

Proving Grounds: ep. 6

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

Proving Grounds

Segment

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

Williams: Welcome everyone to Proving Grounds from right here aboard the Princess Sapphire as we make our way to Tokyo from Australia for International Affair!

The half dressed fans in their bathing suits jump up and down, waving. Some sip drinks provided by the awesome Princess staff.

Williams: Joining me for the very last time, Dick Fury.

The camera comes down and pans in on them. Dick sits behind the table, a championship title in front of him.

Fury: That si still, the reigning, defending, MWA Television Champion Jennifer!

Williams: Congratulations on defending the title. I know that you were unable to enjoy the first couple days of the cruise and had to join at the last port. Hopefully, travel was easy.

Fury: Look babe, whenever Dick is involved, everything is easy.

Williams: We've got a great show for you today. As you know, we are aboard the Princess Cruise Lines Sapphire Princess on what has been an exciting cruise so far between superstars and fans alike.

Dick looks back to the crowd.

Fury: That's right ladies.. drink up and enjoy. After the show Dick will gladly show you a good time!

Williams: While Dick is preparing to make this cruise horrible for one of these young ladies...

Fury: ...or two, or three...

Williams: Ugh... as I was saying, lets get this action packed show underway! This is proving Grounds!

Fury: Dick's on a boat!

Williams: It's a ship Dick, not a boat.

Fury: Whatever.

Speedy Getaway

The camera pans across the Sapphire Princess crowd as we can see the gorgeous ocean view in the background. The crowd is peering up at the overhead camera strolling across from one side of the ship to the other. Fans wave and smile while they are quite obviously enjoying the UTA experience.

We cut to see the back of a man walking in the crowd. He's wearing a sharp black suit along with black sunglasses. It seems as if he has his concentration set on a member in the crowd. He stops and turns right at the section of the pool deck area where there's lounging beach chairs every where. Fans around the area are cheering and yelling towards the camera.

Man: Excuse me, sir.

The camera strolls to the side of the man and we see that this suited man is none other than UTA Road Agent, Seth Payne.

Man: You need to come with me.

The camera turns and angles down towards the gentleman who's occupying one of the lounging chairs. He's wearing a robe that's open enough that it exposes the mans chest. He has on sunglasses and what looks to be a pretty serious mustache.

Gentleman: I'm confused my good sir. I'm not sure what you are talking about. Just enjoying this fine-fine show.

Payne smirks and shakes his head a bit.

Payne: Oh yeah, then what are those?

Payne nods his head in the direction of what seems to be a pen, a notepad, and a cell phone which sits on the side table next to the gentleman.

Gentleman: Why those are nothing, just ah, my own personal diary. Writing my experiences on the ship here. Hopefully this is an iceberg free venture, I mean, am I right? Am I right? Heh.

Payne: Yeah, we wouldn't want to DYE on this ship, would we?

Payne goes to snag the three items off the table and the gentleman in the chair smacks his arm away and scrambles to get to his feet.

Gentleman: HEY! How DARRRRE you. This is absurd! I want to see your boss!

Little does the gentleman know, while scrambling to get to his feet. His robe has dropped to the ground. He stands fully exposed in his bathing suit...a European bathing suit...a Speedo. Payne winces his eyes and turns his head. The gentleman looks down at himself and realizes what happened. He laughs.

Gentleman: Yes, yessssss. Many hours of hard labor built this machine body. I'm not ashamed to-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Payne rips the mans mustache of and snags the glasses of the man as well. Once again, it's none other than Jed Dye.

Dye: HEYYYYYYY!!!

Payne: Damnit! How many times do we have to tell you! Your butt is mine this time! Dye's eyes widen to the size of ping pong balls.

Payne: Come here!!!

Payne goes to grab Jed. In only a Speedo Jed jukes right...he jukes left....jukes right...Payne goes to grab him and launches himself as Dye. Jed sneaks underneath the grasp while Payne falls to the ground empty handed. Jed starts running away.

Dye: Heeee heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

Payne gets to his feet and brushes himself off. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a walky talky. He holds in the speak button.

Payne: It's Dye. He got on the ship. You find him.....throw his ass overboard.

The camera turns to show an out of shape hairy non-beach body, Jed Dye, running away through the Cruise crowd.

We return ringside where Perfection and Yeshua Pandemonium have already made their way to the ring.

Williams: And we've got a good one cooking here tonight, Dick.

Fury: One more glorious Perfection win before Dick takes it on down the road.

Perfection squats down in the ring, resting his hands on his knees, staring a hole into Yeshua. Williams: I gotta say, Dick, since coming back to the UTA Perfection has been really focused in. Fury: He's gotta be Jennifer, Perfection knows that he's been handed a perfect opportunity to get a shot back at HIS World Title. Dick thinks that Perfection needs to make the most of his Pay Per View Opportunity.

Yeshua leans back into the opposite corner as the official calls for the bell. Both men circle one another quickly and surge together in the middle of the ring for a lock up. Perfection twists Yeshua's arm behind his back and stomps with his foot, pushing his weight down onto the arm forcing Yeshua off his feet.

Williams: Yeshua trying to counter here.

Yeshua flips himself over, rolls on his back, to his knees and slides forward all with the aid of Perfection's arm. Yeshua has untwisted himself and now twists Perfection's arm behind his back in return.

Fury: Yeshua with some of this flipping nonsense that Dick ain't a fan of.

Now it's Perfection's turn for a reversal as he rolls himself forward, flipping from his back quickly to his feet and tossing Yeshua to the ring with a takedown.

Perfection presses into a quick pin. ONE...

TWO...

Williams: Yeshua kicks out. And Perfection rolls to his feet.

Fury: Look at Yeshua, flips to his feet, from his back.

Williams: Trying to one up Perfection's earlier attempt.

Fury: This Yeshua guy is brand new to the UTA and he thinks he can come in here and try to go tit for tat with a guy who coined the word "Ungrateful." Cut Dick a break.

Williams: Yeshua is new to the UTA but he's had a tough road so far. He's face Will Haynes and now Perfection here in back to back weeks. He's trying to showcase that he's got what it takes to be a star.

Fury: Good thing Dick doesn't have to mix it up with the sicko.

The two men once again circle as Yeshua put his hands up locking for another lock up. They do lock up and Yeshua is able to slip behind Perfection and lock on a waist hold. Perfection throws a well timed elbow to catch Yeshua in the head is able to reverse the hold, throwing Yeshua in a waist lock instead.

Fury: Perfection taking control.

Perfection waists no time as soon as he's hooked the waist lock Yeshua goes up in the air and tumbles down to the mat in a big way when Perfection nails a picture perfect German Suplex. Fury: Right outta the textbook, Jennifer. Dick couldn't have done it better himself.

Perfection rolls through, gripping the ankle of Yeshua, arching his back off of Yeshua applying pressure to the ankle.

Williams: Perfection with a submission here as Yeshua is squirming for his life.

Fury: Perfection is sending a message here tonight, Jennifer. He's letting all his Pay Per View opponents know that he isn't messing around. Dick would be scared to get in the ring with him right now. Jimmy is motivated.

Yeshua reaches out and grabs the bottom rope.

Fury: Yeshua to the ropes but Perfection keeps that hold locked in.

The official is over to count the rope break, rapidly. One. Two. Three. Four.

Williams: And Perfection lets go. Yeshua limping a bit but to his feet.

Perfection on Yeshua quickly applying a side head lock and delivering some hard right hands. Perfection slides on a sleeper hold and Yeshua drops to one knee.

Fury: Perfection trying best he can to ground Yeshua. This is why he's one of the best in the biz right here. Perfection is an in ring general. A master technician.

Yeshua is able to get back to his feet, he shoves Perfection off. Perfection hits the near side of the ropes, heads over to the far side.

Williams: Yeshua looking for -

Fury: Shoulder block by Perfection!

Yeshua falls to the mat. Perfection is off the ropes, Yeshua presses flat, Perfection floats over top. Perfection off the far side, Perfection charges to the now standing Yeshua.

Williams: Leap frog!

Yeshua leaps clearing the still charging Perfection who halts quickly. Yeshua lands on his feet, he turns, Perfection swings with a clothesline. It's well scouted by Yeshua, he ducks underneath.

Perfection moves past Yeshua. Yeshua charges, bouncing quickly off the ropes back to Perfection. Perfection scoops Yeshua up, but Yeshua counters and brings Perfection down with a head scissors takedown.

Williams: Yeshua showing signs of life here. What a counter there. Both men down. Perfection rolls to a knee. Yeshua on all fours, sucking air.

Fury: Perfection needs to keep that ground game going. That's his best chance of winning this one.

Yeshua charges the still down Perfection. Perfection drops the shoulder and sends Yeshua over the top rope. Yeshua balances himself on the mat and fires a huge forearm into Perfection to daze him.

Williams: Yeshua getting some momentum now.

Yeshua jumps up, balances himself on to the top rope and leaps off and over Perfection bringing him down to the mat with a DDT from the top rope.

Williams: Yeshua just went flying, Dick!

Fury: That crazy nut managed to pull that one off. Color Dick impressed.

Yeshua crawls over drapping an arm over Perfection's chest. The official slides in. ONE...

TWO...

TH...

Perfection gets the shoulder up.

Fury: YESSS! This one continues on.

Williams: Perfection is breathing heavy, Dick.

Yeshua still winded lifts Perfection up and swings with an ugly clothesline and it's all Perfection needs. He waistlocks Yeshua lifts him up and brings him down with a Northern Lights Suplex. Fury: Another textbook move from Perfection, Jennifer. You should be taking notes.

Williams: I'm not the one getting back in the ring, Dick.

Perfection pulls himself up in the corner, breathing deeply. He pulls Yeshua to his feet and lifts him straight into the air, stalling.

Fury: Look at that strength, pushing Yeshua up to the moon Jennifer. Perfection is a master. It's amazing getting to watch him work one more time.

Williams: The pleasure is ALL yours, Dick.

Finally Perfection brings Yeshua down to the mat. He covers lazily. ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Williams: Yeshua is able to get out. And Dick, had your boy pulled the leg, maybe he would've had this one right there.

Fury: Plenty of time, Jennifer. It isn't a sprint, it's a marathon. Besides Perfection isn't done sending a message yet.

Perfection barks at the ref asking if that should've been three. The ref says no that the count was fair. Perfection picks Yeshua back up. As he brings Yeshua up he flips him over his shoulder with a Snapmare. Yeshua lands on his knees. Perfection pulls his arms back bow and arrow style.

Fury: Again Perfection grounding the high flying Yeshua. Great strategy from one of the best. Yeshua is able to roll to his knee, and then push himself to his feet. He walks himself and Perfection, still with the hold locked in towards the ropes. When at the ropes, Perfection pushes Yeshua in and sends him for the ride.

Williams: Yeshua across.

Yeshua rebounds. Perfection pops him high into the sky looking for a Powerbomb, Yeshua on the decline is able to use his feet and head scissors Perfection to the mat again.

Fury: And Perfection's hands right up to his neck. If Yeshua hurt Perfection Dick might have to get in that ring right now.

Williams: Settle down, Dick.

Both men are winded and on all fours. Yeshua pulls himself closer to the middle of the ring, Perfection pushes himself up to a vertical base. Yeshua waits for Perfection to stand, a clothesline ready to throw.

Fury: Perfection is gonna get his head knocked off!

Perfection stands and powers towards Yeshua catching him off guard and clocking him with a sick elbow that sends Yeshua to the mat with a thud.

Fury: Perfection charged in and cleaned this nutjob's clock. Who knows maybe that will help him.

Williams: Nice bedside manner.

Perfection picks up Yeshua and fires away with a huge right hand driving him back into the corner. When in the corner Perfection clubs Yeshua over the head. He takes the masked superstar and hangs him from the corner in a Tree of Woe. Perfection runs back to the opposite corner.

Fury: Here come some fireworks.

Perfection storms across the ring and drives both feet into Yeshua's face with a baseball slide.

