

After Hours: ep. 2

December 3, 2015 | Studio

AFTER HOURS: ep. 2

Introduction!

The scene opens to the UTA studio area. Monitors cover our screen, showing multiple events and matches going on at once. Jason Blackfront walks in from the right side of the screen. He is wearing a white button up with a black blazer over top.

He looks directly at the camera before speaking.

Blackfront: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the second episode of After Hours! The new UTA TV show, where the rules are thrown out, and anything goes!

He smiles wide as we move to a split screen. Blackfront talking on the left and the matches coming up on the right. An "After Hours" logo pops up next to him on our screens.

Blackfront: I am your host, Jason Blackfront! We have a huge night ahead, including a Hardcore match, in our main event! We have Duke Dibbins taking on the hot upstart and UNDEFEATED Jarvis Valentine.

He pauses as the screen shows the two competitors in a promotional picture for the main event.

Blackfront: Before we get to that however, we have UTA newcomer Carny Sinclair making his debut, against The Maverick himself Tommy Gunner.

The promotional piece on the two pops up, over the last one.

Blackfront: Also this week, special appearances from both Wrestleshow and Victory programming. We have Kendrix, Madman Szalinski, and of course the new "man in control" El Trebol Jr! Let's get right into the action!

We fade into the first segment.

Almost

Viewers prone to motion sickness may have had to look away at the opening of the next scene, as a wobbly camera comes to life and begins rolling. Flashes of black and red in front of the grey halls of the backstage area tease the identity of the man in front of the camera, but the voice behind it is all too familiar.

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Madman: Turn that fuckin' shit on.

With the camera in the hands of a trained operator, Madman Szalinski is free to stand in front of the camera, sporting his new black and red mask. He appears to be all business, in black and red workout pants and no shirt.

Madman: All right. This is for all you fuckin' fans out there who don't seem to understand what I said on Victory Monday night. Maybe it was too much to take in all at once, or maybe you're just too fucking dumb to listen when someone's talkin' to ya for more than ten seconds. C'mon...

Madman gestures for the camera to follow him down the halls. He paces down the hall slowly, masking an uneasy sinister aggressiveness underneath a devilshly playfulness.

Madman: I don't think you get me when I tell you, I'm on that heel shit. I'm lookin' out for me, myself, and I. I AM a part of The Pantheon, but you see...Eric Dane understands me. He respects me and what I've gotten done around this company. And well...to tell you the truth...

Madman stops and shrugs, smirking glibly.

Madman: He doesn't really mind me doing my own thing. He knows I'll be there whenever he snaps his fingers, ready to smash someone's head in like whoever's gonna feud with Will Haynes next is gonna smash on Mary Jane...ya feel me? Right?

The laughter echoes down the hall, and Szalinski stops laughing when he echoes reach his ears. Still not having resumed walking down the hall, the pantomiming of Madman's emotions is conveyed much more to the camera. His smiles are not those of happiness, and his chuckles are not in humor.

Madman: And as long as I hold up my end of the bargain...I get to do whatever the fuck I want around here. So what am I gonna do, you might ask...?

Madman leans into the camera, letting it get a good close-up of his cold eyes.

Madman: What would I possibly want to do in UTA that I haven't already done?

His eye turn away from the camera, looking down the hallway.

Madman: Hold that thought for one second, please...

The camera turns to follow Madman's line of sight - right in front of Duke Dibbins.

Madman: Well, if it isn't my fellow Mountaineer...Duke Dibbins. How you doing, bro?

Duke looks at Madman and raises an eyebrow.

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Duke: Bro? Dontcha knowed dat my only bro round 'ere is my Brousin Luke!? And dontcha come at me wit yur little Messican ass!

He points to the mask.

Duke: Ya gota be kittin me!

Szalinski gruffly sighs.

Madman: Duke...can I tell you something right quick?

Madman puts a hand on Duke's shoulder, getting him to look away from Madman's eyes for just a split second. When Duke's attention is turned, Madman throws a hard, swift kick into the side of his left knee. When Duke turns back, Madman stiffly slaps him with the butt of his right palm across the face.

Duke: ...

The slap does little more than piss the redneck off. Madman and Duke are frozen in place, staring one another down.

