

CREEPY EDWARD

Lower right corner of the screen is working one of those “EARLIER TODAY” gimmicks, so you know.

We’re in the parking lot. It’s sometime before the show, and there’s a lot happening. Cars are pulling in, people are arriving, security are checking names. All kinds of pre-show stuff, innit?

One of these human beings just so happens to be Cayle Murray, who’s sore as hell, and has absolutely no time for anybody’s bullshit tonight. He gets out of a cab, grabbing his bag from the hood, before handing the driver a crisp note. The FIST of DEFIANCE is slung over his shoulder, but he’s dressed casually otherwise.

Christie Zane:

Excuse me, Cayle!

Of course she’s here. When isn’t she here? Christie Zane is in a perpetual state of “being here.”

The FIST, who was accidentally rude to the interviewer two weeks ago, makes a mental note to keep his shit together.

Cayle Murray:

Hello, Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

It’s been two weeks, Cayle - two weeks without an update on your brother’s medical condition. How’s he doing?

She sticks that damn microphone right in the FIST’s face.

Cayle Murray:

Not good, but it’s not my place to say, either.

Christie Zane:

I’m guessing he won’t be in attendance tonight?

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

He won’t be in attendance for a long time, if ever again.

An awkward silence falls between the two. Murray clearly doesn’t want to get into it, but Zane still has a job to do.

Christie Zane:

And how about yourself? David Hightower got his hands on you at DEFtv 90, and after defeating your brother in singles competition, he now has the right to challenge for your FIST of DEFIANCE. How are you feeling?

Cayle sighs.

Cayle Murray:

Tired, sore, and pissed off. Christie, I’m surrounded by enemies and devoid of allies. DEFIANCE is fighting for its life, and so am I, but as far as David Hightower goes...

Another sigh, another shake.

Cayle Murray:

Andy didn’t deserve that. That man has given everything - *EVERYTHING* - he ever had to this business, and he hasn’t taken a damn thing in the return throughout the past 24 years. If this is the end--

The FIST stops. Looks up.

He's been interrupted by another monstrous presence, but not the one you'd think.

Mushigihara:

...OSU...

Eddie Dante:

I'm sorry about what happened to your brother, Cayle, but when the words "the end" came from your mouth, I just had to speak up.

The God-Beast and his handler enter the scene from the aether as their wont. The FIST slightly recoils, even though this isn't the first time he's had Dante appear out of thin air in front of him, but never loses his focus on Mushi. Dante, though? He isn't all smiles like usual. No grin reminiscent of Satan himself, just a VERY unhappy Lord of the Ring.

Eddie Dante:

There has been a lot of talk about "the end" as of late. The end of your brother's career. The end of this company that men like you and Mushigihara have taken it upon ourselves to build. The end of the golden age of this industry that DEFIANCE CREATED.

Dante shakes his head.

Eddie Dante:

No. I will not entertain any talk about this being "the end." I, personally, have put in too much work into the infrastructure of this company; too much time spent in BRAZEN to scout the stars of tomorrow, too much money spent looking for ways to innovate and move forward in this business, and TOO MUCH EFFORT in making DEFIANCE Wrestling the premier company in this industry to see it all collapse at the hands of some jackass who wins a couple of titles and suddenly thinks he's King Shit of FUCK MOUNTAIN.

The unexpected burst of profanities shocks both Ms. Zane and young Murray, and even Mushigihara turns to his manager and tilts his head in surprise. Dante, for his own part, keeps going without noticing the stunned silence.

Eddie Dante:

It's clear that the only way UTA is going to find its way out of DEFIANCE is if we show them the door personally. Dead or alive, as need be. And as someone who has given four years to this company, I am willing to stand and fight. Just like you.

The Lord of the Ring gestures towards the FIST slung over Cayle's shoulder.

Eddie Dante:

I haven't forgotten DEFCON. I want my God-Beast to have another chance at that FIST, at becoming the pillar of this company... but I also know that if Unlikely's men win, and they turn DEFIANCE into their own outpost, that being the pillar means nothing.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Eddie Dante:

When we drive the vermin out of our company, when we send the invaders back to their third-rate sports-entertainment wasteland, we are coming for that championship, Cayle. But until that day...

Eddie slaps a hand right onto the God-Beast's chest.

Eddie Dante:

The House of Dante will fight for DEFIANCE, DEFEND DEFIANCE, by your side. The UTA wants to declare war on us?

A contemptuous snort rips through the tension.

Eddie Dante:

Fuck them. As far as I'm concerned, this isn't war; this is PEST CONTROL.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Eddie Dante:

You say the word, you give the command, and we will be there. But once the war's won and there's nothing left of the UTA to remember... we're coming for that. Savvy?

Dante extends a hand to Cayle; no snaky grin, none of his usual chicanery. Just a new ally in this looming war.

Cayle Murray:

Well then.

He takes the hand. Shakes it. Not because he necessarily wants to align himself with a man like Eddie Dante, but because he needs all the help he can get at the moment.

Besides, that was one hell of a speech.

Cayle Murray:

Creepy Edward.

The FIST glances over at Mushi.

Cayle Murray:

Big Bloody Mushi.

Then back to Dante.

Cayle Murray:

Glad to have you on our side.

He nods.

Cayle Murray:

The *right* side.

Fade out.

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪"War of Attrition" - God Forbid♪



We scan the crowd of DEFIANCE Faithful, loud and boisterous as always, and with their typical collection of signs.

**GET OFF MY LAWN MORMON
WILL WORK FOR MIKEY MONEY
IT'S BLACK GUY JACKSON!!
DAN RYAN IS EEEEEVIL**

And so forth. You get the idea.

We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, in front of their commentation station.

DDK:

Welcome, everyone, to DEFIANCE TELEVISION! We are at GROUND ZERO of the war with WRESTLEUTA! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by my partner Angus Skaaland, and Angus, we've got a huge main even tonight!

Angus:

You said it, partner! Champion Squid and the WARGOD are teaming up, along with the WARGOD-LITE to take on three of the more annoying mormons, some Jay Harvey, Crimson Lord, and that guy who claims to be a HOSS but who's just a redneck junkyard dingus. If Team DEFIANCE doesn't win that one... I'm going to be so angry I think I might hurt myself.

DDK:

And that's not the only huge tag team match tonight! We'll have the current Southern Heritage champion, Scott Douglas, teaming up with former Champion Impulse, to take on Kendrix and Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Literally the only good thing about this match is that McFuckass isn't teaming with his loverboy. But I'm nervous about this one, because while Kendrix McFanboy is incompetent by virtue of being a McFanboy, Dan Ryan is a former FIST

and a dangerous man.

DDK:

That's just scratching the surface, Angus! Coming up first --

Drums.

Guitar.

DDK:

Ah-- let's get to ringside!

BRAWL FOR ALL (1)

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

It takes a few moments before anyone comes out, but soon after Gage Blackwood storms down the rampway to light cheers from the crowd. The cheering becomes a little louder as many of the Faithful see Blackwood sporting what has now almost become a signature/trademark limp.

Angus:

One of the *other* men from Scotland has arrived!

DDK:

And he does not look happy...

Angus:

Nor can he walk right. I'm sorry, Keebs, but even I feel pain by looking at him.

Blackwood is wearing a plain black t-shirt and black jeans. He's still wrapped in some tensor bandages, which is also becoming a regular thing. Albeit, there is less tensor wrap on him this week.

Blackwood approaches the ring apron but comes to a complete stop. He looks to his left and then his right, practically overwhelmed. Then, with a pissed off look on his face, Blackwood pulls back the ring apron and considers his options.

Thump.

He tosses a garbage can into the ring.

Smack.

Smack.

He throws two chairs out behind him.

Smack.

Smack.

He throws a few more.

DDK:

What's he doing?

Angus:

I- I'm not sure. Potential spring cleaning? [contemplating] But it's fall, Keebs. He's half a year early.

Gage stops and walks over to the time keepers table and for a brief moment, turns away from his expression of anger and seems rather pleasant. He politely asks for a microphone. Then he goes back to looking mad.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. [long pause] So let's be honest... things have snowballed for me since I started.

He walks to the ring apron furthest from the rampway. As Gage talks, he begins to pull weapons out from under. More chairs. Three kendo sticks. A couple of garbage cans. Some of which he tosses inside the ring and others he leaves scattered throughout the floor below.

Blackwood:

When I finally beat David Hightower, I thought things were going in the right direction. [he tosses a fire extinguisher into the ring] But Hightower and his other blokes showed up at DEFCON and said they're taking over. [throws a few kendo sticks in] Et cetera, et cetera. I don't need to remind The Faithful about all of this. [hurls some chairs around the outside floor] You're all aware of what's happening.

Blackwood walks to another side of the squared-circle and starts looking for items.

Angus:

Under the ring, it's like a clown car down there, Keebs. I've always wondered why our crew keeps it that way...

DDK:

Seems to be a common wrestling problem.

Blackwood:

[muttering] Jump me from behind... hit me with a screw driver... [back to speaking regularly] hey idiot, I already have a scar on my forehead!

Blackwood points to the "marque" scar going all the way from his hairline to halfway across his forehead.

Blackwood:

You left no mark, Chris. You made no impression on me!

After throwing out a few more weapons, Blackwood walks up the steel stairs and makes his way into the ring.

Blackwood:

But it doesn't stop there. Taking cheap shots, attacking others when they aren't looking, making title matches when you're not supposed to... real class organization you guys have. If you want to take advantage of someone when they're down, how about you come take advantage of someone when they're ready to go! I'm not leaving this bloody ring until a UTA member comes down here to fight me!

The crowd pops at hearing this.

Blackwood:

I might be ready and waiting... but you still have the numbers advantage. C'mon! Aye, let's do this!

The focus moves to the entrance way, but no one shows up. The Faithful start to switch their cheers into boos.

Blackwood:

Aye, I get it. I've got nothing to offer the UTA right now. No title. No status. My back isn't even turned. The UTA doesn't need to fight me right now. They took what they needed and they can pick their spots from here on.

Angus:

You know, he's right. What would they gain from taking him out right now? The UTA troops are probably still celebrating over last week.

Blackwood:

Well I aint moving so let me tell you all a story about my journey... about myself, because I pretty much know everything there is to know about the United Toughness Alliance. Before I got here, I ran the wrestling gauntlet. Countless indy promotion after indy promotion. I spent a few weeks in one, wrestled my heart out and ended up with nothing. And you want to know why? You want to know why!? Because in today's wrestling world there's so much instability. Organizations come and organizations go. Someone starts a wee promotion, they think it's going to be amazing and after one bad experience, or in the face of some kind of adversity, they quit.

Long pause. Blackwood looks around, disgusted.

Blackwood:

They always quit.

Another long pause, looking into the crowd.

Blackwood:

Well, UTA... my name is Gage Blackwood. And I, don't, quit.

The crowd rallies behind the Scot.

Blackwood:

But you... from Mikey Unlikely, to that dumb bloke from Philly, Chris Ross, all the way down to the rubbish who calls himself Lisil Jackson... you're all quitters. You all couldn't get it done in your own organization. You couldn't compete on your own so you had to come to a wrestling organization that has a rabid fanbase... that has a devoted Faithful...

"DE-FI-ANCE! DE-FI-ANCE!"

Blackwood:

Well I might be new here, but I'm part of this organization now! I'm part of this organization... which *sells out* its arenas, has wrestlers who **know** how to entertain their audience and a group who will stand up, won't back down and always **DEFY!**

POP POP POP.

Blackwood:

Your "leader" says you're in the *sports entertainment* business... but there's nothing *entertaining* about jumping the defenseless with a screwdriver or kicking a guy being held back by security.

Angus:

Preach, young Blackwood!

Blackwood:

However, there's definitely something entertaining about all of this...

Blackwood opens his arms, showing off the collective mess of chairs, garbage cans and other weapons inside and surrounding the ring.

Blackwood:

So my proposal to you, the UTA, is simple. I'm here to entertain. I'm here to fight. Because of you, there might not be a tomorrow... but there sure as hell is right now.

"DE-FI-ANCE! DE-FI-ANCE!" The Faithful chants.

Blackwood:

Come down and show me... men-to-man... face-to-face... what you're truly about!

Blackwood limps frantically around the ring, while the crowd anxiously awaits a UTA appearance.

DDK:

I would be surprised if anyone comes, Angus.

Angus:

Oh, no one's coming...

However, the loudspeaker does play.

♪"Better Must Come" by Geego ♪

At first, nothing but rabid boos fill the DEFarena. It doesn't matter who comes out, the crowd is willing to let anyone from the outside organization hear it.

DDK:

That's Lisil Jackson's theme song.

Angus:

Good, he's UTA. He meets the criteria.

About 30-seconds later and Lisil Jackson strolls out in a very calm manner, in one hand is a microphone and in the other is a 2x4. He looks at Blackwood as his usual, jovial smile quickly fades.

Blackwood:

I wanted Chris Ross, but you're a decent consolation prize.

Lisil Jackson:

Eyyyyy mon! I be listenin ta what ya say mon and it don't make much sense ta me. Ya wanna talk bout gettin jumped and cheap tactics? Brudda ya come off like a biiiiig hypocrite right now.

