

RUNNING DOWN DEFIANCE

Music and loud noises fill your television box, and a fast camera speeds all around, not stopping on any one fan long enough to identify them.

We do see some inspired signage, however:

PCP WAS ROBBED!
ANNNNDDDD STIIIIILLLLLLLLLL...
COWBOY LUCHADORE WAS "HARMEN" KLEIN!
I WANNA RIDE THE BASTARD BUS!
SUB POP SOHER!
MORMONS IN LOUISIANA?
GO BACK TO HOLLYWOOD!
DAN "BIG ASIAN TRAITOR BASTARD" RYAN!

And so forth.

Finally, we settle on our party hosts and chaperones, 'Diamond' Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Good evening, DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, and welcome to DEFTv!

Angus:

They know where they are, Keeps, let's get to the important stuff!

DDK:

Right, Angus! We just had our biggest show of the year a few short weeks ago at DEFCON!

Angus:

It was YUGE! We saw the lead singer of the Seattle Sleeperholds, walk out of not one, but two SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE MATCHES with the gold!

DDK:

We also saw the crowning of new tag team champions after the Bastards, defeated the odd pairing of The D and Klein.

Angus:

Not too sure how I feel about that one Keeps.

DDK:

Then there was the FIST of DEFIANCE! Cayle Murray went into a triple threat match against The God Beast, Mushigahara and Jesse Fredricks....

The mic cuts out. Darren Keebler looks down at it, confused. He taps on the top of it a few times, waiting for feedback to cut through the headset but he gets nothing but silence. Angus tries his own, hoping it was just the one mic, but alas, all volume has been cut from the broadcast booth.

While the pair check their connections and look for an issue, a theme song hits.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The crowd erupts into jeers and boos as the signature red carpet unravels from the back down the entrance ramp.

This is the spot Angus would usually have something really shitty to say about Mikey, unfortunately for Angus, Mikey's thought that through.

Mikey comes through the curtain in a full suit and sunglasses. His short black hair stands up. He points over to the commentary team, and shoots them the Ol “pew pew guns”. Behind him through the curtain comes a litany of wrestlers, some familiar and some not so much. The crowd bellows out the negative feelings even louder upon seeing the crowd.

Crimson Lord
Kendrix
Theo Baylor
David Hightower
Jack Harmen
Chris Ross
Lisil Jackson

And quite a few more come down the ramp and surround the ring. Mikey Unlikely walks confidently into the squared circle. Unlikely requests a microphone as the music dies away. The fans boo loudly and intensely that Mikey knows better than to try to get a word in right now. The chants start to come together audibly.

“You’re a pussy!” Clap Clap, Clapclapclap

The chants repeat, and Mikey lets them go, he pulls the microphone up to his face and does his best to ignore the reaction from the jam packed crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am here to tell you a tale of what could have been...

He looks around at everyone.

Mikey Unlikely:

As many of you folks already know, About one year ago I purchased WrestleUTA from the former powers that be. In that year, I took what was a shell of a once proud company and I built it up, brick by brick by bloody brick, I laid the foundation for what would become the hottest wrestling promotion in the world!

Boo’s ring out followed by loud and distinct chants of “DEFIANCE”

Mikey Unlikely:

We went from stagnant to touring, from streaming to live! From 5,000 fans per show... to upwards of double that every single night! The success of WrestleUTA was unparalleled! Then in a moment of genius, I had a revelation! What if I owned WrestleUTA AND DEFIANCE!?

The fans give Mikey an idea of what they think of that. (it’s not positive) The WrestleUTA wrestlers move around the ring slowly barking at fans.

Mikey Unlikely:

So I pulled out my new Iphone X....I know it’s not out yet dingbats, Mikey get’s it early! Calm down!.... And I dialed my old friend, Eric Dane.

The fans explode just at the mention.

Mikey Unlikely:

I had a vision, that one day, there would be one wrestling giant, one company that stood above the rest, what if WrestleUTA and DEFIANCE didn’t compete, and instead, came together to make the best damn product the world had ever seen. So I called Eric Dane and I gave him an offer I didn’t think he could ever refuse...(after a dramatic pause)... But he did! He turned me down and I believe the quote was... “DEFIANCE will never be sports entertainment”

The fans once more explode for the words of their savior, Dane.

Mikey Unlikely:

WELL I'VE GOT NEWS FOR ALL OF YOU! When I came into this promotion, I brought the sports entertainment with me! For 6 months all of you got to enjoy the entertainment I brought to THIS very ring. For 6 months, I held that Southern Heritage Championship, and every time I heard you people start chanting... "You can't wrestle"... Every time you sent someone else down to beat me, and every time I walked away wearing what was rightfully mine. I sports entertained the shit out of each and every one of you, and the critics said it was the best thing on television! Where was the complaining then? Where was Eric Dane and his bitching about Sports Entertainment when Mikey was pulling in some of the best HULU numbers DEFIANCE had ever seen? He was sitting at home, counting the fat stacks piling up, and not caring where it came from.... That's why Eric Dane wouldn't sell to me, NOT because he cares about you! NOT because he wants to be the best damn wrestling promotion running on this planet, BECAUSE he wants the revenue stream!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Unlikely marches around the ring never talking to one side of the crowd longer than a few sentences. He turns right to the hard camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well Eric, just because you said no, doesn't mean this is over. You see while you focused in on me, and what I was doing, I was pulling strings behind your back for quite some time. You remember Eric when you marched in here few months ago and took back power? You wanted to run the show again? Did you demote Kelly Evans? No.... No you did not, but you did overrule her a multitude of times, you did take her show format and shred it for your wants, and you did give her a reason, to undermine you.

Mikey laughs out loud. The fans are in somewhat of a shock.

Mikey Unlikely:

While you watched my right hand Eric, I had my left doing things you wouldn't believe. I secured full time contracts for each and every one of these men and women out here with me tonight, I secured our RIGHT to be here! Not only did she sign those contracts, but she granted ME, Mikey Unlikely, with full power over my own roster. Then after I wrote a little check to miss Evans so that she could take a much needed vacation, she introduced me to Dan Ryan...

Dan Ryan hops from outside the ring amongst the wrestlers, onto the apron. He wipes his feet on the mat and steps through the ropes.

Mikey Unlikely:

By this point I had my in, I just needed a way to make you feel it Eric. I needed a way to let you know this was for real. WrestleUTA is not some fly by night wrestling show, it's not some hokey, family fun entertainment, it's the best damn physical action in the world today, and once we convinced good ol' Dan Ryan here of that, he was very eager to fight the good fight. To put his trust in me, and fight alongside my men, to help me bring DEFIANCE to it's knees.... Whether any of you in these seats, in the back, or anywhere around the world like it. WrestleUTA is taking over DEFIANCE, I will not rest, I will not relent, and I will not surrender, I will only take what is rightfully mine, and that is....DEFIANCE WRESTLING!

Dan walks over to Mikey and pats him on the shoulder

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I promised Dan Ryan he would have an opportunity to answer for his actions from DEFCON, So...

He turns to his new found "buddy"

Mikey Unlikely:

Dan, three weeks ago, you decimated the FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray, and left him a broken, bloody mess in this ring. Would you like to explain to this crowd what you were doing and why?

Dan looks down at his boots, before looking out across the crowd. He scans the fans slowly and methodically before leaning into the microphone.

Dan Ryan:

No...

And with that Dan Ryan, expressionless, steps back and nods for Mikey to go ahead. The fans hate this, and berate Dan Ryan all the way back to Asia based on the verbal veracity displayed by the Louisiana audience.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cayle Murray, You are....

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Angus:

PRAISE BE TO THE SQUIDGODS!

DDK:

Thank the heavens for Cayle Murray!

Out comes the FIST of DEFIANCE to a massive roar from The Faithful, but he's not alone. Alongside him is a man who hasn't been seen on DEFIANCE television for months, with a world title of his own slung across his shoulder.

Andy Murray.

Angus:

I've never been so glad to see these two goobers, Keeps!

DDK:

I don't think The Faithful have either!

Both are dressed casually, but both look ready for a fight. They don't wait for the music to stop before they start speaking.

Cayle Murray:

ENOUGH!

Big pop.

Cayle Murray:

Kill the charade, Hollywood. I don't care about sports entertainment, I don't care about WrestleUTA's attendance figures, and I don't care what YOU have to say!

The duo are halfway down the ramp no.

Cayle Murray:

What I DO care about is DEFIANCE. This is my home, but more than that... you see all these people in the audience tonight? It's THEIR home too, and I'll drop dead before I let you stomp all over it! Last time I checked, I was the FIST of DEFIANCE...

Andy Murray:

... and the last time I checked, I was the goddamn WrestleUTA Heavyweight Champion!

The UTA crew start taking defensive positions, now. They move round to the bottom of the ramp, blocking the Murray Brothers from getting to the ring. The Scots stop in their tracks, and while angry, they know better than to try and barge

through the mass of humanity.

Andy Murray:

For 91 days I have carried this belt with the honour, dignity, and respect I thought it deserved, and this is how you repay me? By staging an invasion on the promotion that gave me the chance to get back in the game in the first place?!

DDK:

The Murrays are infuriated, Angus!

Angus:

Of course they are! Say what you will about these guys, but they're two of our own!

Andy Murray:

I expect this kind of bullshit from you, Mikey...

He glances down at some of the gathering UTA throng.

Andy Murray:

But YOU, Jack Harmen?!

He gazes further along the line.

Andy Murray:

Scott Stevens...

And further.

Andy Murray:

Lisil Jackson...

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

You're ALL a bunch of goddamn cowards. But here's the thing, arsehole: I am STILL your champion, and that's a problem...

Mikey doesn't look flustered at all by the Murrays' verbal onslaught. He pushes himself away from the corner he'd been resting in, then steps across the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

You're right, Andy, you are my champion, and that IS a problem...

He grins.

Mikey Unlikely:

For YOU.

DDK:

HEY!

Angus:

What the...?!

As if by command, the UTA troops swarm upon the Murray brothers, who are immediately caught off-guard. Both try to

fight, but the sheer volume of attackers makes it impossible.

DDK:

The UTA wrestlers are laying waste to the Murrays!

Angus:

Oh my GOD!

DDK:

How do we stop this?!

Cayle goes down first. Michael Byrd and Kendrix throw him head-first into the barricade, then continue stomping away on the downed man. Meanwhile, a group of UTA guys have Andy Murray restrained, allowing Harmen to blast him with a running Yakuza kick!

DDK:

They just about took his head off!

Angus:

There's so many of them, Keeps! What the fuck?!

The situation goes from bad to worse. The group have Cayle restrained, and force him to watch as Chris Ross tears a set of ring steps away, then throws them full force at the UTA Champion's skull! The elder Murray goes down, completely motionless, but the damage isn't done yet. Scott Stevens peels from from the mat, orders the group to clear, then tosses The King into the ring post!

Mikey Unlikely is loving every minute.

Mikey Unlikely:

As my champion, Andy, you know that I have the contractual right to order you to defend that belt of yours any place, any time...

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

... are you fucking kidding me?!

The giant, hulking Crimson Lord clambers onto the ring apron, then over the top rope and into the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

Crimson, you know what to do!

'The Perfect Weapon' only nods. Both Mikey Unlikely and Dan Ryan bail from the ring, ready to let the big man go to work...

DDK:

I think Mikey Unlikely just booked a WrestleUTA Title match!

Angus:

That's exactly what the fuckhead did!

DDK:

It's Crimson Lord vs. Andy Murray... but I don't know if Murray's even gonna be able to stand, Angus!

Angus:

Meanwhile, the gorram FIST of DEFIANCE may as well be fuckin' dead...

??? VS. ???

The UTA crew roll Andy Murray inside the ring for the first time, but he ain't moving.

DDK:

This is ridiculous!

Angus:

"Ridiculous?" Nay, try "NUCLEAR LEVEL BULLSHIT." *FUCK* Utah...

Crimson Lord is in his corner, waiting for his prey to show signs of life. Carla Ferrari has ran down through the confusion, ready to officiate the contest, though she looks as taken aback as anyone else.

A few UTA wrestlers slap the mat, while another group restrain the FIST of DEFIANCE, keeping him from his brother.

DDK:

There's not a thing Cayle can do!

Angus:

And remember the rules - this thing can't start until Murray's on his feet.

DDK:

This thing is a sham, Angus! A disgusting, vile sham!

Andy's crawling towards the ropes. There isn't a chance in hell that he has a clue what's going on, but DQ's words seem to wake him up a little...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, and it is for the WrestleUTA World Championship...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The jeers are, of course, instantaneous. Murray has one hand on the middle rope, and tries desperately to haul himself up, but he flops back down. Some portions of the crowd are trying to roar the UTA Champion to life.

DDK:

Murray grabs the ropes again...

The King *FINALLY* hauls himself off the mat, but he's barely standing. His legs are wobblier than a newborn foal's, but rules are rules, and Carla has a job to do...

DING! DING! DING!

Crimson Lord takes the centre of the ring, but stops dead in the middle. Stone-faced, scowling, he watches the Scot turn to face him, then fall to one knee.

DDK:

Come on, Andy!

Angus:

It's no use, Keeps...

Murray fuckin' *GLARES* a hateful hole through his challenger, finally realising what's going on. He suddenly lunges forward, throwing a forearm at Crimson... but falls *waaaaaaay* short. He collapses just short of his challenger, a broken heap of a man.

DDK:

Oh no.

Angus:

....

DDK:

The man can barely move! Just ring the bell, Carla!