Madman: ...shit.

Madman immediately brings his shoulder into Duke's midsection, tackling him back. Duke reverses this by turning and sending Madman tumbling onto the floor. Madman rolls around a couple of times, bringing himself up to all fours. Duke runs in, kicking Madman hard in the midsection. Madman flips in the air, landing on his back and coughing.

Madman: GOD! DAMN IT!

Duke: Com-on, boy! I thought yous wanted a fight! I loves me a good fight.

Duke slowly walks over near Madman, who rolls away...

Madman: ...no, no, no, no...

..and rolls down a flight of concrete stairs unintentionally.

Madman: SHIT! SHIT! FUCK! FUCK! OW! FUCK! OW! FUCK! OW!

He can be heard yelling at each step he hands on, before coming to a stop at the bottom. Szalinski crawls around at the foot of the stairs, and Duke continues stalking Madman while going down one step at a time.

Duke: You's jus nother loud moth city boy, Madmen...

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Duke comes closer, step by step, where Madman crawls on his knees towards a couple of stacked crates.

Madman: ...fuckin' shit...

Madman takes an unidentified object in his hands, crawling away into another room. Duke reaches the bottom of the stairs, where the camera has made it as well. Duke turns to follow Madman into the room, shutting the door behind him. Before the camera cuts away from the scene, smacking and yelling can be heard.

Office Hours

After Hours cut backstage to the spacious, open area for the crew and competitors to loiter and partake in the catered food provided by UTA. And there, smack dab in the middle of room was El Trébol, seated behind an office desk that was certainly out of place amongst the hookers and the hardcore decor.

He's sitting close to the desk, his little legs swinging out of sight under the desk, while he hums to himself. Then, snapping his fingers suddenly, he chuckles.

El Trébol: Ah, I almost forgot.

Reaching forward, he flips a switch on the the corner of the desk, as the camera moves around to the front of the desk; hanging on the front was a blue and red Open sign common in the windows of restaurants, glowing brightly for all to see. Mr. Trébol was written on the name plaque in bronze right above the sign.

El Trébol: Come one, come all to the office of After Hours' new General Manager, Me! You have a problem or a request, your Messiah can help you with that.

He looks longingly at the hookers in the corner, hoping that they especially would need servicing, but alas, for the his first few moments in charge, he is alone. And then, to his surprise, a shadow appears over his desk.

El Trébol looks up into the face of former Hardcore Champion Luke Dibbins, who looks as confused as always. Luke stares at the neon sign on the desk before looking at the luchador, unsure as if how to proceed

Luke: Whats dis 'ere?

El Trébol looks around, as if all of it was obvious.

El Trébol: My office. You're talking to your new boss, Mister . . .

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Luke smiles widely, and slaps Trebol on the back with an open hand, cutting El Trébol off-mid sentence.

Luke: Well den, Lemme git a look atcha dere bossman! You's a tiny feller huh?

If El Trébol was offended, it was hard to tell due to the full lucha suit. He does sit straighter in his chair as he watches Luke.

El Trébol: And you smell, but that didn't seem to stop you from winning gold, did it? Just like my height has not stopped me from putting myself in charge. Now, was there something you wanted, Luke?

He brings his hand to his chin and rubs what few scrangly hairs are there. Thinking deeply.

Luke: Got me der! Wells as youd knowed by now. Da Dibbins Brousin want dos pesky missing returd tag titles! We wants to ba champwons! But wees cants finds em anywhur. If yous in charged, den you knows where we can finds em.

El Trébol sits there for a moment, looking up at the passionate Luke Dibbins, who poured his soul out to the little luchador through his slurred words. And then he smiles, the mask shifting with the grin.

El Trébol: Now, I haven't seen the tag team belts in a long time, Luke, but for you and your, um, brousin Duke, I'm willing to try and find them for you. Thing is, it's going to be dangerous trying to recover them and I don't think I can find them without a little protection.

Pushing himself up, El Trébol climbs onto the table, rising to his full height and holding his hand out to Luke.

El Trébol: So how about this? You and your brother promise to help me along the way and, with the powers vested to me as your boss, I will get you those belts. Does that sound reasonable?

