

Proving Grounds: ep. 7

April 12, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

Proving Grounds

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly the whistling sounds of fireworks fly from the rafters of the venue towards the stage and pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The fireworks continue to go off on the stage as the entrance video shows the rapid crowd in attendance.

Looking back towards the ring, golden sparklers begin to fall from the rafters as fire bursts from the ring posts. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth Jennifer Williams and Dr. Emo are standing by.

Williams: And here we go. We've got Michael Swayer taking on Ashley here to open up a new edition of Proving Grounds. Welcome everyone, I am Jennifer Williams and beside me, a man who needs no introduction to the UTA faithful, Doctor Emo.

Emo: Thank you for the kind words, Jennifer. Glad to be part of the team. Surely a lot to get into tonight as International Affair did not disappoint, but first we've got Michael Swayer making his UTA debut.

Williams: And Swayer's is no stranger to the wrestling ring. So tonight Ashley might have his hands full.

Emo: And not just of drugs this time!

Williams: I think I'm gonna like you, Doctor.

In the ring Swayer and Ashley circle up. Swayer motioning for Ashley to step forward. Ashley lunges forward, with a hot head and Swayer is able to immediately slap him a side head lock. Williams: Already Swayer baiting the tempermental Ashley into making a mistake. I wonder if that'll be a theme here tonight?

Emo: One thing I can say, Ashley has some tools in his arsenal that can win this thing here tonight. If he keeps his head about him and uses his speed, some of that improvisational technicality he has perhaps he takes this home.

Williams: Sounds like you're saying you want him to take things hardcore there, Doctor.

Emo: That could be my prescription, yes.

Williams: That was terrible.

Emo: I promise to try to keep the doctor puns to only a few a show.

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Williams: Can't be any worse than my last partner.

In the ring Swayer backs himself into the ropes and pushes Ashley hard to the other side. Ashley comes off the far side of the ropes in a rush to get back to Swayer, his arm already cocked for a punch when the older Swayer steps forward and sends him hard to the mat with a very basic but sound Shoulder Block.

Williams: Ring vet, against a hot headed youngster. I think we've all seen this one before.

Emo: I think we have. Let's see if the same story plays out here tonight, Jennifer.

Swayer drops a kick into the shoulder of Ashley, followed by another, and then another after that. Williams: And you've got Swayer already targeting Ashley's shoulder, his arm. Swayer's Wakigatame is no joke from what I've seen. It isn't pretty.

Emo: Yeah, the trick has been to get him to be a little more confident in when he's swinging for the fences with it. A moment of hesitation with something like that and your opponent can turn it on you in a heart beat.

Ashley rolls to the other side, away from Swayer and pops to a knee. The two men circle, Mean Mike Swayer slapping his chest in a show of macho bravado. Ashley lunges forward but the veteran is on top of him quickly with a headlock and bringing him down to the mat.

Williams: Swayer going with a little chain wrestling here. This is impressive.

Emo: Old tricks from the Old Dog, gotta love it.

Swayer slides over top of Ashley so now his Sleeper Hold is right side up, so to say. Swayer lets one arm go, keeping Ashley underneath the neck with the other. With his other hand he bawls up a massive fist and drops it straight into Ashley's head.

Williams: Official in telling him to open his hand. I've gotta say the officiating might need to step it up a bit in wake of some events at International Affair.

Emo: All I'm going to say about that is that I would rather be behind his table with you, Jennifer, than trying to keep peace in that ring. Our officials have what is often a thankless job and their the ones keeping the peace. I think we owe them a bit of courtesy. If you ask me.

Williams: Refreshing takes here on Proving Grounds, as Mike Swayer drops another massive fist into Ashley's head here. Swayer in control of this one so far.

Emo: Swayer now to his feet, pulling Ashley up along with him. That headlock still applied. In the ring Swayer bring Ashley up and twists him around for a Neckbreaker that sends the Hardcore Gangster to the mat.

Williams: Sound move there by Swayer who is putting on a bit of clinic here tonight. Showing off some of his

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moves. Gotta like the moxie of anyone his age to even just get in the ring.

Emo: UTA has a couple of guys who are getting up there in age. But we screen all our guys to the top of our abilities. Everyone we sign is as fit as a fiddle.

Williams: Bobby Dean begs to differ.

Swayer pressed into a cover. The official slides in for the count. ONE...

TWO...

Emo: Ashley powers out of that one and we continue on here. So far it's been all Mean Mike Swayer, taking out some of that old man aggression on one of the newcomers to the UTA Hardcore scene, Ashley.

Williams: Ashley victorious in his debut against none other than OG Thumper.

Emo: Strangely enough Jennifer I can report that OG Thumper is still under contract with the UTA.

Williams: Well whatever OG Thumper was, Ashley defeated him, or her, or it. Despite Thumper actually being able to wrestle, I was half impressed.

Emo: Like I said we run all our guys and girls through a litany of tests.

In the ring both men are now up, Ashley ducks underneath a rather slow clothesline from Swayer and is able to jam him under the chin with a forearm shot that sends Swayer stumbling backwards.

Williams: Ashley on the offensive here. He backs Swayer into the ropes and is sending him across for the ride.

Emo: And it's Swayer off the far side now, ducks the clothesline from Ashley, bounces off the near side. Swayer looking to clean Ashley's clock here -

Ashley is staring at Swayer like a deer in headlights, Swayer lines up a forearm smash and it's then Ashley leaps into the air and kicks Mean Mike right in the side of the head, sending him heaping to the mat.

Williams: Ashley playing possum, leaps into the air and nails Mike Swayer with a kick to the side of the head. Shades of that other fight from a few weeks back, and Swayer is down.

Emo: Ashley to his knees, pulling back for the pin.

The official slides in. ONE...

TWO...

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THR...

Williams: Mean Mike shoulder up, Mean Mike shoulder up. And this one continues here tonight. What a good one for your first match, Emo!

Emo: Didn't even think about that, Jennifer. But yes, this is proving to be something else. Lots of action. Almost too much to keep track of.

Williams: Just wait until you got four of them going in the ring at once. Makes your head spin! Ashley brings Swayer to his feet, backs him into the ropes and sends him over. Swayer off the far side comes back in and Ashley reaches down to send him over with a Back Body Drop and quickly Swayer reacts.

Williams: Swayer grabs Ashley and drops him onto his knee.

Emo: The Atomic Drop!

Ashley in clear pain stumbles. Swayer pushes back off the ropes and runs forward dropping Ashley with a clothesline. Ashley withers in pain and slides out of the ring.

Williams: Ashley out of the ring and here's where he's fit to make a killing, Emo. Don't take your eyes off this guy for a second. The outside of the ring, the back alleys of London, these are the places that Ashley feels the most at home.

Emo: Oh believe me I'm well aware of what he can do. I've seen the kind of stuff he's capable of with my own two eyes.

Ashley still in pain holds his thigh and his head. Swayer looks at the official and then at Ashley. The official barking for Ashley to come back into the ring.

Williams: And they want order here, Emo. They want Ashley to come back into the ring.

Emo: We don't like count out wins here, but at a certain point you gotta start it up. Ah here we go! On cue the count starts.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Ashley slides back in the ring to reset the count. Quickly returning to the outside.

Williams: Ashley tempting Swayer to come and get him here. This kid is something else. Emo: Trying to

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reverse the mind games from earlier. Maybe use Swayer's aggression against him here.

