

RUNDOWN

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

♪"Monster Mash" - Bobby Pickett♪



DEFIANCE Faithful are on the feet and vying for a split second of camera time as the sweeping shot passes by them and their handcrafted signage.

UTA: UNLIKELY'S TORN ASSHOLE
FIX IT, DANE!
ROSS HAS A SCREW LOOSE
HAPPY BIRTHDAY CALLY!
MAOR ATOMIC DROPS!
HARVEY IS THE WORST
I GOT CANDY
THIS GUY TOOK MY CANDY

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 find ourselves once again amidst an ever escalating war with WRESTLEUTA! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by my partner Angus Skaaland, and Angus, last week we saw Eric Dane return to the WRESTLEPLEX and the subsequent announcement of WAR GAMES! That of course will take place at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE live on pay-per-view!

Angus:

And not a MOMENT too soon, Keebs! Mark my words, Eric Dane will fix this - bad knees and all! McFuckass doesn't have a snowballs chance in an oven! And the rest of these mormons will be on the breadline Monday morning!

DDK:

Well, let's not forget that although we haven't heard yet from Mikey Unlikely -

Angus:

McFuckass.

DDK:

... Dan Ryan cleaned Dane's clock moments after he issued the challenge.

Angus:

That slimey always Been a Dick Arnold ... Impulse better take care of him tonight!

DDK:

Well speaking of Impulse and Dan Ryan - one has to think they would be front runners for those WAR GAMES teams - last week we saw the current Southern Heritage champion, Scott Douglas, teaming up with Impulse, to take on Kendrix and Dan Ryan! And ...

Angus:

And Douglas let DEFIANCE down once again! Guess he let his parents down enough - it's our turn at the wheel of failed bands, careers and relationships.!

DDK:

... because of that win, we'll see here tonight one half of the Tag Team champions one on one with the SoHer! And as mentioned before - Impulse taking on Dan Ryan! The Marathon Man is a consummate professional and always remains composed under fire, will that be the case tonight as he takes on DEFIANCE's friend turned foe.

Angus:

To hell with all of that, let's get Dane out here and just get down to brass tax! Name the teams - build the case, let's do this right now!

DDK:

Well ...

Music begins to play.

DDK:

Looks like we are going to ringside for the first match of the night!

Cut to ringside.

CRISTIANO CABALLERO VS. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Coming up next we've got our third straight week of BRAZEN action as Nicky Synz takes on Cristiano Caballero! Both have picked up victories over other BRAZEN talent in recent weeks, and a war of words between the two on the last show lead to this match being made. What are we gonna see between these two this week, Angus?

Angus:

Well Keeps, Caballero made it quite clear last time out he's not happy being overlooked. I might not like Nicky's wrestling style, but the kid has something about him that could make him a lot of money in the future and he knows it. Both of these guys are determined, but for very different reasons. I think we're gonna see a hard fought contest where, ultimately, the guy more determined to make his mark on this industry will come out on top.

DDK:

That's... quite insightful.

Angus:

It's BRAZEN. I know what I'm talking about

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks. Nicky throws up the horns to the crowd, who respond in kind.

Crack!**DDK:**

What the-?!

Before Nicky can start making his way down to the ring he gets blindsided with a chair shot from his opponent, Cristiano Caballero. Caballero stares down over the fallen Synz, shouting at the top of his lungs.

Cristiano Caballero:

This is my time!

DDK:

What a cowardly display from Caballero with that chair! He attacked Nicky from behind while... No! No!

Crack!

Caballero lifts the chair above his head and brings it down hard across the back of Synz! Nicky howls out in pain as Cristiano drops the chair to the floor. He grabs two handfuls of Nicky's hair and heaves him up to his feet.

DDK:

Oh come on! Two chair shots weren't enough!?

Angus:

I told you he wasn't happy, Keeps!

Caballero holds Nicky up and looks deep into his eyes. Caballero makes a point of closing his eyes before manhandling Synz around to drop him with a rolling cutter right onto the chair! Caballero pops back up to his feet and

raises his hands as DEFSEC storm the scene and separate him from Nicky.

DDK:

Look at Caballero, he's acting like he's won something other than the ire of these fans!

Angus:

Cristiano just put an exclamation point on his statement last week, Keeps! Like it or not, Cristiano is determined to make his mark on DEFIANCE!

WAR WHAT!?

We cut backstage where in front of a DEFIANCE banner and backdrop, Mikey Unlikely stands with Lance Warner. Mikey Unlikely has his hands on his hips and looks a bit disheveled. He's wearing a nice suit. On cue, the interview begins.

Lance Warner:

Mikey Unlikely, last week you were outside the ring when we saw the return of Eric Dane...

The crowd in the DEFplex pops, Mikey looks around nervously.

Lance Warner:

Not only did we see him return, he laid the match out, at Maximum DEFIANCE, it's Team DEF versus Team WrestleUTA in a five on five War Games match!

One more pop...Mikey turns to look directly at Lance, his mouth agape.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is what you wanna talk about? Eric Dane!? Have you seen anything that WrestleUTA has done over the last few weeks!? Why do we cut straight to the one time HE shows up?

Lance Warner:

It's safe to assume, it's the topic of discussion amongst...

He's cut off by the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ugh...safe to assume? Listen to you! You call yourself a journalist? You're out here making assumptions! Lance Wanker... if that is your real name... give me this.

The owner of WrestleUTA takes the microphone from the "journalist"

Mikey Unlikely:

Eric Dane, thinks he can just march out here, stick his chest out, and win this war? FINE! I'm game! War Games!? I didn't know what that was three weeks ago, but since then I've been educated Lancy. Two rings, ten dudes, one big cage, and One team wins. Well we didn't steamroll through DEFIANCE for the last two months, to backdown from the first person to fight back...

He repositions himself and turns towards the camera, now sending a message directly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Eric Dane, You want me to pick five to face your top five!? The only problem with that is we have twenty guys better than your top five. I'm having a hell of a time choosing! That's my biggest dilemma, who do I put in there with you? Who do I put into such a big match!? Who do I want to dismantle DEFIANCE in front of the world... let's see...

Mikey holds up one finger.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well the first one is an easy pick. Howabout the WrestleUTA World Champion!? Crimson LORD!

The crowd boos. This pattern continues with Mikey lifting fingers and the fans booing with every name.

Mikey Unlikely:

Howabout my fellow DEFIANCE tag team champion, and The Future of the Wrestling World....Jesse Fredricks Kendrix! Howabout one of the best young wrestlers to ever grace God's green earth! THE Jaaaaaayyyyyy

HARVEY!....

Mikey doing his best Mikey Buffer impression.

Mikey Unlikely:

Howabout the man who stuck the knife in the back of Cayle Murray, and shocked DEFIANCE when he turned to WrestleUTA, DAN FUCKING RYAN!

The boos birds are really chirping now.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well that makes four.... Hmmmmm.... Who else... (lightbulb) OH I KNOW! Howabout the mastermind behind all of this! Howabout THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! Howabout the man who held the HOHER for an unprecedented length of time! Howabout.... ME!

Mikey looks into the camera long and hard before tossing the mic back to Lance Warner and exiting screen left.

DDK:

Oh my! Mikey just entered himself in War Games! Can you believe it!?

Angus:

Good! I can't wait till Eric Dane gets his hands on him!

DDK:

That's a hell of team he put together!

Fade.

ANGEL TRINIDAD VS. FELTON BIGSBY

DDK:

Coming up next, we have Team HOSS' Angel Trinidad going one-on-one with Felton Bigsby representing No Justice, No Peace. NJNP have been on an absolute warpath since coming back, but you have to wonder... did they make a mistake attacking Team HOSS.

Angus:

These guys made a mistake turning their backs on DEFIANCE and fucking with OUR HOSS OVERLORDS. It may be four-on-two, but you and I both know... Angel is a big, bad dude. He got rid of "Mayberry" aka Dusty Griffith and nobody has seen him since then. When he unleashes that temper of his... and when Team HOSS are provoked... God help you.

DDK:

I'm glad they're on our side, partner. Now let's go to ringside.

And it's off to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall!

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

The hyper-aggressive hip-hop track plays and Brother Lucius Owens walks out onto the stage. He's soon joined by Theo Baylor, Felton Bigsby, The Neighborhoodlum, and Roosevelt Owens. Tonight, Felton wears the flag for No Justice, No Peace.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by Theo Baylor, Roosevelt Owens, The Neighborhoodlum and Brother Lucius Owens... From Houston, Texas, weighing in at 320 pounds... **FELTON BIGSBY!**

NJNP spread across the stage, with Brother Lucius - suit-clad as always - stood in the middle. Just as they had in past matches, they raise both arms in the air, cross them over, and turn the left hand into a fist, and the right into a peace sign. The fivesome reach the bottom of the ramp with Owens pointing at Felton, telling him that his opportunity is now. He enters the ring looking extra motivated and all fired up with his match, knowing full well about Angel's bad reputation. He waits for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out come the two members of Team HOSS.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 315 pounds. Being accompanied by Alecander The Great, he is representing Team HOSS... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

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

DDK:

As mighty as Team HOSS were when they had the World Trios Championships and Junior Keeling in their corner... they are two men still.

Angus:

I know, I don't like that either, Keeps.

The odds are clearly against them, but Angel Trinidad still climbs over the ropes, past the other members of NJNP and then looks to Felton Bigsby. The ultra-athletic Angel Trinidad LEAPS over the ropes and then comes face to face with Felton. Felton is super-strong, but Angel stands at close to seven feet tall and may be perhaps the most athletic big man DEFIANCE had ever seen. Aleczauder roots on his pal from the outside as the match starts...

DING DING DING!

AND THE TWO BIG MEN TO RIGHT TO IT!

The crowd pops as Angel and Felton get right into it. There's no bullshit technical grab-ass in this contest and somewhere, Oscar Burns may be shedding a tear because of that. The two men exchanges blows and Angel eventually gets the better of the two thanks to his height and reach advantage. Angel continues to lay right into Felton, not forgetting what he and the rest of No Justice, No Peace did two weeks ago.

Felton blocks one punch and fires back but before he can even muster up offensive, Angel IMMEDIATELY bowls him over with a Big Boot!

Angus:

Yeah, get him! Destroy him, O mighty Hoss Overlord!

The crowd is firmly behind Team HOSS's larger member as he grabs Felton by the head and runs right toward the corner, smashing his head right into the turnbuckle! Brother Lucius Owens can't help but look on in shock as the rookie powerhouse Bigsby is being taken to task by the more experienced powerhouse. Felton is groggy when Angel pulls him out of the corner, but Felton fires back with a big slug to the chest. For most men, it would hurt.

For Angel?

His arms go behind his back.

DDK:

We saw him do this to the Dibbins, but there is a HUGE difference between The Dibbins and Felton Bigsby. What's he thinking?

Angel DARES him to hit him again! Felton fires another shot into his chest and while it stuns Angel for a second, The HOSS Overlord snaps his head right back, DARING Felton to try again. Felton starts to take another swing, but Angel surprises him by blocking the shot with his hand and then cracking him with a Headbutt, sending him into the ropes! Angel grabs him by the arm and throws Felton across the ring as he runs off the adjacent rope, BARRELING right into him with a big Running Shoulder Block, knocking him down!

DDK:

And Bigsby goes down! And he retreats to the floor!

Angel paces around the ring, not happy with Felton leaving the ring. He's about to go outside when Aleczauder tries to keep him focused.

Aleczauder The Great:

Mate, don't do it! There's more of them than you on the outside!

Angel wants to give into his rage over them getting jumped two weeks ago, but listens to his wiser and more experienced tag partner. He dares Felton to get back into the ring and while it takes a moment, he lets Felton come back into the ring without incident. Houston Strong tries to attack him again with another Forearm, but Angel grabs his throat with both hands and charges him into the corner. He charges in and CRUSHES Bigsby with a Body Avalanche!

Angel then points to the ropes and starts to head across the ring when The Neighborhoodlum tries to grab his leg. Angel only stomps and STOMPS on the hand of the 'Hoodlum! The crowd cheers him, but when Angel turns around,

they quickly turn to booing when Felton comes at him from out of nowhere with a Jumping Shoulder Tackle of his own!

Angus:

JEEZ! He put some stank on that one!

Felton now has Angel down for the first time in the contest and tries his hand at a cover and waits as Angel tries to get back to his feet. But Felton finally waits for Angel to start to stand. When he starts to get to his feet, Felton **BLASTS** him with his signature Football-style Tackle to the ground! The collective of NJNP cheers as Bigsby goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd pops with an Angel kick-out, but Trinidad now has a bunch of boots put into his head and Felton grabs the big man's arm. The HOSS Overlord now eats a series of hard kicks aimed right at his ribs with each blow stinging more than the last! The man called Houston Strong then stands to the side of Angel and rains down vicious blows to the head and chest of the HOSS Overlord while Aleczaider The Great winces in pain.

