

THE OPEN, SHE IS COLD

Fade in.

A long, bright corridor somewhere deep within the DEFarena's guts. At least four sets of heavy footsteps stomp along the concrete floor - all boot-clad, wrestling or otherwise.

The first is battered, bruised, and bloody angry. Dressed in street clothes, Andy Murray has a beaten old cricket bat slung over his shoulder and looks like a man ready to plant it between someone's eyes.

Alongside him, as expect, is Cayle Murray. The FIST has his gold snapped around his waist, and while not as grizzled as his brother, he, too, looks ready for a fight.

With them are Mascara De Muerte IV and Sho Nakazawa, Cayle's two training partners. It's hard to ascertain what's going on behind their masks, but it's safe to say they're less than thrilled by the sudden invasion of horrible mormon cunts.

The group is completed by a man - a BEAST - one wouldn't normally expect to associate with such individuals, particularly as he was trying to beat Cayle the last time we saw him. Regardless, respect earned on the battlefield and a new, common enemy has brought Mushigihara to this group, fractious as their alliance may be.

The Murrays-led group know where they're going and stop at an ajar door. Andy pushes it open with the end of the cricket bat.

Andy Murray:

Lads.

Impulse and Scott Douglas look up from their own conversation.

Impulse:

Gentlemen.

He nods. Both 'Pulse and Douglas examine the militia, ascertaining their mood immediately.

Scott Douglas:

You boys looking for trouble?

Cayle Murray:

Gonna solve this UTA problem. You in?

Impulse:

'Course.

The duo hop up from their bench. The march continues. The newly-expanded troupe head further down the corridor, then bump into a less-than-friendly duo.

Bronson Box and Reinhardt Hoffman stand in their tracks.

Andy Murray:

Big Bloody Brons--

Bronson Box:

Fook right off, Andrew.

The tweed suit-clad Scottish Strongman glares a hole through Douglas, Impulse, and The Murrays - four men he's had plenty of problems with lately.

Cayle Murray:

Lovely.

Bronson Box:

You too, SQUID. Yer fook--

Andy Murray:

PLEASE shut up.

Incredulous, Box snaps his head back to the elder Murray. The two bow up to one another slightly before Cayle steps between his brother and their long time nemesis.

Cayle Murray:

We can all settle our petty beefs later. For now, we have a UTA infestation to deal with. You in, Mr. 'DEFIANT Ace?'

Cayle looks Bronson right in the eyes. The question sounding almost like a challenge.

The War-God considers it for a moment, but then he looks disgusted at Impulse, then Douglas, then back to the Murrays...

Bronson Box:

You... heh... you really thought all this "the enemy of my enemy is my friend" bollocks would work with me, did ye' lad? You and yer' CUNT brother didn't learn a damn thing scrappin' with me did ya'... SQUID?

Boxer allows an awkward silence to build between he, his compatriot and the cadre of do-gooders. He lets the next two sentence slither out of his mouth like snakes.

Bronson Box:

This place survived you cunts.

The (self-proclaimed) Ace of DEFIANCE looks the troupe in its entirety up and down one last time with a derisive nod of his sheared cranium. His eyes settling back on Cayle...

Bronson Box:

It'll survive THESE cunts too.

The Starbreaker furrows his brow in disgust.

Cayle Muray:

Fine.

No hesitation - the militia continue their stomp, brushing past the Wargod and the Gentleman German.

Andy Murray: [over his shoulder]

Don't expect a share of the spoils, though.

The two villains watch them go. Hoffman almost looks as though he wants to join.

Boxer, decidedly, does not. Reinhardt shoots his usually wildly bloodthirsty colleague a inquisitive eyebrow. Boxer just grits his teeth and growls under his breath.

Bronson Box:

Fook the whole lot of 'em.

Cut.

THE RUNDOWN

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO ...

♪ "Root Down" - Beastie Boys ♪



FADE IN on the DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, who are still reacting to the cold open played on the DEFiatron. They are clearly elated by the prospect of the Murray Brothers led posse yet still on edge and agitated by the current state of affairs.

WRESTLEUT AIDS

I'D SMASH PAZ!

BURN 'EM OSCAR!

UR APP IS DOWN!!

CAYLE WILL FIST YOUTA!

DAT BUS THO?

HARMEN SMOKES PCP

STRAIGHT OUTTA RELEVANCE

THE LAME HARVEY

CRUCIFY MORMON RED JESUS

And so forth, some EVEN more obscene than others.

The crane shot swoops down and we settle on 'Downtown' Darren Keebler and 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland at the commentation station.

DDK:

GOOD EVENING DEFIANCE FAITHFUL! My name is Darren Keebler and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland, and things could not be looking more, well ... up ... then they ARE **RIGHT NOW!**

Angus:

More up? What in the hell are you babbling about, Keebs?

DDK:

All I'm trying to say is: the Murray's, reunited, are RALLYING the troops and one can only assume ... mounting a defense against this onslaught of ...

Angus:

Mormons.

DDK:

... WrestleUTA -

Angus:

Aids. Did you see that sign? *[chuckling]* Best sign ever! Hands down. Hey - hey ... cut to that sign! Truck fucks, cut to

-

THE CLASH

Angus and Keeps get interrupted, not by entrance music.

Angus:

What the...?

Instead, they're interrupted by seven of DEFIANCE's biggest and brightest marching through the curtain and starting their way down the ramp. No music - just venom.

DDK:

Impulse, Scott Douglas, Mushigihara, Nakazawa, MDM4, The Murrays...

Angus:

The DEF Militia!

DDK:

We saw them form just a few moments ago, and I guess we're about to see what they have planned...

The crowd, of course, pop at the sight of such wondrous individuals, but the group ain't playing tonight. A few exchange hand-slaps with a fan or two en route to the ring, but it's mostly all business from the group, particularly Cayle and Andy, who lead the walk.

Angus:

Fuck yes, Keeps! I don't like most of these guys, but they're here to stand up for DEFIANCE - our home, *THEIR* home. It's a pity there's only seven of them...

DDK:

Were you surprised by Bronson Box's decision to spurn their advances?

Angus:

Yes and no. Yes, because this is Box's turf. He *IS* DEFIANCE. No, because Bronson Box has tried to kill most of these guys at least once. I can't lie, Keeps: I'm a little disappointed.

The squad make it to the ring. Andy Murray still has that cricket bat, though it's his brother he calls for a microphone first. Darren Quimbey hands it to him from outside, while another is tossed to the elder Murray. The FIST gets ready...

Cayle Murray:

WrestleUTA!

The jeers are instantaneously. Cayle doesn't even wait for them to die down...

Cayle Murray:

Get out here... right *NOW*.

The negativity turns to a massive roar of approval. Fire, baby. Fire.

Andy Murray:

No bullshit, no games - let's bloody *FIGHT*.

Angus:

Yes!

DDK:

... this can't be wise.

Cayle Murray:

DEFIANCE is our home. *OURS!* Not yours. I don't care how many of you there are - this garbage has already gone on too long, and we're *alllll* sick of it.

Andy Murray:

So come drag yourselves down that ramp, pronto. You took my title, but you sure as hell ain't gonna tak--

♪ "Blunt Blowin'" by Lil' Wayne ♪

DDK:

Ohhhh boy...

The red carpet unfurrels and out come the newest members of the DEFIANCE roster, by hook or by crook. Mikey Unlikely leads the way, behind him is the entire WrestleUTA roster. They cover the stage and Mikey brings a microphone up to his mouth as his music fades out.

Mikey Unlikely:

How sweet of you to invite us...

Andy Murray:

You can shut the hell up right now laddie, this isn't the true Hollywood story, and no one wants to hear your shit!

The DEF crowd cheers loudly as Mikey puts the mic down by his side and bites his cheek.

Cayle Murray:

As far as we're concerned, you can drop that microphone right now, and march each and every one of your asses down here to this ring and we can end this right now.

Once more the crowd gets excited. Impulse implors the crowd to get louder, while Scott Douglas opens the ropes for the WrestleUTA team to get in the ring. They stay at the top of the ramp.

Mikey Unlikely:

If you guys are quite done with the dog and pony show...

He leaves it open, the sarcasm dripping from his voice.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now boys, I know you must be pretty embarrassed. Embarrassed that these fine gentlemen... (motions towards the UTA roster) Just walked in the back door of this building two weeks ago and completely stole the show! Embarrassed that the "Best wrestling roster on the planet" was shown up by a bunch of ...dare I say it? Sports Entertainers!

The crowd boos loudly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Embarrassed that you, Andy lost the WrestleUTA Heavyweight Championship in that ring against our very own Crimson Lord, in a pretty one sided matchup from my recollection.

Crimson steps forward and exposes the WrestleUTA title around his waist. Mikey looks over and nods in his direction.

Andy Murray:

I was screwed out of that championship and you know it! You bring Crimson Lord back down here right now and I'll show you who should have won that match!

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh no Andy, you had your chance! You lost that title, and lord knows you've taken quite the beating over the last few

weeks. Hell all of you took a beating last time we were here! So I get why you're doing this, but I need you boys to know something... This is bigger than you!

The crowd murmurs a bit but Cayle steps up.

Cayle Murray:

As long as I'm holding this...

Cayle lifts the FIST high into the air.

Cayle Murray:

Anything you cunts are doing to mess up this show, concerns me! Now If you want to march your way down here and tell me that again to my face, I'll have everyone clear out and give you the opportunity, because unlike you, I'm not a little bitch!

The crowd explodes in support of their scottish champion. Mikey gets a bit fired up for a moment.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT!

"Little Bitch" chants break out across the jam packed audience. Mikey covers his ears and grits his teeth.

Mikey Unlikely:

You listen here Cayle, I'm not coming down there because I'm not stupid. You want to get your hands on us? You want to get *payback*? Than I suggest you put your money where your mouth is!

Angus:

Of course all he's worried about is money! I can't stand this guy Keeps.

The FIST of DEFIANCE doesn't give way to his emotions. He knows there's more coming.

Cayle Murray:

What do you have in mind?

Mikey turns he looks at his WrestleUTA roster, after putting his hand on his chin and mulling things over he turns back to the ring smiling wide.

Mikey Unlikely:

I've got a grand idea! Andy Murray! You're so eager to get revenge on WrestleUTA!? Howabout David Hightower vs Andy Murray one on one tonight!?

The crowd gets excited, Andy smiles and moves toward the ropes, he doesn't seem to mind.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah woah... That's not interesting enough. How can we spice this up? Oh I know! If Andy Murray wins, then I will step in the ring with him one on one two weeks from tonight! You will get your chance at revenge on me! One fall to a finish...

Andy slaps at his chest, he's ready to go right now. Cayle narrows his eyes, expecting the worst.

Mikey Unlikely:

BUT if David wins... If David Hightower beats Andy Murray one on one, then David Hightower is the new number one contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The crowd boos in response to this. Cayle leans back, and looks over to Andy. His older brother walks over and the

two converse with the microphones low and away from their mouths. Andy is assuring his younger brother he's got this.

The crowd begins to chant. "Let them fight!" Jamie Sawyers is trying to hype up David Hightower who is rubbing his wrist tape and rolling his neck, trying to loosen up confidently.

Cayle Murray:

As long as you and all your goons stay away from the match, you got yourself a deal.

Mikey smiles and the fans cheer loudly for their hero.

Cayle Murray:

Oh and Mikey, just so you know, when we get you alone in two weeks, no one on that stage is going to be able save you, we're going to make sure it's the last time you're ever heard from in DEFIANCE!

The scene comes to a close as the fans send Mikey into a dizzy with a loud cheer for the last comments from Cayle. The FIST of DEFIANCE's music kicks in as Mikey walks through his gang and back through the curtain, they slowly began to follow.

Fade.

NIGEL KING VS. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

Well! After that bit of excitement, we have Kerry Kuroyama looking for his second win in a row! This evening he is going up against one half of 'The Guns of Brixton' - "Nasty" Nigel King.

Angus:

Well, if it's as boring as his returning match I'm going to be asleep right after the bell rings.

DDK:

Speaking of Kerry Kuroyama's return to DEFIANCE ... Last week in a bout against Solomon Grendal; Reaper Prime and Red made an uncharacteristically quiet appearance amongst The Faithful. We still don't know what her intended purpose was ... being that we haven't heard one word out of her since her defeat at DEFCON. We know the two of them have a past but I'm not entirely sure what she is up to.

Angus:

Knowing her it could be anything! You saw that crazy shit, where she was painting in Russian!? She is --

The mic is cut out with a blast of static and both men are silent as the mic has completely cut through their lines. A few seconds goes by and it passes.

Angus:

What... the hell was that?

DDK:

I'm not sure but perhaps ... you should stop talking about the Reapers, like that, and focus on this match coming up!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first ... accompanied to the ring by his tag team partner, Harry Rose! ... Hailing from London, England! Weighing in at two hundred and five pounds ... 'Nasty' Nigel KINNNGGGGG!!

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

With the music coming on Nasty Nigel King makes his way to the ring followed closely by his partner, Harry Rose. The Guns of Brixton are making their first appearance on DEFtv in quite some time and it's obvious with the fans unknown reaction to them. Although, it immediately turns to booing when Harry Rose makes an obviously rude gesture towards those in attendance.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Their music is replaced by that of Kerry Kuroyama who makes his way to the ring, to a small pop from The Faithful. He slaps a few hands along the way as he makes his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Nigel King attacks Kerry Kuroyama just as the bell rings, getting the early upper hand on the veteran. Using an Irish Whip to send him across the ring into the ropes, King uses the momentum to flip Kerry onto his back with a nasty looking hip toss, immediately going to his submission roots, King wraps up Kerry's arm in a twisting arm bar.

DDK:

Quick start to this match up, favored to Nigel King as he takes The Pacific Blitzkrieg off guard and is working him over in the middle of the ring.

Angus: *[snoring]*

....

DDK's mic makes a brief noise before cutting off as the action back in the ring shows King still in control. This time, hoisting Kuroyama up to his feet and yanking his arm hard in a downward motion, almost as if he's trying to yank it out of socket. Continuing on for almost a minute, Navarro double checks that Kuroyama wants to continue. Nodding yes he blocks King's attempt to Irish Whip him again, leveling King out with a hard Lariat.

DDK:

Kuroyama showing signs of life.

Angus: *[mumbling]*

... what is: things I wish I did not currently possess.

With Kuroyama in control he puts on a wrestling school, executing a pristine jackhammer suplex that gets the crowd on their feet. He follows that up with picking King up and rotating him through the air with a powerful spinebuster that rocks the ring on impact. Yelling as he gets to his feet, it's obvious Kuroyama is in the moment and the crowd feels it too.

DDK:

What's this now? King's partner Harry Rose is causing a commotion on the outside!

Angus:

Finally that dweeb is doing something useful!

DDK:

What's that, Angus?

Angus:

Getting distracted!

Angus' point is spot on, as Kuroyama approaches the ropes to have a word with Rose, King uses the distraction to dive his shoulder into the back of Kuroyama's knee. Which sends him knees first to the mat. Showing why he's called 'Nasty' Nigel King, he hand claps Kuroyama's ears not once, but twice. Navarro not accustomed to seeing something like that warns him to back off. He agrees, but in doing so, uses his boot to step on Kuroyama's face as he lay back on the mat following the combination of moves.

Angus:

The Guns are BRAZEN, I like what I'm seeing so far.

DDK:

I'm not surprised in the least by that.

King continues to abuse of the rules, getting two separate warnings in the process following a nasty eye poke and using the ropes to choke out his opponent. The Faithful have gotten tired of seeing King's antics and start to cheer in hopes of getting Kuroyama motivated. It starts to work but when the leverage is in Kuroyama's favor Harry Rose looks again to play a factor in distracting him.

DDK:

Harry Rose is up on the apron... Again! Get that man off the apron!

Angus:

Quit your crying, if Kuroyama can't handle a little distraction - he has no place in this company!

Just as Nigel King looks to take advantage of the distraction, a blast of static is heard over the announcer's mic it catches everyone off guard including the in ring competitors. Harry Rose immediately jumps off the ring apron almost like he got shot. Kuroyama seems to be the first to gather the fact that nothing happened and he kicks King in the gut hooks him in a pumphandle, lifts him up... KUROYAMA DRIVER!! Hooks the leg....

