

Proving Grounds: ep. 2

February 1, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

Proving Grounds

Newhaven: Welcome to UTA Proving Grounds, live from the Wrestlezone here in Orlando, Florida!

Dunkin: Can ya feel dat crowd, yo?! Hyped- straight up!

Newhaven: You got that right, Theo. Tonight is a jam packed card for the second edition of Proving Grounds, later tonight Thatcher Rex will face off with the debuting Derek Parks who has a bone to pick with "The King of Cool" Chris Hopper.

Dunkin: He ain't king of nothing, Charlie. Derek Parks is gunna show these UTA fans tonight what's in store for Hopps.

Newhaven: And as we continue into the evening we will see the UTA rookie Kendrix go one on one with Log Habben.

Dunkin: I got fifty dat he drunk.

Newhaven: We are past that point with Log, Theo. And in our main event of the evening Zhalia Fears is going to be defending her Prodigy Championship which she won weeks ago in an unannounced title match on Wrestleshow against the psychological mastermind himself, Nigma!

Dunkin: e'rybody loves a first title defense! Prove you da champ, here, on Proving Grounds!

Scouts in the Stands

The camera is walking around the outside of the ring as we get a shot of the cheering fans of UTA. We then cut to the ringside announcing table with Theodore Dunkin and Charles Newhaven.

Newhaven: UTA fans, don't forget you can watch endless streaming episodes of Victory and Proving Grounds right on the internet for free at

Dunkin: An dat ain't all, yo. Get yo-self twenty-four hour unlimited access to da UTA video vault for a cheap nine ninety-nine a month, dawg! Dat gets you Wrestleshow, all dem pay per views and access to live pay-per-view events.

Newhaven: Plus, access to the entire wrestling classics library, behind the scenes interviews, UTA Magazine online edition, and exclusive webisodes.

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We hear a large array of booing coming from one section of Wrestlezone as the camera cuts over to that area. Walking down the stairs and towards the front row is Perfection and Sean Jackson, Two-Thirds of Dynasty. They are being guided by security and ushered towards their three reserved seats that face dead center of the ring, Jackson and Perfection each with a bag of popcorn and a drink.

Newhaven: Well isn't this a surprise! Sean Jackson and the UTA Champion have decided to visit the up and comers here in UTA. Actually...that makes me a little nervous.

Dunkin: Dey hurr?! Nah, stop playin' man, dem Dynasty boys be up in hurr? Where dey at yo?

Newhaven: Look at your monitor...they are over to our right in the front row.

Dunkin: Ah hell naw!!!!

Dunkin pops up from his announcing booth snatching a piece of scratch paper in front of him and a pen. He jogs over to the barricade and is talking to Perfection and Jackson who laugh at the back and forth banter.

Newhaven: Would you get back over here Theo?!...Oh, wha...what are you doing?!

Dunkin hands Dynasty the sheet of scratch paper and the members of Dynasty take turns signing it before handing it back. Theo jumps up and down and hustles back over to his broadcast spot.

Dunkin: Ya'll snoozin'! Dis right hurr is finna be a fortune one day, my man!

Newhaven: Right. Anything interesting in your conversations with Dynasty, like, maybe why they are here?

Dunkin: Nah, dey just scouting, yo.

Newhaven: Wait...Dynasty is here on Proving Grounds...scouting talent to possibly join them?!

Dunkin: Dats right! I says dey should pick me, yo. Dey can use a bad mother, you know what, like me, Charlie!

Newhaven: I don't know why anyone would want to join those scumbags and cheats. Anything else you want to add about your conversation?

Dunkin: I told 'em dey welcome to join us down hurr at the broadcast table anytime dey want! Newhaven face palms.

Newhaven: Oh god. Anyways folks! Back to the action here on Proving Grounds and we hope that Dynasty won't be too much of a distraction as we move on to our next bout!

The heavy guitar cords of 'Hero' by Skillet echoes through the Wrestle Zone, accompanied by a selection of

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gold and red strobe lighting effects that beat down upon the stage. Within seconds, Jay Valiant bursts out from behind the curtain, brimming with enthusiasm.