Felton continues to grit his teeth and starts to watch as Angel still tries to rise. He pulls Angel by his arm, but he gets struck with a big right hand! He starts to get up, but Bigsby is already up and runs into him in the corner with a big back splash in the corner! Bigsby then gets a quick run across the ring and sprints back with another big back splash! After two of them, he maneuvers Angel back onto his stomach and then goes to the middle rope to deliver a slingshot corner splash! All 320 across the chest!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd pops for Angel kicking out while the other members of No Justice, No Peace continue to protest with Brian Slater. Bigsby starts to pull Angel up into a seated position and tries to wear him down with what looks like a Sleeper Hold using his powerful arms, but Trinidad suddenly snaps to life, trying like hell to fight the young powerhouse off.

The Beast from The Bronx tries to get to a knee to relieve some of the pressure and when Brian Slater asks Angel if he wants to quit, Trinidad shakes his head in the negative and then throws an elbow at any body part to get himself free. Aleczaider shouts words of encouragement from the outside and Angel continues to fight until he's back on his feet!

The crowd cheers as Angel backs Felton into a corner to try and get him to let go. When he doesn't, Angel cocks his elbows back and fires off alternating elbow shots - lefts and rights - into the head of Felton until Houston Strong has no choice but to let go. Now with Angel free, he turns around and grabs the charging Bigsby, sending him into the ropes. When he comes back...

Angus:

FLYING HOSSBODY!

The crowd pops as Angel unleashes one of his biggest moves and mows down Felton in the process! He's up now and threatens to end things, but quickly The Neighborhoodlum jumps in and attacks in full view of the official! Angel grabs him by the head and throws him out but when Theo and Roosevelt start to climb into the ring and when it's clear this is breaking down, Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

No doubt Angel is going to win by DQ, but I don't think Owens and his crew care!

Angus:

No shit, Keeps!

Angel goes right after Rosey Owens before he can even enter the ring, but Theo swarms in behind him and strikes the Bronx native with a big shot to the back! Aleczander The Great comes in and right behind, takes out Baylor from behind with a big European Uppercut! Now Team HOSS are fighting with Rosey and Theo on respective corners of the ring, about to gain the upper hand!

DDK:

Team HOSS haven't forgotten about two weeks ago!

Angus:

But did they forget about Bigsby? He's back up!

The crowd boos when Bisby recovers from his earlier beatdown and then helps Theo go after Aleczander, resulting in a two-on-one on one side of the ring. Angel tries to turn and help his partner, but The Neighborhoodlum re-enters the ring and gets in his way long enough for Rosey to come at him with a big Double Axe Handle!

DDK:

I know Team HOSS did bad things to a lot of people when they were here last, but can we get anybody out to help them?"

Angus:

Solidarity! Come on, DEF!

The fight continues...

And suddenly the crowd goes NUTS when a very familiar form runs down the aisle!

Angus:

Holy crap! The missing piece of the HOSS puzzle!

DDK:

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! HE'S HERE!

The crowd cheers on the recently retired, but still somewhat spry 51-year-old monster who looks to be in great shape! Spent these days training BRAZEN stars, it's clear he has seen enough of what's going on and runs into the ring, producing a lead pipe from his back pocket!

DDK:

It's still four-on-three, but Cappy has an equalizer!

He strikes Felton Bigsgy in the back and knocks him down! He then swings at big Roosevelt Owens, cracking him on the back and allowing both he and Angel to Double Clothesline the biggest member of No Justice, No Peace out of the ring! He tumbles to the floor!

Angus:

FLY, FATASS, FLY!

The crowd is coming unglued as the three members of Team HOSS are now back! Angel grabs Felton and strikes him

with a huge right hand, followed by Theo rushing Cappy! He strikes the 6'7" and 280-pound powerbrawler of yesteryear with a right hand and makes him drop the pipe, but Alecander picks it up...

BAM!

Theo goes flying from the ring after being cracked in the back with it by The Mancunian Muscle! That leaves only The Neighborhoodlum all alone with the three members of Team HOSS now seemingly reunited...

Angus:

He's boned.

RIGHT FROM ANGEL! LEFT FROM CAPPY! RIGHT FROM ALE CZANDER! Angel then grabs him and THROWS him over the top rope, right on top of Felton Bigsby and knocking both of them down as Rosey and Theo both regroup from the ring, joining Brother Owens at the top of the ramp!

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

DDK:

Team HOSS obviously had some backup just in case things went south tonight! Now Angel has a microphone.

Angel takes a moment to catch his breath as the members of No Justice, No Peace start to regroup. Big Rosey goes to help Felton and The Neighborhoodlum back up. Cappy has the lead pipe while Alecander has a chair now just in case they get any funny ideas again.

Angel Trinidad:

OWENS!

His voice booms.

Angel Trinidad:

We heard you run your mouth on UNCUT... and you wanted to know if we'd fight two of your bitches at Maximum DEFIANCE. Cappy's happily retired, but that don't mean that he isn't down for a FIGHT and to be in our corner just in case any of you try something funny. As for your challenge...

He turns to Alecander The Great, who takes the microphone and delivers an old catchphrase Angel used to use a long time ago.

Alecander The Great:

Mate... that sounds... [crowd joining in] ...HHHHHHHHHOOOOOOSSSSSSOOOOMMMEEEEEE!

Alecander throws the microphone down and the crowd cheers at the blockbuster tag team match just made for Maximum DEFIANCE! Theo clearly wants back into the ring to fight, but Owens decides that for now, discretion is the better part of valor and orders his men to regroup for the night. Angel and Alecander reunite with their former mentor and third member of the group, raising their hands for all to see.

Angus:

He's in their corner at MaxDEF, but TEAM HOSS RIDES AGAIN! SAVE US, O HOSS OVERLORDS!

DDK:

I'm just glad they're on Team DEFIANCE, partner! Team DEFIANCE gets more numbers and at Maximum DEFIANCE, we'll see if Team HOSS still have it when they battle the DEFIANCE defectors, No Justice No Peace in tag team action!

GAME PLANNING

The scene cuts to the locker room area. At first, an empty hallway is in view until a door at the very end of the corridor opens. Gage Blackwood limps out to cheers from the crowd. He's wearing his ring gear, green and red kilt designed tights along with red elbow pads, red boots and black wrist tape. While shirtless, he still has one medium-sized tensor band going across his left shoulder and over the upper part of his back. This is much less tensor bandages than he was wearing two weeks ago.

Blackwood takes a deep breath and marches forward. It's clear he's in pain, but doesn't seem to care.

Gage turns the corner and arrives at another locker room door. He takes a second deep breath and knocks. There's a long wait.

Gage is about to knock again, but the door opens up. At first, whomever is standing in the entrance can't be seen, but it's clear someone is right there as a massive shadow overcomes Blackwood.

Angus:

Who is it, who is it!?

The camera finally pans around to show none other than 'The God Beast' standing there, all 6'4", 294 pounds of him, looming over the much smaller, more beat-up Scottish wrestler.

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Blackwood doesn't move or say a thing.

Neither does Mushigihara.

Angus:

Ummm, this is kind of awkward, Keeps.

DDK:

A reminder to everyone later tonight, we will see these two, Mushigihara and Gage Blackwood team up against UTA's Chris Ross and Lisil Jackson.

After what seems like eternity, Blackwood looks down at the tensor wrap around his shoulder and pulls at it.

Gage Blackwood:

I, um...

Long pause.

Blackwood:

I appreciate you saving me last week.

The Faithful cheer at the thought of DEFIANCE members on the same page.

Mushigihara keeps his focus on Blackwood.

Blackwood:

You've got a problem with Chris Ross. I've got a problem with Chris Ross. And Lisil Jackson is useless.

'The God Beast' continues to stand there, arms crossed, yet seemingly agreeing with Blackwood although not showing

it.

Blackwood:

Umm... so yeah...

'The God-Beast' gives a nod and extends his hand, before mumbling a low...

Mushigihara:

Hai, hajimemashou, ne?

(Rough translation: "Yeah, let's get this started, OK?")

Blackwood takes the offered hand and shakes, then nods uncomfortably, not knowing what to do. Instead, he looks down at the floor and finally back up again.

Blackwood:

Well, aye, see you out there.

He flees the scene, leaving Mushigihara still in the doorway, watching Blackwood walk away.

Angus:

Yeah, that was awkward Keebs, I was right.

DDK:

At least we're trying to get on the same page here. That's more than I can say for some others right now...

'The God-Beast' stares in the direction Blackwood went, before slapping both sides of his own face and bellowing out...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

...and darting ahead as we fade out.

KERRY KUROYAMA VS. REAPER PRIME

DDK:

Everyone up next we have a match between Kerry Kuroyama and Reaper Prime. As you have seen the past few episodes of DEFtv Reaper Prime has made her presence known in each of Kerry's matches since he has returned to action here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

It hasn't helped them be any less boring. I can't imagine that this one will change my viewpoint.

We switch to Darren Quimbey who's in the ring waiting to announce the match.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first from Seattle, Washington ... weighing in at two hundred and twenty nine pounds! ... "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRRRRY KUROYAAAAAMMAAAAA!

Kerry Kuroyama appears at the top of the ramp, quickly making his way to the ring to a noticeable increase in cheers of his previous match ups. Sliding into the ring he takes position in the ring looking towards the crowd and raising his fist in the air.

With his music fading out, the crowd waits in anticipation for Reaper Prime to make her entrance. Darren Quimbey sensing something is up when the music doesn't change quickly makes his exit out of the ring.

While Kerry Kuroyama patiently waits in the ring after his music cuts off the crowd's patience wears thin. The crowd begins a low rumble of boos as his opponent's music is not playing. There is no sign of Reaper Prime or any of her Masked 'Reapers'.

Angus:

So..... yeah. This chick is a no show I guess? The Pacific disaster gets another win that is virtually meaningless.

DDK:

I wouldn't say that just yet, look in the crowd over there!

A commotion is taking place in the Faithful's area. Fans are standing up and pointing in the direction that the camera finally catches up to. Reaper Prime, followed by three masked Reapers, is making her way through the crowd with a blank expression painted on her face.

Referee Hector Navarro and Kerry look at each other with confused glances as Reaper Prime, hops over the barrier right next to the ring and is quickly followed by her three companions. Sliding in the ring opposite Kerry, she steadies herself slowly as she keeps a hard stare placed on her opponent.

DDK:

Looks like Kerry's opponent has arrived and is ready for her first match since DEFCON.

Angus:

Well if she wasn't such a weirdo, maybe she would have more matches. I think she took a bump to her head at the PPV that turned her into a mute.

DDK:

Or if you paid attention to UNCUT you would realize she hasn't spoken a word since the Silence Protocol was engaged.

Angus:

The what now? Is this more upside down world stuff again?

DDK:

Looks like Navarro is ready to signal the bell!

The timekeeper initiates the start of the match as Navarro indicates both competitors are ready. Kerry Kuroyama does not take the first move, neither does Reaper Prime. Both are staring daggers at the other. Kerry slowly starts to move forward but Reaper Prime is unmoving, which stops Kerry when he is only a few feet from her.

DDK:

Looks like more mind games on the part of Reaper Prime.

Angus:

Next thing you'll know she'll be stopping by your house, unannounced and filming it. While streaming it to your phone.

DDK:

What does that even mean?

Angus:

I need you to do better Keebs.

In the ring the standoff is still going strong. Kerry is within grapple distance of Reaper Prime but she is unwavering in her stance. Kerry starts shaking his head towards her trying to get an understanding of what's going on. The DEFIATRON lights up and a blast of static hits the arena, the words 'HOPE' again appear on the screen. Kerry looks at Reaper and his face turns to that of anger.

Kerry:

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON JESSICA?

The question doesn't phase her yet again, however now she is pointing at the word 'HOPE' as she has done on multiple occasions during Kerry's previous matches. He shakes his head confused and questions Reaper Prime again asking what is going on. She calmly lowers her arm and slowly lays down flat on the mat in front of Kerry.

Angus:

Okay -- is this about to get awkward? What in the hell is going on?

DDK:

It seems that she is trying to relay a message to Kerry without speaking.

Angus:

Ohhh.. I remember this. It was an HBO show right?

DDK:

Uh... Looks like Kerry is refusing to pin her. I think that's what Jessica err.. Reaper Prime is asking him to do.

The sentiment is clear to the Faithful as well, they are loudly booing the actions that are taking place in the ring, meanwhile all masked Reapers are staring on, motionless and silent like their leader in the ring.

Hector Navarro seems just as confused as Kerry as he watches on from a distance, careful not to approach as the situation could drastically change at anytime. Finally after repeated questioning Kerry steps to the other side of the ring and asks for the time keeper's mic. It's handed to him fairly quickly.

Kerry:

Jessica, I am not interested in these games. I asked for a match against you because of your constant meddling. I am here to wrestle not mind games. No one wants your mind games.

Reaper Prime slowly stands to her feet, looking at Kerry she gives a slight shrug and exits the ring through the middle ropes. The masked Reapers follow, again all of this is done in silence. Hector immediately starts a count out.

