

After Hours: ep. 3

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Results

AFTER HOURS: ep.3

Segment

Introduction

The scene opens to the usual UTA Studios, graphics come up introducing the show, before Jason Blackfront walks in front of the camera.

He smiles and waves before speaking.

Blackfront: Welcome everyone to another edition of After Hours! A very special Christmas Eve edition! So allow me be the first to wish everyone watching a very Merry Christmas from the UTA.

He smiles with his hands out before clasping them again.

Blackfront: Now we only have one match on tap on this evening, but it is one we have building towards for weeks! El Trebol Jr. The self appointed After Hours General Manager, with the help of his security team, Luke and Duke Dibbins, will take on the Christmas Legend himself, Santa Claus and two partners of his choosing!

He looks down at the paperwork in front of him.

Blackfront: It appears as if Santa Claus has chosen his partners as The Street Fighter! Jack Hunter and the Technical Wizard Carny Sinclair. This sounds to me like a really interesting matchup if nothing else!

Jason chuckles

Blackfront: But coming up first we have an appearance by 'The Jamaican Inspiration' Lisil Jackson! Enjoy!

The scene fades.

D&G Cola

The scene turns backstage where Lisil Jackson is standing next to what appears to be a vending machine with a tarp over it. He smiles looking at the camera.

L. Jackson: Eyyyyy mon!!!! It be dat time fo givin and I decided ta give back ta dee UTA!

Lisil says with a hearty laugh clapping his hands.

L. Jackson: Now I know dat me and soda pop machines seem ta not have a good history here! Dat and dee budget were not too happy bout dee last one...

He clears his throat.

L. Jackson: So on behalf O' dee Jamaican Inspiration I sincerely apologize ta dee soda machine dat I severely injured!

Lisil shrugs his shoulders trying to contain the laughter.

L. Jackson: Howeva! As a true inspiration would I make dat wrong a right! Ma bruddas allow me ta present ta dee UTA nation....

Lisil Jackson grabs the tarp and pulls it off revealing a D&G soda machine.

L. Jackson: I present ta dee UTA! D&G cola! Dee official authentic cola of Jamaica!

Rumor Man Stan walks into the picture and pulls out a dollar bill. He slides it into the machine and it's immediately spit out. Stan tries again but it's spit out again.

Stan: Hey Lisil I think the machine is broken! It won't accept my money!

Lisil Jackson smiles boldly.

L. Jackson: Eyyyyy mon! Dat be cuz ya be usin dis country's currency!

Stan tilts his head to the side confused.

Stan: What?

L. Jackson: Dis machine only accepts Jamaica money!

Stan stands there baffled.

Stan: And how exactly am I supposed to get Jamaican money?!

The Jamaican Inspiration throws an arm around Rumor Man Stan.

L. Jackson: Dat be part o' dee journey brudda! Tink bout it... How bad do ya want dat D&G Root Beer?! Ta travel cross dee world ta get dat Jamaica money! Ta get ta dis machine and once ya crack open dat bottle... It would be wort de effort!

Rumor Man Stan looks at Lisil like he has lost his mind.

Stan: I think I'll just get a Dr. Pepper from the catering area....

Stan says shaking his head walking out of the picture.

L. Jackson: Suit yaself mon! But ya don't know what ya be missin out on!

Lisil turns back to the camera.

L. Jackson: D&G cola!!! Dee official cola O' Jamaica! Whetha it be Root Beer, Cream Soda, Orange, Pineapple, Ginger Beer, Or ma personal favorite Champagne cola! It be like drinkin paradise from a bottle!

Lisil says smiling boldly in front of the camera before it fades out.

Because We Care

After Hours cut to ringside where viewers see the self-proclaimed General Manager of After Hours, El Trébol, standing in the center of the ring with The Dibbins brothers standing on either side of him. He looks around at the crowd watching him. Beside the trio stands Jamie Sawyer, mic in hand, a confused look on his face.

Sawyers: I am here right now alongside our self-proclaimed GM, El Trébol, who has requested this interview tonight.

He turns to face—well, look down—on the masked man.

Sawyers: Is there a particular reason we're having this interview in the ring instead of backstage?

Even behind the mask, the beaming face of El Trébol can be made out as he leans into the mic held out for him.

Trébol: Because this is my show and I can do whatever I want.

Sawyer nods as an awkward silence falls over the interview. It prevailed for a few, long moments, until Sawyers speaks

up again.

Sawyers: I wasn't actually informed beforehand what I was supposed to ask.

El Trébol sighs. He gestures to Sawyer to lean into him, so he can whisper into his ear, all of which is picked up by the mic anyway.