Newhaven: And we are starting out with our first match of the nights as new comer Jay Valiant is going to wrestle The Truths, Brother Simon.

As usual, he's fired up for this fight and keen to acknowledge the fans, who show their support with a mild chorus of cheers. Valiant tags a few of the outstretched hands that lean over the guard railings, before leaping onto the ring apron and executing an eye-catching front flip, vaulting the top rope with ease.

Dunkin: We gots so many masked peeps startin' ta feel like Mexico up in this mother.

Franklin: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at 232 pounds and hailing from St. Petersburg Florida. Jay Valiant!

The masked fighter ricochets against all four sides of the ring, preparing himself for the starting bell.

Newhaven: Valiant looking ready for action here.

Marilyn Manson's Man That You Fear begins to play as Brother Simon steps out from the back, The Good Book in hand. As he begins down the ramp, he holds The Good Book up and yells toward the booing fans that they must follow The Truth.

Franklin: Making his way to the ring standing six foot nine and weighing in at two hundred and eighty nine pounds....

Dunkin: Dis dude hurr looks like he got in a fight with a belt sander. Da hell happen to him?

Newhaven: You know, you don't always have to judge people/

Dunkin: Da hell I don't!

Brother Simon walks up the steps and across the apron before stepping into the ring.

Franklin: Brother... SIMMMOOONNNN!!!!!!

SFX: Ding, ding, ding.

Brother Simon gets ready and ties up with Jay Valiant. The both start off pummeling for inside control just as Valiant begins to get a double underhook Simon throws a knee up and catches Valiant in the stomach with a knee.

Dukin: My brotha from anoth'a moth'a!

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Newhaven: Big knee from Brother Simon, right into the mid section.

The Truth member then executes a swinging bulldog on Jay driving his face into the mat, Simon follows up with a fist drop to the face of Valiant.

Newhaven: Big fist drop executed by Brother Simon.

Jay Valiant starts to stand up, Simon grabs his arm and Irish whips Valiant to the ropes, he bounces off and comes back.

Dunkin: Oh, hot sauce! Spinning back elbow from Jay Valiant!

Newhaven: Hot sauce? I like it.

Dunkin: I knew you'd dig dat.

Simon is a little rocked but doesn't fall back, Valiant runs to the ropes again and comes in with a flying shoulder block that takes Brother Simon off his feet. Jay climbs up to the turnbuckle and hits Brother Simon with an elbow drop from the second turnbuckle and goes for a quick pin.

Ref: 1.....

Newhaven: And a big kick out from Brother Simon!

Valiant begins to pick up Brother Simon who delivers a huge uppercut. Brother Simon ducks behind Valiant grabs his head and comes from behind, grabs his head and come down. Dunkin: Huge neckbreaker!

Brother Simon covers Valiant hooking the leg.

Ref: 1...2....

Newhaven: And Jay Valiant kicks out this time!

Jay Valiant moves back to his feet slowly, Brother Simon up a little faster, Simon reaches for Valiant but he delivers a huge chop across the chest of Simon.

Newhaven: Brother Simon is just standing there almost like the chop didn't affect him.

Dunkin: Ain't nothing affectin' dat brotha!

Valiant goes for another chop but is blocked Brother Simon who then throws a hard forearm. Brother Simon kicks Jay Valiant on the mat. Jay Valiant is back on his feet. Brother Simon puts Jay Valiant in the double

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under hook position and gives him a double underhook backbreaker. Dunkin: Snap! He just broke his back!

Newhaven: Huge back breaker there.

Brother Simon locks Jay Valiant in the Camel Clutch. The referee is checking for a tap out. Jay Valiant is fighting for the ropes and trying to escape. ...

Newhaven: This one might be over right here!

The crowd begins to chant getting behind Valiant, they are cheering "Jay, Jay, Jay, Jay!"