DDK:

It appears that the Reapers do not care about losing this match at all as they are making their way up the ramp and away from the ring.

Angus:

Well out of all of his boring matches so far this one by FAR takes the cake.

Kerry:

Jessica...

Kerry speaks into the microphone again, but Reaper Prime pays no attention. Navarro finishes the count out and indicates the timekeeper to ring the bell, raising Kerry's arm in the process to indicate his victory. Kerry immediately pulls his arm away pulling the mic up again.

Kerry:

If you won't face me, make him face me! Hell -- I'll take you both on if that's what it takes!! It's obvious red eyes is calling the shots he's the only constant in all of this CHAOS that you have been causing. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, I will take you both on and get my answers!!

The challenge does not go unheard, Reaper Red turns eyes are fully blazed, his counter parts that are masked are also now facing the ring eyes bright in their respective colors. Reaper Prime places her hand on Red's shoulder and shakes her head calmly yes towards Kerry. The four Reapers then turn back up towards the ramp and disappear behind the curtains, leaving a puzzled Kerry Kuroyama in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

So... he gets another victory then turns around and challenges psycho chick and psycho masked man, or chick, or man.... To a Handicap match?

DDK:

That looks to be the case Angus and hopefully for The Pacific Blitzkrieg it will allow him to get the answers he wants.

Angus:

Well I've seen Stranger Things and if it's anything like that there will be no answers only more questions.

Fade to elsewhere.

BURRRNS

"I'm the hypocrite? Does that spinner even know meaning of the word?"

The camera opens to one of the many, many, many backstage hallways that make up the interior of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. It's none other than a very excitable and fired-up Oscar Burns pacing around and looking like he's carrying on a conversation with himself.

Oscar Burns:

Wow, I'm not a patient bugger, not at all. I'm gonna finish what I started two weeks ago on Steven Stooivins and mangle his other foot when Elise and I get our hands on them UTAs tonight!

He keeps on pacing around, and doesn't see somebody else in his way, about to crash into him.

Oscar Burns:

WHOA, GC! I'M RIGHT... Oh.

He gets quiet when he sees none other than the King Poop of DEF Mountain standing before him now. The reigning FIST of DEFIANCE and resident Scot, Cayle Murray! The crowd in the arena goes absolutely nuts as Burns puts his hands up defensively.

Oscar Burns:

Crikey dick! Cayle Murray! Wow, fella, nice to meet you and sorry for almost running you over back here! I'm... I'm just excited to finally get my hands on that lying idiot Stevens!

The Totally-Not-A Squid is tired and weary. He's been through the wringer these past few weeks, and still has his brother's questionable medical status hanging over his head, but he's not about to snap on a guy like Oscar Burns.

Cayle Murray:

Settle down there, Kiwi.

He raises a hand himself, calming the situation... if such a thing is even possible with Burns.

Cayle Murray:

Come to think of it, I wouldn't mind slapping Mr. Stevens in the face a couple of times myself. That's if him and his mates even stick around after I take care of their boss tonight. I'd hate to rob you of a scalp, though...

Burns nods at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Oscar Burns:

DEFIANCE has certainly seen some turbulent times, eh?

Cayle silently nods in agreement.

Oscar Burns:

But look, GC... I want you to know that I look up to all that you've done in trying to rally the troops behind you. I just want to say that if you need anybody else to get your back, you've got my support. I'm a bit knackered from all these UTA ponces working together trying to jump me. I can tell you that tonight when Elise Ares and I get our hands on Stevens and Harmen, they're gonna get STRETCHED, fella. STRETCHED.

He emphasizes by pulling an imaginary limb. Cayle isn't quite sure what to make of this.

Cayle Murray:

Yes. "Stretched." Absolutely.

He squints.

Cayle Murray:

I appreciate the support. We all do. They're more united than this locker-room has ever been, at least under my watch. That means we need every single person to be on the same page, no matter how long they've been here... otherwise? This place goes away.

Though he remains composed while speaking to Burns, Cayle's clearly on edge tonight. So would you be if you had to face Mikey Unlikely in a high-stakes main event, though.

Cayle Murray:

Just be careful. You're... "exuberant," I get that, but these guys are wolves. It's never one-on-one: there's always two or three guys lurking 'round the corner, so don't go jumping into any fights that you're 100% *sure* you can't control. Last thing we need's another man on the shelf.

Burns nods.

Oscar Burns:

You got it, GC. I don't know what Stevens is thinking trying to fight tonight with this whole injury thing, but I'll try and be ready. Besides... I'm working with the PCPs later with a bit of a last-minute cramming session. Got me training dummy from storage and everything, then we're gonna give Stevens and Harmen a bit of the graps!

The man known as Twists and Turns nods at Murray and then mimics more of the imaginary limb-snapping.

Oscar Burns:

I'm gonna take Stevens's other leg tonight!

Cayle Murray:

Good lad.

He nods, then extends a hand.

Cayle Murray:

Just... don't go getting your head kicked in.

Burns shakes the hand quickly.

Oscar Burns:

You got it, mate.

The two nod before they each depart and with that, the parting of said ways leads to the scene moving elsewhere.

BUILDING A FOUNDATION

“We are going to stomp that piece of shit straight into the ground when he gets back here.”

The camera focuses in on The Guns of Brixton, ‘Nasty’ Nigel King is holding a chair ready to attack while his partner ‘The Brixton Butcher’ Harry Rose has his fist protected by a set of brass knuckles. The opening statement came from Nigel while Harry is nodding in agreement.

Harry:

That punk Kuroyama won’t know what hit him and we’ll make it clear that The Guns of Brixton are not a pair to be messed with!

The door that they are focused on swings open, but it’s not Kerry Kuroyama, it’s Courtney Paz who enters. Both men give each other a frustrated look. Courtney meanwhile doesn’t seem at all surprised to find the two men here.

Courtney:

I was hoping to find you here.

Nigel: [confused]

Hoping to find us here? We don’t know you lady, get the hell out of our way. We are waiting for someone.

Courtney:

Kerry Kuroyama to be exact.

Harry: [frustrated]

What’s it to you? You trying to meddle in our business?

Courtney:

On the contrary I am here to offer you ‘business’.

Both men seem agitated that their plan isn’t going the way they set it out.

Courtney:

If you are expecting Kerry to come at any second, he won’t be. I already saw him walk into the complete opposite direction of this area.

Nigel:

Screw this chick, let’s just find him, stomp him in the ground and be done with it Harry!

Harry nods in agreement and both men make their way past Courtney who seems frustrated in her own right.

Courtney:

You guys are interested in making an impact right? More than just opening DEFtv shows or scrapping with other Brazen talent. You both want to show the ‘WORLD’ what you are capable of right?

Stopping in their tracks that statement gets their attention.

Courtney:

My client is very impressed with your skill set and wants to offer you a chance to realize the impact you are seeking and join for their ‘project’.

Harry:

Project? What like... an experiment?

Courtney:

Not exactly, you will be conducting a plan with multiple different objectives. You'll also be working with like minded individuals.

Nigel:

What individuals?

Courtney:

That knowledge doesn't come unless you accept.

Harry:

Okay... I think you got us interested.

Courtney Paz looks at the camera filming them and then back to The Guns of Brixton.

Courtney:

Let's finish this conversation outside.

The three of them exit the same door that Courtney entered from.

Fade to somewhere else.

MUSHIGIHARA/GAGE BLACKWOOD VS. CHRIS ROSS/LISIL JACKSON

The DEFtv graphic shows the next match taking place, as The Faithful cheer at the sight of Gage Blackwood and Mushigihara teaming together.

DDK:

In a night full of DEFIANCE teaming up, we've got Mushigihara and Gage Blackwood versus UTA's Chris Ross and Lisil Jackson.

Angus:

And what a thorn Chris Ross has been. Lisil Jackson, too, but he's more annoying than anything else. Too preachy. It's about time we got our act together and beat up some UTA scum.

Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall and it is a tag team match!

♪ "Badlands" by Mayday ♪

Quimbey:

First, from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 255 pounds, Chris Ross!

The fans boo as Ross slowly walks down the ramp, the cockiest of looks on his face since he arrived in DEFIANCE. Ross flips off a few fans and then realizes it's not even worth his time, as he strolls down the rampway, up the steel stairs and into the ring. He looks at Quimbey with both disgust and pity and then waits in the corner for his teammate.

♪ "Better Must Come" by Geego ♪

The music on the PA changes from ghetto rap to upbeat Jamaican music, but the response from the crowd does not. They still boo, heavily, even as Lisil Jackson appears with a smile on his face.

Quimbey:

And his partner, from Kingston, Jamaica, weighing in at 257 pounds... Lisil Jackson!

Angus:

I'm not sure if this bum is smiling sarcastically at us or if he's honestly two sheets to the wind.

Jackson jumps onto the apron and then catapults himself over the top rope and to the center of the canvas. He looks over at Chris Ross and acknowledges him, though it doesn't go much past this. Jackson walks around the ring and the boos keep pouring back at him. He looks into the rafters, confused and shakes his head.

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Quimbey:

Their opponents. From Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing in at 210 pounds... Gage Blackwood!

Blackwood limps down the rampway. Once again, looking all business-like, he keeps his eyes locked on Lisil Jackson and then switches to Chris Ross. His stare goes back and forth, back and forth as he reaches the apron but doesn't enter the ring. Meanwhile, Chris Ross is still in his corner, mocking Gage and inviting him to Harrisburg.

Angus:

I really hope Gage and 'The God-Beast' mop the floor with these guys.

♪ "Mach 3 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Quimbey:

And his partner, being accompanied by Eddie Dante, from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 294 pounds, 'The God-Beast', Mushigihara!

The lights dim and Mushigihara walks out with Eddie Dante beside him. The cameras go to Ross and Jackson again, as Ross is completely unimpressed. Meanwhile, Lisil is jumping up and down to get the blood flowing.

Dante and Mushigihara meet up with Blackwood at the ring apron. Blackwood nods to 'The God-Beast' and both of them waste no further time. Gage slides into the ring and runs towards Jackson, while Mushigihara steps over the top rope and has his sights set on Chris Ross.

The referee tries to maintain order, but there's no doing so as Blackwood rifles three hard left hands into Jackson and then throws him over the top rope. Mushigihara blocks Ross' right hand, then blocks another and headbutts him hard to the canvas. Ross tries to get up but he's met with another headbutt. Mushigihara grabs 'The Keystone State Killa' by the tights and throws him out of the ring.

Blackwood stands with Mushigihara in the center of the squared-circle. The Faithfull start chanting both men on and it's clear Blackwood is feeding off it. (Mushigihara probably is too, but you can't tell.)

DDK:

Just like that, DEFIANCE standing tall in the middle of the ring!

For the first time since appearing, Chris Ross shows a little frustration by slamming his hands against the apron floor. He looks over at Lisil who is now standing beside him and smacks him on the chest.

Ross:

Welcome to Harrisburg.

Jackson shrugs while 'The Boss' slides back into the ring and runs at Mushigihara.

SMACK!

DDK:

Blackwood just caught Chris Ross with a swift boot to the back of the head!

Lisil Jackson jumps on the apron and then jumps on the top rope, leaping off with an axe handle smash attempt to the Scot.

SMACK!

DDK:

Mushigihara catches Jackson in mid-air and annihilates him afterwards with a bearhug suplex!

Once again, the DEFIANCE stars are alone in the ring, as Jackson rolls out the other side. The crowd is loving it with chants of "DE- FI- ANCE! DE- FI- ANCE!" and then "OSU! OSU! OSU!"

Angus:

Finally, some DEFIANCE unity!

DDK:

Gage walks over to referee Jack Doyle and asks him to ring the bell. That's right, this match hasn't even started yet!

Doyle nods but waits for the UTA wrestlers to collect themselves. Once again, Chris seems frustrated. He slams his hands a few more times on the apron and then walks up the steel stairs into his corner. He looks over at Lisil Jackson, who's also confused. Jackson shakes the dizziness out and meets his teammate at the turnbuckle.

Mushigihara and Gage Blackwood retreat to their corner as well.

DING DING DING

Ross whispers to Jackson and the Jamaican superstar nods. He enters the ring first and so does Gage.

DDK:

Blackwood ducks a pele kick, spins Jackson around and connects with a jaw breaker! Off the ropes he goes and nails a flying clothesline!

Blackwood screams into the rafters as if to pump up the crowd even more. He walks over to Jackson, picks him up and slams him back down to the mat. Then he bounces off the ropes and lands a drop kick to the face.

Blackwood looks over at Chris Ross, whom is disinterested. Gage Irish whips Jackson into the DEFIANCE corner and tags Mushigihara.

DDK:

'The God-Beast' with stiff forearms into the side of the head! He takes three steps back and pummels Lisil deeper into the corner with a hard charge! Now hooking both arms, Mushigihara hits a double arm suplex!

Mushigihara tags Blackwood back.

Angus:

Quick, quick tags. For as awkward as their exchange was backstage, they look like they've been doing this for years.