Crimson Lord's stoic mask finally cracks. He sniggers with pity, almost embarrassed by the state of the bonafide wrestling legend laying before him, but he isn't here to fuck around. The monster lifts Murray clean off the mat, wraps a hand around his throat, then hoists him into the air. He pivots 180 degrees, then drops him down across his knee.

DDK: [hushed]

He calls that The Hollow Point.

Angus:

...

Andy Murray isn't moving.

Crimson Lord *IS*.

Right into the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****DDK:** [hushed]

... and it's over.

Bile, disgust, hatred, and every other negative *thing* you can think of fill the building. An empty drinks container gets tossed into the ring, then another, then a crumpled bag. Trash keeps raining as Crimson Lord rises to his feet and the UTA boys flood the ring, but there's not a damn thing The Faithful - or Cayle Murray, who has finally come to his senses - can do about it.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

DQ need not bother, because not a damn word is audible.

Crimson Lord takes the UTA belt then drops it over his shoulder. Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, Jack Harmen, Chris Ross - they're all there, looking very, very proud of themselves.

The new WrestleUTA Champion plants his boot on the motionless Andy Murray's chest. One last act of *DEFIANCE*.

DDK:

[sighs audibly]

Angus:

...

DDK:

This is disgusting, Angus. Disgusting.

Angus:

...

DDK:

Nothing to say?

The trash rain *would* continue, but the front few rows have ran out of projectiles. Instead, Team UTA is left to bask in their venom.

Angus:

Fuckin'... ugh.

DDK:

A horrible way to start DEFtv 89.

Angus:

Look, I've *NEVER* been the biggest fan of these Murrays, you know that... but they're two of *our guys*. They just got royally fucked by these UTA goofs. Keeps, I think we have a major, major problem on our hands...

DDK:

As do I, partner. Let's escape from this awful scene for a moment...

Cut.

MAKING A STATEMENT

The scene cuts to Gage Blackwood standing with Lance Warner in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop somewhere backstage. Blackwood is wearing a plain black t-shirt and blue jeans. Meanwhile, Warner sports a light grey suit and a baby blue tie. Warner looks into the camera and then back at Blackwood.

Warner:

Gage, it was just a few weeks ago you fought David Hightower at DEFCON, the biggest event in DEFIANCE and came out victorious. The DEFIANCE faithful want to know how you've recovered from that hellacious battle.

Blackwood:

Well Lance, ah haven't fully recovered just yet. We went thro' hell, that's for sure. But in th' end it didn't matter how physically big Hightower was. It also didn't matter how physically big Jamie Sawyers' mouth was, either. Ah shut them both up.

There are some cheers from the crowd as Gage lets some personality come out, though at times his voice still sounds static and monotoned. His Scottish accent becomes thicker and more noticeable as he opens up.

Warner:

It sounds like you made an impact with the fans, Gage. But we're obviously all concerned with the events that happened afterwards.

Blackwood:

Aye. Although ah beat Hightower up, ah suppose ah didn't do a good enough job. He was still able to get out there and knock the piss out of Cayle with all his new UTA mates.

Warner:

[concerned] Yes, the United Toughness Alliance has come to take over DEFIANCE... and we'll see how deep this runs.

Blackwood:

Ah will say-

Blackwood's suddenly interrupted. The camera is pushed off to the side as a man runs into the shot. Lance Warner is able to stumble out of the way, but it looks like he might have been hit, too. The camera tries to focus back on what's happening, but the view is out of focus. A man in a black jacket continues to beat on Gage Blackwood. He picks him up and whips him into the wall across the way as the scene becomes a little more focused.

The man walks over to Blackwood and rips his t-shirt off, revealing Gage to be covered in bandages and tensor wrap from DEFCON. The man throws Blackwood face-first into the adjacent wall.

Security comes running in but they are quickly fought off by the man in the jacket. He then throws Blackwood into some garbage bins across the way.

Finally, the camera gets into full focus and none other than UTA's Chris Ross turns around. He looks dead into the camera and then back over to the man he attacked.

Ross:

This is DEFIANCE?

Chris Ross stands at 6'2", 250 pounds. He towers over the fallen DEFIANCE wrestler. Ross smiles and kicks Blackwood square in the head. It's a shot that echoes throughout the backstage hallway. Ross picks up Blackwood and wraps his arms around his waist. He throws him over his head where he crashes through the DEFIANCE backdrop.

Ross:

See that DEFIANCE?! See that?! That is how Chris Ross does business!

'The Keystone State Killa' laughs as he crouches down and hoists Gage up to a sitting position, grabbing him by the hair. Ross kneels behind him, keeping him upright.

Ross:

Keep that camera on me!

'The Boss' says as he pulls out his screwdriver from his back pocket.

Ross:

Consider this as a simple message Blackwood... seriously send this to all the boys in the locker room...

Suddenly Ross reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his screwdriver... the same screwdriver he's used numerous times before.

Ross:

Welcome... To... Harrisburg...

He calmly says before he stabs the pointed weapon into Blackwood's forehead. Gage lets out a scream as Ross slices through the skin and blood starts to trickle down Blackwood's face.

The camera falls over and the scene goes black.

PARKING LOT COMMOTION

Christie Zane is standing by. And that's meant quite literally here. She taps her high heel clad foot; the jaws with the peek in the front to showcase a new pedicure, as a rather large and muscular man whom with she is unfamiliar looks over a list of names attached to a clipboard. There's velvet ropes separating Zane and a few others onlookers from what looks to be the redesigned luxury autobus of one Bruhh Nasty. A vehicle that was last seen in position of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion, Bastard Sons of Wrestling.

V/O:

Yo, shes' aiiight.

That's all it takes for the unfamiliar muscular man to remove the velvet rope and let Zane slip past. A few of the others gathered around attempt to rush the gate, but a look from the Muscle Man stops them all in their tracks. He rehooks the ropes and goes back to his main task, looking imposing and protecting the line.

Christie Zane looks up at the voice that allowed her access to this exclusive area. It's Will "the THRILL" Haynes. Tight black t-shirt, tight black jeans, boots. He's not ready for action tonight. As a matter of fact given the causal state of his dress he may not be in the mood for much of anything. Zane doesn't let him adjust, she jumps right into her role as investigatory journalist.

Christie Zane:

Will, we've heard about some commotion out here in the parking lot. I just experienced first hand the type of security measures that you're taking out here. Care to explain just what all of this is for?

Will Haynes:

Protection, Christie.

Christie Zane:

Protection, Will? We have a highly capable security team of our own here in DEFIANCE, DEFSec. They've proven themselves very able at handling any sort of threat that may arise. What could you possibly need protection from that they wouldn't be able to cover?

Will Haynes:

Don't get it crossed. This protection ain't for me, Christie Zane. It's for them.

Haynes jabs his thumb over his shoulder indicating the DEFPLex just a hop, skip, and a jump away.

Christie Zane:

Them who, Will?

Haynes shoots Christie a look, saying with his eyes "you know damn well who I mean."

Will Haynes:

That crop a' guys who been poppin' up like weeds these last few weeks. Ya got a guy back there that burnt one a' my friends alive, ruined his God damn life. Got another who shoved a knife so far int' my back that I'm still pickin' pieces of shrapnel out, then ya got a few others that I just flat out don't like.

Christie Zane:

Why would they need protection, Will?

Will Haynes:

They'd need protection from me, Christie. It's gotten t' the point where it's straight up on sight with a few a' them cats. I don't wanna lose my head and do anything stupid. Cost me, or any a' the other guys them DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles.

Christie Zane:

And that's what these measures are supposed to do? Stop you from doing anything stupid.

Will Haynes:

That's part of it.

Christie Zane:

And the other part?

Will Haynes:

Well the security details main job here it t' keep this area of luxury autobus living UTA free. This right here Christie, you're inside of the FIRST - UTA free zone.

Christie Zane:

A UTA Free Zone?

Haynes nods his head, yes.

Will Haynes:

Yes, m'am. The FIRST of it's kind.

Christie Zane:

So you've said.

Will Haynes:

I wanna go ahead n' encourage anyone who is ANTI - UTA, whether you're at home, in the arena, watchin' this online - what have you - go ahead n' take it upon yourself to start a UTA FREE ZONE.

Start them in your livin' room. Your backyard. Wherever you think is best. And if you ever need help holdin' your ground, keeping you borders as UTA FREE as can be. Then guess what - I'll send one a these guys t' help ya out.

Haynes points around the bus, mainly to the velvet rope where Ms. Zane enteres. The Muscle Man who was unfamiliar from before is of note.

Christie Zane:

Will, who the hell are these guys?

Will Haynes:

I rounded up some of the best bouncers in the greater Atlanta area t' work on this project with us, Christie. These guys are itchin' for some action. Nobody better test them.

Christie Zane:

Any reason you don't just go handle whatever business you've got with those backstage, personally, instead of trying to almost incite a riot with these "UTA Free Zones."

Will Haynes:

Because Christie - I'm over them. I've moved on.

Zane meets this with a less than subtle side eye.

Will Haynes:

I moved on. I didn't know that me leavin' UTA for greener pastures would start a trend a' these UTA guys comin' over!

Christie Zane:

Will, you were far from the first former UTA talent to grace our fable-

Haynes holds up a palm. Christie lets out a sigh. She isn't getting anywhere with this.

Will Haynes:

Look Christie, I ain't got the time nor inclination to sit here n' argue with ya. I did ya a' solid gettin' you past the rope. But now I'm startin' t' think that MAYBE, just MAYBE you could be a UTA spy.

Two other Muscle Men are on the scene, with the hustle. UTA is clearly their trigger word.

Christie Zane:

Will, that's absurd. I've been in DEF -

Again Haynes meets her with the palm.

Will Haynes:

A spy would say the same thing, Christie.

A tense moment, Christie darts her eyes between Will and his hired hands a few times. Cooler heads do prevail though.

Will Haynes:

I know you ain't a UTA spy, Christie Zane. I mean you're Christie Zane.

Zane is relieved. She plays into Haynes for a second.

Christie Zane:

Yep, Christie Zane.

Will Haynes:

America's Sweetheart.

Christie is leery of where this is leading but takes the compliment.

Will Haynes:

But I'm afraid I ain't got no more time for you.

Christie Zane:

There's nothing else? No comments on winning the Tag Titles? Not gonna name drop who you have beef with backstage? Nothing!?

Haynes turns, begins his climb onto the bus. His Muscle Men following behind. He tosses the closing line over his back shoulder.

Will Haynes:

Just keep watchin' Christie. I'm sure somethin' will pop up.

And elsewhere we go.

DDK:

Will Haynes is establishing a UTA Free Zone. What do you think Angus, does this get traction or not?

Angus:

Somehwere where I can go and Mc FUCK ASS can't get to me. Sign me up and send me there tomorrow, if not sooner. But that's just me.

DDK:

It is indeed.

KERRY KUROYAMA VS. SOLOMON GRENDEL

DDK:

Folks we are about to get started with the second match of the evening. Solomon Grendel one half of Brutal Attack Force will be taking on returning veteran to the DEFIANCE roster Kerry Kuroyama.

Angus:

That guy's back? Where is that loser Rocko Daymon? I thought they were attached at the hip.

DDK:

Not sure Angus but I'm sure 'The Pacific Blitzkrieg' Kerry Kuroyama will be happy to tell you personally.

Angus:

I fell asleep after you said The Pacific.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first ... accompanied to the ring by his tag team partner, Petey Garrett! ... from the Red Hook Section of BROOKLYN! Weighing in at two hundred pounds ... Solooooomon GRENNNNNDAAAAL!

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Music hits and Solomon Grendel makes his way to the ring, with his partner in crime Petey Garrett not far behind him. The Faithful lay into the pay with a chorus of boos. Grendel pays them no mind as he plays to his own music crossing the ring upon entering it and posing for the crowd.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Seattle, Washington ... weighing in at two hundred and twenty nine pounds! ... "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRRRRY KUROYAAAAAMMAAAAAA!

Next up Kerry Kuroyama makes his entrance and the crowd is noticeably silent as the veteran makes his way to the ring; he catches a few hands with a welcoming high five but his signing with DEFIANCE was pretty silent so none of the fans quite remember him.

Getting set up in the opposite corner of the ring Kerry double checks his pads and motions from side to side in place as he look at Grendel and his partner on the outside.

Just as Hector Navarro goes to ring the bell, there is a commotion in the crowd that catches everyone's attention.

DDK:

Is that??

Angus:

Yes, Keeps, that crazy bitch is here.

Reaper Prime, dressed in her usual wrestling attire, makes her way through the the DEFIANCE Faithful with Reaper Red in toe. They take two empty seats, three rows from ringside, much to the crowd's displeasure.

DDK:

I don't believe for one second these two are going to sit idly by and watch the show...

Angus:

For all we know they could be in the match. Maybe this Blitzkreig guy is a Reaper too, maybe Solomon Grendel is a Reaper. Maybe I'm a Reaper... wait no.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Nothing, carry on.

Kerry Kuroyama is obviously more distracted than Grendel or Navarro; who calls for the bell. Grendel, immediately, goes on the offensive with Kerry's back turned. Grendel slams into the returning star with a hard diving shoulder; sending Kerry flying into the turnbuckles. Sizing him up, he spins Kerry around and goes to work with a solid round of kicks, punches and a massive lariat at the head that almost clean cuts Kerry's head off.

DDK:

Not a good start for the returning veteran, the distraction at the outset of the match is clearly playing a factor.

Angus:

I'm honestly surprised she isn't screaming at the top of her lungs, Keebs.