Dunkin: Tell dem UTA fans to keep it down, yo. My boy be tyin' to win!

Brother Simon lets go of the hold to yell at the cheering fans but before he does he sends a boot to the back of Valiant's head. Simon is talking smack to the fans as Jay Valiant climbs to his feet. Brother Simon turns around as Jay is walking up behind him. Right when Simon turns he is met with a flurry of lefts and rights that rear him towards a corner.

Newhaven: Jay Valiant making an effort to get back in control of this match!

Jay Valiant knees Brother Simon who bends at the waist. Jay grabs his head pulls him from the corner and then climbs so he is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Valiant keeps clubbing Simon's back as the referee counts, then Valiant jumps off the turnbuckle, still hooking Simon's head.

Newhaven: Tornado DDT!

Dunkin: Dat's more like a clam breeze DDT, ya feel me?

Brother Simon starts to get up and Jay Valiant rolls to his knees then his feet. He bends at the waist to pull up Simon and gets caught with an elbow smash to the face. Brother Simon throws Jay Valiant off the ropes and hits him with a devastating clothesline.

Newhaven: Dear god! The sheer power of that man! I think he just took Jay Valiant's head off! Brother Simon sucks chants start in the crowd. Brother Simon smiles and nods as he grabs Valiant by the mask and pulls him to his feet. Simon executes a huge gutbuster on Jay Valiant. Newhaven: Going for the cover.... The referee counts...

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time and the bell sounds. Announcer: The winner of this match..... BROTHER.... SIIMMMOONNNN!!! Dunkin: Dat scary boy don won this one!

Newhaven: Big win, continuing to establish The truth's dominance here in the UTA!

Time to get Dirty

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We go backstage where Derek Parks is getting geared up for his match against Thatcher Rex.

Derek is taping up his wrist as his lovely but slutty wife Sarah Richards walks up to him.

Richards: This Thatcher guy hasn't a clue.

Derek looks up at Sarah while tapping up his right wrist.

Parks: Oh here in a few he will know exactly what it was that I have been saying the past 2 weeks. Tonight I show this guy just who the hell I am.

Richards: I hope this match goes by quickly. I just looked out at the crowd. The arena is full of fat and ugly people tonight. They are creepy looking!

Derek laughs at his wife's sick sense of humor.

Parks: Well those "fat and ugly" people are going to witness me prove to Rex and the rest of the UTA locker room why it always has been and always will be all about me in that ring.

Richards: It truly has baby! It truly has!

Derek switches to his left hand and begins tapping up his wrist.

Parks: You know something Sarah? When you look in these eyes you see a fighter. You see a man, maybe you hate his guts. Maybe the site of me makes you want to puke but you know each and every time you look in my eyes you see a man that isn't afraid to to get extreme. You see a man that isn't afraid to put my body on the line to get a win. You see a man that has no fear.

That's what makes me dangerous Sarah. Tonight Rex is going to find out just how far I'm willing to go to get that win.

Richards: Rex won't be in effect tonight!

Sarah's comments makes Derek crack a smile again. He finishes tapping up his left wrist then looks up at Sarah.

Parks: It's time to get Dirty!

Sarah: Let's do this!

Derek stands up then both him and Sarah head out the door of the locker room. The scene fades to black.

Jus getting Started

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We shoot backstage before a UTA backdrop. Jamie Sawyers, ever the professional, holds the stick.

Sawyers: I'm here with the relative newcomer to the UTA, the man who came forward with a huge upset over the hulking Midnight King, Nirvana - Leyenda de Ocho. Och, let's talk about--"

LDO holds up his hand, smiles, and nods towards Jamie before calmly taking the microphone from Jamie's hand.

LDO: MANY people underestimated me here in UTA. I've lost count of the people in the back who assumed at the drop of a hat that I would be CRUSHED by Nirvana at Victory XXII - that I was a lamb being presented for the slaughter to a man with a lot of hype, a man with a reputation. A man "of consequence". The King of the Death Match. And what happened? ...I pinned that giant, that behemoth. Clean. 1-2-3, in the center of the ring. Bowser was destroyed, IMMEDIATELY.