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

The crowd is on their feet cheering and Kuroyama is immediately vertical with his arm raised in the air. His air of victory is cut short though, as the crowd's reactions quickly turn to booing. As Reaper Prime followed by Reaper Red come out at the top of the ramp. Staring at the ring silent and unmoving. The words 'HOPE' again appear on the DEFiatron, Kuroyama stares on confused raising his arms in the air like 'what gives?'

DDK:

The Guns of Brixton aren't through with Kuroyama yet!!

Angus:

FINALLY SOME ACTION!

The crowds booing intensifies as The Guns Of Brixton reunite in the ring and start attacking Kuroyama from behind, leveling him to the mat and laying knees and boots into the back of their defenseless foe. Navarro starts calling for security and they start to make their way out, but Reaper Prime and Reaper Red stand unmoving in front of them. Almost blocking them, the standoff lasts for a few seconds, but when it's obvious they are not engaging in a fight the security go around the pair and hit the ring, breaking up the beat down.

DDK:

Finally, we have security out here to straighten out this mess! Hell of a way to start a night, partner!

Angus:

You aren't kidding! I wasn't expecting much from this one but my BRAZEN boys came through in the end! Hell, maybe that's the answer!

DDK:

Answer ...? To what?

Angus:

To our current Mormon infestation! The DEFIANCE roster hasn't done squat but eagerly except ass whoopins! Maybe we need a Coalition of the BRAZEN!

DDK:

And you their fearless leader, you will be the one to rally these soldiers?

Angus:

Nah, most of those guys hate me. What's next!?

We fade to elsewhere as The Reapers stare at the carnage in the ring standing below the word 'HOPE' on the DEFiatron.

PAPERWORK

Are you kidding me?

We fade in on Charlie Ace sat on a couch, reading from a sheet of paper. He's not reading aloud, but his lips are moving as he scans across the page. Behind him stands Hoyt Williams, who seems to be paying as much attention as ever to his boss/friend/manager/protectee, which is very little. He just stands staring forwards through his mirrored aviators with his arms folded across his chest.

Charlie flips the paper over to see if there's anything on the other side before turning around to his bodyguard. He holds the paper out to him and shakes it slightly.

Charlie Ace:

Can you believe this?! Do you know what this letter says?

Hoyt doesn't answer, but he does look down at his boss.

Charlie Ace:

It's from Eric Dane! I mean, look, he's signed it and everything, see.

Ace points to the bottom of the paper. Williams' tilts his head, but still doesn't acknowledge the signature.

Charlie Ace:

You wanna know what it says? It says *"Mr. Ace"*... No 'Dear'... I mean, would it kill the guy to be a little courteous? It's sad, really. I mean, here I am, selling tickets for the guy and he can't even greet me properly in a letter? So sad.

Ace shakes his head and turns to Hoyt.

Charlie Ace:

And who even sends letters these days, anyway? Hasn't the guy heard of email? Or Skype for business? I'm surprised I didn't receive this via carrier pigeon.

Not even attempting to stifle a laugh at his own joke, Charlie's attention turns back to the letter.

Charlie Ace:

As I was saying, it says... *"Mr Ace, Following the performance and actions of your latest client, Max Billabong, at our most recent television tapings"*... I mean, what performance is that, huh? Beating the crap out of Levi Cole? Is that a bad thing? Because it doesn't seem like it to me.

Charlie shrugs and shakes his head as he continues.

Charlie Ace:

"...And considering the subsequent need for DEFIANCE security, and the police, to restrain your client during the backstage altercation after his match, I have no choice but to terminate his employment with immediate effect." Can you believe that!? I mean, we had that whole thing under control. You handled him in the ring and I had him calmed down until Tweedledee and Tweedledum came in with their mace. And that cop with his tazer... He could have killed Max. Eric Dane's lucky he's not being sued right now. That'd be fun, huh? Sue Eric Dane while he's trying to deal with all this UTA stuff, huh?

That didn't seem like a joke. Charlie's dead serious expressions makes that clear. Quite what he's sue Eric Dane for though would have to remain a mystery though as Charlie carries on.

Charlie Ace:

But he's not done, oh no. There's more... *"I am aware this is now your second client to have left DEFIANCE after one appearance, which leads me to question your judgement of character when recommending talent for employment with DEFIANCE Wrestling."* Is he for real right there? He's questioning whether or not I have a good judgement of

character? Well I can tell you this, I'm judging his character right now and I think it *stinks*.

The anger in Charlie's voice is evident as he puts a little extra emphasis on the end of his sentence. But that anger might just be building because he knows exactly what's next to come.

Charlie Ace:

You wanna know what the real kicker is though? *"Please consider this your final warning, Mr. Ace. Should any more of your clients cause the same level of damage and disruption as previously seen, or should any further client of yours be deemed unsuitable to work for DEFIANCE wrestling, I will be forced to not only terminate their employment with DEFIANCE wrestling, but yours, and that of Mr. Hoyt Williams as well."* I mean, I don't know why we're getting punished, we had Max under control. And it's hardly our fault Flynn Turner turned out to be a dud...

Point or no point, nobody is going to be able to convince Charlie otherwise.

Charlie Ace:

And then check this out... This is just out of order. *"Should the need for these steps arise, might I recommend seeking employment with UTA. If the service you offer to them is similar to that you have offered to DEFIANCE until this point, you might actually be of some use to me."*

Ace lets the paper hang limply from his hands as he stares blankly forward. He seems genuinely speechless for a moment or two, but that's a phenomenon that's never going to last too long for Charlie Ace.

Charlie Ace:

I've never been so insulted in all my life! I've never been treated like this before!

A steely resolve spreads across Charlie's face. He turns to Hoyt and screws the letter up with both hands. Williams looks down at Charlie as he starts to speak again.

Charlie Ace:

You know what, let's show him. We'll find someone that'll prove I'm a good judge of character, and then we'll make Eric Dane take back every single word he's written down here. You with me?

With that Charlie turns Hoyt away from the camera and starts conversing with him quietly. Too quietly for the microphones to pick up. It's obvious he's not going to let anyone else in on whatever these thoughts are, and so we fade out, leaving the two to their plotting.

FROSTING IS THICKER THAN BLOOD

We fade in somewhere backstage. There's no obvious tell just yet, you just need to trust us. But we're backstage and we're looking at a sign. It's hand painted with some eccentric looking letters, giving us the following message:

**WELCOME WRESTLEUTA REFUGEES
PLEASE ENJOY A CUPCAKE ON US
AND PLEASE STOP ATTACKING US**

Fade out a bit, and we can see that the sign is attached to a plain wall, above a platter with two dozen chocolate, chocolate frosted cupcakes. None have been taken so far, until a hand reaches from off screen and grabs one.

Two. The hand actually grabs two.

Fade out a bit more, and Jack Harmen is in frame, taking down one of the two in one bite. He closes his eyes in what appears to be ecstasy as he chews and swallows, and starts eating the second more slowly.

Fade out a bit more, and Calico Rose steps into view behind Harmen, a big smile on her face.

Calico Rose:

Su-Su-Supa... FLY!

Harmen freezes for a second, but he smiles.

Jack Harmen:

Cally.

He turns, and they're face to face. Harmen's face is smeared with chocolate, but that doesn't stop them from embracing in a friendly hug.

Cally:

It's been forever, Jackson... what goes on? How are all the things?

Harmen nods and shrugs.

Jack Harmen:

You know... they are what they are. Good cupcakes, as always.

Cally looks around him and sees that he's taken more than one.

Cally:

By taking one, you've tacitly agreed to my terms - you have to stop attacking DEFIANCE types.

Jack:

...No I don't. Plus I took two. That's like a double negative.

Cally:

Yes you do. You're not evil and you know you're not evil. What would Ms. Mayweather do?

Harmen seems to consider this for a second.

Jack Harmen:

She thinks what I tell her to think, I think. And I don't think that's relevant.

Cally:

I do.

Jack Harmen:

I don't.

Cally:

I do.

Jack Harmen:

I don't.

Cally:

I do.

He stops... and thinks. What would Bugs Bunny do?

Jack Harmen:

...I do.

Cally:

See? I knew you weren't evil.

She pokes him in the stomach and walks out of frame, while Harmen's eyebrows raise.

Jack Harmen:

Wait... what just happened?

Harmen shrugs, looks down at the plate of cupcakes, looks from side to side, and then after a brief moment of restraint, just starts mauling the cupcakes into his mouth. So much so his mouth is completely full before his eyes roll into the back of his head, he slumps down like a crack addict and he realizes he has diabetes now.

And we return to our insulin... and our commentary team.

SCOTT STEVENS VS. DAVIS BLOOME

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be seeing the in-ring debut of UTA star Scott Stevens very shortly as he takes on one of BRAZEN's bright young stars, "The Bad Seed" Davis Bloome.

Angus:

Come on, kid, clean this asshole's clock. If there was ever a time I'm wishing for death via elbow, this would be it.

DDK:

Stevens boasts a very decorated background in the sport, but with the way that UTA came in here and ran roughshod two weeks ago, he may not get an easy fight out of Bloome. Now let's go to the ring for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall! From Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 230 pounds... he is a member of BRAZEN... **"THE BAD SEED" DAVIS BLOOME!**

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

The theme hits and the crowd cheers extra hard for the aggressive BRAZEN wrestler, raising an elbow in the air. He's without his tag team partner, "Wise Ass" Tripp Wise, tonight but Davis looks determined to strike a blow against a member of the UTA roster and perhaps get himself known. He quickly enters the ring and the music cuts as he waits for the arrival of his opponent.

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

The slow bellow of the guitar hits and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn to jeers as they know who is about to walk out.

DDK:

The crowd tonight is clearly showing who they are not fond of here tonight.

Angus:

And why would they be cheering for a UTAH invader?

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...**SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!**

The controversial Texan slowly makes his way out onto the stage and stares down his opponent ignoring the boo birds and the colorful language being thrown his way. Stevens slowly walks down the ramp and once he reaches the bottom he begins to circle the ring like a shark circling a wounded seal. Once Stevens reaches the ring steps he makes his way into the ring and climbs the nearest turnbuckle and reaches into his pants to produce a t-shirt for everyone to see that reads, #FUCKDEFIANCE.

DDK:

That's nice.

Angus:

This guy needs to be fucked up tonight.

DING. DING.

The referee signals for the bell and Stevens and Bloome come out of their respective corners and meet in the center of the ring. The two stand their momentarily waiting for the other to make the first move and the Bad Seed is the first to react as he locks up with the much bigger Texan and is easily overpowered as he is tossed to the ground. Bloome

quickly gets back to his and goes to lock up with the Texan once more and is tossed to the canvas as the result continues to be the same.

DDK:

Bloome is going to have to think of a different strategy to compensate for Stevens' freakish power.

Davis gets to his feet once again and feigns going for a lock up and rocks the unsuspecting Texan with an European uppercut that sends Stevens stumbling backwards..

Angus:

Kick his ass!

Bloome continues the assault as he charges towards Stevens and drills him with a Superman punch that sends the Texan into the corner. Davis begins to show his Americanized Strong Style as he lights up Stevens' ribs. Davis mixes in kicks to the heavily braced right knee of his opponent and when he does causes the Texan to wince in pain silently. Davis grabs Stevens' head and rocks him with a jumping knee that would make Sagat from Street Fighter proud. Davis grabs Stevens, who's on spaghetti legs, and lifts him up and drops him on his head.

ONE...**TWO...****NO!...**

Stevens was able to get his leg on the bottom rope at the last split second showing his veteran awareness as Bloome argues with the official saying it was a three which gives Stevens time to recover. Davis turns his attention back to his opponent as he reaches down to pick him up his eyes are raked. Mark Shields warns Stevens as he gets to feet and acknowledges the warning with a one finger salute.

Stevens charges and nearly commits a crime as he nearly takes Davis' head off with a Texas sized lariat. Stevens begins to assault Bloome with boots to the upper body and face and talking trash the whole time doing it. Once satisfied, Stevens picks up Bloome and begins with a barrage of suplex around the ring.

Stevens picks up Bloome and places his between his legs as he does the throat slash taunt when a familiar theme song cues up.....

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota♪

The crowd goes wild as Oscar Burns appears at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

We may see payback right now!

Angus:

Let's go Burns.

Stevens attention is clearly on Burns which allows Bloome to recover and club Stevens in the back of the head. Burns laughs at Stevens as he continues to struggle against Bloome but his laughter comes to a halt as Stevens drops Bloome with a Toxic Sting from out of nowhere. The Texan stares out towards Burns before turning his attention

towards Bloome and locks him his a crossface. Shields begins to tap Bloome and goes to raise his arm.

ONE...

Shields lifts his arm for a second time.....

TWO...

Shields lifts his arm for a third time and will it be it????

THREE!...

Shields calls for the bell.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by submission, SCOTT! STEEEEEVEEEEEENS!

Stevens continues to keep the submission locked in after the bell and after he here's his name announced in victory releases the hold.

DDK:

Stevens wins his debut match in impressive fashion.

Angus:

Impressive? He got his has kicked most of the time.

DDK:

Depends on who's looking.

After Stevens throws Davis Bloome out of the ring, Stevens absorbs the jeers of the crowd and laughs as he holds up his #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirt like a prize. The rowdy boos immediately turn into cheers as Oscar Burns starts to walk towards the ring with intent to defend himself should the UTA star try anything. Burns has a microphone and glares at Stevens as he approaches the ringside area.

Oscar Burns:

Mate, it wasn't my intention to come out here and distract you or nothin'. Unlike you, I'm a sportsman first. Scott Stooivins or Scoot Stevens or Skeet Ulrich or whatever you are... two weeks ago was a wee cracker of a night and I gotta say, mate, I'm packin' a wobbly right now.

Stevens isn't sure what the hell Burns just said, but the intonation is clear that the vicious assault did not sit well with Burnsie.

Oscar Burns:

I'll admit, mate, you twisted my own words against me by callin' you UTA blokes out... you gave my noggin a whackin' backstage. But I'm curious, mate...

Burns walks up the steps, not taking his eyes off Stevens as he now hangs on the ring apron.

Oscar Burns:

That challenge from two weeks ago, mate, that still stands. Seein' as I don't have a match at this moment and your dance card looks pretty clear to me... if you're still feelin' stroppy, try and fight me when my back isn't turned!

Stevens backs up from where Burns is standing on the ring apron never taking his eyes off of him as he calls for a microphone.

Scott Stevens:

Let me get this straight? You want a match with me?

Stevens asks holding his side and breathing heavily which is heard audibly in the microphone as Oscar nods his head furiously.

Scott Stevens:

Well son, your wish is.....NOT GRANTED!

Stevens shouts as the boo birds and begin to chant a not so flattery chant at the Texan.

Crowd:

YOU'RE A PUSSY!

Clap. Clap. ClapClapClap.

Crowd:

YOU'RE A PUSSY!

Stevens just smirks and shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

I'm a pussy?

Stevens asks and the crowd cheers.

Scott Stevens:

You must have me confused with Burnsy here. You see the honorable sportsman that he boasts to be has decided to come down here and challenge me to a fight when he damn well knows I was just in a grueling match to begin with!

The crowd begins to boo.

Scott Stevens:

Boo all you want but the fact remains I'm not one hundred percent right now and Burnsy being an honorable sportsman would and should know that!

Stevens shouts towards Burns who is being to get flustered with Stevens questioning his honor and sportsmanship.

Scott Stevens:

Besides, why would I waste my time with him again when I am one.....

Stevens says as he gives Burns the finger at him.

Scott Stevens:

And "oh" against you, and now two and "oh" against DEFIANCE wrestlers?

Stevens says as Burns begins to yell at Stevens to fight him.

Scott Stevens:

I have more important things to look forward to like....the FIST OF DEFIANCE championship so I don't have time to waste on a dark match filler wrestler such as yourself.

Stevens says as he drops the mic and slithers out of the ring before exiting through the crowd with a horde of security protecting him from the DEFIANCE faithful.

THE PERFECT PLAN

The D:

Ehhhh, I don't get it.

The scene pans out to show Klein, sporting a new box that has a UPS logo on the side of it (presumably found backstage) over top of his mask. He's standing in front of a sheet of grid paper, masking taped to the wall with several equations written around a picture of a wrestling ring with four stick figures in the middle of it. One of them has boobies and is in a dress smiling, another is smiling with great hair, and a third one has a box for a head with a smile. On the other side of the ring, is a stick figure of a devil.