Blackwood:

Please, Lisil, I stopped listening after you said "eyyy mon". Why don't you pick up a chair, come at me and let's get this started. You know what? Take three chairs if you'd like. Or a chair and a kendo stick. How about a kendo stick and a garbage can? Apparently this is what your organization is into, getting the upper hand by any means necessary. So I've given you about... [starts to count the weapons], 26 different options.

DDK:

Well, he already has one weapon in his hands...

Jackson stops halfway down the ramp and looks at the 2x4 in his arms.

Jackson:

Brudda... dat may be dee world Chris Ross come from. My world?

To everyone's surprise Lisil Jackson suddenly raises up the 2x4 and breaks it in half across his own knee.

Jackson:

I don't need weapons ta beat ya!

Jackson walks to the apron and looks up at Gage. Blackwood, meanwhile, drops the mic and places both hands behind his back while he sticks his head forward, insinuating he's being held back again.

Blackwood:

Here, you can take the first shot.

Jackson shakes his head no but does walk up the steel stairs.

Angus:

I smell fireworks!

Jackson kicks a few kendo sticks out of the ring and then gets right up to Blackwood's face.

By now, the crowd is roaring in anticipation for a fight. Lisil looks down at his fists and then back up at Gage.

Blackwood:

[full rage mode] C'mon ye glaikit pansy! Ye cam a' this wey juist tae staun thare ye bloody baw juggler!?

Having no idea what he just said, Jackson takes a step back sliding off his fedora and then, looking up once more, nods and swings at Blackwood.

Angus:

Here we go!

DDK:

Blackwood takes a stiff right hand into the side of the head! Another! Another! The crowd is booing wildly as Jackson throws Gage into the corner and runs in...

SMACK!

DDK:

Jackson meets Blackwood's knee. Now the Scot starts laying punches into Jackson's face!

The crowd is 100% behind the DEFIANCE wrestler as he leaps onto Jackson and throws him down, pummelling him with left hand after left hand. The two start rolling around the canvas, with no one in particular gaining an advantage.

"DE- FI- ANCE! DE- FI- ANCE!"

They get to their feet and do the same. Exchanging shot for shot. Over and over again.

DDK:

Blackwood clotheslines both bodies up and out of the ring!

Gage's head smacks off a chair, while Lisil trips over a few kendo sticks trying to get up. Then Blackwood runs at Jackson and connects with a spinning heel kick sending Lisil tumbling over the barricade and into the first row!

DDK:

Gage sprints and jumps onto the barricade, catching Lisil with a flying clothesline! They're in the crowd now!

Security attempts to break up the fight, but it's no use because Jackson recovers and throws Blackwood across the aisle way, at least 5-7 rows further than where he initially was.

The Faithful in the area surround the two wrestlers as they continue to mix it up. Jackson kicks Blackwood in the stomach a few times and then throws him down the aisle again, this time to the end of the ground floor.

DDK:

Now Jackson runs at Gage and...

SMACK!

DDK:

Huge powerslam onto the cement floor by Blackwood!

Gage stands up and screams into the rafters. The Faithful cheer loudly back at him as he tries to high five a fan but is too caught up in the moment to hit it correctly.

Angus:

This is crazy! Blackwood's snapped!

Surprisingly, Jackson does pull himself up and although he's very wobbly, he's able to fight with the DEFIANCE

wrestler all the way up the 100 level crowd.

DDK:

Exchanging punches once again! I gotta admit, it's hard to see what's going on now that The Faithful are closing in...

However, Blackwood is still seen throwing Jackson up a few flights of stairs. The two keep punching back and forth and head into the concourse area, completely out of sight.

Angus:

Can we get cameras on that!?

DDK:

I'm being told that there's a camera near there... and...

The scene does switch over to the nearby camera, showing Jackson whipping Blackwood into the side of a merchandise stand. As Jackson throws his hair back and walks towards Gage, he's met with a boot to the stomach. Blackwood hurls Jackson to the exit doors across the way. Upon impact, Jackson hits the exit bar and stumbles out of the area. Blackwood follows. They move out of sight.

Angus:

Can we get cameras on that!?

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told the camera we had there was stationary, but we'll try to get some eyes back on this as soon as possible!

Angus:

Great! A good way to start the show! I have to say, however... all those weapons around the ring and they didn't even get used!

DDK:

I'm starting to think Blackwood has a few screws loose.

Angus:

Oh, definitely. But I hope he still knocks Jackson completely senseless!

CRISTIANO CABALLERO VS. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

We've got BRAZEN action on the way for you for the second time in as many shows as Butcher Victorious is scheduled to take on Cristiano Caballero!

Angus:

It's great that some of these guys are getting the chance to shine. Sounds like *someone* started listening to me.

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

The famous slab of French synth-pop spreads through the arena and the bronzed Cristiano Caballero saunters out from the backstage area. Carrying a rose in one hand, and with the other behind his back, he walks every-so-slowly down the ramp with his nose up and his eyes scanning the vicinity for females.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Barcelona, Spain, weighing in at 228 pounds, Cristiano Caballero!

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Butcher Victorious head out from the back and down to the ring. He slaps a few hands on his way down and rolls into the ring. He waits for his introduction while rolling his wrists and bouncing on his heels.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds, Butcher Victorious!

The bell sounds and we're under way as the two tie up. Butcher gets the upperhand and pushes Cristiano back to the corner. Butcher looks like he's going to break cleanly, but Cristiano has other ideas as he jabs a thumb into the Texan's eye. Cristiano spins Butcher into the corner and nails a knife edge chop. A snapmare later and he's soccer kicking Butcher in the spine. He folds Victorious down and covers for a one.

Caballero slaps on a chinlock, but Butcher fights up to his feet. Butcher hits a belly to back suplex to break the hold and catches Cristiano with a back elbow to the side of the head as he gets back up. From his reaction you'd think Cristiano had just been shot as he clutches at his face and rolls to the outside. Cristiano pats at his face numerous times, each time checking for blood.

After more than enough time to determine that he's not bleeding, Cristiano tentatively gets back up onto the apron. The jeers from the front row distract him for long enough that Butcher rushes him and brings him into the ring the hard way with a slingshot. Butcher stays on his opponent with an irish whip, which he follows up with a spinebuster. Victorious goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Caballero kicks out!

DDK:

Caballero's vanity got the better of him there. He was in control until that strike to the face.

Angus:

That made me feel sick. It should be illegal to hit a man as handsome as Cristiano Caballero in the face.

Victorious pulls Caballero up and sends him to the corner. Butcher follows him in, but Caballero lifts a foot up, which connects with Victorious's face. Caballero hops up to the middle rope and jumps, hitting a tornado DDT! With

Victorious stunned Cristiano follows up with a running swinging neckbreaker and covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Victorious kicks out!

Both men get to their feet, and it's Caballero that strikes first with a kick to the midsection. Butcher retaliates by swinging for Cristiano's abdomen, but Caballero cuts him off with a knee lift to the chin. Caballero slams the stunned Butcher and hits the ropes, coming back with a knee drop to the temple.

DDK:

So why is it OK for Caballero to hit Butcher Victorious in the face repeatedly?

Angus:

You have see his face, haven't you? What's he gonna do, make it worse?

Butcher doesn't stay down, but he's not steady on his feet as he gets back up. Caballero hooks him up for a russian leg sweep, but before he can pull the trigger Victorious adjusts his position and looks for another belly to back suplex. Cristiano however flips out of it and lands on his knees behind Butcher. Caballero grabs Victorious by the tights and pulls him to the mat with a school boy. Caballero grabs a handful of tights for good measure as Shields counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, by pinfall, Cristiano Caballero!

Caballero rolls from the ring as quickly as possible and raises his own hand in victory. Victorious pounds the canvas and tries to tell Mark Shields about the handful of tights, but Mark has done his job and leaves the ring himself, probably to grab another smoke.

DDK:

Cristiano Caballero just picked up the win in quite a controversial fashion, and it doesn't look like Butcher's protests are going to make much of a difference.

Angus:

Nope, not a chance. Caballero goes down as the winner for this one, and Butcher needs to gets over it. Cristiano took a shortcut and he got away with, well done to him.

DDK:

Well, whether you agree with my broadcast partner or not, the record books certainly will show Cristiano Caballero as the victor here tonight.

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The image features the word 'WRESTLE' in large, bold, yellow and orange 3D block letters with black outlines. Below it, the word 'UTA' is written in smaller, white 3D block letters with black outlines. The entire graphic is set against a white background.

Angus (V/O):

Wait, wait wait... no, no, no.

DDK (V/O):

Uhhh... Angus? We're at commercial.

Angus (V/O):

So? Fucked if I'm gonna let McFuckass give us his filthy worthless McFuck Bucks for me to dance like a monkey for him. Suffer in silence until we're back.

And... we're back.

??? VS. THE DIBBINS

DDK:

Well, as we first announced on defiancewrestling.com, we've got the return of a tag team yet to be named, Angus! We won't know who they are until they hit the curtain, but what we DO know is already in the ring we have their opponents...

Angus:

Ugh. The McPoyles of the UTA. God, whoever we got... wipe these things off the face of the Earth...

And to the ring we go where UTA members, The Dibbins Brothers, Luke and Duke, already in the ring with the sounds of the pro-DEFIANCE crowd jeering them.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! In the ring, at a combined weight of 410...

Luke Dibbins:

GIMME!

Luke steals the mic from Quimbey and he backs out as the music cuts. Duke yells into the microphone as his... brousin... holds it in his hands.

Duke Dibbins:

DEFIANCE... we don't care who y'all dug up... The Dibbins Bros gon' wreck ya! UTA RULES!

Luke Dibbins:

We reckon' yer' gettin a wreckin! Yeah! I'm one-a dem poet types! I rhymed!

The crowd boos loudly at the two rednecks as Duke tosses the microphone out of the at a stunned Darren Quimbey! Duke high-fives his redneck poet laureate relative and they await the music of their opponents...

DDK:

Who's it gonna be, Angus? Any last guesses?

Angus:

If there is a God in heaven, it'll be somebody who'll merc these pricks...

The Dibbins Brothers wait for whoever DEFIANCE has just signed...

And wait.

And wait.

And when the music hits...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DDK:

No way...

Angus:

HOLY MOTHERFUCKING DICK ASS SHIT, KEEBS, THERE IS A GOD IN HEAVEN! WE'RE BEING SAVED BY

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS! OMIGODOMIGODOMIGODMOMIGODMOMIGOD!

The crowd loses its collective SHIT as out from the back comes two of three men that had ran roughshod over a majority of DEFIANCE for a good long while. While Capital Punishment is retired, two thirds of DEFIANCE'S longest-reigning and most defendingist DEFIANCE World Trios (it's a word to them, damn it) champs step out into the arena. The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey and he can't help but be a little bit biased and tries to hid a smile.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 583 pounds... they are two-thirds of DEFIANCE'S record-setting DEFIANCE World Trios Champions... they are Aleczander The Great... and "The HOSS Overlord" Angel Trinidad... The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers... **TEAM HOSS!**

The name may be borderline goofy, but there is NOTHING goofy about the 6'3" and 268-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great or the 6'10" and 315-pound Angel Trinidad heading toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch.

DDK:

DEFIANCE teased a big return and they DELIVERED! Capital Punishment has been helping out behind the scenes after he retired and helps to train our BRAZEN stars, but Angel and Aleczander look damn good and look to carry on the Team HOSS name!

Angus can't muster a single word... he's heard hyperventilating over their return and everybody but The Dibbins Brothers seem to know just how up shit creek without a paddle the brousin really are. Angel has a few more tattoos than he used to have and a shaved head, but the 27-year-old giant looks as good as he used to physically. Both men have on matching blue and gold trunks with the Team HOSS logo on the side. Angel leaps onto the ring apron in one jump and then steps over the ropes, looking every bit the badass. Aleczander walks up the steps and climbs into the ring, flexing his arms and then falling to his knees, surprised by the positive reception despite the fact that the last time they were in DEFIANCE, nobody was safe.

DDK:

Team HOSS were a dominant force and took on countless combinations and defeated almost all of them. They've mixed it up with a vast majority of DEFIANCE's top stars! Team VIAGRA, Eric Dane, Dusty Griffith, Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan, Ty Walker, Eugene Dewey, Frank Dylan James... the list goes on! And tonight, the crowd is LOVING this! Are we gonna get anything out of you, partner? You were their biggest fan when they were last here!

Angus:

SAVE US, HOSS OVERLORDS! SAVE US FROM THESE BANJO-STROKING, COUSIN-POKING INBREEDS!

Angel and Aleczander dap fists as the crowd starts to finally die down just a bit. The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Aleczander starts first for the twosome and the Mancunian Muscle comes face to face with the smaller of the Dibbins Brothers, Duke. The Mancunian Muscle dares him to take a swing by holding his hands out.

He does.

The blow collides with the side of the playful Aleczander and he checks his lip, laughing for the crowd... then he fires back with a STIFF Clothesline from his explosive bicep! Duke gets turned inside out, but things get worse for him quickly. Aleczander then lifts him off the ground in a Deadlift Gutwrench position. He actually TWISTS Gibbins side to side showing off his strength and ragdolling him before he simply THROWS him backwards while the crowd cheers! Aleczander then picks up Luke and throws him at Angel Trinidad in the corner!

Angus:

This dude is an athletic FREAK, Keeps. He looks great!