Williams: Aw come on. Yeshua can't even defend himself here, Dick.

Yeshua slinks forward falling out of the Tree of Woe, collapsing onto the ring mat. The ref is over to investigate, but doesn't stop anything. Perfection scoops Yeshua up and drops him over his knee with a Backbreaker.

Fury: What you have to realize is that Perfection has gotta be on Cloud Nine. Here he is, coming back think he's going to have to start all the way at the bottom and THEN BOOM! Out of nowhere Greer gets hurt and he's within a few falls of having a shot at HIS World Title again.

Williams: A thought that no one wants to share with you, let me assure you.

Perfection holds Yeshua across his knee, not letting him fall to the mat. He drives his palm into Yeshua's throat and bends him over his knee, stretching him out.

Fury: And here it is again, that ground game. This is why Perfection was a World Champion he knows how to find a weakness and exploit it.

Williams: And here I thought strength in numbers had something to do with it.

Fury: You're a real riot, Jennifer. Dick wonders if maybe it's that time of the month.

It's clear that Yeshua won't submit so Perfection pushes him off his knee in disgust. Perfection pulls Yeshua up and pushes him back into the corner. A slap across the chest as Perfection pulls Yeshua across and sends him the other way. Perfection charges in but catches a shoulder full of post as Yeshua vaulted himself over top. Yeshua lands on his feet as Perfection comes out of the corner dazed.

Williams: Look at that Yeshua landed right on his feet.

Perfection enraged throws a wild clothesline, Yeshua ducks underneath of it and spins landing a Spinning Heel Kick to Perfection's chin sending him to the mat.

Williams: What a Spinning Heel Kick there by Yeshua. And he might just be in control. Could it be?

Fury: Say it ain't so!

Yeshua is quickly up in the corner, climbing to the tope. He spins around facing Perfection who's to a knee.

Fury: High rent district.

Williams: No where to go but down.

Yeshua leaps off and catches Perfection across the chest with a press sending both men down to the ring. Yeshua is on top in a pinning position. The official slides in.

Williams: Here it is! ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Fury: Shoulder up! Perfection got his shoulder up! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Williams: Yeshua to a knee, breathing heavy. He's gotta be wondering what else he needs to do here.

Fury: Perfection to a knee, breathing heavy as well. Time for him to get serious now. Perfection charges into Yeshua, Yeshua slips underneath, Perfection on his way past grabs

Yeshua's arm and whips him into the turnbuckle. Perfection charges with his head down, Yeshua sees him coming and bends down, he uses Perfection's own momentum to vault him over the top rope. Perfection spills out onto the floor

outside.

Williams: And Perfection thrown out of the ring here.

Fury: Perfection pulling himself up against that barricade there.

In the ring Yeshua runs towards the far ropes, pushes off them, and takes off the otherway at breakneck speed. Yeshua pushes off his legs, launching himself over the top rope and diving into Perfection.

Williams: Suicide Dive to the outside!

Fury: Yeshua OVER TOP the ropes there and Perfection is winded here.

Perfection throws his head back in pain, as Yeshua collapses to the floor out below. Yeshua pushes up to a knee and then to his feet, he grips Perfection by the back of the neck and throws him into the ring, underneath the bottom rope.

Williams: Yeshua trying to follow up here.

Yeshua climbs the stairs and pushes up to the turnbuckle. Perfection lays fallen at the bottom of the turnbuckle.

Williams: Yeshua has Perfection sized up, Dick.

Yeshua leaps off bringing himself forward, rolling himself into a 360 Somersault Senton, connecting on Perfection. Yeshua stunned grabs the leg. Official slides in for the count. ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Fury: Perfection keeps himself alive! Yes. Not dead yet.

Williams: Yeshua with a strong showing here.

Yeshua grips the bottom rope, pulling it in frustration. Yeshua beats Perfection to his feet and pulls him up a bit. Perfection turns away trying to buy himself some time. Yeshua slips on a waist lock. Perfection brings an elbow back to clear Yeshua off of him.

Williams: And Perfection slips Yeshua with a reversal there.

Perfection is able to get behind Yeshua, waist lock him and bring him up and let him fall over confident in his Release German Suplex, but Yeshua rolls through somehow, not quite able to land on his feet, lands on his knee and rolls through to a corner. Perfection taunts the crowd, throwing his hands to either side.

Fury: Look behind you! Dick says look behind you!

Perfection turns Yeshua throws himself in the air, Perfection catches him, pulling him up into a Powerbomb. Perfection lifts and slams connecting Yeshua's back to the mat hard with one,.

Williams: Perfection not letting go! Perfection not letting go here!

Perfection lifts Yeshua into the air again and connects with another hard powerbomb.

Fury: Two in a row from Perfection and this is special folks. Dick is gonna miss this. Perfection lets out a massive roar which draws boos from the crowd. He spins around with his arms to either side. He finally drops down and lazily covers Yeshua.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Williams: Yeshua kicks out! Perfection didn't get it.

Fury: You gotta be kidding me. This guy needs to learn when enough is enough. Perfection stares out into the crowd. He can't believe that wasn't three.

Williams: Mistake there for sure from Perfection. All that time wasted playing to the crowd. That was his three second finish right there.

Fury: Didn't know you broke out the stopwatch, Jennifer.

Perfection picks Yeshua up gripping him around the head and lifting him, sitting him on the top turnbuckle in the corner.

Williams: Let's see what Perfection does here.

Perfection delivers a forearm that dazes Yeshua. Perfection moves quickly, locking Yeshua around the neck and lifting him up dropping him back to the ring with a Superplex.

Fury: Textbook Superplex from Perfection and now look at this - look at this!

In the ring Perfection leaps to his feet and quickly locks Yeshua in the Picture Perfect. Williams: The Picture Perfect locked in. Yeshua is howling in pain and he taps. He taps. Yeshua pounds the mat and the official tries to pry Perfection's hold loose.

Fury: Perfection not letting go here. Sending a message that come the Pay Per View he means business.

Finally the ref peels the hold off and Perfection rolls free.

Announcer: Here is your winner, by submission...PERRRRRRFFFFECTTTTTION.

Perfection makes his way to the corner, climbing to the second turnbuckle and raising his arms to celebrate.

Lost Spirits

The camera turns to the catering area of the ship where many of the UTA staff are eating and lounging relaxing. Sitting at one of the tables are Jason Blackfront, Kate Kincaid, Jamie Sawyers, and Rumor Man Stan.

Stan: So come on who do you guys got at International Affairs? La Flama Blanca or Eric Dane? Sawyers: Eric Dane is a tough competitor but you can't deny the tenacity of LFB... Should be a great match overall. What about you guys?

Blakfront: Hmmm mmmmm hard to say.....

Jason ponders the question when a loud commotion is heard....

L. Jackson: WHERE ARE DEY!?

The camera turns to show Lisil Jackson storming into the scene. Without warning he flips over a table looking under it. Kate Kincaid and Rumor Man Stan immediately face palm.

Kincaid: Oh god... This guy.....

Blakfront: What in the world?

Lisil Jackson flips over another table clearly frantically looking for something.

L. Jackson: Oh god... No no no no no.... Dey can't be missin!!! Workers scatter as Lisil Jackson flips another table over.

Sawyers: Is that the guy you were talking about Stan?

Stan: Oh yeah..... The one with the snake.....

Blakfront: I don't even wanna know....

The camera turns back to the Jamaican Inspiration who is now digging through the massive salad bowl flinging lettuce over his shoulders.

Kincaid: Yep... I think he's finally snapped....

Stan: Finally?! The guy hasn't entirely had his marbles there to begin with! Hey Sawyers! Why don't you go over there and talk to him?

Sawyers: Me? Ummmmmmm ok.....

Jamie Sawyers slowly stands up as Stan chuckles. He cautiously walks over to Lisil Jackson who at this point has gotten to the pan of pasta and is now flinging Alfredo pasta all over the catering area before the pan itself goes flying.

L. Jackson: No... No... No... Dey gotta be ere mon! Sawyers clears his throat.

Sawyers: I am here live and it appears as if Lisil Jackson is suffering a total melt down! Lisil looks at Sawyers and shoves him out of his way.

L. Jackson: Outta ma way Sawya! I lost me idols and I should be meditating now mon! But no! Now I be on some goose chase lookin fo dem! Oh sweet Christmas mon where dey be?!

Lisil says as Sawyers slowly backs out of the scene as the entire dessert table gets flipped over. Completely going ballistic Jackson storms over to the soda machine and everyone in the room gasps as he rips the entire door off flinging it over his shoulders. The camera turns to show Zhalia Fears standing close by watching tilting her head to the side with a glass bottle of root beer in her hand.

L. Jackson: AWE C'MON!!!!

Jackson yells frustrated as several bottles of soda go flying. Zhalia sighs and clears her throat.

Fears: Before you make Robot Pete quite unhappy, mind tossing me another bottle? Jackson turns and sees her shaking an empty bottle; blindly plucks one out of the machine's innards and tosses it over.

Fears: Now, how about we turn the rageometer down a few notches and tell me what is going on?

L. Jackson: Ma spirits! DEY BE MISSIN MON!!!!!!

Lisil walks over to the snack machine before Zhalia Fears shatters the glass bottle over Jackson's head. She shrugs as Sawyers looks back at their direction.

Fears: It had to be done. For all that is holy and crispy funyun-y. It had to. Jackson falls to his knees shaking his head.

L. Jackson: Aight.... I needed dat.... Ya be lucky I can break a bat wit me forehead ya know!

Fears: I would do it again but-

She pops the cap off the other bottle and takes a swig.

Fears: This one is still full. And that would be a waste... mon! I do that right?

Jackson gets to his feet taking a deep breath.

L. Jackson: Aight real talk Zhalia! Where be ma spirits?! I be tearin dis ship apart lookin fo dem!!!!

Fears: Either the Bad Rev has two Judas's now, or they be hauling around your tiki people from stern to stern...

Jackson's eyes grow as wide as half dollars.

L. Jackson: Dee Truth!!!!!! I SHOULD KNOW!!!!!! Oh sweet pineapples I knew I felt a disturbance!!!!

Fears: Lisil, you want any help tracking those vermin down? Or can the spirits guide you now? Lisil shakes his head.

L. Jackson: No Zhalia. Dis be ma fight! I will get dem back!

Lisil Jackson says cracking his knuckles before he steps out of the scene.

Brought to You By

I Was Born For This Role

The scene opens to the dark blue waves of the ocean. A white stream jets through the water, as the tail end of the boat we are on rips through the tide.

The camera backs up and we see the American flag waving in the wind.

As the scene widens, it appears as if we are on no normal boat. No, in fact its much larger. Not quite the size of the cruise liner that Proving Grounds is taking place on, but this very large yacht is indeed glorious.

Soon WrestleUTA superstar Mikey Unlikely walks into view. He wears white pants, a white button up, it's left open revealing his chest and abdomen.

He puts his hands on the silver railing and looks out over the ocean. He breathes deep.

Unlikely: Do you smell that?

The smile on his face does not falter. He stretches his arms out to each side, letting the wind hit him.

Unlikely: No, not the smell of the salt water beneath me. Not the wonderful smell of a fresh clean deck on this brand new yacht.

His lip curls up as the smile grows wide.

Unlikely: It's isolation!

He puts his arms down, and looks over his shoulder.

Unlikely: It's the fresh clean air, that I the privileged, get the opportunity to breath. It's the feeling of knowing that I am not sharing everything around me with a couple thousand people. IN FACT! Mikey holds up one finger.

Unlikely: I only share it with only a few!

Mary Jane slowly makes her way into the shot and stands behind Mikey. She wraps her arms around his chest and squeezes. He continues.

Unlikely: So this is it, is it? The last stop before International Affair? Proving Grounds... I knew as soon as I heard the name of the show, that I could not be there. Mikey has proven more than any moron in attendance tonight, let alone those competitors! Do you really think I'm going to be on the same vessel as those Dibbins Brothers? Do you think I wanna be street fought?

Mikey gives a wide eyed inquisitive look.

