt, and Jeremy Filth was able to get his revenge when it was all over with."

Filth exits the ring and slaps the hands of fans as he heads up the aisle.. when suddenly he is attacked from behind by Chad Santana. The fans boo as Filth drops to one knee, and Santana grabs him by the hair and pulls his head back, spitting in his face and asking "You want some bitch?" and he delivers a right hand to the side of his face. Filth drops and Santana quickly picks him up and slams his head off the barricade. Filth pushes him away but Santana comes right back at him with a kick to the balls. Filth drops to both knees and Santana repeatedly drills him in the face with his taped fist. Suddenly from the back comes Seth Owens with a chair in hand, and Santana hops the barricade and runs away as Seth stops at the side of Jermey Filth. Santana shakes his head and finger at Owens as he backs through the crowd, a smile on his face. Owens looks down at Filth, who looks up at him, his forehead busted open. Owens sighs as he looks on where Santana escaped.

BACKSTAGE

Kneeling next to his BMX bike is Seth Owens, wearing his loose dress shirt with thin tie, and tight jeans. He's typing on his Macbook and closes it up, putting it into his bag. He stands up and puts it into a locker, and closes it up. Seth grabs the bike, picks it up, and rolls it along out of the locker room...

BACKSTAGE

The scene opens backstage where we see PKA on his cellphone in the hallway.

PKA: "Ya know what,

Joey, I expected more from you. I heard through the grapevine that you weren't going to be here, and I call you and you don't answer your phone? I called to check on you... sigh, that's what I get for caring. No worries, I'll handle everything tonight."

PKA hangs up the phone and Korrupt walks into the picture.

PKA: "Ready to do this?"

Korrupt nods. PKA grins, and motions on, as they walk out of the picture.

KORRUPT w/PKA vs SETH OWENS

Randy Long: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring - from Portland, Oregon, weighing in at 189 pounds - Seth Owens!"

by Thursday begins to play and out from behind the curtain on his BMX bike rides Seth Owens, wearing his tight skinny jeans, black tanktop and orange/yellow/white/black plaid unbuttoned shirt. He rides down toward the ring and parks the bike, getting off and putting the kickstand out. He slides into the ring and climbs the turnbuckle, holding his arms out, his hands wide open, chin high and eyes closed. He hops down and stands in his corner.

Randy Long: "And his opponent.. from
Asbury Park, New

Jersey, weighing in at 200 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by PKA.. Korrupt!"

Without wasting any time as his music hits, Korrupt immediately storms the ring, slides in, and takes Seth Owens down with a spear!

Kris Red: "What the hell!?"

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PKA walks down the aisle as in the ring, Korrupt begins to punch away on Seth Owens from a mounted position then hops up and begins to mercilessly stomp him. Owens begs off and backs into a corner, trying to get away from Korrupt.

Tony D: "PKA looks to be enjoying this. Perhaps this was their strategy tonight."

Korrupt follows Seth Owens to the corner and Owens delivers a kick to the gut. Korrupt holds his midsection and Owens delivers another kick, then a right hand. PKA pounds the mat shouting 'LET'S GO, K!' and Korrupt then drills Owens in the gut. Irish whip.. countered.. Korrupt off the ropes, and Owens with a clothesline! He adjusts his elbow pad a bit before dropping down and going for the pin.

Tony D: "Seth Owens goes for the early pin..."

1...2....

Tony D: "No! He kicked out!"

Owens lifts Korrupt up by the hair and drops him with a clean snap suplex!

Feeling a little confident right now, Owens struts over to the top rope and climbs to the top rope. He immediately comes off with a flying elbow but Korrupt just in

time! Korrupt gets up, ready to end this match right now as Owens staggers to his feet. He steps back and lets loose with a superkick but Owens catches him foot. He spins him around and goes for a clothesline but he ducks from it and catches Seth Owens on the rebound with a Cobra Clutch Suplex!

Tony D: "He can end this match right here!"

Korrupt drags Owens towards a corner and heads to the top rope as the crowd is booing him. Then, Korrupt comes off the top with a picture perfect

450...and it connects!

Kris Red: "Holy crap!"

Tony D: "Whoa! Korrupt is not playing tonight!"

Korrupt immediately hooks Owens's leg for the pin. 1... 2... kick out!!!