Picking Kerry up after a solid start to the match, Grendel hoists him up for a standing vertical suplex that hits with solid impact. Grendel quickly goes in for the pin.

ONE ...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kerry's getting up to his feet quickly after that hard kickout.

Standing vertical, he meets Grendel with a grapple in the middle of the ring, the veteran gaining the upperhand and DDTing him into the mat. Kerry follows that up with a series of knees to the gut and a hard hitting leg drop. The crowd is starting to get behind him a little, when they are not busy booing the spectating Reaper Prime and her protector.

Angus:

I don't think this match can get anymore boring.

DDK:

Looks like Kerry is using his momentum to try and seal the win.

Angus:

Oh, nevermind ... you just spoke again.

Kerry Kuroyama, clearly in the advantage sets Grendel up for what looks to be a fisherman suplex, but Grendel's tag team partner grabs a hold of Kerry's leg. The distraction is enough for Grendel to break out of the hold. Navarro trying to figure out what's going on warns Kerry about stepping outside the ring to confront Harry Rose.

Angus:

Finally some action worth watching!

Grendel using the distraction again nails Kerry in the back this time with a hard hitting drop kick. He goes to capitalize quickly, but is distracted by more commotion in the crowd. Reaper Prime has stood up and moved towards the ring, hopping the barrier with Red right behind her she is now only a few feet from the ring. Grendel snarls at her and before he realizes it he's in a pinning roll up from Kerry. Navarro with the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Solomon can't believe it and he immediately is looking to confront Kerry Kuroyama with his partner Petey Garrett, quickly in toe. Kerry backs up to the corner but Hector Navarro calms the scene as he explains it was a legit three count, Grendel argues but Garrett holds him back, pointing at the Reapers outside the ring.

Kerry looks towards Reaper Prime as well, nodding his head towards her. She says nothing but points towards the rampway where on the DEFTRON the word 'HOPE' is written.

DDK:

Hope? What could that pertain to?

Angus:

Who knows with this crazy broad. I'm just surprised the lights haven't dropped yet.

Cut to elsewhere.

NOTHING CAN GO WRONG

Cut to backstage.

Impulse, Calico Rose and Scott Douglas sit in front of a small monitor in small room just off of the main hall. They've just watched the Kerry Kuroyama/Solomon Grendel match. Their collective attention breaks from the monitor in unison.

Scott Douglas:

What do you think that is all about?

Impulse doesn't answer right away; he thinks for a few seconds.

Impulse:

Reaper? Can't tell ya, Scotty... but she had a mission that feels like it culminated at DEFCon, and she came up short so it's really anyone's guess what her backup is.

Calico Rose:

That's what happens when you're evil. All the things get hexed. Totally. Hexed.

Scott:

At the risk of sounding selfish ...

Scott affects a slight shrug with a slight snark.

Scott:

At least she is spreading the evil out a little.

He motions directly toward Impulse.

Scott:

I think we've both suffered our fair share ...

Impulse shakes his head.

Impulse:

That's our lot in life, sir - that's the price we pay for playing the hero and trying to do the right thing. We suffer, we battle, and we give of ourselves. Learn that lesson now, because it'll save you a ton'a trouble later on.

Scott nods in agreement.

Cally:

Still... Miss Two Day Shipping and the Red Baron bear watching so they don't do anything evil. Kerry's your buddy, right Scott?

Scott:

From way back, yeah.

Impulse:

You should probably touch base with him. Give him a warning, if nothing else.

Scott:

Agreed.

Impulse:

You are right, though - if Reaper's moved past us, at least for now, that's the best thing that could happen with this

UTA crap movin' in. That's too big for us to focus on and not get bogged down with a personal vendetta.

Scott:

I don't know about that - strictly speaking, we've got the UTA guys outnumbered.

Impulse shakes his head.

Impulse:

I don't wanna sound like the old man, sir - but I've been through this sorta thing before: the numbers game is irrelevant. As the interlopers, they're proactive. As the defenders, we're reactive. They've got everything to gain and nothing to lose, and now that they've shredded the only member of their...

Air quotes.

Impulse:

"Roster," that makes any sense in Big Murr, and with Dan Ryan teamed up with 'em, we really have no idea what it is they'll do next.

Scott Douglas nods.

Scott:

That makes sense. Too bad about Andy Murray, too. Just not sure about the way you're saying 'we' - you really think I'm one'a the best choices to defend DEFIANCE?

Impulse points at Scott's bag.

Impulse:

Yes. Even if there was no other reason, that Southern Heritage Championship is proof.

Scott stands to leave.

Scott:

I appreciate the vote of confidence... and on that note, I want to thank you for DEFCon.

Impulse begins to wave him off.

Scott:

No ... look, I know exactly what it is that you did out there at DEFCON. It won't be forgotten. Anytime --

Impulse interrupts.

Impulse:

I know. And I appreciate it. But you don't owe me anything, sir. What matters is that the most deserving athlete won the belt at DEFCon, and over the course of those two nights, every one of us got what we deserved.

Scott Douglas appears to ponder this.

Scott:

Well, I owe you one. Whenever you're ready.

Impulse smirks.

Impulse:

We've got much bigger fish to fry than Reaper and Bronson with Mikey, Kendrix, and the rest of the UTA contingent to deal with. Far as I'm concerned you don't owe me anything, but my guess is I'll be cashin' in your offer before too long.

They shake hands, and Cally puts both her hands on top.

Cally:

If you wanna pay something back, you can buy some drinks tonight...

Impulse:

Rosie...

Scott: *[laughing]*

Deal, Cally. Soon as I retain against Bronson Box, we'll be off.

Impulse:

Just watch your back, sir... Iris Davine told me I needed two more weeks before I can get back into the ring, and she decided to talk to DEFSec and formally ban me from ringside tonight. We'll be watching from back here, but... that's all I'mma be able to do.

Scott Douglas smiles.

Scott:

No worry, my friend. Bronson's probably not at full strength after DEFCon either, and this match has nothing to do with the UTA... what could happen?

Cally:

Don't jinx it!

And we go to the next thing.

MAX BILLABONG VS. LEVI COLE

We cut back to ringside where Levi Cole is just climbing into the ring. He rolls his wrists around and tightens his headgear as he waits for his opponent.

DDK:

Cole looks good to go tonight, Angus. We haven't seen much of him in the ring recently, so you've got to believe this BRAZEN prospect is gonna be looking to make an impact when he squares off against... Well, whoever his opponent is tonight.

Angus:

Stop acting like you don't know, Keeps. He's against Charlie Ace's new client.

DDK:

Well we know that. What we don't know is who that is exactly.

Angus:

If you shut up we'll probably find out.

♪ "Sad But True" by Metallica ♪

As would be expected, Charlie Ace makes his way out from the back and stands in front of the faithful in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. A smattering of boos sprinkle over him, but he doesn't seem to notice, he's only hearing the capacity crowd chanting his name. Over his shoulder stands, as always, Hoyt Williams.

Charlie Ace:

Congratulations, ladies and gentlemen. You have all picked a historic night to attend a DEFIANCE Wrestling show, because I, Charlie Ace, have a guest I would like to introduce to you all. I've scoured to globe to find the very best competitor to represent Ace Management Services, and I know I've found them. People from Madagascar, Croatia, Korea, both North and South, China, that's right, China... They've all been begging me to represent them. Asking me, 'Can you bring me to DEFIANCE Wrestling?', and the answer is 'Yes'... I can, but what will you do for me once you're here. Will you win titles, or will you be a loser like Flynn Turner was?

DDK:

I wish this guy would get to the point.

Angus:

Shut up. The man's talking.

Charlie Ace:

And when I spoke to this man I just knew, straight away, this man would be able to bring home wins and he'll be bringing home championships. Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the next FIST of DEFIANCE, all the way from Alice Springs, Australia, Max Billabong!

♪ "Down Under" by Men At Work ♪

A man, standing around 6'4" and clad entirely in khaki and filth emerges from the back almost before his music started playing and stomps his way down to the ring. He pushes through Charlie and Hoyt on his way before sliding in under the bottom rope. Darren Quimbey hardly has time to get out of dodge before Charlie Ace's newest client is mixing it up with his opponent.

The bell ring as Cole tries to tie up, but Billabong isn't playing ball and delivers a straight kick to Levi's midsection with one of his bare feet. He leaves a brown footprint in the middle of Cole's singlet before raking his eyes. Carla admonishes Billabong, but the man from the outback doesn't pay any attention. He grabs Levi by the headgear and

pulls him in towards his big, bushy beard before sinking what's left of his teeth into his forehead.

DDK:

Well... a dirty start to this match.

Angus:

Yeah, literally. I didn't know teeth came in that shade of black... and that beard looks like it's fifty percent stale beer.

On the outside Charlie Ace shouts at Billabong to 'wrestle, for the love of God, wrestle.' That doesn't seem to be a word Billabong understands however as he throws Levi towards the ropes. Cole stumbles, landing draped over the middle rope which Max uses to choke the BRAZEN star. Carla's counts all reach four before Max moves onto the next illegal hold as he transitions from eye gouging to fish-hooking, and then to both at the same time. Levi howls in pain as Max tears at his face with his yellow fingernails.

Still Charlie shouts at Max to let up on the poor lad, but his shouts go unheeded as Billabong drags Levi from the ropes and down to the mat by his hair. He wraps both hands around Levi's throat and starts throttling the life out of him. Cole claws feebly at Billabong's hands as he flails his legs, but any contact he's able to make is simply shrugged off by the extreme aggressor.

DDK:

Levi's turning blue! This isn't right. Carla needs to get in control of this beast!

Levi reaches up and pushes a hand into the wild, unkempt beard of Max Billabong, but all that does is put his fingers within range of Billabong's mouth. He chomps down on Cole's fingers, and that's the last thing Carla can see before she calls for the bell.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by disqualification... Levi Cole!

That seems to be the first thing Max hears, and he immediately turns his attention to Carla. She backs off quickly to the corner, but that just leaves her with nowhere to go as the wild Billabong charges in. The only thing that stops him from getting to Carla is Charlie Ace, who jumps in and puts himself between the rampaging Australian and the official. Charlie's interjection gives Ferrari enough time to slip out of the ring, but it also now puts him into the crosshairs.

Billabong, now wide eyed and foaming at the mouth, tries to grab Ace but the much smaller and nimbler man ducks the attack and goes behind him. Max turns and charges, but before he can get to Charlie he's blindsided by a running yakuza kick to the side of the head from Hoyt Williams. With Billabong down Charlie and Hoyt slip quickly from the ring and hurry up the ramp.

DDK:

Angus, what the hell have we just seen?

Angus:

I'm only speculating here, Keebs, but I don't think that was supposed to happen.

DDK:

Thank God Carla was able to get out of there, but... Oh no, he's coming round!

In the ring Max Billabong shakes the cobwebs out of his head and shouts incoherent gibberish at nobody in particular. He looks up the ramp just in time to see Hoyt Williams disappear through the curtain.

DDK:

If he comes over here, Angus...

Angus:

It'll be fine, I have a shield.

DDK:

You do?

Angus:

Yeah, you?

Fortunately the commentary desk isn't where Billabong's attention is now fixed as he stomps his way back up the ramp after Charlie Ace and Hoyt Williams. We fade out as Max flings the curtain aside and heads to the back.

Cut to backstage.

A PROPOSAL

Backstage.

Kerry Kuroyama is dressing down after his solid work earlier against Solomon Grendal. The tension is high as several members of security walk by. It's obvious there is a high alert atmosphere backstage. Kerry does his best to ignore these distractions but he can't help but notice the air is different than his previous run in DEFIANCE. Instead of using the locker rooms he, instead, takes care of his equipment in a vacant corner of a hallway. Next to a door reading 'Cleaning Supplies'.

Voice:

I always knew you had that look of a janitor.

Kerry's head rises up, he immediately recognizes the voice. He doesn't bother turning to acknowledge the female presence. However, the camera shifts to catch who it is; Courtney Paz, former agent of Perfection, former lawyer, former IWF executive. The woman has held many roles.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What hole did you crawl out of?

Courtney Paz:

Oh you know me, always landing on my feet, Kerry.

Kerry:

Unfortunately --

Paz:

So, this is a quiet return to DEFIANCE, no announcement, no pre match interview. You get thrown a bone and walk away with a victory on your first night's return.

Kerry:

Well I think DEFIANCE has much larger things to worry about than announcing my return.

Paz:

That's very true, Kerry. In fact that's the reason I'm here tonight. I wanted to offer you a proposition. A 'contract' of sorts. It pays extremely well and my clients are very ... very interested in bringing you on board.

Kerry:

What the hell are you -- ? Are you working for UTA?

Kerry busts out laughing at the notion. Courtney, meanwhile, adjusts her glasses glaring at a former employee. Her facial expression doesn't change and she isn't amused. Realizing this isn't striking her in the least, his hearty laughter trails off and he turns to finally face her.

Kerry:

This is something different isn't it?

Paz:

If you are referencing my involvement with the Ultimate Toughness Alliance, than that would be correct. I am in no way associated with that company or it's ... flagbearers. My clients are of a higher importance.

Kerry stares at Paz for a few moments longer and he's just about to open his mouth and answer when the camera catches the newly crowned SoHER champion Scott Douglas turning the corner. He stops dead in his tracks at the site of, not only Kerry Kuroyama but Courtney Paz as well.

Scott Douglas:

... Kerry.

Scott nods. Kerry glances back at a stone lined Paz and takes note of the extreme awkwardness filling the hallway.