Unlikely: Get Real! While I had no real desire to be there tonight. The camera loves Mikey, so I thought I would stay just far enough away that the wretched stench of sweaty, fat, ugly, and worst of all.... poor people would not reach me.

He pats Mary Jane's hands and she lets go. He turns and faces the camera direct. She now half hides behind him.

Unlikely: This is not about gloating however. This is about delivering a message. A message that in just 6 short days. Will Haynes you are going to finally get what you deserve. Will Haynes finally gets what he's been asking for, for far too long. Because in 6 days, at International Affair, I am NOT ONLY going to embarrass you, Haynes. I am NOT ONLY going to defeat you, but since I already made your girl my bitch, now I'm going make YOU my bitch!

M.J. doesn't like the last comment much, but she's not about to interrupt the ever increasingly heated Mikey.

Unlikely: There is only one man on the planet who has kept you out of commission so long Haynes. There is only one man who threw you off that stage! One man who took out Coleslaw Jenkins, who hasn't been seen since!? You can believe come Sunday, there is only one man who is going to make Will Haynes say the words "I QUIT!"

He takes a deep breath and tries to relax.

Unlikely: Who is that man, you may ask yourself? Who knows, you people are stupid...

He pulls a pair of black aviators out of his pocket, and slips them onto his face, before dropping that trademark smile.

Unlikely: Let's just say... I was born for this role!

He lets it sink in, before grabbing Mary Janes hand and walking off screen with her. The scene fades looking out over the water.

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 first, 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. making his debut here tonight.

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

Williams: Sabrina Baker finally got her first win the UTA during her last match. She looks to continue that into a streak here as she faces El Trébol Jr.

Sabrina looks at the fans as she's pointing at them and reaches out to slap on of them on the hands.

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 as she points at everyone that is cheering for her.

Announcer: SABRINNAAA.... BAKKKEERRR!!!

She walks around the ring and talks to the referee before their match as she has a smile on her face before warming up.

Williams: Intergender action here.

Sabrina moves her legs to warm up back and forth as she's stretching.

Williams: here we go, El Trébol Jr. and Sabrina Baker one on one.

Fury: Sounds like the title to a very interesting movie.

Williams: I'm sure it does to you Dick.

Sabrina Baker moves to the middle of the ring. As the bell sound starts the match, El Trébol Jr. begins to run in circles around her. She tries to keep her eyes on him as he does.

Williams: El Trébol keeping Sabrina Baker on her toes here.

Fury: He's as quick as a cheetah on cocaine.

Williams: Why would a cheetah be on- never mind.

Baker throws both hands up and yells for Trébol to stop. He does. The fans clap as Baker smirks at him, adjusting her shorts. She drops to one knee and then the other before putting her fist up and telling El Trébol to Come on.

Williams: Sabrina Baker almost mocking the newcomer.

Fury: She's just getting to his level. Dick thinks it's very noble.

Trébol puts his fist up too and moves in, but stops. He moves to the left and right very quickly, causing Sabrina to be taken off guard momentarily. El Trébol then quickly grabs a piece of her hair that is swinging and slaps her in the face with it. The fans laugh.

Williams: Now, El Trébol Jr. embarrassing Sabrina Baker as she did him.

She pulls her hair away and knocks El Trébol back. He spins around and comes into a slap across her face. She backs away and stands up, rubbing her face as she does.

Williams: Slap by El Trébol Jr. causing Sabrina Baker to realize this isn't a game.

Fury: It is one step off from being patty cakes, so maybe it really is?

Williams: Baker charges Trébol.

El Trébol runs toward her too. As he does, he leaps forward and turns in the air, kicking Sabrina in the stomach causing her to fall over and forward.

Williams: OK, it looks like this match is actually getting underway now.

She reaches out, grabbing the ropes as she tries to keep her balance. Baker turns toward Trébol and steps out of the corner as he takes off.

Williams: El Trébol Jr. rushes Sabrina Baker.. hard shoulder into her mid section.

Fury: Well, if Sabrina ever has an unexpected surprise, she knows who she can call to help get rid of it.

Williams: I'm so glad this is your last show. You're horrible.

Sabrina drops to her knees and forward, reaching out to grab the ropes again to hold herself up. She pulls herself to her feet and turns around to see El Trébol Jr. standing across from her by the ropes.

Williams: Sabrina Baker charging Trébol again.

As she approaches, El Trébol leans over the middle rope backward, slipping to the apron and then jumping down to the floor outside. Sabrina stops short of hitting the ropes and quickly starts to step through them.

Williams: Sabrina Baker jumping to the floor in pursuit.

El Trébol Jr. leaps back up to the apron. However, Sabrina grabs him by the waist and turns him around. She points her finger in his face and begins to chew him out but is caught off guard when Trébol brings a slap across her face again.

Williams: Sabrina Baker underestimated her opponent here tonight.

Fury: Why though? Isn't she used to being worse than everyone she faces, no matter their size? She rubs her chin as she stumbles away from the ring. El Trébol Jr. re-enters the ring and runs. He hits the ropes across from it. As Sabrina turns, she see El Trébol Jr. coming in fast. As he

jumps to come between the middle and top rope, Sabrina Baker comes forward and slams a forearm into his oncoming face.

Williams: Sabrina Baker trying to get some offense in here.

Trébol hits the canvas as Sabrina quickly gets onto the apron and rolls back into the ring. She gets up and walks over to the downed El Trébol Jr.

Williams: Baker trying to decide her next move.

Fury: Dick thinks she's trying to decide what she should be cooking in the kitchen instead of wasting our time here.

Williams: You just have no respect, do you?

Fury: No.

She bends down and grabs Trébol by the head. As she pulls him to his feet, she brings him in tight.

Williams: Sabrina Baker with El Trébol Jr. in a side headlock.

She runs forward, leaping up to the second rope while still holding onto him. She uses the ropes to push off as she spins, driving Trébol's head into the canvas.

Williams: Running bulldog by Sabrina Baker.

She quickly turns Trébol over and covers him, lifting his legs up. the referee moves around and slides into place before he begins his count.

Williams: Sabrina Baker looking to put El Trébol Jr. away here.

At two Trébol is able to kick his legs free and lift his shoulders enough to break the count.

Williams: No! Kick out by El Trébol Jr. This match will continue.

Fury: How do you not keep someone his size down for three? See.. this is why Dick has the view he has on women.

Sabrina pushes to her feet. As she reaches down to grab her opponent, he rolls over and crawls through her legs.

Williams: El Trébol Jr. on the retreat now.

Fury: He's a slippery little booger.

Trébol pushes up and runs toward the corner, climbing the turnbuckle. As Baker turns around, Trébol balances himself on the top rope. She comes forward.

Williams: Baker looking to grab Trébol off of the ropes.

As she moves in, he kicks back, catching her in the face and causing her to stumble back a bit. He regains his balance before leaping backward.

Williams: MOONSAULT!

As he flips, Trébol lands on Sabrina's shoulder and behind her head. He then in one fluid motion bends backward and using his momentum, sends her over and to the canvas.

Williams: AL VER VERDE! Trébol with the pin!

The referee slides into position and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, he calls for the bell.

Announcer: the winner of this match.. EL TREBOL... JOOOUNNNEEERRR!!!!

Williams: Big win for the newcomer here.

Fury: Dick guesses Sabrina's streak is going to have to start sometime else, cause it ain't happening today.

Trébol rolls over and pops up, throwing his arms out and spinning around as he celebrates. Sabrina Baker lays on the canvas holding her neck.

The World's Greatest Interviewer...In The World

Back aboard the "World's greatest Yacht.... In the WORLD!" We see Mikey Unlikely with Microphone in hand just below his mouth, he throws his cocky smile the viewer's' way;

Unlikely: Ladies and Gentlemen...I, Mikey Unlikely, would like to introduce a very special guest aboard his yacht at this time.

He nods at the camera, his eyes wide in excitement;

Unlikely: Please put your worthless hands together for Mikey's buddy and, more importantly, the future of the UTA...JFK himself, KENDDRRRRIIXXX!

Mikey enthusiastically claps his hands together after quickly placing the mic underneath his armpit. As the shot zooms out Kendrix comes into view, still wearing his Kaptain Kendrix hat, holding his hand up modestly at Mikey, accepting his applause;

Kendrix: Mikey you're too kind. May JFK say, it's truly an honour to finally be interviewed by, not only a man of such class and professionalism...unlike that dimwit Jamie Sawyers, but by the world's greatest entertainer in the world...JFK has to admit, he's a huge fan of yours.

Mikey, mic in hand once more, holds his free hand to his chest;

Unlikely: Oh stop it, you're too much bro! Thank you for your incredibly honest and insanely accurate words.

Kendrix: See, that's what JFK loves about you, you're always so modest and humble. Mikey shrugs his shoulders as if to say, "obviously"

Unlikely: That's very kind Jesse. But Mikey has to warn you that, while you and I are bruvs...I take everything I do incredibly seriously. So I will be asking you some hard hitting questions! Prepare yourself!

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?!...JFK knows you're gonna ask the right questions bruv!

With that Kendrix turns, body facing the camera, hopping from one foot to the other. Raising his head he breathes in deeply before exhaling out in anticipation of Mikey's opener;

Unlikely: Jesse...may I call you Jesse?

Kendrix, stroking his beard in thought for a few seconds looks at Mikey before leaning in towards the held out mic;

Kendrix: Good question Mikey, obv! Yes you may, thanks for asking!

Kendrix leans back upright with a cocky wink thrown toward the camera, Mikey looks on with a smile before facing his interviewee;

Unlikely: You're welcome. Question two, I hope you're ready for this humdinger;

Mikey holds out two fingers in front of Kendrix who closes his eyes in anticipation, nodding his head;

Unlikely: How did it feel to beat that traitor, Sean "Judas" Jackson, at Wrestleshow?!

As Mikey holds the mic towards Kendrix, JFK throws a smug look across his face before leaning in to answer the question, wagging his index finger at Mikey;

Kendrix: Another tough question Mikey, you know how to work your subjects;

Mikey nods as he shrugs his shoulders with his free hand out wide before bringing the mic back to his mouth;

Unlikely: Guilty!

Mikey quickly holds the mic in front of Kendrix once more. JFK tilting his head to face the camera; Kendrix: Everyone saw what happened last week. Wrestleshow Forty Eight will forever be remembered as the night that JFK, the future of the UTA, single handedly beat Sean Jackson in the middle of the ring one, two, three;

As the camera zooms in closer, Kendrix holds his fingers up, counting along before turning to face Mikey;

Kendrix: You see, JFK proved to the world that he belongs in the main event. JFK beat a legend and proved to the world that the future...is now;

Turning to face the camera his eyes become focussed;

Kendrix: And next week in the Tokyo Dome, Japan, at International Affair...Chris Hopper's future...will stare him right in the face...when JFK beats yet...ANOTHER...legend. PROVING...to the world, that like Sean Jackson...Chris Hopper is way passed his sell by date!

Turning to grin at Mikey he arches his body back upright. Mikey meanwhile, nods his head, excitedly bringing the mic to his mouth;

Unlikely: Woah, great answer bru...

Looking over at the camera quickly, Mikey realises he's being slightly unprofessional. Regaining his game face he turns to face his subject once more, wagging his finger up in the air; Unlikely: Uh, that brings me onto my next question Jesse. Some people are saying that what happened last week was extremely controversial...

Kendrix, unsurely, turns to face Mikey, holding his hand on the top of his chest. Mikey, meanwhile, holds the palm of his hand out at Kendrix, gesturing for a moment;

Unlikely: Some people have been saying that what took place last week at Wrestleshow was... unfair, cowardly and EVEN...a joke...when Cecilworth Farthington not only threw away the inspirational #FreeMikeyUnlikely petition you worked so hard for...but banned yourself and Chris Hopper from fighting each other prior to International Affair...what do you have to say about that? Kendrix bites his lip, looking away from Mikey for a moment. Removing his hat and slicking his hair back he moves toward the mic in Mikey's outstretched hand;

Kendrix: You said it Mikey, what happened last week was not only a joke of a decision by that bumbling idiot Farthington...it was an injustice!