Luke smiles at the man, Opens his palm, spits directly in the center of it, and shakes El Trebol Jr's hand.

Luke: Ya plum got yourself a deal! Wait'll I tell Dukey! Wonder what hees doin anyway!

El Trébol wipes his hand on the front of his suit, his disgust blatant in his body language.

El Trébol: Whatever it is you Dibbins do on a regular basis, perhaps. Maybe you should go find him, make sure everything is well. I'll contact you two when I need your help to find the belts.

Luke nods, looking around for his brother. He turns to leave but looks confused when he cannot find the door to this "office". He just awkwardly waves before walking off.

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Times, They Are A Changin

The scene opens to the backstage area as the words "pre-recorded" show up in the corner of the screen. Mikey Unlikely is seen walking down the hall with his earbuds in. He is dancing a bit to the music as he walks.

He looks up, smiling as he recognizes someone offscreen.

Unlikely: Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyy buddy! How the hell are ya!?

The camera pans over and reveals 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean, who is talking to a member of the staff. He sees Mikey coming, and quickly excuses himself from the conversation. He turns to face Unlikely, his face devoid of any emotion.

Unlikely: Wooooooooo! Saw that big comeback at Victory man! Good stuff! Glad you finally saw the light and realized what I did months ago!

Unlikely raises his hand for a high five with a huge smile. Deans face stays straight. He looks from Mikey, up to the hand, and back down. Mikey's smile fades away as he realize his "buddy" isn't so happy to see him.

Bobby Dean: Michael.

Unlikely: Michael!? What!? What's gotten into you Bobby?

Bobby Dean: It's 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean.

Mikey looks at his old pal, and former stablemate as if he's meeting him for the first time in his life.

Unlikely: Huh?

Bobby Dean: My name, it's not Boooooobby.

He says with an annoying pitch to his voice, as if the word "Bobby" were an insult.

Bobby Dean: It's 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean.

Unlikely: So I see... You lose a few pounds and suddenly you're joining Eric Dane and his cronies, and you're too good for the people who carried your fat ass?

Bobby Dean: For months and months it was people like you who encouraged my downward spiral. Laughing at me, poking fun at my weight. For months and months, Eric Dane was the only person to seriously try and show me a better path in life, while my so called "friends" simply shoveled more food in my mouth, mocking me, making me the butt of the joke. Well, Michael, the jokes over.

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Unlikely: Nah, Bobbo, you'll always be the joke. Fat or skinny, it never made a difference. Only now, you've got nothing that sets you apart, you're just another asshole like the rest of us.

Bobby Dean: You may be right, Michael, but this punchline is about to punch you in the face.

Mikey's posture straightens up as his hardening eyes bore in Bobby Dean's stern visage. Bobby begins to walk off but instead of walking away from Mikey he shoulders into him on his way down the hall.

The scene fades out as Mikey looks on in disbelief.

Carny Sinclair vs Tommy Gunner.

Jason Blackfront fills our screen. He is talking to another employee of the UTA, the man wears a headset before nodding and walking off.

Blackfront: Welcome back ladies and gentlemen. Our first matchup of the evening featured the debut of Carny Sinclair as he took on Tommy Gunner in a No Disqualifications match. Throw out the rules because this one is about to get dirty!

The camera cuts into the arena. Tommy Gunner stands in the ring, arms crossed in his corner. All business tonight.

We slowly fade into the entrance of Carny. The fans boo as the man makes his way to the ring. He slides in and raises his arms into the air. Clearly confident.

Blackfront: These two would take each other to the limits, putting each other in some very precarious positions. The deadly submissions of Tommy Gunner, were almost too much for Carny Sinclair.

Tommy Gunner whips Carny Sinclair off the ropes, and on the return he locks in a devastating sleeper hold. Carny reaches wildly for the ropes and finally finds them, but Gunner doesn't break the hold. Sinclair quickly realizes it is no DQ. and closes his fist COMPLETELY before clocking Gunner with blind strikes.

Eventually the hold is broken. The two go at it again, before Gunner hits a drop toe hold and transitions into a IMPACTFUL hammerlock! Once again Carny screams out in pain.