LDO pauses for a moment, collecting his thoughts. He looks down for a brief moment, before shaking his head - rarely a man of unbridled ego, he's doing his best to fight the inherent narcissism that comes with being a top talent. A wry, genuine smile cracks his face as he raises the microphone back up.

LDO: I know there's a mountain of extremely talented wrestlers here. Some I've faced in the past, some I haven't. At the end of the day, everyone here is frankly a top-notch competitor. But...so am

I. What's stopping me, at All Or Nothing, from becoming the new Prodigy Champion? ...from becoming the new Wildfire Champion?

Ocho wraps his right arm around Jamie, bringing him in more tightly than he might have expected. A camera angle more TIGHT than you might have expected. A facial expression more intense than YOU might have expected.

LDO: ...from becoming the UTA Champion??

LDO looks wistfully in the distance, his eyes glazed and entranced in another world completely apart from our own.

LDO: The obstacle we all face, the hurdle in all our lives, is the concept of 'no', the idea that ANYONE could ever have the opportunity to prevent our destiny...EVER...

LDO, unblinkingly, turns slowly and sternly towards the hard camera, eyes unblinking.

LDO: ...what happens when you change the game? The camera transitions seamlessly into the next match.

We fade in with Derek Parks already in the ring tugging at his ring gear.

Newhaven: And welcome back to Proving Grounds as Derek Parks is ready to face off with... The deafening

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roar of a Tyrannosaurus erupts over the PA system, echoing throughout the arena as the lights dim, eliciting a deafening cheer from the crowd. Mist rises from the floor as the roar fades into Serpentine, by Disturbed.

The cheers increase as Thatcher Rex emerges from the mist.

Newhaven: Ladies and gentlemen, the Tyrant King has arrived!

Thatcher strides down the ramp, glancing to his left and slapping a few outstretched hands.

Franklin: Hailing from Helena, Montana

Thatcher climbs the steel steps, ducking between the top and middle ropes.

Franklin: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred forty-five pounds...

Rex takes two long strides into the ring and mounts a turnbuckle. He throws his arms wide, fists clenched tightly, and releases a phenomenal roar.

Franklin: Thatcher Rex!

Rex hops down from the turnbuckle.

Newhaven: The beast from Montana, looking like he wants a fight!

Thatcher moves to his corner, his arms resting on the top rope he jumps down and right off the bat Derek Parks charges in and drops Thatcher Rex off the ropes with a clotheslines.

SFX: Ding, ding, ding.

Derek Parks rolls onto Thatcher Rex connecting with a knee. Derek Parks goes for a pin. The ref starts the count.

Newhaven: ...1 ...2 Thatcher Rex escapes. Parks with an illegal chokehold on Thatcher. Dunkin: Derek Parks puttin' in da, he a bad man! Newhaven: He's a cheating man.

Dunkin: Ain't no one ask you, Charles!

The Chicago native gets back to his feet. Parks applies an arm wrench to the former Shoot King, Thatcher Rex while he is on the ground then drops a knee to the back of Rex's neck, swinging his arm around Thatchers and putting his hand on his rotator cuff, applying a deep shoulder lock.

Newhaven: you can see that Parks is a great at this game here, making his opponents quit.

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Parks picks up Rex and then throws him into the turnbuckle who hits chest first. Derek comes over and smashes Thatcher Rex's head into it. Derek Parks pulls Thatcher Rex's hair to get him back to his feet and then gut-wrenches Thatcher Rex.

Dunkin: I hope Chris Hopper watchin' dis right hurr. Cause you next!

Newhaven: If Chris Hopper can wrestle the likes of CBR then he can handle Derek Parks. Derek Parks leg drops the throat of Thatcher Rex and goes for a pin.

Ref: 1. 3...