Tony D: "Somehow Seth Owens kicks out!"

Korrupt doesn't believe it as he looks over at PKA who shrugs his shoulders. Korrupt sizes him up as Owens staggers toward him and then he goes for the Inverted Lungblower but Owens pushes him away and Korrupt lands on his back. Korrupt gets to his feet and Owens lifts him up and drops him with a Michinoku Driver aka the Owen Driver!

Tony D: "Seth Owens countered the Reverse Lungblower which could've led to the victory and now look he's hit the Owen Driver!"

Kris Red: "And he's goin' up top! I love it!"

Owens is atop the turnbuckle perhaps setting up for the Corkscrew 630 and he comes off the top with it perfectly executed!

Kris Red: "Ahh chyea the Corkscrew 630!!! The lil' indie boy might do it!"

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Tony D: "That just doesn't sound right.. nevertheless he's going in for the pin... Wait a minute!"

PKA gets up on the apron and the referee is distracted, shouting at him to get off the apron now! Seth Owens is on top of Korrupt as the fans chant "1... 2... 3... 4... 5..." until Owens gets off of Korrupt and walks over to PKA and punches him in the face! PKA drops off the apron as the fans go wild and as he turns around there's Korrupt as he kicks Owens in the gut, hits the Snap DDT and locks in the Guillotine Choke!

Tony D: "Death's Infinite Ecstasy!"

And Owens is forced to tap out!! The bell sounds.

Kris Red: "Its' OVA!"

Randy Long: "The winner of the match - Korrupt!"

by

A7X hits the PA System as the fans boo and Korrupt stands up and is joined in the ring by PKA who is favoring his jaw. PKA high fives Korrupt and the two raise their arms in victory.

CROWBAR vs EVOLUTION CHAMPION, GRENDEL

Randy

Long: "The following contest is our Main Event and the winner of this match gets a spot in PKA's stable. Introducing first, weighing in at 345 pounds - Grendel!"

As

"A Shogun Named" by Clutch hits Grendel comes running out of from behind the curtain with the Evolution Title. He stops mid stage throws up both arms then jumps up and down a few times the runs to ring. The crowd gives off serrrrious boos.

Kris Red:

Tony D: "KRIS!"

Kris Red: "This guy.. ugh.. nevermind."

A few fans pelt the ring with trash as by Rev Theory hits the arena and Crowbar makes his way down to the ring to a chorus of unanimous hatred. A chant starts up but he just shrugs it off.

Crowbar walks around and grabs a mic from the announcer and gets in the ring.

Crowbar: "Logan logan logan.....is probably paralyzed somewhere"

The crowd doesn't appreciate that.

Crowbar: "So this match now, myself vs Gremlin...Grundy....whatever the fuck his name is, is to join PKAs stable eh? Interesting test PKA, very interesting."

Crowbar walks over to the turnbuckle and leans on it. Meanwhile, Grendel watches from ringside...

Crowbar: "I'll say this, i think i'm a bit more of a better fit than Grendel, and not just because i'm wanted in all 50 states for various unmentionable actions"

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The crowd look on, slightly confused

Crowbar: "Oh you know what i'm talking about. Anyway, if i win tonight, I'll promise the warped fans, management and everyone else who has a chip on their shoulder because of me....if, no, sorry, WHEN i win, and IF PKA will accept that victory, not only will you have PKA and Korrupt, two of the meanest and talented sons of bitches in Warped! today, you'll have....what was it i was called?"

Crowbar strokes his chin then rubs his head in thought

Crowbar: "Oh yeah, psychopathic, unstable bastard..according to my Anger Management coach, who, sadly, is probably at home in a wheelchair right now. Remember last show? Logan landed on a fire hydrant via a KFO, prior to that, PKA can vouch for this, i hit the

KFO mid air, Kris Red down there..."

Crowbar looks at Kris Red and gives him the finger

Crowbar: "Well, he now knows what a steel chair feels like, and what its like to walk. By the way, thanks for 'lending' me your car Kris, its fairly sporty...or....was. So PKA, the question i pose to you is, do you want to be arrested as a known associate of Grundy, or do you want to decimate every idiot that gets in your way? I may not win, but that choice is still yours."

Crowbar throws the mic at Kris Red and leans back in the corner, waiting for Grendel.