Swayer hunches back into the turnbuckle, unwilling to play Ashley's game. ONE...

TWO... THREE..

Ashley does it again. In and then out.

Emo: And Ashley doesn't wanna meet Swayer in the ring. Ashley likes these street fights, these hardcore contests. He wants Swayer to come outside and then to go at it.

Williams: And I don't believe this but Swayer is gonna play the game. ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Swayer shrugs his shoulders and slides out of the ring. He's on top of Ashley immediately. Right hand, right hand, right hand, thundering all along the way. Ashley is back to the barrier. Swayer lines up goes to pull him across, whipping him to the other side but Ashley throws a hand up and catches the barrier. Quickly Ashley pulls Swayer towards him, sticking out his foot, tripping Swayer and sending his head spiking into the barrier, separating the two men from the fans.

FOUR...

FIVE...

SIX...

Emo: Oh my, Swayer is down here. His head spiked right against that barrier. That's gotta hurt. Ashley using that improv style, making whatever he can work work for him. You gotta admire it. Williams: Ashley picking Swayer up here and this may be it. Swayer's bell has been rung.

Ashley rolls Swayer into the ring and quickly presses into a cover, Ashley stretches out and puts

his feet on the ropes for added pressure.

Emo: And we've got a count but Ashley's feet are on the ropes! ONE...

TWO...

THR...

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The official sees it at the last second, exploding to his feet waving off the pin.

Emo: And Ashley trying to catch the official napping here, but not so fast. Official sees it and waves off the pin.

Williams: Ashley having words with the official now and look at this Swayer to his feet and he flips Ashley around.

Swayer whips Ashley hard across the ropes. Ashley grabs the ropes halting his process but it doesn't matter as Swayer runs in with a full head of steam and clotheslines him over the top rope. Williams: Ashley over the top rope here. He grabs ahold and is able to steady himself on the mat here.

Emo: Swayer with a look in his eye. Let's see what happens here.

Swayer throws Ashley's arm over top of him and in an impressive feat of strength, lifts Ashley into the air and drops him to the mat.

Williams: Mean Mike Swayer here suplexing Ashley from the mat over the ropes and back into the ring. Impressive stuff.

Emo: And Swayer going to the medium rent district now!

Swayer pulls himself up onto the second turnbuckle and leans off looking to connect with a headbutt but Ashley rolls out of the way.

Williams: No one home, and let's see if Ashley can take advantage.

Emo: Ashley shaking the cobwebs loose and he picks Swayer up and slams his head back down to the mat.

Williams: Swayer in pain.

Ashley picks Swayer up to his feet and is able to stun Mean Mike with a Jawbreaker. Mike stands in place and shakes his head trying to climb back into this one.

Williams: Textbook move there by Ashley.

Emo: Kid works hard to learn new things. Reason he's still here to be honest.

Mean Mike takes a step, closing the distance between him and the Hardcore Gangster. Mike throws a right, Ashley counters with a left that drives Mike back into the ropes. Ashley follows it up with another left that knocks Mike over the ropes and out onto the floor.

Williams: Ashley with a chance now to get a little hardcore.

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Emo: Let's see what happens.

Mean Mike is quick to his feet and goes to climb the steel stairs. Before he can get into the ring however -

Emo: Ashley blasting Mike with a hard right hand there, not letting Mean Mike get back into the ring.

Williams: Element of surprise on Ashley's side here, Emo.

Ashley lines up Mikey and delivers another fist to Mike's head that knocks him down from the mat and out onto the ring floor.

Williams: Mean Mike down here. As the ref counts.

Ashley is down off the mat after Mean Mike and sends him hard into the barricade. Ashley goes to pull Mike into the ring but Mike shoves Ashley off of him. Mike charges with a clothesline, Ashley ducks and throws a no look kick that catches Swayer right in the chest, halting his progress and leaving him gasping for air.

Emo: Ashley stopping Swayer dead in his tracks there.

Williams: And wait, what's this.

Ashley leaps up to the mat, runs and leaps off, grabbing Mike Swayer and delivering a picture perfect Tilt-A-Whirl DDT, connecting Swayers head flush to the steel stairs.

Williams: HARDCORE! Ashley using those steel stairs to his advantage here. Mean Mike is reeling!

Emo: That was a thing of beauty. People can say whatever they want, this kid has some talent. Ashley picks Mike up and rolls him back into the ring. Ashley is in quickly after him and pushes into a pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

The official points to Swayer's foot, leaning on the ropes. He waves off the call.

Williams: First it was Ashley using the ropes as leverage, now it's Swayer using the ropes to save himself. Heads up move there by Mean Mike.

Emo: And Ashley is livid. Aruging with the ref.

Ashley argues the count. He turns to see Swayer on a knee. Ashley pulls Mike to his feet and for his efforts

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he's dropped with a hard headbutt. Ashley falls back and instantly Mike is on top of him wrenching the arm back into the Wakigatame. He wrenches the arm back putting as much pressure as he can on the hold. Ashley is crying out in pain, reaching for the ropes.

Williams: Mike has the hold locked in, wrenching that arm back. So much pressure on the shoulder, the neck, the elbow. This is a good one and look!

Mike pulls Ashley further away from the ropes, back into the center of the ring.

Emo: And here it is folks, here it is! Ashley is tapping. This one is over. DING DING DING!

Williams: What a decisive debut win for Mike Sawyer.

Announcer: The winner of the match via tap out... MIKE... SAAAWYYYYEEERRR!!! He gets to his feet and celebrates as his music begins.

Title Dee-fence

The sound of a banjo can be heard playing in the background. The words "Previously Recorded" show.

We open up to long silver trailer, attached at the hitch to a beat up brown pickup truck. This infamous trailer belongs to none other than the New UTA Hardcore Champion Luke Dibbins, and his big (smaller) brother, Duke!

The side door of the trailer bursts open and a young women bolts away. She almost falls as she takes off, never looking back. Suddenly Duke Dibbins comes out of the trailer in his tighty whities and black combat boots, and Luke follows in just a pair of Jean shorts and his belt around his waist.

D. Dibbins: Damm Nit she runs fasta than i'd eva scene! His brother Luke whistles.

L. Dibbins: Hot Dog! You ain't Kittin! I tolds her she culda been wit da chimp! Guess she dint inspect two of da bested damn herdcore Returd Tag champs ever!

Duke looks around the ground.

D. Dibbins: Whered I put dos pants!?

The two begin searching, finally Duke reaches back into the traler and finds em. He puts em on, fishing through the pockets he pulls out a slip of paper.

D. Dibbins: Dere it is... Wait...

Duke opens up the paper and reads it.

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L. Dibbins: Wat is it Dukey?

Duke looks around, then turns the paper upside down, reading it again. He looks around again.

D. Dibbins: What days is sit?

Luke takes a minute to think about it.

L. Dibbins: Sundee.

Duke grows more confused.

D. Dibbins: I thoughted weed 'ad a match tnight. Defurnded dos Tag Titles!? Luke nods voheminantly.

L. Dibbins: Yep! T-Night lived from Laughter Hours! Dukes eyebrows arch.

D. Dibbins: Ya gota be kitin me! Dis aint Laughter Hourts! Dis is Poopin Grounds! The lightbulb goes off in Lukes head and he puts it together.