Kerry:

Scott. ... Long time, bud!

Paz's eyes remain locked on Douglas, starting from the moment he entered her eyeline. Kerry and Scott trade glances back and forth from one another to Paz and back. Douglas gives a subtle shrug in Kerry's direction. Kerry raises his brow and returns the same questioning look just before Paz stomps off.

Kerry moves forward with an outstretched hand. Douglas is visually resident to embrace but slowly extends his hand. The sound of her high heels clicking down the hallway becomes more faint with each step but can still be heard behind Douglas and Kerry's conversation.

Kerry:

How the hell you been?

The handshake. The half hug.

Scott:

Ah, you know how it goes. Ups and downs.

And a quick release. Manly.

Kerry:

Up at the moment, eh?

Scott:

Yeah, I suppose you could say that. Although ...

Kerry:

This whole place is upside down, right?

Kerry delivers with a chuckle to lighten the darkening mood.

Scott:

That's one way to put it.

Kerry:

Hey, I ... gotta ask; what's going on with Jessica?

Scott looks away from Kerry for a moment. He turns back and brings the conversation to an abrupt close.

Scott:

... It was great seeing you again, Kerry. I'll catch you around ...

Scott exits the frame and leaves a confused Kerry Kuroyama standing in the middle of the hall as the camera fades back to the arena.

ANSWERING THE CALL

And now, back to the commentation station.

DDK:

Can... can you BELIEVE what we've seen tonight, Angus? An invasion by UTA?

Angus:

Dumbass Mormons led by Hollywood McFuckass... is this Hell, Keeps?

DDK:

Well, while we still try to make heads or tails of this, we've got "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns about to make an appearance momentarily. After a huge victory at DEFCON over rival Danny Diggs, he's clearly looking onward and upward, but can that even happen with what's going on right now? Will he have anything to say about it?

Angus:

Something that will nauseate me, probably.

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The new theme from League of Legends begins to play flash and pulsate shades of yellow and orange. Once the crescendo kicks in, out from the back comes the man from New Zealand rocking the all-orange attire and points at his "Hi. I Like Graps." T-shirt and gets a nice response from the DEFIANCE Faithful. He slaps hands with a few of the high-paying front-row fans and pats a kid on the head before walking into the ring.

Angus:

Jesus, fulfilling them babyface tropes! Ugh!

DDK:

He's an overly positive guy, sure, but that didn't stop him from putting a hurt on Danny Diggs!

Twists and Turns climbs onto the apron and looks out to the cheering crowd before he leaps over the ropes and into ring. He has a microphone and gets ready to do what he came out to do.

Oscar Burns:

If one of them production fellas can cut my music, that'd be sweet as.

And with that, the music fades quietly.

Oscar Burns:

Well... what a bad night, eh? Buncha other wrestlers comin' over from UTA thinkin' they'll have our guts for garters, eh?

The pro-DEFIANCE crowd loudly BOOS the mention of earlier events in the evening.

Angus:

I don't like the Mormons, but I hate it when he talks... but I DO like it when he rips people's limbs off. Can I hit the mute and just watch his matches that way?

Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

I'll be the first bloke to admit, I haven't been in DEFIANCE all that long. I can't say that it's been home to me more than a couple months, but when I worked my way to the States, I heard all the talk about how this place has some of the best competition anywhere... and thus far, I haven't been disappointed yet. I quiet like this place!

The crowd cheers a little at Burns' speech.

Oscar Burns:

Now that being said, with these UTA stirrers comin' to our shows, tryin' to mess with us, I've only got this to say...

Burns turns to the entrance ramp.

Oscar Burns:

I won't let anybody come here and get away with takin' over anythin'. If any of you UTA blokes are feelin' stropky, why don't you rattle your dags, come on down to this ring and get stretched! I'll fight any one of you, anywhere, at any time!

The crowd cheers on Burns for his willingness to attack the situation head-on in the name of DEFIANCE. Burns paces the ring and when he gets no answer right away, he shifts his attention away from the corner.

DDK:

Burns calling out any member of the UTA alliance! Are they going to answer his challenge?

Angus:

Gotta hand it to Kiwi... I admire him wanting a match on behalf of DEFIANCE against these turd-bullets.

Oscar Burns:

Like you blokes did to Cayle, maybe my back needs to be turned in order for you to do something...

♪ "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me" by Culture Club ♪

The crowd starts to get into a mixture of booing and groaning for the BRAZEN star and the man that made Burns' first couple of months in DEFIANCE a major pain – Danny Diggs!

Angus:

Oy, vey... now's not the time to make a name for yourself, kid...

DDK:

Diggs looking pretty well for having his head stomped in by Oscar Burns at DEFCON, but what does he want? He's not who Burns called out.

The Master Thief has a VERY angry look on his face, almost beet-red before he says anything.

Danny Diggs:

You... you... DUMB KIWI BASTARD!

Burns shakes his head while Diggs continues.

Danny Diggs:

DEFCON was supposed to be MY moment! Where everybody would finally stand up and take notice of me! And you took it away from me!

The Technical Spectacle shoots an annoyed glance at The Master Thief.

Oscar Burns:

Danny... I'll say this as nice as I can. Rack off! Or as the Yanks say... PISS OFF!

The crowd cheers a little while Danny growls.

Danny Diggs:

DEFCON was a fluke! Your career is a fluke! You're the flukiest fluke that ever fluked! At DEFCON, you lucked your

way to a victory, but you forget that I've beaten you, too! All you did was make things between us even. You aren't better than me!

Burns shrugs his shoulders.

Oscar Burns:

GC, if you think that you're better than me, than I might've stomped your brain matter harder than I thought! You handcuffed me to a guardrail in our first match to win by countout... I beat YOU in a match that was in your wheelhouse and you still got wallied. That should speak for itself, mate! Now, if you aren't a UTA wrestler, then I suggest you once again, mate... rack off.

The crowd laughs at him, but Diggs isn't in the mood!

Danny Diggs:

Sounds like Burns is afraid of being embarrassed by me yet again! I've had you wrapped around my finger for two months, Burnsie, and I can beat you again tonight! Right now, in fact! Then I'll be the DEFIANCE MVP and save us from the evil Mormons!

Angus:

Hey, that's my schtick.

With that being said, Burns finally relents and shrugs.

Oscar Burns:

Fine, mate. If it gets you out of my hair for good, let's do this.

Burns takes off his shirt and throws it down, ready for a fight with Danny Diggs!

Angus:

Oy, kid, do this another time! Let Burns rip apart one of them UTA'ers.

DDK:

Well, looks like we're getting an impromptu DEFCON rematch! Oscar Burns versus Danny Diggs right now!

OSCAR BURNS VS. DANNY DIGGS

The crowd starts to cheer for the impromptu rematch from DEFCON getting underway.

DDK:

Well, looks like Danny Diggs is obsessed with trying to right what he felt was a wrong from DEFCON.

Angus:

Hey, he had a good showing for himself against a star like Oscar Burns, but he took the Kiwi too lightly and he paid for it. If he's a real star, he'll learn from his mistakes.

Referee Brian Slater quickly approaches the ring and with both men inside, it's about time for the bell to ring on this impromptu match!

DING DING DING

Danny Diggs quickly goes on the offensive by taking off his shirt and throwing it right at Burns! With the Technical Spectacle distracted from the sudden surge, Danny quickly buries a series of gut punches into the chest of Burns and boots him toward a corner. He continues raining the boots down on Diggs and wails on him with vicious fire tonight. It looks like Diggs is a lot more motivated to end this quickly, given how quickly Burns turned things around in two previous matches.

Diggs throws Burns off to the side and starts to grab onto the top turnbuckle, attempting to undo them in full view of Slater. Slater tries to get in his way, but he doesn't count on Burns getting back up and CRACKING him in the back of the head with a Running European Uppercut in the corner! Diggs gets thrown off to the side and because he really is a nice guy, Burns walks over and ties up the turnbuckle padding back on.

The Master Thief holds the back of his head in pain, but still charges in and tries to attack Burns. Instead, Burns moves out of the way and rolls him up with a nothing-fancy Schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

Diggs kicks out!

He gets up and starts to swing at Burns when The Technical Spectacle ducks! He snaps his head around with another disorienting Uppercut and then snaps him up and over with a Bridging German Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Despite Diggs kicking out, Burns holds on to the rear waistlock and tries to suplex him again, but Diggs gets his elbow back and cracks Twists and Turns over his head. Burns continues to hold on and when he tries for a suplex, Diggs' trick leg acts up and beyond sight of the official, he manages to catch Burns off-guard with a quick low blow he now calls **THE GRECO-ROMAN SACK TAP!** The crowd groans when Burns rolls him up with an Inside Cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICK OUT!

Diggs gets a close one, but Burns somehow kicks out! Diggs holds up three fingers and protests with the official, but Brian Slater calls it a very close two-count!

Burns growls and hooks the head and leg of Burns. His finisher, Heist Almighty, is clearly up but Burns twists and turns (HA!) his way out of the hold, snapping a vicious Elbow Smash into the jaw of Diggs. Diggs ends up teetering on his feet and then tries a kick to the gut out of desperation. Instead, Burns grabs his leg, elevates him up drives him across the knee...

CRACK-BACK-A-MA-JIG!

The Belly to Back Backbreaker nearly breaks Diggs in half as the crowd cheers on the catch wrestling and submission expert! He quickly ties Burns up by the leg and before he knows what's going on, he SNAPS it down with a grounded version of a Dragon Screw Leg Whip!

Diggs holds the knee in pain as Burns hops back to his feet and points to the cheering crowd. He raises his boot and delivers his signature STOMPS to the knee, several times causing Diggs to yell out in pain! He quickly applies what looks like the start of some sort of Figure-Four variant, but instead, he FLIPS him over onto his stomach with an Inverted Cloverleaf Leglock with an Ankle Lock applied!

THE GRAPS OF WRATH III!

Diggs doesn't hold out in the hold for too long...

TAP TAP TAP!

Burns releases the hold after the bell quickly and makes it back to his feet, yelling and cheering for his quick submission victory!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match by submission... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Burns pumps a fist while Diggs holds his mangled leg in pain, not sure what the hell just happened!

DDK:

He did it again! Danny Diggs really tried right there to put this one to bed quickly, but Burns was ready for him! He calls that submission The Graps of Wrath III and it secures the victory!

Angus:

I was hoping it'd be a UTA'er, but whatever. He has a million submissions to beat people with and he just claimed another victim with them!

Burns points to the cheering fans as he exits the ring and heads back up the ramp, celebrating the quick victory. While this wasn't a UTA wrestler, Burns hopes that this win is enough to show that he means business tonight when it comes to dealing with the threat of the UTA menace.

SILENCE IS THE BEST ANSWER

A long white banner is stretched across the concrete wall backstage at the Wrestle-Plex. Reaper Prime is standing in front of it still dressed in her wrestling attire, with a paintbrush in hand and a bucket of red paint next to her. She is furiously painting what looks to be Russian letters, with Reaper Red standing close by with a furious pair of red eyes scanning the area.

Lance Warner is fast approaching as the camera crews were set up for him to catch the commotion going on backstage.

Lance Warner: [mic in hand]

Jessica... errr, Reaper Prime.. I'm not sure what to call you.

He steps forward awkwardly to the pair but is not pressured to move away. Reaper Red does not move or flinch and Reaper Prime is steadily focused on painting and ignores his initial comments.

Lance:

Reaper Prime, you have been unusually quiet tonight considering what transpired at DEFCON, your past actions would have made the losses you felt on both nights seem like pressing matters but our cameras have noticed you going in and out of the crowd tonight. Specifically during Kerry Kuroyama's returning match where you sat extremely close to ringside. Can I ask what that was all about?

Moving the mic towards her direction, Reaper Prime again ignores his inquiries. Instead her continued focus is on the banner in front of her.

Lance:

Any comments ... at all?

Realizing he is being ignored by Reaper Prime, he moves towards Reaper Red cautiously. Mic in hand he moves it towards Reaper Red's face. He stands unmoving ignoring Lance's approach.

Lance: [back towards the camera]

This is useless.

CRASH!

A loud slamming sound comes from off camera and it scares Lance to the point of near flight. The camera spins around and comes to a stop on the cleaning room closet door. A moment passes before the door flies open wide and a thick cloud of smoke bellows from the small room.

Johnny Tie Dye, steps out coughing up a lung and laughing simultaneously.

JTD: [coughing]

I wouldn't go in there for a while ... if I were you guys.

Lance turns to him and gives a frustrated shake of the head.

JTD: [still coughing]

LANCE, MY BOY!! How goes it?! Hey did you enjoy those brownies I gave you or what?

Lance:

Evening, Johnny. You know, that's not something I partake in. I'm not sure why you ask ...

JTD: [distracted]

WHOA!!!! What's going on with this thing?

Johnny Tie Dye gets distracted easily and his immediate attention is focused on the banner that Reaper Prime is so intensely finishing up.

JTD:

Sick tag, dude! Oh man, I'm uber into dope graff!

Reaper Prime finishes the last stroke on the letter at the end of the banner, throwing her paint brush down into the paint bucket at her feet. She steps back from it and looks to Reaper Red, nodding towards him and the two walk away.

Lance:

I don't think that's graffiti, I think it's Russian.

JTD: [coughing]

The art of graff, bruh ... comes in all languages! I have to say, dude ... I strongly agree with that statement.

Johnny Tie Dye, still coughing, makes his way down the hallway and leaves a puzzled Lance Warner staring at the banner in front of him. He stares at it for a few more moments before DEFsecurity approaches. They too stare at the banner, perplexed.