Dante paces on the outside as he watches Blackwood reign down punches on Lisil Jackson. He moves the UTA wrestler into the ropes, but that's where Chris Ross' patience drew thin.

DDK:

Ross trying to get into the ring now! Doyle's there to stop him but...

The Faithful cheer as Gage walks over to Ross and pushes his head back in the direction he came from. Yet, as Blackwood turns around that was enough for Lisil Jackson to get on his feet and kick Gage in the stomach.

DDK:

Diving DDT by Lisil!

Angus:

He's hooking both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackwood kicks out with authority, although Jackson whips the Scot into the ropes. Lisil looks for a dropkick, but Blackwood hooks both hands around the top rope to stop all his momentum and watch Jackson crash into the mat.

SMACK.

DDK:

Ross just kicked Blackwood right in the shoulder! The same shoulder that's wrapped up!

Blackwood cries out but still stumbles forward. Benny Doyle rushes over to give Chris Ross a warning, but once again

he seems to be off in his own world and is not registering anything the referee is trying to tell him.

Jackson collects himself and hurls Blackwood into the UTA corner. He comes in with a high angle side kick to the head. Then Jackson starts punching Blackwood furiously before Doyle takes him away.

DDK:

And this leaves an opening for Ross to start clawing and choking Gage!

Angus:

I don't know if Jackson deliberately pulled Doyle away, but if he did he's one sly jackass...

Ross throws his arms up just in time as Doyle turns around. Jackson tags Ross and then he goes to work.

Boot, boot, boot. Punch, punch, punch. Shoulder block after shoulder block. The crowd is getting anxious as Eddie Dante pounds on the mat and Ross turns back around to give 'The God-Beast' and his manager another sarcastic, "fuck-off"-like grin.

He tags Jackson back in.

Jackson shoots Blackwood to the ropes and runs at them himself before hitting a bulldog. Lisil goes to the second turnbuckle pad and measures his opponent.

DDK:

Leg drop... MISSES!

Blackwood leaps in the air and connects with Mushigihara hand for the hot tag.

DDK:

'THE GOD-BEAST' IS IN!

Angus:

Get him! OSU!!!

Mushigihara hits Jackson with a clothesline. Then another. Then he runs directly at Chris Ross and knocks him off the buckle. Upon turning his attention back in the ring, he blocks a right kick, grabs Jackson's leg and then pulls back while the Jamaican completely misses the enziguri.

DDK:

Mushigihara with an inverted vertical suplex!

The Faithful begin an "OSU! OSU!" chant.

DDK:

Snap scoop powerslam!

Mushigihara is about to go for the pinfall, but Ross runs in and takes out his legs. Next, 'The Keystone State Killa' goes after Blackwood and clotheslines both of them out of the ring.

DDK:

ROSS WITH A LOW BLOW!

CRASHHH!!

DDK:

And throws Blackwood into the steel stairs!

Angus:

Shoulder-first, too! Blackwood went right into those stairs with his bad shoulder!

Mushi rises up and shakes off his frustrations, laying a boot into the back of Lisil Jackson before pulling back to his feet and ramming a NASTY forearm into his chest. 'The God-Beast' spins him around, gesturing to the crowd before hoisting his hapless victim into his back...

Mushigihara:

ATORASU... KATTA!

But just before he is able to finish Jackson with his signature neckbreaker, Chris Ross rolls right back in and clips at the weakened knee of Mushi, then claws at his mask with one hand while digging into his pocket with the other to pull out...

DDK:

Oh, no, not that screwdriver again!

Mushi tries to recover, but only ends up with a flat-head digging, cutting into his mask and eventually making contact with his actual face! One of the eyeholes has been torn, showing us a look at The God-Beast's right eye wincing in agony as the blood begins to seep. Doyle calls for the bell and tries to break up this assault, as Mushi screams and Ross grins sadistically.

Angus:

I don't know if Mushi's going to get up from this, but I do know that when that mask comes off, it's usually because Mushi's mad, and if it's coming off because of Ross, then it won't look to good for him...

DING DING DING!

Quimbey:

The winners of this match by disqualification, Mushigihara and Gage Blackwood!

The visible portion of Mushigihara's face is notably red and Ross is absolutely in his element... until Eddie Dante rolls into the ring, brandishing that cane and pointing the tip at 'The Keystone State Killer', who promptly ducks and runs. Dante and Doyle tend to a fallen God-Beast, as Ross gloats on his way back up the aisle. The cameras also pan to Gage Blackwood, who is trying to recover while holding his shoulder beside the steel stairs and Lisil Jackson, who has rolled out of the ring and catching his breath on the other side of the ring.

STUDENTS OF THE GAME

“All right, here’s the gameplan!”

The scene opens up to the backstage area with none other than “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns with a life-sized training dummy in hand on the ground in front him with Elise Ares, The D, and Klein (complete with box) watching onward. The D strokes his chin skeptically.

Oscar Burns:

I’m going to demonstrate on this training dummy! Elise, you run circles around that Harmen fellow.

He starts to spin the dummy overhead... his best rendition of running circles, I guess.

Oscar Burns:

Then when Stevens tries to get involved, I’ll be grappling Stevens to the mat, then I’m going to tear that dag’s other leg right out of the socket, like so!

He demonstrates on the training dummy by picking it up, tackling it to the ground, and then cranking back on the knee in a knee bar submission.

Oscar Burns:

[in mocking Stevens voice] Oh, no! Burnsie has me leg! [normal voice] But if he tries to get his way out of the hold, then I’m gonna roll him up like so!

The Kiwi grappler then shifts his body weight into a rather complex pin and keeps the shoulders down.

Oscar Burns:

Now... any questions?

Elise Ares:

Just a small... teeny, tiny little problem.

She clears her throat and steps forward.

Elise Ares:

You see, Jack Harmen trained me... so he kinda knows all my moves. When you tie people up like complimentary gift bags, they look like they’re in a lot of pain, right? I want to do that. So I was hoping that if you taught me how to twist Jack Harmen into a knot, that I could put him in as much pain as humanly possible.

Oscar pauses for a moment and stares back at her. In thought he begins to lay the foundation that will become an instrumental teaching moment for the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. His eyes are unmoved in a distant stare as he calculates the best possible result for her request. The D moves in for a not-so-subtle whisper.

The D:

I’ve used this one before, he’s totally looking at your boobs.

Elise Ares:

He is not! He’s like a submission rainman, or something.

As she responds her hands slowly move up to cover her cleavage and Burns quickly snaps out of his near comatose inner monologue.

Oscar Burns:

Whoa, whoa, I would never do that, GC! I’m a gentleman and a professional first and foremost. And love, I think I have something for you!

Another unsubtle whisper from The D.

The D:

Oh, yeah, I've used that whole sentence, too. Surprisingly effective.

Burns ignores Elise's partner and pulls the training dummy up.

Oscar Burns:

One of my best submissions is called a manjigatame.

The D:

Now he's making stuff up.

Oscar Burns:

Some blokes know it as an Octopus Stretch. It should work well with your twisty and flippy background.

He demonstrates as best he can.

Oscar Burns:

Leg over the back of the the fella's neck. Wrench the arm. You're twisting the bloke up like a funny balloon animal. You can also sweep his leg and use a grounded version for more pressure. You lock in either of these and blokes are gonna have a hard time getting free! And in a pinch, if you need it, you can maneuver into a pinning combination like so!

He flips him over into a rather exotic-looking hold that has the shoulders pinned down in a tight cradle. Klein jumps down and begins the three count. Burns looks back at him confused as he suddenly jumps up and calls for the imaginary bell. Elise's eyes are wide and she tilts her head to the side much like a confused puppy.

Oscar Burns:

Think you got it?

Elise Ares:

I... err...

She looks over at her shoulder back at The D, who nods confidently.

Elise Ares:

Of course! Are you kidding me?! I've got this in the bag.

She states as she grabs Klein, using him as her own training dummy. Wrapping her leg around the inside of his leg she looks back at Burns for reassurance. After a short hesitation she grabs the opposite arm from behind his back.

Elise Ares:

So I start like... this?

Oscar Burns:

Yeah, that looks pretty good so far.

As he responds, Elise lifts her leg and tries to find purchase on the back of Klein's box. It's definitely awkward but eventually she gets her leg into what appears to be the correct place.

Elise Ares:

And then... I do this?

Oscar Burns:

GREAT form so far. Now you just...

Elise reaches over and begins to wrench the arm, but instead moves her hands over to the front of the box and rakes the eye holes. Klein drops to the ground with a thud and Elise falls on top of him.

Oscar Burns:

NO. That's not it at all!

Elise Ares:

Oh. I thought for sure that was it.

Oscar Burns:

Let's start again. Leg around leg.

Elise follows instructions, helping Klein get back up to his feet before wrapping her leg around his. Then she instinctually reaches for the arm, just like she did before. She hesitates in mid move, struggling to remember the next step.

Oscar Burns:

Now you take your other leg and you...

Elise begins to move her other leg, but instead of trying to lift it over the head of Klein she swings it back between Klein's legs and is met with a muffled yelp. The former tag team champion brushes her hands confidently as Klein falls down to the floor in a fetal position.

Oscar Burns:

NO. That's illegal!

The D:

I don't know, that looked right to me.

Elise Ares:

Yeah, look how effective that was! Klein is selling like a champ.

The D:

He might get his own feature if he keeps this up! Hey Elise, look at the time! We gotta run! We'll never have an amazing entrance if we don't get our practice in!

Klein's reach for help from the ground is completely ignored as Oscar Burns facepalms. The D gives a couple of pats on the back to Elise.

Elise Ares:

Jack Harmen is never going to see it coming! Thanks Oscie, now I know who to come to next time I need some extra training.

With a smile Elise goes in and gives the dumbfounded Oscar Burns a huge hug. As she backs away, she shoots him a wink before The D opens the door. As she exits the room Klein begins to crawl after them across the floor.

Elise Ares:

I don't know about Octopus Stretch... what do you think about Sunset Stretch?

The door closes on Klein who is trying to exit. Oscar Burns watches with mouth hanging open as Klein scurries out of the room and the door closes behind him.

MEDICAL ROOM MALADIES

The usual hustle and bustle of the backstage area of the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex usually stays away from the medical area. Iris Davine does run the area with an iron fist after all, and she doesn't stand for any nonsense on her watch. Loiterers aren't usually found hanging around for this reason, so it's notable that there are two men hanging around right now.

Charlie Ace:

What happened out there, huh?

The Manager to the Stars, Charlie Ace, is accompanied by his personal bodyguard, Hoyt Williams, but as he's surveying the area, it's clear Charlie isn't speaking to him. The person he is speaking to however is obscured by all of the equipment in the area.

Charlie Ace:

Are you happy with what happened out there? Huh? Because you shouldn't be. People are going to think you're weak if that's how you leave things. Is that what you want? People thinking you're weak?

Charlie waits for a moment, obviously getting a response that the cameras and microphones don't pick up.

Charlie Ace:

I know you're better than that out there. If you really want to do this then you'll do what you have to to make it right.

Charlie reaches out, possibly to shake the hand of the person he's speaking to. Unfortunately the camera doesn't pick that up as Hoyt Williams spots the crew lurking and advances on them. He holds a hand out to cover the lens before we cut back to the announce desk.

DDK:

What was that about, Angus?

Angus:

I'm not sure, Keebs, but it sounded like Charlie Ace might be providing some invaluable advice to some lucky recipient back there.

DDK:

I'm sure it's the greatest advice ever. Maybe in the history of the world.

Angus:

Now you're getting it!

OSCAR BURNS/ELISE ARES VS. JACK HARMEN/SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got DEFIANCE vs. UTA tag team action! For weeks, Jack Harmen has been singling out his former students, PCP. We saw Elise Ares get one over on Harmen with a DQ victory a few weeks ago, but then Harmen cost her a match to "The Boss" Chris Ross.

Angus:

Too many damn turncoats, Keeps...

DDK:

Not to mention, Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens have been at it ever since Burns challenged any member of the UTA to fight him. We've seen Stevens take that challenge literally; he's attacked Burns twice, but we saw Burns attack him with a heel hook last week and now he's saying he's "injured." And I say that with quotes.

Angus:

I hope that Kiwi finishes what he started and snaps his leg clean off.

DDK:

We know Stevens was cleared for tonight, but how much good can he do Harmen? Before Elise Ares takes on Jack Harmen and Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens meet up at Maximum DEFIANCE, they meet in a tag team prelude match! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros right now!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The rapid-fire orange and yellow strobe lights mean only one thing - Oscar Burns comes out, 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. Wiping his feet on the ring apron, he then leaps over the ropes and lands inside, posing for the crowd as he waits for his partner for the evening.

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

Party rave lasers and flashing strobes of hot pink, purple, and neon green flash around the arena as a red carpet unravels. Elise Ares swags through the entrance, her LED sunglasses reading "TURNT" as she poses for the crowd. Behind her Klein and The D stand celebrating her entrance as she marches down the aisle, leaving her to prove her worth without their help. Klein has to be reluctantly pulled away like a small child as the two exit backstage.