L. Dibbins: Ahh Dammed Dukey! We at da wrong show! We need to be on duh late shows! May Bees dats why da other belts aint here! Its at Laughter Hours! Dat dammded stand dem up comedy clubt!

Duke nods to himself.

D. Dibbins: Yea Buddy! We need to get dis traila on da road, gotsa match on twosday! Dey better haved my belt too, ya hur!

Luke throws everything outside the trailer into it, Duke heads for the truck and fires her up on th fourth try. The exhaust bangs loudly and the truck takes off with a jolt.

The scene fades, as the two country boys head for After Hours.

Brought to You By

Do Something

In the back, the Director of Talent Relations Michael Lorenzo is seen walking in the back and greeting some of the workers that are working.

Lorenzo: Good to see everyone working and getting ready for their upcoming matches.

He gives a thumbs up as they give a nod to him back. Just then he sees the person he was looking for.

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Lorenzo: Just the person I was looking for.

The person in question that he was looking for was Sabrina Baker as she's getting ready for her upcoming match.

Lorenzo: Ms. Baker, just the person I need to see. She keeps her eyes on him, looking at him in question.

Baker: How can I help you today?

He looks at her with a serious look before speaking.

Lorenzo: Ms. Baker, I understand that you're frustrated with your stance in the company, but I need to see more from you.

She looks at him as he eyes her.

Lorenzo: While your matches have been stellar and giving a decent performance everytime you go out there, I notice that it seems like your head's not all there.[]

Her eyes wide open at that statement.

Baker: Please tell me that you're joking.

Lorenzo: I'm not. Everyone sees it. You have potential, but you need to show it. She raises her hands before putting them back down.

Baker: Now hold on for a second, I use my full potential and I show it. EVEN when I was on the losing streak, I used it!

He shakes his head as he doesn't like the Lorenzo: No need to get an attitude or yell at me. He looks at her, still with the serious look.

Lorenzo: You want to show you belong here? Do SOMETHING! You want to get respect from everyone, EARN IT! You have the talents in the world, Ms. Baker, you need to use them.

He keeps her eyes on her.

Lorenzo: If not, I suggest you find somewhere else to wrestle because being here isn't really cutting for you.

He takes a good look at her as she says something to herself.

Baker: If he wants to think that way, so be it. I will show him that I belong here. She grabs her elbow pads before walking away for her match.

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The Big Screen comes to life with just static. The static seems to zoom back, revealing a television. A midget in a filthy bunny costume, sits looking at the television. He seems mesmerized by the static on his television. Mindy and Sindy the conjoined sisters are standing behind him. He slowly raises his hands and places them on the screen of the television.

The midget slowly turns his head back to them.

Midget: It's time...

Deep shadow covers the screen.

Parts of the screen slowly lighten up to reveal what appears to be a silhouette.

In darkness, a blood curdling cacophony: the squeal of uncoiled winches, the rasp of hooks and razors being sharpened; and worse, and the howl of tormented souls. Above this din one particular victim yells for an encore with a mixture of tears and roars of rage.

Now the Screen is awash in people, crawling, scrabbling, and shambling masses, some of them moving in reverse. A sound like moaning accompanies them. The picture switches again. A figure stands in a carnival tent, its face shrouded. It points accusingly, not towards the screen, but at something unseen off to one side. The insect-like screeching sounds louder.

On the screen is a close up of a twisted smile. Inside that mouth is two words: Yeshua Pandemonium The mouth closes once, twice. The word remains. Suddenly the lights go out. Suddenly the screen seems to clear, what looks like the moon appears on it. Chanting begins from what seems nowhere.

It's not the moon at all, they realize. The shape is round like a full moon, but it seems to be made up of thin ribbons of cloud streaking against a night sky. And there's a face, we see, a face hidden in shadows, looking down from above. The picture has a grainy look to it as it changes.

The scene is of the conjoined girls sitting in a chair in a straight-jacket behind them stood to their left is a reptilian figure. The nerve-wracking grating as if of some giant metallic insect sounds in the background, but the young girls don't seem to notice. The figure stood to the left of the girls suddenly changes position from the left part of the picture, to the right. Almost instantly the figure returns to its original position, but in that one moment in its changed location we see a huge man with a shadow covering his face. The young girls turns towards where that figure stood, and smiles.

Announcer: Hailing from the wrong side of the Apocalypse via Ciudad Acuña, Mexico.....

The venue drops into darkness as this weird movie is playing out on the big screen. Suddenly pyros explode in front of the big screen, as the fans literally jump from the shock. The roving arm of the overhead camera picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Orange strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The whole top of

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the entrance way bursts into a circle of flames.

Slowly rising directly through the flames in a huge throne; the throne seems to be made of bones

all fused together with heat forming the chair itself. Sitting atop the throne is a masked man dressed entirely in black.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

The throne rises fully onto the ramp way. It is none other than the Demon Ringmaster, Yeshua Pandemonium. He then raises his arms above his head in an age-old gesture of defiance and supremacy as phosphorus flames blast in twin columns to the heavens behind the throne. Flames surround the throne.

He sits motionless, emotionless. Then on some unseen signal he launches himself forward into the flames without a seconds thought, his dark eyes glaze over. He stands with his arms outstretched like a crucifixion; Flames lick around his mask and engulfs his clothing, yet he emerges from the other side unscathed. Justin Bieber vs Slipknot's Psychosocial Baby starts blaring out.

Announcer:Yeshua Pandemonium!!!!!!

Laughing sadistically as he slowly walks towards the ring ignoring the cheers from the crowd. Yeshua, dressed in his black and yellow clothes. As he passes a camera he stops and looks directly into the lens. He cocks his head to the side, pauses and took it all in.

Yeshua climbs between the ropes and strides to the far side of the ring. Climbing the turnbuckle he lifts his arms up high to the boos of the crowd.

He gets down and stomps to the middle of the ring. He nods his head and stands in the middle of the ring whilst pyros explode behind him.

I'm Broken by Pantera hits. The crowd reaction is swift and negative. Chance Von Crank struts out from the back. The camera flashes illuminate his rhinestone robe.

Announcer: From Harlan County, Kentucky...

The crowd boos The Harlan County Devil with a real hatred. Chance walks toward the ring trolling every hateful fan within cursing distance.

Announcer: Standing at 6'4 and weighing in at 262 pounds... CHANCE... VON... CRRAAANNKKK!!!!

Crank walks up the steps and slips through the ropes. He ditches the robe throwing it out into the crowd. They throw it back.

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Williams: This should be an exciting match up.

Emo: It sure should.

As the bell sounds, both men rush each other.

Williams: Chance Von Crank and Yeshua Pandemonium on fire out of the gate.

Emo: Both of these guys have something to prove here in the UTA Jennifer. Yeshua wants to show he can be a viable threat while Chance is aiming to create a winning return.

Williams: Quick tie up. Crank gains control early, sending Yeshua into the ropes. Pandemonium on the return now.

As Yeshua charges back from the ropes, CVC bends down to catch him, but instead Pandemonium rolls over his back.

Williams: Yeshua using those lightning fast reflexes to avoid a back body drop. Follows up with a swift kick to the back of Chance's legs.

Emo: Quick thinking on his part. Chance needs to watch out for that in this match. Crank turns around and gets another swift kick, this time to the side of his legs.