Blackfront: He would not quit that easily, the newcomer wanted to make a name for himself, and he sure did in this one. Carny quickly took back control of this match. Sinclair with some pretty impressive moves himself!

Carny Sinclair stands up, and catches Gunner in the gut with a boot. He looks around to the audience before yelling out: "SAY HELLO TO HEADLOCK!". Gunner tries to scramble away but he is too late! Sinclair does indeed lock in the DEADLY Headlock!

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He is wrenching away at the head and neck of Tommy Gunner. He whips Gunner to the turnbuckle, he follows quickly behind. Sinclair jumps! He comes down without touching Gunner, and simply applies the same headlock he had previously perfected!

Blackfront: WHAT A MOVE! Folks this was so action packed, no one would know where it would end. The skill of these two gentlemen was through the roof! The action was undeniable, and the violence was almost too much to bear.

We cut back to the ring, both men are down, and slowly climbing to their feet. They rise, and begin to exchange blows.. The crowd goes back and forth, as do their fists. Gunner off the ropes now, he swings for a clothesline but it is ducked! On the return Carny is read for him and hits him with a Lou Thesz Press. Carny stands straight back up. He taunts to the crowd before dropping an INCREDIBLE standing elbow on his opponent. He goes for the quick cover. He grabs a handful of tights and pulls.

1...

2...

3..

Announcer: Here is your winner! CARNY SINCLAIR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Carny celebrates wildly, as Gunner makes his way up the ramp and to the back.

Heaven

We return to the hallways of the backstage area, to the same door that Madman Szalinski and Duke Dibbins were seen entering earlier in the night. Muffled voices are quiet from either side, but no noise is heard from within the room.

Madman: JESUS CHRIST, STAY THE FUCK DOWN WILL YA?

Madman appears from outside the door from the right of the camera. Heavily breathing, he holds himself up against the door to catch his breath.

Madman: I knew I should have just hit him with a chair...

He drops the object in his hands, looking back and getting more deep breaths in. He suddenly moves out of the way, yelling as a full coffee pot flies through the air, smashing into a hundred pieces against the door. As he scampers away, Duke Dibbins gives chase.

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Duke: WOO BOY, JUST LIKE RUNNIN' A SQUIRREL!

Madman stumbles towards a black curtain, stopping himself. Duke, thinking he had finally caught Madman, reaches his hands out. With blinding speed, Madman sidesteps Duke and shoves him out through the curtain. Following behind, Madman rushes out and hits Duke with an elbow to the back of the head, then stops to look around at the capacity crowd booing him.

He had pushed Duke out into the aisleway heading to the ring.

Madman hauls Duke up in a front facelock, transitioning into a side headlock to pull him down the ramp. Madman stops partially down the aisle to slam Duke's head into the barricade, then continues pulling him down towards the ring. The crowd is swelling in its hate towards Madman, which he eggs on by pushing Duke away long enough to get into the face of a younger fan. Once he turns away, Madman puts one of Duke's arms over his head, picking him up and driving his back and ribs into the ringpost.

Duke lays on the mat, holding his ribs and writhing around. Madman gains an incredulous look on his face, almost smiling. He pulls Duke up from the mats outside of the ring, then picks him back up and drives his ribs into the ringpost again. The crowd is growing ever so raucous, and Szalinski takes his good old time stepping up onto the ring apron and entering the ring-

Madman slides out of the ring, quickly grabs Duke, and gives him a THIRD slam into the ringpost!

An angry Szalinski rushes back into the ring, roughly snatching the microphone from the closest person holding one and quickly looking around the audience.

Madman: NOW AS I WAS SAYING...

Boos nearly drown out the former UTA Champion, who merely yells louder to compensate.

Madman: THAT'S RIGHT, GOD DAMN IT! BOO ME! BOO THE SHIT OUT OF ME, YOU FUCKING MARKS!

The boos merely increase. Szalinski points around as he talks, but at first the booing nearly drowns him out.

Madman: Let's get some shit straight. Nobody back there or out here wants to admit, but let me remind you of something. Before there was Dynasty, before there was the year of the luchador, before there was Ring King, before there was anything in this fucking company...there was ME. I created this paradise of a wrestling company. ME. When I got here, this place was a near-dead reboot of a ten year old wrestling promotion. On MY back, this place became the greatest company in all of professional wrestling. On MY back.