Thatcher Rex climbs to his feet as Derek Parks tries to pick him up. Just as Rex is about to get up from his knees he drops Derek Park with a fireman's. Derek Parks gets back to his feet but Rex beats him to it and hits a short clothesline. Thatcher Rex is back on his feet. Thatcher Rex lifts up Derek Parks and delivers a scoop slam.

Newhaven: Thatcher Rex showing some life after that barrage from the Cheap Shot.

Rex goes to pick up Derek Parks again but is met with a low blow, he then spins to his feet and knees Rex in the gut. Now Derek Parks standing and Rex is still bent over at the waist and Parks throws his knee up and throws it into the chest of Thatcher Rex.

Newhaven: Parks setting him up... WINDY CITY DRIVER!

He covers Thatcher and the referee counts. Once his hand hits for a third time the bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of the match... DEREK... PARKS!

Newhaven: Great showing by Thatcher Rex though. Parks celebrates his win.

Fears' Wrestling 101

The feed swaps over to a playground, not far from the WrestleZone while a ticker on the screen states it was filmed a few hours earlier in the evening. The Prodigy Champion Zhalia Fears is seen surrounded by a group of kids while smiling out at them.

Fears: Great turnout here tonight for our first event. I am glad you boys and girls signed up and your parents let you come! We are going to have so much fun this month!

She smiles brightly.

Fears: I have some fun plans in store for us. Maybe even a guest or two.

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She helps position the two and then back off.

Fears: From here you two can see who is the stronger, as an example. So how about you go ahead and see which one of you can get the other on the ground first.

She smiles while the two work each other back and forth and try shoving the other down as the scene fades to black.

"What you want with a woman who won't do what you say?"

The first line of the song begins and Log saunters out. He looks to the left, then looks to the right, pretends to wave to the crowd and instead waves both sides off.

As Log begins walking slowly to the ring he grabs the microphone when the song reaches the chorus. The music cuts off and he growls "Got up this morning and I didn't know right from wrong."

Franklin: Making his way to the ring. Hailing from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire and weight in at 215 pounds, Log Habben!

Log drops the microphone and box jumps onto the apron. The amazing athletic ability leaves the announcers speechless, as he clumsily rolls over the top rope, sits, and waits for his opponent.

The lights go out in the arena as "knife" by Dan Le Sac VS Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as Fredericks emerges from the back wearing an England Football Jersey, a Union Jack Hackett Scarf, a pair of aviators and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots.

Red and white pyro explodes from the ramp as JFK slowly makes his way down towards the ring looking at fans with a disgusted look on his face. He stops in front of one fan holding a pen and paper in front of him and takes the pen; he then takes from another young fan a large Madman Szalinski poster, ripping it into pieces, signs one of the pieces and gives it back to the original fan with a genuine smile on his face.

Franklin: And his opponent, hailing from London, England and weighing in at 218 pounds.....Kendrix!

He gets to the ring, walks up the steps, looks back at the crowd shaking his head looking disgusted again before stepping through the middle rope into the ring. He gets onto one of the 2nd turnbuckles facing the entrance looking around at all the fans making a "wanker" sign while pointing at them with the other hand and waits for his opponent.

SFX: Ding, ding, ding.

Both men tie up and Log is pushed back to the ropes by Kendrix who has his hands pressed under Habben's chin. Irish whip to the other ropes and Habben comes back shoulder tackling Kendrix.

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Newhaven: Kendrix thought he had an advantage there and gets met with a shoulder tackle.

Dunkin: Dis boy from jolly ol' England, Charles. Go back ta Paris ya lame!

Newhaven: That's France...

Kendrix gets back to his feet and as he does Log dropkicks Kendrix. Kendrix hits the canvass and rolls to his stomach getting up quickly but Log hits him with a quick forearm to the face then sends him to the ropes. Kendrix bounces off the and eats a clothesline from Log Habben who goes right for a cover on covers. Kendrix.

Ref: 1...2....

Dunkin: Two count and Kendrix be holdin' dem ropes so Habben can't attack.

Newhaven: Very smart idea by Kendrix, using the ropes to pause this offense by Log Habben. Kendrix lets go of the ropes and motions for Log to come tie up. Habben comes in and Kendrix pokes him in eyes. Habben turns away from Kendrix who just spins around Habben's by his back and DDT's him into the canvass.

Newhaven: If he would have hit that DDT any harder Log Habben would have brain damage.

Dunkin: He done killed his brain cells with all dat booze!

Kendrix gets up and does a falling splash on Log Habben. Kendrix is up again and pulls Habben back up again and hits a crotch slam. Kendrix walks around the ring smiling.

Newhaven: Just sheer dominance by this man!

Kendrix pulls him back to his feet as he does he hooks Habben's pants and hoists him up and executes the Super DDT on Log Habben!

Newhaven: He covers.... He gets it! Kendrix gets it! The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... KENDRIX!

Newhaven: Big win by the newcomer tonight here on Proving Grounds.

Sixteen Seconds of Spite

The scene fades in to the greasy, pale visage of Travis Sixteen. He's currently shirtless and standing in the center of a pitch-black room. In one hand, he has a piece of paper and is reading it. In the other, is a cup of coffee, which he takes a sip from. He looks up at the camera and cracks a sarcastic, smarmy grin.

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Travis 16: Oh hey, didn't see you there! For those of you who missed it last week, my name is Travis Sixteen, and you're not going to like me very much.

Travis chuckles and tosses the coffee cup over his shoulder. It shatters off-screen.

Travis 16: I was just catching up on the rave reviews I got for my debut segment last week. Let's see... The IWC, in all of it's mouth-breathing glory, like the way they 'don't know why they should care who I am'. They also want to know why I'm 'wasting my time with UTA' if I'm so above-it-all. Travis lowers the piece of paper and gets a faux-thoughtful look on his face.

Travis 16: Hmmm, that's a really good question, IWC. Why DID I decide to shamble my filthy unscrubbed ass into the UTA? Oh, right... Because it's 2015, the economy stinks worse than my morning bowel movements, and salisbury steak Hungry Man dinners don't buy themselves.

Brief pause. Travis hooks his chin.

Travis 16: Oh, and there's the little matter of that's where Nirvana is. Y'know, tacky mask, D-cup man-boobs, old man swag, y'know, that guy.

Travis hovers his hands just under his own sunken, lumpy chest and moves his hands up and down to pantomime boobies.

Travis 16: For reasons even my vast intellect can't fathom, Nirvana took my playful verbal assaults on him as an insult, and expressed a desire to punch me in my dirty Swedish face. And here I am thinking, well, here's a guy so swollen with bull-extract that he can barely reach his own [BLEEP], so I figure being that I am arguably the BIGGEST [BLEEP] in modern wrestling, he'll have a hard time reaching me as well.

Travis then puffs out his cheeks and pantomimes having arms so big that he can't reach his crotch. It's actually kind of stupid looking; nothing he says is backed up in any way by his nasty physical appearance.

Travis 16: As for why you precious little dandruff-flakes watching at home should care, well, I don't know what to tell you. Nothing about me is either spoon-fed to you by PR teams or covered in nacho cheese, so really, I'd be more surprised if you semi-literate clowns DID care who I was. Travis frowns for a moment, then holds up a finger, as if to say one moment. He grimaces, leans to one side, and cuts a loud, wet fart. Satisfied, he turns back to the camera.

Travis 16: Sorry, got to cut this short, something time-sensitive came up and it's more important than explaining things to you broken water-heads. See you next week at the contract signing, Nirvana!

With that, Travis starts waving his hands towards his face, inhaling deeply and closing his eyes, reacting as if he's inhaling the fragrance of a flower as the scene fades out.

Lone Candle

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The arena lights slowly change from white to red. The fans look around in awe wondering who will be coming out of the curtain now.

Newhaven: We have seen this happen before.

Dunkin: Dis' that creepy couple again.

Depths of The WrestleZone

The tron shows a golden candle with a golden cross imprinted on the wax. The candle sits on a golden saucer. A match sound can be heard as a small light from the left of the candle appears and slowly moves to the wick of the candle. It is slowly placed over the wick for a few seconds as the candle embraces the flame it illuminates part of the surroundings revealing Gaze's face and keeping the rest of her body covered in darkness. The match is quickly extinguished while she stares at the candle burning.

Gaze: One, candle symbolizes so much in this wretched world. Love, hope, a path, more importantly it is a useless invention conjured up by people who believe in a supreme being. These useless piles of wax are mostly found in buildings built of brick and statues to a "God" that people think exist.

Paladin you seem to be this "God's" messenger sent from the wretched heavens to be some shining knight in white armor to bring your brand of justice to the UTA. You act like you control the fate of everyone you come across. You preach like you're here to save everyone.

Crimson slowly comes out of the darkness.

Crimson: News flash Paladin, my soul is already lost I am already damned. You the agent of light and me the agent of dark a Judgment Day is to come in one week. A battle between the light and the dark will rock this company to its very foundations. I am ready for this challenge.

You have to ask yourself one thing though; will everything you got be enough? You may be that eternal flame that is trying to shine a path of divine intervention on the UTA, but just like all flames they can simply be extinguished like...

His hand moves from the darkness with his thumb and index finger he pinches the flame extinguishing it. With the flame no longer lit darkness once again envelops them.

Crimson: See you February 8th....

'Scarecrow' by Ministry begins to play.

Newhaven: And here we go! The main event of the evening, two of UTA's up and coming stars are going to wrestle for the UTA Prodigy championship!

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Dunkin: Man, Nigma looks ready to win da belt for Fears, but will he do it?

The lights go out in the arena as the lights then start to flicker as the music starts, the giant screen in the back starts to play images of clowns, spiders, insects, and other random images to induce fear. Nigma walks out from the back and stops as he looks out at the crowd

Franklin: The following match up is scheduled for one fall and is for the UTA Prodigy Championship! Hailing from Part unknown, the challenger....

Nigma then lifts the noose around his neck and mock hangs himself as he then stumbles down the ramp toward the ring. He stops half way and takes off his hat to reveal the mask. As smoke starts to fill the ramp and around the ring. Nigma then starts again to the ring.

Franklin: Standing at 5 foot eight inches and weighing in at one-hundred eighty-five pounds...

Nigma climbs the steps as he stops on the apron and wipes his feet before entering. Nigma then walks to the center of the ring and looks around as he then walks to his corner and takes off his coat.

Franklin: NIIIIIGMMMMMMMMMA!!!

Nigma walks to a corner and sit's down and wait's.

Newhaven: The signature waiting of Nigma for his oponent, this is his change to really solidify himself into the UTA.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as 'White Rabbit' by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Dunkin: Dis crowd is poppin'!

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

Franklin: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK! She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Franklin: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds...

Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She

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walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. With a smile she then slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Franklin: She is the Prodigy champion!... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out.

Newhaven: The fans are on their feet here in the Wrestlezone!

Dunkin: Dat Zhalia Fears is a good woman, yo. I took like, two hundid selfies with her today! Charles let's out a sigh.

Newhaven: I know...I was there...

Zhalia Fears starts off the match by reaching out to shake Nigma's hand. Nigma looks confused and tilts his head to the side.

Dunkin: Maybe she really is crazy, yo.

Nigma turns away slightly but then turns back towards and kicks Fears in the stomach and then

irish whips her to the ropes, Fears comes back with a flying axle handle. The crowd pops as Nigma gets up and Fears hits him with a clothesline, Nigma pops back up, Fears hits another clothesline, Nigma now gets up a little wobbly and Fears hits an arm drag.

Newhaven: Zhalia Fears on fire off the start!

Nigma rolls to his knees and to hiss feet and takes a hiptoss before rolling out of the ring holding his back, Fears stands in the ring fired up and pumping her fist and making the fans cheer.

Dunkin: Nigma gonna have his hands full, dis girl ain't playin'...plaaaayyyyaaaaa!!!!