Unlikely: #FreeMikeyUnlikely

Holding his arm out, pointing at the camera he continues; Mikey shakes his head, feeling JFKs pain;

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! Cecilworth showed everyone what JFK has known all along. That the UTA are out to protect the old has beens of this company from the younger, HUNGRIER...and talented professionals like JFK.

Turning to face the camera, it zooms in on Kendrix, taking Mikey out of shot;

Kendrix: Hopper went crying to Cecilworth! Hopper knew he was losing the mind games with JFK. So he begged for help from the powers that be. He begged them to fight his own battles for him.

He lets out a chuckled sigh as he shakes his head and looks at Mikey;

Kendrix: But that's exactly what JFK expected from a man like Hopper.

Looking back at the camera he holds his hand up and counts his next points with his fingers;

Kendrix: That bellend is tired, beat up and most importantly...a coward!

Throwing his trademark smirk across his face he nods his head in agreement with himself; Kendrix: You're a coward Christopher. Instead of walking away from the business before Ring King like you were going to in your shitty little speech to the fans, you changed your mind because of them!

Looking away in disgust he composes himself before looking back;

Kendrix: You stuck around and as a result...young, talented, DESERVING...individuals like JFK were held back because you were afraid to let go of the spotlight...JFK'S SPOTLIGHT!

Mikey quickly leans into shot by the mic, facing the camera;

Unlikely: #FreeMikeyUnlikely

Mikey leaves the shot and Kendrix picks up where he left off;

Kendrix: Well unfortunately for you, Hopper...the decision to take a step back is now no longer in your hands. Cos, come International Affair...JFK's gonna make you wish you retired when you had the chance...when he TAKES...his spotlight from you for good!

As the camera zooms out Kendrix and Mikey shake hands before Kendrix walks out of shot; Unlikely: Well there we have it. I for one cannot wait to see my buddy, JFK kick Chris Hopper's ass all over International Affair... Nor can JFK wait to watch me embarrass Will Haynes for the last time! And remember #FreeMikeyUnlikely! Live from "The World's Greatest Yacht...In The World" This is WrestleUTA Correspondent, and greatest rapper alive. Mikey Unlikely.

Scott Stevens and the Search for the Missing Greer

As the image opens up to a lush jungle somewhere in the Amazon, the sounds of birds chirping loudly in the background while the predatory snake moves in for a late afternoon snack. As the boa constrictor slithers stealthy towards his prey as the feathered entertainer continues to sing loudly. The snake opens it's mouth wide and launches itself towards it's food, but by some divine intervention the bird continues to live another day as the head of the snake falls to the ground as the blade of a machete drops and sticks into it.

Voice: Sorry about that ladies and gentlemen but we cannot start off the show with a gruesome death since this is a family program after all.

A voice rings out as the camera pans over to show Vacation Aficionado, Scott Stevens, standing with his hands on his hips and looking to the sky as if he just saved the day.

Stevens: Hi there Wrestle UTA, it is I, Scott Stevens, updating you once again about the latest and greatest vacation hotspots, but most importantly, my return to the ring.

Stevens says as he takes a sip of cool and refreshing water from his canteen.

Stevens: Since I've been away, there has been some changes to my upcoming match that highlights my impending return at International Affair which Cecilworth Farthington failed to inform me about until a few days ago. So I immediately reached out to my contacts to find the missing Stephen Greer and bring him back to the match, and they found him.

Stevens informs the people watching at home.

Stevens: I have traveled to the Amazon basin area of Peru to not only inform you about why it's a lovely vacation from

the exotic wildlife ranging from anacondas to piranhas, but to do my philanthropy duties of being a humanitarian and bring the missing Stephen Greer back to UTA where he can earn a shot at UTA gold, just like me.

Stevens says with a grin before looking at the map he has in his hands.

Stevens: Now according to the indigenous Hovito people that hotel should be fifty yards straight ahead.

Stevens says as he folds up the map and places back into his pocket.

Stevens: Come on, we got to find a missing comrade, and you can check out the beautiful jungle scenery as we truck on.

Stevens says as he picks up his machete and begins to hack away at brush and limbs.

Stevens: This can't be right.

Stevens says to himself as he reaches the clearing and there is no hotel, but only an ancient temple.

Stevens: Well, when life gives you lemons you make lemonade, and with this pleasant surprise this is another reason this place is a definite place you need to visit when you plan your next vacation.

Stevens says as he starts to make his way to the entrance of the temple.

Stevens: Let's take a look shall we?

Stevens asks as he uses all of his strength to pry the door open.

Once the door is open, Stevens takes a look inside and reaches into his back pocket for his trusty flashlight before proceeding going in.

Stevens: Throughout the lower portion of North America from Mexico through Central America to portions of South America you have ancient temples such as these of ancient civilizations like the Mayans, Incas, and Aztecs.

Stevens says as he continues through the temple as he shines his light onto the way to show faded inscriptions and paintings. Stevens uses his machete to cut through the various amounts of webbing that has built up in this temple throughout the years.

Stevens: The heck?

Stevens says to himself as he reaches the end of the tunnel and sees skeletons laying everywhere. As he cautiously raises his machete he continues forward and turns into the next room and sees something familiar, a white, hockey like mask covering the face of a skeleton. Stevens: Is that you Greer?

Stevens asks himself as he makes his way over to the corpse and shines the light on it.

Stevens: Guess the rumors of your death were true, rest in piece buddy. Stevens says before taking the time to Tebow.

Stevens: Well, look at the time. Stevens says as he checks his watch.

Stevens: This as been your latest....what is that?

Stevens asks as he stares off into the distance at something shining brightly. Stevens makes his way towards the illuminated object and once he gets face to face with it he can't help but laugh. Stevens: Seriously?

Stevens says as he approaches the sacred altar that holds the temples greatest treasure, a Perfection action figure.

Stevens: I just don't see what's the big deal.

Stevens says as he picks up the Series One action figure.

Stevens: What does that say? Now with L.G.B.T flag?

Stevens says as he squints his eyes to read the fine print on front of the box. As the Texan's attention is focused on the Perfection action figure, the top of the altar begins to slide down and after a few seconds the pyramid begins to shake.

Stevens: What the?

Stevens looks around nervously as the sees something coming towards him very fast.

Stevens: Well it looks like we are out of time, I hope everyone comes to Peru to visit this ancient temple, and see you at International Affair.

Stevens says before turning around to sprint.

Stevens: Out of the way camera man!

Stevens shouts as the camera crashes to the ground as the last image it sees before going to static is Stevens running from a giant, rolling rock.

Jarvis Valentine's Debut

We come across Kate Kincaid standing by a bar.

Kincaid: Joining me now, making his debut tonight on Proving Grounds, Jarvis Valentine.

With the sound of waives crashing in the back ground we see Jarvis Valentine walk in via the right side of the screen.

Kincaid: Tonight you are making you're in ring debut at this history making event. What is your thought's on how tonight is going to turn out.

Valentine: You are right! I am making my debut here tonight on a ship, but not any ship, the Sapphire Princess! This thing is amazing, you have pools everywhere, entertainment galore inside. How did I get so lucky to be part of this!

Genuine emotion can be seen as he turns back to Kate.

Valentine: But to answer your question, I think tonight is going to come out how it should come out. That, me being the winner. Like I said earlier this week. We are in international waters now. No one patrols us!

Kate smiles.

Valentine: I can do anything I want to do to you Kodo! We are both new here in UTA, and we both get to participate in this amazing night on this amazing cruise ship. But I am here for the fans of UTA, to put on a hell of a show. Only one will be able to come out the winner, and that my friend, will be I. Jarvis Valentine!

Jarvis disappears out from the view of the camera as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

As we return ringside, Jarvis Valentine is already in the ring. Red by Gazette begins to play. Kodo Dragon walks out holding the American flag in one hand.

Williams: One of the most hated men in American wrestling making his debut here in the UTA tonight.

To the chorus of boos and hateful chanting Kodo struts toward the ring smiling to himself.

Announcer: Hailing Shinohata, Japan

Sliding into the ring Kodo sprints towards and up the turnbuckle waving the flag in the air.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight and a hundred and forty seven pounds... With a lighter from inside his boot he sets the American flag a light.

Announcer: Kodo The Ultimate Warrior Dragon

The boos erupt around the ship as flag slowly burns out. The cocky Kodo throws what is left into the crowd.

Williams: And know the most hated man here.

Fury: Lucky for him it's maritime law or he'd be arrested for that.

Stepping back Kodo falls to one knee in the centre of the ring. He mouths some prayer in Japanese.

Williams: He just does this to anger the fans ... but why would you want to.

Fury: He feeds off it. It pumps him up. He's sick. He gets to his feet as he awaits the bell.

Williams: When you say someone is sick, that is bad.

Fury: Hey, Dick LOVES America.

As the bell sounds, Jarvis Valentine pushes Kodo with force of which sends Kodo Dragon immediately to the canvas.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine the larger man, showing his strength.

Kodo quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Valentine then motions for Kodo to come at him. Kodo complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Valentine quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Kodo backward toward the canvas. Williams: Kodo sent off of his feet again. He needs to try and take Valentine in another way as Jarvis is the stronger of the two.

Kodo then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Valentine, the blow causing Valentine to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. Kodo raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Valentine's head.

Williams: Kodo Dragon now in control.

Fury: He just needed to re-evaluate the situation, that's all. But now he needs to continue if he plans to capitalize.

He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Williams: Kodo working the back Jarvis Valentine.

Fury: Focus on one area, and use that against him later with something larger.

Kodo grabs his arm and Irish whips Jarvis Valentine into the ropes. As he returns, Kodo drops to the mat, Valentine jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Valentine then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Kodo square in the head.

Williams: Big boot from Jarvis Valentine, and Kodo is down!

Valentine raises his arms as Kodo gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin. Kodo and Valentine lock up in the center of the ring again. Jarvis Valentine quickly rolls behind Kodo with a rear lock.

Williams: Valentine with that bear like grip on Kodo.

Kodo makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold. He pushes back, putting Valentine into the ropes. Kodo moves forward, breaking out of the hold. As he turns around, Jarvis Valentine runs at him. Kodo quickly spins around with an elbow catching Valentine in the face and sending him to

the canvas.

Williams: Counter by Kodo Dragon, sending Valentine to the canvas with that elbow smash. Fury: You have to admit that Kodo Dragon has an arsenal in his tool box and can handle almost any situation, such as that one right there.

He makes his way to Valentine, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Williams: Kodo going to work now.

Kodo Irish whips Valentine into the ropes. As he returns, Kodo hooks Valentine's arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

Williams: Hip toss by Kodo! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Jarvis Valentine right to the canvas.

The fans boo as Kodo takes Valentine's head and drapes it across the bottom rope. He looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Valentine, standing across the shoulder blades. Kodo grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Jarvis.

Williams: Kodo Dragon using the ropes to choke Jarvis Valentine! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and Kodo is mercilessly choking him!

Fury: It's smart. Valentine is larger. You have to do whatever it takes to wear him down.

The referee quickly makes the count. Kodo breaks the hold at four. The ref warns Kodo yet again with a finger in his face.

Williams: That choke doing damage.

As Jarvis lays on the canvas, he holds his throat. Valentine swallows once, with it appearing quite difficult.

Williams: Valentine is struggling to swallow after being choked by Kodo. Jarvis Valentine slowly gets to his feet as Kodo turns to face down toward him. Williams: Kodo looking to make an impact here in his debut match.

After a few moments, after Jarvis Valentine is able to get back to his feet, the two men lock up in the center of the ring yet again.

Williams: Starting back from square one, Jarvis Valentine needs to get some sort of momentum going if he expects to win.

Fury: Well he already has everything going against him. Kodo takes control, switching to a side headlock.

Fury: Dick's just not sure if tonight is the night Jarvis Valentine beats Kodo Dragon.