Lance:

First UTA... now this craziness.

Fade on the banner.

Молчание помогает вам помнить

DAVID HIGHTOWER VS. MASCARA DE MUERTE IV

We cut back to the arena as the camera pans the fans.

DDK:

Well partner, the next match on our docket, has a bit of emotion tied to it.

Angus:

Don't hit me with the 'Days of our Lives' Keeps, who is wrestlefiting?

Some quick shuffling of paper is heard as Darren Quimbey enters the ring, microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming up next folks we have a match, scheduled for one fall! Coming to the ring first.

♪ "Holy Diver" by Dio ♪

The fans stand up as the young newcomer bursts through the curtain, he's a ball of energy.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Mexico City, Mexico, weighing in at 178 pounds.... MASCARA DE MUERTE IV!

The crowd cheers loudly after the announcement MDM4 runs down the ramp as fast as he can, he's still a little ginger following DEFCON. He high fives every fan he can take the time for. He jumps over the top rope and springs himself in, he lands and looks down at his legs and shakes them a bit trying to steady himself.

DDK:

Let's take a look at the replay from DEFCON. After his match with Gage Blackwood, David Hightower was quite angry, and took his frustrations out on a unprepared MDM4!

The replay shows the blatant attack as MDM4's theme fades away. After the replay...

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

Angus:

It was pretty brutal Keeps, I'll admit it. That said, this kid might have as many brains as the skeleton on his mask, as he's about to go head to head with a guy who outweighs him by over 100 lbs. This one could get ugly fast.

DDK:

That may be so, but you have to defend yourself when attacked, and sometimes your pride comes first.

Angus:

Well his pride might land him in an ambulance tonight...

Out through the curtain comes the charismatic manager, followed by the stoic wrestler.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing from West Memphis, Arkansas, weighing in at 275 lbs.... Being accompanied by his manager, Jamie Sawyers! DAVIDDDD HIGHTOWEEERRRRRR!

David labors to the ring slowly. He locks eyes with MDM4 who is more than eager for the bigger man to enter the ring. Sawyers moves around the ring, while Hightower follows. Finally the pair climb the stairs and enter their corner. Sawyers jumps on the second rope and throws his arms into the air. Hightower just stands there waiting on the bell.

Ding Ding Ding.

Sawyers hops out of the ring as MDM4 comes running. He immediately tries to throw a running knee at David Hightower. David catches him in midair and chucks him across the ring, miraculously MDM4 lands on his feet to the excitement of the crowd. A surprised Hightower runs at him with a lariat, but it's ducked. MDM4 turns around David and lights him up with a fury of fast punches and kicks. David flinches at each one, but doesn't lean on the blows. He finally just pushes through them with a nasty headbutt that knocks MDM4 to a knee. Hightower takes advantage of the dazed MDM4 and shoots him off the ropes and drops his head for the back body dropped, he's leapfrogged and when he turns around he catches a dropkick to the mush. The blow staggers David into the ropes which he uses for balance, but he never leaves his feet.

MDM4 is quick to follow up and takes off after Hightower. This time David is once again ready (especially after being warned by Jamie Sawyers at ringside. He tosses MDM4 up in the air, but Mascara is able to grab the top rope with his hands and like a balance beam he does a spin and lands on his feet on the ring apron. Once more David Hightower is frustrated by this. He tries to knock him off the apron, only to miss, and catch a kick to the stomach. Hightower bends over and MDM4 uses his back as leverage and rolls into the ring off the back of Hightower and onto his feet. He hits the opposing ropes and blasts David with a knee that send him through the middle ropes and to the floor of the arena.

Angus:

Watch out! Here we go! Mexican helicopter!

DDK:

He's gunna fly!

MDM4 hits the ropes a couple times waiting for Hightower to get to his feet. On the last attempt he jumps from the mat and lands on the top turnbuckle with both feet and launches himself off with a senton to the outside landing right on top of David Hightower, both men go down but after a few seconds MDM4 gets up and beats at his chest proudly. The fans react accordingly. Jamie Sawyers comes in close, but is seen in the periphery of Mascara and with a glance is backed away without incident.

MDM4 tries to do some brawling outside of the ring but clearly it's not very effective. He notices he's in David's neck of the woods, and takes the action back to the ring fairly quickly. Once inside he drops a leg drop on the throat of Hightower and goes for a quick cover.

One...

Tw...Kickout!

On the outside of the ring Jamie Sawyers complains to the referee.

DDK:

Wow, I'm a little surprised by the impact of MDM4 here on David Hightower.

Angus:

Oh no doubt he's flying around here like a Mexican jumping bean, but the question isn't whether his offense is spectacular, the question is, is it effective?

DDK:

So far so good. He's keeping the pacing very fast, something he has to do if he intends to win this matchup.

The pair get to their feet, MDM4 much faster than David Hightower, Once standing Mascara kicks Hightower in the gut and attempts to irish whip him off the ropes, Hightower uses his weight to stop it and reverses the whip so that MDM4 goes running towards the corner. Hightower follows up with a monstrous running body block. A staggered MDM4 comes out of the corner and is picked up before he's sidewalk slammed to the mat. David Hightower grabs an ugly headlock with his forearm across the face and mask of the mexican superstar. He wrenches back painfully but eventually releases the hold after a few seconds. David remains in control for the next few moments before finally MDM4 fires back, reversing a powerbomb attempt into a float over sunset flip bomb.

The fans pop hard.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

DDK:

OH! Mascara De Muerte 4 just almost snuck one out! What a huge counter!

Angus:

Even I was surprised by that one!

Hightower gets up and MDM4 tries a headscissors takeover but David Catches him, flips him over with a modified death valley driver. David picks him right back up and hooks him with a clothesline that sends him ass over end. The crowd give a loud "oooooh" as MDM4 hits the mat. With the encouragement of one Jamie Sawyers, Hightower continues his relentless assault. He picks up the much smaller wrestler, sends him into the turnbuckle once more and follows up with the big body splash. Mascara falls to a knee but David won't allow it, he picks him up and whips him to the opposite corner, and hits the body splash again! He does this two more times bringing the total count up to five for the match, and MDM4 looks out on his feet. David finally hits a shoulder block in the middle of the ring that shoots his opponent across the ring. Finally David lines it up and delivers...

Angus:

Mest. Wemphis. Massacre. Ring the bell. Dammit!

DDK:

David Hightower with that big knee drop of his. He hooks the leg.

One...

Two...

Three...

The bell rings, Sawyers makes it into ring in less than a second, and has his arms in the air in victory already.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner by pinfall.... DAVID HIGHTOWERRRR!

Inside the ring Sawyers signs the letters U.T.A. at the hard camera, while his client just stares down at the slowly recovering Mascara De Muerta 4.

DDK:

MDM4 just wanted to get some payback for the blind side attack from a few weeks ago... unfortunately it was not his night tonight.

Angus:

David Hightower is an animal keeps, The man is emotionless and powerful, a great tool for anyone, unfortunately he's on the wrong team.

DDK:

I certainly wouldn't want to be the target of that man.

The scene cuts to the face of Hightower as he looks down at MDM4 before it slowly fades to the next.

WHY SO SERIOUS?

DDK:

That's odd. I don't know what's up next.

Angus:

So it could be something great?

♪“Crazy Train” by Ozzy Osbourne.♪

Angus:

Welp. I was wrong. Here's money.

DDK:

We didn't make a bet.

Angus:

I jinxed us. You deserve compensation.

A light fog rises up by the entrance ramp, as the recently redebuted UTA superstar Jack Harmen emerges. Wearing his UTA “Flyin’ High” t-shirt and white tights, dropping to his knees as he parts the smoke. He raises a single devil horn taunt hand above his head as he hangs his head low. He then looks out to the jeering Faithful, and lowers his head in response, shaking it from side to side. Harmen pops up to his feet, cracking his neck as he makes his way toward ringside.

DDK:

Jack Harmen made his redbut at DEFCon, destroying the PCP and then aligning with the invading UTA force. Most DEFIANCE fans remember when he and VIAGRA joined in 2014, and their epic match for the Trios titles... Now he's taking that long walk to the ring.

Angus:

And the Faithful don't forget Keebs. Harmen burned his bridge, not once, but twice. He deserves all this and more. In fact, I'm slashing his tires after the show.

DDK:

It's not wise to admit to crimes before you commit them.

Angus:

Don't worry, the po-po are DEF fans. We're good.

Jack Harmen climbs up the ring steps, and onto the apron. He steadies himself with the top rope, and looks out to the jeering crowd, numerous people pointing down with double thumbs. Harmen shakes it off and slips in through the middle ropes. He walks with purpose over to the corner by the time keeper's table, and calls for a mic. The Time Keeper, however, does not throw it. Harmen rolls his eyes, and yells for the mic to be tossed to him. The time keeper shakes his head no.

Harmen falls to the canvas and rolls out, before he rushes the time keeper. He grabs him by his suit lapel, and raises him off his feet. The time keeper still refuses, so Harmen tosses him into the barricade, before forcefully taking the microphone. Harmen rolls back into the ring, and smiles as he looks down at the fallen time keeper, being attended to by Darren Quimbey.

Harmen taps the microphone twice, the sound echoing over the PA system. He raise the microphone to speak.

Jack Harmen:

...

Harmen bites his bottom lip. The DEF crowd show their displeasure. Harmen takes a deep inhale.

Jack Harmen:

I am a member... of the United Toughness Alliance.

Angus:

Fuck that guy!

That only furthers and strengthens the response from the faithful. Harmen covers both of his ears, taking in a deep breath, before lowering, only to receive a more deafening response. Harmen almost twitches, but continues on.

Jack Harmen:

And I wanted to come out here today and tell you, why I attacked the Pop Culture Phenoms. I feel you deserve an explanation.

Harmen looks back to the entrance ramp, and points.

Jack Harmen:

They. Deserve an explanation.

Harmen looks away, almost looking ashamed. He pulls his hair forward to cover his face. The DEF crowd give him no shelter.

"You're an Ass-Hole!" *clap-clap-clapclapclap*

Harmen then shakes his head from side to side. He raises his head and looks dead center toward the camera, eyes bulging out of his sockets. Before he speaks, he hesitates, and his eyes become dull and lifeless. He stares out, emotionless.

Jack Harmen:

I didn't want to do it. Really. I had too. It just had to happen. I can't really explain it, things ain't that simple, never been. I mean, it's hard being the bad guy. You should try it sometime. It's liberating, but it's like sandpaper on the soul...

Harmen looks up with renewed focus. His mouth twists into a contorted grin.

Jack Harmen:

Now without the smoke and mirrors, my outer layer removed, my shell, my falsitudes... I can say, they were my students... I loved them like my children. I... I never meant to get so jealous... but I guess I did? And honestly? It all felt ooooooh so great, acting on my inner impulse. HI RANDALL!

Boos from the crowd.

Jack Harmen:

So, their success as tag team champions here... They did something I couldn't, and we can't have that. It stung on the soul. So, maybe that's why I attacked, why I made sure they wouldn't leave DEFcon with the tag team titles. Maybe...

Harmen began to pace, rubbing the back of his neck.

Jack Harmen:

Or, you know, what really pissed me off? I think it's maybe because I spent six months of my life covering for then as a trainer at my school so they could come here and pretend they're more important than they are. Some Hollywood starlets ready to be discovered. HAHA oh so RICH! And me, being the "good man" I am...

Jack Harmen climbs up onto the middle rope and looks out toward the entrance ramp.

Jack Harmen:

I lost six months of my career! Cause those Hollywood douchebags wanted to come here and be Mikey's SLAVES! They left me high and dry, and left me running the school in the twilight of my career, when EVERY moment counts. I'm almost 42. There's only so much flyin' this old High Flyer can do... I think that's why I attacked them. But really? In the end...

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)
♪ "Live For The Night (MIA Remix)" by Krewella ♪

The crowd roars with approval as probably the most unlikely defenders of DEFIANCE Wrestling make their way out to the staging area. There is no dancing or posing. The latest fads are not being followed. You will not find your dank memes here as The D leads Elise Ares and Klein with microphone in hand. His pink and blue ring gear compliments the same of Elise Ares, who is still sporting a neck brace and a large pair of sunglasses. Meanwhile Klein hides a new plain tan mask under a towel, shielding himself from both the terror of the camera and the gaze of his former employer who shakes his head in disappointment in the ring. The music stops and The D raises the microphone to his lips.

The D:

You know, when I saw you take off that mask I thoug...

Jack Harmen:

NO! You don't get to talk to me! You just have to stand there and listen! Just listen and take it! Like when Elise uses the strap on. SEE, D, I plucked you and your GEORGE over there from obscurity! You rode on my coattails to get jobs EVERYWHERE you went. I brought you to the IWO. When LoC came callin', I said no but gave 'em your C-V. And now? Here in DEF? You think you got your jobs WITHOUT ME?! HAHAAHAHA! The only reason you two ever got hired is because I VOUCHED for you. And then you went and did me dirty!

Harmen tilted his head to the side, letting out a large grin.

Jack Harmen:

In the end, you're just another selfish no talent hack riding the coattails of MY success. You want to know why I attacked you and your friends? Why I destroyed you?

The D:

YEAH!

Jack Harmen:

CAUSE YOU DESERVE IT!

Boos.

Jack Harmen:

Yeah yeah, but really, look at them. They're horrible people. If it wasn't for their happy laughy bullshit and beating up Mikey Unlikely, you all would hate them as much as I do and you should! You may get cheers, but you're still despicable trash not worthy of camera time. Except Klein. Klein's just an incredibly weird and off putting dude that probably has some form of Asperger's.