The crowd is near-silenced. However, rage permeates Madman's voice and tone.

Madman: When I got here, I wanted to be put in a cage with Chance von Crank. They put me in a cage with

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the World Champion instead. How many people here can say they became a champion when they didn't want to? Huh? Can anyone in this fucking room say they're so god damn successful, they can be successful even when they WANT TO FAIL? I almost died in this fucking ring, and I was STILL the top fucking wrestler in UTA! Me in a hospital bed was still a better champion than LFB, Sean Jackson, Perfection, or anybody the fuck else you've tried to shove down my throat in the year I've been gone from this place!

Madman now points outside of the ring, to where Duke Dibbins still lays on the mats.

Madman: You see this piece of mountain trash at my feet? THIS is who you expect to fill my shoes? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR HERO? No wonder HKW is kicking this place's ass all over in the ratings!

The booing now resumes, at the same deafening decibel level as before.

Madman: You people still use the phrases that I made famous. You people still do business by a system that I pioneered. I FUCKING MADE YOU, YOU LITTLE SHITS!

The tension between Madman and the fans has now reached a boiling point. Cups are beginning to be thrown. Yet, Madman is unwavered.

Madman: You wanna know what I'm doing back here? I'm here to get my end of the bargain! What did James Wingate tell me? "Come work for me and I'll make you a star." Well, guess what, you stupid son of a bitch? I was a star long before I came into your company, and I'll be one long after I leave it. I made myself without this place. And nobody can stand it. You jealous fucks wish you could have what I have, you wish you could do what I do. You wish you could lose a title belt and still be the biggest name in the business! You wish you could disappear for twelve months and still be the name on everyone's lips! You people only wish you could be like me!

Even though he is now dodging everything from batteries to popcorn containers, Madman is still able to laugh at himself a bit.

Madman: Well, you'll never be like me. None of you can ever fill my boots. And now, I've decided to side with a real champion with real balls. Eric Dane...him winning the UTA World Championship wasn't the beginning of the end. It's just the end of the beginning. Now...the REAL story starts.

With a sinister snicker, Madman stares down at the fallen Dibbins brother being attended to by various UTA personnel.

Madman: Good luck having a fuckin' main event tonight. I'm out. Get mad, bitches.

Madman tosses the microphone aside, then slaps a full 20-ounce soda bottle out of the air. He challenges the crowd to further assault him, and the scene ends on Madman rolling out of the ring as trainers help Duke Dibbins out on the floor.

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Meeting A Old Friend

Backstage we see Jarvis Valentine in the locker room getting ready for his match with Duke Dibbins.

Jarvis gets done tying his left boot before switching to his right boot to tie it. A few seconds pass before Jarvis sets up.

Jarvis peaks through his hair that is draped in front of his face

Jarvis: Is that who I think It is?

Jarvis whips his hair so it will be out of his face before standing...

Lance Mikes: Jaaarvis Valentine, it's been too damn long man!

Jarvis reaches out with his right hand to grab ahold of Lances' hand to shake it.

Jarvis: Yes it has sir! When I heard that you signed a UTA contract I had to do a double take. Never thought I would be seeing you here in UTA, let alone wrestling in general.

Jarvis retracts his hand and sets back down on the chair.

Lance Mikes: Ya know it was that phone call I got from you, then the talks we had about wrestling. Man! I just had to come back, I live and breathe this business. It started to feel normal again after I signed in UTA.

Lance smirks and laughs a little.

Lance Mikes: This business just can't get rid of me!

Jarvis leans the chair back on two legs.

Jarvis: That's great man. I was hoping that you would come and join me here in UTA, but I have to ask man. You have changed your ways right?

Jarvis gets a concerned look across his face as Lance raises his eyebrows up for a few seconds.

Lance Mikes: Come on! I wasn't that bad was I? Really? I guess I have become more mature over the years and with all the time I have had off I've calmed down a hell of a lot, you will be surprised!

Lance pats Jarvis on the shoulder.

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Lance Mikes: You have nothing to worry about, you don't have anything I want.