Elise Ares:

But what do we do if Jack Harmen doesn't come to the ring dressed as Satan?

The D:

That's true, he's very unpredictable. He's a crazy man. What if he comes out dressed like the devil wearing a Santa cap and holding a rocket launcher?

Klein shakes his box in disappointment before grabbing a pool cue up off the ground and slapping the piece of paper with it, presumably pointing at the series of equations to the left.

Elise Ares:

Can we just hit him in the head with a chair?

The D:

Oooh, I like that idea. He hates sitting too. Ooh! Here's a thought! I'll start the match out and hit him in the head with a chair. Then you hit him in the head with a chair. Then Klein beats him.

Klein begins to shake his box "No" as he waves off. Elise stomps her heel.

Elise Ares:

Why Klein? What if I want to beat him? He was kind of a dick to me last show.

The D:

The answer is obvious, Elise... Klein has Box Magic. After Jack Harmen is all woozy then Klein can confuse with with Box Magic, take advantage of his confusion and defeat him.

Elise Ares:

Box Magic?

Klein slaps the pool cue down between them making them both jump from the shock. Now having their attention, Klein waves his fingers in front of their faces showing them that he has nothing in his hands. He also pulls back his wrist tape, letting them know he has nothing up his sleeves. Then he reaches up into his box, digs around for a little while, and eventually produces a large deli sandwich and drops it down on the table in front of them. The D claps as Elise looks at the pile of cold cuts confused. A packet of mustard slips and falls out from his box to the locker room floor.

Elise Ares:

That's not magic! He just stole your sandwich earlier and has been hiding it inside of his box!

The D reaches down and grabs a piece of salami. He examines it, and then takes a bite. He thinks.

The D:

Hmmm. This tastes like it could be my sandwich.

Klein shakes his head visually denying such accusations. The D inspects the sandwich for traces of Box Magic Contamination before shrugging.

The D:

Only one way to find out.

He picks up the sandwich and starts glaring at Klein as he consumes it.

Elise Ares:

And we're still not any closer to figuring out how we're going to beat this asshole. He's taught us practically everything that we know! He knows all of our moves. He knows when we tend to use them. He laid the foundation for everything that has made us so amazing, and now he's going to use it against us to further UTA and Mikey's Evil Agenda. This is the worst kind of movie.

The D swallows his load, keeping it down before reality sets in. Jack Harmen was more than just a mentor, he was a great friend... even moreso to Klein and D than Elise. He might've taken Elise in when everyone else in the industry counted her out and unlocked her potential, but he'd been close with Klein and D for years before Elise even came around. When he opened a school to teach the next generation for wrestlers, Klein and D were the first people he hired. He took them out of struggling independent promotions paying them \$50 a night for \$100 in travel, and gave them a job. It paid well and eventually presented them with the chance to be something more than a nostalgia act that used to be on television. Now here they sit backstage at a television show, arguably the most successful tag team in DEFIANCE history, still without answers for why someone so close to them would go so far out of their way to kill their dreams.

Klein picks up a white board that reads "Boy that was a long internal monologue." The D frowns.

The D:

If this were a movie, how would the good guys win?

Elise Ares:

I'd probably be in distress... and my most likely ally would be in peril. Then, the most unlikely of heroes would discover their power in the face of great danger and defeat the evil doer.

There is a slight pause while The D and Elise make eye contact, then both slowly turn their head to Klein who is currently trying to tippy toe out of the locker room. He looks over his shoulder, door half ajar, with one foot in the hallway.

The D:

It's Klein!

Elise Ares:

He's the hero of this story!

There is an awkward moment as Elise Ares and The D both stare at Klein in awe, and the box man looks back at them confused. He shakes his box head no. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE quickly stands up breaking the moment.

Elise Ares:

Alright, Klein will take care of it. Now that it's settled let's go find some booze.

The D:

Before the match?

Elise Ares:

Yeah, fuck it. Klein has this one in the bag!

The D:

Plus we could hit him with it. Like hard.

The former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions get up and leave the room as Klein still stands there silently in fear, still froze halfway in the door frame.

He hangs his box low, shaking it from side to side. Klein slowly walks back to the center of the room, reaches up, and takes his box off his head. He still wears the tan mask underneath with the word "box" scrawled on it. He lowers his UPS box, and slumps down onto the table, wailing and crying.

Then, a rabbit in a bowtie hops out of the box and sniffs his nose. The rabbit leans in, nibbling and kissing the sorrowful Klein. Klein reaches out and hugs the rabbit, and the rabbit stares off into the distance. Klein uses it as a towel and let's out a painful muffled scream into the rabbit as the scene fades out.

THROWN UNDER THE BUS

Back to the commentary booth the lights are going off and on in the DEFplex as Luke and Duke, the Dibbins brothers, and members of the WrestleUTA roster make their way to the ring.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've got ourselves a WrestleUTA vs BRAZEN match coming up next! As the Dibbins brounsins... am I saying that right? Take on the Vikings who made a hell of an impact last week on the tag champions, The Bastards.

Angus:

Did you say Brounsins? What are they doing over in Utah? Inbreeding? Get the Vikings out here and let's get this over with. I'm ready for some UTA fucks to get merked.

Quimbey finishes his announcement for the Dibbins, but then we see the DEFIATron light up with live video from the backstage area. We see the Bastards are assaulting The Vikings as they were making their way to the ring. The ringing sound of the steel chairs echo off the hallways. Will Haynes is leading the charge. Calling the Vikings every name in the book. Finally when they have them all down, and they are winded...

Will Haynes:

To the ring... There's a couple of WrestleUTA guys already out there.

We cut back to the ring where the Dibbins just watched everything unfold. They stand there conversing back and forth. No Music comes on but soon the three Bastards come through the curtain. Haynes, Stevenson, and Row. They all hold chairs still and are headed to the ring.

Angus:

These Dibbins seem stupid, but not stupid enough to stick around.

Duke and Luke jump from the ring and over the barrier into the crowd. They hightail it out of dodge as the Bastards slide into the ring. Row and Stevenson hold the Tag Team titles around their waist. Haynes walks over and takes the mic from Quimbey before turning to the Dibbins.

Will Haynes:

You boys better run! That's right.... Keep going!

The fans cheer loudly for the Bastards, which is confusing because...their bastards.

Will Haynes:

I don't care who you are, or where you're from. There ain't nobody in this building who can beat us. Not from DEFIANCE, not from BRAZEN, not from WrestleUTA! When it comes to tag team wrestling, guerrilla warfare, and buses... no one does it better than the Bastard Sons of Wrestling!

The two other members of the stable set the chairs down and sit on them in the middle of the ring proudly displaying their gold.

Will Haynes:

So we're laying down the challenge right now! Anybody in the back, thinks they got what it takes to beat us for these titles. Come on down! We're here, we're ready to fight. WrestleUTA, give us the best you got and when we beat them, you can ship them and the rest of your merry crew back down to Florida where you belong.

Haynes drops the mic and the crowd is buzzing. Who will answer the call?

Nothing happens for a few moments. It gets to the point where the fans start to boo loudly. Haynes picks the mic back

up from the mat and brings it to his lips. He's about to speak when...

OSV:

Oi Oi!

The fans boo loudly as the theme hits.

♪*"F*cking in the Bushes" by Oasis*♪

Angus:

Oh no.... Not the return of...

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely?

Angus:

No.... Worse....

DDK:

The Sports Entertainment Guild?

Angus:

Even worse... It's the Hollywood Bruvs!

Just as he says it, through the curtain steps Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix together. For the first time in about 6 months Mikey Unlikely is wearing his ring gear. Kendrix is the one with the microphone.

And we need to fire whoever is manning the DEFIATron...

#\$MIKEYMONEY#\$

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah?

Classic JFK pause to smile and take in the boos and go.

Kendrix:

Now, JFK couldn't help but overhear that you Bellends were looking for the world's greatest tag team....

Mikey Unlikely:

IN THE WORLD!

The crowd boo's loudly once more at the Sports Entertainment leaders.

Mikey Unlikely:

Will Haynes! My buddy! My pal! How you doing brother? It's so good to see you!

Haynes can't bite his lip.

Will Haynes:

Are you telling me, that for once, Mikey Unlikely is going to do his own dirty work, and not send his goons to do it for

BASTARD SONS OF WRESTLING vs. THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS

DDK:

And this one's under way, the Bastards open Tag Team Title challenge has been answered by the Hollywood Bruvs!

Angus:

Please God, please don't let these fucktards win.

With Mikey knocked down from the apron by Row, Stevenson continues his attack, dropping forearms onto the back of kendrix as Mikey steps onto the ring apron. JFK fights back pretty quickly and this one goes back and forth as the blows come from both sides. Finally Stevenson gets the upper hand with a knee to the gut, knocking the wind out of the self proclaimed future of the business, whipping him hard into the Bastards' corner, tagging in Row instantly.

DDK:

Row stomping away at JFK, the Bastards in control of the match here as Mikey looks on frustratedly, looks like he's had enough already!

Mikey comes into the ring, and charges at the Bastards corner, but before he can help JFK, his feet are swept out from under him and he's pulled from the ring by Will Haynes. The referee jumps out and stops Haynes from putting the fists and boots to Mikey. Brian Slater warns Haynes about his interference in this match. He breaks the two up and sends Mikey back to his corner, and slides back in, paying attention to the match once more.

Angus:

Doesn't look like Haynes can keep his temper in check! Maybe the disqualification will screw Mikey and Kendrix from the belts! We can only hope!

Row inside the ring shoots JFK off the ropes, on the return Kendrix ducks the clothesline and runs against the opposite side. Kendrix runs at Row and connects with a diving european uppercut that drops Row to the mat. Kendrix has a sudden second wind and hops up, grabs Row and takes him to the Bruvs corner. He tags in Mikey and holds the arms of Skidd Row as Mikey lays in a few flat edge chops.

Angus:

Wow, looks like McFuckass learned a brand new technical move, Keeps.

Kendrix leaves the ring after some barking from Brian Slater. Mikey smiles and begins to slap the back of the head of Skidd Row. Calling him names, taunting him as he gets up. Mikey grabs him on both sides of the neck and applies a blatant choke. Will Haynes once more hops onto the ring apron, this time to complain to the referee who is already trying to break up the move. Mikey releases the illegal hold and waves at Haynes who then tried to step through the ropes, but he's stopped by the referee. Mikey body slams Skidd Row, and claps above his head. Kendrix climbs to the second rope and drops an elbow down on Row. When Slater turns around he signals for the tag that Mikey and JFK never made.

Haynes is furious on the outside, he grabs one of the chairs he had earlier, and bangs it against the turnbuckle post in frustration. JFK is inside the ring handling Row pretty well. He drops him with a backbreaker before trying to lock in the Kendrix Kross. Skidd Row has it scouted and turns the move into a pinning predicament.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

DDK:

Row almost surprised Kendrix with that roll up pin! Can you imagine the excuses?

Mikey gets in the ring and straight into the face of Brian Slater

Mikey:

HE WAS HOLDING THE TIGHTS!

Slater orders Mikey back into his corner but the World's Greatest Entertainer is refusing to exit. While the two argue back and forth, the crowd's anticipation levels rise.

DDK:

Haynes with that chair in the ring, Slater's still arguing with Mikey!

Angus:

DO IT, HAYNES!

Haynes stands, predatory like, waiting for JFK to turnaround. The Hollywood Bruv turns, Haynes swings...

CRASH!

DDK:

OHHH, HAYNES JUST TOOK OUT ROW! JFK DIVED OUT OF THE WAY!

Angus:

YOU FUCKING IDIOT, WILLIAM!

Haynes has a look of shock on his face, right before it's met with JFK's boot.

DDK:

That superkick just knocked Haynes over the ropes!

With Mikey still distracting and arguing with the ref, holding onto his shirt, Jesse quickly kicks the chair out of the ring. Mikey, lets go and powers past Slater and dives for the entering Stevenson knocking him from the apron. Both Haynes and Stevenson are down on the outside, Mikey finally gets onto the apron in his corner. Kendrix instantly tags his partner in.

Angus:

No, wait...NOOOOO!

Kendrix picks up Row into the dominator position. Mikey hits the ropes and comes back with the underside cutter as Kendrix slams him down.

DDK:

That's the Hollywood Boulevard! The finishing move of the Hollywood Bruvs!

Angus:

No! Stop! Don't let this happen! I'll never swear again!

JFK slides out his side of the ring as Mikey makes the pin.

One...

Two...

Three!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

Ding Ding Ding!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winners and the NEWWWWWW DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Mikey Unlikely..... Kendrix..... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!!

DDK:

And tonight, the WrestleUTA dominance continues!

Angus:

What is going on!? This is my nightmare! I even promised to never swear and it STILL FUCKING HAPPENED!

DDK:

In the last two weeks the WrestleUTA guys have taken the WrestleUTA Heavyweight title from Andy Murray, they've assaulted the SOHER, they've assaulted the FIST, and now they've taken the Tag Team Titles from the Bastard Sons of Wrestling... where does this end!?

In the ring Mikey and Kendrix celebrate like they just won the superbowl. They hold the tag team titles high into the air as Brian Slater holds Will Haynes back. He's frothing at the mouth and being escorted now by DEFSEC. Back to the bus.

Cut.

IF YOU CALL...

The scene jumps from the tag team tragedy to the backstage area. At first, no one is in view but momentarily Gage Blackwood limps in. He's clearly in pain but trying to hide it. The man from Edinburgh is wearing a plain black t-shirt and black jeans. His trademark scar over the right side of his forehead has an extra mark on it now from the screw driver shot suffered at the hands of Chris Ross' attack on DEFtv 89. Blackwood pulls his long hair back and looks directly into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

UTA has put DEFIANCE on notice. Well, let me say my piece now. [pause] Last week ah was jumped, a blind-sided attack from some scrote from the UTA. Chris Ross hit me with a screw driver. He threw me around. Next... I called him out... and he came down and finished the job.

Blackwood takes a breather and then takes off his shirt. He's still heavily wrapped in bandages. Some bruises on his body have healed while some newer ones have not.

Blackwood:

But ye *didn't* finish the job.

The crowd cheers lightly for Blackwood, as his voice slowly moves from his stiff, typically monotone voice to one with a lot more passion. As it does, his Scottish accent becomes much more noticeable and he more difficult to understand.

Blackwood:

Lest week, ah was told the battle might have been lost, but the war has just begun. UTA came to DEFIANCE because they lost their own war and now they need ta feed off something that's bigger than every one of them. Yer right, two weeks ago we... *AH...* lost the battle. But ah won't lose the war!

The crowd starts a "DE-FI-ANCE" chant.

Angus:

I love the fire in Blackwood, Keeps!

DDK:

This is definitely a side of him we haven't seen!

Blackwood:

The wrestling industry always has new organizations rise 'n' fall shortly after. Dime a dozen. It's bin a journey for me ta get to DEFIANCE and ah refuse ta join another organization only ta watch it fall apart again. Ah will not let these UTA blokes tear this place apart!

DDK:

Blackwood has to be careful, though. This man has taken a beating over the past month.

Angus:

He's DEFIANCE. He will be fine!

Blackwood looks dead into the camera.

Blackwood:

Chris Ross, you want ta send a message ta DEFIANCE?

Blackwood puts his fists up.

Blackwood:

Ta anyone in UTA, come finish th' job.

Gage walks right past the camera, almost knocking it over before it turns around to catch him leave. He can still be heard speaking, albeit in a thick and angry accent now.

Blackwood:

Foremaist UTA eejit ah see, a'm kicking thair face!

DDK:

What did he just say?

Angus:

[trying to make sense of it] I think he's out for blood, or maybe some haggis... either way I'm told you can't go wrong.

NICKY SYNZ VS. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

BRAZEN action on the way now, folks, as Thomas Slaine takes on Nicky Synz!

Angus:

Everyone here should be familiar with Thomas Slaine, but little-known fact here, Keebs; Nicky Synz has been in the BRAZEN system for about as long as Thomas.

DDK:

Well, Nicky may well get a chance to shine on the big stage tonight! Let's pass it over to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 205lbs, Nicky Synz!