Trébol: Ask me about my thoughts on After Hours.

They break as Sawyer tries to maintain his composure in this farce of an interview.

Sawyers: So, El Trébol, what are your thoughts in regards to After Hours? You've certainly—

Sawyers' next thought as El Trébol snatches the mic out of his hand, stepping forward out of the little circle they had formed.

Trébol: Excellent question, Jaime! As to my thoughts about these people, the backbone of this concept known as After Hours . . .

El Trébol points out into the crowd.

Trébol: You guys are awesome.

A loud pop from the small group of fans gathered tonight. El Trébol starts pacing in the ring, gesturing to the area around him.

Trébol: Because this place, it was created with isolation in mind. After Hours was a place to put the men and women who didn't fit the mold the UTA has created for itself. The weird, the wild, the hardcore . . . we were sent here to stay out of sight, out of mind. But you people have allowed me to make this something more.

El Trébol points back at Duke and Luke, who are looking at their reflection in the Hardcore Championship while Jaime just shakes his head.

Trébol: I won't say we're the smartest, or the strongest or, well, the biggest, but I can say this: we have heart. A heart for you to give you the damnedest performance of our lives, whether it's putting our bodies on the line in hardcore matches or, well—

El Trébol runs his hand across the back of his neck.

Trébol: Beating a two-time World Champion.

Small pop from the crowd.

Trébol: All because we appreciate you, our After Hours universe. It's why I've been working so diligently on your behalf the last few weeks, and look at what has come out of it. We've had former champions and superstars voice themselves on this show, but tonight, you'll see a superstar who doesn't fit our mold try to prove he's fit to be on our show.

El Trébol is growing in intensity as he feeds the crowd with his words.

Trébol: Santa Claus, you've checked your list twice and overlooked us. But this is After Hours Three, bud, and the third time's the charge. You're the first "real" competitor we've had who didn't make his name on this show, but you won't be the last. Because, you see, I have a little challenge for a certain prodigy here in the UTA.

El Trébol stops pacing, pointing the ring he was standing in.

Trébol: We've defended our belt on Wrestleshow, so why not the other way around? You've already used our show, Kendrix, to force your boasts on us; why not back up the confidence with actions? I challenge you to defend the Prodigy Championship on our show.

El Trébol shrugs.

Trébol: That is, if I'm not just proactive before then and bring the gold back to this amazing place myself.

Another pop from the crowd as El Trébol grins.

Trébol: But enough with the talk. We still have a hell of a Main Event to see, so more delaying. Let's close out twenty-fifteen the right way: with a red Christmas, right here, on After Hours!

Tossing the mic to Jamie Sawyers, who quickly exits the ring, El Trébol and the Dibbins wait in the ring as the scene fades out.

El Trebol Jr. & The Dibbins vs Santa Clause, Jack Hunter, and Carny Sinclair

After Hours transitions back to Jason Blackfront in the studio who is admiring his reflection in one of the blackened monitors. A cough from the cameraman draws his attention to those watching, all-business with seconds. He steps away from the camera, his voice strong as he spoke.

Blackfront: After the riveting speech from the self-proclaimed General Manager, the fans in attendance bore witness to a spectacular entrance of the opposing team, led by the jolly, but dangerous, Saint Nicholas.

The scene cuts back ringside where Santa Claus steps onto the stage with hate in his eyes while two elves followed close behind him wielding massive, plastic candy canes. The big man makes it a little ways down the ramp alone before his partners for the evening, Jack Hunter and Carny Sinclair, step onto the stage next. Jack Hunter's chosen weapon for the evening was a door knob of all things while Carny settled for a simple wooden club, one that would've been right at home in a caveman display at a museum.

Blackfront: Flanked by UTA's resident street fighter and the epitome of old school everything, Santa Claus was ready to bring the fight to the three men who were cutting into his gift delivering time. The fighting was quick to commence once the six men were in the ring.

Cut to a brawl around the ring as The Dibbins brought the fight to Santa and Carny on the outside of the ring while El Trébol runs circles around the technical guru Carny Sinclair in the middle of the ring. The little man gets too close, though, and is taken to the mat by a brutal drop toe hold that is immediately transitioned into a deadly side headlock. El Trébol wildly pulls himself over to the bottom ropes, only for the referee to tell him that there was no rope breaking of submissions in this match.

Blackfront: Given the nature of After Hours, the six men subjected themselves to a match with no count outs, no rope breaks, and no tag outs. Not the Dibbins really understood that last part.