Lance winks at Jarvis and laughs.

Jarvis: That's good to know man. You pissed a lot of people off before. Glad you have matured a lot over the years. Can't wait to see you in action again man.

Jarvis laughs

Jarvis: I'll show you how it is done in my match against Dibbins here in a few sir!

Lance Mikes: Yeah? That's how we doing this? Okay no problem. I'll be watching closely and good luck out there.

Lance laughs a little.

Lance Mikes: I pissed off a lot of people? Really? I had no idea man, what gave it away? All the controversy I caused every single place I went? Aah! Some of those people deserved it.

Jarvis walks out of the locker room to the long hall followed by Lance as Jarvis starts to talk.

Jarvis: Meh, you may have a point. I'm just glad you have changed man, wouldn't have contacted you if I thought you were still in your old ways.

Jarvis stops and turns to Lance.

Jarvis: Here we go sir! Keep watching sir!

Jarvis laughs again and pats Lance on the shoulder. Lance turns to Jarvis and smirks with a friendly smile.

Lance Mikes: I'll be watching, don't get nervous and do something stupid like lose.

Lance begins to laugh.

Jarvis: Shut up!

Both men laugh as Jarvis turns and walks to the entrance area for his match. As Jarvis walks off Lance nods his head up and down in approval of his friend.

Lance Mikes: Go get 'em tiger!

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JFK Won't Even Mention It

Pre-Recorded.

The scene opens up to a Dynasty Logo backdrop. In the centre of the shot a steel chair is set up. The calm is broken by a fist knocking twice on the cameraman's lens followed by a brash welcome by Jesse Fredericks Kendrix who grabs the camera with both hands;

Kendrix: Allllrrriiigghhht maaattttee!

Letting go of the camera he comes into full view as he slowly arches himself back with his trademark smirk on his face before taking his seat. Wearing jeans and a black t-shirt with the catchy slogan "JFK Retired Chris Hopper" on the front, he strokes his beard and leans towards the camera, his hands clasped together, arms resting on his thighs;

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! JFK is going to keep this short and sweet, innit?!

Arching his body up straight and relaxing in his seat he holds his hands to his chest;

Kendrix: Now you all know JFK, he's not one to big himself up, he's not one to toot his own horn as it were;

He wags his finger as he shakes his head;

Kendrix: Oh no. Lets face it, JFK could sit here and tell you idiots in the stands that not only is he the man who single handedly defeated the mental rapist, Sean Jackson. Not only is he the man who, in only his first year as a pro, has beaten countless "legends" in this business...

Obnoxiously signifying quotation marks with his fingers he dismissively rolls his eyes;

Kendrix: JFK could sit here and tell you all what you saw at International Affair...that he did what he set out to do...and PIN...Christopher Hopper, in the middle of the ring in front of the entire world...

Momentarily tilting his head away from the camera he proudly chuckles to himself before refocusing his attention back in front of him;

Kendrix: And FINALLY...sent the King of Cool home...for good, never to be seen again.

Smugly nodding his head in agreement with himself, he strokes his beard and leans towards the camera once more;

Kendrix: But of course, you know JFK...he's not one to go on about these things. Get over it guys, move on with your lives, yeah?!

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Pointing at the camera he then turns his index finger vertically and gestures for the camera to zoom in closer;

Kendrix: Nah maatteee! JFK is here for a much bigger reason than to talk about how he retired Chris Hopper. JFK is here because despite everything he's achieved in his debut year in pro wrestling. Despite starting from the bottom and working his way to the top, despite joining the greatest group in the history of this business;

He points his thumb over his shoulder at the Dynasty backdrop while holding his other hand modestly across his chest;

Kendrix: DESPITE...beating legend after legend after legend, let alone retiring Chris Hopper and saving the UTA from any more of his boring repetitive spotlight hogging antics,

He lets out an overly exaggerated yawn at the very thought of this;

Kendrix: DESPITE...being the future...of the UTA. JFK is continuously ignored by management.

Widening his eyes and arching his back straight he throws his arms out wide while clearly and silently mouthing "I know" with a shocked look on his face;

Kendrix: Now, you know JFK, he's not one to complain. He just gets on with things and never moans. BUT...JFK feels very strongly about a title that DESERVES...to be around his waist.