Kris Red: "I don't like this guy either.. he ruined my car.. MY CAR!!!"

Crowbar signals for Grendel to get in the ring and Grendel climbs up and steps through the ropes. The bell sounds and these two large men are about to lock up when suddenly "Hang Me Up to Dry" hits the PA System and out walks PKA, tapping the microphone. His music dies down as he slowly walks toward the ring, mic in hand.

PKA: "Very, very good. Crowbar...well done. Grendel, ol' Grundy, no speech? I specifically asked you both to give a speech about why you deserve to be at my side. You both want it, or wanted it, I thought.. what happened Grendel? You were just talking to me last week about wanting to do this, yet when it's game time, you cop out? You're the FUCKING EVOLUTION CHAMPION! Get your shit together. And Crowbar? What makes you think I will just easily let you in because you kiss my ass and try to act 'hard' as that new Santana guy says? I don't know.. but I think I'll come down and watch this happen."

PKA has made his way down to the ring all the way and he takes a seat at the announce table.

Tony D: "Well PKA, welcome to-"

PKA pulls the headset off of Tony D and smiles.

PKA: "Thank you, just sit there. I'll handle this. Hey friend."

PKA shakes Kris Red's hand.

Kris Red: "Good to have ya here, old friend."

Crowbar and Grendel meet in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow tie-up.

PKA: "Yeah uh, so if I pick Crowbar, don't get mad.. but he did mess up your car."

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Both men battle for control of the opening moments of the match, trying to find out who is stronger. Crowbar begins to push Grendel down toward the mat, but Grendel battles back and pushes Crowbar up and now pushes him down toward the mat.

Kris Red: "Surely Joey is gonna cover it, right?"

PKA: "Please. Are you kidding me? Matthew? He ain't got money. This fed is a broke joke, kinda like this announce table. Ugh, what is this.. I think I might get a splinter just sitting here."

Crowbar powers up though, but this time brings his right foot and hooks it around Grendel's right foot, tripping him. Crowbar then stomps right into the face of Grendel!!

PKA: "Oooh ruthless!"

Crowbar mounts Grendel and delivers repeated punches. The referee yells at him and begins the DQ count...1...2....3..4...Crowbar quickly gets up as he hears the #4 and asks what the deal is. The ref tells him this isn't FnX so keep it within the rules! Crowbar goes right back to work on The Midnighter.. and brings him up, slapping him in the face. He whips The Midnighter into the turnbuckle and follows through with a Spear!!! The Midnighter clutches his gut and Crowbar pulls him away and hits a Standing Sidekick. He points out at PKA.

Kris Red: "Ooh perhaps a little tribute to you there, Peeks?"

PKA: "Oh yeah, I'm sooo impressed. END sarcasm. This guy can't throw a superkick like ya boy PKA can. So tell me, did Grendel really kill that brother, cousin, or whoever he was of Midi?"

Kris Red: "I uh.."

PKA: "I could care less.

Incidentally, Midi is a nickname I just gave The Midnighter. I

don't like him. I am the Mp3, he is the MIDI file. MIDI files suck, and so does he."

Kris laughs.

Kris Red: "Well then! haha"

Crowbar immediately begins to stomp away at Grendel and picks him up to his feet. Grendel pushes Crowbar's arms away, kicks Crowbar in his gut, puts Crowbar between his legs and lifts him up..

PKA: "Oh piledriver time! Drive 'em, bitch! DRIVE HIM!"

But Crowbar gets free and his feet are back on the mat, followed by a backdrop to Grendel.

Kris Red: "Crowbar with the backdrop counter! How bout that?"

PKA: "What a pussy, that Grendel..."

Kris Red: "It seems the friendship you guys had a few weeks back his dwindled.."

PKA: "Seriously, the guy did some shit lately.. I can't get behind that. I could care less about this douche.

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Now, if he wins, well then I'm kicking Crowbar's ass for losing to this douche."

Grendel pushes himself up to his feet as Crowbar measures him off.. Grendel turns around and.. Crowbar leaps.. grabs him by the head.. KFO!

Kris Red: "KFO! KFO!"

PKA: "Randy Orton Rip off! Randy Orton Rip off!"

Crowbar into the cover.. hooks the leg... 1... 2... 3!! The match goes to Crowbar! Bell sounds..

Kris Red: "And it's OVA!"