DDK:

He is! Now let's see what Angel can do.

The tag goes from Alec to Angel and he LEAPS over the rope in one jump, much to the shock of the crowd. Angel then picks up Duke with one hand and throws him into the corner before cocking his elbows back... he fires some hard alternating back elbows, left and right repeatedly to the face of Duke! Dibbins is hurt, but Angel quickly grabs him and THROWS him at the corner, wanting a tag to Luke.

Angel almost DARES him to make the tag and then he does so. Luke apprehensively gets into the ring and looks like he's going to charge at the tall Beast from the Bronx. He STRIKES him with a good Haymaker, but Angel then puts his arms behind his back, almost daring him to take another swing. He slaps Angel with open-handed chops, but Angel appears unfazed... he even YAWNS and the crowd starts laughing...

Angus:

Oh, man, these guys are in the deepest, darkest part of shit creek, Keeps! I love it!

DDK:

Luke runs the ropes and tries to knock him down with a Clothesline... no go!

Angel barely moves. Luke then runs the ropes with Duke making a sneaky tag! Angel catches him on his shoulders, but Luke slips out and he and Duke both cheap shot Aleczander off the ring apron! The crowd boos the cheap shot and both brothers combined attack Angel with punches and kicks. He looks stunned for the first time and they try to whip him across the ring, but he doesn't budge. When that doesn't work, they both run off the ropes then, but Angel surprises them by surging right through their Double Clothesline. The brothers turn...

Angus

FLYING HOSSBODY!

That is indeed a Flying Crossbody from a near-seven foot man mowing down BOTH Dibbins Brothers! Angel gets back to his feet and lets out a roar as he grabs Duke by the head, blasting him with a Headbutt! He then picks up Luke and holds him up in a Fallaway Slam... but then THROWS him overhead without leaving his feet! Duke crashes against the mat in the worst way!

DDK:

Those wars with some of DEFIANCE's toughest men like Frank Dylan James, Jason Natas, and especially Dusty Griffith really forced Angel to improve his game! He looks GREAT!

Angel then turns to Duke and then makes the tag back to Aleczander. He throws Duke into Aleczander, who hoists him up. The crowd knows what's coming next as he starts the Torture Rack Airplane Spin! Around and around he goes...

Angus:

HOSS TOSS!

Angus can be heard cackling over commentary as Aleczander and Angel now stand side by side with both Dibbins Brothers completely worse for wear. Luke tries to get back up and throws a couple of vicious shots at Aleczander! He runs the ropes, but runs right into a SICK Flying Lariat called the Biceps Explosion from The Mancunian Muscle! With Luke now out of the way, Angel picks up Luke in a German Suplex hold before lifting him up in mid air... Aleczander grabs the legs and then they SPIKE him down with a Killer Bomb variation...

Angus:

I KNOW THIS ONE! THEY CALL THAT THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSS-TORY OF OUR SPORT!

After Luke get axe-murdered, Aleczander makes the cover by nonchalantly hooking a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

He throws the limp leg of Luke out of his way and then goes to dap fists with his HOSS BFF. Angel looks almost taken aback by the positive reception -something Team HOSS never got in their DEFIANCE careers. With DEFIANCE in dire straits and all the horrible things that they had done in the past, the crowd seems to have welcomed them back with open arms. For a second, Angel lets a sly smile but then hides it just as quickly as he raises his arms. Just as quickly as Angel and Aleczander had arrived, the two men leave and head to the back, slapping hands with the Faithful on the way back.

DDK:

I don't know how we got them back, but I gotta, I'm a little glad they're back! [muffled] and... I'm just got word in my headset that later tonight, Lance Warner will have a few words with Team HOSS about their return.

Angus:

Oh, man, Hollywood McFuckass and McFuckass Two: Electric Boogaloo better pray to Tom Cruise and the other science Gods that Team HOSS don't come their way...

DONE DEAL

“Man, I’m tired of this UTA shit can’t we just get back to regular business?”

Petey Garrett is expressing his displeasure on the current scene in DEFIANCE to his partner Solomon Grendel. The pair are walking towards the back entrance of the DEFIANCE locker rooms. The show has already started and these two seem to be late to the party.

Grendel:

Considering neither of us have had a match in what? Two weeks, yeah I’d have to agree it would be nice if we get back to regular business. Hell I don’t even know what’s happening with BRAZEN, we’ve been at a stand still ever since Mikey and his damn crew came rolling through here.

Garrett:

I think we should take that chick’s offer man. Who knows maybe it’ll give us the needed push we deserve.

Grendel:

But we don’t even know what her dea...

Before he can finish his sentence the pair stops in there tracks a few feet from the back entrance as Courtney Paz is now staring face to face with the duo.

Garrett:

Where... how did you get here without us seeing you?

Courtney Paz lets out a mild chuckle while straightening her glasses as she peers at the tag team in front of her.

Paz: [crossing her arms]

Would you believe me if I said it was magic?

Brutal Attack Force look at each other and then back at the non-threatening lawyer, agent, intermediary staring back at them. Garrett shrugs his shoulders while Grendel maintains his focus.

Grendel:

Look we appreciate the offer you gave us last week but honestly without knowing more info on what we will actually be doing, it’s kind of hard to accept it.

Garrett: [chiming in]

Yeah I mean, we don’t want to be running around in clown masks pulling pranks and shutting off lights you know?

Solomon and Petey both get a kick out of that statement, while Courtney Paz uncrosses her arms and takes a stance in front of the entrance door almost blocking it.

Paz:

The offer is doubled.

Both men take a step back, Garrett lets out an impressed whistle noise. Neither man was expecting that.

Garrett:

Where do we si...

Grendel: [elbowing his partner]

What’s the catch?

Paz:

You start tonight, specifically right now.

While the statement lingered, both men looked at each other and then back at Paz.

Grendel:

Screw it... we're in.

Paz:

Good, circle around to the main entrance of the parking lot, there will be somewhere to meet you there with instructions.

Garrett looks around thinking about the long walk to get there, he motions towards the entrance of the building.

Paz:

No... the long way gentlemen.

Acknowledging the directions Grendel pats Garrett on the back and the pair start walking out of camera distance.

Paz: [in a reminding tone]

No backing out now guys. No matter how deep the game gets.

Courtney Paz looks at the camera and gives a wide smile, she reaches down into her business suit and pulls out a small cell phone. She gives it a quick dial and puts it up to her ears after a few seconds.

Paz:

Grendel and Garrett have accepted, they are meeting our contact now.

She pauses for a few moments listening.

Paz:

I understand I will approach them shortly.

A few more moments pass and she continues to listen.

Paz:

Cayle has never responded to the initial offer. When the package was sent to him I don't think he understood the gravity of the situation that was coming. However, I don't believe he would be a successful target to convince. We have additional prospects in mind, ones that are on the outside of this looking in.

She faces away from the camera, getting ready to enter the building.

Paz:

Understood, let them know that the plan to transition the protocol will begin shortly. The Variables are in place.

Fade to elsewhere as Paz hangs up her phone and enters the building.

CHRIS ROSS VS. ELISE ARES

Angus:

Now that Hollywood McFuckass is off my television screen, please tell me that we're upgrading.

DDK:

After a surprising victory over Jack Harmen last week, the powers-that-be here at DEFIANCE are looking to see what Elise Ares may have in the tank as a singles competitor. She's already achieved success in the tag ranks, and she's had some singles success in her past, think we're looking at a future champion here?

Angus:

Elise? You're joking right. I wouldn't exactly call that "wrestling ability" against Harmen as much as it was pulling one over on one of those UTA ass clowns. It's the kind of thing we expect from PCP, and surprised their "mentor" didn't see it coming.

DDK:

Well she looks as if she's trying to send a message at least, taking on the man who beat Jack Harmen for the UTA Legacy Championship at the...

Angus:

Don't. Just don't. We're not going to legitimize their "history" on our television station.

DDK:

Then how else am I supposed to explain the logic behind this?

Angus:

DEFIANCE good. UTA wannabe wrestlers lead by a Hollywood washout who needs to be hit by a bus.

DDK:

PCP?

Angus:

Growing on me. Elise is nice to look at, that's for sure.

♪ "Badlands" by Mayday (feat. Tech N9ne) ♪

Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle... from Harrisburg, PA, weighing in at 255 pounds. He represents the United Toughness Alliance. Chris. Ross.

A jeers chorus rains down from even the farthest points of the DEFplex. Chris Ross' intent stare turns into a smirk when he hears the boos rise. He waves them off and starts down towards the ring where a fan pushes a "MAKE DEFIANCE GREAT AGAIN" sign in his face, and he rips it in half. He throws the sign pieces to the ground before sliding into the ring and looking around at the faces of hatred around him. He goes to the top rope and pulls off his shirt, cocking it back like he's about to launch it into the crowd. Instead he throws up a middle finger and drops it onto the apron.

Angus:

How do these fucks have music?

DDK:

I'm not quite... sure, but Chris Ross should be a tough challenge for Elise Ares tonight. He's violent. He's disrespectful. He's anti-everything. He wears the fact that he curb stomped Callie onto a chair like a badge of honor on his chest. Elise has to rep DEFIANCE here in a clash against UTA and she is... well...

Angus:

Not very good at wrestling?

♪ "Life Of The Party" by Krewella (feat. S-Preme) ♪

Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle... from Hollywood, CA. She weighs in at 122 pounds. Representing DEFIANCE Wrestling and the POP CULTURE PHEEEENOMS, ELIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEES!

The singles entrance for Elise Ares plays for only the second time in DEFIANCE history as half the fans are still confused as a red carpet rolls down the aisle. Equipped with LED Sunglasses that flash "REP" and "DEF" back and forth, flanked by The D and Klein, Elise Ares appears on the stage as the stage lighting flashes around her like paparazzi. Taking off her designer jacket, she heads to the ring before stopping and looking back at The D and Klein who begin to follow. She wags her finger at them and mouths "I got this" before heading down to the ring. They shrug and head to the back.

DDK:

She's gotten better, but I don't know about leaving PCP behind for this one.

Angus:

Un-curb-stompably better?

DDK:

Well, she did beat Jack Harmen last week.

Angus:

We're fucked. FUCKED. WHO THE FUCK PICKED ELISE?!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE hesitates on the apron staring at Chris Ross pacing in the ring like a caged dog. Throwing her glasses off she steps into the ring and holds her arms out, rocking her hips back and forth to the cheers of the crowd. The lighting returns to normal and Carla Ferrari steps forth to regulate a usual suspect and an invading force. The bell rings.

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Angus:

You HAVE to be shitting me!

DDK:

Elise better look alive in there!

As soon as the music hits Elise turns around to look at the entrance and Chris Ross blasts her in the back of the head with a running yakuza kick. Locomotive? Not quite as impactful, but Ross will take the Identify Theft of Jack Harmen. Elise slides across the mat and under the bottom rope holding her skull as Harmen walks out and sets up a chair on the stage and sits down. The music cuts as Carla Ferrari tries to keep The Boss off of Elise, but it's no use. Chris Ross pummels stomps and strikes down upon Elise Ares and Carla jumps in once again. Time passes and EMTs check on Elise as Ross is pushed away and Jack Harman watches from a distance. Elise Ares sees Jack Harmen watching and blows a kiss before stepping back into the ring and getting devastated by another Identity Theft Locomotive! Near fall as it didn't connect square. Elise tries to escape meeting a variety of suplexes before finally finding her way outside of the ring to escape the carnage.

Angus:

Yup. Totally fucked.

DDK:

Give Jack Harmen a bit of an assist here, his initial distraction gave Chris Ross a cheap shot.

Angus:

PCP are masters of the cheap shot!

Chris Ross gets frustrated by Elise healing outside of the ring and gives chase, but Elise Ares runs away. She slides into the ring and Ross follows her, taking the opportunity she tries to land a kick but it gets caught and she's thrown in an exploder suplex. Dazed she tries to escape the ring again but Chris Ross pulls her back by her boot and sets her up for Welcome To Harrisburg but she manages to wiggle away and escape into the corner where she's avalanched! Ross grabs the back of her ring attire as she slumps forward and drags her like a rag doll to the other corner and throws her into the corner. Backing up into the opposite corner, Ross looks over at Jack Harmen and mouths "Choo choo, motherfucker" doing a train motion before rushing at Elise Ares once again and finds no purchase. Ares escapes out of the ring once again leaving Chris Ross to find nothing but pain.

DDK:

Elise is just running for her life here!

Angus:

There are a lot of things Elise Ares is better at than wrestling, and one of them is avoiding wrestling.

DDK:

She has been in rough shape since the match started, and the fact that she's still alive in this thing has to be at least a little impressive!

Ross again follows Ares to the outside, who runs away again and slides into the opposite side of the ring. Ross gives chase and goes to slide into the ring behind her but is hit with a low dropkick knocking him back to the outside. He's staggered, grabbing his jaw but on his feet when the crowd roars and Ares launches herself through the ropes with a tope suicida. The impact violently pushes Ross back first into the barricade surrounding the ring and Ares crawling around looking for escape. Both reach their feet at a count of four and Elise gives Ross a taste of his own medicine, eye raking him before diving into the ring. She scurries away trying to gain position as Ross slides into after her blind.

Angus:

She might luck out again here! Nothing works like a good eye rake!