The camera cuts to Klein, who's hiding and obscuring his face. Normally, he wouldn't be phased and would just be waving happily, but... not today. Elise steps in front of Klein, putting herself between Klein and the camera, mic in hand.

Elise Ares:

What about me Jack? I made everything myself. And sure! I might be a horrible person. I'll admit that. I never claimed to be nice, only amazing.

Elise poses in the moment.

Elise Ares:

You can't make a... thing without breaking a few eggs, but I expected more from you, Jack. What happened to the guy who took me in when everyone else thought I was a lost cause?

Jack Harmen:

He's right here Elise.

Harmen waves excitedly toward Elise, much like how Klein would wave.

Jack Harmen:

I just stopped pretending to give a shit.

A jeer erupts from the crowd as Klein turns around and begins to leave the stage area. The D stands in front of him and begins to console him. As those two try to talk it out, Elise's eyes narrow in on her former trainer.

Elise Ares:

So you want to put on a show?

Jack Harmen:

Greatest show on earth when I'm involved BA-BAY!

She takes a minute to compose herself, looking down at the ground before gazing back at the man standing in the ring in front of her.

Elise Ares:

Then maybe it's time you give a shit and realize that you're talking to greatness. I'm not the girl who was blackballed out of Mexico with daddy issues anymore, Jack. These two behind me, might be the greatest tag team wrestlers this place has ever seen, and I won't let them waste away in your school while you travel around the world with your name in lights. They bust their asses teaching the future of this business, but your name is on the building. We earned the lights. We earned the t-shirts, the movie deals, and the social media follows. Hashtag Lake Placid Vi Two, bitch. And when you show up to the building and our faces are on the posters instead of yours, it drives you up the goddamn wall. I can see it in your eyes. Trust me, I know a sociopath when I meet one and you're making ME blush.

Elise mock waves herself like she's burning up. Harmen tries to remain stone cold, but his nose twitches, belying his underlying anger.

Elise Ares:

So why don't you run on back to UTA with the rest of the DEFIANCE failures, and stay the hell out of OUR ring. Because if you stick around here with us... we'll embarrass you, too. Just like Mikey was before he went out and found a new slave to do his bitch work for him. PCP. OUT.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE holds the microphone up in the air and drops it onto the stage, never breaking eye contact with the man who arguably saved her career. Despite the fire in her voice, you could almost see the betrayal in her eyes. The D pats her on the back while Klein continues to pace, nervously.

The camera focuses on Harmen, who can only let out a single laugh.

Jack Harmen:

Ha. I'll give you that win. It'll be the last one you ever have.

Harmen flips the microphone and tumbles out of the ring, through the middle and top ropes. Elise ushers the D and Klein backstage, as Harmen begins to storm around the ring. However, instead of going up the ramp, he begins to walk alongside the left side of the ramp to the back.

DDK:

Fans, I can only say that's just the beginning.

Angus:

Look at Klein. It's like the big dumb goof is gonna cry. And that might just make me cry.

DDK:

Angus? Showing empathy?

Angus:

I LIKE HOSESSES! ALRIGHT! LAY OFF ME!

DDK:

Harmen certainly said a lot... without saying much at all. I still don't know exactly why he did it... cause everyone knows the PCP didn't deserve THAT kind of sudden betrayal.

Angus:

But it was inevitable, because that Lunatic is just a snake in the grass, and if I had my way, him and the rest of his UTAH flunkees would be OUTSKIE!

DDK:

Wait... what the?

Suddenly, Keebs and Angus are on screen, as Jack Harmen is by the commentators booth. Harmen angrily storms over, and reaches out, grabbing and yanking Angus' headset off his head.

Angus:

(Faintly)

HEY! THAT'S MINE!

Harmen tosses the headset clear across the entrance ramp so it splatters onto the opposite side interview stage. He raises two fingers backwards at Angus, and then departs toward the Music & Production room.

DDK:

Let's get security down to M & P Stat people! We've gotta get Angus a new headset too!

Angus rushes toward DDK and shouts super close to his face.

Angus:

THAT PRICK!

DDK:

Jeez, stop. Your breath smells like stale nachos, and we've got a match up next. Will someone HURRY DOWN HERE ALREADY!?

A production hand comes to the commentator table, and hands Angus another headset. He angrily puts it on, and takes a seat back at his desk.

Angus:

NO ONE CAN SILENCE ME!

FIGHTING CHAMPS

♪ "Cochise" - Audioslave ♪

Chris Cornell's unmistakable voice calls out with it's usual sense of urgency. Perhaps even more so in the wake of his tragic suicide. Some of the lyrics in the first verse strike a deep chord to a fan of the man, but it signifies something else to the Faithful. It signifies a changing of the guard.

And that change, like all things involving this gang of thieves, merits a crowd reaction of the most negative variety. Boos, many of them. Early and often blanket out the song in parts, as the NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS of DEFIANCE step through the curtain.

Skidd Row, J Stevenson, and Jonathan Wildside representing for their #BRAND tonight.

Angus:

The Bastard Sons of Wrestling fresh off winning the Tag Team Titles at DEFCON making their way to the ring, Keebs. Don't know if I respect these guys for riding the world of the ridiculously over the top nonsense that was PCP, or if I hate them for hurting the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE herself, Elise Ares.

DDK:

If you want to call their win impressive, Angus, I won't stop you. I just disagree with the methods they used to GET to that Title Match. Mind games, swerves, it was like watching an episode of a crappy mid day Soap Opera, right down to the acting.

Stevenson and Row wearing plain black t-shirts chose to display their Tag Team Titles around their waist. Walking a step behind is manager Jonathan Wildside, who's having a go at the crowd.

Angus:

Jonathan Wildside egging on the Faithful. You can tell this guy is new. Some things you just don't do and that certainly is one of them.

DDK:

Jonathan Wildside and the Bastard Sons of Wrestling are surely no one's favorite. They've managed to ruffle a few feathers, not just in their long careers elsewhere, but in just the few short months that they've been in our hallowed halls.

Angus:

Attitude and personality go a long way in this business, Keebs. But even the best know when to turn it down a notch or two. I doubt these guys even know how to locate the dial!

The trio hits the ring, sliding on on their stomach. Wildside producing the microphone. He brings it to his lips to start this one off. At least he tries to. The Faithful cut down his opening words with more boos. Wildside draws the microphone away and waits.

Waits.

Waits some more.

All the meanwhile boos. Lots of them. Row shaking his head, Stevenson motions for the crowd to quiet down.

Jonathan Wildside:

Hey - I've got all night, but some of you have parole meetings in the morning.

Some boos for that one, but the crowd quiets down a second, maybe two later.

Jonathan Wildside:

At DEFCon the Bastard Sons of Wrestling did something that no one has been able to do in the course of an entire year.

Wildside start this promo off with some passionate words. Row and Stevenson respond by holding up their new Title belts.

Jonathan Wildside:

The Bastard Sons of Wrestling PROVED to all of you, that we are the most dominant team to EVER - and I mean EVER - hold these titles. No one did it quicker than us, no one did it BETTER than us. And that's a FACT!

More boos, although not as many as when this first started. Some fans have probably hit the concourse area.

Jonathan Wildside:

But we aren't resting on our laurels, are we boys? We aren't going to go an entire year before finding a worthy competitor against which to measure ourselves. Are we guys?

Skidd mouths his no, Stevenson shakes his head in the negative.

Jonathan Wildside:

Tonight we are here to announce our intent to be fighting champions! We are willing to take on ANY team, ANY time, and ANY wher -

The words die in his mouth as two men make their way down the ramp. No music. No fan fare. No nothing. Blonde. Super Aryian. Their eyes are crystal blue. They look 100% identical. It's Angus who places them.

Angus:

KEEBS! KEEBS! KEEBS! THE HOLMSTROM BROTHERS! THE VIKINGS! THEIR BACK!! VIKING WAR CULT! VIKING WAR CULT! THE TRIOS TEAM CHAMPIONS!

DDK:

Folks, those are indeed the Holmstrom Brothers, members of the fabled Viking War Cult, holders of the Trios Team Championships. But Angus, there's one question that begs to be asked here - where the hell are the rest of them? By my count we're missing at least two. And of course just where in the hell of these guys been!?

Some scattered noise kicks up through the crowd.

Angus:

Well Keeps, I think you may have your answer to at least one of your questions soon.

Jonathan Wildside:

Whoa, whoa, whoa - who in the hell do you think you -

While Jon, Skidd, and J are drawn to the ramp, someone has slipped into the ring behind them. He's a mountain of a man. You wouldn't want to meet him in a back alley. And that's before the Viking attire.

The crowd hushes.

Skidd Row turns first and he gets folded in half by the returning Torvald the Destroyer and his massive seven foot, four inch glob of mass. Torvald's trademark spear rattles the ring, forcing Wildside and Stevenson to turn.

Angus:

GUNGNIR! TORVALD THE FUCKING DESTROYER IS BACK AND HE FOLDED SKIDD ROW IN HALF! WOW.

DDK:

Things don't look much better for J Stevenson or Jonathan Wildside.

Stevenson shows some gumption, taking some steps toward Torvald and trying to whip him across the ring. No stranger to larger opponents over the course of his career, Stevenson waits for Torvald to float across. But that never happens. Torvald just explodes forward and spins Stevenson into next DEFCON, with a Lariat.

Angus:

STEVENSON NOW! TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

DDK:

Torvald has just laid these Bastards to waste. And these Faithful are eating it up!

Now Torvald's attention has turned to Jonathan Wildside. Wildside backs himself into the corner, arms extended in front of him. Microphone dudding when it drops to the floor. He pleads, he begs. He closes his eyes waiting for the worst to come.

And then it doesn't.

Angus:

DON'T STOP NOW TORVALD! I NEED TO YELL SOMEMORE DAMN YOU!

Torvald steps over the top rope, onto the mat, and hops down.

DDK:

Heading up the ramp to meet his fellow Vikings? Cultists? Whats the proper terminology? It's been awhile.

Angus:

Vikings, definitely Vikings. And not those shitty Minnesota ones either!

Torvald joins the Holmstrom Brothers half way up/down the ramp. The Faithful voicing their approval at a near record high with the events that just unfolded before them. Wildside tending to his fallen brethren in the ring. As the three members of Viking War Cult pose down.

DDK:

And the Viking War Cult sending a message to the Bastard Sons of Wrestling. Is DEFIANCE ready for a war of this magnitude?

Angus:

DEFIANCE is like the God damned Boy Scouts, Keeps. Always prepared. Torvald laying waste to Skidd Row and J Stevenson with ease! This has me giddy!

DDK:

Also where is Cull? The charismatic leader of this Cult, shall we say, was noticeable in his absence.

Angus:

Did it really look like they missed a beat without him, Keeps? Maybe he'll pop up on the next Uncut and tell us just where in the hell they took our Trios Titles on that so called "World Tour."

DDK:

Always a possibility.

GAGE BLACKWOOD VS. CHRIS ROSS

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've been told this match has been requested by Gage Blackwood after the beating he took at the hands of UTA's Chris Ross.

Angus:

No idea what condition Gage is in. That screwdriver shot was messed up. We'll see.

♪ "Millionaire" - Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Blackwood limps out, still in his jeans and covered in a few bandages. There's one new bandage around his ribs and another around his right shoulder. Most importantly, there's one over his forehead, where he was recently stabbed with a screwdriver.

DDK:

My understanding is Gage did not need stitches for that screwdriver shot, but it certainly opened him up!

Blackwood doesn't look happy and nor do the fans. There seems to be a lot of concern instead of excitement, not just for Blackwood but for the position of DEFIANCE in general.

Blackwood rolls into the ring. His theme song closes and he waits in silence.

Chris Ross walks out with a smile on his face. There is no theme for him, since it's likely the DEFIANCE crew did not have his music readily available, nor did they know about this match until now. Ross stares Blackwood down. He's wearing his typical UTA wrestling gear and a UTA t-shirt as well.

Gage struggles to walk to the ropes but opens them for Ross, "inviting" him into the ring. Ross takes the stairs instead, still sporting a cocky grin on his face like he's won already.

Referee Benny Doyle jogs down the rampway and slides into the ring right before Ross does the same.

Blackwood charges at Ross instantly as he enters and hits him with a high knee. The crowd cheers and Doyle turns to call for the bell. Blackwood kicks at Ross in the middle of the corner now. The crowd begins to get louder. A "DEFIANCE" chant starts up. Gage stomps away furiously until Ross is able to fight him off and push him back into the middle of the ring. Blackwood falls to the canvas and the UTA wrestler begins to stalk his prey. The look on Ross' face signifies he already knows the outcome.

DDK:

I have a feeling this is not going to end well.

Angus:

[low key, almost off camera] Gage shouldn't have come out here.

Ross knees Blackwood in the head, right where he initially stabbed him. He knees him in the head again and again. The crowd turns to boos as Ross takes a moment to stop, look into the rafters and point to his t-shirt. He lifts Blackwood to his feet and hammers him back down with a hard short arm clothesline. A few more knees follow and then Ross mounts on top of Blackwood to reign the punches down furiously.

After about twenty shots, Ross looks on to more boos from the crowd. He mocks a few fans in the front row.

Angus:

Look at this...

Gage tries to get back up. He gets on one knee, looking dead at Chris Ross. At first, Ross doesn't realize. Instead, he continues to mock the crowd. Then he notices Blackwood.

Ross:

Stay down.

WHACK!

Ross levels his opponent with a stiff kick to the side of the head. Blackwood, stunned, stays on his knees until he finally falls again and Ross raises his arms.

However, Gage tries to get up.

DDK:

And more mounted punches now. Benny should just stop this match.

Angus:

I agree. This is a disgusting, cheap beating at the hands of the United *Toughness* Alliance. And I use that term loosely.

Ross hurls Blackwood into the corner, but Gage just collapses like a rag doll. Ross lifts him up and atomic drops him in the center of the ring. Then he connects with a release german suplex. The crowd keeps booing, but as the boos die it seems clear Benny Doyle should stop the match. He goes to ring the bell, but not before watching Blackwood attempt to get up one more time and waive him off.

Blackwood:

Let me-

Whatever Gage was trying to say, he couldn't finish it. Ross bounces off the ropes and hits his curb stomp finisher, 'Welcome to Harrisburg'.

DDK:

But Ross isn't going for the cover?

Instead, he hits a second curb stomp as once again Gage was trying to get back up.

Angus:

Oh come on! Is that really called for?! This guy is a straight up thug!

DING DING DING

Referee Benny Doyle rings the bell. Ross stands over Gage Blackwood smiling before turning away slowly and walking up the ramp.

Angus:

Yeah, real though, Chris. Get the better of a guy who's already half beaten, jump him and then finish him off when he's got nothing left. Real *tough*.

DDK:

I feel like this is just the start of things changing...

Angus:

Me too, Keeps, me too.

Ross slides out of the ring and gets in the face of the nearest camera he can find.

Ross:

You see that?! Yeah 717 is in the building! DEFIANCE this is only the beginning! 717 UTA REPRESENT!

EMT's attend to Blackwood and the scene goes elsewhere.

THE GRAVEYARD

Backstage.

The medical room.

Andy Murray lays unconscious on a bed. He isn't bloodied (quite miraculous, given the events that opened the evening), but his face is already covered in welts, including a big, black shiner around his left eye. More pertinently, there's a foam brace wrapped around his neck, and one of the DEFIANCE medical team is currently tending to him.

Pan along. Mascara De Muerte IV is moving, but seems to be in all kinds of pain following his match with David Hightower. Iris Davine is trying to seize control of the situation.

Iris Davine:

Look, I know you're angry, but you need to keep still. You know how this works.

Further across the room, Cayle Murray is *PISSED*. The FIST of DEFIANCE has a big, white ice pack pressed against his skull, and looks about as angry as we've ever seen him before. He glares at his brother, then at his masked buddy, grunting something under his breath.

Christie Zane:

Uhhh, Cayle?

Great time for an interviewer to show up.

Murray tilts his head towards Zane, who steps gingerly into the room, microphone in hand. She doesn't look entirely comfortable with the situation, but a scoop's a scoop.

Christie Zane:

I know it's a bad time--

Cayle Murray:

"Bad *time*?!"

He stops himself, regaining control.

It's not her fault.

Cayle Murray: [muted]

I'm sorry.

The FIST shakes his head.

Zane looks over to Andy, then to Muerte, then back to the FIST. She's exasperated. Remorseful. Trepidacious.

Professionalism? Fuck that.

Christie Zane:

I don't really know where to start...

She pauses.

Christie Zane:

You must be very disappointed.

Cayle Murray:

I'm not disappointed, Christie. I'm bloody *disgusted*.

The FIST almost spits the words out.

Cayle Murray:

I'm disgusted that a weasel like Mikey Unlikely, who *RAN* from DEFIANCE when he couldn't beat Impulse, did all this. Kendrix, Harmen, Crimson, Ross, Jackson, whoever the hell else you wanna name... they're nothing but a gang of *spineless* jellyfish, Christie!

The Scot is fuming. His eyes are blazing, his face is red, and he's having trouble putting sentences together.

Cayle Murray:

This...

He grits his teeth together.

Cayle Murray:

This will *NOT* go unchecked.

Dan Ryan:

That's the spirit.

Murray's head whips around, not without some pain, and sees Dan Ryan standing in the doorway.

Dan Ryan:

I'm disappointed, actually. You didn't include me in your rant at all.

Murray seethes, eyes glaring a hole right between the eyes of Dan Ryan. He clenches a fist.

Cayle Murray: [through gritted teeth]

Must've slipped my mind.

Dan Ryan:

It's been a disappointing night. I get it. Have either of those two been able to speak yet, or just gurgling sounds?

Ryan looks at Christie Zane.

Dan Ryan:

You're such an amateur, Zane. Two of the three people you came in here to talk to are half-conscious, and Cayle here has a headache the size of Texas. Warner never made such rookie mistakes.

Cayle Murray:

Get lost, Ryan. "Doing what's best for DEFIANCE." Is that what this is? Just like DEFCON? Just like earlier on?

Dan Ryan:

First of all, too many questions at one time. You're over-excited. But to answer, yes, doing what's best for DEFIANCE. No, not *exactly* like DEFCON. And finally, I didn't touch you tonight. That's all the questions you asked, right?

The FIST shakes his head.

Dan Ryan:

Look, I just came to see how you were doing. You *are* the FIST, after all. I need you to be well. The plan sort of depends on it.

Cayle Murray:

Sure. "The plan." Listen, I'll never buy anything you say ever again, and I've not time for your trademark "witty" banter. We've got a match later tonight. I'll do my talking in the ring.

Ryan shrugs.

Dan Ryan:

Suit yourself. You just be careful. I really don't want you getting hurt.

Murray's eyes narrow, and Ryan meets this with an insincere, hollow smile, and he leaves. The FIST says not a single word - just turns around, looks once at Mascara De Muerte, once at his brother, then bows his head.

Cut.

SOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS (C) VS. BRONSON BOX

DDK:

It's been quite the night already, partner ... and as this brewing war between DEFIANCE and members of the Ultimate Toughness Alliance wages on; we have a surprisingly different match up ahead.

Angus:

Leave it to Douglas to go all ... DEF on DEF crime.

DDK:

Bronson Box, feeling cheated after the events of DEFCON, has his eyes set, firmly, on the Southern Heritage Championship or at least ... on retribution against Scott Douglas, who left that night the victor.

Angus:

Let's hope for the latter.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! ... and it is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Huge pop from the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger ...

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down..." ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Banff, Scotland... weighing in at two hundred twenty four pounds... The ORIGINAL DEFIANT... 'THE WARGOD' BRONSONNNNNNNN... BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!!!

As Box emerges from the backstage, he has an unwavering look of contempt on his face. He stomps toward the ring, moving his head from side to side like he is cracking his neck while rotating his right shoulder. He enters the ring and his haunting music dies down.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by Terry "The Idol" Anderson!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... The DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas takes the stage trailed by "The Idol." Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a second but quickly heads for the ring. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, long cut offs and scuffed boots ... plus the title draped across his tattooed shoulder. Douglas enters the rings and turns the SoHer belt over to Benny Doyle.

Bronson Box attacks before the bell's first strike. Douglas is caught off guard and sent reeling backward into the ropes as Box continues throwing European uppercuts at the newly crowned Champion. Some hit and some glance but the surprise alone catches Douglas off his guard.

Box slingshots Douglas off the ropes and across the ring. On the return, he turns the tides. Ducking a brutal clothesline, spinning and taking the Original DEFIANT off his feet with a spinning heel kick. With Box on his back, Douglas drops a short elbow and covers.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not even a one count, partner! It's going to take a lot more than that to put down Bronson Box.

Angus:

A hell of alot more! That plus a tank, air support ... possibly the nuclear option. Scott Worthless, doesn't have a shot of holding on to that belt!

Box scrambles to his feet but Douglas is a step or two ahead of him. Douglas drops back and hits the ropes once again but Box is ready and nearly takes his head off with a clothesline; launching from a crouched stance. Before following up, Box rotates his shoulder with his opposite hand on the ailing joint.

As Douglas tries to shake the cobwebs loose, Box still gripping his shoulder, lays in a few boots to the face. Official Benny Doyle warns the ACE of DEFIANCE to no avail as Terry Anderson protests from ringside.

Douglas, attempting to retake his vertical, is assisted by Bronson Box and a handful of greasy hair. Just as he has Douglas nearly to full height Box lays in a stiff European uppercut, Douglas goes limp falling back to his knees and the process repeats itself several times. Each time, Box grimaces that much more as his shoulder becomes a noticeably debilitating issue.

DDK:

I'd be remiss if I didn't point out, Bronson Box doesn't look like he is in peak position.

Angus:

Stab people with spike long enough, you'll end up with some weary joints. I believe the clinical term is Spikendonitis.

DDK:

That's ... - oh Scott Douglas is back in this with a big standing dropkick!

Box went to well one too many times, each leaving a larger and larger opening due to the increasing pain. Out of desperation, the SoHer landed an offensive blow and both participants lay in the center of the ring on diametric roads to recovery.

Douglas leads Box, and takes to the ropes once again. Box, again, swings a big lariat toward the charging Douglas. It's ducked and the suffering ACE can't turn about while in the throes of agony and more so, the frustration of a failing body. Douglas follows through and off the ropes once again plants the War God, face first, with a running bulldog. The impact flips Box to his back and Douglas quickly covers once again.

ONE ...

TWKICKOUT!

Good or bad, Box isn't one to let his shoulders be pinned quite that easily. The opposed pair are back to their feet and Douglas remains in controls of the match. He whips Box into the ropes and ducks down for the back body drop. Box stalls, pulls Douglas' head in for the BOMBASTO BOMB! He lifts Douglas up but his shoulder fails and that hesitation allows Douglas to use the momentum ... and he faceplants Bronson Box with a sitout facebuster! He instantly covers once again.

ONE ...

TWO ...

KICKOUT!

Benny Doyle signals an official two count to the timekeeper as a frustrated Bronson Box pulls himself up by the ropes; spitting and snarling the whole way. Scott Douglas returns to his feet as well and rushes Box, while hanging by the top rope from one arm and vigorously reaching for his boot with the other.

Douglas comes up behind the ACE and snatches him, by the worn shoulder, in a Cobra Clutch. Douglas starts to drag the noticeably shorter Box toward the center of the ring as Benny Doyle checks the hold isn't a choke. Box uses his lower center of gravity and massive legs to fight and walk the pair back toward the corner. Still stuck in the clutch, he walks himself up the turnbuckle but is stalled at the middle. Douglas struggles to maintain the hold as he snatches Box away from the corner. Just as Box's feet plant solid on the canvas, Douglas launches backwards.

DDK:

Cobra Clutch Suplex! Floatover, Douglas covers!

ONE ...

TWO ...

TH - KICKOUT!!

Box's kickout was violently charged with the fury and frustration of a cold and crass mind controlling an ailing body in a younger man's business. Douglas is flung off of the ACE and into toward the ropes. Terry Anderson rushes over and is overzealous in his attempt to spur the champ along. Benny Doyle leans over the ropes and insists "The Idol" back off as Bronson pops to his feet; his left hand momentarily cupping his right shoulder ...

Angus:

Seattle's Favorite Export ... [pauses] has angered the WAR GHWADDD!

Douglas shakes off the effects and comes to his feet with his back turned to Box. Benny Doyle is still waving off Terry Anderson who is now up and on the apron arguing over nothing.

DDK:

This will not end well ...

Box charges Douglas, head down - hail mary - Bronson Blitzkrieg shit.

Angus:

YAAAAASSS!

Box spears Douglas, leading with the bad shoulder ... but the pieces fall like dominos.

Douglas bumps Doyle who collides with Anderson. Anderson is shoved from the apron to the padded ringside floor. Doyle bounces back before he smacks the canvas and involuntarily rolls to the apron. Douglas spins off and lands in the ropes, the impact of which cause his right arm to be pinned between the now twisted; top and middle rope.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is in a bad spot here, parnter! I don't know if this could have turned out any worse for the new SoHer!

Box pulls himself up with one good arm, his right shoulder slumped as he stalks toward the trapped champion. Douglas squirms and desperately attempts to free himself from the ropes but is instantly cut off by Box's brutal boot. The Original DEFIANT lays in a few before Douglas is weakened enough to get his left arm in the same position as his right.

Angus:

Paint a pretty word picture if you want, Keeps! Scott Douglas is dead! Call the coroner now!

Scott, his legs folded beneath him, is splayed out in a crucifix fashion - tied up in the ropes as Bronson Box seethes in front of him. His accompaniment laid out ... the referee ailing on the apron. Angus might be right ...

WE'RE TAKING OVER.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Bronson spins around at the sound the music blaring over the PA. Bronson glares at the entrance ramp; his anger and intensity growing by the second.

Angus:

NO! NO! NO! What does this douchebag loser want?!

DDK:

Whatever it is, he's got Box's attention; which has certainly saved ...

Angus:

... Douglas' ass! Leave it to this *GORRAM* Hollywood Z lister to ruin the best thing on this show tonight!

Jesse walks out, making his way down the ramp, eyes focused on the clipboard in one hand as he brings his mic to his mouth in the other, reading from the board as his music cuts.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah! So, as well as ample parking, we now come onto the ring. I mean, it's not really a ring, it's more of a square shape, to be honest. But anyway, despite this being the best part of the accommodations, some people like to devalue its attraction.

He looks out at the crowd with that smirk. They return in kind with a hearty chorus of boos. A few fringe chants kick up but nothing solid takes shape.

Kendrix:

People like Cayle Murray! Someone who takes the easy way out of a match, someone who's not man enough to pin JFK at DEFCON!

DDK:

Interesting take on what happened in the triple threat match.

Angus:

Thank Jesus this guy didn't win.

He smiles at the crowd's boos before noticing Box and Douglas in the ring, returning his attention to the board.

Kendrix:

Now, don't worry about the riff-raff in the ring. This place is currently going through a gentrification process, so they won't be around much longer and...

Jesse cuts himself off mid-sentence as he looks around, a slight look of worry on his face.

Kendrix:

Hey, where's the new tenant gone?

Angus:

What on earth is he talking about?!

Cameras rolling on the action in the ring catch fans standing and looking at a skirmish in the crowd while Box shouts inaudibly at Kendrix. They roar as out of the corner of your screen a bald-headed man in a suit enters the picture. He slides a chair into the ring and glides under the bottom rope. The crowd lets out a large "boo" as the man picks up the chair and clocks Bronson Box in the back of the skull. Box hits the mat and appears to be out cold.

DDK:

Is that? It is! That's Jay Harvey and he just laid out Bronson Box!

Angus:

Another one of Mikey's UTA turds? I don't know how they keep procreating!

The crowd is still on their feet as Jay Harvey stands tall in the center of the ring. Harvey takes a few steps toward the unconscious Bronson Box. Harvey has a large smile on his face as he admires his handy work. Scott Douglas still struggles to get free from the ring ropes and can do nothing but watch.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is helpless!

Angus:

You mean useless... If this is our first line of defense we're fucked!

Harvey looks down at the chair in his left hand and then at Douglas. As Kendrix enters the ring he claps proudly towards Harvey. Kendrix stomps at the body of Bronson Box before rolling him to the outside. Kendrix pats Harvey on the back and then hands him the microphone.

Angus:

Don't give this guy a mic...

Jay Harvey looks around Ground Zero as the boos continue to rain down upon him and Kendrix. He gets closer to the Southern Heritage Champion, now kneeling inches from him. He puts the microphone to his lips and begins to speak.

Harvey:

You all know who I am...

BOO!

The reaction makes Harvey chuckle. His eyes don't leave Scott Douglas'. Douglas is trying his hardest to break free from the ring ropes to attack Jay Harvey.

Harvey:

I could tell from that warm reception you savages gave me.

The crowd continues to let Harvey hear it and he loves every second.

Harvey:

Hi, Champ... you know who I am.

Harvey gets right in the face of Scott Douglas.

Harvey:

I'm *THE* Jay Harvey.

The crowd once again lets out a roar, some fans throw trash into the ring. Kendrix holds his hand out at Jay apologetically for a moment and gesturing for the mic before angrily turning his attention out at the arena.

Kendrix:

You bellends had better stop ruining moving in day for *THE JAY HARVEY*, DAMMIT!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Harvey pats Jessie on the back, calming him down. The mic faintly picks up Jessie adamantly claiming to Harvey "it's your moving in day" as it's passed back to Jay who turns his attention back to the crowd.

Harvey:

You all know why I'm here, why *WE'RE* here... *WE'RE* taking over.

Cameras pick up a soda cup flying just passed the head of Jay Harvey.

Harvey:

A big reason why I'm here, Scott... is that title you wear around your waist. I want it and I'm going to get it. Just know... it's just a matter of time. You're going to be seeing a lot of me, Scotty. I'm gonna make sure of that.

Douglas tries to headbutt Harvey but Harvey cocks his head to evade the attack. Harvey pats Douglas on the cheek and gets serenaded by the DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

Is that a challenge for the Southern Heritage title?

Angus:

It definitely sounded like one.

DDK:

We both know Scott Douglas isn't going to back away from a fight. Folks, the UTA invasion continues and things just picked up now that *THE* Jay Harvey has made his presence felt.

Angus:

Bronson Box isn't gonna forget what Harvey did here tonight. Harvey has made some enemies, men you *CERTAINLY* don't want to get on the wrong side of.

DDK:

Stay with us. There's still more to come here on DEFTV!

Harvey and JFK make their exit from the ring as cameras continue rolling on the two. We soon cut to commercial.

FUCK DEFIANCE

DDK:

Coming up next we have a great.....

Keebler stops mid sentence as he is interrupted by something being relayed to him via his headset.

Angus:

What's going on Keeps?!?!?

DDK:

Something major is going on in the backstage area.

Angus:

What's happening?!?!?!?

DDK:

I don't know partner, but a camera should be there any minute now.....

Suddenly the image of a camera rushing toward the commotion as we see a battered and bloody, Oscar Burns, being tossed into some production trunks by a hooded assailant.

Angus:

SECURITY! SECURITY!

Angus' plea for law and order fall on deaf ears as the next image shows the attacker running full force and driving their knee into Burns' face. The assailant admires their handiwork for a brief moment before picking up Burns by the hair and throwing him viciously into a metal door and grabbing him by the arm and slamming him into the concrete wall back first before watching him slide down the wall to the cold, concrete floor.

DDK:

This is sickening!

Angus:

Where the hell is security?!?

As that question lingers we begin to see Oscar slowly crawling away on all fours as his attacker stalks him like a shark who smells blood in the water. Burns' attacker runs full force at him and obliterates him once again with a running knee to the face. The attacker looks at Burns and says....

Masked Assailant:

Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back.

The masked individual leaves the area for a brief moment before coming back with referee, Carla Ferrari, not by her choice might I add. The assailant tells her something but she visibly refuses by shaking her head which pisses the assailant off as they grab her by the hair and yank her towards them saying some words of encouragement to change her mind which causes her to comply. The assailant lets go of Ferrari and when she is composed shouts....

Ferrari:

Ladies and gentlemen, this match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit.

Angus:

The hell is this?!?!?

DDK:

A match?!?!?

Ferrari motions and shouts ding to imitate the sound of a bell and the masked assailant grabs Oscar and delivers a cutter onto the concrete floor before rolling him over and hooking a leg for a cover.

Angus:

You've got to be kidding.

Ferrari doesn't move and the assailant looks at her and shouts....

Masked Assailant:

COUNT!!!!!!!!!!

Ferrari drops to the floor and begins her cadence.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!...

As soon as the third slap is heard the masked assailant jumps up and fist pumps like he's Tiger Woods.

Angus:

Look at this idiot, he's celebrating this victory like he just won the FIST of DEFIANCE championship.

The masked assailant motions for his hand to be raised.

Masked Assailant:

Raise my hand and announce me as the victor!

The masked individual demands as Ferrari raises his hand and makes the announcement.

Ferrari:

Your winner by pinfall.....

The masked individual lowers his hood to reveal himself as the one and only....

DDK:

THAT'S SCOTT STEVENS!

Angus:

Something has to be done about these UTAH trash.

Stevens yanks his arm away from Ferrari who runs off being slowly kneeling down beside Oscar Burns.

Stevens:

Two things you need to remember boy when you make assine threats like you did earlier tonight. The first thing is when you say you will take on anyone, anywhere and anytime you should expect someone to call you on it, but I take it you weren't expecting me to answer did you? You were probably expecting the Dibbins or that idiot Chris Ross to answer now where you? Someone on your talent level that you may have a chance against.

Stevens says before grabbing the unconscious Burns by the cheeks and pulls him up.

Stevens:

But I'm not them. I'm the guy you don't mess with, you understand? I just proved in less than thirty seconds that UTA is superior to DEFIANCE, that I am superior to any of you DEFIANCE trash any day of the damn week! You issued the

challenge and you just lost as I am now not just 1-0 against you but I'm 1-0 against this bush league promotion.

Stevens says as he raises Burn's unconscious face higher up.

Stevens:

And the second, and most important, thing to remember until the end of time is this.....FUCK DEFIANCE!

Stevens shouts before letting go of Burns and exiting the frame.

CAYLE MURRAY VS. DAN RYAN (NON-TITLE)

DDK:

Well folks, it's main event time...

Angus:

Fuckin' *SIGH*.

DDK:

This is a match capable of headlining any major wrestling show on the planet. It's one of the all-time greats, Dan Ryan, facing off against the current FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray. Under different circumstances, this is a bout we'd be salivating over, but it's impossible to know what to expect after all that's happened.

Angus:

Snake vs. Squid, Keeps. I don't even know what to think anymore. We've already seen the elder Murray get screwed out of a title tonight, and while we're told that the FIST isn't on the line here tonight, I can't see this ending well for Cayle - he's gonna need eyes on the back of his head, particularly with Andy and MDM4 down.

DDK:

I'm worried, Angus. Very, very worried.

Angus:

So you should be.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall!

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The Faithful fill the building with their loudest roar of the night, knowing that *THEIR* guy is about to hit the ring after a night of UTA-related fuckery. Cayle Murray doesn't even mess around with fancy intros tonight: he barrels straight out from the backstage area, not waiting for his usual cue. There's a limp to his step, but that doesn't slow his *stomp* to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs in at 220lbs... the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE... CAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

Cayle's dressed in his usual black and red attire. He's got the belt with him, and drops it down in his corner, before yanking his ring jacket off his torso. Murray then starts pacing back and forth, ready for his opponent's arrival...

DDK:

Not smiles, no choreographed entrance, no hand-slaps with the crowd... this *isn't* Cayle Murray, Angus.

Angus:

Good, because the Cayle Murray we usually get won't get it done against Ryan tonight. This version? I *like* this version...

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

A loud roar of boos fills the arena as strobe lights flash on and off the face of Dan Ryan stepping out through the curtain. He looks through darkened sunglasses into the crowd, but without the characteristic smirk. As the heavier guitar riff kicks in, he pulls off the glasses and tosses them sideways into the crowd and starts a deliberate walk toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, weighing in at 305lbs... the former three time FIST of DEFIANCE...
DAAAANNNN RYYYYYAAAANNN!!!!

Angus:

The snake in the gorram glass...

Ryan makes it to the ring, keeping his eyes on Murray in the ring and climbs up to the apron. He ducks and steps in. Cayle Murray immediately stomps over to Dan Ryan as he enters the ring, but backs off with Brian Slater plants a hand in his chest. 'The Ego Buster' looks unimpressed.

DDK:

Damn, Cayle's desperate to get a piece of Ryan here!

Angus:

As he damn well should be!

Satisfied that he's not going to get anymore separation between the two, Slater calls for the bell...

DING! DING! DING!

Murray comes right out of the gate, trying to catch Ryan off-guard with a charging dropkick, but Dan sees it coming. He sidesteps, Cayle hits the mat, and Ryan reaches down to grab him. The three-time FIST applies a rear waistlock to the current FIST and hauls him off the ground, but Cayle fights back, smashing his elbows into Dan's ribs a couple of times.

Cayle squirms free, then turns, cracking the larger man with a rolling forearm. A stiff leg kick follows, then an open-palm slaps across the face. Ryan catches a second, takes Cayle's arm, and moves behind, tying Cayle's own limb around his neck. Murray grabs the rope, and Dan "breaks" by elbowing him hard in the skull.

DDK:

That's smart work by Ryan, neutralising Cayle's energy by tying him in a couple of holds, but how long can he keep him contained?

Angus:

Cut his damn head off, Squiddo!

Confident that he has the mental side of the match firmly under control, Ryan backs away from Cayle, allowing the Scot to come towards him. Murray does just that, but slides beyond his opponent his time. Dan is quick on the turn, facing Cayle as he hits the ropes, but the FIST goes low with a basement dropkick this time! He catches Ryan on the knee, sending him stumbling back against the ropes.

Murray charges right towards Dan, but Ryan counters, tossing him over the top rope. Cayle lands on the apron, and smacks the back of his opponent's head with a forearm...

Angus:

YES! Get him!

... but Ryan spins round with a roaring elbow, knocking Murray clean off the apron and down to the floor.

Angus:

Oh for fuck's sake!

DDK:

Down goes Cayle Murr-- hey!

A bustle.

A commotion.

A ruckus.

Call it what you will, but a big bulky bastard has just clambered over the guardrail, picked Cayle Murray up, and charged him back-first into the post.

DDK:

That's David Hightower!

Angus:

UGH.

Brian Slater calls for the bell, ruling the match a DQ in Cayle's favour, but none of Hightower, Ryan, or Jamie Sawyers look like they give a shit.

Angus:

I've had it, Keeps. Fuck these guys.

Hightower rolls Cayle back inside the ring, and Ryan pulls the woozy champion back to his feet. He then pushes Murray away, content to let Hightower come forward, then blast the FIST with a mean right haymaker!

Angus:

Cayle's out, Keeps!

DDK:

Hightower calls that 5am The Next Morning, but god, Angus, what the hell *is* this?!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via disqualification... CAYLE MURRAY!

The timekeeper rings the bell several more times, trying to rid the ring of Ryan and Hightower, but it's no use. David just stands over the down FIST, glaring right at him...

Angus:

That big bastard just wiped the FIST of DEFIANCE all the way out.

DDK:

The match barely got started, either. A pay-per-view calibre match... ruined!

Angus:

What did you expect, Keeps?!

Hightower finally looks up, taking a good, long, look at the hateful masses before him. He slowly raises a single arm in the air.

DDK:

And so a night of chaos concludes, with David Hightower standing over the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

And Dickhead Dan looks mighty pleased, too.

The jeers are deafening, but they're never going to get through to Hightower, who's now being applauded by his vocal

manager.

DDK:

Folks, we're out of time...

Angus:

UGH.

DDK:

This has been DEFtv 89. For the second time in a month, the landscape has shifted forever... I can only hope things improve in two weeks' time.

Angus:

That's if there's even a show in two weeks' time...

DDK:

Goodnight.

Cut.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.