Randy Long: "The winner of the match - Crowbar!"

by Rev Theory plays as Crowbar gets to his feet ,looking down at PKA who is still seated.

PKA: "Is it just me, or did Grendel get his ass beat?"

"

Kris Red: "It was pretty decisive in Crowbar's favor there.."

PKA: "Grendel, he's still the Evolution Champion, right? Ugh.."

Kris Red: "That he is.. that's what this shiny title is here..."

PKA: "Here, he can talk to you now."

PKA takes off the headset and tosses them down to Tony D who reluctantly puts them back on.

Kris Red:

It's so great to have you back."

Tony D:

PKA grabs a microphone and the Evolution Title and rolls into the ring slowly. Crowbar looks on at PKA as he slowly brings his hands together, clapping. The music dies down and PKA speaks.

PKA: "Let me start by saying -

Grendel just got his ass beat. Grendel is the Evolution Champion. Grendel does NOT deserve this belt. Crowbar deserves this belt. Grendel, Move Along..Move Along..

Crowbar..."

PKA tosses it at Crowbar and he catches it. Crowbar looks down at the belt, then up at PKA, confused.

PKA: "There, that's yours. You hold onto it. This is a stable of winners, and champions. I have on good authority that the bossman, ol' Joey wanted to be here tonight, but he had flight problems. So, I'm acting as his replacement, and saying congratulations, you're the new Evolution Champion."

The crowd gives off a mixed reaction. PKA rolls out of the ring and walks up to Randy Long and tells him to stand up.

PKA: "You will now introduce Crowbar as the NEW Evolution Champion..."

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Randy Long shakes his head, very nervous it seems, and PKA gets in his face and says "do it" off mic. Randy says that Crowbar isn't the champion and he can't.. but PKA yells at him..

PKA: "DO IT - NOW!"

Long reluctantly speaks as PKA shoves the microphone in his face.

Randy Long: "L-I-ladies.. and gentlemen.. you.. your new Evo-"

PKA: "LIKE YOU FUCKING MEAN IT!!!"

The crowd erupts in boos. Long looks like he might piss his pants. Crowbar is in the ring with the Evolution Title over his shoulder, lovin' every minute of this. Grendel is starting to recover in the ring.

Randy Long: "Here is your NEW Ev.. EVOLUTION Champion. CROWBARRRRR!"

PKA smiles and pushes Randy Long down into his seat. PKA rolls back into the ring and extends his hand to Crowbar and the two shake, while Grendel gets to his feet.

PKA: "Congratulations.. you're the champ.. and you're in. By the way, let me show you how to throw a real Superkick..."

PKA releases the hand of Crowbar and then destroys the face of the big man Grendel with a Superkick! Crowbar nods his head in approval and PKA points back at Grendel, looking at Crowbar..saying 'ya see? that's how!' - PKA extends his hand to Crowbar once again and Crowbar accepts. PKA raises Crowbar's arm as the show concludes.

BONUS CONTENT-Backstage, after show-

Crowbar heads through the halls backstage towards the car park with Jess. The building is virtually deserted now except for a few crew members packing up gear.

Crowbar stops, looks around and shrugs.

Jess: "Whats up?"

Crowbar: "Something feels weird, I dunno, don't worry about it"

He continues down the hallway when he's hit by a steal pipe in the stomach from a dark doorway. Crowbar falls to the ground holding his stomach while he's hit again on the arm, with great force.

Crowbar writhes around in pain as Malik Logan steps out from the shadows, a grin on his face.

Logan: "Thought you could take me out, huh?!"

Logan begins to beat Crowbar mercilessly with the pole, targeting his arms, legs and torso. He continues to yell "Thought you could take me out?" "I'll show you how to take someone out" with every few strikes.

He picks Crowbar up and slams his head into the wall and starts taking the pole to Crowbars back.

Repeating the process.

Crowbars nose starts to bleed and he begins coughing up blood as Logan slams his head into the wall one more time.

Crowbar collapses and slides down the wall.

Logan throws the pole down next to Crowbar and laughs before walking off down the hall, leaving Crowbar

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unconscious, bleeding and laying face first into the wall while Jessika screams for help.
Fade. To. Black.

Back to the Menu Screen.

Match Credits Joey Joey Joey, lots of Joey. All Joey. :)

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