Quimbey:

"And his partner, hailing from Beverly Hills, California! She weighs in at 122 pounds, representing the POP CULTURE PHENOMS... ELISE ARES!"

On the apron, Elise wraps her leg around the middle rope and leans back, bridging down before flashing an upside down wink to the crowd before stepping into the ring.

Angus:

Okay. I'm on board with Elise.

DDK:

Would you stop! You just stared at her cleavage.

Angus:

How would you know if you didn't do the same? That's sexual harassment Keeps. You should get help.

DDK:

I never.

Angus:

You just did!

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

The crowd boos are deafening as a light fog rises from the entrance ramp. As the music crescendos, Jack Harmen steps out from the backstage area with the smuggest of looks and his hand raised in his devil horn trademark taunt. He saunters down the entrance ramp, threatening one of the fans outstretched hands as he does with a backhand. He chews loudly on a wad of chewing gum as he reaches the outside of the ring, standing just by the turnbuckle and stares inside the ring, particularly focused on Elise.

Quimbey:

"And their opponents, hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 224 pounds, representing gah... the UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE (Boos)... JACK HARMEN!"

DDK:

Talk about a singular focus Angus. Jack Harmen wants his pupils to pay. He wants to destroy them.

Angus:

Yeah, he may be an idiot, but he's keeping his distance until his tag partner gets down here with him. Whatever condition STOOVINS may be in. I hope it's near death's door.

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

The crowd reaction for Harmen fails in comparison to the hatred shown for the man about to come out. Everyone waits for the man from Texas to make his way onto the stage, but as the music continues to play he doesn't come out.

DDK:

Is he going to come out today?

Angus:

He's scared. Plain and simple.

Suddenly the attention of the crowd turns towards a tunnel entrance in the arena as a herd of security comes out of the tunnel with all matching black t-shirts that read, "FUCK DEFIANCE" in white lettering and the infamous chant of, "FUCK YOU STEVENS" as the Texan comes hobbling out on his crutches.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner! From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

Stevens' personal security force is on high alert as they get more violent with words and throwing of trash as he makes his way towards the ring. Once he reaches the ring steps, Harmen quickly enters the circle of security and swats away a large mostly eaten box of flying nachoes. Stevens hobbles up the steps one at a time until he steps through the ropes and inside the ring. Harmen slips inside after, and points to Steven's bum leg, wondering if he'll be okay. Harmen points to himself and turns, using his left hand to clutch his right wrist as he stares across the ring.

DDK:

Glad that entrance didn't take any longer because I was about to fall asleep.

Angus:

You can sleep when you're dead or when Stevens is dead after Burns and Ares get through with him!

Slater checks Oscar Burns and then Jack Harmen only after Harmen threatens him. Slater goes to ring the bell, but Stevens shouts, startling everyone.

DDK:

What's this? A forfeit possible?

Angus:

Maybe he drops dead.

Stevens yells at the ref that he is starting this match against Burns, and a large smile forms over Oscar's face while Harmen just shrugs and holds the ropes open for Stevens as Scott gingerly tries to step through but gets tripped on the bottom rope and falls flat on his face. Stevens' faceplant causes the entire DEFIANCE faithful to laugh at the Texan. Harmen rushes over to help his partner but Stevens stubbornness shows as he pushes him away and tells him he doesn't need his help. Harmen masks a chuckle as he slips to the apron.

DDK:

Do you think he came back too early Angus?

Angus:

Either way Keeps, we'll have one less fuck from UTAH to deal with!

Stevens gets to his feet and says he's ready only to slip on his crutches and fall to a knee once again causing Oscar to question the referee about letting Stevens compete and that momentary distraction is all Stevens needs to blast Burns with a crutch.

DDK:

The heck?!?!?!?

Stevens waits for the stunned and wobbly Burns to turn around before blasting him in the face with the top of the crutch sending him to the canvas.

Angus:

DQ! DQ! Disqualify him you idiot!

DDK:

I don't think the match started Angus.

Angus:

You're shitting me!

The crowd boos as Stevens tosses his crutches to the outside of the ring and slowly undoes his brace and wrappings on his leg as he gingerly stretches it out before quickly doing the boot-scoot-boogie to show his leg was never really injured as he claimed it to be. Harmen shouts "I knew it!" and claps in approval from the ring apron.

DDK:

That lying snake.

Angus:

You mean son of a bitch and why do you seem surprised?

Stevens yells at the ref to start the bell who grudgingly does so and once the bell rings Stevens mounts Burns and begins to deliver right hands until the Slater gets to a count of four. Stevens grabs Oscar by the face and yells that he cannot beat him before slamming his head onto the canvas and tagging in Jack Harmen.

Harmen looks giddy enough to go right after Burns as he hops into the ring, looking to do some damage... but not

before he runs and takes an unexpected cheap shot at Elise Ares, knocking his pupil off the apron! The crowd boos Harmen before he turns over and goes right to work on Burns, attacking him with a wild bevy of lefts and rights!

Burns is still trying to cover himself up and is still reeling from Stevens' sneak attack. When Brian Slater starts his five-count to disqualify Harmen, he backs up at the count of four and raises his arm threateningly toward the ref. Slater eyeballs him as Jack goes and pulls up Burns by the neck, only to bring down the submission specialist with a Spinning Neckbreaker. That next move leads to Harmen going at the corner and heading to the top...

DDK:

Traveling Through Time! Could that do it?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The pro-DEFIANCE crowd POPS when Burns gets his shoulder up! Harmen then makes the tag to Stevens who wastes no time trying to pull Twists and Turns up... only to get a SHARP Elbow Smash in his grill! He defiantly (see what I did there?) fires about two more shots to the head of Stevens and has his rival reeling. Burns grabs for the leg that he worked last week and tries to get at him again, but Harmen runs right back and stomps away at Burns like he was on fire to make him break free of the hold!

An angry Stevens checks his leg to make sure that no lasting damage has been done before locking a clinch in and throwing several knees to the head of Burns, then delivers a big Superkick!

DDK:

He calls that Remember the Alamo!

Angus:

Don't call the enemies signatures, Keebs!

And another cover follows.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ares is back on the apron looking for any chance to make a tag, but Stevens and Harmen have worked well enough together to keep that from happening. Stevens continues to attack Burns with more rights before he throws him over to the corner to make the tag to Harmen. The Lunatic of the UTA jumps over the ropes into the ring and puts more boots to Burns. He then hoists him up and tries for a double underhook - perhaps Hypothermia...

DDK:

NO! Burns counters!

He uses his strength advantage to lift The Lunatic over with a Back Body Drop, but unlike the last time they fought and he reversed, Harmen flips over and lands on his feet! He grins like he has the advantage and turns to dole out more damage to Burns...

Angus:

DAY-UM! HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

The crowd goes nuts when Burns CRACKS Harmen in the chest with what has become a calling card of Burns - the European-influenced Headbutt! Burns looks wobbly himself from the shot, but he does get in a NASTY European Uppercut to Stevens, knocking him off the apron as well! Now Ares is clearly ready for the hot tag. She wants it, the crowd wants it...

Angus:

Do it!

And the groggy Burns makes the tag to Elise! She hops in over the top rope as Harmen tries to recover from the headbutt. Elise lands, Harmen stands, and then Harmen notices Elise and just IMMEDIATELY bails out of the ring to wild boos from the crowd. Harmen waves it off, clutching his chest and begins to walk around the ring back toward the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Harmen looks like he's had enough?!

Angus:

Good riddance! Count out wins count all the same in the record books!

The crowd boos Jack as he makes a turn around the ring. But he's only halfway around a side before Elise charges toward the ropes and dives to the outside, catching him with a tope suicida to a wild pop. Elise lifts Harmen up quickly and slips him in under the bottom rope, before she follows suit. Harmen to his feet, Elise charges with a flying crescent kick. Harmen back up, Elise with a quick savate kick. But Harmen won't stay down. Elise goes for another kick, but Harmen catches it, INTO the enziguri.

DDK:

Harmen is on dream streak here! Oh watch out Elise!

Stevens has slid back into the ring, and grabs Elise from behind by her hair. Elise screams, but then falls pele kicking Stevens' square in the face to a short quick pop. Stevens falls back and slides out to his tag corner. Elise heads back to the fallen Harmen, and hooks her leg inside of his, before grabbing his arm from behind.

DDK:

Oh, is Elise going for Oscar Burn's signature Octopus Stretch?! We saw earlier Burns trying to teach it to her.

Elise then lifts her leg behind Harmen's neck, as Burns looks on from the outside. He shoots her a thumbs up, before she RAKES THE EYES! Burns holds his head in his hands and shakes it no, as Elise looks on for approval. Brian Slater admonishes her.

Angus:

GOOD! That crazy UTAHer who's car I keyed is blind now! He'll never see the scratches. BWHHAHAHA.

As Elise is admonished by the official, Harmen dives and tags in Stevens. Harmen clutches at his eyes and rolls completely out of the ring. Stevens charges in like his tag team partner's finisher (a locomotive) and swats a clubbing forearm to Elise's back. Ares forward rolls in a tumble to her corner, dazed and confused. Oscar Burns reaches over and tags himself in and gets right into it with Stevens, the two men exchanging Elbow Smashes and punches respectively.

Stevens gets an Uppercut to his jaw to win the exchange and goes for his Toxic Sting finisher (Diamond Cutter), but Burns locks up his neck and tries a Dragon Suplex. Stevens elbows his way free from that and boots him in the stomach before elevating him with a Fireman's Carry...

DDK:

NO! BURNS TRYING FOR GRAPS OF WRATH !! THE OCTOPUS STRETCH!

Stevens may have done his homework and tries to fight his way out when Burns shifts his weight, about to lock in the Graps of Wrath !! Harmen tries to break it up, but Elise comes back, grabs him by the neck and leaps over the ropes, dropping him with the Cuban Necktie! Stevens continues to struggle and fight. Burns then shifts his weight forward in the Octopus Stretch into a modified pin - the one he showed off with the PCPs earlier!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Burns rolls off of Stevens and then scurries out of the ring along with Elise Ares right behind him! She runs in and gives him a celebratory hug as the crowd goes nuts!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... OSCAR BURNS AND ELISE ARES!

Angus:

Yeahhhhh! Score one for the DEF! Burns and his geeky grapplefucking saved the day!

DDK:

Scott Stevens and Jack Harmen had a game plan tonight with Stevens faking his injury, but Burns and Ares came through tonight! They just proved they're gonna be ready for Jack Harmen and Scott Stevens at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Oscar and Elise head back up the ramp while Stevens protests with Brian Slater, yelling at him for being a biased DEFIANCE official. Harmen grabs his neck, seething over the fact that Elise got one over on him tonight but the final shot for this match is Oscar Burns and Elise Ares continuing to celebrate the big tag team victory tonight!

THAT MEANS NOTHING TO ME.

Static.

We open to *THE* Jay Harvey and Catalina in the WrestleUTA locker room. Harvey is dressed for ring action and Catalina is in a number even sexier than the last.

THE Jay Harvey:

Tonight has been a long time coming if you ask me... Bronson Box you are the reason why I am not the current Southern Heritage Champion. Your interference cost me the title that should rightfully be around my waist!

Catalina begins rubbing the shoulders of Harvey in an attempt to calm him down.

THE Jay Harvey:

I know you think I should be afraid of you like all these other piss ants in DEFIANCE. I know all about Bronson Box. All your accomplishments, all the accolades but let me tell you... that means nothing to me. Cuz I know exactly who you are Bronson Box.

Harvey smirks into the camera.

THE Jay Harvey:

You're just the next casualty of the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth.

The two exit the picture and the feed soon gets cut.

BRONSON BOX VS. THE JAY HARVEY

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion blares over the sound system ♪

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

Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He sits on the middle rope and signals for Catalina to enter the ring. As she does she gives Harvey a kiss on the lips, shaking her ass in the process.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is in for a real war tonight, Angus...

Angus:

I hope Bronson caves his head in!

Quimbey:

He is accompanied by the lovely Catalina... He has informed me to refer to him as "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey comes to a halt in his corner and gets one last kiss from Catalina before she exits the ring; "The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

DDK:

The fans are ravenous!

Angus:

They want blood and I hope they get it.

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

Angus:

The Wargod cometh.

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

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

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

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, making his *RETURN* to the riiiiing. The self-proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of sports and entertainment"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THE TWO TIME FIIIIIIIST OF DEFIANCE... THIS IS BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

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

DDK:

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

Angus:

He's one of the first and arguably one of the best.

The two juggernauts stare each other down while standing in their corners. The fans are electric and then the sound of the bell cuts through the crowd. Box and Harvey met in the center of the ring and lock up. Box wins the encounter with his immense power, bringing the two into the corner. Harvey hooks his arm over the top rope, yelling for the referee to get Bronson off. Box pushes Harvey, allowing Harvey to take a swing. Box ducks snatches Harvey around the waist. Box tosses Harvey across the ring via a Belly to Back Suplex, causing the crowd to cheer.