Jarvis Valentine takes several steps backwards. He hits the ropes, using the momentum to toss Kodo off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Kodo returns, meeting the arm of Jarvis Valentine.

Williams: Valentine with the clothesline! He may be turning this around.

Fury: He needs to stay on Kodo though. You can't let someone like Kodo even have a moment to rest.

Kodo quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes for momentum. As he returns, Kodo goes for the shoulder block but Valentine out powers him, the blow causing Kodo to fall to the canvas instead.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine with the shoulder block. Errr... well Kodo with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Kodo gets back to his feet, stumbling into the ropes. He regains his composure and charges Jarvis Valentine. Valentine catches Kodo, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press before tossing him back to the canvas.

Williams: Huge military press there by Valentine.

Fury: Dick may have been wrong. This may be the night of Valentine.

Valentine stomps Kodo a few more times before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. The referee hits the canvas to make the count.

Williams: We've got a pin ladies and gentlemen... NO! Kick out. Kodo kicks out and that one was hardly close.

Fury: He needs to try and not get into a position that he can be pinned like that if Kodo expects to get the upper hand. All it takes is the referee's hand hitting the canvas three times.

Jarvis Valentine checks with the referee who signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine can't believe it wasn't three.

He gets slowly to his feet. Jarvis reaches down, grabbing the head of Kodo and pulling him to his feet with it. He places his arm around Kodo's head and grabs his tights before lifting him up vertically.

Williams: Jarvis Valentine lifting Kodo Dragon up. It may be time for a suplex.

Fury: Look at the hang time. Dick is impressed.

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

Williams: The Jarvis Drop by Jarvis Valentine Looking to put Kodo Dragon 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: Jarvis Valentine putting Kodo Dragon away in his debut match.

Fury: Not too bad.

Jarvis climbs the corner turnbuckle, throwing one arm up to the fans as he celebrates.

Breaking A Man's Spirits

The camera turns to outside of the lower deck with Lisil Jackson storming into the scene looking around.

Good Reverend: Brother Lisil! Nice of you to finally join us!

The camera turns to the railing where Brother Judas and The Good Reverend stand. In Judas' hands are Lisil Jackson's three tiki statues.

L. Jackson: REVEREND!!!!

Lisil Jackson immediately clenches his fists as The Good Reverend chuckles amused.

Good Reverend: Now now Brother Lisil no need to be mad.

L. Jackson: Reverend I suggest ya gimme back ma spirits! Ya don't know what ya be messin wit mon!

The Good Reverend shakes his head.

Good Reverend: You just don't seem to get it you heathen! You've been following these false prophets for far too long and now you will accept HIM into your life!

The Jamaican Inspiration takes a step forward.

L. Jackson: Reverend.... Dee Spirits... Ya don't undastand!!!!

Good Reverend: Oh shut your mouth Brother Lisil! This is for your own good! Brother Judas! Do it!!!!

L. Jackson: NOOOO!!!!!!

Lisil Jackson runs to the railing seconds after as Brother Judas throws the three tiki statues over the railing where the

crash into the waters down below. He leans against the railing in a state of catatonic shock.

Good Reverend: You are one step closer to accepting HIM Brother Lisil!

L. Jackson: YA FOOL!!!! Do ya realize what ya done?!

Good Reverend: I know full well what we done! Brother Judas... Make Brother Lisil accept HIM! Brother Judas suddenly grabs Lisil Jackson by the neck and with a feat of strength pulls him over the railing. Jackson looks into the eyes of Judas who lets out a growl. Jackson looks down seeing he is literally dangling above the water off the ship.

Good Reverend: All you had to do was accept this gift of HIM Brother Lisil! Let him go! Brother Judas lets Lisil Jackson go. Judas turns and walks away from the railing. The camera looks over the edge of the boat showing that Lisil Jackson is literally holding onto the bottom of

the railing with one hand. With a great feat of strength and agility he hoists himself up and jumps onto the railing.

L. Jackson: ACCEPT DIS MON!!!

The Good Reverend and Brother Judas turn around and Jackson leaps off the railing nailing both of them with a split legged kick. Lisil Jackson rushes over and grabs an emergency fire extinguisher from a wall and as Judas gets up he sprays it right into his face. The monster stumbles around screaming completely blind. Jackson walks over to The Good Reverend who is crawling over to retrieve his book. Lisil Jackson steps on his hand... The Good Reverend struggles wincing in pain.

L. Jackson: Reverend..... I still got one spirit left.... And I didn't want ta bring im out but now ya leave me no choice brudda..... At International Affair.....

Lisil Jackson closes his eyes clearly shuttering with rage.

L. Jackson: SAMEDI WILL COME!!!!

Lisil Jackson says before he steps out of the scene leaving The Good Reverend clutching his hand in pain.

International Affair Tour Continues X to Infinity

While the action on the cruise liner continues into the night the footage cuts over to the gesturing form of one UTA Hall of Famer, Dr. EMO, as he lounges back in a lounge chair, drink to the side. Dr. EMO: Evening all to the final stop before we reach Japan for International Affair. And just the same, the end of this weekly segment portion, for now. You will of course have to excuse the lack of the studio and big screens. If the entire UTA roster, including mostly all of the employees under its umbrella, are taking part in this cruise you can be best sure that Dr. EMO is as well!

He sits up and reaches over next to him, bringing up a tablet in his hand. Setting it up on its stand next to him as the UTA logo fades on screen.

Dr. EMO: When we talk about the pay per view event just around the corner one championship match has been on the edge of the tongues of the UTA universe -- and no, not the Wildfire Championship match. Not yet. This is about Wrestleshow folks and the Legacy Championship. The tablet, while zoomed in on, shows John Sektor's arrival and CBR calling him down and then taking the fight to him only to get the C-Sektion in the end.

Dr. EMO: These two men are going to put it all on the line this Sunday as the longest reigning Internet Champion, Dynasty's saving grace, CBR, goes up against the originator and lone survivor of the Machine, the Legacy Champion John Sektor.

Cut forward to later in the night.

Dr. EMO: While Kangaroos' riled up the crowd, a most likely unsober Scott Stevens updated the world from Cancun, and Sean Jackson met up with Dynasty's rookie member and who so happened to be his opponent later in the night,

two men were granted their wishes.

Flash to the high five from Dibbins to Cecilworth.

Dr. EMO: The Dibbins clan are going to be involved in a fatal fourway for the returning Hardcore Championship, alongside Skylar Montgomery and Jack Hunter. That match is our Main Event tonight but I will let Ace handle that information. It is his job after all.

As if on queue a popup advert originates over the video of the Dibbins.

Dr. EMO: Pesky popups. Damn Adblock's change of direction. Interesting though...

He minimizes the window to return to his video cut-together, featuring the logo of Wrestleshow. Dr. EMO: After another victory by Chris Hopper we came to the match of the night. Sean Jackson versus Kendrix. Former Dynasty versus Dynasty. A tale of two sides of the same coin, and a match that, well lets face it, if you watch Pro Wrestling, be it in the UTA, the indy's or some other

places -- you know where these things head.

Fade in on Jackson going for the pin on Kendrix. The arrival of Dynasty's CBR, Mikey Unlikely and UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca.

Dr. EMO: In what some could call the worst officiating job in the history of wrestling, distracted by Mikey our official somehow misses the slugfest between Blanca and Jackson, Kendrix's assault from behind right into the Estupendo Kick on Jackson. All leading to the kid pinning Mr. Ace in the Hole.

Shaking his head he watches the tablet as Dynasty reigns down on Jackson. LFB then snatches the briefcase and takes it back with him.

Dr. EMO: While hashtag EmoForCommentator has been doing well I think after this horrendous display it should be hashtag FireTheOfficial folks.

The screen fades back out to the UTA website and onto the lineup for the PPV.

Dr. EMO: Jackson defeated. LFB with the Ace in the Hole Briefcase, and championship defense this weekend against Eric Dane. Dynasty has all the cards, and only one title but that could very well change in either direction at International Affair. Speaking of which, the scheduled matches for the night are:

Lisil Jackson Vs Brother Judas

Lew Smith vs Amy Harrison vs Ron Hall vs Marie Van Claudio in a Ladder Match for the returning Prodigy Championship.

Zhalia Fears vs Perfection vs Quinlan vs Scott Stevens in a Fatal Fourway Wildcard number one contenders match.

Chris Hopper vs Kendrix

Colton Thorpe vs Cayle Murray for the Wildfire Championship. Sean Jackson vs Jason Cashe

John Sektor vs CBR for the Legacy Championship Mikey Unlikely vs Will Haynes in an I Quit match.

Eric Dane vs La Flama Blanca for the UTA World Championship.

Dr. EMO: Just look at that stacked card! Action everywhere, all the championships except for the Hardcore title are on the line. UTA is bringing it big to the Tokyo Dome in Tokyo and you can bet your bottom dollar, or Bobby Dean's last KFC wing, we will have at least ONE new champion crowned.

Grinning Emo shuts the tablet off and drops it back down next to his chair, reaching over for his glass.

Dr. EMO: And no, I don't mean the Prodigy either. But for now back to relaxing, and for you all to get back to the action.

Catch me later this week for UTA Network exclusive breakdown of the International Affair, and until then... remember, hashtag EmoForCommenator.

The cameras fade out from Emo as he takes a drink from his not-so-cold anymore refreshment.

Brought to You By

Welcome Back to Proving Grounds

We come back from commercial to find Kate Kinkaid standing in front of the crowd on the Princess Sapphire. They are going wild as the sun beats down on them. Kinkaid is in a casual sundress with sunglasses to shield her eyes.

Kinkaid: Welcome back to Proving Grounds!

The crowd behind her erupts. The few hundred fans sound a few thousand strong. A gust of wind causes Kate to smooth her hair.

Kinkaid: The UTA would like to thank the members of the UTA Universe who made the trip right along with us. The UTA is giving the fans the ultimate experience.

Cameras cut to the crowd and then to a shot of the boat itself, cutting through the ocean. Kinkaid: The UTA is giving back to the fans for their dedication and support. But not everyone on the roster is making the trip with us on the Princess Sapphire.

We go back to Kinkaid in front of the loyal fans.

Kinkaid: One of the most notable names not here on the voyage is the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca. The World Champion chose the air over the sea.

The fans behind Kate Kinkaid boo the news.

Kinkaid: Earlier today, UTA cameras caught up with La Flama Blanca upon his arrival in Tokyo in advance for International Affair.

Kinkaid gives the camera a smile before the pre-recorded footage hits your TV screen. La Flama Blanca is seen in training gear, a LFB t-shirt and track pants. He carries his duffle bag over his shoulder as he drags his suitcase. The UTA film crew records him as he walks through the halls of his Tokyo hotel.

Voice: Why didn't you take the trip with the rest of the roster? La Flama Blanca keeps moving and the cameras keep pace.

La Flama Blanca: The thought of thing's... hitting the fan and the possibility of being trapped on that ship with all those clowns. You've seen the news; someone gets sick on a cruise ship and soon everyone has it. I can't risk that, or a drunk Captain crashing into some rocks...

We transition into the International Affair Pay Per View.

Voice: Have you wrestled in Japan before?

LFB: I have. I have never wrestled in the Tokyo Dome, not yet. I finally get to cross that off my bucket list.

Cameras are still rolling as the group are now in the elevator. The mock interview continues as we keep filming La Flama Blanca.

Voice: In a little less than a week you go one on one with Eric Dane for the UTA World Championship-

The lense picks up the reflection of the camera man in the golden panels.

LFB: I'm putting the UTA World Title on the line once again because I'm the fighting champion. I have defended every title I've won like a true champion should. Eric Dane... he's going to be another name on my Hall Of Fame resume.

Voice: How do you see International Affair ending?

The UTA World Champion laughs, realizing the humor in the remark.

LFB: What a dumb question to ask. I see me getting the One, Two, Three and leaving Tokyo STILL the UTA World Champion.

The elevator doors open at Blanca's suites floor. He turns to the camera man.

LFB: This is where I leave you.

The Luchador exits the elevator cab and leaves our view. Soon after a fade to black, we fade back in on Kate Kinkaid on the Princess Sapphire in front of the raucous UTA crowd.

Kinkaid: La Flama Blanca says he will still be champion after International Affair...but will he? You are going to have to tune in to the Pay Per View to find out. International Affair-

A promo graphic for the big Pay Per View fills the picture.

Kinkaid: LIVE from Tokyo, Japan at the Tokyo Dome and only on Pay Per View. Don't miss this historical event, a jam packed card from start to finish. The UTA looks to set the bar once again and break the records set previously at Ring King.

A "UTA" chant starts up behind Kate Kinkaid.

Kinkaid: Guys... looks like these fans are ready for the next match, back to you!

A remix of Here Comes Santa Claus by Bing Crosby begins to play. The fans go crazy as out from the entrance doors comes Santa Claus himself holding a crushed red and black velvet bag, accompanied by the ever beautiful Mrs. Claus.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from the North Pole...

He looks around and smiles as he now begins forward quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Announcer: Standing at 6'2 and weighing in at 700 pounds...

Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder. He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring. He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

Announcer: He is.. SAAAANNNTTAAA CLLLAAAUUUSSS!!!!

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty HO..... HO..... HO! at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus whispers something to him, as they both await Santa's opponent to make his entrance.

Williams: Even in the middle of the ocean, Santa is loved by all.

Fury: Just look at what Mrs. Claus is wearing. That is why people are cheering.

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.

Williams: This is an interesting match up here Dick. Chance Von Crank making his first UTA appearance since All or Nothing.

Fury: One of those people Dick never thought he'd see in an UTA ring again.

Williams: That's for sure.

Santa Claus holds the top rope as he walks along the edge of the ring. He stops and turns to the fans letting out a hearty Ho! Ho! Ho! as the bell sounds.

Williams: Santa is in jolly spirits tonight.

Fury: Dick thinks he saw him taking advantage of the free drinks earlier at the bar.

Williams: Everyone knows Santa only drinks egg nog.

As Santa is turned toward the fans, Chance Von Crank rushes him from behind.

Williams: Crank getting this match started with a couple of heavy forearm shots to the back of Santa.

Santa stumbles to the side and turns around to face CVC who meets him with a couple of stiff rights.

Williams: Chance's chance of making it off of the naughty list may have just vanished. Fury: Hey, lumps of coal aren't bad. Coal creates diamonds, women love diamonds, and everyone knows the fastest way to a woman's...

Williams: DICK!

Fury: That isn't what Dick was going to say, but...

Williams: Just pay attention to the match.

Chance grabs ahold of Santa's arm and tries to whip him away from the ropes, but the much larger Saint Nick grabs the top rope with his free hand and thwarts the attempt.

Williams: Santa refusing to be sent for a ride.

He pulls back, bringing CVC in as he comes forward, thrusting his stomach out and into Crank who is sent backward and to the canvas.

Williams: Santa Claus able to break free there.

Fury: Maybe CVC should have brought some milk and cookies to the ring.

As CVC hits the canvas, he rolls backward and up to one knee. Looking up at Santa with a determined look upon his face that turns into a scowl, Chance stands up.

Williams: Not to let it get to him, Chance Von Crank is back to his feet.

Fury: Dick and Chance have had their differences in the past. But one thing Dick knows, is just how much CVC will fight to win, no matter the opponent.

Crank steps back and motions for Santa to bring it. Claus tugs at his pants, pulling them up a bit before coming away from the ropes.

Williams: Looks like we're going to see a lock up now.

They move into the collar to elbow lock up, and Santa immediately pulls CVC into a side head lock.

Williams: Santa Claus using his size to take control easily of Chance Von Crank.

Fury: Shouldn't he be in the North pole preparing for Christmas with the elves? Instead he is here taking a cruise. Who really is the bad guy in this match Jennifer?

Santa Claus drags Chance over to the corner, and moves his from the side headlock, quickly grabbing the back of his head and slamming him face first into the top turnbuckle.

Williams: Santa Claus continuing to control this early on after the cheap shot by Chance Von Crank at the start of the match.

Chance grabs his face as he turns around and leans into the corner. Santa grabs his arm and pulls back, pushing him with his free arm as he sends him across the ring.

Williams: Hard Irish whip by Santa Claus.

He runs behind Crank who slams into the opposite corner. As he bounces off and turns, he is lifting into Santa's grasp with a scoop followed by being slammed to the canvas.

Williams: Scoop slam by Father Christmas.

Santa quickly heads back and bounces off of the ropes. As the large man returns, he jumps up, bringing a very heavy leg down across the chest of Chance Von Crank.

Williams: Leg drop by Santa Claus who may be looking to put CVC to bed early here. Mrs. Claus leans over the apron and claps for her husband.

Fury: Boy, look at Mrs. Claus. Dick would love to stock her stuffing.

Santa rolls over and slowly begins to get up. He takes a deep breath before cupping his hands around his mouth and yelling Ho! Ho! Ho! to the cheering crowd.

Williams: Look Dick, Santa is calling your name.

Fury: Very funny.

Williams: Santa not finished yet it seems, pulling Chance Von Crank back to his feet now. Lifting him by his head, Santa gets Crank up. Once on his feet, Chance is grabbed around the waist and picked up.

Williams: Santa Claus now putting Chance in a bear hug.

Fury: Not a place you want to be with a guy that size.

Santa squeezes hard as Chance first tries to fight it, but then begins to go limp.

Williams: Santa Claus looking to squeeze the breathe out of Crank.

Fury: You have to wonder what a man the size of Santa smells like when you're that close. He could be knocking Chance out with bad odor.

The referee checks on Chance who is alert enough to shake his head that he doesn't give up. He clinches his fist together and begins to raise his arms.

Williams: Chance Von Crank not out yet.

Fury: Not yet, but how does he plan to get free?

He brings his arms up and unclenches his fist before bringing both down in one swoop, on each side of Santa's head, slapping his ears with as much might as he can, causing Santa to release him immediately.

Williams: Like that. Quick thinking by Chance Von Crank has bought him some more time. CVC falls to the canvas, holding his stomach as Santa grabs the side of his head and stumbles around until he is at the ropes. Grabbing the top to hold himself, he stands, shaking his head. Mrs. Claus gets up on the apron to check on her husband.

Williams: Santa Claus is hearing bells after that slap to his ears.

Mrs. Claus continues to check on her husband, as CVC rolls over and starts to get up behind his opponent.

Williams: Crank beginning to stir.

Fury: Santa needs to get his head back in this or he's not going to last much longer.

Crank, on his feet now, sees Claus by the ropes. He takes off full force raising his arms up in a double axe handler. As he brings it down hard, he does right as Santa shakes off the earlier slap and steps to the side to get back into the match. Crank's arms come down and he slams his gripped hands into the top of Mrs. Claus' head. She falls down hitting the edge of the apron before falling to the floor outside. The fans boo loudly.

Williams: Oh my! Mrs. Claus was knocked off of the apron by Chance Von Crank!

Santa's eyes open wide as goes for the ropes, showing concern for his wife. He attempts to exit the ring, but remorseless, CVC turns and runs forward slamming a forearm into his face a few times, backing him into the corner.

Williams: The ring side doctor checking on Mrs. Claus as the dastardly Chance Von Crank continues his assault on the helpless Santa Claus.

Fury: Helpless? Look at how big he is! If he's helpless, it's by choice. Maybe she got what she had coming to her.

Williams: How could you ever even suggest such a thing?!

CVC slams a series of fist into the groggy head of Santa Claus as the referee tries to get between the two and push him back.

Williams: The referee trying to restore order here, and Crank is complying.

CVC backs away, putting his hands up. As the referee backs away just a bit, he takes off past him. CVC leaps up, grabbing the ropes around Santa as he pulls a knee into his large stomach before leaping down and sliding backward to the ropes on the side before Santa falls forward and down to a knee.

Fury: Looks like he was lying instead of complying Jennifer.

Williams: Chance Von Crank in control here.

CVC turns and backs into the corner, crawling up backward to the second rope. He looks down at Santa before leaping from the ropes, grabbing Santa's head as he comes down planting his face into the canvas.

Williams: Crank has all but pinned Santa to put this one in the books.

Outside of the ring, Mrs. Claus is helped to her feet. She holds her neck, looking visually shaken but OK. The fans in the front row cheer for her.

Williams: It looks like Mrs. Claus is going to be OK.

Fury: Maybe Dick should go comfort her.

Williams: Hasn't she been through enough?

Inside of the ring, CVC puts all of his weight into trying to push Santa over to his back. It takes a bit, but he is able to

get him onto his back. Crank covers Santa and yells at the referee Do your damn job!

Williams: Cover by Chance Von Crank, could this be it for Santa Claus?

The referee slides into position. CVC yells at him to Hurry and Count! as he does. As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... CHANCE.. VON... CRAAANNKKK!!! Williams: The dastardly Chance Von Crank with a win here tonight but only after Santa Claus was distracted by his wife being hit by CVC.

Fury: You get on the apron, expect to get hurt. That's why she should have come and sit in Dick's lap.

Williams: You're gross.

Fury: No baby, Dick is a champion.

Williams: And yet, still gross.

Mrs. Claus crawls into the ring and over to her husband, checking on him. As she does, Chance bends down to try and get a look up under her skirt. He stands back up and smiles to the booing crowd as he continues to celebrate.

Dibbins Born Dirty

The sound of a banjo can be heard playing in the background.

We open on the WrestleUTA backdrop. Rumor Man Stan stands poised with a microphone, dressed nicely for the special addition of Proving Grounds heading into International Affair next week.

Rumor Man Stan: Hello again, Ladies and Gentlemen, right now I am joined by none other than two of the men, who will fight for the newly reactivated UTA Hardcore championship.

From off screen walk the Dibbins Brounsins. Luke and Duke are wearing the same pair of Cut off Jean shorts they always wear. Duke wears a cheap beer t-shirt, and Luke wears his signature flannels. The two men stare wide eyed into the camera.

RMS: Thanks for joining me gentlemen. He points the microphone at the duo.

Duke Dibbins: HAPPY TO BE HUR!

Stan flinches and grabs at his earpiece. Not quite ready for the yelling of Duke Dibbins.

RMS: No need to yell Duke, they can hear you just fine.

Duke: 'ell ya holtin the Mike-o-phone all da way over der! Hows ya sposed to hur me!

Stan hands Duke the Microphone. Obviously the first time Duke has ever handled one, because he flips it over, looks at it, and plays with the buttons on it. The rumor man tries to get him to cut it out, but Luke steps in between them holding Stan back. Duke brings the mic to his lips and presses it hard against them.

Duke: WWWWWEEEEEEEDDDDD DDDDDAAAAA DDDDDIDDDDBDBBDBD

Stan is flailing, trying to get to Duke now.

RMS: You can't yell directly into the Mic! DUKE! Pull it away from your mouth!

Duke moves it out to about arms length. This time when he talks he's too low. Stan buries his face into his hands in frustration.

Luke takes the mic from his brother.

Luke: Dammes ting busted!

He smacks the stick against his leg multiple times, sending feedback throughout the arena. RMS is going to lose it.

Stan wrestles the mic from the hands of Luke after a little scuffle. Both Dibbins just look at him.

RMS: NOW! GUYS! Thoughts on your upcoming match for the Hardcore title? They both smile.

Luke: I was told dat dere's no rules in a Herdcore match! Well dats jus fine! Da Dibbins Brounsins was borned dirty! We play dirtily, and we don need no'd rules! He'll if dere was no rules in da last Dibbins match weeda won!

Duke: Yup Yup Yup Yup....Yup.

Luke: Matter of Fat, Da Dibbins are reasy for dis Returd Tag Ttitle Hartcore Title match shot! Weed te best damn tag team brounsins ever was!

Duke gets excited and tries to take the mic again, Rumor Man Stan does not budge with it. Duke: We gots a strat-o-gee headin in! Quick Tags Mister! Yuu gon see da Dibbins bein da breast dammed tag team herdcore returd chimps ver!

RMS: You gentlemen understand this is a fatal four way match, correct?

Luke: Fater 4 Way? We aint had a 4way sinced da last reunion! We aint scurred doe! Dibbins always down to tumble wit multpole partnas! Dese tag team of Skymontana, and Da Hunta aint never taggin gainst somune like da Dibbins. Dey tink dey gon win? Tell em Dukey!

Duke jumps in front of the mic.

Duke: Ya gota be kitin me!

The two walk off towards the stage.

International Affairs: 133 Days Later

The opening instrumentals to *Scream* by Thousand Foot Krutch begins to play. The scene transitions from black to Cayle Murray entering onto the stage, emerging through a storm of strobe lights.

Williams V/O: The younger brother of a GCW legend, Cayle Murray makes his highly anticipated, highly publicized debut tonight.

Colton Thorpe backs out from the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He slowly turns around, facing the audience, a cheshire grin plastered ear to ear.

Fury V/O: The only man in this match with UTA experience, Thorpe is here to fight. This is Dick's pick to win tonight.

Murray and Jackson are trading bombs in the corner of the ring. Thorpe from behind, grabs onto Murray's shoulder, slamming him onto the canvas. Proceeding to unleash a series of boots, Thorpe does his damndest to try and stomp Murray into the canvas.

? I can't erase it anymore, it follows me everywhere I go ?

Thorpe with a snap DDT on Jackson, driving his head into the mat. Quickly transitioning into a pinfall, he hooks both legs for leverage. As the referee's hand is about to slam down for the three. Murray flies in, colliding with Thorpe to break up the pinfall.

? It's like a mask that I don't want to wear anymore ?

Sprinting across the ring, a raising knee lift by Murray drops Thorpe on his back. Grabbing onto the top rope, Murray puts his foot into the side of Thorpe, using all of his weight to push him outside the ring.

? I think I've found a way to let it go but it's still too soon to know for sure

Sliding into the ring, Thorpe sprints like a madman, ducking underneath a Murray clothesline, rebounding off the ropes. As he does so, Lisil connects with a clothesline that almost takes his head clear off. Turning around, Murray leaps back with a twist, connecting across the side of Jackson's head with a pele kick.

? I'd give everything I am to just feel somethin' ?

Williams: SEEING STARS BY CAYLE MURRAY!

Quickly jumping onto the fallen Jackson, Murray hooks the legs. As the referee's hand comes down with force for the three count, Thorpe is milliseconds late in breaking up the pinfall.

Williams V/O: What a debut victory by Cayle Murray!

Fury V/O: And Thorpe is fuming!

Murray rolls out of the ring, raising his hands triumphantly. Thorpe is on his knees, both hands ripping at the hair on his head in disbelief.

? Can you feel that? ?

Murray and Thorpe stand face to face in a threshold that separates a locker room with the arenas corridor.

Murray: Thanks for the match, lad. You definitely belong in that ring.

The Scot extends an open hand to Colt, who folds his arms and glares at Murray with a face like thunder. Cayle soon retracts.

? SCREAM ?

Murray stands in a littered corridor, talking with a production employee. His conversation is brought into an abrupt halt as Thorpe attacks him behind, grounding him with a crushing forearm to the back of the head.

? When the pressure breaks me, when it's too hard to see ?

Face down on the concrete, Murray can do little to protect himself as an onslaught of size twelves rain down. The smile on his face clearly isn't one of happiness.

? When I feel like I'm at the end of my rope one more time ?

Colt crouches down beside Cayle, who is struggling to pull himself back to all fours. Gasping for air, having had the wind knocked out of him, Colt pushes him over onto his side.

Thorpe: I know who you really are. I know what you really are...

? SCREAM ?

Thorpe walks around the ring, arms outstretched as he basks in the Chillin' With Colt Live set. In his right hand, the white piece of fabric that once concealed Santus identity is firm in its grasp.

? When the fire burns me, when it's hard to break free ?

Thorpe's attention turns to the top of the stage, as strobe lighting flickers throughout the arena. Cayle Murray walks onto the stage, bringing a smile to his face.

? When I feel like I'm standin' on the edge of it all this time ?

In the ring, Murray swings a steel chair wildly, annihilating the Chillin' With Colt sign that hangs from the rafters. Colt's near perma smile vanishes and the hatred in his eyes is ever evident.

? I can't suppress it anymore, here it comes like a flood just like before ?

Colt launches forward with a barrage of forearms that initially stagger Murray, but he counters with a tackle onto the canvas. The two men roll around, trading blows as officials pour into the ring.

? When it rains it pours and I don't want to swim anymore ?

Colt is pinned into one corner by a group of officials, Cayle cornered by a separate group of staffers in the opposite corner. Colt is practically foaming at the mouth, screaming out obscenities at Cayle.

? I think I've found a way to let it go ?

Colt pushes past Murray into his locker room, a twelve pack in his hand. Grabbing a seat on top of one of the benches, Colt takes out one of the cans, offering it to Murray. A combination of disbelief and disgust cover Murray's face as he declines.

? I don't know I've never felt this way before ?

Empty cans surround Thorpe, and he winks at Murray, who stands across him with his fists balled up. Tilting the can, the foaming beer pours out of the can, coming into contact with Murray's once impeccable Jordan's.

? But with everything I am I just let go ?

The two UTA newcomers explode in a storm of flying fists and elbows, trading rights and lefts and jostling for position until a well-timed eye jab blinds Cayle temporarily. Thorpe moves forward, planting a forearm into Murray's neck and pushing him against the wall.

? Can you feel that? ?

Cayle lashes-out with a sudden burst of energy, pushing Colt away and causing him to slip on the spilled beer. He takes Thorpe by the head, dragging him through the locker-room door, then throwing him back-first into the wall! Colt's back leaves a huge dent in the dry wall and he lands like a sack of spuds.

? SCREAM ?

Colt laughs as he is seated on the ground against the wall. Cayle steps forward, only to be stopped with a stiff kick to the nuts, sending him to the ground clutching himself. Quickly scampering off, he laughs so vociferously that a group of technicians scatter as if he were an Arkham escapee.

? When the pressure breaks me, when it's too hard to see ?

Thorpe and Murray are seated across from one another, a table separating the two men. Sliding a single ticket across the table top, Thorpe's eyes don't leave Murray.

? When I feel like I'm at the end of my rope one more time ?

Not looking down at the front row gift from Thorpe, Murray's eyes don't leave Thorpe. The spoon in his hand is unmoving, his knuckles white from the death grip he has on the utensil.

? SCREAM ?

Murray is seen walking through a swarm of fans as Thorpe and Hussain trade blows in the middle of the ring. Thorpe can't help but smirk as he notices Murray taking his seat from the corner of his eye.

? When the fire burns me, when it's hard to break free ?

Hussain comes flying through the air as Thorpe lays flat on his back. Twisting in the air with a shooting star press variant, at the last second Thorpe's knees come up, driving every last bit of wind out of Hussain's body.

? When I feel like I'm standin' on the edge of it all this time ?

Thorpe has Hussain locked into a guillotine choke, Hussain flails around the ring desperately. All four limbs slowly start to lose life, and with no choice left, Hussain taps out.

Williams V/O: HE'S TAPPING! ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN IS TAPPING OUT!

Fury: NEW CHAMPION! NEW CHAMPION!

? You make me wanna screeeeeeeeeeeeeam ?

Ringside, Murray applauds Thorpe's hard earned victory. Thorpe, with his new Wildfire Championship in hand, walks over to the barricade that separates the two men, ear to ear grinning. Holding the championship high in the air, the two men stare at one another as officials quickly step between the two of them.

? It's not a joke, I've felt as messed up as you do ?

A huge pyrotechnic explosion erupts and Cayle Murray steps out from the fog, gazing around the arena and running an extended finger pistol across the horizon. He's soon on his way, but is blindsided out of nowhere, Thorpe driving the Wildfire Championship into the back of his head.

? I've felt the feelings you've been feeling ?

The reigning Champion makes no attempt to head for the ring and just stands there, raising the Wildfire Belt high above Murray's head. Under a blanket of jeers, Thorpe lets an old familiar stretch across his Macklemore-ish features.

? Been through the same things you've been through ?

Cayle and Abdul meet in the center of the ring, and resort to exchanging lefts and rights as the eighteen thousand plus soak in the slugfest. Left, right. Right, left. Cayle starts to get Abdul reeling, which leaves Abdul no choice but to put his boot onto Cayle's kneecap.

? And I know how hard it is to feel like you're all alone ?

On the outside of the ring, both Colt and Ron have gotten to their feet, but Ron has his back to Colt. That is enough as an opportunity as he needs, lunging forward and throwing his near two hundred and thirty pound frame into Hall's back, launching him face and shoulder first into the steel steps.

? We've all been given a second chance ?

Abdul runs towards the turnbuckle to try and knock Cayle off, but he leaps overtop the sprinting AbH, landing on the canvas. Abdul turns around, and is met with a boot to the stomach. Locking him in a facelock, Cayle quickly hooks an arm, and hoists him up...

Williams V/O: CHAINBREAKER!

? But the choice is all our own ?

Cayle has Abdul pinned and beaten, but before the referee's hand can slap the mat for the third time, he is yanked out of the ring by Eric Dane. Cayle is in shock, staring at Eric. He's pulling his hair, jaw dropped, and really doesn't know what to do. Colt has slid into the ring, and as Abdul slowly tries to get up...

Fury V/O: THORPEDO!

? SCREAM ?

Colt has Abdul downed, going for the pin attempt. After being tripped up by Dane, Cayle tries to scramble towards Colt, but is milliseconds late in breaking up the pin attempt. Colt rolls out of the ring, quickly leaving Cayle behind.

? When the pressure breaks me, when it's too hard to see ?

Colt introduces the bronzed center plate of his Wildfire Championship to Bobby Dean's face, creating a sickening sound of impact that collapses Bobby to the canvas. Colt rolls over, and climbs ontop of Bobby, not even attempting to lift one of his tree trunk legs. The referee having finally composed himself, turns around and makes a slow three count.

? When I feel like I'm at the end of my rope one more time ?

Colt stands above Bobby, who isn't moving. As the smile spreads across his face, Colt raises his arms in the air, bringing the steel chair to it's highest possible point. Just when it looks like Colt is

about to slam down, Cayle Murray comes flying out to the ring like a bat out of hell. Colt, wanting no part of the Scot, high tails it.

? SCREAM ?

Seated on the metal grating of the entrance ramp, Colt stares at the incensed Cayle pacing in the ring.

Murray: No more games, Colt! No more smoke and mirrors! At International Affair, I'm pulling this thorn out of my side once and for all!

Colt throws a temper tantrum as soon as the words exit Cayle's mouth, stomping around the steel stage, screaming indecipherable words, most assuredly obscenities.

? When the fire burns me, when it's hard to break free ?

The sound of a steel chair hitting a Scottish back reverberates down the long, echoey corridor and brings Cayle to his knees. The second shot levels him. Startled by the UTA Wildfire Champion's sudden assault, the techy breaks eye contact and flees down the corridor as fast as his legs will carry him.

? When I feel like I'm standin' on the edge of it all this time ?

Now alone with his adversary (and with the Wildfire belt strapped around his waist), Colt grins from ear-to-ear. He unfolds the now-dented chair beside the fallen Cayle, before sitting down, taking a looming perch over his imminent challenger. Cayle with the resilience of a true hero, refuses to stay down underneath Thorpe.

? Standin' on the edge of it all this time ?

Thorpe: STAY DOWN!

Again standing, wielding the dented steel chair, Thorpe drives the edge down with vicious force into Cayle's ribs. Then a second time. A third. Then two more times for good measure.

? Standin' on the edge of it all this time ?

The scene fades to black, the instrumentals to the song fading out to Thorpe's voice. Thorpe V/O: This here Cayle...this will be NOTHING in comparison to what I do to you at International Affairs. So you need to ask yourself, is this journey of retribution really worth it?

Brought to You By

The infectious opening cry of Papa Roach's Last Resort serenades the ship as Suicidal Skylar Montgomery steps out from the back with a shopping cart in front of him. Inside the cart is a trash can filled with various items.

Williams: A match made for a man like SkyMont here in the main event. Fury: Skylar Montgomery and main event do not sound like they go together. SkyMont walks toward the ring, pushing the cart.

Announcer: Hailing from The backyard; in London, England.

Skylar reaches the ring and begins to toss the items from the trash can into the ring.

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

SkyMont tosses the can in last before rolling into the ring himself and getting to his feet.

Announcer: SUICIDAL SKY-LAR MONT-GOM-ER-RRRRYYYYY!

SkyMont raises a fist in the air as the fans boo.

Williams: In a match like this, someone could get hurt.

Announcer: Introducing next, Weighing in at two-hundred, twenty pounds and fighting out of Queens, New York...here is JACK HUNTER!!!

An Instrumental version of This Fire Burns plays throughout the PA boxes as Jack Hunter walks to the ring with his black hoodie on, he looks at the fans and shakes his head before he gets on the steps. He taunts on the apron and gets in the ring, Hunter jumps on the top rope and taunts. He get's off the top rope and laughs, Jack sits in the corner as he takes off his hoodie.

Kick It In The Sticks by Brantley Gilbert plays as both Luke and Duke Dibbins come from the back.

Announcer: Hailing from the backwoods of Virginia. The fans erupt into a frenzy of cheers.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred pounds... They get to the ring, step up the apron and climb in.

Announcer: LUKE.. AND DUKE DIBBBBIIINSSSS!!!!!!

Williams: Luke and Duke still refusing to realize that this is not a tag match, but a fatale four way. Luke and Duke stand in one corner talking amongst themselves as Skylar Montgomery picks up a light tube from his trash can. Jack Hunter helps himself to a Kendo stick. As the bell sounds, the four men look ready.

Williams: The main event is now under way!

Luke and Duke talk amongst themselves before Luke heads to the apron outside. Duke spits on the canvas before turning back to the other two.

Fury: These dummies think this is a tag match, for real.

Duke points at both SkyMont and Jack Hunter before yelling Heyz, onez of ya gotz to git on da apron! Jack and SkyMont look at each and just laugh before both charging Duke Dibbins.

Williams: Duke confused as to why both Jack Hunter and Skylar are in the ring at the same time. Jack Hunter swings the Kendo stick at Duke's legs, dropping him to a knee. SkyMont raises the light tube above his head and brings it down with force, shattering it across the top of Duke's.

Williams: A temporary alliance taking advantage of the Dibbins' confusion.

Fury: Their stupidity.

As Duke lays out on the canvas face down, Luke yells at the referee to get one of them out of the ring.

Williams: Jake Hunter now turning on Skylar Montgomery... Kendo stick to his back! SkyMont lets out a yelp as he is hit. Jack Hunter swings wildly once again connecting with Skylar's back. Behind them, Duke crawls forward and reaches up, tagging in Luke Dibbins. Williams: Well, for what it's worth, Luke Dibbins has the tag.

Fury: It's worth diddley squat.

Luke Dibbins stomps into the ring. As Jack Hunter swings the Kendo stick toward his side, Duke drabs it under his arm. He then wildly throws a right, connecting with Jack Hunter's forehead and sending him down to the canvas.

Williams: Luke Dibbins the sole man standing right now.

Fury: Well, Duke Dibbins is too if you count him holding onto the top rope on the apron.

Luke swings the Kendo stick down and across the back of Jack Hunter, who's back instantly begins to glow red. He then turns and swings it down across the back of Skylar Montgomery so hard that it breaks. The fans cheer like crazy as he holds the broken Kendo stick in the air.

Williams: Luke Dibbins now over to his corner, tagging Duke Dibbins back in the match.

Fury: You can't tag some one into a match that isn't a tag match!

The referee tries to explain the rules of the match again as the Dibbins ignore him, Duke replacing Luke.

Williams: Duke Dibbins picking up that metal trash can that SkyMont brought to the ring now. Skylar Montgomery is on his knees, starting to get up as Duke slides the can over her head and arms. Montgomery falls to the canvas and rolls a few inches. Duke just smiles before placing his foot on the side of the can and pushing off.

Williams: SkyMont going for a ride.

Fury: A nauseating one.

The can hits the ropes and begins rolling back. As it does, Duke brings a foot down into the side of it. He then turns, looking around the ring before picking up a shovel.

Williams: It looks like Skylar Montgomery is about to regret bringing that can full of weapons into the ring.

He lifts the shovel up over his head, but from behind, Jack Hunter is up and grabs it. As he pulls the shovel away from Duke Dibbins, Duke turns around and his eyes grow wide as Jack Hunter has the shovel and yells I'm about to hardcoreafyied you to the moon!

Williams: Hunter swings the shovel. Duke Dibbins able to get out of the way. He swings again.

Fury: Duke Dibbins is slippery.

Dibbins leaps backward into the corner. Luke tags him as Jack hunter runs forward. He picks the shovel up and brings it down, aiming for Duke's head. However, Duke leaps out of the way and the shovel hits the top turnbuckle, bouncing back and into Jack's own face.

Williams: Luke Dibbins back in the ring and it looks like Jack hunter may have knocked himself unconscious.

Fury: A ring full of idiots.

Luke grabs a baking pan from the canvas and looks around. Skylar Montgomery begins to roll back toward him, unable to get out of the can. Luke walks over and places his foot ont he can to stop it from rolling. he then lifts the baking pan up and brings it down across the can, letting out a loud Bang! noise.

Williams: Skylar Montgomery is going to have a headache for weeks.

Jack Hunter rolls over to his hands and knees. he checks his face making sure there is no blood, but only little bruises before he begins to get to his feet. As he gets up, Luke turns around and comes in swinging, slamming the baking pan into the top of his head, sending him down. he tosses the bent pan to the canvas.

Williams: Luke now standing at the head of Jack Hunter.... drops down, elbow to the chest.

Fury: Don't hurt Captain Pepsi!

He stands up and drops another elbow before getting back to his feet again and heading over to take his brother Luke in.

Williams: These two continue to tag each other in.

Fury: On the bright side, at least one of them is always fresh... well, as fresh as a Dibbins can be. As they exchange spots, Luke heads over to Jack Hunter. bending down, he grabs Jack's head and pulls him to his feet.

Williams: Luke Dibbins in control here as he sends Jack into... no, OVER the top rope! Hunter lands hard on the deck and the fans scream.

Williams: Luke Dibbins now following Jack hunter out of the ring.

Fury: Watch out Luke. You're getting yourself into Jack Hunter's territory. Luke picks Jack up again, but as he stands, Jack comes forward with a right.

Williams: Hunter now trying to fight back outside of the ring. Both men exchanging punches. Luke stumbles back and toward the crowd who begins to get out of the way. As Jack comes forward, he swings at Luke catching him again. Dibbins trips over the small edge between the pool deck and ship deck. As he does, he rolls over to his back. Jack hunter leaps on top of him and begins to punch Luke in the face.

Williams: Jack Hunter with a ground and pound.

Duke goes crazy on the edge of the apron, watching his brother be hit and unable to do anything about it.

Fury: Dick can't take this stupidity any longer. Dick takes off his headset and stands up.

Williams: Well, it looks like Dick is leaving the table.

He can be seen in the background heading over toward Duke on the apron as Jack Hunter stands up, pulling Luke up with him. He grabs Luke's arm and whips him backward. Luke hits the guardrail hard back first and the fans gasp.

Williams: My God. If he goes over the side he could die!

Jack Hunter runs toward Luke with his arm stretched out. However, Dibbins is able to get a foot up and boot him in the gut. Over by the ring, Dick is yelling at Duke that he is in the match.

Williams: Dick trying to get it through to Duke Dibbins that this isn't a tag match. Outside by the guardrail here, Luke Dibbins with an elbow to the forehead of Jack Hunter.

Hunter stumps back and toward the crowd, holding his head. Duke stomps behind him, grabbing Hunter from behind and walking him forward and toward the ring. Fury can be seen heading back to the commentator's table.

Williams: Luke Dibbins rolling Hunter back into the ring. Dick grabs his headset as he sits back down.

Williams: Welcome back Dick.

Fury: Those guys are just plain stupid. Dick couldn't get through to him. Luke re-enters the ring, stomping over and tagging in Duke Dibbins.

Williams: Well, the tag is made again.

Fury: Idiots.

Duke heads over and grabs Jack by the head, pulling him up. However, as he starts to come up, Hunter reaches forward and grabs the legs of Duke Dibbins. He pulls back, sending Duke back first to the canvas as he stands.

Williams: Jack hunter pulling Duke off of his feet, now stomps his inner thigh.

Duke grabs his leg and rolls over. As he does, Jack kneels down and grabs the back of his head, lifting it up and slamming his face into the canvas.

Williams: Jack Hunter now viciously attacking Duke Dibbins.

On the other side of the ring, Skylar Montgomery finally is able to slither out of the trash can. He sees Jack hunter over

Duke, picks up a chain that he had thrown in and runs toward them.

Williams: Skylar Montgomery is back in this!

Jack hunter stands up and as Skylar approaches, he just shoots one hard fist forward catching him in the nose. Skylar instantly crumbles.

Williams: What a punch!

Fury: Skylar Montgomery is going to have his own little bruises.

Hunter lets out a loud yell of **HARDCORAFIED!!!!!!!** As he is distracted, Duck crawls across the ring and reaches up. Hunter turns to see him reaching. As he takes off, it is too late.

Williams: The very much unnecessary tag has been made! Luke Dibbins enters the ring and meets Jack Hunter with a right. Williams: Both men exchanging hard rights now.

Luke suddenly brings a boot up, catching Jack Hunter in his crotch. Hunter grabs "himself" and drops to his knees.

Williams: Cheap shot by Luke Dibbins, but completely legal in this type of match.

Fury: Unlike when they faced Dynasty.

Williams: A knee now to the face of a kneeled down Jack Hunter sends him back down. Skylar Montgomery begins to crawl toward Luke Dibbins. He grabs his ankle and starts to pull himself up.

Williams: Luke Dibbins now pulling SkyMont to his feet.

He quickly snaps a boot to the gut of Skylar, turns and grabs his head before dropping down into the ugliest diamond cutter you've ever seen.

Williams: THE DUI! He hit the DUI on Skylar Montgomery!

Luke turns SkyMont over and covers him. Duke cheers on his brother from the apron as the referee slides into place and begins to count.

Williams: We could see a new Hardcore champion.. two.. **THREE! HE DOES IT!** The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match and **NEW... HARDCORE CHAMPION... LUKE... DIBBIINNNSSS!!!!**

Williams: Well, Luke Dibbins able to pull off the victory as he pins Skylar Montgomery.

Duke Dibbins enters the ring and runs over to celebrate with his brother. He yells We did it Lukey! The two men each hold a side of the title and look down at it. Duke looks over at the referee and ask Where's the other Hardcore Tag tittle? The referee just shakes his head in shame.

Williams: Hopefully these two figure out that only Luke is the Hardcore Champion.

Fury: Dick tried to talk sense into them. They won't. They are dumber than a box of rocks. The two continue to celebrate in the ring.

Williams: Well folks, that's all the time we have. Next Sunday, live on pay per view, tune into International Affair.

Fury: Dick also wants to say thank you. He's enjoyed calling matches and looks forward to meeting all of the Little Dicksters who come out and see him in the MWA.

Williams: I wish I could say I'll miss you, but I wont.

Fury: You'll miss Dick. The women always miss Dick when he's gone.

Williams: Folks, for the United Toughness Alliance... thank you for tuning into Proving Grounds. Also, a big thank you to Princess Cruise Lines for hosting this amazing cruise. Have a great night! The Dibbins both hold the one title up as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

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