Nigma walks around the ring near the ramp, Fears holds her hand in the air runs to the ropes and jumps over.

Newhaven: High cross body over the top rope! That's one way to start this match off!

Dunkin: Dats one way to lose dis match and end it too if she woulda missed! The ref starts counting.

Ref: 1.....2. 3.....

Fears starts to get up and pulls Nigma with her and rolls him into the ring. Zhalia Fears gets in the ring too as

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Nigma is getting up and executes a jumping sidekick. Zhalia Fears puts the chicken wing on Nigma. The referee is checking for a tap out. ... Nigma is fighting the hold. ... Nigma tries to escape but Fears slips the hold in deeper.

Newhaven: Looks like Zhalia Fears has been working with her friends The Second Coming and Kush as she applies that hold to almost perfection.

Dunkin: When ya got a champ and former champ helpin' ya out, ya just get better, look at Dynasty, yo!

Nigma finally works his way to the bottom rope and Fears lets go immediately. Nigma starts to get up and Zhalia Fears throws Nigma off the ropes and hits him with a cross-body block.

Newhaven: That cross-body block was very good.

Dunkin: Nah, it was damn good! Zhalia Fears goes for the pin.

Ref: 1....2...!

Dunkin: Busted up outta dat! Nigma lives!

Newhaven: This is how wrestling should be!

Fears goes to pull Nigma up as he gets up he pokes Fears in the eyes grabs her head and DDT's her on the canvass. Nigma gets up. Nigma fist drops Zhalia Fears and gets is back on his feet.

Nigma fist drops Zhalia Fears again. Nigma grabs Zhalia Fears sends her off the ropes and faceslams her. He goes for a quick pin.

Ref: 1...2..!

Newhaven: And the champion kicks out!

Nigma pulls Zhalia Fears to her feet by her hair. Nigma legsweeps Zhalia Fears and pops back up, he turns and throws a kick to the stomach of Zhalia Fears while she is down much to the dislike of the fans.

Newhaven: And a cheap shot from the challenger.

Dunkin: Dat's a fair move!

Newhaven: It is, but it's still cheap.

Fears uses the ropes and gets back to her feet. Nigma drives a forearm into Zhalia Fears and then executes a huge gutbuster and turns it into another pin.

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Ref: 1. 2.....

Dunkin: Three!!!! He did it!!

The crowd explodes in cheers and Nigma stands there shaking his head as the camera turns and catches the shot of Fears foot on the bottom rope and the ref pointing it.

Newhaven: Her foot is on the ropes!

Nigma pulls Zhalia Fears back to her feet and shoots her to the ropes, Fears comes back. Nigma gets hit with a spinning heel kick and the crowd explodes.

Newhaven: And Fears is back in this!

Nigma moves back to his feet and walks towards Zhalia Fears who is slow to get up but reaches to the head of Nigma and executes a jawbreaker. Zhalia Fears crawls to the ropes and uses them to get up as Nigma is slow to move back to his feet.

Dunkin: Dis is a main event for Proving Grounds, the crowd is behind Fears and cheering her so loud. Man I think I deaf, yo.

Newhaven: You can hear perfectly fine.

Dunkin: WHAT?! Workers comp?!

Newhaven: Fears runs to the ropes, off of them... shoots toward Nigma who is getting up, she leaps... double leg drop kick catches him in the face! Fears with the quick pin.

The referee counts. his hand hitting for the third time before the bell sounds. Announcer: The winner of this match and STILL Prodigy Champion... ZHALIA.... FEEEEEARRRSS!!!

Newhaven: Zhalia Fears retains!

Dunkin: Wut?!

Newhaven: Fears retains!

Dunkin: Yea. Dat white girl is insane. Zhalia celebrates with the tile.

Newhaven: That's all the time we have tonight. We return live to the Wrestlezone in one week for Victory!
Good night!

The camera zooms in on Zhalia holding the title up on the turnbuckle as we fade to black.