Jay Harvey slides out of the ring and goes to the floor. Bronson Box lets out a massive roar getting the crowd and himself even more pumped up. Catalina has gotten to Harvey's side and the two get a heckling from the fans at ringside. Harvey starts walking around the ring and fakes a slap to a fan drawing more hate from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

It looks like the Faithful are getting into the head of *THE* Jay Harvey.

Angus:

He should get his back in the ring.

Harvey grabs the middle rope as the referee continues his Ten Count on him. Box pushes passed the ref and Harvey quickly grabs Box by the back of the neck, snapping Bronson's throat against the top rope. Box staggers off holding his throat, coughing trying to get air. Harvey ever the opportunist gets back into the ring and lands a Dropkick which sends Bronson through the ropes and crashing to the floor. Harvey stalks his prey waiting for Bronson to get back to his feet.

Harvey takes off and dives through the top and middle rope. The two men smash into the guardrail as the fans along ringside cheer and wave to the cameras. Harvey gets vertical first and gloats in front of the Faithful. He blows the sold-out crowd a few kisses, getting more hate from them. Harvey flips the crowd off and then sends his attention back toward his opponent. Harvey rolls Bronson into the ring and then follows him in.

DDK:

Jay Harvey taking it to Bronson Box here.

Angus:

Whose side are you on?

Box crawls and Harvey eyes him up. Harvey moves in close and stomps on Bronson's left hand. Bronson tries to shake off the strike while Harvey lays the boots to him. Harvey in a fury continues his attack on Bronson. Box remains on all fours as Harvey bounces off the ropes, nailing him in the side of the head with a boot. He goes for the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!**

Box kicks out getting the crowd back into the match. Harvey goes in for a Rear Chinlock, keeping Bronson on the mat. Harvey wrenches in more and more, causing Box to turn a bright red from lack of oxygen. The crowd starts clapping trying to the Original Defiant back into the match. Harvey lays down on the mat and kicks his legs out, slamming down on the mat.

The referee is checking on Bronson Box who looks dazed. Harvey extends his legs and puts his feet on the bottom rope, gaining more leverage in the choke. Harvey drops his feet before the referee can catch him in the act. The crowd is shaking the arena trying to get Bronson Box charged up. Box slowly gets back into the contest and brings Harvey and himself up to their feet. Harvey lets the hold go and lands a forearm shot to Bronson's back, knocking him back down to the mat. Harvey heads up to the ropes and eyes up Bronson on the ground. Harvey picks his moment and leaps off the middle rope.

DDK:

Bronson Box with the Powerslam!

Angus:

Get him, Bronson!

Harvey holds his back feeling the effects of the Powerslam. Bronson Box is propped up on the middle and bottom ropes. Harvey gets to his feet and goes after Bronson. Box uses whatever piss and vinegar left in his body to get up and lift Harvey up, executing a devastating Spinebuster. The crowd is on their feet. Harvey rolls away from a possible pin attempt. Bronson Box gets to his feet seconds before Harvey. Bronson locks on God's Fiery Right Hand and the arena erupts.

Harvey drops to his knees as Bronson locks on the hold even deeper with his grip. The referee gets right there and asks Harvey if he quits. Catalina jumps up on the apron getting the attention of the referee and the DEFIANCE Faithful. Harvey sees Catalina distracting the referee and low blows Bronson Box. Box holds himself in pain as Catalina drops back down to the ring floor. Harvey grabs at his head and now realizes he has his opening.

Jay Harvey hits the ropes and sends a vicious knee strike to Bronson's right cheek. Bronson is dropped like a sack of potatoes and the air is let out of the arena. Harvey immediately goes for the cover, hooking the leg.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!**

The bell sounds bringing an end to the match. Catalina enters the ring and is all smiles. Harvey is on his feet and pulls his hand away from the referee as he tries to raise it. Catalina grabs Harvey's hand and raises it into the air.

Quimbey:

The winner of the match by pinfall... "The Natural One" *THE* Jay Harvey!

DDK:

Those two just pulled the heist of the century!

Angus:

Bronson just got screwed! This match was over before that little bitch stuck her tits into it.

Harvey and Catalina stand tall in the middle of the ring. Harvey looks down at Bronson Box and lands a few kicks. The two get showered with boos as the boys in the trailer run a replay of the match.

DDK:

As much as I hate to say it... your winner tonight is *THE* Jay Harvey.

Angus:

The record books are going to show it as a win but we all know that he stole that win.

We cut back to Harvey and Catalina who remain in the ring. Harvey music continues to blare over the sound system before we fade to black.

TEAM BUILDING

We move backstage, where the Southern Heritage champion, Scott Douglas, walks the hallway. He slows, and finally stops as he sees a familiar face.

Scott Douglas:

What's the word, sir?

The camera moves a bit more, to show Impulse leaning against the wall next to a closed door, arms folded. He's dressed in his gear - apparently already ready for his match later on against Dan Ryan.

Impulse:

Champ. What's good?

Scott Douglas:

WAR GAMES. Eric Dane said he wants to bring his five best, I'm hoping to be one of 'em.

Impulse smiles a half smile.

Impulse:

We've got the same idea, sir. But that belt around your waist is all the proof you'll need. I might take some work.

Scott Douglas:

Seriously? Former FIST, Former SoHER?

Impulse:

We've got a bit of a history; it's likely the only reason Dane backed me against Penn was because he hates Penn even more than me. Hopefully we can clear any air that might still be there.

Scott Douglas:

Alright then, let's do it.

Before they can go anywhere, Impulse raps his hand on the door.

Impulse:

Hey, Scotty's found us so we're leaving.

A muffled voice can be heard calling 'Ready...'

...and Codename Reaper steps into the hall. Douglas backs up, defensively.

Scott Douglas:

What the hell is--

...and Reaper removes her mask, to reveal her face.

Calico Rose:

Happy Halloween, and Happy Birthday to me!

Surprise leads to confusion, but Douglas relaxes.

Scott Douglas:

So... you're Codename Reaper for Halloween. Won't that get confusing if the real Reaper and Red show up?

Cally:

Don't be ridiculous, I'm not Codename Reaper.

She reaches into her bag and removes a cowbell.

Cally:

I'm 'Don't Fear the Reaper.'

There's at least five seconds of silence, which only ends when Cally starts beating the cowbell with a stick.

Scott Douglas:

I don't even have the words.

Impulse:

Every day is an adventure.

They walk together, but don't make it twenty feet before another door on the hallway opens, and Eric Dane himself steps out. Dane stops in front of Impulse, and they look at each other - not threateningly, but not backing down.

Finally, Cally steps between them.

Cally:

Scotty D? Eric D. Eric D, Scotty D.

And she looks towards the 'fourth wall.'

Cally:

No relation.

Eric Dane:

I know--

He stops, looks at the 'fourth wall' for half a second, and returns his gaze to his SoHER Champion.

Eric Dane:

I know who you are. I also know you've been doing what you can to defend this place, my place, in my absence. I want you to know I appreciate it, all of you....

He drifts off a bit, taking a moment to gather his thoughts.

Eric Dane:

Look. I know it's been a shit show around here for a while. I know all about Michael Unlikable and his derpy parade of assholes and idiots and how they've all but taken over what is rightfully **mine**. I could lay the blame in a lot of places, but in the end it's my fault for not being here. Kelly's good, but she's not prepared for this kind of a fight. I, on the other hand...

He smiles his trademark smile.

Eric Dane:

Let's just say, I'm asking for you boys to trust me, and to follow my lead.

Cut.

CRIMSON LORD VS. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

♪ Dvořák Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95 'From the New World' IV ♪

Quimbey:

The following contest is for the WrestleUTA Championship introducing first from Düsseldorf, Germany!

The fans give a array of boos and some cheers for the Defiance guy.

Quimbey:

“The Gentleman German” REINHARDT HOFFMAN!

DDK:

Reinhardt ready to face off with WrestleUTA’s champion in Crimson Lord here tonight!

Angus:

Hopefully that word champion will not be said in front of Crimson Lord after tonight!

As Hoffman’s theme continues to play there is no sign of him.

DDK:

Well where is he?

Angus:

Hey monkey’s in the truck it’s time for Reinhardt to become champion send him out here!

♪ Dvořák Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95 'From the New World' IV ♪

plays again..

Quimbey:

Introducing....“The Gentleman German” REINHARDT HOFFMAN!!

The camera is focused on the entranceway and as his song continues to play still no Reinhardt..

DDK:

Quimbey is asking the timekeeper what’s going on, I sure would like to know myself.

Crimson theme starts to play now..

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Quimbey:

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

Angus:

Where is that shoe licker Larver?

Quimbey:

The WrestleUTA Champion...CRIMSON LORD!!!

The arena quickly turns to a hate filled echo of boos throughout the arena.

DDK:

This man will be a tall task for Reinhardt here tonight, but Defiance will not curl up in a ball and quit!

Angus:

Damn right....but where is this seven foot goof!

Quimbley again is just baffled at the no show of either competitor for the match...Crimson's theme shuts off and a few moment later Quimbley tries again.

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Quimbey:

The WrestleUTA Champion...CRIMSON LORD!!!

DDK:

Wait a minute i am being told something is happening backstage...can we get a visual back there?

Angus:

What...what is going on?

The tron shows Reinhardt and Crimson brawling back and forth the fans rise to their feet. Jon stays in the background with the WrestleUTA title. Hoffman is really laying into Crimson backing the monster back, who looks to be sport a nasty gash over his forehead. The two backtrack to the gorilla position. Crimson quickly retaliates and slams Reinhardt's head into the equipment. He quickly retreats from Hoffman walking through the curtain. Reinhardt slowly gets his wits about and follows. Jon follows the two to the stage inside the arena.

DDK:

Hoffman is taking it to the champion, it appears these two have been brawling back and forth for a few minutes now.

Angus:

Did you see the glass on the ground back there, Reinhardt probably used that to cut this seven foot goof!

The two again start brawling back and forth the fans totally stoked at the brawl. Hoffman starts to backtrack the monster to the edge of the stage.

DDK:

Crimson is tittering on the stage. Hoffman has him on the defense...

Hoffman winds up and goes to throw a punch and Crimson quickly grabs him by the throat!

Angus:

NO!

Before Crimson can do anything, Reinhardt delivers a swift punt into the nuts of Crimson. The monster releases the choke holding his groin. Hoffman wastes no time just as Crimson bends over, he delivers a nasty European Uppercut sending Crimson off the stage through tables on the floor. The fans are ecstatic!

DDK:

Crimson just fell through three tables down there, Defiance is here to stay baby!

Angus:

Don't stop there Reinhardt...wait a minute that crony of Crimson's tried to attack Hoffman!

Larver tries to swing the belt at Hoffman! Reinhardt quickly ducks and turns around to deliver a nasty right across the forehead of Larver sending him quickly to the stage. Hoffman looks down at the championship and picks it up and

raises it in the air!

DDK:

Reinhardt has made a huge statement here tonight fans!

Angus:

Screw all that drag his carcass in the ring and make it official Reinhardt!

DDK:

It appears that is exactly what he has in mind my friend!

Hoffman has hopped off the stage and pulls Crimson from the wreckage who is staggering about barely able to stand. Hoffman delivers a few knee lifts before dragging him to the ring. He tosses Crimson in the ring and quickly follows he shouts at the timekeeper to ring the bell.

Angus:

Ring it now you idiot!

DING

DDK:

The match appears to be official we got a referee set. Reinhardt wasting no time and goes for the cover!

Angus:

New Champion Keeps! New Champion!!

ONE

TWO

THRE..

Crimson barely gets a shoulder up, Hoffman can't believe it.

DDK:

Crimson has got to be in a lot of pain, how he was able to kick out is beyond me!

Hoffman quickly goes for another cover.

ONE

TWO

THR..

Angus:

SOB stay down!

Hoffman now even more angry mounts Crimson and starts to deliver more shots to the open cut on Crimson head. He finally gets off and now is begging from Crimson to get to his feet.

DDK:

Hoffman is going for broke here it appears he is setting up for the Penalty Kick!

Angus:

Knock his block off!

Crimson is on his hands and knees. Hoffman runs at him, just as Hoffman is about to strike Crimson dodges the kick and gets to his feet! Reinhardt leg gets tangled in the ropes for a moment.

DDK:

Hoffman racked himself, Crimson just got out of the way of the Penalty Kick!

Angus:

Turn around Reinhardt!

Hoffman tries to get his foot back in. As he does he turns around and Crimson slaps his mammoth claw like hand across Hoffman, and in no wasted motion lifts him up midair spinning him around and slamming him on the knee of Crimson!

DDK:

NO...The Hollow Point!

Crimson falls on Hoffman with his arm.

ONE

Angus:

Kickout!

TWO

Angus:

NO! COME ON KICKOUT!

THREE!