Williams: Pandemonium with those heavy kicks, trying to disable Chance's legs and gain an upper hand here.

Emo: Early momentum is how you win matches.

Williams: Yeshua follows up with a knife edge chop to the chest of Crank, another with his other hand now.

He grabs CVC's arm and pulls back, sending Chance into the ropes hard.

Williams: Crank on the return... standing drop kick catches him, sending him to the canvas. Emo: You have to give it up for Yeshua here. Chance Von Crank is not an easy man to get off of his feet.

Williams: He sure isn't. Chance is just as about tough as they come.

CVC rolls over and begins to get up. As he does, Yeshua grabs his head and pulls him back toward the corner.

Williams: Pandemonium now climbing up the turnbuckles with Crank in hand.

As he gets to the second rope, he pulls one of Chance's arms out and pushes off f the padding, turning as he

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does. However, CVC is able to push him away, sending Yeshua face first to the canvas where he skids across it.

Williams: Yeshua was looking for a tornado DDT from the second rope, but denied.

Emo: Crank is a ring general and a veteran Jennifer. If you can think it up, he can counter it. Williams: Yeshua quickly pushing up.. Chance takes off, rising knee to the face of Yeshua Pandemonium.

Emo: Once you lose that momentum, once it shifts, you have to quickly recover or that work you put in may be for nothing. That's what Yeshua is learning right now.

CVC heads over and grabs Yeshua by the head, pulling him to his feet.

Williams: Chance Von Crank pulls Yeshua to his feet.

As Pandemonium is up, Crank bends and grabs his body, placing him over his shoulders before standing.

Williams: Yeshua in a bad place here.

Emo: Crank going for that Samoan Drop it seems.

CVC steps forward and leaps up and back. As he does, Yeshua grabs Chance's head and swings his legs out, bring Crank down.

Williams: No! Reversed into an inverted DDT! Emo: That right there was a replay worthy counter. Williams: It sure was.

Emo: That quick thinking that I was talking about a moment ago in play. Both guys lay on the canvas as the referee begins to count.

Williams: This match could already be over. These guys came out swinging fast and furious, and now find themselves each on the end of a back and forward battle.

Emo: When you have two guys with good chemistry, this is what you see. You can't take anything away from either of these men.

Both men roll over and begin to push to their feet.

Williams: Not down for long, who will make it to their feet first.

Emo: That could be a major factor going forward in this match.

Williams: Yeshua up first.. charges Chance... leaps over.. grabs the waist.. into a sunset flip powerbomb...

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Crank's shoulders are down!

As the referee slides down and counts one, CVC is able to kick out.

Emo: That could have been it for Chance, but he was able to escape quickly. Both men roll over and push up.

Williams: Chance Von Crank charging Yeshua Pandemonium now.. caught with a hip toss and back to the canvas!

Yeshua takes off and hits the ropes. As he returns, Crank sits up and is caught in the back of the head by a double leg drop kick.

Williams: Yeshua staying on Chance Von Crank here.

Emo: You have to. One split second of difference is all it takes for him to turn it all around on you.

Williams: Pandemonium back to his feet... runs at the ropes.. leaps up tot he second.. MOONSAUL-
CHANCE VON CRANK GETS HIS KNEES UP!

Yeshua Pandemonium lands hard across the knees of Crank, his body being jolted up and over to the canvas.

Emo: One split second, I told you. Chance Von Crank has that fight in him and it continues to show.

Chance rolls over and gets to his knees. He holds the back of his head for a moment, trying to shake off the drop kick before standing up. Heading over to Yeshua, Chance lifts one of his legs up.

Williams: Stomp to the inner thigh of Yeshua Pandemonium now.

Emo: A little higher and Chance may have been in DQ country there.

Williams: Crank now angrily stomping around Yeshua, paying him back for everything he's done. Emo: Crank can be cold and calculated, even methodical as we are seeing now. He tears his opponents down piece by piece, leaving them unable to defend themselves.

CVC gets to Yeshua's head area, placing his boot on his forehead before raking it down hard. Yeshua grabs his face in pain as the referee warns Chance.

Williams: This is where Chance can get dangerous. When he gets into this mindset here, all of the rules are out of the window.

Emo: True, but he has always displayed enough restraint to know where that line is. He'll get close, but not

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cross as not to risk being disqualified. he wants to hurt his opponent, but also take home the win.

Chance pushes past the referee and heads over to Yeshua before dropping a knee down into his forehead this time.

Williams: Crank working Yeshua, trying to wear him down.

CVC pulls Yeshua to his feet. Pandemonium pushes him backward and comes forward with a forearm to his face.

Williams: Yeshua trying to fight back now. Emo: He needs to turn this around, and quick. Williams: But it may be too late.

Emo: Never count the masked man out though.

Williams: Another forearm to the face of Chance Von Crank. Grabs the arm.. Hard Irish wh- No, reversed. Yeshua into the ropes and on the return now... WAIT! He leaps forward with a clothesline...

Chance grabs him in midair, pauses before pulling back and down into a Swinging Reverse STO.

Williams: GODBOOKED! BY CHANCE VON CRANK! He covers him..

Emo: This one here is over.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time before the bell begins to sound.

Williams: Yeshua Pandemonium fought hard, but in the end he was unable to put Chance Von Crank away.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... CHANCE... VON... CRRRAANNKKK!!!! Emo: Big win there for CVC. You got to give him credit. There were a few times I thought this match would go the exact opposite.

Chance rolls over and gets to his feet. he heads to the turnbuckle, climbing it and raising both arms as his music hits.

Williams: Big win here tonight on Proving Grounds for the Shock 'n Rolla himself.

Emo: Any win is a big win as it moves you one step closer to the top Jennifer.

Yeshua rolls over and begins to slowly push his way up behind Chance. he shakes his head to regain his bearings before heading toward Crank.

Williams: Wait! Yeshua back to his feet.

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Emo: I don't know what he plans to do, but this isn't how you win sportsmanship points in my book.

Williams: I'm not sure if that even matters to him.

Yeshua bends his head down, and lifts up, placing CVC on his shoulders. Crank's eyes bulge out as he goes for the ride with Yeshua dropping back to the canvas, bringing CVC down hard.

Williams: Oh come on. There's no room for sore losers here in the UTA.

Emo: Speaking of sore, Chance is going to feel that in the morning.

As Yeshua gets back to his feet, the referee pushes him away from Chance before dropping to his knees to check on Crank, who is holding his shoulder.

Emo: From what it looks like, Chance may have landed wrong on that shoulder.

Williams: That makes this even worse.

Yeshua just stands and looks at the damage he has done as the referee continues to monitor Chance and we fade away.

Brought to You By

Main Eventing

Backstage we see Jarvis Valentine walking the halls of the Rexall Place. You can see big black cases on rollers lining the hall. We also see a few UTA roster members walking the opposite way behind Jarvis.

Jarvis looks over to his right to acknowledge a stage hand before bumping into Duke Dibbins with their left shoulders.

Valentine: Excuse me! I didn't mean to run....wait your Duke Dibbins...brother to the hardcore champ....aint that right?

Duke looks Jarvis up and down giving him the crazy eyes.

D. Dibbins: fist of all, wees Brounsins! Thirdly, we both herd core tag team champs. I don knows whose you is?

Duke pokes Jarvis n the chest.

Valentine: Listen son, You don't need to lay a finger on me. The name is Jarvis Valentine. The man you are going to be facing in the main event on After Hours two....Also the man who will be taking your "Brounsins"

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title.

Jarvis accentuates the point by making quotations with his fingers.

D. Dibbins: Ya gota be kitin me! The Dibbins steps closer.

D. Dibbins: When da Dibbins steps in da ring for a herd cord returd match, one ting is curtain! Da Dibbins gon beat some ass!

Jarvis chuckles.

Valentine: I don't know about that sir. I am here to please the fans, and to do that, I will show everyone what Hardcore means. I am going to start with you my friend on After Hours.

The ever confident Valentine crosses his arms.

D. Dibbins: Prease da fans? Boy lemme tell ya why da Dibbins ere! Dibbins ere cause we likes to gets paid! We ere cause we likes to get rowsy! Bringed yur frends! Bringer yur fans! Cause after I'm done wit ya, yuus gon be returd!

Jarvis cocks his head slightly to his right and shakes his head.

Valentine: "Returd"? You keep believing that son, I have more important things to do right now. Valentine waits a half second for a response before laughing to himself and walking away.

Duke watches him go, looking angry. The scene fades.

The infectious opening cry of Papa Roach's Last Resort serenades the arena as Suicidal Skylar Montgomery steps out onto the stage with a freaking fluorescent glass light tube slung over his shoulder!

Williams: Skylar Montgomery looking to secure a win here tonight.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring.....

SkyMont walks down the ramp twirling the fragile pole like he was Donatello and this was teenage mutant ninja turtles or something.

Announcer: Hailing from The backyard; in London, England. Skylar slides into the ring with the glass rod still in his hand.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 1 inches and weighing in at 190 pounds...

He stands in the middle of the ring with the fluorescent glass light tube held aloft in his right hand and his

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stance wide as the crowd rain down boos upon him.

Announcer: SUICIDAL SKYLAR MONTGOMERY!!!!

SkyMont drops the light tube down between the ropes by the outside steps before he begins testing the elasticity of the ropes.

Williams: That light tube could become a deciding factor here tonight.

Last Resort by Papa Roach fades out as Suicidal Skylar Montgomery begins biting his fingernails awaiting his opponent.

The slow intro to Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya begins to play over the PA system as the anticipation is built until those very words are spoken. Green and Black pyros fire from atop of the ship as El Trébol Jr bursts out from the dining area door that has been converted to a backstage area for the show

Announcer: Making his way to the ring next, from Boston... he stands at 4'7 and weighs in at 120 pounds...

As the music intensifies, the mini luchador practically runs down toward the ring before leaping into a slide under the bottom rope. Rolling forward to his feet, Trébol clammers onto the nearest turnbuckle, throwing his little arms high into the air, rocking out to the song for a few moments before it finally dies away.

Announcer: El Trébol... JOUNIOOORRR!!!

Then, dropping to the canvas, he moves over into his corner to await the start of the match

Williams: El Trébol Jr. ready to rock here tonight.

After a few moments the bell sounds to signal the start of the match as both men begin to circle in the ring. SkyMont laughs a bit at the site of his opponent.

Williams: Skylar not taking this match very seriously.

Emo: He probably should. Don't let the size of El Trébol or his gear confuse you, this guy knows his stuff.

Williams: This is true. he's proven that already here.

Waiting no longer, Skylar Montgomery rushes forward toward El Trébol, who drops down and crawls under his legs. Montgomery looks around for the now missing El Trébol, who gets to his feet and waits.

Williams: You can tell Skylar is thrown off a bit here.

Emo: Trébol isn't your average competitor. It takes some adjusting, but once you do it's just like being in the

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ring with any other superstar.

Montgomery turns around as El Trébol runs forward. He leaps up, throwing his legs up and connecting with Skylar Montgomery's shins.

Williams: Dropkick to the shins of Montgomery.

Emo: You have to watch for that type of stuff there from anyone, but especially from someone the size of this luchador.

Montgomery immediately stumbles forward, falling. He catches the top rope in the process, leaning on it for balance. El Trébol runs up behind Montgomery and slams his head into his kidneys. SkyMont lets out a yell of pain.

Williams: Unorthodox maneuver there.

Emo: Yes, but very effective. A shot to the kidneys can weaken the strongest of men.

The referee warns El Trébol who tbacks away. Skylar Montgomery grabs his lower back in pain, stumbling to his left.

Williams: I'm unsure what Skylar thought going into this match, but I doubt it was this.

Emo: He was cocky. Simple as that and underestimated his opponent. Common rookie mistake. Skylar Montgomery turns around in time to see the head of a mini man coming toward him. El Trébol leaps up, delivering a head butt to the midsection of his opponent. As El Trébol connects,

Montgomery falls backward, hitting the corner turnbuckle with his back.

Williams: Skylar stuck in the corner. I'm unsure if this is where I would want to be if I was facing someone who came with the force of El Trébol out of the gate like he has.

Emo: Yes, but being backed in the corner will bring out the fight in most. This could be what Skylar needs to muster up some defense.

Williams: If he's going to, now is the time.

El Trébol runs at Skylar Montgomery once more. This time Montgomery is ready as he grabs the top of the ropes and uses them to lift his lower body off of the canvas, throwing his legs out and catching El Trébol in the head.

Williams: Montgomery able to stop El Trébol's attack this time, now if he can capitalize.

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Emo: You have to take into consideration that Skylar probably has a bruised shin and kidneys to deal with now. He's defiantly no longer at one hundred percent.

Skylar Montgomery climbs backward to the second rope as El Trébol holds his head away from him. Montgomery waits as El Trébol gathers his bearings and turns back to face Montgomery who jumps from the ropes.

Williams: Skylar catches El Trébol's face with a flying knee, taking him down.

As El Trébol's back hits the canvas, Skylar Montgomery lands in a crouching position. He quickly shoots up and darts left toward the ropes as El Trébol pushes himself back to his feet. Skylar Montgomery leaps up to the second rope, using it to push himself off, turning in the air and coming forward with a kick to the head of El Trébol once again.

Williams: Skylar is back in this with full force, showing off some amazing agility there. Emo: Well, once you find how to keep someone down, you need to keep on it. Skylar Montgomery doesn't need to chance letting up now.

Williams: I agree. He needs to continue this momentum to secure this match here.

Emo: He also needs to keep in mind this is a normal match, and avoid reaching for that light tube he brought out here with him.

Skylar Montgomery returns to his feet running back to the near by corner post. He grabs the top ropes and in one fluid motion uses them to leap up, landing on the top rope. Without missing a beat, Montgomery leaps backward in the air, turning and coming down in a beautiful Moonsault that connects.

Williams: The Moonsault hits it's mark. Wow. Have you ever seen such a picture perfect Moonsault?

Emo: It was nice, and very unexpected from the rookie superstar who up until this point, had not shown much in regards to in ring skills.

Williams: Well, Skylar has been training for weeks, knowing he has had to grow his arsenal if he expects to keep up with the superstars of the UTA.

Skylar Montgomery holds his ribs as he looks over at El Trébol on the canvas beside him. Seconds later, Skylar Montgomery crawls forward and lays on top of El Trébol. The referee drops down and begins his count.

Williams: Two count there for Skylar Montgomery, but El Trébol able to get his shoulder up. Emo: I think Trébol is as shocked as we are at Skylar's Moonsault. Now he needs to move forward in this and make sure not to underestimate him anymore. SkyMont is not just a backyard brawler anymore is seems.

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Williams: Both men starting to get to their feet now. Skylar Montgomery grabs for El Trébol... Trébol ducks under his arm, rolls behind him... grabbing the waist of Montgomery.

El Trébol tries to lift Skylar, but is only able to get him a bit up before Skylar forces out of his grasp. Montgomery turns right as El Trébol runs forward and ducks his head, slamming it hard into the groin of SkyMont.

Williams: El Trébol calls that the ¡Mis Joyas! but really, it's nothing more than a vicious low blow.

Emo: Vicious but effective. However, that will warrant a warning from our referee here. El Trébol nods to the referee before running to the corner and quickly starting to climb.

Williams: El Trébol climbing the turnbuckles. Looking to go for a high risk maneuver now.

Emo: I'm unsure of how wise this is.

As SkyMont turns toward the corner, still showing signs of pain, he looks up to see El Trébol on the top. Trébol leaps back with a Moonsault, landing on the shoulders of Skylar, before leaning back and transitioning into a reverse Frankensteiner.

Williams: El Trébol with the Al Ver Verde!

Emo: That right there is a very effective way to end a match as El Trébol covers Skylar Montgomery.

Williams: It sure is, and impressive as well.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time and the bell begins to sound. Announcer: The winner of this match.... EL TRÉBOL... JOOOUNNIIOORRR!!! Williams: Big win here for El Trébol.

Emo: It sure was.

El Trébol rolls out of the ring and raises both of his arms. But something catches his eyes as he turns.

Williams: Trébol heading toward that light tube of Skylar's.

Emo: See, this is why you don't bring things to the ring.

He grabs it and holds it in the air with glee, soaking in the fan cheers, before heading up the steps and getting back into the ring.

Williams: This doesn't look good for Skylar.

Emo: Not at all Jennifer.

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El Trébol holds the tube like a baseball bat as SkyMont begins to get to his feet. before he is even halfway up, El Trébol comes forward and swings, shattering the tube across the head of Skylar Montgomery. The fans cheer.

Williams: A devastating end to Skylar Montgomery here tonight on Proving Grounds. El Trébol's music begins again as he points, and we can only assume, laughs at Skylar Montgomery laying in his own broken light tube.

Falling In

We cut to the back of the Rexall Place and walls painted in the home team's blue and orange motif. For a beat, there is nothing. No sound, no motion, just the wall.

And then a hand swipes across the lens and pulls the focus onto himself.

Dangling his legs off a production box, Mitchell Quinlan flashes the camera a smile. The crowd in the arena cheer upon seeing the retro Gretzky #99 jersey; a smart fashion choice in the heart of Oil Country. Taking the nod to his hometown hero one step beyond, the right side of the hockey sweater has been tucked into his black shorts.

Quinlan: It does this listless man's soul well to be back above the 49th. His face blanks, and he drops his head.

Quinlan: I..heh. Well, if i am to give you the honesty you deserve... I have sucked these past months, haven't I?

He gives a pause for the home viewer to respond; most likely agreeing with him, or choosing harsher terms.

Quinlan: I last all of five minutes and six seconds in the Chamber. Fumbled through the world tour trading wins, but taking more loses. And then there was the big show, a sold out Tokyo Dome.

Recounting his recent history has the Canadian shaking his head.

Quinlan: To top all that off, they toss a Prodigy Title fight at my feet as if it was meant to be a participation medal. I cannot say that I am a happy number one contender.

Picking up his head, he casts a thousand mile stare in the direction of the camera.

Quinlan: I expect a little more fight from myself. His words get cut short in a chuckle.

Quinlan: Heh, I know I owe a Hell of a lot more fight to the Faithful. If I didn't, I wouldn't be here. I hate the man that takes up a spot on this roster who is simply looking to draw a paycheck. I'd sooner die than become him.

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Bringing his gaze down just a bit, to focus his message directly to the viewers now, he continues.

Quinlan: So, I cast off the mask I felt was a lie and took a step forward, just to stub my toe and stumble through, week to week, and fall ass backwards into a title shot. I am not going to live in the past, or be defined by it. I will solely be defined by the effort I bleed out in that ring on any given night. And I want you to believe that I am ready to give all the necessary blood, sweat and tears to get that title.

Running his hands through his not-all-too-long beard, he continues his soliloquy.

Quinlan: There is no place here to be bogged down by doubt. I cannot let others shame me into thinking I ought to do anything but take every opportunity to get in that ring; for any reason. And I will not preach a false humility, that infernal poison. Instead, let me tell whoever happens to walk into Seasons Beatings as Prodigy Champion, you have one Hell of a fight on your hands.

Posing with his dukes up, the scene cuts away as Quinlan's right hook gently sweeps the camera away from himself.

Brought to You By

International Affair Tour Concludes!

We cut back ringside to the commentators desk. Dr. Emo has the microphone from the ring announcer.

Emo: Folks before we get to our next match, how about that International Affair! (Cheers) What a night. New champions. New direction. And with Season Beatings just around the corner, the surface of the UTA has been re-molded.

With the camera on him he grins and gestures at the Tron.

Emo: At this time we have a special guest to talk all about those events from Japan. So please turn your attention to the Tron.

With a chuckle he sits down as the Tron lights up to his own face.

Emo: Our guest, Dr. betterthandick Emo!

The cameras pan around and center focus on the Tron while the stream feed cuts out the rest and focuses on just the footage from the tron. Dr. Emo stands in his usual studio with the large circular screen behind him filled with still shots from the big night's duration.

Emo: The International Affair tour has come to a grinding halt, for at least one man. That night however would be the rocket up the ladder for several others.

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As he speaks out the names the screen behind him merges into focus on the wrestler in profile form. Each pause between the next is giving time to show the highlights of the Championship match before resting on that wrestler.

Emo: A new Prodigy Champion in Amy Harrison. (Pause) A new Legacy Champion in CBR. (Pause) A new UTA World Champion in Eric Dane.

Filtering from Eric Dane's mug, one of Perfections own takes focus..

Emo: From there we also know who will be the first challengers to our Champions. With little rest between IA and Seasons Beatings. Perfection will face Eric Dane for the World Championship. Zhalia Fears will face CBR for the Legacy Championship. Scott Stevens will face Colton Thorpe for the Wildfire Championship. And Quinlan will face Amy Harrison for the Prodigy Championship. The footage fades off on Quinlan as Emo continues.

Emo: Each champion, aside from Thorpe who managed to survive, will have little time to be acquainted with their newly won titles. Victory, Wrestleshow, Victory, Wrestleshow's Special Seasons Beatings. The boys at Victory get the pleasure of two nights as champion before they put it all on the line but-

The camera zooms out on him and focuses in on his leggy assistant as she walks in view. Handing him a cup of what one would imagine is hot coco unless drinking on the job. That much steam though it would be quite the liquor. She walks back out as Emo takes a sip and continues. Emo: Ah, refreshing! In more ways than one. Champions and Contenders were decided at IA, however we also had a few more blood fueled matches. So let me ask you all. Did you know that Lisil Jackson bested The Truth's Brother Judas? He took the big man down and quite possibly rid the UTA of him and the Good Rev.