He maneuvers both hands along the sides of his waist;

Kendrix: For too long, this title has been disrespectfully placed upon those who are not fit enough to wear it around their waists. This title has had more "champions" in the past year than Bobby Dean has had dinners!

Holding his hands out in front of him he clearly and silently mouths "that's a lot of champions"

Kendrix: Not only that, but this title has literally just come out of retirement...which is the opposite of what JFK did to Chris Hopper...you know, like when he forced him to retire, but JFK digresses. No sooner had this title come out of retirement...

Shaking his head in disgust he leans forward once more, taking a moment to compose himself;

Kendrix: Than it already had two champions in the space of two weeks.

Slow sarcastic clapping ensues;

Kendrix: Great job UTA!

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Thumbs sarcastically up accompanied by cocky grin;

Kendrix: You even have someone who LOST...their match at International Affair as the number one contender! You have literally ruined the credibility of the Prodigy Title. Do you even know what the word Prodigy means?

Turning to his right he gestures over to a stage hand;

Kendrix: Chuck JFK his mini oxford dictionary over, yeah?!

He catches the dictionary with both hands and searches through it. Pointing his index finger down upon finding the word, he holds it up in front of the camera;

Kendrix: Prodigy...P R O D I G Y....Prodigy; A young person with exceptional qualities or abilities...for example...

He exaggeratedly clears his throat;

Kendrix: JFK is not only the future of the UTA but the PRODIGY...even retired Chris Hopper at International Affair.

Before the camera can zoom in clearly enough to clarify Kendrix's example, he shuts the dictionary closed and holds it up by the side of his head, pointing at it with his free index finger;

Kendrix: So there you have it. It's time for the Prodigy title to be around the waist of the only man deserving of it...and the only man who can make it significant once more...

He modestly holds his free hand to his heart and acknowledgingly tilts his head toward the camera;

Kendrix: Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...The Future has spoken!

Standing up from his seat he begins to walk out of shot but abruptly stops;

Kendrix: Hang on a minute bruv, this is After Hours right?

As a stagehand confirms, Kendrix grabs the camera with both hands and looks into the lens;

Kendrix: FUCK YOU...BELLENDSE!!!!

The scene fades slowly as Kendrix walks out of shot but suddenly comes back to life as Kendrix leans in and grabs the camera once more;

Kendrix: PS...JFK Retired Chris Hopper!

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Recording Cuts

Duke Dibbins vs Jarvis Valentine

We open to Jason Blackfront once again, who stands reading some papers. Shortly he notices the camera is live, and sets the paper down before addressing the audience.

Blackfront: Our main event of the evening featured Duke Dibbins taking on the Undefeated Jarvis Valentine. A man who is really making a name for himself here in the UTA. Duke would go into the match, at a decisive disadvantage as he had been brawling with Madman Szalinski prior to this one.

The scene cuts to Duke Dibbins coming out. He is holding his ribs with one hand, and has his fist cocked with the other. He is not ready to back down as he looks very angry. His younger, larger brousin accompanies him to the ring.

We quickly cut to Jarvis' entrance. The fans go nuts as Jarvis comes through the curtain. He runs down the ramp high fiving along the way.

Blackfront: A very interesting matchup indeed. Any time you get one Dibbins, you get both. Especially in these Hardcore matches.

We see Duke warming up, rubbing at the sore spots. Luke steps to the apron, and waits. He grabs the tag rope. The referee just shrugs, at this point he knows he's not going to convince them, it's a singles match.

The bell rings, Jarvis quickly ties up with Duke before bringing him over with a hip toss. Duke gets right back up and runs at Jarvis, but catches a back elbow for his efforts. Once again Duke rises, once again Jarvis is ready with the back body drop, over the top rope and to the outside.

Blackfront: It didn't take this one long, to get Hardcore as the two competitors go outside early.

We cut to the action outside of the ring. Luke and Duke are both delivering blows to Jarvis. Rights and lefts to the man who is staggering. Duke picks up a trash can lid, Luke grabs a stop sign. Together they swing and connect from each side of Jarvis' face in a sickening clap.