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks on his way down to the ring slapping hands with the fans as he goes.. He hops up onto the middle rope and air guitars along to the hard rock stylings of Zodiac Mindwarp until they start to fade out.

♪ "You Rascal You" by Hanni El Khatib ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Mobile, Alabama, weighing in at 227lbs, Thomas Slaine!

From the back, Thomas Slaine emerges and stalks his way down to the ring. He ignores the jeers from the fans as he slides slowly in under the bottom rope. He props himself against the bottom turnbuckle and waits for his music to fade out.

The bell sounds and we're underway. Nicky tried to get the fans support with stomps and shouts of 'Come on!', but the only thing it really does is allow Thomas Slaine the opportunity to attack while Nicky's guard is down. A forearm to the side of the head stuns Synz and allows Slaine to apply a side headlock, which he uses to take his opponent down to the mat.

Slaine cranks the side headlock until Synz manages to escape with a headscissors. Slaine quickly forces his way out of the hold and pops back up to his feet. Synz is back up and quickly takes Slaine back down with an arm drag, and then a second one. Thomas pounds the mat in frustration and slides to the outside, leaving his opponent in the ring.

DDK:

Nicky Synz with the upper-hand in the early going of this match and Thomas Slaine looks like he's getting frustrated.

Angus:

Slaine's a hot head, Keebs, but when he's angry, that's when he's at his most effective.

Nicky tries to get the crowd going again, just the opening Slaine needed, but Synz has learned his mistake and advances on Slaine, causing him to drop back to the arena floor. Carla asks Nicky to back off, which he technically does by running for the rope. Slaine see him coming and dashes out of the way, but Nicky tiger feints his way back into the ring, heads to the far corner and raises a hand to the crowd.

With Nicky distracted, Thomas quickly slides back into the ring and charges at his opponent. Nicky leaps over the charging Slaine and lands on his feet. Thomas hits nothing but turnbuckle and turns into a series of kicks from the energetic Synz. Slaine gets whipped from the corner, which he reverses to send Synz across the ring instead. Nicky

propels himself into the air, avoiding the incoming Slaine. He twists and lands on his feet before rolling away. Nicky gestures for Thomas to 'bring it', which only serves to get under his skin again.

DDK:

Applause from the fans now. They certainly seem to like what Nicky is doing in the ring.

Angus:

These fans are fickle. They'd cheer a racoon if it climbed in the ring and did a forward roll.

Slaine runs in at his opponent with a clothesline, but he gets reversed into a small package for a one count. Synz reaches his feet faster than Slaine, which doesn't work to his advantage as Thomas grabs his waistband and pulls him into the ropes. Slaine pulls him back into the middle of the ring to drop him with a reverse DDT. Thomas covers quickly but also only gets a one count!

Slaine applies a chin lock and wrenches on Nicky's head. Synz fights up to his feet and throws a couple of elbows to break the hold. He runs the ropes, but his momentum is stopped by two handfuls of hair which Slaine uses to pull him back into the headlock. Nicky twists out and applies a hammerlock but gets caught with a back elbow. Slaine hits the ropes and comes back with a clothesline that Nicky avoids. Synz heads for the ropes and springboards back at his opponent with a twisting crossbody!

DDK:

Beautiful turn in the air by Synz!

Angus:

At least he didn't flip...

Both men get back to their feet, Synz gains the advantage with a kick to the midsection before sending Slaine into the corner. Nicky runs in and monkey flips Thomas back into the center of the ring. Nicky lands a knife edge chop, and With Slaine momentarily stunned Nicky takes him down with a hurricanrana. He reaches back and grabs a leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Slaine kicks out!

Nicky knocks Slaine back into the ropes with a couple of forearms before sending him across the ring. Thomas hooks the ropes, halting his momentum as Nicky jumps for a leapfrog. Synz lands, only to get his head taken off with a running clothesline from Slaine. Thomas pulls Nicky up by the hair and hoists him up onto his shoulders with a fireman's carry!

DDK:

Slaine's looking for the Gut Shot!

Before he can drop Nicky into the gut buster, Synz slips down behind Thomas. A dropkick to the shoulder blades pushes Slaine into the ropes and as he bounces off Nicky rolls him up with a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

Slaine kicks out again!

Slaine rolls back and up to his knees as Nicky turns on the mat and kicks out at his opponent. Thomas blocks the kick

and grabs a hold of Nicky's feet. He drags him closer to the corner and slingshots him. Nicky lands on the middle rope and turns, he waits for Slaine to get back up and nails a missile dropkick. Thomas scrambles to his feet and props himself up in the corner, but that just allows Synz to grab him with a headlock. Nicky pulls Thomas forwards, but he blocks the attempted bulldog by holding the top rope. Synz slips off of the shaven head of Slaine and turns around to receive an uppercut to the jaw. With Nicky stunned Thomas picks him up again with a fireman's carry and walks him into the middle of the ring!

Angus:

Second time lucky!

DDK:

No! Nicky slips out again!

Synz escapes the Gut Shot and slides down Thomas' back. He grabs a shoulder to spin him around, follows it up with a kick to the gut and plants him with a sit-out facebuster!

DDK:

What impact! He calls that The Facemelter! And he's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner by pinfall, Nicky Synz!

Prime Mover kicks in again as Synz has his hand raised by Carla Ferrari. Nicky climbs the ropes to celebrate as we cut back to the commentary desk.

Angus:

I honestly thought Thomas had him at the end there.

DDK:

Unfortunately for Slaine, he comes up short, that last minute reversal helped Synz pick up the win over a tough opponent. An impressive debut for Nicky Synz tonight, no doubt!

...I WILL ANSWER

The scene turns backstage where Lance Warner stands in front of the DEFIANCE backdrop.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen... the UTA's Lisil Jackson...

'The Jamaican Inspiration' walks into the picture with a jovial smile on his face.

Lisil Jackson:

EYYYYY MON!!!!

The fans audibly boo loudly which is a very unusual thing to happen to the cheery Jamaican.

Warner:

Now Lisil since this UTA invasion has started you seem to have been one of the more quiet members of the UTA's roster. Where exactly is your role in this so called take over?

The Jamaican smiles and nods his head.

Jackson:

Brudda it be simple. Dey wanna go out dere and raise a ruckus and cause whateva insanity.... dat not be how I work... I be UTA loyal since day one...

Jackson clears his throat.

Jackson:

Lemme speak a few words mon! Everone out dere... close ya eyes and open ya ears... fo dese are dee words o' Lisil Jackson! Attention... it be one ting dat everone desire! It be natural ta want it! But how ya chieve such a ting... dat be dee real question!

'The Jamaican Inspiration' nods his head.

Jackson:

I can go out dere and create violence and hurt dee innocent... but really mon... what does dat prove? Does blind sidin one and beatin him wit a weapon truly make ya betta? Naw mon... I plan on showin dat UTA be betta by beatin dee best! Dat is how ya open eyes! Dat is how ya get dat attention ya crave! And most o' all... dat is how ya get...

While Jackson is speaking into the camera, a dark figure in distance gets closer and closer. The figure seems to be walking, or rather limping at a quick pace and soon enough comes into full focus. Gage Blackwood approaches the UTA wrestler and spins him around.

Blackwood:

You're UTA right? Ah saw you in the ring last week.

As Jackson is about to nod he's met with a stiff left punch straight into his jaw sending his fedora flying off his head. Jackson stumbles back and the crowd pops. In a flash, Blackwood wastes no time hammering the Jamaican with more hard left hands.

DDK:

Well this escalated quickly!

Blackwood:

UTA SCUM!

Blackwood hurls Jackson into the wall across the way, in a similar fashion as Chris Ross' attack last week. The crowd

keeps cheering from this surprising ambush. Blackwood grabs Jackson's head and rams it against the wall again. He takes five steps back and runs at the UTA talent with a tackle sending them both into television production equipment nearby.

Angus:

Blackwood is pissed! Look out UTA!

Blackwood lands on the side of a metal spotlight, which digs right into one of his bandages. He grabs the area just above his right hip and tries to stand up. Meanwhile, Lisil swings into self-defense mode and kicks Blackwood in the back. Jackson struggles to get up at first, but once he does he kicks the much smaller attacker again, this time in the side of the head.

DDK:

A hard kick by Jackson! Now *he* tackles Blackwood to the floor!

The two continue to exchange shot after shot while security comes rushing in, trying to break them apart. The Faithful boo at the sight of this.

DDK:

With the beating everyone took last week, I can't blame anyone for interjecting. There might be no roster if things keep going this way!

Both Blackwood and Jackson start shouting at each other (but mainly Blackwood, although he's in a deep Scottish accent so no one can understand him). Finally, security is able to pull Blackwood off Jackson.

SMACK!

However, as Blackwood is being pulled back, Jackson measures him and connects with a running boot right to Blackwood's face. Gage crashes to the floor instantly while the men who were restraining him look at each other as if they were blaming each other as the reason Blackwood ate that boot. Meanwhile, the other security guards successfully drag Jackson away from the camera view.

DDK:

Down goes Blackwood! He was being held back! How could he avoid that shot!?

Angus:

Keeps, I give credit to Gage for coming to fight but you were right. This guy was already hurting...

Gage looks to be out of it as the camera pans over to Lisil Jackson, whom by now is down on one knee, recovering himself while security ensures no further action will happen between both parties. 'The Jamaican Inspiration' grabs his fedora and slips it on and nods his head.

Jackson:

Brudda... I may be dee nicest one in dee UTA. But I be dee last one ya wanna make an enemy outta!

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

MUSHIGIHARA VS. OSCAR BURNS

Angus:

Why are these guys fighting EACH OTHER? We need these guys to kick some UTAH ass! Like, now!

DDK:

You saw earlier. Burns WANTED to fight Scott Stevens for jumping him two weeks ago and Stevens balked. The rumor backstage was Burns wasn't happy after that and wanted a match tonight against ANYONE... and Mushigihara happened to step up.

Angus:

Wow. The kid has gumption for taking on somebody like Mushigihara. You KNOW Mushi can't be happy with how Maximum DEFIANCE panned out. So close to the FIST of DEFIANCE but then we got invaded by the Joseph Smith Posse. Ugh.

DDK:

They may both be DEFIANCE guys, but both men are looking to use this match to prove their worth in this war against the United Toughness Alliance. The brutal and deadly Mushigihara takes on "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, next!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles bout set for one fall! Introducing first... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The rapid-fire orange and yellow strobe lights mean only one thing - Oscar Burns comes out, but certainly not in a playful mood after being denied a singles match with Scott Steven earlier in the night. Burns throws off his "Hi. I Like Graps." t-shirt and hurls it into the crowd before wiping his feet on the ring apron. He leaps over the ropes and lands inside, posing for the crowd but quickly turning his attention to the entrance ramp where easily his biggest DEFIANCE challenge will be underway.

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada

The house lights dim, save for those telltale golden beacons that dance about to the rhythm of pounding drums and shattering glass. The monster arrives along with Eddie Dante right behind him, leading him to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at 294 pounds... **MUSHIGIHARA!**

The God-Beast enters the ring and where most opponents would be quaking with fear, Burns remains stoic; eager to prove himself. The music cuts as the match strats.

DING! DING! DING!

Burns and Mushi both circle up around one another, neither man wanting to make a mistake when it comes to this first-time meeting. Burns and Mushi lock up but The God-Beast immediately shoves Burns down with tremendous force. Mushi locks up again and pushes him, but Burns makes it to a corner. Doyle orders him to break it up and shockingly, Mushi does so without incident.

The Kiwi grappler locks up a second time and even though Mushi has about fifty pounds on him, Burns is about equal height and locks him up with a Cravate trying to keep the monster contained. Mushi tries to shake Burns free and his grip is tight so he leans back into the ropes. He surprises Burns by quickly shoving him off and into the ropes. When Burns comes back with a shoulder, the blow does little to Mushi but bump him back a foot.

Mushi almost dares Burns to do it again so Burns does so... only to swiftly turn around and surprise him with an Elbow Smash! Burns fires about three more into the side of Mushi's head and they do stun him but when Burns tries to swing

again, Mushi already cuts him off with a boot to the stomach followed by a Manhattan Drop. That stuns Burns and Mushi follows up with a nasty Running Shoulderblock! Mushi picks himself up after the vicious impact and lets out a roar.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The roar gets some of the Faithful to chant "OSU!" with him but he ignores the crowd and goes for a cover on Burns.

*ONE!**TWO!**NO!*

Dante nods for Mushi to stay on him and he does. He throws Burns into the corner and follows him in, crushing him with a big Body Avalanche! Quickly, Mushi continues the lead by THROWING him up and over with a huge Double Arm Suplex out of the corner! Burns quickly bounces off the mat and Mushi tries another cover.

*ONE!**TWO!**NO!*

Burns kicks out again! Before The God-Beast can do anything more, Burns scurries to the outside to prevent any further damage. Or so he might think.

Mushi follows him to the outside and before Burns can try to regroup, he takes a shellacking on the outside in the form of several hard Forearm Smashes to the back that leave Burns reeling! Mushigihara throws Burns back inside the ring and from there, tries to take the fight to him. He steps between the ropes, but he doesn't count on Burns suddenly springing to life...

DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP IN THE ROPES!

The crowd winces from the deadly move and Eddie's eyes grow wide! All it takes is one second for Burns to turn the tide on Mushi with the devastating move! Burns is still no doubt feeling the pain from when Mushi slammed him around earlier but the crafty Kiwi now has an opportunity to take down The God-Beast. As Mushi limps into the ring, a sore Burns goes to two different Dropkicks to the knee to keep him grounded! Burns gets the crowd to cheer as he runs off the ropes and connects with a Sliding European Uppercut to the back of Mushi's head, then follows off the ropes to connect with one to the jaw! Mushi is flat on his back and Burns tries a cover now.

*ONE!**TWO!**NO!*

Mushi powers out! Burns goes back to the leg and Mushi tries to power him away. A big Forearm Smash catches Burns between the eyes and Mushi tries to get back up when a surprise High Knee from Burns catches him between the eyes! With Mushi wobbly, another Dropkick to the knee takes Mushi down and with the beast rolled over, Burns locks him quickly and tightly in an STF!

The match has turned quite the way nobody expected it by Burns using technique to counter The God Beast's power advantage. Burns has the hold in tight and Mushi tries to struggle, as he needs to get to the ropes! Burns cranks

back on the headlock part of the hold, but Mushi tries to counter back by grabbing his arms. Twists and Turns then tries to shift the headlock into an Over-The-Shoulder Crossface, but this lapse in judgment allows Mush to break his grip! Burns has the leg still, but Mushi fights his way out and eventually, shakes Burns off of him!

The God-Beast starts to recover and Burns gets back to his feet as well, hoping to continue the leg work. He grabs the leg of Mushi to try and go for another Dragon Screw, but Mushi SLAPS him across the face with a big Palm Strike! The blow makes Burns let him go and Mushi surges to life, grabbing Burns. He whips him into a corner and though his leg is in obvious pain, he charges just enough to land another Splash in the corner. He takes Burns out of the corner and the signature Bearhug Suplex follows!

DDK:

The God-Beast has been showing his ability here, neutralizing a lot of Oscar Burns' skillset! Let's see if he can finish the technician off here!

The God-Beast gestures to the crowd, then reaches down towards Oscar, who manages to get a second wind, and twist the monster to the mat before locking in a classic short arm scissors! He hasn't worked the arm in this contest, but when there was any chance to grab a submission, he would do it!

Benny Doyle checks on Mushigihara to see if he submits, but the God-Beast simply shakes his head and whips his free arm out, looking for something, ANYTHING, to give him ground. With a mighty heave, he manages to roll into a sitting position, twisting his legs around enough to get footing. He manages now to get to his feet, but he seems to be struggling in between his aching knee and the Kiwi grappler currently fixing himself to the God-Beast's arm.

With a deep breath, though, Mushigihara channels all off his energy, and slowly manages to curl that trapped arm up, and with it...

Angus:

Is Mushi... lifting Burns off the mat?

DDK:

Indeed, he is! Mushigihara showing some INCREDIBLE strength AND tenacity!

The Faithful ooh and aah at the display of strength at hand, and some even burst into applause as Twists-and-Turns is lifted to his apex, like a trophy on the arm of a growling God-Beast! Burns wisely decides to let go of the lock and get back to the mat, but as he descends, he is immediately sucker-punched by way of a BRUTAL forearm into the small of his back that sends him reeling into the ropes... but before he can gather his bearings, he is swiftly hoisted across the Juggernaut's shoulders as the crowd knows what comes next...