We flash forward to the final moments of that match.

Emo: Jason Cashe came to the UTA for a purpose, with a loud bang as some hobo. Sean Jackson sent him back to the indy's after finding that the hounds bark was more of a whimper. Jackson can now focus forward on the UTA World Championship around the waist of Eric Dane. Again the final moments are shown leading to Sean's victory.

Emo: Dynasty's Kendrix would go on to face the veteran Chris Hopper in an excellent matchup of two generations that would not only cement the end of Hopper's career, but also Kendrix's status in the UTA. Often overshadowed by the other newer signed talent in the UTA, Kendrix now has a chance to explode on the scene at the next Wrestleshow. Championship's on the horizon.

We then cut forward from the match end to a 'this is a montage' voiced over montage of the brutal destruction that Will Haynes and Mikey Unlikely put themselves through, ending on the towel being thrown in by Mary Jane and official Knoxx awarding Haynes the victory by stoppage.

Emo: In a battle that has spanned the year, and quite possibly during their WTFC days, Mikey and Will gave

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each other everything they had, and more. Every tool was at their disposal as well as the kitchen sink or Japan equivalent if they would have used it. It was an I Quit match for much more than glory, but in the end the official was forced to stop the match. Haynes walks out as your victor, however with neither man having said I Quit officially, you can rest assured that this is far from over between the two. I suspect some electrifying consequences are ahead.

Once more the screen fades out and this time onto the Main Event. Emo continues to speak as the match's greatest hits stroll out behind him.

Emo: If you went into the UTA World Championship match expecting a fair fight by either the challenger, Eric Dane, or the long reigning Champion, La Flama Blanca, I would have told you that you were watching the wrong sport. And then to go rewatch The Chamber match and LFB's defense against Alex Beckman, both at Ring King.

The clips continue to roll on.

Emo: From the start we see LFB out alone, while Dane elected to bring out some added muscle for those opportune moments. We would then see Sean Jackson make his appearance, however not to cash in but rather to steal the Ace in the Hole briefcase back in his possession. Whatever plans Dynasty had for it... halted. This however would lead to the distraction of the challenger and in sight of the official Blanca delivered that Low Blow! The match was over, the title remained his. Or so it seemed as the footage behind him showed the official declaration following the match, then LFB's exit, to Dynasty's arrival, to Lorenzo's appearance. The match is restarted. Dynasty brawls with Dane and Thorpe. Blanca takes the official out with the Estupendo Kick.

Emo: Just when things look in their favor Lorenzo makes the wrong decision. And yet even still Blanca plows on like the Champion he is, putting Dane in his place and looking to cement his victory once, and for all. And quite well should have...

We fast forward briefly to the arrival of one Madman Szalinski. Madman fails to make the pin due to something in his eye, leading to Dane with a school boy and Madman with the quickest three count in the history of the UTA.

Emo: It took the Wildfire Champion, a match restart by Lorenzo, and the dastardly deeds of

Madman for Eric Dane to finally unseat the UTA's World Heavyweight Champion. A dark cloud sits above the UTA folks. A dark day is ahead. And not just because Dane is champion, but because Dynasty... is not.

We fade out on the celebration of Eric Dane as Emo concludes.

Emo: And we may not be ready for what that storm brings..

The clip comes to a close, the Tron fading off to darkness as the camera pans around to Emo who stands

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applauding himself and holds the microphone up in the air to capture the series of boos, jeers and even cheers.

Emo: Thank you, thank you. Shall we continue Proving Grounds then? And on cue that cameras zoom back out from him and we move forward.

Saliva's Don't Question My Heart starts playing over the PA System as white lights start to flash. Smoke feels the entrance area including around the ring. A few moments pass's before Jarvis Valentine walks our from behind the hidden curtains. He pauses for a moment and raises his arms just as pyro goes off on either side of him before putting his arms down and begins to walk to the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from Omaha, Nebraska..

Jarvis says a few things to the people along the aisle. He gets to the ring and walks up the steps and through the rope's.

Announcer: JARVIS... VALLENNTTIINNEEE!!

He goes to the nearest left corner and climbs the turn buckle and raises his arm's again before getting down and waiting for his opponent.

Battle Ready by OTEP kicks in. Out comes Sabrina Baker as the fans are booing for her as she takes a moment to look around before walking down to the ring.

Williams: Sabrina Baker hoping to get a win here tonight.

Sabrina looks at the fans as she's pointing at them and reaches out to slap on of them on the hands, but pulls away last moment laughing.

Announcer: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio...

Sabrina gets on the apron and looks at the fans. She points at them before jumping on the bottom rope and flipping backwards into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 135 pounds... Sabrina stands in the middle of the ring and raises her arm in the air. Announcer: SABRINNAAA.... BAKKKEERRR!!!

Williams: Main event action getting ready to start right here on proving Grounds.

Emo: I'm excited!

Williams: Me too.

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As the bell sounds, Jarvis stands across from Sabrina, his hands on his hips. I don't want to do this Sabrina.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine, while known for his hardcore matches, is very adamant about not striking women. Which I find commendable.

Emo: I agree fully. But, when he signed the contract he knew full well the UTA was a roster of the top male and female superstars.

Williams: While Jarvis doesn't want to, he is a guy who does understand that and will do what he needs to in the end.

Sabrina begins yelling at Jarvis to Be a man and come on!

Williams: Sabrina Williams trying to gourd Jarvis into making the first move.

Emo: I don't think he will, but that's left to be seen.

Sabrina walks toward Jarvis who continues to stand, hands on his hips. She takes both hands and shoves him as hard as she can, causing Jarvis to stumble back before catching himself and sighing.

Williams: Sabrina Baker still trying to push Jarvis into doing something.

Sabrina stomps her foot before walking in a circle. As she comes around, she swings her right arm high and hard, connecting with an open hand across the jaw of Jarvis Valentine.

Williams: Jarvis not phased much.

He rubs his jaw and lets out another sigh.

Williams: Baker pushing Jarvis again, trying to get some sort of reaction out of him.

Emo: You have to appreciate the patience and restraint he is showing.

Sabrina pulls her arm back again. As she brings it forward, Jarvis reaches out and grabs it with his hand. He shakes his head No at her as he says Not again. Sabrina's eyes grow wide.

Williams: It looks like Jarvis has had enough

Emo: There is only so much someone can take Jennifer.

Jarvis shoves Sabrina's arm away in disgust. She follows up by coming forward with a forearm to his face, followed by another and another backing him into the ropes.

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Williams: Sabrina Baker using Jarvis' unwillingness to attack as he normally would against him. Sabrina grabs his arm and pulls back, sending him across the ring toward the other side.

Emo: Everyone has their own moral grounds. Sometimes you have to stand by them. Williams: We've seen this type of stance before with Chris Hopper. But I'm unsure if Jarvis will be willing to lose a match in order to not compromise his beliefs.

Emo: Hey, it's his first UTA main event. Sometimes you have to decide what is most important.

Williams: Jarvis on the return... Sabrina catches him with a knee to the mid section. She quickly grabs his head and slaps his back as she drops him face first to the canvas. Williams: Into a DDT by Sabrina Baker.

Emo: Sabrina could use this as a good chance to show off her skills.

Williams: She is taking full advantage of that too.

Jarvis begins to get up, as he does Sabrina grabs his arms and begins to bring a series of knees catching him in the face.

Williams: There's only so much a man can take, Jarvis Valentine has to be getting to his breaking point here.

Emo: Either that or he has one tough face. This makes me cringe to watch.

Sabrina grabs the back of Jarvis' head by his hair and yanks him back and down to the canvas. Williams: Well, Sabrina Baker did promise to show Jarvis Valentine hardcore here tonight, and it seems she is doing that.

Emo: Except this isn't a hardcore match and hair pulling can get you disqualified.

The referee warns Sabrina who moves past him, and heading over to Jarvis Valentine. As he begins to get up, Jarvis reaches forward and grabs Sabrina's legs. He yanks back as he stands, taking her off of her feet.

Williams: There we go. Jarvis Valentine trying to buy a little time to figure out how he should proceed.

Emo: That's one way to do it. But how does he follow up from here?

Sabrina rolls over and pushes up to her feet with a look of anger on her face.

Williams: Sabrina Baker not too happy with Jarvis there.

Emo: She brought that and a lot more onto herself in my opinion. Jarvis just needs to get past the fact Sabrina is a woman and see her as the superstar she is.

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Both superstars begin to circle in a defensive stance.

Williams: Sabrina Baker now coming in with quick and swift kick to the side of Jarvis Valentine's leg.

She goes back into a defensive stance as Valentine comes with his own swift kick, almost buckling her legs.

Williams: Valentine returning the favor here.

Emo: It's interesting to see Jarvis Valentine using non power moves to reply to Sabrina. While maybe not as effective, they do the job.

Williams: That they do. Sabrina Baker now with another kick to the legs of Jarvis Valentine, who returns the favor once again. This time Sabrina's knees buckle.

Emo: It's that extra size that helps him get a little more umph into those kicks there Jennifer. But it's going to take more than kicks to keep Sabrina off of her feet. She is tenacious.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine now lifting Sabrina up by her head.

Emo: He's beginning to get into this. Now, we are in the middle of a main event!

Williams: Right here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

As she gets to her feet, Jarvis grabs her left arm and goes to whip her into the ropes.

Williams: Sabrina Baker with the reversal. Jarvis Valentine sent into the ropes. Baker runs after him. Valentine off the ropes... Baker leaps... Cross body block taking Jarvis Valentine off of his feet!

Emo: Good air there by the light on her feet Sabrina Baker. That has to take Jarvis by surprise a bit.

Williams: Not too big of a surprise after everything Sabrina has brought to the table so far. Both begin to get to their feet.

Williams: Baker back to her feet. Jarvis Valentine is getting to his.

Emo: He needs to turn around.

Williams: Sabrina charges...

Jarvis turns in time to see Sabrina. He grabs her on the side, turns and drops her to the canvas back first.

Williams: Sidewalk slam by Jarvis Valentine.

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Emo: Once again, not using strikes, but effective countering to take Sabrina Baker down.

Williams: I'm impressed so far with Jarvis' keen insight here and his turning this around.

Jarvis Valentine once again lifts Sabrina Baker up, this time by her left arm. As she rises, Sabrina grabs the arm lifting her and uses it to push herself up, and swing her feet around the body of Jarvis Valentine, locking her thighs around his waist from behind. Her back drops to the canvas, and she pulls back with her legs, bridging Jarvis Valentine back and down to the canvas, his shoulders touching.

Williams: Amazing counter into a pin by Sabrina Baker!

Emo: How did she do that?!

Williams: I don't know, but she may be clinching this one here! The referee drops and begins to count.

Williams: Kick out at two. Sabrina Baker almost scoring an upset victory.

Emo: That right there was an amazing bit of athleticism by Sabrina Baker.

They both roll over and push up to their feet. Jarvis nods toward Sabrina with a bit of respect. Sabrina just snarls at him with disgust.

Williams: Different approach now as they lock up. Jarvis Valentine forcing Sabrina Baker backwards into the ropes.

Emo: He's got to use that strength and size advantage he has. Especially with Sabrina pulling moves out like she just did.

Sabrina puts her hands up and the referee tells Jarvis to back off. As he does Sabrina runs and leaps up, throwing her arm around his neck and twisting down.

Williams: Corckscrew DDT! Sabrina showing no signs of slowing down.

Emo: These are the types of showings that can make you a top star. If she can put him away, it will just help seal the deal.

Jarvis holds his head as Sabrina gets to her feet. She looks to the corner turnbuckle for a moment before running toward it.

Williams: Baker climbing the turnbuckle, looking to go for a high risk maneuver here.

Emo: I'm unsure how wise this is. Jarvis is down, but I have to believe he certainly is not out.

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Williams: It paid off earlier for our resident mini luchador, but will it now for Sabrina Baker?

She stands on top of the corner. The cameras flash as she maintains her balance. Sabrina leaps, pulling her arms and legs in together before throwing them out.

Williams: HUGE SPLASH!

Valentine gets his knees up and catches her hard in the midsection.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine with his knees up!

Emo: Taking a page out of Chance Von Crank's book from earlier.

Williams: Sabrina Baker may have just sealed her fate.

Emo: Those knees are not soft on Jarvis Valentine.

Sabrina holds her stomach as she rolls around on the canvas. Jarvis rolls over, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. He looks over at the fallen Sabrina before heading her way.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine now pulling Sabrina Baker to her feet.

Emo: If he can stay on the offensive, he may have just turned this match around.

He places his arm around Sabrina's head and grabs the side of her leg before lifting her up vertically.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine lifting Sabrina Baker up. It may be time for a suplex.

Emo: Look at the hang time there. Sabrina may be going for a ride she will not forget.

As he begins to drop Sabrina Baker over, he does it in a way that Sabrina hits the canvas hard with Jarvis coming down on top and into a pin.

Williams: The Jarvis Drop by Jarvis Valentine! Looking to put Sabrina Baker away now.

The referee slides into position. The fans count along with him as his hand hits the canvas three times. He then calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... JARVIS... VALENTINEEEEE!!!

Williams: Huge win by Jarvis Valentine, but very impressive showing by Sabrina Baker.

Emo: No doubt Jennifer. Jarvis didn't need to rely on striking as he used his power to make a few moves

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count when they needed to the most, and he gets the win because of it.

Jarvis' music plays as he gets to his feet. He heads over and looks down at Sabrina. She opens her eyes and Valentine extends his hand, offering to help her up.

Williams: Good sportsmanship here by Jarvis Valentine.

Emo: Definitely, I like to see this type of stuff.

Sabrina sits up, disappointment on her face. She looks up at Jarvis' hand before slapping it away, dropping down, and rolling to the edge of the ring and out of it. Jarvis just stands with his hands on his hips, shaking his head before turning back and raising an arm to the screaming fans.

Williams: Sabrina Baker really wanted a win here tonight.

Emo: No doubt. She came close, but just couldn't do it. There's no shame here, she did a great job.

Williams: That she did, and I am sure Jarvis has a bit more respect for her now, even if she doesn't show the same for him.

Emo: Of course he does.

Williams: Well folks, this has been a great show. I want to thank you for tuning in, and thank my broadcast partner tonight Dr. Emo for joining me.

Emo: My pleasure Jennifer.

Williams: For everyone here at the UTA, have a great night!

Emo: See you next time!

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