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

The bell rings as Larver has already made his way to the ring with the belt in hand. He slides into the ring as Crimson has gotten to his hands and knees half his face covered in blood. Jon shows the championship to Crimson as he takes it and sits back on his knees.

Quimbey:

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

The boos drown out a lot of DDK, and Angus dialog.

DDK:

Somehow Crimson Lord is walking out of here still champion!

Angus:

How...he had it!

Crimson gets to his feet and looks out in the crowd raising the title as the hatred continues and all you can hear from Crimson is him saying "MORE"

THE LAST OF US

The scene cuts to black.

Angus:

Um, did we get cut off again?

DDK:

[frustrated] I don't know...

Angus:

If this is another UTA add I swear I'll...

The scene goes back to the DEF Wrestle-Plex, as the audience sits in darkness and the DEF Tron turns on. A black static screen is shown for some time, to silence and confusion from The Faithful. That is, until a neon orange and green lightning bolt crosses the screen and a voice is heard over the PA. The lightning bolt moves with the sound of the voice.

Ominous Voice:

Survival is the real plague.

The DEF Tron shows the arrival of the UTA during DEFCON Night 2 and the attack on Cayle Murray.

Ominous Voice:

In August, 2017, an outbreak of mutant wrestlers calling themselves the UTA Fireflies ravages the once prominent organization of DEFIANCE, transforming its fan-friendly hosts into cannibalistic monsters known as *the infected*.

Video of Dan Ryan turning on Cayle, Jack Harmen betraying PCP and the UTA roster beating on Andy Murray plays.

Ominous Voice:

Now, two months later and most of DEFcivilization has been destroyed by *the infected*. Survivors live together in heavily policed quarantine zones...

A shot of the bus appears.

Ominous Voice:

...independent settlements and nomadic groups.

Images of the DEFIANCE heroes and teams roll frantically across the board.

Ominous Voice:

These wrestlers hunt down Mikey Unlikey and the other UTA Fireflies, trying to limit the outbreak and take over. Can they be successful?

Long, drawn out silence and blackness.

Until the DEFIANCE FIST logo replaces the lightning.

Ominous Voice:

Join the fight, as DEFIANCE stars and soon-to-be newcomers are brought together by these harsh circumstances and must survive a brutal journey across DEF TV in this dangerous, post-pandemic world.

The orange and green lightning bolt disappears from the screen. Then, it's replaced by a white lightning bolt flashing quickly across as DEF Tron and the scene goes to black again.

The house lights come on and everything goes back to normal.

DDK:

I have no idea what that was.

Angus:

Yeah, me too. *The infected?* Well that's one way to put it. Crimson Lord does look pretty pale...

IMPULSE VS. DAN RYAN

DDK:

We're only moments away from a true Clash of the Titans, Angus!

Angus:

If there's a run-in by some weird, creepy stop-motion skeletons, I swear to fuck I'm going home and never coming back.

DDK:

Two former FISTs, in Dan Ryan and Impulse, though they took drastically different paths to get there!

♪"ZERO" - The Smashing Pumpkins♪

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOO! BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I don't think he can hear you over the rest of the fans, Angus... and if he did, I don't think he'd care.

Angus:

It's the principle of the thing. BOOOOO!

Dan Ryan does not, in fact, acknowledge Angus - or any other fans. The closest he comes is pulling his arm sharply away from a fan who manages to reach out and grab him - and the fan falls over the guardrail in the process. He doesn't even bother trying to dodge any of the trash being thrown at him from the fans.

♪"Cannonball" - SIRS♪

And the mood suddenly changes. The fans turn to the entryway in anticipation of the Marathon Man and his manager/valet.

DDK:

This will be the third singles match, I believe, between these two men. Of course we all recall Dan Ryan narrowly defeating Impulse to retain his FIST of DEFIANCE in Impulse's second match here, and they previously wrestled in a World Championship tournament elsewhere in a match in which Impulse came out on top.

Angus:

Oh, you've gotta be...

All eyes are on Calico Rose - she is dressed like Codename: Reaper, only she has eschewed the facemask for a pair of steampunk goggles (likely to avoid confusion with any Reapers hanging around), and she carries a cowbell in her hand.

Angus:

'Don't Fear the Reaper.' Clever.

DDK:

You just figured out Cally's intentions without effort.

Angus:

...Dear God, I'm in trouble.

Cally waves at the announce table and hits the cowbell on the guardrail as she and Impulse walk to the ring. Impulse is focused - he does not take his eyes off the Ego Buster.

DDK:

Don't let the size difference fool you, FAITHFUL... Impulse is a dangerous man and he has proven his ability to take down wrestlers the size of Dan Ryan on multiple occasions.

Angus:

Oh, I hope so... but I also know that when you're nearly seven feet tall and well over three hundred pounds, when you're literally twice as big as your opponent you just need to get one hand on his head and squeeze. This could go either way in a second.

Impulse takes off his leather jacket outside the ring, clearly not trusting Ryan once he enters. The T-shirt peels off and is thrown into the crowd, and the Marathon Man tentatively climbs the stairs.

DDK:

Mind games on Impulse's part, Angus?

Angus:

If he can get Ryan off his game, he's got a better shot at it, Keebs. We know Impulse is good at that part.

Referee Hector Navarro backs Dan Ryan off, and directs Impulse to enter the ring so the match can begin - RYAN WITH A SUDDEN RUSH!

DDK:

And with that, Dan Ryan shows the power of brute force! He just ran up on Impulse and drove his knee into his opponents' head as he tried to enter the ring! Ryan drops to his knees and clubs Impulse on the back of the head and between his shoulder blades with a series of broad forearms!

Angus:

This is why you don't trust mormons, and you never trust Dan Ryan. Or anyone, ever.

DDK:

Really, Angus?

Angus:

If you always assume your opponent is gonna jump you and you jump them first, you never lose. Of course, even if you assume it but can't get there, it's a little murky.

After Ryan clubs Impulse down to his hands and knees with his forearms, he wraps a large hand around the back of the Marathon Man's neck, and jerks him to his feet, and sends him, chest first, into the corner! Clothesline flattens him!

DDK:

On the outside, Cally trying to rally the people behind Impulse!

Angus:

They're already there, but the people don't win matches.

DDK:

German suplex from Dan Ryan! Impulse rolls out of the ring!

On his knees, Impulse breathes heavily, trying to get his air. Cally joins him, and is immediately cautioned by Navarro not to get involved: he's a fair man. Behind him, Ryan waits, unconcerned.

DDK:

The count is at four, and Impulse grabs the middle rope!

Angus:

Don't trust the Asian!

DDK:

...Really?

Navarro has the same idea, and he backs Dan Ryan off while Impulse reenters the ring; however, the second Impulse lets go of the ropes, Ryan fires off a huge baseball swing!

DDK:

Impulse ducks it! HE SWEEPS THE LEG!

Angus:

Justice For Johnny!

Ryan doesn't go down, but he staggers and has to steady himself on the top rope. Impulse uses the moment to go through the ropes on the other side and hold onto the top, waiting.

DDK:

Dan Ryan turns, Impulse with a slingshot dropkick! Ryan staggers back - HE TIES HIMSELF UP IN THE ROPES!

Angus:

You see, this is where Impulse screws the pooch. You've got the advantage, press it. Instead - yeah, like I thought, this boy scout is gonna step back and wait for Hector to free Ryan.

He does. The second he's free from the ropes, Impulse moves in to lock up, but Dan Ryan fires a right hand square to the middle of Impulse's forehead! Navarro warns him about the closed fist, but the damage is done and Impulse collapses like a downed tree! Ryan hooks him...

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB!

Angus:

Son of a... This is when Impulse loses me. PRESS THE ADVANTAGE, YOU SILLY GOOSE!

Ryan stands over the Marathon Man after delivering the Bomb... and he thinks.

He remembers their last match, and he picks him up again, for a second Humility Bomb! The fans are largely silent, and those who haven't lost their voice boo terribly.

DDK:

Enough is enough, Dan!

Apparently not. Ryan scoops Impulse again, lifts Impulse up, and drops him with a third Humility Bomb!

The three count is academic.

Angus:

Well, that was short and brutal. Next time, can we get someone willing to do what's necessary to beat the shit outta Dan Ryan?

DDK:

The former FIST is leaving the ring while Cally checks on Impulse... we'll be right back.

TURNING A NO INTO A YES

“Damn sure wish Rocko was here.”

Camera catches up to Kerry Kuroyama with a duffle bag hanging loosely from his shoulder, he is wearing street clothes and looks to be making an early exit from the building with his match ‘that never happened’ in the books.

Courtney:

What would he do, if he was Kerry?

The voice almost pains Kerry, in the gut, as he looks to double over when he recognizes who has entered the frame of the camera.

Kerry:

Well... well. If it's not Courtney Paz. Shouldn't you be slumming it somewhere working for Perfection? Or your 'clients'.

He uses air quotation marks to get his point across, already tired of looking at her he tries to start walking away again, but Courtney reaches out grabbing his arm to get him to stop.

Courtney: [halfway whispering]

Look, Perfection was obviously a mistake. That has become clear to me, but my current client, I've worked with on and off for them for years. Even back in IWF. They are the real deal, a legit threat.... To all of this.

Kerry: [jerking his arm away]

What makes you think I would be interested in working with or for anyone else but DEFIANCE? Or much less what makes you think I would want to associate myself with the likes of you?

Courtney: [raising her voice slightly]

Have you looked around? DEFIANCE is crumbling at the very hands of another federation. This is the perfect time to strike at all of them while they are weak!

Kerry looks at her for a few moments, trying to gauge if she's actually serious or not.

Kerry:

You do realize.... You are talking to a show opener here right? I haven't been dominant in a long time, I am trying to establish myself here and if you think me jumping into some half brained scheme is your idea of a career jump start, you are truly psycho.

Courtney:

My clients will compensate you well, you'll be put in a position to really make an impact here. An IMPACT that no one will see coming. Not Mikey Unlikely, not Eric Dane, none of the champions. NO ONE knows what's coming. If they think it's bad now....

Courtney starts laughing, half hysterically and it makes Kerry very uncomfortable.

Kerry:

I appreciate the persistence Courtney, but again ... my answer is no.

Courtney:

My clients are very interested in you, they feel you can inspire something that is needed to make this work.

Kerry:

Inspire... wait.. What?

Courtney:

They also are very... very capable of turning a no into a yes.

Kerry still confused about her use of the word inspire, almost like it triggered something.

Kerry: [walking away]
I have to go.

Courtney:
So is that a yes???

She doesn't get a response as he quickly makes haste around the corner, reaching into her business skirt she pulls out her cellphone. Looking at the camera she smiles and makes a swift exit into an adjacent room.

Fade to things.

SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. KENDRIX

Cut back to the arena. DDK and Angus voiceover as Darren Quimbey prepares to make his announcements.

DDK:

Coming up for you now, ladies and gentlemen, we have Jesse Fredericks Kendrix going one on one with the man he pinned in tag team action two weeks ago, the SOHER Champion himself, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

Angus:

Yeah, the man he pinned illegally! I mean has Mcfuckass' little douchebag friend ever won a match clean, Keebs?!

DDK:

Well, yeah, a few times, like when..

Angus:

Exactly as I thought, he's never won clean.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall ... and is a NON TITLE match!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing an official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots, the self proclaimed future of the business holds both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky before turning to face the arena, tag team title across his waist, with that smirk and make his way towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds and standing at six feet, two inches tall, he is one half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, the Hollywood Bruvs...JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX!

Jesse hops down from the turnbuckle, having rudely waved his closed fist at his less than adoring welcome from the DEFIANCE faithful, and turns to face the entrance way.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Douglas takes the stage trailed by "The Idol." Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a second but quickly heads for the ring. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, long cut offs and scuffed boots ... plus the title draped across his tattooed shoulder. Douglas heads to the ring slapping some hands before he enters the rings and passes the SoHer belt off to Terry Anderson.

DDK:

It's Champion versus Champion right here, right now and I for one have no idea which way this one is going to go, Angus.

Angus:

Hopefully Kendrix breaks his leg or something, that would be nice.

The Benny Doyle signals for the bell

DING DING DING

Both Douglas and Kendrix circle each other, Kendrix instinctively swipes for the leg but Douglas is too far from reach. The two tie up, Scott gets the upper hand and forces Kendrix into the corner. Benny Doyle counts to four and Sub Pop steps away, inviting Kendrix out of the corner, to the frustration of his opponent. Jesse steps out cautiously, eyes focussed on Scott as he points and jaws inaudibly in his direction. The two circle once more and go in for the tie up, only this time it's broken as Kendrix thrusts a knee into his opponent's midsection, following up with forearms which force Scott into the corner. The ref makes his count again, with Jesse holding his hands up, innocently and stepping back before the count of five.

DDK:

Kendrix with the cheap shot, but Douglas saw it coming!

Angus:

Beautiful suplex! McDouche Jr.'s head hit the mat hard there! Fingers crossed; its a concussion!

DDK:

You coming around on Douglas, partner?

Angus:

Let's not get carried away.

DDK:

Douglas covers!

ONE!

TW-KICK!

Douglas pops back to his feet as Kendrix rolls over and shakes off the effects of the suplex. Kendrix comes back to his feet near the ropes, Douglas stays on the offensive and leans in; irish whipping one half of the tag champs across the ring. He follows and leapfrogs Kendrix on the return. JFK follows through and catches a back elbow from Douglas. He doesn't leave his feet but the speed of the series seems to have caught him off guard. He stumbles back and catches himself on the ropes, with his hand to his mouth.

DDK:

Kendrix is reeling here!

Angus:

Take advantage you overrated roadie!

That he does, he hits the ropes and comes back, nailing JFK with a clothesline. Jesse pops straight back up, swinging in retaliation but Scott grabs the arm and maneuvers into a take down pin attempt

ONE

TWO

THR...KICKOOUT!

DDK:

Woah, how close was that?

Angus:

Dammit and now Mcfuckass Jr is out of here.

Jesse ignores the ref's please to return to the ring, crossing his arms and swiping them away, signalling that he's had enough. Grabbing his Tag title, he heads toward the ramp, as Benny Doyle begins his count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

Douglas isn't letting Kendrix get away that easy though as he leaves the ring to break up the count and chase after the Hollywood Bruv.

Angus:

Just let him go, take the W, we need this!

DDK:

You and I both know Douglas doesn't quite roll like that, Angus.

FOUR

Douglas grabs at JFK's shoulder and swings him around to face him but he's met by a swift kick to the gut, doubling him over right before Kendrix grabs his head and shoulders before driving Douglas' head first into the ramp way barriers.

FIVE

DDK:

Ohh! And just like that, momentum has swung JFK's way.

Angus:

Dammit Scott!

At the count of six, Kendrix grabs Scott once more and hauls him straight into the barriers head first again to the disdain of the fans in front of them.

Kendrix:

Let's go Sub Pop, innit?!

One wanker gesture later, Jesse grabs his opponent up to a standing position as he helps him toward the ring, rolling him underneath the bottom rope to break the ref's count at eight.

DDK:

Kendrix in complete control now. Douglas has hardly moved.

Jesse hops up onto the apron and throws the wanker gesture Douglas' way before stepping through the middle rope. He inadvertently allows Douglas the time to recover as he taunts the Faithful. He turns around to learn his mistake.

Angus:

Yes, right in the kisser!

Douglas shoots a leg up connecting with JFK's temple sending the tag champ stumbling toward the ropes, he lands chest first but remains on his feet. He stumbles backward toward the center of the ring and Douglas synches him

around the waist.

DDK:

German Suplex!

Angus:

NO!

Kendrix makes the full rotation and lands on his feet. A rocky landing is steadied, quickly as Douglas turns around...

DDK:

BELLEND! NO!

Kendrix's attempt is blocked and lands flat on his back as Douglas grabs his ankles and turn him for a half crab.

DDK:

Middle of the ring, partner. Kendrix has nowhere to go!

Benny Doyle inches into check on JFK, asking if he submits. JFK adamantly refuses shaking his head back and forth desperately reaching out toward the ropes. Doyle continues to question until JFK drops his hand and head.

Angus:

He's out! Call it! MiniMcFuckass is out!

Doyle leans in closer and picks up JFK's limp arm and JFK instantly spring back to life grabbing Doyle who now desperately tries to get free.

DDK:

Looks like he was playing o'possum!

JFK leveraging against Benny Doyle shoves Douglas off his grip. Douglas, from a crouched position stumbles toward the ropes and braces himself before standing and turning around. JFK scrambles to his feet before Douglas can get back on the offensive.

DDK:

SUPERKICK! COVER!

Doyle drops down and makes the count.

ONE!

Angus:

Hey! His feet! His FEET are on the ropes!

TWO!

JFK bares down with the leverage from the ropes.

Angus:

For the LOVE OF ...

THREE!

JFK quickly drops his feet back to the matt and Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner ... by pinfall ... JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX!

Doyle raises Kendrix's hand but Kendrix quickly snatches it away and exits the ring. Douglas is moving but hasn't yet recovered from the swift kick to the jaw.

DDK:

Well, folks. I honestly don't know what to say here.

Angus:

I do, damnit! Scott Douglas is THE weak link the DEFIANCE chain! He could have easily had a victory here and chalked one up for the team! But no ...

Kendrix retrieves his half of the Tag Titles and rather than leave abruptly stops in front of Terry Anderson at ringside.

DDK:

Wait - what's going on here!?

Angus:

I don't like that fuckass glint in his eye, Keebs! What the hell is he going to do, beat up an old drunk?

DDK:

Hold on a minute - he can't do that!

JFK snatches the Southern Heritage title from Terry Anderson. Terry protests but is quickly backed down by Kendrix's raised fist. Hands up, palms out - Terry backs off and clears the way for JFK's exit.

DDK:

This - this ...

Angus:

Spit it out, Keebs! This is GORRAM fucked! It's bad enough they're stealing our gold right front and center - now they're ACTUALLY STEALING it!

Satisfied in his intimidation of Terry, Kendrix leaves the ringside area and heads back up the ramp celebrating. Hoisting both titles high. Douglas, finally on his feet, stands at the ropes and glares toward Kendrix on the stage.

DDK:

Folks, this simply will not stand and I am positive this is not the last we've seen of this situation!

Angus:

This is fucked!

Cut to elsewhere.

WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN

A clearly banged up Nicky Synz stands by himself backstage. With one hand he holds an ice pack to the back of his head, and in the other he holds a microphone. The smile we've seen him sport since his first appearance in DEFIANCE isn't there right now, instead replaced with a steely look of determination.

Nicky Synz:

Tonight I found out what Cristiano Caballero would do to cement his place in DEFIANCE Wrestling. He'd jump me from behind, lay me out with a chair and then try to put me on the shelf just to further his own career! I've gotta say, I'm not happy about it.

Nicky shakes his head, which visibly pains him as he grimaces and clutches the ice packs tighter to his head.

Nicky Synz:

But you know what else I've gotta say? Caballero didn't get the job done tonight! I'm still standing Cristiano, and I'm not going anywhere.

Almost as though to emphasis his point, Synz stomps his feet and stands upright. The pain in his head and neck must be shooting down his back at this point, but he toughs it out.

Nicky Synz:

People think what happened out there made me look weak, and to them I say just watch Maximum DEFIANCE, because I'll prove who the weak man is when Cristiano Caballero and I actually go one on one.

There's a small cheer from the fans in the arena watching on the video wall that reaches Nicky backstage. He smiles, knowing the fans are on his side after seeing him get taken out early.

Nicky Synz:

Caballero, if being on DEFIANCE TV means that much to you, I'm giving you to opportunity to appear on Pay-Per-View so that we can settle this the right way, in the ring, one on one. I'm sure you won't pass up that opportunity, will you? Because I'm not gonna pass up on the opportunity to melt your face! I'll see you at Maximum DEFIANCE, Caballero!

With that we head back to the announce desk.

DDK:

You know, Angus, some of those points sounded strangely familiar.

Angus:

Yeah, I've got an odd feeling of deja vu right now.

DDK:

Well, wherever we've heard them before, it sounds like we have a lock for Maximum DEFIANCE as Nicky Synz will go one on one with Cristiano Caballero!

CAYLE MURRAY VS. MIKEY UNLIKELY

DDK:

Welcome back, folks! It's time for our main event, at long last...

Angus:

Cayle Murray is mad as hell, and he's not gonna take it anymore!

DDK:

This match was set-up via a series of promos broadcast exclusively on DEFIANCEwrestling.com. One week after taking a pinfall to David Hightower, the FIST of DEFIANCE is going right to the top of this UTA invasion - Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

Squidboy vs. McFuc--

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The track kicks-in with full force, cutting Angus off mid-sentence. Cayle immediately strides out from the back and starts stomping his way down to the ring.

Angus:

Heh. Guess he didn't want to wait...

DDK:

I can't blame him!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Aberdeen Scotland, he is the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, and weighs in at 220lbs... CAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

The Scot gets into the ring, but he can't stay still for a moment - he's desperate to cut the head off the snake tonight.

♪ "Blunt Blowin'" by Lil' Wayne ♪

You already know what the fans are doing at this precise moment in time. After an elongated intro, Mikey Unlikely eventually saunters out from backstage, clad in wrestling attire for the first time in a long time. He started making his way down the ramp: slowly, but deliberately so. Trying to piss the Squid off, innit?

Darren Quimbey:

... aaand his opponent! Hailing from 'The Burbs,' he weighs in at 225lbs, and represents WrestleUTA, 'The World's Greatest Entertainer'... MIKEY UNLIKELLLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Hurry up and get in the ring, shitface!

DDK:

He knows what he's doing, Angus! Cayle is desperate to engage, and the longer Mikey can hold that off, the more wound-up the FIST will be.

Indeed, Cayle's looking pretty irate between the ropes - so much so that Brian Slater actually has to hold him back. Mikey hops up onto the apron, glances at the champ, then hops back down, grinning broadly.

Angus:

Get in the bi--

DDK:

-- ring!

Unlikely waves the crowd's jeers off, then slowly starts pacing around the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Folks, I get the impression we might be waiting a while...

Angus:

I just wanna see this dickhead's skull caved in. Is that too much to ask?!

DDK:

Apparently so.

Angus:

Fu-- HEY!

A forearm clobbers the back of Cayle's skull, but it's not Mikey Unlikely's.

DDK:

It's Kendrix!

The Englishman jumps the FIST from behind, knocking him to the mat with a furious flurry of blows! He stomps down hard on the fallen Scot, and Mikey finally slides into the ring to join him.

DDK:

A well-executed trap by the Hollywood Bruvs!

Angus:

Awwww fuck! Get our boys out here!

The Bruvs go about setting Cayle up in a corner, but the cavalry is on it's way!

DDK:

Here comes Mascara De Muerte IV! Cayle's training buddy!

MDM4 slides in the ring and goes after the Bruvs.

Two-on-two?

Nah.

The floodgates. They are open.

A mass of bodies come pouring from the entrance ramp. We see Scott Douglas, Mushigahara, Oscar Burns and most of the DEFIANCE locker room, A couple of them slide into the ring, others surround it.

Angus:

D-DAY is upon us Keebs! The shit has officially hit the f...

DDK:

HERE COMES WRESTLEUTA REINFORCEMENTS!

Crimson Lord, David Hightower, THE Jay Harvey, and Jack Harmen lead a large contingent to the ring, who attack the

group outside from the back. It isn't long before a couple of the UTA guys squeeze their way past and into the ring.

DDK:

This is madness! Mushi has Kendrix up! Mikey is going one on one with Cayle Murray in the corner and the fans are losing it here in the DEF-Plex!

Angus:

Get him squid! Knock his shiny little teeth in! Break his face! Make him sterile!

Everyone is slowly getting into the ring. Guys on the outside are throwing guys inside and the ring fills up quick. It's not long before it's hard to tell what's going on.

DDK:

I guess we're not getting our match Angus!

Angus:

Because McFuckass knows that if he takes on the squid one on one, he doesn't stand a chance! This is bu....wait!
IT'S THE BAWS!

Indeed Eric Dane comes down the ramp as fast as his bad knees will take him. He slides into a roaring ovation and makes a beeline for the WrestleUTA owner, Mikey Unlikely. Dane grabs Mikey around the neck with both hands, and Mikey panics, reaching for help. Dane comes down with a big chop across the chest that knocks Mikey down. He falls through the ropes to the outside, seemingly on purpose, but Eric Dane is having none of it.

As the masses combat one another in the ring, Eric Dane follows Mikey, grabs him by the hair and drills his face off the steel stairs. The crowd shows their appreciation with each blow. Dane bounces him off the crowd barrier. Dane turns and runs him head first into the turnbuckle pole. Mikey crumples like a sack of potatoes on the outside floor. When Dane pulls him back up, we see the blood flowing from under his eyebrow.

Angus:

He got him! The Boss is rearranging the face of Hollywood!

DDK:

Indeed Mikey is bleeding very heavily but that's not slowing down Eric Dane!

Dane hoist up Mikey, he hooks the arm over his head before looking out over the crowd. The crowd cheers loudly, knowing what comes next.

DDK:

He's setting him up!

Eric lifts Mikey's feet straight up in the air, and then comes down hard, dropping Mikey onto the ring apron head first.

Angus:

STAHHHHHHHRBREAKER! ON THE RING APRON! DID YOU SEE HIS HEAD!?

Mikey now lies motionless as the crowd loses their collective minds at once. Dripping blood down his face, Mikey looks broken. Although the battle inside the ring continues. Eric Dane looks over Mikey as the camera begins to fade out. Angus is breathing heavily.

DDK:

That's all the time we have this week folks, tune in to Maximum DEFIANCE, next Sunday, LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW!
YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THIS!

This.

Is.

DEFIANCE!