We see the Dibbins standing on the apron, arms outstretched, as their three opponents stomp a mudhole in a supine El Trébol who is yelling out for some assistance. Carny pulls the little man to his feet and shows the crowd a proper Irish Whip, throwing Trébol in the direction of Jack Hunter who waited, door knob in his closed fist. A heavy haymaker sends El Trébol to the mat where Hunter can make the first pinfall of the evening.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout

Blackfront: El Trébol was able to reverse the tide of the match after an over-enthused Jack Hunter went a little overboard with that door knob of his.

Carny Sinclair steps in for the kill with that deadly standing elbow drop of his, but Jack Hunter was seeing red and cold cocks him with the door knob too. Santa, who had been watching the whole exchange, tries to intervene and eats steel

too from the street fighter. In the confusion, El Trébol is able to roll to his corner, leaping out and tagging both Luke and Duke's outstretched hands. The Brousin look at one another and shrug before both joining the fray as the "legal men."

Blackfront: The Dibbins clear the ring of Jack Hunter and Santa, surprisingly leaving Carny Sinclair alone like he was just a chunk of wood or something. I use that analogy because Luke Dibbins ironically started to attack Sinclair's wooden club instead, giving Carny the opportunity to show the crowd just how dangerous his headlock was. In retrospect, it probably would be for the best if he didn't yell out his techniques before he performs them.

Like a snake, Carny darts in behind Duke Dibbins, who was watching his brother swing the club, yelling "HERE COMES THE HEADLOCK!" as he tries to wrap his arms around Duke's neck. Brousin Luke comes into the rescue, though, as he about takes Carny's head off with a baseball swing of the club as Duke ducks out of the way.

Blackfront: With Carny reliving the 1919 World Series after that swing, The Dibbins show the crowd the fruit of their recent training with El Trébol, at the expense of Jack Hunter, who thought it smart to introduce light tubes into the match.

Transition to a supine Jack Hunter with light tubes laid across their body with Duke and Luke standing on opposite sides of the ring. With a yell, the brousin leap and crash onto Jack Hunter with running sentons, shattering the light tubes across his body. They quickly transition into the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Broken Pin

Blackfront: Santa Claus had recovered enough to reinsert himself into the match, breaking the pin and then proceeding to break the Dibbins. It looked as if the match would be won right there, until El Trébol stood up against the seven hundred pounder. He was bringing the fight to Santa with his strikes, but he made the big mistake when he tried to channel the same "Christmas Magic" Jeff Andrews had done three weeks ago.

Cut to El Trébol trying to scoop slam Santa Claus! Of course, it doesn't work; Santa doesn't even budge until he chooses to, falling forward and squashing El Trébol beneath him. The referee dives in to make the pin, assuming that beneath the mass that was Santa Claus, both of El Trébol's shoulders were down.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—

Broken Pin!

Blackfront: The Dibbins serve their purpose to their boss, though, and break up the pin just in time. They still couldn't overcome the big man who clears the ring of everyone leaving only an unmoving El Trébol on the mat. Then he called for one of his candy canes which contained a special surprise for the self-proclaimed General Manager.

Santa Claus has broken one of the candy canes, spilling out hundreds of thumb tacks onto the mat. Then, with a jolly grin, he pulls El Trébol to his feet, looking for the Sleigh Ride onto the thumbtacks. But here come the in-bred cavalry as The Dibbins rolls into the ring, Hardcore Championship in Duke's hand. Charging forward, he slams the gold across Santa's head, breaking his grip on El Trébol and sending the big man spinning into a DUI from Luke Dibbins. Santa crashes to the mat, shaking the ring and sending thumbtacks flying from the impact.

Blackfront: With the crowd fully behind the faces of After Hours, El Trébol ascends to the top rope as Carny Sinclair, of

all people, tries to put himself back in the match.

Carny Sinclair rises to his feet as El Trébol leaps off with his moonsault, landing on his shoulders. Then, flipping backwards, El Trébol spikes Sinclair's head into the pile of thumbtacks, quickly transitioning into the pin as the crowd counts along with the referee.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: And thus concluded what would probably be the final After Hours of 2015, with the faces of the program standing tall in the ring. Well, at least two of them were standing.

The show closes with a clip of the trio in the ring. Duke Dibbins throws his Hardcore Championship up with one arm while Luke Dibbins does the same with the battered El Trébol, his feet kicking weakly in the air.

Blackfront: One can only wonder what will come out of this show. Does this mean The Dibbins are our new Tag Team Champions? Will the Prodigy Championship be defended on After Hours in 2016? I guess only time will tell so until then, Jason Blackfront signing off.

The show fades.

Show Credits

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