THUD!

DDK:

And there's the Atlas Cutter! Mushi with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

It's academic at this point, but the crowd counts along and cheers, with a few stomping their feet to the drums from Mushi's theme song. Eddie Dante rolls into the ring to celebrate with his client, who is currently getting his arm raised by Benny Doyle while tending to his knee and arm. Mushi stares down at Burns, who is just starting to come to, and bellows out a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

DDK:

What could Mushi want to do now, he's already won!

Angus:

Doesn't he know there's an invasion going on, or is he on the take with UT...

The God-Beast gives Twists and Turns a hearty pat on the back and a nod of approval, before raising his opponent's hand. Dante only nods and cracks a slight, uncharacteristically benign smile before following the God-Beast out of the ring and down the aisle.

AND STILL ...

After the hard-fought match, Mushi has already left, leaving Burns to try and pick up the proverbial pieces. Referee Benny Doyle tries to help Burns up to his feet, but Twists and Turns politely shakes his head before he tries to do so under his own power.

DDK:

What a match between Mushigihara and Burns. Power won out in this battle versus technique, but Burns made a showing for himself as to why he should rep DEFIANCE through and through.

Angus:

He should just not talk and rip these UTA guys apart, then I'd be more cool with him.

Burns is back on his feet, but the crowd reaction starts to change quickly; his first indication that something is indeed wrong.

The second is the boot to the face from Scott Stevens!

DDK:

What...? HEY! What kind of garbage is this? Stevens turns down Burns' challenge for a match, then goes right to attacking him from behind?

Doyle tries to get out of the ring, but Stevens throws him down to the ground right next to Burns!

DDK:

Come on, that's a ref, not a wrestler! Get out of here with this!

He continues to pummel Burns with a barrage of right hands and after his physical match with Mushigihara, Burns cannot defend himself! The timekeeper continues to ring the bell, but it doesn't do him any good and only incites the anti-DEFIANCE star to continue bringing down rights to Burns.

Angus:

Where the hell is.. I dunno, anybody? We gotta stick together against these guys!

After being satisfied with taking the fight to the technical master, Stevens starts to wave at Burns, urging him to get up. He pulls him up by his curly locks

DDK:

ELBOW BY BURNS! HE'S TRYING TO FIGHT BACK!

Burns gets one lucky shot on Stevens and the crowd goes nuts! The blow stuns him for a moment, but it only seems to make him angrier! Burns can't follow up immediately and tries to get back up again, but Stevens clocks him with another Big Boot! Burns is laid out on the mat, but Stevens quickly grabs him by the neck and DRIVES him into the mat with a Toxic Sting! By now, Burns is laid flat out on his back with Benny Doyle still next to him, just coming around. He goes over to hook a leg on Burns again, yelling at Doyle.

Scott Stevens:

Count.

The crowd boos and Doyle shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

NOW.

Sighing heavily, but knowing that Stevens is as serious as a heart attack, he counts again.

One.

Two.

Three.

Angus:

Gaaahhhh, not this bullshit again. This isn't an official match, you idiot.

DDK:

Stevens doesn't care. He's playing mind games with Burns after Burns said he'd fight the UTA guys anywhere at any time and now for the second week in a row, he's gotten the better of Burns.

Stevens absorbs the jeers of the VERY hostile crowd and now picks up his #FUCKDEFIANCE shirt, waving it before throwing it down on Burns. Stevens raises his hands and eggs the crowd to boo even louder before he walks away nonchalantly, mouthing the words "three and oh!" before heading to the back, leaving Burns still laid out on the mat.

Angus:

Gah.

DDK:

My sentiments exactly, partner.

WRESTLEUTA'S CROWN JEWEL

Backstage

Lance Warner is standing in front of a backdrop with microphone in hand.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen DEFTV 90 has not been a good night for us here at Defiance. But let's not lose hope this night is not over just yet..

A laughter is heard in the background, as Lance looks toward the laughter as the NEW UTA Champion Crimson Lord dressed in a button down shirt with black slacks, the WrestleUTA Championship over his shoulder barrages in on Lance's monolog. The booing quickly begin as CL steps into the picture, he looks out toward the arena filled with fans of Defiance.

Crimson:

More.

The fans continue to boo, and Crimson closes his eyes for a moment just soaking it all up. The fans start to die down and Crimson says.

Crimson:

More...

Just speaking just frustrates the capacity crowd into an even louder show of hatred for this man. Crimson just stands there soaking it in before looking at Lance.

Crimson:

Really, you actually think it's going to get better? Please.

Lance:

If you think we are just going to lie down while you guys try and take over your sadly mistaken.

Crimson snickers under his breathe at Lance.

Lance:

Well, since you're here let's take you back to two weeks ago at DEFTV 89, where you faced the former champion Andy Murray..

Crimson puts his hand on Lance's microphone, moving his right ear toward Lance.

Crimson:

Ah that sound so good say it again?

Lance a bit confused at CL's response.

Lance:

Andy Murray?

Crimson:

No, say the FORMER WrestleUTA Champion?

Lance:

You had help Crimson, in fact let's take you back to DEFTV 89.

Crimson slowly looks at the monitor.

::Replay::

The events of Andy Murray and the UTA guys mauling him in front of his brother Cayle. Then throwing him into the ring beaten. Only for Crimson to pick up the scraps.

The show comes back to the two and Crimson is clapping his hands all smiles. Lance on the other hand is not impressed.

Lance:

You had a entire company help you win thaa..

Crimson quickly interrupts Lance.

Crimson:

Did you see that I obliterated...

In a sarcastic voice

Crimson:

Andy Murray...all by myself.

Lance:

Did you not just watch what we all saw.

Crimson looks back at Lance.

Crimson:

You're done, Lance.

Pause.

Crimson:

Leave.

Lance is taken back a bit. Crimson quickly gets annoyed with Lance not listening to him. He grabs the microphone from Lance and shoves him off camera. He fixes the belt over his shoulder, as he watches Lance leave off camera he looks the other way.

Crimson:

Larver... get over here and earn your pay check.

Former UTA Interviewer Jon Larver steps into the picture, Crimson hands him the title and he folds the straps back and holds the front plate in front of his face. Crimson takes the DEFTV divider off the microphone and throws it on the ground and quickly stomps on it. The fans just continue to show their dislike for him with even more boos.

Crimson:

DEFTV 89 I took one brother's precious crown jewel away, Cayle, it's only a matter of time before we decide to take yours as well...NOW!

Crimson points at the title.

Crimson:

Let me give you piss-ants out there in tv land and in the arena a brief history lesson. A lesson on the men that have held this prestigious championship...guys like...Matt "The Hitman" Fury, Greg Manix, La Flama Blanca, Brian "Ironfist" Ironside...Jesse Frederiks Kendrix...

The Defiance crowd recognize that name and quickly boo.

Crimson:

Here is another I know you guys will like....Mikey Unlikely!

Even more boos come from the capacity crowd. CL stops pointing at the championship and then points at himself as he says.

Crimson:

And for the second time....Crimson Lord!

The crowd continues to boo and Crimson just soaks it all up.

Crimson:

Yes...give me more.

He listens a few more moments from the crowd before slowly opening his eyes and staring once more at the camera.

Crimson:

I have held this championship for four hundred and eighty five days the last time I held it, and I plan to break that record.

Crimson moves his hand to the side looking down as he speaks, as he comes to end of his sentence he looks up to the camera.

Crimson:

So tonight the UTA shall continue to burn this place to the ground, and yet another championship will be with us..in just a few moments THE Jay Harvey will take on Scott Douglas for his Southern Heritage Championship. Being in the ring with Jay before, Scott you're not even in his league. Tonight we take home more gold.

Crimson listens to the fans for a moment, before resuming his train of thought.

Crimson:

Now tonight I step through those ropes with "The Wargod" Bronson Box...hrmph. Bronson I am going to show you tonight that not even a Wargod can stop a Messiah of Pain! See you later tonight chump!

Crimson takes the title from Jon and walks off camera followed by Jon.

SOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS (C) VS. THE JAY HARVEY

We cut back to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

As I'm sure you'll recall, partner, this stems from last week, when Jay Harvey interrupted "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas ...

Angus:

...getting his ass whipped by Bronson Box! Last thing we need during all this UTAH nonsense is a weak champion. If he and Kendrix would have stuck to their own business we'd be seeing the Southern Heritage Title around Bronson's waist right now.

DDK:

That is a possibility, of course, but instead - Scott Douglas accepted THE Jay Harvey's challenge and will defend the SoHer.

Cut to Darren Quimbey in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he winks at Catalina. The Faithful boo as the two walk down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

... the challenger ... accompanied to the ring by, the lovely, Catalina... He has informed me to refer to him as "The Most Marvelous Man to Grace God's Green Earth" ... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He sits on the middle rope and signals for Catalina to enter the ring. As she does she gives Harvey a kiss on the lips, shaking her ass in the process. Jay Harvey comes to a halt in his corner and gets one last kiss from Catalina before she exits the ring; "The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

DDK:

This will mark the official in-ring debut of Jay Harvey in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

May it be the last.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Smiling and Dying" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Douglas takes the stage, to a resounding pop from The Faithful, trailed by "The Idol." Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a second as the grunge song rings over the PA. After a light cue or two, he heads to the ring. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, long cut-off jean shorts and scuffed boots and the SoHer title draped across his tattooed shoulder. Douglas enters the rings and turns the SoHer belt over to Benny Doyle. Doyle deposits the belt with the

timekeeper and calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

There's the bell ...

With the first strike of the bell, the pair lock up with a ferocious intensity. The struggle is short lived as both men push off, measuring one another as they begin to circle. The next contact leads to a snappy arm drag takedown with Harvey on the receiving end. He pops up instantly and the pair lock up once again. This time the advantage goes to Harvey, turning Douglas' body and grabbing a standing side headlock.

Scott squats in an attempt to pull free but Harvey follows and gets low himself, synching in the hold tighter. Douglas, with his hands locked around Harvey's waist, forces the pair toward the ropes. Off the bounce, Douglas pushes Harvey off the hold and toward the far side of the ring. Harvey returns with a head full of steam.

DDK:

BIG shoulder block from THE Jay Harvey.

Harvey takes to the opposite ropes. Douglas, on his back, quickly flips himself to his chest. Harvey steps over and follows through to the other side of the ring. Douglas pops up and drops his head, potentially for a back body drop, Harvey slows himself dropping to a knee and sending a stiff right fist into the jaw of his opponent. Referee Benny Doyle warns Harvey about the closed fist. Douglas holds his jaw turning away from Harvey. Douglas turns back to face Harvey and gets a vicious looking kick to his abdomen. The Faithful groan all at once at the sound of the blow. The shock of the kick reverberates though Douglas and he clutches his ribs as he crashes to the matt.

Catalina bounces around on the outside as Harvey, quite proud of himself, taunts both the crowd and Terry Anderson at ringside. Harvey flips a switch and sends boot stomps directly to Douglas' ribs. His demeanor and mannerisms shift so quickly between cool, collected and cocky - strutting around the ring to intense lightning-quick strikes. Only to return to his strut milliseconds after the point of contact. Douglas writhes on the canvas with a handful of his ribs.

Harvey:

You're looking at the next Southern Heritage Champion!

BOOOOOO!

DDK:

This could spell trouble for Scott Douglas. Bronson Box bruised those ribs two weeks ago on DEFtv 89!

Angus:

It spells trouble alright. How will he perform with his new band, Soundgarbage, if he can't breathe!

Harvey hoists his ailing opponent up from the mat and grabs him by the neck. He takes his time slowly turning Douglas over, and around, before snapping off an explosive Neckbreaker. Douglas finds himself back on the matt as Harvey struts around the ring soaking in the utter disdain raining down on him, insisting to The Faithful he is the next SoHer. Harvey continues to gloat and mockingly sizes up the champ as he struggles to one knee. As he attempts to stand, Douglas is met with a swift toe kick and finds himself back to the knee he began on.

Harvey approaches and pulls him vertical. With an elbow or toe to maintain ease of compliance, Harvey twist Douglas into an abdominal stretch ... where the pair remain for sometime. Catalina beams at ringside while Terry Anderson beats a divot into the apron attempting to rally the champ.

Harvey:

Give up!

Terry begins to rally the front row in support of Scott. In the ring, Harvey strikes the outstretched and previously bruised ribs of Douglas. The pattern continues as the Faithful come alive, more and more, row by row and the volley of chants become increasingly intelligible.

SUB POP SCOTT

D - E - F

SUB POP SCOTT

D - E - F

SUB POP SCOTT

D - E - F

Harvey:

Shut up you monkeys!

Douglas attempts to rally and throws a few back elbows into Harvey. The hold weakens and Harvey retaliates with an elbow in return. Douglas' face twists in response to the pain but instinctively throws another series of elbows. The Wrestle-Plex becomes louder and louder with every strike. The last of which throws Harvey off just enough for Douglas to swing around the rear of Harvey.

DDK:

Russian *LEG SWEEP!*

Angus:

He **just** started Soundgarbage! Turncoat!

Douglas crawls to his feet as Harvey recoils from the impact. Douglas steadies himself on the ropes, as the challenger claws his way to his feet. The champion takes notice of Harvey and leans into the ropes, throwing himself off and back into the fray. Douglas does a full Three-Sixty, swinging his right arm in a Lariat attempt. Harvey just ducks the strike, taking Douglas' back in the process. In a blink of the eye, Harvey executes a Snap Release Dragon Suplex.

DDK:

OHH my!

Angus:

Douglas dropped right on his head!

DDK:

Harvey off the ropes-

Harvey bounces off the ropes and connects his knee to Douglas' face. 'The Wake Up Call' hits its mark and the champion is down. The DEFIANCE Faithful are displeased and have no issue with letting it be known. Catalina is clapping her hands as her man stands tall inside the ring. Harvey can smell the blood in the water and with his thumb and throat, signals for the end.

Angus:

It's over! This shlub just lost the --

DDK:

Is that... ?

Angus:

BOXXXXXX!

Box hits the ring and goes straight for Jay Harvey. Harvey ducks Box's first swings and the two clash in the middle of the ring swinging wildly at one another. Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DDK:

That's going to be a DQ on Scott Douglas.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

And your winner by disqualification ... "The Naturual One" THE JAAAAAY HARRRVEYYYY!

Angus:

Thank god! He was about to lose our title!

INFIGHTING, INNIT?

DDK:

Anything is possible, partner, but by now if we've learned anything about Scott Douglas ... he doesn't just roll over and die quite that easily.

Bronson Box and Jay Harvey continue to brawl toward the corner as Douglas is pulling himself up. Benny Doyle attempts to regain some order but from a safe distance.

Angus:

Rip him a new one, Boxer!

Douglas approaches the brawling duo and grabs Box by the shoulder, in attempts to pull him off. Box does an about face and swings at Douglas, who ducks as Harvey clocks Box from behind.

Box doesn't falter or turn around with intent of reprisal. Instead, now he is focused on Scott; with a particularly heated glint in his eye. Benny Doyle takes this as his cue to get the hell of dodge and bails.

Angus:

Jesus H. Christ! What is this moron thinking, Keebs!?

DDK:

Well, there is no love lost between Bronson Box and Scott Douglas.

The timekeeper rings the bell several more times much like a judge calling a courtroom to order. All parties ignore it equally. Douglas backs away from Box, attempting to explain that they are on the same team. Much like the Murray led call to arms, Box isn't interested.

A rage filled, Box springs toward Douglas with an outstretched arm prepared for a stiff lariat. Douglas ducks, once again, at the last second and steps through only to have his head taken off.

DDK:

HOLY ... ! Jay Harvey LEVELS Scott Douglas with a super kick!

Angus:

See! I told you, Keebs! Box saved the day ... this flakey flannel enthusiast was going to LOSE!

Box turns from his missed attempt as Douglas' chin meets Harvey's boot. Box, takes quick note of the situation and resets his sights on Jay Harvey. Just as Harvey regains his footing from the kick, he is met with a European uppercut that nearly clears him from the ring.

Angus:

Get 'em, BOXER! He's got him right where he wants him now, Keebs!

Harvey catches himself on the ropes and shakes loose the effects of the blow as Box intends to follows up.

DDK:

Is that? ... it is! Crimson Lord is at ringside!

Angus:

Like roaches, Keebs! If you see one ... there are bound to be more!

Crimson Lord steps up on the ring apron and slowly throws his leg over the top rope, entering the ring. Box beckons him on.

Bronson Box:

Ya' want some too, ya' big bastard?

Crimson Lord goes on the attack and to no surprise - Box is fearless against the seven footer. Box focuses on the legs with the intent of toppling the giant but after only a moment or two, Crimson Lord is able to reach out and grab Box by his throat. Box, with both hands on Crimson Lord's massive wrist, refuses to relent. Box kicks and squirms as The Faithful pop and all heads turn toward the entrance ramp.

The cameras catch up; Reinhardt Hoffman is sprinting down the ramp and slides in the ring. Hoffman's sights are set on Crimson Lord but gets blindsided by Jay Harvey.

DDK:

A brutal chop block! Jay Harvey just took the legs right out from under Reinhardt Hoffman!

Angus:

Where the hell is security!?

DDK:

Now you want security?

Hoffman's attempted save leaves him on the canvas but the distraction proved enough for Box to get free. The fists fly with; Harvey on Hoffman, Lord on Box and Douglas finally on his feet.

Rather than jump directly into the fray Douglas yells to Terry Anderson at ringside to take the belt and get to the back.

Douglas:

Take her with you!

Terry attempts to shuffle Catalina away from ringside, much to her protest. Douglas with his back to the action is bumped by Harvey amidst the melee. He spins around and instinctually swings for the fences.

Angus:

MORON!

Harvey ducks and Douglas clocks Box in the back of the head. This time; he registers it and turns around to see Douglas with a raging fire in his eyes. Hoffman takes notice as well and the pair jump on Scott.

DDK:

Scott Douglas can't catch a break!

The SoHer attempts to fight off the pair but is easily overcome as Crimson Lord and Jay Harvey take notice; shooting each a look and a shrug. The WrestleUTA pair slip out of the ring unnoticed as the Seattle native deals with the domestic foreign contingent.

Back on the ramp, Catalina snatches her arm away from Terry Anderson and heads back toward Harvey as he exits the ring. Anderson shrugs it off and continues to the back paying no mind to the beating Douglas is taking in the ring. The camera begins the pivot back to the ring but is forced to double back as: Impulse appears from the curtain in a full sprint and flies past Anderson. Crimson Lord and Jay Harvey are caught off guard by what is nearly a streak blurring past them.

He hits the ring to even the odds.

DDK:

Impulse!! - in the ring now!

Hoffman notices him first and turns, taking a swing. Impulse ducks and fires back.

Angus:

NO! NO! You're doing it wrong!!

DDK:

Harvey and Crimson Lord are hightailing it back up the ramp while the commotion is still going on inside the ring.

Angus:

And that right there sums up these UTA fucks, Keeps! Running from a real fight and...

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Angus:

NO KEEBS! GOOD GOD NOOOOO!

As the infighting continues in the ring, the shot switches over to the entrance where THE Jay Harvey stands one hand across his sternum, the other around the shoulder of Catalina. The WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion, Crimson Lord, stands tall on the opposite side at the top of the ramp. All three are pointing and chuckling out at the commotion going on at ringside as none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix steps through the curtain.

As if to add insult to injury, Kendrix has his newly - won DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championship belt around his waist, and he shines it up with his hand.

DDK:

JFK looking obnoxiously dapper in that suit as well as his brand new DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship and is grinning from ear to ear at what's going on before us all right now, Angus.

Angus:

Ugh, his hair is slicked back in that stupid top knot. He looks like the asshole he actually is.

The music dies down. However, the shot picks out the four men in the ring continuing to trade strikes with each other. Returning focus to the top of the stage, we see JFK standing just in front of his UTA colleagues either side of him, looking back at both with a huge grin on his face, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb back at the ring. Harvey confidently nods his head back at him while CL simply rubs his hands, eyes focussed on the ring as JFK too returns his gaze there.

DDK:

Jesse looks pretty pleased with what he's seeing right now.

Having rubbed his hand through his beard, Kendrix slowly raises the mic to his mouth.

Angus:

Oh, I wonder what this douche's first words are gonna be?

With the mic just opposite his mouth, Kendrix inhales, ready to say those familiar words...but he lowers the mic and checks his wristwatch presenting it to his colleagues behind him.

Angus:

Oh great, maybe it's past this child's bedtime and we won't hear from him.

DDK:

Yeah, I don't think that's it, Angus.

Affording themselves another chuckle, there's no hanging around or dramatisation this time from JFK as he turns to face the ring and quickly pops the mic up to his savage tongue.

Kendrix:

LISTEN, YEAH?!

The crowd boo their hearts out as expected. Box and Hoffman have Impulse and Douglas down in each corner. JFK's distraction only momentarily catches their attention before they continue to stomp away at their grounded foes. Kendrix takes a step forward down the ramp, that shit eating grin getting wider by the second.

Kendrix:

You know what, JFK never thought he'd actually say this, but... that's right you stupid Bellends! Pay no attention to JFK! More, more, more! Keep stomping away at those two do-gooder wankers! We've got all night, FUCKING BREAK THEM YOU ANIMALS!

Box and Hoffman look at each other, visibly conflicted as they grit their teeth with their blood and adrenalin still pumping furiously inside of them following Jesse's comments.

DDK:

Kendrix and of course Mikey Unlikely, who you gotta believe is watching this, are loving every every second of this. HEY COME ON, THAT'S ENOUGH GUYS!

The two men shook off the glee coming their way from the top of the ramp as they notice both Douglas and Impulse struggling back to their feet...and got right back to pounding them back down to the mat.

Angus:

Box and Hoffman need no encouragement from the likes of those three jerks, this is what they do for a living!

The shot returns to Crimson Lord, standing tall, arms folded across his chest, a sinister looking smile across his face while Harvey, his woman and JFK high five each other following the two men's dramatic doubling over in hysterics. Jesse turns his attention out at the audience, wiping a happy tear away from his eyelid and pointing out at them.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gentlemen, before DEFIANCE... IMPLODES... before your very eyes, let's hear it for these men's never say die attitude! Let's all continue to encourage the pure, honest, lack of sports entertaining wrestling style that embodies this stupid company!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

The shot focuses on the four men in the ring, still fighting as a swarm of DEFIANCE security and refs rush to the ring in an attempt to separate their talent. The shot returns on Jesse who takes a moment to lower the mic, taking the atmosphere all in, a somewhat somber look on his face, before raising the mic.

Kendrix:

And let's all continue to cheer for people like the Fist of DEFIANCE himself ... the supposed very best in the business... even though he's too much of a PUSSY to take on JFK one on one!

Angus:

You lost fair and square, asshole!

Jesse grits his teeth, still annoyed at his failure to take home DEFIANCE'S biggest prize from Cayle Murray. However, he shrugs it off and regains his brash confidence and cocky smile.

Kendrix:

Because, Ladies and Gentlemen...

He holds his free hand out, presenting the commotion still going on, in the now full ring, to his audience.

Kendrix:

THIS RIGHT HERE... IS TRULY... THE FUTURE... OF YOUR COMPANY! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS... IS... DEFIANCE!

Jesse splashes that smirk, flicks the mic up in the air, letting it thud against the ramp as it crashes down. His music hits as The UTA members share pats on backs and high fives all round before heading back to the entrance.

DDK:

Box, Hoffman, Impulse and Douglas have finally been separated into four separate corners by security, but they're struggling to contain the order. Is JFK right? Is DEFIANCE imploding right in front of us, Angus?!

Angus:

If this continues Keeps... I can't even imagine... can it?!

Box and Hoffman almost break free as they reach out for Impulse and Douglas but they are hauled back by security, the refs urging all four men to calm down.

Cut to elsewhere.

THIS IS HUGE...

The scene opens to the backstage area. We see the hulking David Hightower lumbering down the hallway. The constant "Shlink....shlink..." noise echoes as the tow chain hanging off his neck moves and shakes. As the camera zooms out we see he's walking next to a smiling Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers slaps David on the chest and tries to hype him up. Both men stop abruptly as they round the corner of the corridor. Mikey Unlikely steps into the shot and Jamie is all smiles.

Jamie Sawyers:

Mikey! My man! How we doing!?

Mikey looks up at Hightower, then over to Jamie, he doesn't share the same enthusiasm for the moment. He greets them quickly and asks.

Mikey Unlikely:

Jamie, David. Are you ready?

Hightower cracks his knuckles as Sawyers nods emphatically.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oh yea! We're ready! Andy Murray won't know what hit em! We're going to hit em with a left...

Sawyers starts mock boxing, very badly.

Jamie Sawyers:

Then we're going to hit em with a right! Then left! Then right! Then we're dropping the big knee! BOOM! This one is in the bag baby!

Mikey places his hands out in front of him, almost in a "calm down" motion.

Mikey Unlikely:

Guys, I'm going to level with you...

The owner of WrestleUTA leans in.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is huge...

Jamie Sawyers:

The Biggest! The baddest man on the...

Mikey Unlikely:

STOP! You are not listening.

Mikey waits a minute to let the silence settle in.

Mikey Unlikely:

I need both of you to understand the gravity of this situation. When you beat Andy Murray, WE get a shot at the FIST. That's what we need, That's what this is all about. This isn't about David Hightower hurting someone, this is about THE FIST. So let me make myself perfectly clear...

He leans back.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't fuck this up!

With that Mikey walks between the two men and down the hall. The scene fades out as Jamie Sawyers stands for the first time...speechless.

Fade

JACK HARMEN VS. THE PCPS

Angus:

Why are we even filming anything involving the UTA locker room!? Did they bring their own camera crew or something?!

DDK:

Angus, our crew are some of the most professional fly on the wall journalists out there. You could learn a thing or two about impartiality...

♪“Crazy Train” by Ozzy Osbourne♪

DDK:

... Maybe not right now though.

A small amount of fog fills the entrance rampway, as Jack Harmen bursts through the smoke. He raises his hand in his trademark devil horn taunt, receiving a course of boos for his troubles. He stomps toward the ring, as one fan reaches out and lightly taps his shoulder. Harmen turns and threatens the fan with a back hand, before continuing his way to the ring.

DDK:

For all his faults, Jack Harmen is considered a legend...

Angus:

Yeah, a legendary dickhead. Guy has no loyalty. We had him first, and yet he shows up here in the opposite trench. Guy can go stuff himself.

Harmen slides himself into the ring, teases doing his snow angel taunt, but then just stands and stares toward the entrance ramp. Another chorus of jeers ring out.

DDK:

Official Carla Ferrari now checking Harmen over for weapons.

Angus:

CAVITY SEARCH! DO IT! You don't know what that Lunatic's hiding up his bum! Probably a few grenades, a steel chair and a sixteen inch dildo!

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)

♪“Live for the Night” by Krewella (MIA Remix Intro)♪

The lights in the arena darken, leaving a single spotlight at the top of the ramp. First out, Elise Ares, dressed to the nines in the slinkiest of red sparkling dresses. The DEF crowd pop, as The D then follows her out, wearing a nice three piece black suit. They raise their hands in their trademark pose, and wait. And wait. The D turns around, annoyed, and leaves the ramp. He quickly returns, pulling an apprehensive Klein out of the back by grabbing onto his box. Elise and the D stand behind Klein, making his march to the ring ahead of them, pointing and shouting toward the ring. Klein keeps trying to back up but the rest of the PCP stop him, resigning him to his fate.

Angus:

C'mon Klein! Killer Instinct! COMBO BREAKER!

DDK:

What are you talking about?

Angus:

I think it's some sort of video gamer gate thing.

DDK:

As we heard earlier tonight, the PCP expect Klein to be the one to start this match up against Harmen. As we've seen throughout the PCP's career, Klein seems to be the sort of trump card they pull out when they really need that extra oomph.

Angus:

Boy's mighty impressive, but skittier than a guy eating 18 packs of skittles.

As they reach the ringside area, Klein reluctantly climbs up the ring steps. The D and Elise stay outside of the ring, standing between the ring and the entrance. Carla comes over to Klein, and begins to pat him down. She reaches her hands all the way up and begins feeling inside of Klein's box, which makes him giggle as if he were incredibly ticklish. Carla pulls out a rubber chicken, a pack of playing cards, and a large flowing string of multi-colored fabric. She keeps pulling at the fabric, tied together, using both hands like a magician. After a few moments, the final strand leaves, as Klein simply waves toward his official friend.

DDK:

I... I don't want to know.

Angus:

THE HOSS MAGICIAN! THE BOX MAN! Let's see you MESS up a UTAh-er like I messed up his car!

DDK:

You vandalized Harmen's car for real last week?

Angus:

And this week too!

The opening bell rings, as Harmen stands, motionless. He stares toward Klein across the ring, and then just lets out possibly the most evil wide grin imaginable. His eyes bulge out of their sockets, his fist clench, and he points toward the Box Man across the ring. Klein shakes his head no, rushing to the PCP's corner, where the D and Elise both climb onto the apron to stop him. Klein looks like a caged animal, until the D reaches out, grabs both sides of Klein's box, and looks him dead in the eyes.

The D:

You got this. We trust you.

The D pats Klein on the top of his head, as Klein takes in a deep breath. Klein turns...

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! DEAR GOD! Klein's box just went FLYING off his head and into the crowd!

Angus:

GET UP! NO!

Klein flatlines on the canvas, but instinctually reaches up and covers his brown tan mask from camera view. He groggily rolls out of the ring, and plops down onto the outside. Harmen falls to one knee in the ring, and begins to check his watch.

The D and Elise rush to his side, checking on Klein, who's crawling toward the ring barricade. Carla begins her count in the ring as the camera crew gets up close and personal with the PCP..

The D:

C'mon Special K!

Elise Ares:

You got this!

Angus:
I AGREE!

Klein reaches a vertical base by four, but then reaches up and realizes his box had been violently kicked off his head. He begins to look around the ringside area frantically, before noticing his box literally crowd surfing through the faithful toward the entrance ramp. Klein tries to make a break for it, but his equilibrium is off, as he tumbles to his knees.

DDK:
Klein! The ring is thataway!

Angus:
Guy's got a thick skull. If you Seven'd his head in that box, you'd be paying through the nose for postage.

Klein keeps fighting to his feet, stumbling and rushing halfway up the ramp to grab the box from the extended hand of a DEF Faithful in the crowd. He fixes and fassons it back onto his head, shakes out the cobwebs, and rushes back toward the ring.

When the bell rings, just moments before he slips back inside.

DDK:
NO!

Angus:
Oh dear God!

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and gentleman, Klein has been eliminated from this contest via Count Out!

Klein protests Carla, but Ferrari says she made the count as loud as she could. Klein shakes his head, lowering it in shame. Carla points and directs him out of the ring, which Klein reluctantly does after one last moment of protest. Harmen meanwhile, smiles and rubs his hand together. He watches both Elise and the D begin circling him from both sides of the ring. He sticks both hands out to either side of the ring, cupping his hands and asking them to bring it. Elise hops onto the apron, as Harmen rushes toward her. She hops off a second before Harmen can strike with an elbow. But this gives the D enough time to slip in from the other side, charge, and jump with rights and lefts on the Lunatic. Harmen begins to cover up, back peddling into the corner, as the D just lets loose with as many blows to Harmen's skull, chest and torso. Harmen falls to a seated position in the corner, as the D grabs the top rope and begins stomping the every living jesus out of him.

DDK:
AND THERE'S THE TAG!

Angus:
He just clapped above his head.

DDK:
That's a rope break! And here comes even more of the single Blacklist!

The D continues stomping away with an incredible flurry on his mentor, as Elise smiles and claps on the outside. The D gives one last DOUBLE stomp to Harmen, before turning away from Jack and raising his hands to loud cheers. He begins to tear off his suit and pants revealing his usual wrestling attire underneath.

DDK:
Stay on him D! Kick him in the face!

Angus:

... And here I thought I could learn more about impartiality.

DDK:

Do as I say, not as I do.

Angus:

... I've never been more proud. I'm finally rubbing off on you!

DDK:

And the D is rubbing one off on Harmen's face with a vicious face wash kick!

Harmen's dangling on the bottom rope, spun from the face wash. The D is being admonished by Carla in the ring for keeping the action so close to the ring ropes. So, Elise rushes up and hooks Harmen, dragging her completely weight down so Harmen's throat chokes him on the bottom rope. After a quick two or three count, Elise lets go, just as Carla turns around to notice Harmen sputtering and coughing. Elise raises her hands in innocence, as the Faithful begin to chant.

"NOTH-ING HAPP-ENED *Clap-Clap-Clapclapclap*"

Carla raises her finger to Elise, who backs away from the ring at her request. The D reaches down, and lifts Harmen up. Irish whip, but Harmen reverses it, and the D ducks behind a wild standing thrust kick. Rear waist lock, into a pure old fashioned wrestling takedown. The D spins around on Harmen's back, to get into a front face lock position. But instead of hooking the hold, the D spins around Harmen's back two or three more times, as Harmen tries to reach up and defend himself. After the third revolution, The D finally synches in the headlock. The maneuver was less painful for Harmen than humiliating.

DDK:

The D is going to have to stay on the attack here Angus. This is perfect strategy. Keep one of the greatest High Flyers in this sport grounded.

Angus:

You know what else keeps a High Flyer grounded? A nice tire iron to the knee. Just ask Tonya.

Harmen fights to his feet, and throws a few rights into the D's gut. Once the hold is loose, Harmen charges forward, tackling the D into the far corner. Harmen backs off, and then FIRES off a knife edge chop that resonates and echoes through the arena. The D's chest instantly goes beat red.

DDK:

Ooooh. I felt that up here.

Then, Harmen reaches back, and just BITCH slaps the D square across the jaw.

Angus:

Don't slap the D!

Harmen shouts "C'MON!" as the D reaches up and clutches his jaw. In a fit of fury, the D charges out of the corner, Harmen ducking down and lifts him into a STRONG spinebuster. Center of the ring, Harmen jumps on top and hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Kickout by the D. Harmen lifts up the groggy D, and irish whips him into the far corner. Harmen charges.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Dear God! Corner assisted! And now, another Irish Whip, and ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE! STOP! Just STOP!

Harmen smiles, cackling even, and then irish whips The D into the far side one last time. Harmen charges as Carla tries to get him to stop, but the THIRD Locomotive sends the D back in a crazy whiplash. He falls to his knees out of the corner, and then faceplants onto the canvas, unconscious. Harmen falls back, landing back first on the D's back. He begins to rolla the D over with his shoulders, and then just lays on top of him, raising one hand and counting as Carla's hand hits the mat.

One.

Two.

Three.

Darren Quimbey:

Eliminated from this gauntlet match, via pinfall... THE D!

The bell rings as Harmen sits up, smiling devilishly toward Elise on the outside. He just sits there, staring at her, as Elise Ares looks startled. She turns toward the DEF crowd, their jeers now turning into supportive cheers. Elise's eyes widen as she realizes the scope of the situation she's in.

"Let's Go El-ise! *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap*"

Elise reaches up, grabbing the ropes and pulling herself onto the apron. She's very tentative as she looks at the vindictive and blood thirsty Harmen in the ring. Carla has to roll the D completely out of the ring as Harmen just sits there, dead eyed, waiting to Elise to get inside. Once she slips in through the bottom and middle ropes, Harmen stands to his feet in the weirdest way to meet her. He tilts his head completely to its side, almost as if he's deeply studying Elise, who looks like a deer in headlights.

DDK:

And now, it's all up to Elise Ares.

Angus:

We're doomed. WE'RE DOOMED! She's the most flippy doo shitty wrestler PCP has! What chance do we have Keeps? Is this indicative of what's happening? Like in the future? Is this place going to be called UTAH in two years?! I can't work in Utah Keeps, they banned me when I punched six mormons and ran over another with my car. I don't have a Utah driver's license!

DDK:

Get ahold of yourself Angus!

Harmen raises one hand to the rafters, smiling as he offers up a test of strength.

DDK:

Don't take it Elise!

Angus:

She's still wearing that dress, I bet the sequins can blind him.

Elise tentatively raises her hand high, and leans toward Harmen. Harmen grabs her hand, and squeezes. Elise goes for an eye poke, but Harmen kicks her in the gut, drawing jeers. Jack locks into a side headlock and Elise backs Harmen into the ropes and shoots him off the far side. However, Harmen holds onto the headlock and wrenches down, negating the irish whip. Elise tries to lift Harmen, but Harmen rag dolls and Elise can't lift the larger Harmen off his feet.

But she is slippery, squeezing her head free and locking Harmen into a hammerlock. She shouts "I KNOW WRESTLING!" to cheers, as Harmen reaches and claws behind his back. Harmen spins, and grabs Elise into his own Hammerlock. He slaps her in the back of her head, drawing the ire of the Faithful.

DDK:

Now that's just uncalled for!

Elise reaches up and jumps, hooking Harmen in a $\frac{3}{4}$ headlock. She uses the momentum from the jump to send Harmen over in a snap mare. Harmen, dazed, wobbles into the corner, as Elise charges. She leaps onto the second ropes, and hits a nice monkey flip out of the corner.

But Harmen lands on his feet, and Elise is too busy celebrating to notice. Harmen from behind...

Angus:

LOOK OUT!

DDK:

German suplex from Harmen! And Elise is crumpled like an accordion!

Harmen gets up to HIS feet, dusting his hands clean of his protege. He then turns toward the Faithful and begins to prance and celebrate like Elise just had. The DEF crowd boo, relentlessly. Harmen raises a backwards peace sign to them, and turns back to Elise. He grabs her arm and hits an arm wringer, and then a second, and then back into the go behind hammerlock. Elise struggles, confused, and tries to rake Harmen's eyes to the admonishment of Carla Ferrari. Elise spins behind, locking Harmen into a hammerlock before using her legs to trip Harmen back to the canvas. Elise spins into a front face lock, like the D, but Harmen shoots up to his feet, and lifts Elise completely off hers as he does. He tosses her clear across the ring so she lands stomach first on the canvas.

With the air taken out of her, Harmen rushes forward and soccer punt kicks Elise square in the jaw. She goes toppling toward the ropes.

DDK:

And it might be a matter of time Angus.

Angus:

No. Just stop! I don't want to watch this anymore!

DDK:

Imagine, one year ago?

Angus:

I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STOP! STUPID PERSPECTIVE OF TIME!

Harmen stands a few feet away from Elise, who's using the ropes to try to get back to her feet. Harmen then stomps once on the mat. And a second time. The Faithful begin to scream at Elise, trying to warn her.

DDK:

It looks like Harmen's shoveling coal into his locomotive Angus.

Angus:

God, my brain is about to melt from UTA being a thing and you go and say shoveling coal to me.

Harmen stomps one last time, as Elise recovers. Harmen CHARGES...

But Elise drops down, pulling the top rope with her! Harmen whiffs on the Locomotive, and winds up CROTCHING himself on the top rope. Harmen winces, suffering, as Elise then takes the top rope and begins to shake it up and

down. Harmen's eyes go wide, as the momentum sends him flying up into the air and to the outside of the ring. He tumbles with a thud by the barricade.

Angus:

OH GOD YES!

DDK:

It's hard to watch no matter who it is.

Angus:

Don't get me wrong, I'm feeling empathy, but more just relief it's not me and mine!

DDK:

Elise has gained some form of control here! Let's see if she can maintain it.

Elise climbs up to the top turnbuckle. She takes a few steps toward the center of the ring, away from the buckle, and preps. As Harmen recovers, Elise dives!

DDK:

BIG MOVE!

Angus:

NO! Harmen moves! Dear God get out of there!

Indeed, Elise SPLATS herself on the outside. Harmen begins to stomp her repeatedly, using the barricade as leverage. Harmen lifts Elise to her feet, and charges, tossing her stomach first into the steel steps, sending them flying.

Harmen reaches down, and eats a low blow from Elise for his troubles. The crowd cheer as Carla begins to yell at Elise for her actions. She continues her count, now up to three.

DDK:

Wait! The D! He's awake! What is he doing? He... He just slid in a chair?

Indeed, the D slides a chair into the ring and then begins to make his way across the ring on the outside. Carla notices him, and begins to shout that he should get out of here. The D tosses his hands up in innocence, and begins to mime he can't hear her. So much so, he gets CLOSER, and jumps onto the ring apron.

Meanwhile, behind the official, Elise slides herself into the ring. She crawls over to the far corner, and reaches the blue steel chair. She grabs it out of desperation. She then smacks her palm LOUDLY into the seat of the chair.

Jack Harmen rolls into the ring, super annoyed, walking with a wide arc. As he gets toward Elise, Elise tosses him the steel chair.

Jack Harmen catches it, and Elise falls to the mat.

Angus:

YUUUUUUSSSS!

DDK:

What... Wh-What did I just witness?

Carla Ferrari turns around, and sees Jack Harmen holding a steel chair, and Elise down on the ground. In fact, Elise hides a razor blade into her wrist tape, and rolls over, revealing a large cut on her gorgeous face. Blood trickling down past her nose. Harmen protests, shouting.

From the outside, the D shouts angrily.

The D:

HOW DARE YOU! THAT'S HOW SHE MAKES A LIVING!

Jack Harmen:

THAT WASN'T ME!

Angus:

Obviously it was. She would never cut her own face! She's an actress. She might cut her own thigh but never her face!

Harmen tosses the steel chair away, trying to plead his innocence. He stomps his feet, as Carla leans down and checks on Elise. She looks over to the corner, and waves for the bell. Harmen reaches up and begins to tug at his own hair.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, via DISQUALIFICATION...

The DEF Faithful cheer loudly.

Darren Quimbey:

Elise... AAAAAARESSSSS!

DDK:

She did it! She... She actually did it!

Angus:

OH MAN I COULD HAVE BEEN A BILLIONAIRE! Did you know the odds Vegas was giving that ELISE would be the one to beat Harmen?

Harmen looks at Elise, who's still feigning injury, being tended to by Carla. He begins to fume. He stomps over toward Elise, grabbing Carla by her referee's attire and SHOVING her off of Elise to LOUD jeers. However, as Harmen is about to grab Elise, The D reaches in, and yanks her out under the bottom rope. Harmen LUNGES at them, as the D pulls her away, the two cautiously walking back up the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Folks, I don't think this is over, not by a long shot. Harmen said he could beat all three of the Pop Culture Phenoms by himself on social media... and now... his pride may become his undoing.

Angus:

Stop being all smarty pants! The fact of the matter is, I've never been more attracted to Elise!

DDK:

You don't have a chance with her, you know that, right?

Angus:

Oh, no, this would definitely be one of those things I would regret in the morning, but I don't care Keeps! I'm on cloud nine! UTA, take THAT! We will FIGHT and CRAWL

DDK:

It was one match.

Angus:

and SCRATCH,

DDK:

And we won by Disqualification.

Angus:

..and WE WILL NOT GO QUIETLY INTO THE NIGHT...

DDK:

Can we... I dunno. Let's, I don't...

Angus:

FOR THEY MAY TAKE OUR LIVES...

DDK:

Angus stop quoting Independence day.

Angus:

No.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL

"Man, this freaking sucks. I hate nights like this, the least they could have done was given us the show opener, instead of that clown Kuroyama getting it."

We open to Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett walking through Wrestle-plex's parking lot, they are leaving the arena near the middle of the show.

Grendel:

Yeah yeah... I hate not being booked. With these UTA clowns running through the top roster it might be time to jump ship. DEFIANCE looks like a sinking boat, you know?

Garrett:

You have point. I mean shit - we've been stuck in BRAZEN hell for far too long. It's not like Angus is out there advocating for us! And Eric Dane ... have you even seen that dude around lately? Let's do it.

Grendel:

Alright, who do we approach then? Mikey? Ryan?

Woman's Voice:

I don't think that would be such a wise idea ...

The clicking of heels can be heard on the hard pavement as Courtney Paz approaches the pair, briefcase in hand and a devilish smile on her face. Her thin glasses are pressed firmly against her piercing eyes and her low cut business attire quickly grabs the attention of Petey, meanwhile Solomon is taking a hard stance and looking sternly at her face.

Grendel:

We've met before - haven't we?

Garrett:

She's that chick that was with Perfection, when he was here, remember?

Grendel:

Oh yeah, that's right. That dude was a knob with a capital K. What do you want, chick?

Courtney Paz:

It's not about what I want, Mr. Grendel. It's about what you and your esteemed colleague want for your collective futures.

They give each other a puzzled look, not sure what to make of that actual statement.

Garrett:

So do you work for UTA? Are you like a recruiter or something?

Paz: *[chuckling]*

No... I'm *not* a recruiter for UTA. *Nor*, do I represent DEFIANCE. However, I am a liaison for a group that is highly interested in acquiring the talents ... that you two bring to the table.

Brutal Attack Force give each other yet another pair of unsure glances. Garrett gives a half shrug but Grendel is still stone faced.

Grendel:

Petey let's roll man, this broad is talking out of her ass.

The pair turn away from Paz and head off into the parking lot. Paz remains deadpan and emotionless letting the pair get a handful of paces from her before setting her hook.

Paz:

They pay extremely well.

Both of the men stop dead in their tracks at the same time. They look at each other for a third time during this altercation and Petey's face turns into a widespread grin. Grendel, still stone faced, seems to have lightened up slightly as he takes the cue from his partner.

Grendel: *[turning back towards Paz]*

... we're *listening*.

Cut to elsewhere.

DAVID HIGHTOWER VS. ANDY MURRAY

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, The next match is a big one! Andy Murray, the man who just two weeks ago was assaulted and cheated out of the WrestleUTA Championship, will go one on one with David Hightower, Mikey Unlikely's personal choice, in a match that could very well shape the short term future of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Cheated? It was a damn upheaval! I don't care who you are Keebs, when it's fourteen on two, you don't have much of a chance! I have yet to see the UTAH fucks, not show up with numbers.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first ... accompanied to the ring by his manager, Jamie Sawyers! ... from West Memphis, Arkansas! Weighing in at two hundred and seventy five pounds ... DAVIDDDD HIGHTOOOOOOOWERRRR!

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

Music hits and David makes his way to the ring, with his full time manager leading the way. The Faithful rain the boos all over the pair. Hightower, as usual is unnerved by the people. He steps onto the ring apron, into the ring and goes to his corner. He pulls the giant tow hook and chain off his neck and lays them in the corner as usual.

♪ "Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Aberdeen, Scotland ... weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds! ... "The King" ANDYYYY MURRRAYYYY!

Next up Andy Murray makes his entrance and the crowd is electric; he catches a few hands with a some high fives but his eyes never seem to leave those of Hightower's, and he's still limping. There is a big tape wrap that covers his shoulder and upper back but he doesn't seem to mind. Murray slides into the ring and goes face to face with the UTA big man. The referee backs the two away from one another.

DDK:

Andy Murray looks ready to go!

Angus:

He's as technically sound a wrestler as there is, but when the going get's tough Andy Murray isn't afraid to brawl. This is actually the first time David Hightower has faced someone the same size.

The referee calls for the bell, and the due come forward and immediately start exchanging hands. Jamie Sawyers is up on the apron in no time, trying to get the referee's attention already. Andy Murray bounces off the ropes and delivers a shiver of a forearm to mush of David Hightower. The blow barely stuns David, but the bouncing off the ropes knocks Jamie Sawyers to the outside mat. The fans applaud appreciatively. Murray delivers a second forearm and Hightower asks for a third. Murray grants the request and David is finally rocked. Sensing an opportunity to take him down the elder Murray brother hits the ropes again and tries for a diving forearm. It does in fact knock Hightower to his back, however he get's up quick shaking the cobwebs as Murray gains some momentum but finally we see him reach for his shoulder/neck.

Both men get right back up, Murray gets there first. A couple quick European uppercuts soften up the big man, and Murray goes for the Irish whip into the opposing turnbuckle. Hightower hits hard but extends his leg upward as Murray follows and delivers a boot to the jaw of the large Scot. Murray stumbles away from the corner and Hightower comes out with a devastating clothesline to the back of the head of Murray, he goes down face first. Hightower calls for the ending already. Sawyers get's excited on the outside as David backs into the turnbuckle to line up the shot. Before he can get started with his running knee drop, Murray starts to stir, bringing anger to Hightower. He comes over and drops a few sledge like forearms onto the back of the neck of Andy.

Jamie Sawyers:

Yes! Get him! Get Him! Break his neck! Make him pay! BUT DON'T GET DISQUALIFIED!

Jamie shoots a nervous glance towards the entrance way. Undoubtedly looking for Mikey.

DDK:

It appears David Hightower is working on the neck of Andy Murray, preying on his weakness after last week's assault. Hightower bends up to pick up the Murray brother, Andy however recovers with another nasty european uppercut shot to the jaw of David. Hightower stumbles back and it's all the opening that Murray needs, he comes up fast and drops Hightower hard with a running neckbreaker slam!

DDK:

Hex Breaker! That's one of Andy Murray's signature moves! Hightower is down, Murray with the quick cover!

ONE!**TWO!****NOOO! KICKOUT!****Angus:**

Ahhhhhh too close! C'mon!

Murray begins to pull David up again. Jamie Sawyers is on the apron now for the second time, jumping up and down. Just as referee Hector Navarro turns and admonishes Jamie, telling him to get off the apron, we see David Hightower swing his foot hard between the legs of Andy Murray from the ground. The blatant low blow drops Murray like a ton of bricks. David Hightower takes control and Sawyers drops down. Referee Navarro asks Hightower why Murray is holding his "crotchal region" Hightower moves past him without a word.

David picks up Murray and with everything he has he sends him across the ring with an irish whip. Hightower pushed so hard he falls to the mat, when Murray hits the corner the opposite side of the ring lifts off the ground before crashing back down as the center of gravity switches back to midring. Murray holds his back as he falls to a knee. Hightower picks him up and sends him off to the opposite side, just as hard, only this time after Murray connect, Hightower runs behind him and squashes him with a body blow against the corner. Hightower does this 4 more times consecutively until Murray is a broken mess.

Angus:

Hightower just keeps blasting Murray in the back, then crushing him in the turnbuckle over and over. It's like watching a freight train collide with a semi truck on a constant loop!

Hightower crushes Murray for the 6th time and allows him to finally fall to the mat. David hits the corner once more, this time in a hurry. He lines up the knee drop...

DDK:

West Memphis Massacre!

David hooks the leg, Hector Navarro is in perfect position.

One...**Two...****Three!**

The bell rings and Jamie Sawyers looks like he just won the lottery. David Hightower doesn't do as much as smile, but

Sawyers is doing enough for the both of them.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner by pinfall... and NEW number one contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE!
DAVIIIDDDD HIGHTOOOOOOOWERRRRR!

Hightower stands over Andy Murray and you can tell he's not quite finished.

MY GOD...**Angus:**

My god! David Hightower just beat the FUCK out of Andy Murray!

DDK:

Winning himself a FIST of DEFIANCE shot in the process. Angus, that was brutal...

Angus:

GodFUCKINGdammit.

The victorious brute immediately hauls Murray's corpse from the mat, throwing him into the corner, before lashing out with a stiff series of right hands. The timekeeper rings to the bell to try and encourage him to fuck off, but to no avail.

DDK:

Enough already!

Angus:

Get the gorrám militia out here!

Hightower's attack is swift and brutal. Suddenly, a long ream of metal slides under the bottom rope and stops at his feet. He picks it up without hesitation.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

He's got the chain!

DDK:

Sawyers handed it to him!

The crowd are raging, but DH doesn't give a single shit. He pulls the giant chain over his head, then whips it downwards, cracking it over the back of Andy Murray's neck!

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST!

Angus:

STOP HIM.

CRACK!

Again.

CRACK!

Again.

CRRRRRACK!

AGAIN.

Murray is DEAD.

But suddenly, the crowd have never been more alive...

DDK:
CAYLE!

The FIST of DEFIANCE sprints down the ramp as fast as his legs will allow.

Angus:
And he's not alone!

DDK:
Here come MDM4 and Nakazawa! Thank GOD!

His brother a broken, beaten heap, Cayle wastes absolutely no time in leaping onto David Hightower, whose size and power overwhelm the furious FIST quickly. Muerte and Nakazawa dive in, and that's when the tide turns...

DDK:
YES! Run him off!

The trio swam upon David, backing him into the corner with wild flurries of strikes.

Angus:
Eat shit, mormon!

Unfortunately for Cayle and his boys, Hightower is tough and shit, and though he covers up initially, he's able to absorb most of their blows. He launches a blind straight right, catching Nakazawa square on the jaw, sending him flying backwards...

DDK:
Oh no...

Angus:
Oh SHIT!

DDK:
Sho might be out!

Furious, Hightower boots Murray in the gut, then catches the flying MDM4's attempted crossbody... tossing him into the corner with a fallaway slam!

Angus:
He's wiping them the fuck out!

DDK:
My god, Hightower might be unstoppable here!

Cayle's had enough. He charges David as he's getting up, knocking him down with a low dropkick, before stomping down on the much larger man. Hightower's rise is imminent, but Cayle charges the ropes, coming back with a Busaiku Knee Kick!

Angus:
YESSS! Right in the moosh!

But Hightower doesn't even go down! Instead, the beast falls back against the ropes.

DDK:
Here comes Cayle again!

The FIST charges, but Hightower ducks down, bundling him over the top rope.

Angus:

He lands on the apron!

Forearms to the back of Hightower's head. A couple of stiff, sharp elbows. David stumbles away.

DDK:

He's got him rocked.

Cayle leaps onto the top rope.

Springboards instead.

WHAAAAM!

... flies right into a goddamn jumping headbut.

Angus:

... what the FUCK?!

DDK:

Did you see that?!

Cayle's lights are OUT.

A small cut opens on Hightower's forehead from the impact. He's dazed, but Sawyers slides in, preventing him from falling.

DDK:

He just... HEADBUTTED Cayle out of the sky!

Angus:

That was absolutely brutal...

DDK:

The FIST is down, and now, at Hightower's mercy...

Though dizzy, David scoops the big chain off the mat and starts lumbering towards the younger Murray.

Angus:

Oh noooooo...

Fortunately, a massive swarm of DEFSec - at least 10 of the bastards - fly into the ring at the most opportune moment. They struggle to contain Hightower at first, and one of them catches the chain on his shoulder, but their numbers are soon able to force the big man away.

Angus:

This isn't good, Keebs. Isn't good at all.

DDK:

Nakazawa is out cold. MDM4 is down. Cayle is concussed...

Angus:

... and Andy might be done. Forever.

The elder Scot took a bunch of unprotected chain shots to the neck and head.

Needless to say, he's not doing too well.

A group of medics gather around him, quickly strapping a form neck brace around his neck. A moment of potential tragedy almost lost in the mania.

DDK:

That's a 39-year-old man, a guy who's endured 23 years of wear and tear in this business...

Angus:

This is awful. Just... awful.

DDK:

He was destroyed by Team UTA two weeks ago, but this? This is a whole new level...

Angus: [sighing]

When will this end, Keeps?

With Hightower finally out of the ring, all focus turns to the downed Murrays and their comrades.

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, but look at this scene. David Hightower just single-handedly destroyed the entire Murray. Something about DEFCON flipped a switch in this man. He's on a violent, bloody rampage, and he now has a FIST shot ahead of him...

Angus:

Yet when Cayle wakes up, I get the impression defending his title will be the last thing on his mind.

DDK:

Indeed. We'll TRY to give you an update on Andy Murray's condition later in the show, folks, but it sure doesn't look good.

One last shot of the devastation.

Four broken bodies, all caused by one man.

David Hightower.

Cut.

WRESTLEUTA TITLE: CRIMSON LORD (C) VS. BRONSON BOX

The arena goes completely dark.

The fans pop to the sound of war drums and traditional bagpipes. The intense celtic beat whips the entire arena into a frenzy.

Angus:

The Wargod cometh.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

The drumming ends with a snap. The silence hangs heavy in the air as the last hum of the pipe and drums fade into the darkness.

Every fan in attendance collectively holding their breath as a howling wind whistles through the air.

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

Cue the man in black.

The house lights come up and there, already standing on the ring apron, is the man himself. Sheared head and freshly waxed mustache. The reaction is overwhelmingly negative... but the faithful, the true faithful are pounding guardrails and chanting his name. Boxer slides between the ropes and raises his arms high. Boos, cheers, jeers, it's obvious he doesn't care one bit. They're all on their feet.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, making his RETURN to the ring, the challenger. The self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of sports and entertainment"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THE TWO TIME FIIIIIIIST OF DEFIANCE... THIS IS BRONSOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

Boxer climbs the nearest turnbuckle holding his arms out wide. Soaking in the reaction from the faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

DDK:

The single most polarizing star in DEFIANCE Wrestling, ladies and gentlemen.

Quimbey:

His opponent...being accompanied to the ring by his assistant Jon Larver. He is from Chicago, Illinois....

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Jon Larver steps from behind the curtain first. He holds the WrestleUTA Championship high above his head. Crimson steps from behind the curtain, and follows Larver toward the ring.

Quimbey:

Representing the UTA... He is the NEW WrestleUTA World Champion "The Messiah of Pain" CRIMSON LORD!

The arena vibrates with the deafening sounds of boos for this man.

Crimson slowly but methodical makes his way to the ring. His head slightly tilted downward, as he reaches the ring he slowly raises his head. Larver turns around and holds the WrestleUTA Championship on his forearms for CL to see.

DDK:

Here comes a man that should not be a champion!

Angus:

You got that right Keeps!

He grabs the championship from Jon's hands. He reaches for the top rope and pulls himself up on the apron; soon after steps over the top rope. He walks to the center of the ring, slowly turning his head toward Bronson, for a minute. Jon has left the ring and returned to the backstage area. Box walks to the seven footer staring up at him with no fear. With Crimson's free hand he pulls his hood back from his head.

DDK:

Earlier tonight this man took it upon himself to involve himself in Douglas and Harvey's match.

Angus:

These maggots from the UTA are nothing more than a bunch of thugs. Thugs that couldn't be a part of a company like Defiance that has dominated this business for years

Doyle is handed the championship by Crimson who continues to stare back at Box. Doyle shows Box the championship, Bronson gives a quick glance at the title before returning his eyes to stare at CL. Crimson eyes have not left Box as he removes his hoodie and coat.

Doyle raises the title up in the air.

DING DING

The fans are firmly behind Bronson as they echo the building with chants of

*BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!*

The two backoff a bit before locking up! Crimson quickly pushes Box off from the lockup throwing "The Wargod" into the corner. Bronson quickly looks up, as the champion just stares at him with a lifeless glare. Bronson quickly gets to his feet moving his head to the side a few times before again locking up. Both men try to get the advantage, just as Bronson looks to be getting that advantage CL throws him back first into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Crimson rushes the corner!

Box quickly moves out of the wall as the MoP rams side first into the turnbuckle. "The Wargod" moves in delivering a few knees into the gut of the champion. He Irish whips him from the corner. Crimson hits the turnbuckle. Box rushes in with a clothesline staggering CL out of the corner.

DDK:

Bronson with a bulldog!

Angus:

Bronson has the cover here Keeps!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

“The Wargod” stays on Crimson locking in a chin lock. Crimson slowly gets to his feet, reach for Bronson leg and pulls it toward him Box tries to hold the headlock but now is hopping on one foot! CL easily breaks the headlock as Box tries to get his balance.

DDK:

CL pulls Bronson toward him with that hooked leg of his, and delivers a lariat!

Angus:

Come on Bronson, get up don't let this UTA piece of trash beat you!

Crimson wastes no time and picks up “The Wargod” and lifts him up into a gutbuster! “The MoP” just as quick flips Box on his stomach and jumps him driving his knee into the lower back of Box! On cue Bronson leans back in pain, leaving his upper body open. CL locks in a variation of a dragon sleeper still with his knee embedded into “The Wargod's” lower back!

DDK:

We have seen this move before, for a seven footer Crimson sure has a interesting moveset

Angus:

Don't you give up Bronson!

Doyle checks on Bronson asking if he wants to give up, Box obviously is refusing and it's annoying the champion. The seven footer is now yelling obscenities toward Doyle for his horrible officiating! CL can feel Bronson trying to break the hold and shakes his head as Box pushes his upper body forward slowly. The hold finally breaks!

DDK:

Crimson back on his feet! He is trying to deliver another knee drop!

Angus:

Bronson moves out of the way!

CL limps around the ring trying to put weight on his knee. Bronson gets to his feet Crimson fights through the pain. He moves in with a double axe handle but “The Wargod” fires a few punches to the gut of Crimson before moving his assault to the head. He drives Crimson back with thunderous haymakers. He then irish whips Crimson off the ropes as CL returns Box tries a leapfrog, and is caught by Crimson! Who quickly goes right into a spinebuster! He quickly follows up into a slingshot driving Box's throat across the top rope. He falls back and CL raises his knees. Box recoils his back as he hits the champs knees he slides down and CL has a roll up!

DDK:

Crimson might have it here! Come on Bronson kickout!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

Crimson flips Box's legs off him and now is shouting at Doyle about a three count. “The Wargod” is now on the apron. Crimson waves Doyle off and grabs Bronson on the apron. Box quickly snaps Crimson neck across the top rope in a neckbreaker. The champion staggers back holding his throat, Bronson gets back in quickly and locks in a cobra clutch, lifting the seven footer up and into a backbreaker!

DDK:

Bronson with a cobra clutch backbreaker on the champion!

Angus:

Keep stomping on that piece of trash Bronson!

Bronson flips him on his stomach...

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE!

Angus:

Hell ya, break his damn back Bronson!

Doyle is right there as Box shouts for Crimson to tap as he pulls back on the Boston Massacre! The fans are firmly behind Bronson as they echo the building with chants of

*BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!*

DDK:

How much longer can the UTA champion hold out here fans?

Angus:

Give up you bastard!

Crimson continues to fight the move, and the more he fights the more "The Wargod" pulls back on CL's lower back. Crimson slowly drags his knees toward his chest until he has managed to take a lot of the pressure from the camel clutch off him. Bronson realizing CL is about to break the hold to his surprise, he thinks quick and jumps up in the air. Crimson quickly flips on his back and sits up as Box comes down, Crimson catches Box by the throat with his right hand.

DDK:

No! Crimson broke the Boston Massacre! Judging by his expression he is fighting a lot of pain!

Angus:

This is impossible!

The champion gets to his feet and smirks at Box as he lifts him up, but Box in mid air manages to lock in a triangle choke!

DDK:

What a reversal by Bronson here fans!

Angus:

Tap you seven foot goof!

He forces CL to a knee as Bronson cinches it in tight! Crimson fights the through the pain, but Bronson applies more pressure to the triangle. Doyle right there to check on Crimson, the champion refusing every time he asks him.

DDK:

Crimson is dragging Box to the corner.

Angus:

What does it take, to stop this guy!

He slowly tries to lift him off the mat with a remarkable show of power. Box is in shock. CL is unable to get Box off and gets back to a knee once more. He fights back up the camera can see Crimson with his teeth clenched. He again lifts Box off the mat this time he is able to get him above his head and he falls backward!

CLANK : the sounds of Bronson's face hitting the steel post.

DDK:

Bronson is hurt here fans, the power of the champion is insane!

Angus:

Maybe so Keeps but Bronson has done quite a bit of damage to Crimson's right arm!

On impact with the steel post he releases the triangle. He falls to the mat in a heap! Crimson stumbles into the corner holding his arm in clear pain. Bronson has a hold of his jaw as he staggers to his feet. He tries to get his composure he runs at Crimson. Who quickly toss him up and behind him, Bronson lands on the top rope trying to get his balance. Crimson side kicks the top rope quickly making Box straddle the top rope! Crimson without hesitation grabs the jaw of Bronson and falls back into "MDK: Blood Lust"!

DDK:

Crimson with a Super Neckbreaker from the top rope!

Angus:

Crimson goes for the cover hooking both legs...NO!!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

DDK:

Crimson has just beaten Bronson Box, will this nightmare ever end!

Angus:

God Damnit!

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Quimbey:

The winner of the match and STILL The UTA World Champion ... CRIMSON LORD!!!

Crimson snatches the championship from Doyle heavily favoring his right arm, he exits the ring as Doyle checks on Box. The DEDFIANCE logo appears as the champion back tracks up the rampway with the strap over his shoulder and while he holds his arm, in pain but also amused.

IS

THIS

DEFIANCE..?