DDK:

I can think of a few things...

Angus:

Things that Elise can actually do!

As he gets back up to his feet, Ares grabs Ross in a bulldog and rushes him towards the ropes where she leaps into the air and snaps his neck over the top rope in a cutter motion and lands onto the apron with Miami Vice. Ross' head snaps back and Elise lays down on her side with her arm up behind her head, posing for Jack Harmen who is now directly in front of her and winks before getting back up to her feet. Ross is raising to his feet in the ring and Elise springboards onto the top rope and dives forward for Amethystation but Ross connects with a vicious 10-71 discus elbow to the skull. The air is sucked out of the crowd as he goes for the pin and Elise kicks out at two!

DDK:

She looked like she just got knocked unconscious! How did she get up from that?!

Angus:

She has some fight in her afterall, Keebs! Latin fire! I like it!

Chris Ross has some unmentionable words for Ferrari but she stands her ground on the two count. Ross grabs the arms of Elise who is barely moving on the ground before saying "bitches" to Carla and slamming her face first into the mat with Welcome To Harrisburg! He shoves the former tag champion over with his foot and pins her again. This time with a three count. The crowd boos heavily as "Badlands" plays over the speakers and Jack Harmen claps with

enthusiasm on the stage. Then Harmen shakes his head before heading to the back while Chris Ross continues to celebrate in the ring.

Quimbey:

The winner of this match, Chris Ross.

DDK:

Elise showed some fight, but it wasn't enough to overcome an early cheap shot by Chris Ross, hitting her with Jack Harmen's move twice to add insult to injury.

Angus:

You have to look out, these vultures travel in packs, Keeps.

DDK:

Packs or not, they look dangerous.

Angus:

Dangerous? Chris Ross had to have Jack Harmen distract a 120 pound woman to get a win.

DDK:

That 120 pound woman may have lost, but she showed some fight and some promise. She's come a long way from the girl who showed up here a year ago. That girl would've walked out of this fight immediately.

Angus:

A long way but not enough. We can't keep feeding wins to these McFuckassistants.

STEALING THE SPOTLIGHT

We cut backstage where Christie Zane is stood next to one of the newest faces to emerge from BRAZEN, Nicky Synz. Clad in a red pleather jump suit, Nicky doesn't look ready for the ring, but he certainly looks ready to rock. His long blonde hair is held off of his face by a red bandana, and his bright white smile matches that of Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome Nicky Synz!

Nicky Synz:

Thanks, Christie, it's great to finally be here.

Christie Zane:

Nicky, you've been a part of BRAZEN since it's inception, but you've only just recently made your debut on a DEFIANCE show. After such a long period in BRAZEN is it daunting to have made your debut in front of such a large audience?

Nicky's smile doesn't fade away as he shakes his head.

Nicky Synz:

Daunting? Nah, not at all. I'm used to performing with my band, Synyster Sledge, in front of thousands of screaming fans, so no. It doesn't phase me being out in front of all these great fans.

Christie Zane:

So you're no stranger to the spotlight.

Nicky Synz:

You can say that again. Performing is what I live for. You know what my two biggest passions are, Christie? Music and Wrestling. And y'know, if I'm doing anything to do with either of them then I'm happy. Now that I've got a chance to ply my craft in DEFIANCE... Well I can't wait to get out there each and every week and entertain the DEFIAfans with a little bit of rock and a whole lot of wrestling!

???:

Hey! What is this?

Before Christie can sign off Cristiano Caballero steps into the scene. He gestures from Nicky, to Christie and then back to Nicky again.

Cristiano Caballero:

What, this guy finally gets onto a show, barely scrapes through a match against Thomas Slaine, gets an Interview slot and now he's saying he's gonna be here each and every week?

Caballero scoffs as he shakes his head.

Cristiano Caballero:

You're joking, right? I've been down in BRAZEN as long as this guy, I've wrestled on DEFIANCE TV before and I've never been interviewed. What's he got that I don't? What is it, you like this straw on his head? Or this... monstrosity he's wearing? Here's a tip, Nicky. Coconut oil on that mop and a shirt on that back. You're welcome.

Caballero looks to Christie Zane, pouts and winks. She seems a touch smitten with the Spaniard, but she's professional enough to point the microphone back towards Nicky Synz when he responds.

Nicky Synz:

At least I didn't have a cheat to win my match. Yeah, I saw you with that handful of tights. I'll tell you, you couldn't do

that against me, and you know it.

Cristiano Caballero:

I wouldn't need to. I could beat you with my eyes closed.

Nicky Synz:

Oh is that so? Well how about me and you go one on one next week and we'll see just who deserves the TV matches and Interviews, huh?

Caballero seems to like that idea as a smiles spread across his face.

Cristiano Caballero:

You're on.

Caballero and Synz stare at each other, but again, before we can cut away another new face enters the scene, only he doesn't seem to be sticking around. Charlie Ace rushes into the interview area and pushes a business card into the hands of Nicky Synz and Cristiano Caballero. Both men look at the cards as Ace disappears as quickly as he appeared and resume their stare down.

BRAWL FOR ALL (2)

The scene cuts to somewhere outside, where Gage Blackwood stumbles across a street. A young couple walking by look up and the girl screams, sprinting away as Lisil Jackson appears in full view and kicks the DEFIANCE wrestler in the stomach before ramming his head into the light post and subsequent garbage can.

Angus:

There they are! We found them!

The DEFarena can be seen in the distance, showing the two aren't that far from where they first started.

DDK:

Tough to make things out here, but I think Blackwood just elbowed Jackson in the ribs and now it's he who slams Lisil's head off the garbage can!

Angus:

So all those weapons surrounding the ring and Lisil and Gage didn't even use one, but they'll use whatever else is out there? [long, contemplating pause] I like it!

Blackwood hits Jackson with a few left hands and then throws him back across the street in which he came. Gage, before following, sarcastically looks both ways and crosses the street.

Blackwood:

I'm not done with you, ya booby!

DDK:

Well it's really tough to see out there, but it seems like neither man has an advantage!

Angus:

No one's backing down!

The scene goes elsewhere.

KERRY KUROYAMA VS. HARRY ROSE

DDK:

Next up we have the other half of The Guns of Brixton, Harry Rose taking on the man who beat his partner last week in Kerry Kuroyama.

Angus:

Two weeks in a row that boring pile of waste has gotten a victory with the help of Reaper and her muted goon.

DDK:

I don't really think the intention of them is to help Kerry, it looks like they are trying to spread a message.

Angus:

A message of what?

DDK:

'HOPE' ... it would seem.

Angus:

Well, if they are trying to spread hope, why don't they get off their asses and build an army to destroy UTA?

Before Keebs can respond Quimbey is on the microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first ... accompanied to the ring by his tag team partner, Nigel King! ... Hailing from London, England! Weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds ... 'THE BRIXTON BUTCHER'... Harrrrrry ROSEEEEEEEEEEE!!

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

Harry Rose parts through the curtains first and is followed closely by his partner 'Nasty' Nigel King. The Guns of Brixton are met immediately with a chorus of boos, but the pair actually encourage it as Nigel specifically incites them to more hate. Both men slide in the ring under the bottom rope and a different tune hits the PA.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Kerry Kuroyama makes his way quickly to the ring, stopping only briefly to catch a few kids hands near the steps where he ascends up and into the ring. He gives a glaring glance to the opposite corner of the ring where his opponent is standing, along with his partner.

DDK:

I think Kerry is sending a clear message to both men that he is here for business this week. Considering they attacked him after the match on the last broadcast.

Motioning towards Quimbey, Kerry asks for his microphone.

Angus:

Oh my word, is that boring ass man Kerry 'whatever his last name is' asking for a microphone?

DDK:

Looks like he is and The Guns of Brixton are none too happy at all about it.

Kerry gets his microphone and points towards the pair to stay on their side of the ring. He faces the Faithful with mic in hand.

Kerry:

Hello DEFIANCE! I apologize for not addressing you all earlier, since my return to DEFIANCE. However, I am just focused on winning and showing off the talent that graced me with the nickname of 'The Pacific Blitzkrieg'!

The Faithful warm up a little, with a slight applause but most are staring on silently. The Guns of Brixton now watching intently as Harry Rose is working his hands over staring at his opponent.

Kerry:

With that being said there is one particular bit of 'confusion' or I guess a cloud hanging over my recent matches with the appearance of Jessica Ree...

Before he can finish the sentence, Harry Rose snatches the microphone out of his hand.

Harry:

No one gives a shit you boring trash can!

Angus:

THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT BABY!!

Harry Rose sparks the crowd into a chorus of boos. Nigel King takes a stance behind his partner as both men scowl at Kerry Kuroyama.

Harry:

Fact of the matter is, if it wasn't for that stupid Reaper chick causing a distraction at DEFtv 90, you would have been the one with your shoulders pinned to the mat for the three count! In fact, your record would be 0-2 since your return if it wasn't for The Reapers!!

The booing gets louder and Kerry throws up his hands in protest. Hector Navarro has seen enough and wants to get the match started. He directs Nigel King out of the ring and grabs the mic from Harry Rose. He signals for the bell and we are off!

DDK:

Harry Rose taking quick advantage at the start here. Kerry wasn't ready for it and his opponent is taking advantage!

Angus:

If he wasn't so busy impersonating a trash can, he wouldn't have issues like this and his matches would be much more entertaining!

Harry Rose has Kerry cornered now, laying a solid selection of left hooks, right hooks as well as a nasty set of knee lifts to the midsection and torso of Kuroyama. Sending him reeling back into the corner buckle, Rose moves in with a hard shoulder block and follows that up with a quick hip toss that sends Kuroyama into the middle of the ring and Rose with a burst of enthusiasm which irks the crowd even further.

Rose continues his control of the match by laying out Kuroyama with a strong armed lariat, following that up he picks him and lays him out again with a strong Vertical Suplex. Not thinking about a pin fall attempt yet, Rose uses the ropes for momentum and comes flying back with a HUGE LEG DROP that MISSES! Kuroyama, using his veteran instincts telegraphed the move and rolled away accordingly.

DDK:

Great awareness on the part of Kerry to move out of the way of the huge leg drop.

Angus:

Trash cans do have a decent sense of awareness I must say, most notably to recognize what they are filled with.

Kuroyama does his best to capitalize on the change of momentum and Rose incurs a series of blows to the head and chest area, followed by a devastating forearm smash, Rose then gets hooked, JACKHAMMER SUPLEX! The Faithful get up on their feet as that move is executed and Kuroyama again is on his feet.

DDK:

Looks like Nigel King is trying to get involved now.

On the ring apron, the other half of The Guns of Brixton has found himself jawing with Kuroyama and the referee Hector Navarro. At the same time, Reaper Prime and Reaper Red appear from behind the curtains. Making their way towards the ring. The crowds cheers turning to slight boos catches the eye of Kuroyama.

Angus:

Great more trash cans. Where is our dumpster trucks at? Have they all been impounded by UTA?

DDK:

Angus, not sure what that reference means but Kerry is none too happy at the presence of Reaper Co.

Harry Rose is composing himself on one side of the ring, while Navarro is ordering Nigel King back to the floor. Kerry Kuroyama is at the ring ropes saying something to Reaper Prime. She climbs onto the ring apron and gets directly in his face, she points towards the DEFiatron where the word 'HOPE' yet again is displayed. Kuroyama shakes his head in frustration confused as to what that means.

Angus:

Looks like Rose is about to take advantage of the situation!

Rose pulls an object from his tights and while Navarro is still distracted by his partner King, he approaches an occupied Kuroyama and nails him in the back of the head! Kuroyama falls to the mat like a deadweight. Reaper Prime stares at him with no emotion from the ring apron while Reaper Red watches with his eyes a blaze. Rose looks at Reaper Prime and thinks for a second about attacking her, but declines. He yells for Navarro as he hides the foreign object back in his tights.

Rolling Kuroyama onto his back, Rose hooks the leg for the pin fall.

ONE! ...

TWO! ...

THREEE!!!

Angus:

Finally that trash can gets what he deserves!

DDK:

A cheap win on the part of one half of The Guns of Brixton. Rose gets his hand raised in the air and now the pair are making a quick exit.

Reaper Prime enters the ring and looks down at a half conscious Kerry Kuroyama, she stands over him with no expression on her face and then kneels next to him. She leans down and looks like she whispers something to him, but no microphone is able to pick it up.

DDK:

Not sure what's going on here Angus, but Reaper and her masked companion sure have taken strange acting to a whole different level.

Angus:

Do you mean the under level?

DDK:

The what?

Angus:

You know that world that's kind of like ours but not. The Underlevel? I bet you on that side Brazen talent is running wild on DEFIANCE and UTA.

DDK:

Uhhhh.... We'll be back everyone! Stay tuned!!

Fade to the Underlevel.

INTERIOR DECORATING

The scene opens up backstage amongst the midst of some hustling and some bustling going on behind Interviewer Lance Warner. On either side of him, in their ring gear, stand former DEFIANT Dan Ryan and none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix who's rubbing his hands in glee, that cocky smirk across his face as he proudly taps the DEFIANCE Tag Team championship draped over his shoulder. With his back to the camera, Lance watches on, irritated as a few removal men remove the DEFIANCE backdrop and replace it with a WrestleUTA one.