The fans "Ooooooooooh" loudly as Jarvis falls limp.

Duke drops for the pin on the outside

1...

2...

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Kick Out!

The fans go nuts. Jarvis barely hangs on.

Blackfront: Somehow, Someway, Jarvis Valentine was able to come back from that and take control of the match.

Back in the ring, with weapons laying everywhere. Duke sends Jarvis off the ropes, but Valentine clotheslines him on the return. Valentine stands back up and starts pumping his arms, obviously getting jacked up. Luke is on the outside setting up a table, he has bad intentions for Jarvis.

Jarvis picks up Duke. Boots him in the gut, and picks him up for a powerbomb! He stalls however once he has Duke up... He points to the table on the outside and the fans begin to scream...

Luke sees this and jumps on the apron, shaking his arms and waving Jarvis down. Trying to yell at him to stop. Jarvis sees this, runs with Duke and powerbombs him directly into his brother on the ring apron, and the duo both go flying through the table on the outside.

"Holy Shit!, Holy Shit!, Holy Shit!" The chant breaks out across the arena.

Jarvis showboats a bit to the fans who are eating it up.

Blackfront: That would not be enough to put the backwoods due away however as this one continued on for some time. Brutal is the only way to describe what these two... make that three... men endured

Duke and Luke are up in the ring. Jarvis is down in the corner. The two set up light tubes next to one another in the middle of the ring. Luke goes over and grabs Jarvis by the hair, lifting him to his feet.

The duo whip him off the ropes and on the return both lift him up.

Double Flapjack, Valentines chest lands directly onto the light tubes. They burst loudly as the fans ooooooh and awww. Jarvis rolls over, and his chest is impaled with a large number of tiny glass pieces.

The duo go for the cover.

1...

2...

Kickout by Jarvis!

Blackfront: These Hardcore matches only seem to escalate each and every week, and here on After Hours, we are proud to bring them to you live and uncensored. Which is why I must warn you that what you are

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about to see is extremely violent, and may cause some disturbance, please if you have small children watching this.... have them turn away, or leave the room.

The scene comes back to the match is back in the ring. Jarvis is up He slides out, and begins to dig underneath the ring. He comes out with a Baseball bat, wrapped in barbed wire. What the staff was doing with this bat, and why it was under the ring is anyone's guess.

Jarvis also pulls out more. Lighter fluid and matches it appears. He douses the bat in fluid, before rolling into the ring, and lighting it ablaze.

Duke is standing up now, barely aware of whats going on. Jarvis swings the flaming bat, and catches Duke in the stomach. Duke doubles over to his knees, before Jarvis brings the bat up, and then back down across his back.

Jarvis lifts again, trying to bring the bat back up. However some of the barbs have caught the skin of Duke, and as he pulls the bat, it rips a large gash open on the back of Duke. He screams out in pain, as a large piece of skin, can be seen hanging from the bat.

Jarvis tosses the bat to the outside where the ring crew, quickly extinguish the fire.

Members of the crowd began yelling out as they see the wound. Blood begins to pour from Duke.

Somehow Duke finds his way back to his feet. Jarvis picks up a trash can lid. He throws it at Duke, it skips off his face but continues to stand on spaghetti legs. Jarvis grabs a chair and once again tosses it to the face of Duke. Dibbins needs the ropes to stay on his feet and Jarvis loses his patience. He picks up the chair and with all his might swings overhead for the fences.

Duke drops into a heap of a body. He is out cold. Jarvis doesnt bother to remove the chair from the head of Duke, and simply puts a boot on the man for the cover.

1....

2...

3....

Announcer: The Winner of this match... JARVIS VALENTIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINE

Jarvis removes his foot and raises his arms in victory. The referee signals to him. Luke tries to piece back together his brother, and helps him from the ring. The two fade up the ramp, as Jarvis celebrates in the ring.

Blackfront: Well folks, thats our show. Jarvis Valentine extends his winning streak, and the Dibbins fall for the second time in as many weeks. Catch us next week, here on Wrestleuta.com and remember, when its

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After Hours, ANYTHING GOES!

the scene fades.

Show Credits

Segment: "AFTER HOURS: ep. 2" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite