

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪ "Arma-Goddamn-Motherfuckin-Geddon" - Marilyn Manson ♪



We fade in on the WRESTLEPLEX, packed to the brim with DEFIANCE Faithful, cheering as loud as they can for the action to follow.

And they show it with their signs.

**SQUIDS ARE BETTER THAN OLD MANS
BLACK GUY JACKSON TRUMPS RAPIST JACKSON
BLOW IT UP
WHERE'S DICK FURY?
MARIE VAN BAKERCASH GAVE ME HERPES
SHAKE HANDS FORM DYNASTY GET PUT ON A BUS
I GOTTA REAPER FEVER
CAN'T WE JUST PLAY CHESS INSTEAD
#FUCKTHEMORMONS**

And so forth.

And we land on the entrance ramp, with our illustrious hosts.

DDK:

DEEEEEEEEEEEFIANCE FAITHFUL!

Huge pop.

DDK:

We are at GROUND ZERO FOR WAR! My name is 'Downtown' Darren Keebler, as always with my broadcast colleague, Angus Skaaland, and Angus, we have arrived! THE MATCH BEYOND!

Angus:

The WrestleUTA Pissants are going to learn what it means to fuck with the DEFIANT TEAM, Keebs! Hollywood McFuckass and his Merry Band of Idiots have taken it a step too far, and the BAWs, the WARGOD, the MARATHON MAN, the SOHER, and... THE HOFFMAN... are gonna make all those GORRAM fuckerse pay!

DDK:

We certainly hope so, Angus, but before we get there, we'll see the FIST of DEFIANCE defended as Cayle Murray steps into the ring against David Hightower!

Angus:

Hightower is a real shitkicker, but the Squid has proven his worth in the past year and change, and there's no way a mindless brawler can take out a skilled wrestler.

DDK:

Even a HOSS like Hightower?

Angus:

DO NOT COMPLIMENT HIM WITH THAT WORD.

DDK:

And that's just scratching the surface! Master will face off against student as Jack Harmen takes on Elise Ares, former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion with the Pop Culture Phenoms! Kerry Kuroyama will take on Reaper Red and Reaper Prime in a handicap match!

Angus:

Haven't we finished with the Reapers already? Can't we just give them all cowbells and send them home?

DDK:

There's plenty of other action in store tonight, Angus, but coming up first, we've got the PPV return of Team HOSS going up against a group of DEFIANCE defectors looking to make a statement here tonight.

Angus:

It's immaterial, Keeps. Team HOSS is a team... well... of HOSSes. And that's how you introduce a HOSS... not some guy from Salt Lake City.

TEAM HOSS VS. NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE

DDK:

Team HOSS made a return declaring their pro-DEFIANCE stance, but the group of No Justice No Peace have felt disrespected by DEF management after not appearing for some time. Brother Lucius Owens and current UTA star Theo Baylor made a deal with Mikey Unlikely to get the rest of their group to join UTA if they can take out Team HOSS. Since then, the two sides have been at war and now, it's coming to a head.

Angus:

Giggity. But in all seriousness, Keebs... No Justice, No Peace may have the numbers advantage by one... but we were part of seeing how many bodies Team HOSS stacked as a group. There's a good number of people who don't work here any more because of things they've done. They're fighting for DEFIANCE, sure, but don't let that count out the fact that they'll HURT people.

DDK:

It will officially be Aleczander The Great and Angel Trinidad taking on the team of Theo Baylor and Roosevelt Owens tonight, but there's more to it than that around ringside. Team HOSS have their former World Trios Champion partner Capital Punishment in their corner, but No Justice, No Peace have Lucius Owens, Felton Bigsby AND Neighborhoodlum at ringside.

Angus:

This shit's gonna go off like a powder keg with the fuse lit. And I for one, can't wait until our HOSS OVERLORDS overcome!

DDK:

Can the UTA's Theo Baylor help get the rest of NJNP into the UTA fold tonight? Or will Team HOSS have enough firepower to take them on? We go to ringside now for the intros!

And to the crowd popping HUGE for this titanic tag match coming up shortly. The camera shot pans around to the special set-up for tonight. Two rings - one labeled as DEFIANCE, the other labeled with the UTA logo - placed side by side and the cage above the ring for War Games later tonight. But for right now, the focus is on the DEFIANCE ring closer to ringside with Darren Quimbey front and center.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The crowd loses its collective SHIT as out from the back come three men that had ran roughshod over a majority of DEFIANCE for a good long while. While Capital Punishment is retired, two thirds of DEFIANCE'S longest-reigning and most defendingist DEFIANCE World Trios (it's a word to them, damn it) champs step out into the arena with Cappy dressed in a BRAZEN training shirt behind them.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 583 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by BRAZEN trainer Capital Punishment... they are Aleczander The Great... and "The HOSS Overlord" Angel Trinidad... The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers... **TEAM HOSS!**

The name may be borderline goofy, but there is NOTHING goofy about the 6'7" and 280-pound Capital Punishment, the 6'3" and 268-pound Brit Aleczander The Great or the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad heading toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch.

DDK:

Angel Trinidad fought Felton Bigsby on DEFTV 92 and won by DQ when the rest of Felton's group interfered! Cappy

made a shocking return and though he isn't wrestling tonight, he looks like he's ready for a fight!

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAWWWWW yeah, I can't wait to see some BeneDICK Arnolds get messed up! For one night only, all three members of the original Team HOSS ride again!

Cappy pats his protege, Angel Trinidad, on the back and stands at ringside still brandishing the same lead pipe he brought to help even the odds on DEFTV #92. Aleczander The Great slides into the ring and right behind him, Angel JUMPS over the ropes and lands on his feet. The two meet up in the ring with Aleczander flexing his arms and Angel Trinidad letting out a roar behind him. The crowd starts to die down as they await their opponents.

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪

The hyper-aggressive hip-hop track plays and after Rick Ross' intro, Brother Lucius Owens walks out onto the stage. He's soon joined by Theo Baylor, Felton Bigsby, The Neighborhoodlum, and Roosevelt Owens. Tonight, it's Theo and Rosey fighting for their stable.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... being accompanied to the ring by Felton Bigsby, The Neighborhoodlum and Brother Lucius Owens... From Houston, Texas, weighing in at a combined weight of 763 pounds... Theo Baylor and Roosevelt Owens... **NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!**

Angus:

Good God almighty, that is a mass of... well, ass. Rosey Owens - Lucius's nephew - tips the scales at 470 pounds by himself with Baylor being about 285.

DDK:

One of the few times where we can safely say Team HOSS might get... well, out-HOSSED, as it were.

NJNP spread across the stage, with Brother Lucius - suit-clad as always - standing 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 group of DEFectors then walk toward the ring as Angel paces around on the inside like a lion ready to hunt. Aleczander and Capital Punishment watch Theo and Rosey both enter the ring. Once everybody is settled in, the referee for the match - Brian Slater - calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The bigger half of Team HOSS stands front and center with Theo Baylor standing right before him. The Beast from The Bronx dares him to try and make a move, so he obliges...

He strikes him with a right hand!

DDK:

Theo is a bad, bad man and... oh, boy...

Theo is indeed a bad, bad man... Angel reels back from the blow, but that doesn't stop him from grinning after the solid right. Defiantly, Angel puts his arms out and then puts them behind his back, almost daring Theo to take another shot.

Angel Trinidad:

Come on, asshole.

Angel circles the ring and tries to get Theo to take another shot. The UTA wrestler balls up a fist and starts to strike....

Angus:

POW! HAAAAHA! ALEczander GETS HIM FROM BEHIND LIKE HE'S DONE TO MANY MOMS!

It appears to be a ruse as Angel turns around and hits a giant DROPKICK of all things to Roosevelt Owens, knocking the biggest member of NJNP off the apron! The pro-DEF crowd pops! When Baylor's back was turned, Aleczander The Great rushed into the ring to strike Baylor with a hard Forearm! A cheap shot indeed, but Team HOSS were never known for playing fair. While Brother Owens protests the questionable tactic, the fans cheer on Angel and Aleczander as they rush Baylor to the ropes...

DDK:

Double Shoulder Tackle! Baylor's down!

Aleczander follows up the big move by running off the ropes and delivering a big Running Elbow Drop to the chest of Baylor! Aleczander rolls away when Angel drops the hammer with a big Running Splash! Angel goes for the cover right away, trying to put away Baylor early!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kickout by Baylor! Team HOSS have been a team for at least six years. If anybody knows their tag game, it's them!

Angus:

HOSS SMASH! HOSS SMASH PUNY TRAITORS!

Lucius Owens yells at his nephew to get back up and into the ring. When he tries, Angel sees Big Rosey and delivers a solid forearm to the face, keeping him out of the ring again!

DDK:

Smart tag team wrestling! Keep Baylor alone and work on Theo.

Angel grabs Baylor by the neck and tries to pull him up when he gets greeted with a big haymaker to the ribs. Baylor is a big man himself, so the blows do enough to stun Angel. Theo then fires a right to the face of Angel and grins.

Theo Baylor:

YOU AIN'T SHIT, BOY!

Theo cocks his arm back, signalling for a Lariat of some sort... only for Angel to pick him up and SLAM him down with big Body Slam! The crowd pops at the strength of Angel for being able to muscle Theo Baylor around as he leans over his body.

Angel Trinidad:

No... YOU ain't shit.

After the trash talk, the tag gets made to Aleczander The Great, who climbs into the ring and waits for Baylor to get back up. Theo is bigger than Aleczander, but not by much - The Mancunian Muscle picks him up and also drives down hard with a Body Slam of his own. After big Baylor hits the mat, Aleczander walks over.

Tag to Angel.

Body Slam!

Tag back to Aleczander.

Body Slam!

DDK:

Simple offense, sure, but it can't feel good being driven into the mat repeatedly like that. We've seen Team HOSS use the repeated Body Slams to great effect in the past.

Angus:

HOSS Overlords doing HOSS things! Yeah!

Aleczander with another cover now.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kickout by Baylor! But he needs to make the tag and Brother Owens isn't happy right now!

Indeed he is not because he's about ready to froth at the mouth! Aleczander grabs Baylor again, but this time Baylor surprises him with a big right and then shoves him off to finally get that tag to Big Rosey! The heaviest of the four big men enters the ring now and Aleczander The Great looks a little concerned as the 460-pound mass that is Roosevelt Owens enters the ring.

DDK:

Aleczaender The Great may be pound-for-pound one of DEFIANCE's strongest stars, but Team HOSS never fought anybody like Owens.

Angus:

Pretty sure he has his own gravity.

Rosey nods over to his uncle and tries to take a swing at Aleczander, but The Mancunian Muscle is much faster than he and dodges the blow to fire a forearm his way. Aleczander gets ready to run off the ropes and charges at him full speed...

Little to no effect!

Rosey stumbles only a little bit, but doesn't budge. Aleczander hits the ropes a second time and tries another Shoulder Tackle only for the blow to wobble Roosevelt only slightly. Cappy watches from the outside to make sure Felton and Neighborhoodlum don't try anything. Aleczander tries to run off the ropes yet again, ducking a shot from Roosevelt! He charges off the ropes...

DDK:

POWER HITTER!

He finally fires off a Flying Shoulder Tackle that manages to knock Big O into the ropes, dazing him in the process! Aleczander gets on his feet and celebrates almost too prematurely when The Neighborhoodlum grabs his leg! Capital Punishment charges over and swings away, backing he and Felton Bigsby from the ringside area. Angel Trinidad steps off the ring apron and clearly has enough of any sort of interference, charging at Neighborhoodlum

Angus:

TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT! 'HOODLUM'S DOWN!

The signature Running Bicycle Kick of Angel Trinidad CRACKS him in the mouth and lays him out! Felton knocks the pipe out of Capital Punishment's hand in the skirmish, but the two men exchange fists and fight their way into the other ring!

DDK:

That other ring is for the competitors of the DEFIANCE vs. UTA War Games match later, but Capital Punishment and

Felton Bigsby are fighting already!

Felton throws a few rights to back Cappy into the ropes of the empty ring, but the former prison guard sidesteps him! He then turns and Clotheslines Felton over the ropes! The crowd roars with approval as Cappy climbs out and chases Felton off, fighting with the big Texan up the ramp! As that goes on, Angel turns around...

DDK:

BIG SPEAR FROM THEO BAYLOR! ANGEL'S DOWN!

Theo gets back up and talks more trash to Angel! Aleczander tries to help his buddy, but Theo backs off just in time for Roosevelt to go back for another shot...

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAM!

Indeed a Black Hole Slam, just... with Angus' usual acerbic wit. Aleczander gets DRILLED into the canvas by the big man off the distraction!

DDK:

Chaos just broke out at ringside! Capital Punishment and Felton Bigsby are still fighting up the ramp, Neighborhoodlum is down! Angel is down on the outside! Things have broken down quickly!

Roosevelt yells at Slater to turn around and he does so as he tries the pin on Aleczander!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

So CLOSE! How'd he kick out of that?!

Angus:

I joke about them being HOSSes and whatnot, but no idea! That's guts alone, Keebs!

The time lapse of the official might have done it, but Lucius orders his nephew to make the tag. Rosey grabs Aleczander and chucks him into the corner, making the tag to Theo Baylor, who's back on the ring apron. The UTA star climbs in and charges full speed with a Corner Clothesline, catching Aleczander across the chest! The blow stuns him, but Theo isn't done yet as he walks back a few steps and charges in again, crushing him with another big shot! He runs off the ropes and when The Mancunian Muscle bounces out of the corner, Theo CRACKS him in the mouth with a Big Boot!

Brother Owens:

Finish it! Now!

Theo smiles and then tries another cover on Aleczander.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

No Justice, No Peace were starting to show dominance when they formed... but this could be a BIG win for them if they beat Team HOSS, Keeps.

DDK:

Indeed it would, and Theo would help earn the rest of NJNP spots in the UTA alliance per their agreement with Mikey Unlikely!

Theo picks up Aleczander again and has him in the Powerbomb position. He tries to elevate him up and gets the 267-pound Brit up slightly, only for Alecz to go limp and keep himself grounded. Theo beats him across the back with a series of hard Clubbing Forearms and then tackles him back into the corner! The tag gets made to Big O again and Theo holds The non-Dwayne Johnson Great One in the corner so Rosey can charge...

Angus:

Annnnnd Aleczander's insides are mush!

DDK:

The big Body Avalanche knocks Aleczander down... and this isn't good!

Rosey kicks Aleczander onto his back before STEPPING on him near the ropes! Aleczander lets out a howl of pain while Angel starts to finally get up from Theo's earlier Spear. He's favoring his rib cage, but trying to soldier through the pain as he watches his partner get squashed by Rosey.

Brother Owens tends to Neighborhoodlum on the floor, still laid out from the Bicycle Kick, but looks on in approval as Rosey steps off of Aleczander before picking him up. He strikes him with two more big Clubbing Forearms across the back and then whips him off to the nearby corner. Another big Body Avalanche in the corner leads to Aleczander being thrown out and then having a HUGE Elbow Drop right into his chest!

DDK:

Another cover! Can he do it?

ONE!

TWO!

ANGEL WITH THE SAVE!

Angus:

Knee Drop to the back of Rosey's head!

Angel saves his partner and returns to his corner while Rosey holds the back of his head in pain. As he returns to the corner, Angel yells words of encouragement towards his tag team partner.

Angel Trinidad:

Get up! Let's show these fuckboys who runs this!

Aleczander hears his partner and even though he's a big man, Rosey is much bigger and starts to get back to his feet. Weapon FLEX starts crawling toward the corner where Angel waits...

NO!

DDK:

ANOTHER cheap shot by Theo Baylor on Angel Trinidad, knocking him off the apron! Not that Team HOSS haven't done it in this match, but... well, come on, it's UTA against DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Did I just hear a little bit of bias, Keebs? Welcome to the dark side!

Theo Baylor strikes Angel to keep him from getting the tag, but when Angel gets in, Brian Slater stops him and the crowd boos!

Angus:

GODDAMN IT, SLATER! THAT'S THE ENEMY YOU'RE HELPING!

Theo tries to cut off Aleczander The Great's attempt at making the tag by pulling him up by the hair...

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Aleczander strikes him in the jaw with a stiff shot that reels Baylor! Brother Owens continues yelling on the outside for Theo to get back in the game! Aleczander The Great then lands back in the corner and Big Rosey tries to charge at him with a Body Avalanche...

DDK:

Roosevelt misses the splash in the corner that time! I think that ring might have moved two feet and knocked into our other one!

Big Rosey gasps for air while Angel Trinidad reaches his hand out again for the tag again. He runs over back to where Theo landed on the outside and the tag gets made to the angry young man from LA. Theo climbs into the ring to stop him from getting the tag...

DDK:

Too late!

Angus:

Uh-oh! Angel is in the ring now! This ain't good!

The crowd goes nuts as Angel Trinidad finally gets into the ring and now exchanges blows with Theo Baylor!

Right hand by Baylor!

Right hand by Trinidad!

Right hand by Baylor!

Right hand by Trinidad!

Angus:

HOSSFITE!

Angel finally blocks a shot from Theo and comes back with a Headbutt! He pushes him into the nearest corner and then turns his back to the angry LA native. The Beast From The Bronx throws his elbow pad off... ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW! Repeated alternating back elbows crack Baylor on either side of his face in the corner! He continues beating on him before he turns and throws him across the ring. Trinidad charges in full speed, CRACKING him with a Running Back Elbow before throwing him out of the corner. Trinidad then smiles as he leaps to the second rope only to fly off...

Angus:

Reverse Elbow! The biggest Reverse Elbow I've ever seen!

DDK:

Angel has Theo Baylor on the ropes now! Can he put him away?

Angel slashes a thumb across his throat and the crowd wills him on as he boots Baylor in the gut before taking him near the corner. He has him up for his finisher - The Awesomb Bomb that he calls The Big Damn Bomb - but Roosevelt climbs on the apron and grabs Theo's leg, saving his partner in the process!

DDK:

Great strategy by Big Rosey there!

The HOSS Overlord turns around, only to eat a solid right hand by Baylor across the face! Baylor follows up with an Uppercut and a Headbutt before heading off the ropes. He charges off the ropes, but Angel suddenly breaks through the Clothesline and runs off the ropes himself...

Angus:

FLYING HOSSBODY!

Angel CRUSHES Baylor with the impactful Crossbody and goes right into cover!

ONE!

TWO!

But the crowd BOOS when Felton Bigsby makes a sudden reappearance at ringside and pulls Angel's leg!

DDK:

Where'd Bigsby come from? He must have given Capital Punishment the slip backstage before coming back out here!

Angus:

I dunno, but get these traitors the hell out of here!

Houston Strong laughs at what he was able to pull off behind Slater's back, but Capital Punishment re-emerges from the ringside area and tries to stop him, only for Roosevelt Owens to crack him from behind with a Clubbing Forearm! With his mentor in trouble, Angel turns to look down at Baylor and then at both Roosevelt Owens and Felton Bigsby at ringside. Angel then makes a choice.

Angus:

Oh, shit, Keebs... oh shit....

DDK:

We've seen Angel do what he's about to do in that HELLACIOUS feud he had with Frank Dylan James. Is he...?

Angel charges off one set of ropes and then LEAPS over the top rope... RIGHT ONTO BIG ROSEY AND FELTON BIGSBY ON THE OUTSIDE!

THE CROWD GOES INSANE!

Angus:

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, KEEBS! LAND, SEA, OR AIR... NOBODY IS SAFE FROM OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!

DDK:

THAT WAS INSANE! ANGEL JUST TOOK OUT THE LARGEST MEMBERS OF NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE IN ONE DIVE OVER THE ROPES!

It has clearly taken a bit out of him, but after a few moments of laying in the pile of humanity at ringside, Angel slowly makes it back to his feet! He lets out a MASSIVE roar reciprocated by the thousands of fans in attendance!

The replay comes back on the DEFIatron showing several different angles, including a slow motion dive! The feed then goes back to the current time where DDK and Angus are still trying to catch their breath.

DDK:

That's one way to fight against the numbers game!

The crowd continues to be solidly behind Team HOSS! Angel then starts to slide back into the ring, but doesn't expect Baylor to be already up as he makes it back into the ring...

DDK:

BOOT TO THE FACE BY THEO BAYLOR! HE CAUGHT ANGEL!

Angus:

And he lifts him up! WELCOME TO LA! The Lifting Sit-out Spinebuster! He hits it on Angel!

And goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO! SAVED BY ALECZANDER!

The Mancunian Muscle saves his partner from certain defeat at the hands of Theo Baylor! The crowd catches their breath after the closest fall of the match thus far!

Angus:

THAT WAS CLOSE! JEEZ, KEEBS!

The Big Brit makes the save but Theo gets up and tackles him into the corner before burying a series of hard right hands into the chest of Aleczander. Baylor then tries to lift him up again and kicks him in the gut.

DDK:

Uh-oh! What's Baylor got planned here?

Angus:

I dunno, but it can't be anything good!

He sets up Aleczander on the top rope and then heads to the second rope. He could be thinking either a Superplex or a similar move and the big man doesn't leave his feet too often, but if there's a chance for some severe damage, this could be it...

DDK:

NO! ANGEL BACK UP! HE HAS THEO BY THE NECK!

Angel pulls him off the top rope by the neck in a Full Nelson! Theo tries to fight out of it, but Aleczander gets off the top rope as the crowd knows what's coming up next... they lift him up...

Angus:

YES! THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSS-TORY OF OUR SPORT! THAT'S IT, KEEBS!

DDK:

Could that be it?!

The crowd continues going wild as they DRIVE Theo Baylor into the mat with the Double-Team Powerbomb! Angel is the legal man and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

IT IS!

After Angel climbs off of Theo's fallen body, Capital Punishment starts to limp back into the ring and joins the duo in celebration! Aleczander and Angel help each other to their feet, thriving off the crowd reaction for this huge victory!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **TEAM HOSS!**

Brother Owens is beside himself on the outside as he looks at his forces. Neighborhoodlum is now coming around, holding his jaw. Theo is laid out and a fallen Felton checks on Roosevelt Owens.

DDK:

Score one for DEFIANCE tonight with this match! No Justice, No Peace showed exactly why they should be taken seriously, but Team HOSS and their experience edge as a team - not to mention Capital Punishment having their back - played a part in this win tonight!

Angus:

It sucks, Keebs. I gave most of these guys - aside from that UTA asshole Theo - an opportunity and they chose to try and side with the Mormons... well, you chose WRONG, bitches!

Angel Trinidad looks genuinely taken aback by the positive response. A few short years ago, they were booed to hell when pitted against some of the best DEFIANCE had to offer... now, the situation was completely different and now that they were fighting for DEFIANCE, they had the respect of the crowd. Aleczander, Angel, and Cappy all bump fists with one another before leaving the ring. Aleczander climbs through the ropes while Angel leans back on the ropes and flips over them to land on his feet. He points to the crowd as Team HOSS celebrate this hard-fought victory here tonight.

Angus:

[Matthew McConaughey voice] All right, all right, all right. One on the board for DEFIANCE. Let's show the rest of these Joseph Smith-loving shitbags that DEFIANCE ain't nothing ta fuck with.

DDK:

We've still got plenty more to come, including the DEFIANCE vs. UTA War Games match, along with the FIST of DEFIANCE Cayle Murray defending against UTA's David Hightower! Stay tuned for more!

THE BELT

Cut to backstage.

Scott Douglas:

I know that little son of a bitch is here somewhere.

Scott Douglas storms down the hallway of the Wrestleplex with Terry Anderson in toe. Terry is too preoccupied trying to crack a beer and carry his cooler to pay any real attention to Douglas. He's just following out of habit. He's a habitual person after all.

Douglas:

I've put up with a lot here ... A LOT.

Scott turns the corner, Terry follows soon after. The sound of a beer can popping open stops Scott dead in his tracks. He turns around to Terry who is enjoying, in his estimation, a well deserved sip.

Scott stares at Terry speechless.

Cut back to Darren and Angus at the commentary booth.

DDK:

Looks like Scott Douglas is hot and in search of HIS Southern Heritage title! After a controversial victory last week on DEFtv - WrestleUTA's JFK absconded with the championship, post match!

Angus:

I hate McFuckass Lite as much - NO, more ... than anyone else, Keebs ... but Jesus if Douglas wasn't so preoccupied with Cobain conspiracy theories - MAYBE he could have prevented it and I don't know ... NOT LOST THE MATCH! Not to mention ... if he doesn't get his shit together, if the boys don't pull it off tonight - it won't REALLY matter who has the damn strap, now will it!?

DDK:

I'm not so sure about - well any of that ... but I can't argue tonight's main event is one of extreme importance both to the sport ... and DEFIANCE! But ... before we get ahead of ourselves there is MUCH more LIVE action coming here tonight. AND Up next we've got two guys that have recently been vying for a more prominent role on DEFIANCE TV as Nicky Synz takes on Cristiano Caballero!

CRISTIANO CABALLERO VS. NICKY SYNZ

Angus:

That's right, Caballero has made it quite clear he thinks Nicky Synz is getting preferable treatment by being given matches and interview time while he's had nothing after making his DEFIANCE TV debut months ago.

DDK:

I'll say he's made it clear. We were supposed to see this match on the last episode of DEFIANCE TV, but Caballero made sure that didn't happen when he attacked Synz from behind with a steel chair during his entrance!

Angus:

I told you, Keebs, Caballero wanted to make an impact, and he did! Right in the back of Synz's skull!

DDK:

Well Nicky Synz wasn't going to roll over and accept that, and so he challenged Caballero to this match here tonight. And it looks like Darren Quimbey is ready to introduce the competitors, so let's take things down to the ring.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Barcelona, Spain, weighing in at 228lbs, CRISTIANO O O O O CABALLER O O O O O O!

Cristiano Caballero emerges from the back and slowly saunters down to the ring with a rose between his teeth. He rounds the corner of the first ring and casts his eye over the front row. He slowly makes his way around the second ring before pointing to a blonde female. She stands up as he takes the rose from his mouth before running it under her chin. She smiles as she tries to take the rose, but Cristiano takes a step back and laughs as he shakes his head. He discards the rose before sliding into the first ring and takes his place in his corner.

DDK:

Can you say jerk? This overconfidence won't last long, Angus.

Angus:

Overconfidence? Why wouldn't he be confident, Keebs? He knows he's got all the tools to succeed in the ring and he knows he's damn handsome! Too handsome for the skanks here! What's he got to bring him down?

DDK:

He certainly thinks highly of himself, but I have a feeling Nicky Synz may bring him back down to earth tonight!

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp ♪

Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 205lbs, NNNNNNIKCY SYYYYYYNZ!

The hair metal throwback explodes from the curtain and headbangs on his way down to the rings, stopping to sing along to Prime Mover with some of the fans on the way. Synz ascends the steps and climbs the turnbuckle where he throws up the horns to the fans, who reciprocate the head gesture. When Nicky's attention turns to Caballero his eyes don't leave his opponent as he drops down into the ring and stretches his shoulders as he waits for the bell.

DDK:

Nicky's not adverse to having fun out there, Angus, but when he sees Caballero you know he's thinking about the job at hand.

Angus:

He's gonna have to focus, because Cristiano's not out here to make friends. He's here to make an impact.

Ding Ding Ding!**DDK:**

The bell sounds and we're under way as Nicky Synz rushes in with a wild flurry of strikes to Cristiano Caballero!

Lefts and rights from Synz back Caballero against the ropes as he tries to cover up and protect his face. This leaves his body open for a stiff kick to the ribs, which winds Caballero, but doesn't make him expose his face. Synz whips Cristiano across the ring and drops down on the rebound, Caballero comes back again and gets taken down with a leaping hurricanrana. He uses the momentum to roll out to the floor, but before he can gather his bearings Nicky hits the ropes himself and charges at the Spaniard. Caballero spots him coming and dashes out of the way just as Nicky Synz tiger feints his way back into the ring.

DDK:

Nicky Synz with the quick start and I don't think Caballero was expecting that!

Angus:

He jumped him before the bell! What does Nicky Synz think he's playing at, huh?

DDK:

I should have seen that coming. Caballero clearly doesn't want any part of Nicky Synz here... in fact it looks like he's taking a walk!

Caballero waves off the count of Benny Doyle and starts to make his way to the back. Nicky Synz clearly isn't having that happen though, and he jumps over the top rope and down to the floor before chasing Caballero. He grabs the Spaniard by the top knot and turns him around. Nicky drags Caballero back to the ring and throws him in. Doyle stops the count as Synz climbs to the apron and springboards into the ring with a missile dropkick that catches Caballero right on the jaw.

DDK:

What a dropkick from Synz, and Caballero looks like he's been shot! Look at him, flopping around like a fish!

Angus:

We need to rewrite this rule book! Hitting a man as handsome as Cristiano Caballero in the face should be an immediate disqualification!

DDK:

Don't be so ridiculous! Nicky is in firm control of this match as he pulls Caballero up to his feet.

With Cristiano up, Nicky back him into the corner and whips him across the ring. Cristiano hits the turnbuckles as Synz comes in and steps up to the middle rope. He monkey flips Caballero out of the corner and rolls up to his feet. As Cristiano lands, Synz jumps and rotates to land a spinning leg drop across his throat! Nicky moves into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

TH-

DDK:

Caballero with the kick out at two! Nicky Synz has been on fire in the early going of this match!

Angus:

Caballero knows what he's doing.

DDK:

And so do we, Angus. We're watching Nicky Synz take it to Cristiano Caballero!

Cristiano starts to get back to his feet, but Nicky control him with a front facelock as he gets up. Synz hooks the arms and takes Caballero over with a double underhook suplex! With Caballero down Nicky heads for the corner.

DDK:

Synz is headed up top!

Angus:

If he does a flip...

DDK

From what we've seen from this youngster I wouldn't be surprised!

Nicky quickly steadies himself on the top rope and leaps with a high angle senton bomb, Synz connects with nothing but the mat though as Caballero rolls out of the way! Cristiano is still clearly stunned, but he knows this is an opportunity to get into the match. He grabs Nicky as he gets back to his feet and drives a knee into his gut to keep him winded before taking him over with a snapmare where he applies a rear chin lock.

DDK:

The risk doesn't pay off for Synz, and it looks like Caballero has a chance to catch his breath now.

Angus:

Cristiano needs to slow this thing down. Synz has been all over him so far and he's not been able to gather himself.

It looks like Caballero is going to do just that as he wrenches on the chin lock. Nicky has other plans though as he reaches around, trying to escape the hold. He can't get a hold of anything, but he does manage to turn slightly to relieve the pressure. Caballero does his best to keep the chinlock applied as Synz gets back to his feet, but he can't hold on any longer as Nicky throws a right hand into his midsection. Another right hand creates some separation and Nicky hits the ropes. Caballero gathers his bearings quickly though and follows him in, driving a knee into Synz's midsection as he bounces off the ropes.

DDK:

Another knee from Caballero!

Angus:

He can't let Nicky gain any kind of momentum. He needs to him him grounded and slow the pace of this match.

Caballero whips Nicky across the ring but holds onto his hand. As Nicky turns to come off the ropes on the other side Cristiano lifts another knee into his gut. He pulls Synz to the middle of the ring and drops him with a side Russian leg sweep. Nicky rolls to his front and starts to get up, but Caballero mounts him and applies a camel clutch.

DDK:

Another hold designed to slowly sap the energy of Nicky Synz!

Angus:

He's doing what he needs to, Keebs. This is smart work from the kid from Barcelona.

DDK:

Nicky seems intent on not staying in any hold for too long though, Angus, he's reaching for the ropes... and he gets them!

Benny Doyle counts to four before Caballero releases the camel clutch. The Spaniard gets admonished by the official as Synz gets back to his feet, but he doesn't listen to the warnings given as he grabs Nicky by the hair. Caballero uses the blonde locks of Synz to take him down to the mat where he lands a soccer kick to the spine. Caballero pulls Synz down to the mat and covers him!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Synz kicks out at two! And Caballero is right back on him with side headlock, and he's got one of Nicky's arms trapped.

Angus:

Almost like a grounded head and arm choke there. That's the thing I like about this kid, very little wasted motion.

DDK:

It doesn't look like he's got it locked in too tightly though. Nicky's able to move those legs around.

Caballero tries to push his weight into the mat and squeeze on the hold, but Nicky's wriggling pulls him towards the ropes where he gets a break. Caballero releases the hold and springs back to his feet, but before Synz can move Cristiano starts to stomp away at any part of Nicky he can get his foot to. Benny Doyle counts again, and again he reaches 4 before Caballero backs off.

DDK:

Cristiano is walking a fine line here. Benny Doyle isn't going to give him too many more chances.

Angus:

He's got til five. He's sticking within the rules.

As Cristiano gets admonished again, Nicky Synz rises to his feet on the apron. Caballero rounds Benny Doyle and throws a right hand at Synz, who catches the shot and retaliates with a kick to the side of the head which knocks Caballero backwards. Synz rushes for the corner and starts to climb the outside of the turnbuckles. He doesn't get up very far though before Cristiano comes back with a forearm strike to the side of the head. Before Synz can fall from the apron Cristiano hooks him up for a suplex, lifts him up, makes a quarter turn and drops him gut first over the top rope. With Nicky hung up like a piece of laundry Cristiano hits the ropes and comes back with a running dropkick to the side of the head!

DDK:

What a move!

Angus:

See, he's not just a pretty face. Caballero got some tricks up his sleeves

DDK:

The force of that dropkick knocked Nicky back into the ring, but Caballero isn't going for the cover. It looks like he's going for that camel clutch again!

After dragging Nicky back into the middle of the ring Caballero does indeed apply the camel clutch for the second time. Nicky tries to reach out for the ropes, but he's a long way away.

DDK:

Look at the torque on Nicky Synz' spine!

Angus:

Sit down, Cristiano! Stretch him out!

DDK:

He's trying, Angus, but Nicky's fighting it!

Nicky manages to work one arm free from over the thigh of Caballero and manages to straighten his back out a little. With the reduced pressure he starts dragging his and Caballero's weight to the ropes. Cristiano decides he's going to let Nicky reach the ropes though and breaks the hold, but only so that he can drags Synz back to the middle of the ring and cinch it in again!

Angus:

That's it, he's got him now!

DDK:

Don't speak too soon, Angus!

Before Caballero can sit down on his back, Synz slips backwards out from underneath. He jumps and pulls Caballero down with a lungblower, much to the delight of the fans. Nicky gets to his feet, but it's clear his back is hurting him, but now so is Caballero's. Cristiano also makes his way up and throws a right hand at Synz, who blocks it and throws a headbutt to the bridge of Caballero's nose. Cristiano grabs at his face immediately and checks for blood, but that only opens him up to a dropsault from Synz. The force of the kicks knocks Cristiano back, and he stumbles into the corner of the ring. This gives Synz the opportunity to charge in with a jumping clothesline, and he slips between the ropes as he lands it.

DDK:

Synz is building the offence again! And he's heading back up top!

Angus:

Cristiano's staggered. He's in the middle of the ring, but it doesn't look like he knows where he is.

DDK:

Synz is just waiting for him to turn around now... Here it comes!

Nicky leaps from the top rope and sails towards Caballero, but Cristiano spies him coming and jumps with a dropkick that lands right in the midsection of the incoming Synz. Cristiano scrambles over and covers him!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-Nicky Synz kicks out!

Angus:

How did Nicky kick out of that!? He had to have had all the wind driven out of him there!

DDK:

There's a spotlight on these two guys right now, Angus, and they're both doing what they have to to keep it on themselves.

Caballero is first to his feet where he's able to pull Nicky Synz up. He can't do much though as Synz comes alive, breaking Cristiano's grip on his head and using the opening to plant a kick right into his midsection. Nicky hooks in a front facelock and drops Caballero with a DDT!

DDK:

Nicky Synz just planted Cristiano Caballero right on that top knot of his!

Angus:

He should be going for the cover right now, not getting back up!

Nicky helps Caballero get back to his feet and whips him from the ropes. Caballero reverses it though and instead it's Nicky going to the other side. He comes back with a clothesline, but Cristiano seems to have the exact same idea and both men take each other out!

DDK:

And they all fall down! Listen to these fans, they're loving this!

Angus:

We've got talent in BRAZEN, Keebs. I keep telling you!

DDK:

These two are certainly impressing me tonight. It's bound to... hang on a minute...

The cheers of the fans slowly turn to boos as they all look towards the entrance ramp.

DDK:

What's he doing out here?

The spotlights in the arena catch up with what everyone else can see to illuminate Charlie Ace, flanked as always by Hoyt Williams as he makes his way down to the ring.

Angus:

Oh my god, Keebs, I knew it!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I knew I'd heard those words before!

DDK:

What? What are you talking about?

Angus:

Last week. When Synz laid out the challenge to Caballero. He was repeating what Charlie Ace said!

DDK:

Are you kidding me?

Angus:

I swear, all that about looking weak, about being better than that! He must have been talking to... Wait wait wait, look!

While Angus and Darren were talking Charlie and Hoyt separated at ringside. Charlie Ace has jumped up on the apron to grab the attention of Benny Doyle, while Hoyt Williams has slid into the ring. Williams stands poised between Synz and Caballero as both men struggle to get to their feet!

Angus:

Look out Cristiano!

Caballero stands up, turns around slowly and locks eyes with Hoyt Williams... just before Hoyt turns and plants a boot right into the gut of Nicky Synz!

DDK:

NO!

Williams hoists Synz up and drives him into the canvas with a 180 degree powerbomb! As Hoyt slips from the ring, Ace drops down from the apron, releasing Benny's attention, and Crisitano Caballero lays on top of Nicky Synz.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ding Ding Ding!**Quimbey:**

Here is your winner, via pinfall, CRRRRRISTIANOOOOOO CABALLEEEEEEROOOOOOO!

Angus:

I'm speechless, Keebs! I'm not even mad they played me! I thought for sure Charlie and Hoyt were down here to help Synz!

Caballero's music kicks in, but it cuts off just as quickly as Charlie Ace and Hoyt Williams jump into the ring and start laying boots into Nicky Synz. Caballero meanwhile stands back, yelling at Synz that is 'his time now'.

DDK:

Nicky Synz put on one hell of a showing here tonight, but how can he overcome this? This is just a mugging!

Charlie takes a step back and motions for Hoyt to do the same, but then he points at Caballero and motions for Williams to pick up the motionless Synz.

DDK:

What the hell are they doing now?

Williams does as he's instructed and pulls Nicky up before holding him in place for Caballero, who takes over. Caballero grins smugly as he looks from Ace to Williams before planting Nicky with a rolling cutter!

DDK:

Caballero with that rolling cutter again, just like last week, only this time he's got Charlie Ace and Hoyt Williams with him instead of a steel chair!

Angus:

This... This right here... is... beautiful.

DDK:

What? Beautiful? Are you high?

Angus:

That's got nothing to do with it. Cristiano Caballero has aligned himself with Charlie Ace! He wanted a spotlight, well now he's got it, and it's shining brighter than ever!

DDK:

I think this is a slap in the face to everyone who was enjoying this contest. Caballero has stolen the victory tonight and it's all thanks to those two men right there.

Charlie, Hoyt and Caballero all exit the ring at the same time and start to make their way up the ramp as Charlie Ace's music kicks in. Benny Doyle tends to Nicky Synz in the ring as the trio head to the back and we fade to black.

PROMO**FOR ALL THE LATEST DETAILS ON YOUR FAVORITE DEFIANTS**

KERRY KUROYAMA VS. REAPER PRIME & REAPER RED

DDK:

We got a weird one up next.

Angus:

Weird is putting it mildly, Keebs. We got a recently classified mute and her always classified mute partner, going up against the most boring athlete to ever set foot in DEFIANCE. Kerry Something.

DDK:

Kuroyama.

Angus:

Bless you.

DDK:

Over the past month and a half, Reaper Prime has made her presence known in each of Kerry Kuroyama's matches, constantly referencing the word 'HOPE' directly to him. Making it even more eerie is that since DEFCON she has been completely silent. She has not gotten involved with the recent insurgence of UTA superstars and it's often a wonder if she has chosen a 'side' in this fight.

Angus:

You seem to be the only one who actually cares, Keebs. Are you her Number 1 fan or just a stalker?

DDK:

That's her father, Angus.

Angus:

What?

Cutting to the rings where Darren Quimbey is ready to announce the match up.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

With the music hitting the PA, Kerry makes his way to the rings, slapping some hands along the way, he slides into the ring where Darren Quimbey is standing in the middle of. He exchanges a few words with referee Hector Navarro as his music dies down.

Angus:

Let's see if this chick actually shows up and wrestles this time.

DDK:

Well Darren Quimbey is making a hasted exit out of the ring, I don't believe he has any interest in sticking around to introduce Kerry's opponents, considering the routine that they have been acting under as of late.

Angus:

As of late? Reaper and her cohorts have been the weirdest bunch of ---

Angus stops short as the entire arena's lights go pitch black, throwback to Reaper Co.'s past entrances and the crowd is quick to light up the arena with their cellphones. Kerry can be barely seen standing ready to engage in the middle of the ring as the darkness consumes the arena.

A few more second pass by when the middle of the ring is flooded with a blue glow, Kerry can be seen as the only person in the ring waiting, referee Hector Navarro is smartly waiting on the outside now. The glow suddenly switches to red and lasting only a few seconds before switching to green, then purple, then orange, then yellow and finally brown. The color changes happen again but much faster. Kerry is obviously frustrated in the ring and he moves towards the ropes when the arena's lights suddenly go completely out again.

Angus:

Yay it's a light show! More entertaining than what this match would have been!

Lights come back on and Kerry is still standing in the middle of the ring, but there is no sign of his opponents. The crowd is getting frustrated by the lack of action and start booing loudly. Finally the word 'HOPE' appears on the DEFIATRON. This sparks the crowd to stand up in anticipation and Kerry is preparing himself in case an attack happens.

DDK:

There they are.

Reaper Prime appears from behind the curtains, with Reaper Red by her side. She stands below the word hope and slowly points towards it, words begin to appear above the solitary word and as a few seconds pass it now says 'WE ARE THE HOPE'. The Faithful don't take kindly to the non action and are letting Reaper Co. know it.

Angus:

We are the hope.... To what? Energy savings? Underworld? UTA? DEFIANCE? What the hell kind of hope could they possibly represe...

Again, Angus cuts himself short as four additional Reapers appear behind the pair, all featuring different eye colors. Similar to the color scheme featured in the light show with one exception missing, which is green.

Kerry sees the odds are very stacked against him and he moves as far to one corner of the ring as possible, making it so that he could escape to the other ring if needed. As Reaper's army makes their march towards the ring, Prime's stone face expression does not change. At ringside she nods to the four additional Reapers and they all take a stoic stance on the outside of the ring staring at the fans.

DDK:

Reaper Prime is sliding into the ring, along with her partner Reaper Red. It's a dangerous game Kerry Kuroyama placed himself into, challenging both Reapers like this. He has no back up and now he is literally surrounding by Reapers.

Angus:

He's definitely far from the brightest bulb in DEFIANCE. But what I want to know is, who the hell is making all the money off these Reaper outfits? I mean it has to be a high dollar business at this point.

Hector Navarro is back in the ring, checking with all three competitors, he can't seem to get a verbal response from Reapers, only nodding. Red looks to take the first turn in this handicap tag match. Kuroyama is fired up as he is pointing at both Prime and Reaper Red.

DDK:

It appears Reaper Red will be squaring off first with Kerry, as Prime takes her position on the ring apron.

Angus:

Are they going to actually wrestle? That is the question.

The bell rings and Reaper Red immediately charges at Kuroyama and the two engage in a grapple, Red uses his height advantage to push Kuroyama back against the opposite turnbuckle and drives a few swift knees into his upper torso.

DDK:

I think that answers the question right there. Reaper Red taking early control, driving Kuroyama into the corner here. Lifting him up for a HUGE Vertical Suplex now!

Angus:

That's the most exciting move I have seen in a match with that Pacific Coast Bum!

Reaper Red is quick to follow that move up with picking Kerry up and moving him to the ropes, using them as leverage, Kerry gets whipped across the ring and is met with a BIG CLOTHESLINE on the way back, almost spinning him completely around in the ring.

DDK:

Reaper Red's eyes are already flaring up, Reaper Prime is completely silent in her corner staring on, which is a STARK difference compared to her behavior at our last pay per view.

Angus:

You mean where she was constantly screaming?

DDK:

Reaper Red using the ropes again gets into a charging motion and NAILS Kerry Kuroyama in the back of the head with a leg drop. He rolls him to cover.

One....

Two.....

NO! Kickout!

Angus:

And still no reaction from the creeper.

DDK:

Do you think it's a form of protest?

Angus:

Protest of woooooo....

The change of words from Angus' mouth is in direct relation to Kerry Kuroyama being whipped hard into the ropes again, ducking a clothesline he is caught direct with a kick to the face. Reaper Red's eyes light up and he makes the tag to Reaper Prime.

DDK:

Reaper Prime in the ring now stalking the downed Kerry.

Circling him while he lie on the mat trying to recover, Prime does not engage simply watches.

Angus:

Is she going to pull the same shit she did on the last show?

She kneels down, resting her hand next to Kerry's fallen body, she lowers herself close to him.

DDK:

Looks like she is whispering something to him, Angus.

Angus:

Wow you aren't blind! I learn something new everyday!

DDK:

Looks like Kerry's heard enough, he brushes her back and moves up to one knee, shaking his head to get the cobwebs out.

Pointing at the DEFIATRON, the words 'WE ARE THE HOPE', appear yet again. Kerry takes a glance at it as he stands up, but shakes his head. He beckons Reaper Prime to attack him but she just stares at him, unmoving. He finally moves in and grapples her, she doesn't resist. He hip tosses her to the center of the ring and she lays on the mat, still unmoving.

Kerry Kuroyama:

WHAT THE HELL JESSICA?!

DDK:

Obviously, Kerry is frustrated at this point, this is the same thing that occurred during their confrontation two weeks ago and it doesn't appear to be changing.

Angus:

Can he just pin her please so we can get onto the next match?

Kerry doesn't take that advice, he picks her up by the shoulder and using both hands on her shoulders begins shaking her yelling incoherently at her. Navarro has seen enough of the weirdness and tries to split them up, barking instructions at Kerry while ignoring the silent Reaper Prime.

DDK:

Navarro is trying to get the point across that this is a wrestling match, not a family dispute. I don't think Kerry Kuroyama is going to get the match that he wants out of this.

Obviously frustrated Kuroyama charges at Reaper Red who is standing on the apron, he launches his forearm into the mask of Red, causing him to fall off the ring apron. Navarro immediately pulls at Kerry warning him of the unprovoked attack and threatening a DQ.

Angus:

I think he may have just stirred up the wrong hornet's nest.

All the Reapers on the outside turn their eyes and are now staring at Kerry in the center of the ring, all colors of their eyes lit up staring daggers at the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Reaper Red meanwhile gets to his feet on the outside, he looks ready to storm into the ring but Prime is on her feet showing him an open palm to stand down.

DDK:

Kerry is turning his attention back to Reaper Prime who is now standing face to face with him. He's shaking his head at her and shrugging his arms. I'm not sure what type of communication that is supposed to be, but it seems that Kerry is obviously distressed by the situation.

Reaper Prime is pointing to the DEFIATRON again, Kerry shakes his head at her. She reaches out with both hands and pulls him to her staring directly at his face, she leans forward towards his ear.

Angus:

What the hell is with this psycho chick? She going to lick him or what?

DDK:

Not sure, it looks like she is trying to communicate with him, but she doesn't want anyone to be able to hear her.

Kerry takes a step back looking at the DEFIATRON and back at Reaper Prime. Placing his hands on his hips he looks down at the mat and shakes his head yes.

DDK:

Did he just agree....

Kerry immediately lays out in the middle of the ring and Reaper Prime lays down to cover him. Hector Navarro beyond confused goes for the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Angus:

Alright i'm confused what the hell is going on?

Hector Navarro wants no more part of this match and he quickly exits the ring before even raising the hand of the winner. Reaper Prime stands up and looks down at Kerry as he is still laying on the mat.

DDK:

Well I guess.... The winner of the match is Reaper Prime.

Angus:

Yeah.... I really am confused now.

Lights out.

THE KABAL

Angus:

Why is this happening again?

Angus is referencing the lights that just went out yet again in the arena, the fans are trying to use their phones to light up the ring, however it's not proving to be as effective as earlier this evening. There is a lot of movement and shadows going on in the ring.

DDK:

I can't see for sure what is happening but I can tell you this the DEFIATRON is now pitch black as well as our arena and from what I can see in the mostly darkness is there seems to be heavy movement happening in the ring.

Angus:

Maybe they're sacrificing The Pacific Failure to whatever god it is they worship. Keebs which one is that again? You know right, since you follow them so closely?

DDK:

You are the one who used to predict this lights out scenario when that was there only way of entering the ring, so if anyone follows them closely it's you.

Angus:

That's a bunch of lies, I just watch UNCUT.

DDK:

Regardless, i'm tired of sitting in the dark and I think the fans are getting upset as well. The booing is almost unbearable at this point.

The announcers continue to sit in silence for a few more seconds before eye colors from the various Reapers start to light up in the ring, yellow, brown, purple, orange, red. The booing intensifies as the lights come partially up, leaving a glow in the middle of the ring of the house lights.

Angus:

Ummm... I think they're going to sacrifice HIM!!!

DDK:

This does seem like a strange scene to say the least.

Reaper Prime is dressed in full reaper attire, minus the mask. Something unseen on her for almost half a year now. Surrounding her are the fellow Reapers, all eyes lit up in their assigned colors.

Below her on his knees is Kerry Kuroyama, he too is dressed in Reaper attire minus the mask. The Faithful are no longer booing, but watching intently to see what happens next.

DDK:

Well, it does look like some form of ritual.

Angus:

AS soon as I see blood... I'm OUT!

There is no blood being spilled in the ring, however Kerry Kuroyama has now been masked with a Reaper mask as well. He stands up facing the other Reapers for a few seconds, the lights of all of their masks illuminate the freshly 'crowned' Reaper as he adjusts his mask slightly staring at them all.

Finally his mask lights up a familiar color, Emerald Green, this sparks the crowd to let out a small chorus of boos, but most are just watching in silence.

DDK:

So it looks like whatever pressure Reaper Prime has been putting onto Kerry Kuroyama for the past month was to join her growing ranks. I guess we can call them the 'Reaper Army' now.

Angus:

That's so lame.... How about something interesting like... I dunno... 'The Kabal'?

DDK:

Why would you randomly come up with that? Do you know something about what's going on in the ring right now?

Angus:

Never... I don't hang with that freak or her clowning faced posse. I'm just saying 'The Kabal' sounds like a great name for a stable.

Reaper Prime turns towards the DEFIATRON where the words 'WE ARE THE HOPE.' are still present, each Reaper Red and Reaper Green are standing shoulder to shoulder behind her with the rest of the Reapers flanking their sides all staring at the DEFIATRON.

A few more moments pass and Reaper Prime slowly brings another mask up, securing it onto her head and face.

DDK:

Reaper Prime... Jessica Reeves... looks to be donning the Reaper Mask yet again. I'm not entirely sure what that means.

Angus:

It means we are all about to die, Keebs! That's what it means!

Her mask's eyes light up the familiar blue we have been accustomed to seeing in the past.

Angus:

Oh freaking great, so instead of a walking mute we get a walking mute that will masked.... Again.

All Reapers, all masked and eyes glowing stare at the DEFIATRON where the words 'WE ARE THE HOPE.' slowly fades. But something new appears, slowly forming words, a new threatening statement.

DDK:

It says....

Angus:

Initiate the Chaos Protocol.... What the hell does that mean?

The lights go out and after only a handful of seconds, they are back on but the ring is empty.

DDK:

The Reaper Army is gone.

Angus:

We're all going to die.

Fade to elsewhere.

WAR

GAGE BLACKWOOD VS. LISIL JACKSON

DDK:

That was... different.

Angus:

Courtney Paz may have finally lost it.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this next match kicks off what the rest of the night will be heavily invested in: UTA vs. DEFIANCE.

The Maximum DEFIANCE pay-per-view image of Gage Blackwood vs. Lisil Jackson is shown while the announcers speak over it.

Angus:

After DEFtv's tag match, Gage Blackwood requested Lisil Jackson meet him in the middle of the ring for a continuation of their brawl around the arena just four weeks ago.

DDK:

It's been a tough road for Gage, but he keeps fighting. Lisil Jackson, on the other hand, this guy seems a bit off.

Angus:

Really happy, super positive? In the end he's UTA scum. It's all an act.

DDK:

I agree with you. None of these Wrestle UTA guys can be trusted. It's a list much too long to talk about for the millionth time. To the ring!

Quimbey:

This match is for one fall. Introducing first, from Kingston, Jamaica, weighing in at 257 pounds... Lisil Jackson.

Quimbey doesn't oversell the announcement of 'The Jamaican Inspiration' but nevertheless his theme song begins and out he comes to a chorus of boos.

♪ "Better Must Come" by Geego ♪

Jackson walks out clapping his hands, wearing his black and green Jamaican flag full body tights and his brown fedora hat.

Angus:

Guy looks like an idiot if you ask me. What kind of style is this? A jumpsuit and a fedora?

Jackson pops up and down and makes it way into the ring before his music is replaced by another.

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing in at 210 pounds... Gage Blackwood!

The crowd cheers as Blackwood walks out. He's not limping as much as usual, but his left shoulder is still taped. He's wearing his green and red kilt designed tights, red elbow pads, red knee pads and red boots.

Blackwood is all business as he marches down the ramp, eyes locked on Lisil Jackson. He slides into the ring and tells referee Benny Doyle he's ready.

DING DING DING

Angus:

No time to waste in this one!

The crowd remains hot, kicking off the pinnacle war between the UTA and DEFIANCE. Blackwood circles his opponent around the ring, while Jackson jumps up and down, turning with Gage as he circles, keeping his legs warm and ready to go.

Blackwood lunges forward and that's when Jackson tries to kick him. Gage jets back quickly, however. This happens again, but Gage jumps back once more, making sure he isn't hit with the Jamaican's long legs.

DDK:

Both men trying to feel each other out.

Angus:

Just get at him, Gage! Knock that stupid fedora off his head!

DDK:

It *is* off his head...

This time, Blackwood steps forward and ducks underneath the kick of Jackson. He rolls through the UTA wrestler and then grabs him from behind. He hooks Lisil's leg, wraps his hands around his face and pummels Jackson to the canvas with a smooth looking Russian leg sweep.

Angus:

Even though Jackson has a clear height advantage, Gage showing he's one strong and quick son of a bitch!

Blackwood gets up and hits the ropes. Dropkick into Jackson's face. He gets back up and hits the ropes a second time. One more dropkick to the face!

DDK:

Blackwood's rolling! He goes to the second buckle now and connects with a knee drop to the face! Now he hurls Jackson into the corner and comes in with a cannonball to the stomach!

Blackwood kicks Jackson while he's down on the canvas. He bounces off the ropes again and attempts a third dropkick to the face but this time Lisil is able to move out of the way. 'The Jamaican Inspiration' shakes the dizziness out of his head but as he gets on his feet, it's too late.

DDK:

A missile dropkick from Gage off the second rope! He's really making sure Jackson stays grounded!

Angus:

Work the head!!

Kick, kick, kick. Blackwood lifts Jackson to his feet and attempts another Russian leg sweep but this time the UTA star elbows Gage in the side of his head. Then he grabs Blackwood by the tights and throws him out of the ring before falling down on all fours to catch his breath.

Angus:

I hate to say it but smart call by Jackson. Get the Scot out of the ring, take a knee and try to get back into this thing.

DDK:

Jackson seems to have recovered.

Lisil looks at Blackwood outside the ring, nods and takes a running start...

DDK:

Suicide dive!

The Faithful boo, even though it was an impressive maneuver from someone standing at 6'6". Upon impact he landed right on Blackwood's injured left shoulder. Both of them crash to the floor and the referee administers his ten count.

As Doyle counts, Jackson begins to stir. He uses the apron to get to his feet and kicks Blackwood away.

DDK:

Jackson takes Blackwood's head and bounces it right off the apron! And again! Again! Again! There's no stopping him!

Angus:

Other than the ten count, Keebs.

Jackson realizes Doyle is at 9 and throws Blackwood back into the ring. Lisil quickly gets in, too, but as he goes through the top and middle rope, he realizes Blackwood has a second wind.

It's too late.

SMACK!

DDK:

Huge double booted dropkick to Jackson's face!

Angus:

Once again Lisil eats a shot and I love it!

Jackson's body lays limp on the second rope. Gage starts to pull him away from it but then decides to hit him with a DDT as well. The Faithful are getting loud, thinking the match may come to an end soon. Blackwood grabs his left shoulder for a brief moment and then pulls Jackson to his feet.

DDK:

Irish whip into the corner is reversed...

Jackson throws Blackwood into the corner instead. There is limited impact as the DEFIANCE wrestler was not thrown too hard since Jackson was still unsure of his own whereabouts. However, Blackwood goes bad shoulder-first and comes out of the corner completely limp.

Blackwood falls to one knee. He tries to get up but he falls back to one knee once again. He's holding his shoulder and in pain.

Angus:

[Confused] What happened?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but it seems like Gage hurt his shoulder again.

Benny Doyle walks over to check on Blackwood, but the Scot brushes him off. He stands upright and stops holding his shoulder. He tells the referee he's fine.

DDK:

Double leg take-down by Lisil!

The crowd boos.

DDK:

And now he's unleashing a fury of right hands!

Jackson takes Blackwood's left arm and tucks it behind his back, throwing the DEFIANCE wrestler into the corner. Blackwood cries out and Jackson bursts in, landing a big splash!

Gage falls to the floor. At first, he goes to grab his left shoulder again but sees Doyle paying close attention to him, so he bites his lip instead and doesn't. Blackwood gets up just in time to see Lisil flying across the ring with a springboard pele kick!

SMACK!

DDK:

Jackson with the cover!!

One.

Two.

Kickout.

Jackson pulls himself together and nails a number of Muay Thai knees. At first, they go right into Blackwood's stomach. Then, they go right into Blackwood's head.

Next, Jackson targets Blackwood's left shoulder.

Crack, crack, crack.

The knees come in hard.

DDK:

And a roundhouse kick knocks Blackwood down once more! Another pinfall attempt!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Angus:

Thataboy, Gage! Lots of fight left in him!

Jackson pulls Blackwood up by his hair and throws him shoulder-first into the corner. Upon impact, Gage bounces off them and stumbles backwards. Jackson looks for a leg sweep but somehow, somehow, Blackwood's peripheral instincts kick in and he jumps over top of the leg sweep without even seeing it. Then he launches himself at Jackson with a shoulder block knocking them both down.

Gage goes to grab his shoulder but pulls back. He fights to one knee without the help of his arms.

DDK:

Lisil with a second wind! Another Muay Thai knee to the injured shoulder!

A hip toss puts Blackwood on the canvas. Jackson takes the left arm away from Blackwood's chest and begins to

apply an armbar.

DDK:

This might be it...

Blackwood shouts out. He fights to one leg and then drives himself towards the ropes.

He just misses touching them.

He fights to one leg for a second time and then drives towards the ropes.

This time, he catches them with his right hand.

Doyle tells Jackson to break the hold and he does at the count of two. Then Jackson kicks Blackwood in the shoulder, drags him up and performs a spinning backbreaker.

DDK:

Another pinfall attempt!

One!

Two!

Kickout

Angus:

Blackwood won't stay down!

Jackson looks to end the match. He takes Blackwood and hits his signature move, 'The Tsunami Kick', but instead of connecting the thrusting push kick into Blackwood's stomach, he makes sure it lands on the injured left shoulder.