Lance Warner:

Hey, what are you guys doing? Who's authorized this?!

Ryan rolls his eyes and shakes his head at Kendrix, who places a reassuring hand over the shoulder of Lance, turning him to face him.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah, Lancey?! JFK brought that stunning WrestleUTA backdrop over from his massive house that you'll never EVER be able to afford in ten lifetimes...excuse me for one moment.

He looks over at the removal men.

Kendrix:

That's right guys, now just dump that DEFIANCE backdrop into the sea, innit?!

Lance looks around in shock as the removal men, along with the DEFIANCE backdrop exit the scene. Kendrix grins from ear to ear and rubs his hands as Lance regains his focus and gets to the task at hand, raising the mic to his mouth.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, standing with me are Jesse Fredericks Kendrix and Dan Ryan. Gentlemen, tonight, you will pair up for the first time to take on DEFIANCE's very own Sub Pop Scott Douglas and the Marathon Man himself, Impulse. Does your lack of chemistry count against you in tonight's tag team match?

Kendrix hangs his head back and silently mouths, apparently exasperated, "oh my god" before Ryan steps toward Lance who raises the mic in his direction.

Dan Ryan:

Lance. How are you this week, Lance? No, don't answer.

Ryan puts a hand on Lance Warner's shoulder.

Dan Ryan:

See, the thing is, I'm used to your stupid questions and neverending unintentional comic relief, but most of these guys are new to you and, well... you're kinda embarrassing me in front of my new friends.

Lance Warner:

What, just bec--

Dan Ryan:

LANCE!!

Lance Warner stops, his mouth open. Ryan holds a finger up to Warner's mouth and pinches it closed.

Dan Ryan:

There's no talking from you. No talking. Okay? Now let me explain something to you. Chemistry is a word used to

describe excellence by amateurs like you. I, Lance am not an amateur. I am a finely tuned athlete in the prime of my career. Quite simply, I can work with any professional wrestler in the world and INSTANTLY be one half of the best tag team in the world at that time. I team with someone, and that team is excellent...

He clicks his fingers.

Dan Ryan:

Just like that. In an instant. Do you follow me, Warner?

Lance starts to talk.

Dan Ryan:

No... talking. WrestleUTA took back the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship in another instant...when Crimson Lord destroyed DEFIANCE's very own Andy Murray. And pretty soon, David Hightower will take home the FIST of DEFIANCE when he DOMINATES Andy's little brother Cayle.

Ryan looks up in thought for a moment, a slight smile etched across his face before looking down at Warner.

Dan Ryan:

I'd say we're doing just fine. Tonight I walk into the ring with one half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team champions...

He points over at Jesse who arrogantly waves at Lance and slaps the face of the Tag Team title.

Dan Ryan:

That means I'm teaming tonight with one half of the best tag team in the entire wrestling world. Chemistry will not be a problem, I assure you.

Lance brings the mic to his mouth and holds his free hand to his chest.

Lance Warner:

Be that as it may, Dan...it's been a month since you jumped ship over to WrestleUTA and we still do not have an answer as to why you did so. Can you once and for all tell us?!

Dan holds his hands out flat by the side of his head and humbly nods his head as Lance raises the mic once more. Dan takes a deep breath...

Dan Ryan:

No.

And simply looks away from Lance. Meanwhile, Jesse, recovering from his chuckling at Dan's answer, grabs Lance by the shoulder, getting his attention as he raises the mic to Jesse's mouth.

Kendrix:

Oh Lancey, you really prove that there is such a thing as a stupid question, don't you?! I mean, isn't it obvious why Dan left your mob?

He points over at the WrestleUTA backdrop, eyes focussed on Lance.

Kendrix:

WrestleUTA is taking Sports Entertainment to the next level. DEFIANCE just can't keep up with us.

He shakes his head, looking a tad upset as he holds his hand to his heart.

Kendrix:

You know, people are saying we're the bad guys, coming into someones house, stealing their jobs and running them

out of the business.

He wags his finger.

Kendrix:

No, no no, Lancey. We aren't running DEFIANCE out of business, why would we do that... when DEFIANCE is doing a perfectly good job of running DEFIANCE out of business.

Big Smile, followed by a humble moment, palm out flat in front of him.

Kendrix:

Don't get me wrong, JFK knows that he and Dan are in for one hell of a match against Impulse and Scott Douglas, I mean they'll be chomping at the bit to get their hands on some sexy WrestleUTA specimens who've been kicking their arses for six weeks, OBVS!

Humble moment over...he holds two fingers out at Lance...rather rudely.

Kendrix:

But as you saw two weeks ago, JFK had a front row view of Douglas, Impulse, Box and Hoffman...kicking the absolute shit out of each other, bruv.

Ryan nods smugly along.

Kendrix:

So all you DEFIANCE fanboys like yourself can continue to bury your heads in the sand as much as you like...but DEFIANCE is imploding from within...tonight will be no different...rest assured that the Ego Buster, Dan Ryan and the Hollywood Bruv, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...

He grabs Lance's mic hand and looks out at the camera.

Kendrix:

Are just gonna pick off the pieces, bruv!

Trademark smirk etched across his face, Jesse and Dan walk confidently out of shot leaving Lance to contemplate what's just been said.

THIS NEEDS TO GO

We come back from commercial to find Lance Warner in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop. He doesn't seem pleased as he looks into the camera. Warner gets his cue that they are now live.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen... my guests at this ti-

Before he can finish his sentence WrestleUTA Heavyweight Champion Crimson Lord, *THE* Jay Harvey, and Catalina enter the scene. Crimson Lord keeps his head down and eyes on the title draped on his shoulder. Jay Harvey is focused on the DEFIANCE banner behind him.

***THE* Jay Harvey:**

This needs to go.

Harvey grabs the banner and rips it down, exposing the concrete wall. Crimson Lord pats Warner on the shoulder, sending a chill down Lance's spine. Harvey now turns his attention to Warner and the microphone in his hand.

***THE* Jay Harvey:**

I'll take that.

Harvey snatches the microphone out of Warner's hand causing Catalina to chuckle.

***THE* Jay Harvey:**

Your services are no longer needed. Go on... go!

Warner exits, leaving the WrestleUTA Superstars with a rolling camera.

***THE* Jay Harvey:**

(Pointing at camera man) Don't you even think about turning that off... Tonight is just one more opportunity for *US* to show the world why we are the elite brand in the entire industry. Tonight Andy's little brother, that orangutan with a mustache, and his weird butler, man-servant, slave whatever he is... go head to head with *THE UNBEATABLE*.

Crimson Lord perks his head up and locks eyes with the camera. Harvey continues shooting hot fire.

***THE* Jay Harvey:**

In front of a sold-out crowd of your *Faithful*, those animals you call fans... you will lose. Understand?

Harvey smirks and then moves aside. Catalina puts her arm atop of Harvey's left shoulder and gives him a kiss on the cheek. Crimson Lord now takes his place under the lights.

Crimson Lord: (*with a slow delivery*)

Tonight The WrestleUTA continues their path... of destruction.

The three stare into the filming lens in front of them and seconds later the feed turns to black.

OSCAR BURNS VS. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got ourselves another UTA versus DEFIANCE match-up! We understand that Oscar Burns once again campaigned backstage to fight any UTA guy. He wanted Stevens, but when nobody heard from him, "The Lunatic" Jack Harmen took him up on it!

Angus:

I don't like this goody-good Burns, but man... really bummed me out to hear Harmen sided with THEM. But I do like a guy like Burns that's relatively new here wanting to stand up for DEFIANCE. But he's gotta stop letting that douche, Scott Stevens, get in his head.

DDK:

Hard to do when he keeps going out of his way to turn Burns away from a direct confrontation, only to jump him from behind. Let's take it to the ring now where we have "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns about to take on UTA's own Lunatic, Jack Harmen!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... hailing from Los Angeles, California, and weighing in at two hundred and twenty four pounds... he is... as he's requested me to say... A UTA EMPLOYEE...(Boos) The Lunatic, JACK... HARMEN!

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

A light fog rose from the entrance ramp as the DEFIANCE crowd promptly booed. Parting the smoke, Jack Harmen stood at the entrance ramp, head hung low.

Angus:

BOO THIS MAN!

Jack Harmen devilishly raises his head, and holds up his trademark devil horn taunt. He smiles wide, and stomps his way down the entrance ramp way toward the ring. With supreme focus and a snarling demeanor, Harmen quickly slides into the ring. He teases falling to his back for his Snow Angel taunt, but instead falls to one knee, and cracks his knuckles in anticipation toward the back.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... 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, a little more focused than he has been. Burns throws off his "Hi. I Like Graps." t-shirt and hurls it into the crowd before heading to the ring where Harmen stares daggers of contempt. Wiping his feet on the ring apron, Oscar leaps over the ropes and lands inside, posing for the crowd but quickly turning his attention to Harmen in case the completely unpredictable Lunatic makes a sudden move. Burns has his game face as Harmen just smiles a mile wide, looking on. Oscar turns and waits for Hector Navarro to call for the bell.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Burns was on the cusp of a HUGE victory over Mushigihara two weeks ago, but came up just short, while Harmen almost made it all the way through a PCP gauntlet only for Elise Ares to sneak a DQ victory over her former mentor.

Angus:

Way to sell it, Keeps. Harmen beat two people... Oscar beat NONE last week.

Oscar heads toward the center of the ring with his arms out, ready to engage in the graps he loves so much... but when they try to lock up, Harmen brushes right past him with a smirk on his face and leans toward the buckles. Whether it's him trying to get into Burns' head or just not feeling this match is truly anybody's guess, but Oscar shuts out whatever Harmen is doing and tries again.

The two lock up with Burns trying his hand at an Arm Wringer, but before he can even do that, Harmen puts a hand on the nearby rope, backflips his way out of it... then does another cartwheel and leans in the corner a second time with a sly grin on his face. He turns around, confidently begging Burns to strike him down ...

Angus:

WOW! WAS THAT A HEADBUTT?

DDK:

Certainly was, partner! He calls that the Hard Out Headbutt!

Burns decides to change his strategy and crack Harmen right in the chest with a Headbutt! He now goes for a cover on Harmen!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd voices its disappointment that the UTA representative kicks out. Burns still looks slightly groggy after putting all that stank into a Headbutt of all things, but he goes right back to the technical game as Harmen tries to get up, locking him in a painful Cobra Twist submission (an Abdominal Stretch with an extra-tight necklock). Burns wastes no time in going right for the submission and Harmen frantically tries to fight his way out! The crowd wants Harmen to tap out, but even though he's dazed, he still manages to just barely make the ropes!

Burns, the consummate sportsman, lets go rather than milking the referee's count. Harmen puts up his arms trying to defend himself from whatever may come, trying to call a time out. Burns tries to go for the neck again with another neck lock when Harmen shoves him to the ropes. Faster than the Kiwi can expect, Harmen grabs onto Burns' head and leaps over the top rope, SNAPPING his neck against the top cable! Burns snaps back to the ground holding his throat while a groggy, as Harmen points to his skull to show off his intellect. In control, Harmen leaps in and nails the Springboard Lou Thesz Press, now raining down the punches on Burns! The blows continue to come down until Navarro threatens a disqualification. Harmen gets up, shouting at Hector.

Jack Harmen:

FIVE! I HAVE TILL FIVE!

Harmen turns quickly and delivers a Sliding Dropkick right to the face of Burns! He follows with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Harmen fails to make the pin so he picks up Burns and drills him with a few more right hands just because face-punching his one of his favorite pasttimes as a bad guy. As he does, he shouts toward Hector.

Jack Harmen:

YOU'RE GARBAGE!

Burns tries to fight back with this opening to the delight of the crowd by striking him with a hard Elbow Smash! Harmen gets dazed, but when Oscar tries for a Clothesline, he ducks and then drives him down with a Neckbreaker! Harmen's speed advantage allows him to follow up in the corner...

DDK:

Traveling Through Time! Like him, hate him or anything in between... Harmen's an incredible athlete.

Angus:

And an incredible BeneDICK Arnold for turning on DEFIANCE!

Harmen tries another cover after the sequence of moves.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The crowd cheers again when Burns kicks out, but Harmen remains undeterred in his quest to stick it to another DEFIANCE wrestler. He pulls up Burns in a Double Underhook. Hypothermia may be coming next, but when Burns gets lifted up, he kicks frantically to stay down! Harmen tries again only for Burns to snap him over suddenly with a modified Northern Lights WHILE still in the Double Underhook!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Lunatic has to let go to get Burns to kick out, but now Burns starts to try and fight back! He fires another Elbow Smash, but Harmen fires back with an eye rake! Navarro reprimands him again, but Harmen doesn't have time for that bullshit and whips the Kiwi into the corner. He charges when Burns gets him with a sudden Uppercut! Harmen gets left seeing stars and Burns turns him around out of the corner with a Double Underhook Suplex... but he rolls through and pulls The Lunatic up... second Double Underhook! But he's still not done and rolls through again... this time, he completes the hat trick with a third Double Underhook Suplex followed by a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Burns can't believe the rolling Double Underhook Suplexes didn't finish Harmen off, but he goes right into another attempt at a Butterfly Lock, only for Harmen to sense the deadly submission coming and elbow his way free. Harmen tries to get away from the move, only for Burns to come back with a quick Arm Dragon Screw followed by STOMPS to the arm!

DDK:

Is Burns going for The Graps of Wrath II? The modified Cross Armbreaker!

When suddenly, the crowd starts going into a commotion. While Harmen tries to fight his way out of Burns' submission attempt dragging and pulling himself toward the ropes, Scott Stevens appears from the crowd with a small wave of his personal security in tow. He grins at Burns and points a finger his way.

Scott Stevens:

I'm challenging you right here and right now, Burns! You want to fight me, here I am!

Stevens heads into the ring, slides halfway in and then out just as quickly when Burns tries to lunge at him, but he doesn't see Harmen recovering behind him. When Twists and Turns... well, twists and turns, Harmen boots him and then DRIVES him right on the dome with a vicious Michinoku Driver II! He cradles the far leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Harmen and especially Stevens can't believe it!

Angus:

The Kiwi may be gullible, but he's TOUGH! Suck it, UTAH!

DDK:

Harmen calls that the Flyer-dri-

Angus:

DON'T LEGITAMIZE IT!

Stevens grits his teeth when his distraction appears to fail, but Harmen smiles devilishly in the ring when he sees Burns lined up in his sights, no doubt thinking The Locomotive. He leans forward, hand extended telling Burns to wake up, and lines up Oscar...

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Burns barely kicked out of that vicious Michinoku Driver, but The Locomotive might have just ended this!

Angus:

Come on, Burns! Kick out, kick out!

Harmen holds both legs for the cover, driving his free forearm into the side of his cheek and pressuring his face into the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Harmen grits his teeth and rolls out of the ring like a thief in the night, thanks in part to the assist from his fellow UTA-er, Scott Stevens! Harmen shakes the feeling back into his arm, no doubt left from the damage that was caused by Burns.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **JACK HARMEN!**

DDK:

Oscar might have had that match won, had it not been for Scott Stevens! This is getting beyond ridiculous now where it concerns his issue with Oscar Burns!

Angus:

It's all because Oscar had to open his mouth. I'm Team DEF Fo-Fo-Fo-Fo Lyfe, but Stevens has had his number since singling him out.

Harmen tips his imaginary cap to Scott Stevens, who replies in kind with a simple nod as a sign of solidarity before Harmen heads to the back, eager to celebrate a victory on this night. He shouts at a fan in the front row as he makes his exit.

Jack Harmen:

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M AWESOME!

Angus:

NOPE. YOU AIN'T!

Meanwhile, Scott Stevens smiles, stalking the ring. He watches Oscar try to pull himself up, and decides he's had enough time before he slides into the ring...

THREE-PEAT?

Stevens with a devilish grin slides into the ring and the faithful are letting him know it as they've seen this beatdown before.

DDK:

Not this again! Can someone come out and help Burns?!?!?

Angus:

I know. Where is the damn DEFIANCE solidarity?

Angus asks as Stevens chuckles to himself as he circles the still down Oscar Burns. When the Texan gets near referee, Oscar Navarro, he tells him to get ready.

DDK:

Looks like Stevens is fixing to add another "victory" over Burns again.

Angus:

Stevens is a little punk bitch. Nothing more.

As Burns begins to stir Stevens decides to help him gain his composure with a slap across the face.

Angus:

See what I mean? Bitches slap. Men punch.

Stevens has made his way to the front of Oscar Burns, who is on all fours, and begins screaming obscenities at the man. Stevens grabs Burns by the face and yells....

Stevens:

I OWN YOU! YOU HEAR ME?!?!?!? I OWN YOU!

Stevens repeats this before paint brushing him across the face once again.

DDK:

Can we cut to commercial or something?

Stevens gets back to his feet and motions for Burns to get up.

Stevens:

Get your ass ready Navarro!

Stevens shouts towards the official who grudgingly nods. Oscar slowly pulls himself up to his feet and is wobbly doing so and Stevens reminds everyone of two things before putting the icing on another victory cake.

Stevens:

FUCK DEFIANCE!

The faithful begin to boo and disagree with the Texan's statement as they chant

FUCK YOU STEVENS!

Stevens:

And fuck you Burns.

Stevens says as he gives Oscar the double state bird of Texas as he kicks him in the mid-section.....

DDK:

Burns caught the leg! Burns caught the leg!

Burns has the Texan's leg trapped tight under his arm and Stevens is begging for him to let go as he hobbles on one leg.

Angus:

When the shoes on the other foot look how quickly the mighty tuck their tails.

Stevens continues to plead with Burns to the point of throwing up prayer hands, and Burns shakes his head ok.

Angus:

WHAT IS THIS IDIOT DOING?!?!?!?!?

Stevens sigh of relief is short lived as the grip of Burns tightens once again around his leg and the Texans eyes widen as Burns raises his hand and drops all fingers except the middle to the roar of the crowd before dropping down to the mat.

DDK:

Oscar has locked in a heel hook on Stevens and the Texan his writhing in pain!

Angus:

Who owns who now bitch!

Stevens tries to unlock the legs of Burns but it's to no avail as Oscar tells Navarro to get ready as the referee eagerly shakes his head.

DDK:

Will Burns tap Stevens out and gain some measure of vengeance?

Angus:

All I want him to do is break that bitch's leg.

Stevens uses all of his strength to roll to the ropes with Burns maintaining the submission and Stevens' personal security pulls him from the ring and helps him over the barricade to the displeasure of the crowd.

Stevens:

THAT DIDN'T COUNT! I'M STILL UNDEFEATED! THE MATCH NEVER STARTED!

Stevens shouts as security helps and guards the Texan from the wrath of the faithful as they leave through the crowd and Burns shows how close he had the UTA-er fixing to tap.

Angus:

Just like a scared little bitch running away when the going gets tough!

DDK:

Oscar showed here tonight that God was indeed vulnerable as he had Stevens ready to tap.

Angus:

Marks my words, the next time these two meet Stevens will be tapping out!

THOSE SUBTLE FOOTSTEPS...

The scene opens up backstage. Standing in front of a black backdrop is a now, a rather well known trio. The WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely, wearing a full suit and sunglasses. Right behind him is David Hightower, the "Anti-Bully". Finally off to the left is David's manager, Jamie Sawyers. There is no back and forth this week, there is no motivating by Mikey. This week all three men look into the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cayle Murray, I want you to take a cold, hard look at the man standing behind me.

David perks up a bit, he's breathing pretty heavy.

Mikey Unlikely:

I want you to really take a look at the mass that is David Hightower. The man who single handedly took out a multitude of your friends a few short weeks ago. The man who threw Mascara De Muerte around like a child's toy. The man who dropped a trunk on his legs and had him limping for weeks. The man who dismantled him one on one in the ring, and left him lying in a heap.

Jamie Sawyers smiles at the memory. He seems confident as ever, although it's always awkward to see Sawyers without his mouth moving.

Mikey Unlikely:

That was just the beginning though. Just two weeks ago, he took what was left of your brother and crushed him into dust. Crimson Lord started the job, but my god did David Hightower finish it! Andy Murray isn't here tonight from what I hear. Hell for all I know, he's still in the hospital. I want you to know how much I enjoyed that moment, when not only did David drop the knee on that big scottish face of his, but he wrapped that chain...

Mikey mocks the wrapping of the chain on his fist, before Jamie starts slapping at the one that hangs down from David's neck.

Mikey Unlikely:

Around his fist, and drove it into Andy time and time again. He then took it, and swung it full force into the back of Andy multiple times. Leaving him broken and coughing up blood in the middle of the DEFIANCE ring.

The WrestleUTA owner mocks choking.

Mikey Unlikely:

David took your buddy Nozakawa and with ONE STRIKE, drove him across the ring. And then finally... there was you...

A smile now creeps across the lips of David Hightower.

Mikey Unlikely:

You thought you could save your brother, you thought you could save your friends, you thought you could save this company... AND YOU FAILED! Sure you surprised David, you got a couple of good shots in, but you did no damage. The same can't be said vice versa. If i remember correctly you thought you could catapult your way to knocking David down and out. You jumped off those ropes with all the strength you had and you went for that big flying uppercut. Instead David did what David does.... He brutalized you with one of the nastiest headbutts I've ever seen! Cracked your skull, and left the FIST OF DEFIANCE where he belongs. At the bottom.

David punches his own hand. He's visualizing the assault.

Mikey Unlikely:

So Cayle, every time you turn around I want you to know we're watching you, and waiting for the right opportunity .

Every time you close your eyes, I hope you see stars from where David cracked your head. Do you hear that Murray?

Mikey puts his hand to his ear and listens.

Mikey Unlikely:

Those are the subtle footsteps of David Hightower getting closer and closer from taking that FIST from you... Those are the subtle footsteps of WrestleUTA taking over.... Those are the subtle footsteps of someone better than you. Those are the subtle footsteps, that will end your wrestling career.

The scene slowly fades out.

...QUO**DDK:**

It's been a crazy night, partner, but as we promised earlier, we have Lance Warner standing backstage with the returning Team HOSS! Why do you think they're back now, Angus?

Angus:

Please say to merc the Bruvs, please say to merc the Bruvs, please say to merc the Bruvs...

And to the backstage set we go and the crowd goes WILD for Team HOSS... a sentence that never would have been uttered in their last DEFIANCE go-round, but this was a strange time for the organization in general.

Lance Warner:

Good evening, DEFIANCE. I'm Lance Warner and I have with me two men that returned earlier tonight. Please welcome Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... Team HOSS!

The crowd continues to voice their loud cheers as they both tower over Lance.

"HOSS!
HOSS!
HOSS!
HOSS!
HOSS!"

Angel Trinidad:

[taken aback by the chants] Wow... uh... thanks. I don't deserve that since we were complete shitheads since we were last here, but... thanks, everybody.

Aleczander The Great smirks.

Aleczander The Great:

Me search for a tag team partner ended up working, eh? All it took was me getting suspended for thirty days for harrassing the locker room to find somebody...

The crowd laughs, recalling Aleczander's recent exploits for a new tag team partner on more recent UNCUT episodes. Lance turns to the pair.

Lance Warner:

What a dominating performance earlier! I have to say, it looks like you two haven't missed a step.

Aleczander The Great:

Fuckin 'A, right, mate? We slapped those UTA ponces around! Last time Team HOSS were around here, we had EVERYBODY pissin' themselves!

Lance Warner:

Well, that leads to the big question then: Of all the times that Team HOSS got here, what brings you back now?

Angel takes the question.

Angel Trinidad:

What Alec said. We did some awful shit to a lot of people and we're not going to apologize for any of it because whether or not people liked us, you HAD to respect us and it made us who we are today.

Trinidad pauses.

Angel Trinidad:

But when Aleczander here told me that another company was trying to come in here and run roughshod over the place that made us famous, that's what brought me back. Team HOSS were MOWING everybody down in DEFIANCE long before the UTA got here. They think they're gonna run this company into the ground, we're here to tell you that we're back to shut that shit DOWN.

”RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

Angel Trinidad:

Oh, and Angus Skaaland, if you're listening to this right now... yeah, we ARE going to merc the Bruvs and bring the World Tag Team Championships back to DEFIANCE!

Angus (V/O):

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance Warner nods.

Lance Warner:

Well, good luck to the both of you and welcome back.

Angel responds with a nod and once the interview is over, he leaves the set and leaves Angel and Alec by themselves.

They head the opposite direction of Lance...

SPEAR FROM THEO BAYLOR TO ALE CZANDER!

The big UTA beast caught The Mancunian Muscle and tackled him to the ground before raining down with punches.

Angel Trinidad:

HEY!

Angel CRACKS Theo upside the head with a boot and knocks him off of his partner, but before he can get anything going, Angel gets a forearm drilled into the side of his head! Soon, multiple bodies occupy the scene backstage!

Roosevelt Owens!

Felton Bigsby!

The Neighborhoodlum!

The crowd boos WILDLY! Theo starts to get back up and wipes his lip before he and Felton lay into Angel! He tries to fight back!

Headbutt to Roosevelt!

Angel busts his lip open from the shot, but Theo and Felton double-team him with punches! Aleczander tries to jump in, but Neighborhoodlum grabs his leg and Felton turns to deliver a STIFF shot right to his head!

Theo Baylor (growling):

Get that piece of shit up, NOW.

Roosevelt and Bigsby help pull Angel up to his feet. He STILL tries to fight some more, but Theo drops him with another big Spear! Now it's a four-on-two with the entirety of this group laying waste to Team HOSS!

After the beatdown seems to conclude, Brother Owens casually strolls up and pats Theo on the shoulder, then gestures to his nephew.

Brother Owens:

Nice job, guys.

He turns to where Angel and Alecz are now laid out on the ground.

Brother Owens:

I think Mr. Unlikely will come through on his word after this. Let's go.

The foursome departed, with Theo throwing an extra kick at Angel while he was down! Theo then stepped over him and the brutes left. It had been some time since the members of No Justice, No Peace had been seen, but it was clear that since UTA strolled into down, the foursome's thoughts on defecting to UTA might be for real.

IMPULSE & SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. KENDRIX & DAN RYAN

Cut back to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

We have quite the match here, partner. Tag team action. The SoHer and the former SoHer teaming together once again, this time facing --

Angus: *[sighing]*

... Fuckass McSidekick and Dan "The Traitor of DEFIANCE" Ryan.

DDK:

-- Kendrix and Dan Ryan. We've never seen the latter pairing but it wasn't that long ago, Impulse and Scott Douglas teamed up against Reaper Co. Let's go now to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Cut to ring. Darren Quimbey, notes in hand raises the microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall ...

♪ "Broken Hands" - Mudhoney ♪

The opening chords, light and upbeat, quickly give way to the fluttering sound of a rattled tambourine; just before a drum fill lead to a much THICKER and more fully composed piece. The lights in the arena dim all except the stage, ramp and ring. Rotating stage lights fall into position on cue with the down note. Smoke machines kick on, as well, but seem to underperform.

Angus:

This shit again?

Impulse appears from the curtain and Scott Douglas follows directly behind him with the Southern Heritage Title strapped securely around his waist. The Faithful pop for the Champion and the Marathon Man. Terry Anderson and Calico Rose follow just behind the pair set for action.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by...

Darren Quimbey:

By... Terry "The Idol" Anderson and ... Calico Rose!

The fans pop for Cally as she takes a bow behind the boys. Terry looks around aimlessly.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing DEFIANCE at a combined weight four hundred and eight pounds ... THE MAAARRATHON MANNNN!
... IMMMPULLLSSE! And the Southern Heritage CHAMMMMPION! ... "Sub Pop" ... SCOTTTTTT
DOUUGGGLLAAAAS!!

The lights switch once again and the Faithful's intensity explodes as the trio make their way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ...

♪ "Blunt Blowin'" by Lil' Wayne ♪

The boos begin instantly as Kendrix and Dan Ryan emerge from the curtain, eyes focussed on the task at hand. As

they make their way toward the ring, Ryan twists his wrists in each hand while JFK, cocky as always, mouths inaudibly and points toward Douglas and Impulse in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing WrestleUTA at a combined weight of five hundred and twenty three pounds...

The two men enter the ring and pose to the crowd having climbed onto the second turnbuckles

Darren Quimbey:

They are JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIX and the ego buster...DAN RYAN!

The four men face up, standing toe to toe as JFK arrogantly holds his tag team title out in front of Douglas.

DDK:

You feel that? Benny Doyle is going to have keep his wits about him in this one, folks.

DING DING

With Impulse and Dan Ryan in their respective corners, Benny Doyle calls for the bell. Douglas and Kendrix, start the match and begin to square up. The pair circle as each feign attempts at a lock up, only to strategically pull out at the last second. The scouting continues as the Faithful grow impatient. A few competing chants begin but never quite reach full capacity before Kendrix shoots in hot.

DDK:

Collar and elbow. Kendrix with the advantage - twisting wrist lock.

Angus:

Jesus. Douglas doesn't know a wrist lock from a rimshot!

DDK:

Douglas rolls through! Reversal!

Kendrix, immediately grabs the top rope. Benny Doyle calls for the break and Douglas complies with his hands up. Mid-compliance, Kendrix turns about and slaps Douglas in the face before he can regain his guard. Douglas charges toward one half of the Tag Team Champions but Kendrix ducks through the top and middle rope, calling for and causing Benny Doyle to interject once again. The Faithful let their frustration be known as Douglas' can be read on his face as he backs away. Impulse lends some verbal support from the corner as Calico Rose does the same from ringside. Terry has absconded the timekeepers chair and placed it in front of front row center.

Kendrix ducks back into the ring with a brazen confidence as Douglas assures Doyle he is on the up and up. As Doyle relents, Kendrix charges in; feigns a tie up and ducks under Scott's reciprocation. The SoHer is caught off guard and is slow to turn around as Kendrix springs off of the nearest ropes with a running knee to the face.

DDK:

Douglas is down!

Kendrix, grabbing Douglas by the hair, pulls him toward the UTA corner. He makes the tag and raises Douglas' arm high exposing the previously bruised ribs. Dan Ryan lays into the exposed injury several times as Benny Doyle insists Kendrix exit the ring. Ryan stomps down hard on Douglas' ribs, sending him to a seated position on the mat. Quick tag and Kendrix is right back in, jawing at Benny Doyle.

Angus:

Why does he have to talk all the time?

DDK:

So Ryan can do what he's doing.

Ryan holds Douglas' arms behind the ring post as Kendrix rushes forward with a running drop kick to the ribs. Sub Pop writhes in agony as Doyle reprimands Ryan. Kendrix meanwhile throws the wanker gesture at Impulse, who's enters the ring but is cut off by the referee.

Angus:

School boy error, Keeps.

Jesse drags Douglas back to the UTA corner as both he and Ryan stomp away at Douglas. A clap of hands from Kendrix just before Impulse gets back into his corner is enough to satisfy Doyle that the tag was made. Ryan watches Douglas crawl out of the corner, attempting to get to Impulse's outstretched hand, but he's nowhere near home.

DDK:

Ryan, scouting, teasing Douglas all the way to the centre of the ring, he's in no hurry to finish this.

Angus:

The UTA douche's are in control here. By hook or by crook, Douglas has got to make the tag otherwise he's going home in an ambulance tonight.

Douglas continues to inch his way toward Impulse's outstretched hand. Ryan stalks a few steps away and waits until the tag is imminent - a mere hands length between the former SoHer and the current. Ryan slams his boot down on the Douglas' opposite hand, firmly planted on the mat. Douglas flips overs and grabs the affected digits with the other. Impulse relaxes from his outstretched position as Ryan approaches to taunt. Ryan takes a swing at Impulse, who leans away and instinctually swings back. Although he doesn't connect, it's enough to bring Benny Doyle in between the pair.

Angus:

What the hell is Doyle doing?!

Douglas is on his feet and Dan Ryan takes notice, leaving his confrontation with Impulse to go on the attack. Douglas springs off the ropes and charges toward Ryan swings with a big clothesline. Douglas ducks! Barely clear from Ryan's assault, he leaps toward Impulse and they make connection. Benny Doyle claps his hands together in confirmation.

DDK:

Impulse coming in hot!

Ryan spins around just as Impulse lays into him. Ryan is thrown off balance and ends up against the ropes. Impulse irish whips him to the other side of the ring and on the return hits: Ryan with a high knee. The Faithful roar as DEFIANCE's Benedict Arnold takes a bump but are quickly quelled as he pops to his feet. Impulse stays on the offensive as Ryan rises and quickly grapples with bigger man. Ryan wins out and attempts to send Impulse for the ride, Impulse reverses twisting and ducking under the arm.

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT! COVER!

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Kendrix with the save.

Angus:

I thought Impulse had it!

Douglas rushes out as Kendrix rises to his feet. The two brawl but Scott gets the upper hand and sends Jesse tumbling through the ropes and down to the outside. Rushing back to his corner, Douglas holds his hand out as Impulse drags Ryan towards him.

DDK:

Tag made!

Impulse and Douglas both drag Ryan to the centre. They both whip Ryan to the ropes but before they can set him up for the double team, Kendrix reenters the fray and makes for Douglas. All four men brawl inside the ring as the crowd get to their feet.

Angus:

C'mon Benny, get a hold of this match or DQ that dipshit Kendrix!

Doyle attempts to do just that, getting foolishly in between the four combatants. Fists and feet fly and Doyle is caught in the crossfire just as Ryan and Impulse trend toward the ropes. Kendrix and Douglas shoot in out in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Doyle is down!

Ryan clotheslines Impulse against the ropes and takes the ride with him to the floor outside the ring. JFK and Douglas continue to throw blows in the middle of the ring but it's Scott who gets the upper hand driving Kendrix back, strike after strike into the corner. Jesse is dazed as Douglas pulls him from the corner and grabs the side standing headlock and throws the arm over.

DDK:

This could be it! Sub Pop Suplex!

Douglas reaches down for the knee and Kendrix's free hand comes up and rakes the eyes. Douglas drops the knee and stumbles back, he turns away from JFK, holding his face.

Angus:

No ... no ...

Rubbing and blinking rapidly trying to regain focal focus, Douglas turns around back toward Kendrix.

DDK:

BELLEND! Kendrix covers!

Angus:

So what, he's not legal!

Kendrix, with one arm holding the hooked leg, bangs on the mat with his free hand. Doyle comes to, sort of, and crawls toward the cover and slowly lifts his arm up...

Angus:

Don't do it Benny!

...and drops it...

ONE!

Angus:

He's not legal!

TWO!!

Angus:

HE'S NOT LEGAL!

Impulse underneath the bottom rope but Ryan slams his arm hard across his back halting him in his tracks.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Angus:

GOD DAMMIT!

♪ "Blunt Blowin'" by Lil' Wayne ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners by way of pinfall ... JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIX and the ego buster...DAN RYAN!

Angus:

This is ridiculous!

Benny Doyle leans against the ropes still informing the timekeeper it was a three count with three fingers held high, clearly knocked for a loop. Dan Ryan lets loose of Impulse and round the corner as Kendrix celebrates in the ring.

DDK:

Benny Doyle will surely be kicking himself later on but as of right now I don't think he even knows where he is.

Kendrix demands his tag title from the timekeeper and continues his celebration as Ryan sullenly heads toward the back. JFK gets a good laugh out of the nearly unconscious referee and makes a big show of raising his own hand in victory. Terry Anderson fishes Douglas' lifeless body from the ring as Cally checks on Impulse.

Angus:

We have to get this under control, Keeps! This isn't looking good for DEFIANCE. I don't want to move to Utah!

DDK:

Certainly a disappointing turn of event for the Faithful, and Angus alike, but we must press forward and we have a BIG main event coming up next.

Cut to else where.

BRAWL FOR ALL (3)

The scene cuts to outside the arena parking lot, where Gage Blackwood and Lisil Jackson are still exchanging blows.

Angus:

This is still going on! No one's dead yet!

While Angus is right, there's a clear sign both men barely have anything left. Blackwood knees Jackson in the stomach and then knocks him over with a left hand. Lisil crawls to the parking lot door and pulls himself up by the handle.

Blackwood:

I'm gonna run you outta DEFIAN-

Swift peleg kick from Jackson stops Blackwood near the end of his sentence. Jackson then grabs Blackwood by his hair and drags him inside the arena. The camera follows.

DDK:

Jackson with another kick, but this one's caught by Gage! He throws Jackson onto his side and boots him right in the head!

Blackwood:

I told you, when you-

Out of nowhere, Chris Ross runs into the scene and absolutely levels Gage with a metal trash can.

DING!

DDK:

That's Chris Ross!! Another blind-side attack!

Ross:

SURPRISE CHUCKLENUTS! Remember me? Sure you do! By the way, you left this near the ring!

Ross slams the trash can across Gage's back. He slowly hoists Blackwood to his feet. The Boss grabs Gage and wraps his arms around his waist and drags him to a luggage stand before he lifts him up and slams him through a table of cable cords with a release overhead belly to belly suplex.

CRASH!

DDK:

Ross is reckless!

Ross:

Hey ask and you shall receive right? You literally asked for this, dummy!

Ross yells standing over Blackwood. Lisil Jackson walks over looking down at Gage shaking his head.

Jackson:

I didn't need help... I had him mon...

Ross looks at Jackson and laughs.

Ross:

Bro you were getting your ass kicked! Unlike you I'm not afraid to do whatever it takes to get the job done! Now let's see here...

Ross casually pulls out his kit of screwdrivers from his back pocket.

Ross:

Should I go with the flat head or the phillips...

Angus:

I can't believe he's gonna get Blackwood, again.

WHAP!!!

A steel chair finds its way direct onto the back of The Keystone State Killer, who slumps to the ground and stares upward, direct into the face of a masked God-Beast dead-set on vengeance.

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

Ross rolls in pain, as a surprised Lisil Jackson looks at the monster beckoning him forth.

Mushigihara:

Ikuzo, kuzuyaro~

(Rough translation; "Let's go, you stupid asshole.")

Angus:

The God-Beast with the save! The God-Beast with the save! That... is almost shocking.

Lisil shakes his head and grabs Ross by the wrist, dragging him away from the hulking brute. The God-Beast turns right over to the fallen Blackwood along with the DEFmed crew, as we cut.

CAYLE MURRAY/BRONSON BOX/REINHARDT HOFFMAN VS. DAVID HIGHTOWER/JAY HARVEY/CRIMSON LORD

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside folks, and it's time for our main event, as the UTA's David Hightower, Jay Harvey, and Crimson Lord face a DEFIANT core of Cayle Murray, Bronson Box, and Reinhart Hoffman...

Angus:

Lookin' forward to seeing our boys smash some Utah fuckos? Because I sure am, Keeps! Provided Box and Hoffy can resist the urge to tear into Cayle and not the opposition, of course...

DDK:

This is the issue. We already know that WrestleUTA is a united front, but I don't know about Murray and Box. They love DEFIANCE, and they'll do anything to keep it alive... but it wasn't so long ago that these two were literally trying to kill each other. Whatever the case, this is an absolutely massive match, and one that could have huge implications in the ongoing war. Are you ready, Angus?

Angus:

As I'll ever be.

Entrance theme montage, baby. We get a little bit of "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion, then a spot of "Closer To The Void" by The Enigma TNG with the usual lighting effects. Then, the music merry-go-round stops on one particular jam...

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

It's the number one contenders theme that soundtracks Team UTA's walk to the ring, as it should be. The trio are showered with hatred and bile as they make their way down the ramp. Crimson Lord is stoic, Harvey and Catalina are swaggering, and Jamie Sawyers is talking David Hightower up.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following six-man tag is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing WrestleUTA, the team of Crimson Lord, Jay Harvey, and David Hightower!

The track changes, as does the tone.

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

Cheering... for Bronson Box?

He's fighting UTA. Of *course* they're cheering, dummy.

The War-God and his charge, Reinhart Hoffman, step out onto the stage. The German is as calm as ever, but Bronson looks like he wants to tear something's throat off. Fortunately, he'll have plenty opportunities to do so.

Darren Quimbey:

And their oppo--

Not time for that, DQ, because Cayle Murray has just barrelled past Box and Hoffman and right into the ring, throwing himself at the UTA contingent.

Angus:

Where the heck did he come from?!

Cayle catches them with the element of surprise, but the numbers game soon comes into play. Fortunately, Box and

Hoffman both slide under the bottom rope and start taking lumps out of Team UTA. Box goes after Jay Harvey, Cayle strikes back against Hightower, but Hoffman can't stifle the monstrous Crimson Lord on his own.

Boxer tosses Jay out of the ring. When he's done, he stomps up before David Hightower, leaths his skull, then throws him away with Cayle's help. It takes all three men to get on top of Crimson, but they eventually get it done, clearing the ring of Team UTA completely! The crowd? FIRED UP, BABY.

DDK:

What a start from the DEFIANTS! And would you listen to The Faithful!

Angus:

That's right, UTAnts! Take a gorram seat!

The DEF and UTA sides are desperately to get back at each other, but referee Brian Slater is a smart man. He has Hector Navarro and Benny Doyle out with him tonight, and the trio of officials do well to restore order. They send Box and Cayle to the apron before calling the UTA guys back inside. Harvey takes to the ring, with Crimson and Hightower ready to be tagged, and we got ourselves a regular match.

The grappling exchanges are fast and frantic. They go back and forth a couple of times, but Hoffman, the smoother of the two, gains an advantage. He drags Harvey to the mat and starts working his neck, but Jay claws him in the eyes, then works his way back to his feet.

Harvey takes advantage, stomping away at Hoffman in a corner. Harvey lands some vicious looking knees before tagging Crimson Lord's outstretched hand. The WrestleUTA Heavyweight Champion shows off his dominant power game by tossing the smaller German around the ring, before throwing him hard out of the ring, calling for one of Boxer and Cayle to rush inside. Both men try to step through the ropes, but the rabid War-God is just a little bit quicker...

DDK:

Here comes Bronson, and he's ready to light Crimson Lord up!

That he is. He goes Full Boxer, taking lumps out of the (much) larger man with wild flurries of strikes. Forearms, boots, headbutts, they're all there, and his manic fury eventually has Crimson staggered! The brute falls back against the ropes, Box hits the other side, but has his little bald head separated from his shoulders when he runs into Lord's Lariat on the rebound!

Now in firm control, Crimson Lord spends few moments working away at Bronson Box, before tagging in the beastly David Hightower. The number one contender keeps it simple, because simple is all he knows. He throws looping rights and lefts, knees to the gut, sharp elbows - the whole shebang.

He's able to knock Boxer down, but that only triggers The War-God, who springs back to his feet like a man possessed. The Faithful go apeshit. Two of the baddest men on the planet and taking lumps out of each other in the middle of the ring, and they absolutely love it.

Angus:

C'mon, Boxy! Fuck that sucker all the way up!

DDK:

Hard left from Hightower! Rights from Boxer... and now a headbutt! Angus, this is nuts!

It truly is, and it's Cayle Murray's time to finally enter the match once Box seizes control. After what David did to his brother two weeks ago, the FIST isn't willing to play nice and instigate a grapple. Instead, he stomps the hell out of Hightower while he's still on the ground, attacking like a man possessed. David eventually rises through the flurry, but that's when Cayle plays smarter. He ducks a right hand and goes low, tackling the brute to the ground, before laying in with a few sharp MMA-style elbows from full mount.

Hightower gets his fists up for cover, but Cayle seamlessly seizes one of his arms, transitioning to an armbar. Not willing to play the patient game, Murray stomps one of his heels down on Dave's face while he applies the hold, but Jay Harvey and Crimson Lord enter the ring, bludgeoning the FIST!

DDK:

This is nuts, Angus! But here come Hoffman and Box!

The DEFIANCE loyalists come in now. Neither is fond of Cayle, but they'll fight for DEF until they die, and they go right after the UTA trio.

Things don't go so well, unfortunately. Hoffman initially has luck against Harvey, but Jay gets the upper hand before long, and downs the European grappler with a big Superkick.

Crimson, meanwhile, flattens Boxer with a big boot, before peeling him off the canvas and nailing a wheelbarrow spinebuster!

Harvey now turns his attention to Cayle Murray. He wears down on the FIST by locking him in a Side Headlock. He wrenches in deep before taking him to the corner and slamming his head down against the top turnbuckle. He pushes him back against the 'buckles then goes to work with boots and chokes, before whipping him right into a clothesline from Crimson!

On the outside of the ring, David Hightower is working over Reinhardt Hoffman, who he has pressed up against the barricades. A furious Box charges back to action, and while his fury gives him an early foothold over Crimson and Harvey, Lord's size continues to give him problems. Boxer, unsurprisingly, ends up on the mat courtesy of a Powerbomb, but Cayle is still the legal man. There's no pinfall.

Angus:

Gorram Slater needs to get this thing back under control, Keeps! This isn't a tornado tag!

DDK:

I'm not really sure what him, Doyle, and Navarro can do here! Credit to them for getting the match officially started, but how do you contain such hatred!?

Hoffman fights back briefly on the outside, but Hightower eventually whips him head-first into the ring post, knocking the German out cold.

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

The *sound* of skull hitting steel is brutal, but none of the other combatants notice it - they're too busy warring. After another period of being worked over by Jay Harvey, Cayle counters 'The Natural One,' then quickly drives him into the mat with a snap Brainbuster. Box, meanwhile, is still at Crimson's mercy.

The FIST hits the top rope, pivots, and flies off, catching the WrestleUTA Champion with a dropkick to the back of the skull! It's enough to stagger him, and Cayle runs the ropes, comes back, and blasts his jaw with a Busaiku Knee Kick!

Box is up now! He charges Crimson, knocking him back against the ropes with a leaping forearm! Cayle with a charging European Uppercut! Box to the ropes, rebounds... flying headbutt! He and the FIST finally kneel down, scoop Crimson's legs, and send him tumbling to the outside. Box looks at Cayle. Cayle looks at Box.

Neither can believe the goddamn chemistry.

DDK:

This is incredible, Angus! Cayle Murray, Bronson Box... on the same page?!

Angus:

Amazing what a mutual enemy will do, but I never thought I'd see the day!

The Faithful are *electric*...

But only for a little while.

David Hightower takes advantage of the momentary lapse. He charges into Box, smashing him into Cayle, before throwing the DEFIANCE legend outside.

DDK:

HEY!

Cayle's wobbly, but he recovers as David stomps towards him. He ducks a clothesline and hits Hightower with a few strikes of his own, but Hightower walks right through them like a goddamn zombie. He violently throws Cayle into the corner, follows up with a running tackle, then lifts him high, dropping Murray headfirst into the turnbuckle!

Angus:

Fucking Christ! Did you see Cayle's head snap back?!

DDK:

Just like his bro--...

Keebler can't finish his sentence. Why? Because David Hightower, the big crazy fuck, has just hit the top rope...

Dived off with a King Kong Knee Drop...

And bloody connected!

Angus:

OH MY GOD...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

WHAT?!

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

DAVID HIGHTOWER JUST PINNED THE FIST!

The crowd are in shock. Hank Williams Jr. hits the PA system again, as David Hightower rises through the mania. Crimson Lord and Jay Harvey soon join him in the ring, having disposed of Hoffman and Box on the outside...

DDK:

This... this is crazy, Angus! It just goes to show - all David Hightower needs is a few clean shots, and bang, you're done!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winners, the team of Crimson Lord, Jay Harvey, and David Hightower!

Angus:

Sweet tittytucking Christ. This guy... this guy's for damn real! And he just pinned the FIST of DEFIANCE, for christ's sake!

DDK:

There's no doubt about it. Incredible. He drove Cayle head-first into the turnbuckle, then landed right on his damn skull with that knee drop. That was brutal. Absolutely brutal.

Up on the entrance way appears The WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely. He comes out smiling and clapping. A contingent of the UTA roster comes out onto the ramp with him.

Angus:

Here comes shit stirrer number one and he's not alone! The whole gang is with him, except...

Mikey gets down to the bottom of the ramp and orders Chris Ross, The Dibbins brothers, and Michael Byrd over to where Cayle Murray lies with the two other DEFIANCE stars, trying to recover from the match. The group methodically makes their over and surround the three men, focusing on Cayle Murray, but side-eying Bronson Box and Reinhardt Hoffman as well.

DDK:

Come on! Leave them alone! The match is over, dammit!

As they close in on Murray, the crowd pops and begins to stir as a handful of people from the crowd jump over the rail in between the two factions.

Angus:

What the...The Backup has arrived! Yes! It's Scott Douglas, It's Impulse, It's Oscar Burns, it's Kyo Ishida and MDM4!

The UTA guys back up quickly as the cavalry is ready to go. Mikey jumps in the ring with Lord, Harvey, and Hightower.

DDK:

Well the backup is here but they aren't attacking the UTA guys in the ring... I wonder why they're-

♪ Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown ♪

The bassline is thick, soupy. Chris Cornell croons, Zac Brown hammers at his guitar...

The crowd, you know the story, they lose their goddamned everloving collective minds. The action in and around the ring stops as the O.G. _DON_ of DEFIANCE himself steps out from behind the curtain for the first time in months.

Angus:

HOLY FUCKING SHIT ON A STICK! THE BOSS IS HERE!

DDK:

I bet Mikey Unlikely wasn't expecting this!

The music dies out quickly as The Only Star, looking as only he can look, blond hair gleaming in the lights and a suit that cost more then both of your mortgages put together, brings a DEF microphone up to smirking lips.

ERIC DANE:

You think you're hot shit don't you.

Dane smirks. Inside the ring the UTA boss looks frantic.

ERIC DANE:

That's cute. You come into my house with a couple of second rate goons and think you can wreck shit in the name of the "Great Kingdom of UTAH" of all boring bullshit places, and you think that I'm gonna let you get away with it?

The UTA contingent eagerly invite Dane to come into the ring.

ERIC DANE:

Jesus Fuck, Mikey, do you shitbags even still put on shows?

He sniggers to himself.

ERIC DANE:

Okay, fine, let's say for the sake of argument that I'm supposed to take you seriously. This ain't fuckin' UTAH, the real version or the bullshit Michael Unlikable version, this is DEFIANCE Wrestling that you're running around acting like an asshole in.

What does that mean to you?

It means that I'm the fucking Big Bad, I'm the Final Boss, I'm the guy who you've got to run over if you think you're going to [finger quotes] "take over" anything around here! Now, since you all seem to like to run in some kind of backwards retarded wolfpack, I got an idea...

Angus:

HAHA! YEAH! FUCK YOU MIKEY MCFUCKASS!

DDK:

Calm down, Angus!

ERIC DANE:

How about you idiots bring your best five to Maximum DEFIANCE, we'll wrap a cage around a couple of rings and send in five of our own guys, then we can see if any of you sorry sacks of shit have the balls to to mix it up FACE to FACE with DEFIANCE inside of The Match Beyond...

...WAR GAMES!!!

And again, the crowd goes completely batshit.

Dane glares down at the UTA crew, as Crimson Lord and David Hightower whisper something in Mikey Unlikely's ear. Dane starts to slowly walk backward when, unseen by him, Dan Ryan steps out, crouching slightly.

ERIC DANE:

And another thing...

DDK:

Look! It's Dan Ryan! Whats he doing??

Angus:

I knew there was someone missing! This was a setup!

DDK:

Boss, watch your back!!

As if hearing Darren Keebler yell out his moot warning, Dan Ryan looks over at the broadcast table, smirks, and holds his finger up to his mouth as if to say "shhhhhh!", then, he fires forward and clubs Eric Dane on the back of the neck

with a hard clothesline that sends the boss of DEFIANCE to the ground in a shot, where he hits hard and stays motionless.

DDK:

My God, Dan Ryan levelled Eric Dane! I can't believe what's happening right now!

Angus:

I knew I always hated that guy. I just knew it. Never had a doubt in my mind that he was a snake.

Dan Ryan stands over Eric Dane, looking down at him as a wave of boos fills DEFarena. He glances up briefly to see Mikey Unlikely in the ring barely containing his laughter. The rest of the UTA contingent seems completely pleased with themselves. After a moment of shock, the DEFIANCE roster near ringside come running toward the scene, but Dan Ryan is gone, over the railing and through the crowd before any can get near.

Scott Douglas reaches Eric Dane first, and bends down to check on him, while Impulse is there next, looking out into the crowd after Dan Ryan, but Ryan is long gone. They all turn to the ring and stare back at the UTA crew.

TO BE CONCLUDED