Blackwood flies back and collapses to the canvas. Jackson doesn't stop there. He goes to the top rope and measures Blackwood.

DDK:

Legdrop! Right into the neck and shoulder of Gage! It's academic at this point!

One!

Two!

Kickout!!

The Faithful start to cheer, as they have been taken out of the match until now. It's a slow building cheer, but one that helps Blackwood struggle to get to his feet.

The Jamaican looks to superkick Blackwood...

DDK:

Superkick... misses! Blackwood rolls out of the way!

Gage goes off the ropes and is absolutely leveled with a roundhouse kick!

SMACK!

Angus:

He has to be knocked out from that! I could hear it perfectly!

Jackson falls to his knees and hooks both legs.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The fans get a little louder.

DDK:

Blackwood kicked out!

Angus:

Balls, kid. Balls.

Jackson doesn't let the kickout or the crowd affect him, though. After all he believes he's a positive and inspirational person, so he leaps to his feet, runs to the ropes and lands another kick directly into Blackwood's shoulder.

DDK:

Jackson's going back to the top rope! He's measuring Blackwood...

Smack!

DDK:

And connects with a second leg drop into the neck and shoulder area! Another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Wow! Never say die!

DDK:

It's clear Blackwood is beaten and beaten badly. But he refuses to quit!

Jackson stands and claps his hands. The Faithful boo as it sickens them to see such a joyful UTA wrestler in the ring.

Angus:

I don't know if he acts like that to be an asshole, or if he's truly delusional... but we all don't like this guy.

Jackson keeps clapping, clapping, clapping. He's waiting in the corner of the ring, waiting for Gage Blackwood to get to his feet...

DDK:

Well I have to hand it to Lisil either way. He's showing no signs of frustration so far.

Clap.

Clap.

Clap.

Boo.

Boo.

Boo.

These are the only sounds filling up the arena right now.

Finally, Gage Blackwood is upright.

DDK:

Jackson charges at him, looking for a jumping Muay Thia knee!

SMA...

SWOOOOOOSH~!

But as Blackwood sidesteps him and Jackson misses, 'The Jamaican Inspiration' takes the wind right out of his opponent and the rest of The Faithful.

DDK:

Backstabber!

Blackwood shoots up in the air a good foot or two on impact and lands once more on his left shoulder.

DDK:

PIN!!!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!**Angus:**

He. Still. Lives!

This time, Jackson looks up at Doyle a little confused. He asks him to clarify if this was a three count. Doyle says no.

Jackson clarifies again. He looks to grow a little concerned.

Doyle says no.

Then, in an instant, Jackson's face turns from confusion to joyful again. He smiles and nods and goes right back to work.

Knee to the stomach. Knee to the head. Knee to the injured shoulder.

DDK:

DDT BLACKWOOD!

The crowd pops and Blackwood screams into the rafters. It was a surprise to everyone he hit the offensive move let alone had anything left.

DDK:

Dropkick to the head by Gage!

Jackson lays motionless in the middle of the ring. Clearly still in a lot of pain, Blackwood wastes limited time going to the top rope.

Angus:

What's he doing!?

DDK:

Blackwood's going to the top rope of the *other* ring, the war games ring!

Blackwood struggles to get to the top using one and a half arms, but once he's there he turns his body towards the main ring. It's not a huge spacial difference since the two rings are touching but nevertheless it does get The Faithful going.

Blackwood measures him.

He leaps.

DDK:

BIG SPLASH!! All the way from the other turn buckle!

The crowd lets out a big pop as Blackwood-

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL!?!?

DDK:

That's Chris Ross! Chris Ross is in the ring!

Shockingly (or maybe not so much), Chris Ross appears and reigns down right hands on Gage Blackwood.

DING DING DING

Benny Doyle calls for the bell and then shouts at Chris Ross to get out of the ring.

'The Boss' doesn't listen.

Right, right, right, right, right, rightrightrightmotherfuckingrightrightright. There's no end in sight.

Quimbey:

Your winner by disqualification, Gage Blackwood!

Quimbey's comment falls on deaf ears as Ross continues to beat on Blackwood.

DDK:

This Chris Ross is a gutless prick! This is NOT your fight!

Ross is in a zone, in his own world. He doesn't hear Benny Doyle or the crowd. All he sees is crimson red. He does not stop punching Blackwood.

Angus:

Ross is just destroying Gage right now! Gutless, indeed.

Finally, Chris Ross stops. He gets up and pushes the referee as hard as he can. A surprised Benny Doyle falls back hard and hits his head against the turn buckle. He's not knocked out, but it certainly takes him a few moments to recover.

Ross marches around the ring, a massive grin on his face. He looks over at Jackson. Then he looks down at Blackwood.

Chris Ross:

You wanted to fight me? Well here I am ass wipe! Say hello to my little friend!!!!

'The Keystone State Killa' reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his flat head screwdriver.

DDK:

Oh come on! Not the god damn screwdriver!!!! Somebody stop this!!!!

Angus:

Where is security!?

'The Boss' reaches down, grabbing Blackwood by the hair and lifting up his head.

DDK:

NO!!! NO!!! NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

The fans scream in horror as Ross drives the sharpened tool into Blackwood's scalp. Blood streams down his face from the now formed gash.

Angus:

I... I think I'm going to be sick!!!

Ross continues to drive the weapon into Blackwood's head as Blackwood is dawning the proverbial crimson mask. Ross stops, only to throw Blackwood right out of the ring. Lisil Jackson is getting up at this time and looks around confused, noticing blood. Ross walks right past him as he exits clearly unhappy.

Ross:

Don't worry, I'll finish this. I know how to get the job done!

Ross drags Blackwood across the floor and all the way up the ramp. He elbows him a few times just to make sure he's out and then brings him to the left side of the ramp (hard camera bottom of the screen).

DDK:

Gage is helpless.

Angus:

This is disgusting. Someone stop this!

Ross:

You just can't stay down, can you?

Ross smiles from ear to ear again and then walks right to the edge of the ramp.

CRASH!!

Ross throws Blackwood off the ramp and through two tables and some left over electrical equipment. The fans boo, but most of them say nothing and show concern over the fall.

DDK:

Ross chucks Blackwood right off the ramp with no regard whatsoever!

Ross:

Say my name now! You call for the reaper and here he comes! Don't act surprised when you wake up!

Ross casually brushes his hands satisfied as he looks down at his work.

Ross:

Hey Blackwood... one last thing... WELCOME TO HARRISBURG YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!!!!

He exits behind the curtain.

DDK:

My God...

Angus:

You can cross Gage off the DEFIANCE roster for a while after this.

DDK:

It looked like he had the advantage, too. Overcoming the odds, kicking out of everything Lisil Jackson threw at him. There's no sure thing he gets that three count, but... uhh... this was too far.

Angus:

That idiot's match is next, Keebs! You would think he has better things to do right now!

The cameras are now on the floor by Blackwood, where DEFIANCE EMT's are attending to him. Blackwood hasn't moved a muscle.

DDK:

Two weeks ago with the screwdriver to 'The God-Beast', costing Ross and Jackson the match. 'The Boss', as they call him... he goes by his own rules.

Angus:

He doesn't care. None of these asshole UTA wrestlers care! Lisil Jackson can be positive and joyful all he wants to, but did he even stop Chris Ross? Sure he didn't help lay a beating, but he definitely didn't stop him, either. It's been two months and I'm sick of all this shit! #FuckDEFIANCE? #FuckUTA!

DDK:

Well, the night is only getting started.

The EMT's start to roll Blackwood on to a stretcher.

Angus:

Yes, there's still hope. But DEFIANCE is down one, that's for sure. Maybe for a while, too.

DDK:

It doesn't look good.

The EMT's lift the stretcher and begin to walk it to the backstage area. The cameras don't follow.

DDK:

Well folks, we'll be seeing Chris Ross again in just a few minutes, but first, it'll be Oscar Burns taking on Scott Stevens!

Angus:

I hope 'The God-Beast' crushes that assclown. And I hope Oscar Burns crushes THIS assclown.

GAMES

DDK:

Let's get backstage in a hurry, there's been some sort of altercation!

Angus:

Have you been paying attention to anything tonight?

We cut backstage, where a shaky camera is trying to get into position.

Voice:

Careful - careful!

More movement. Someone accidentally elbows the camera. He tries to get a clear picture.

Iris Davine (Voice):

Watch his neck!

Finally, the camera operator lifts the camera as high as he can to see over the assembled crowd, and we see someone in the midst of being strapped to a medical board.

DDK:

I can't see anything, Angus. Who--

Voice:

RK!

Calico Rose pushes through the people and kneels down, and now we see.

Angus:

Mother fucker...

Impulse is strapped to the board, his head held in place by a brace. We don't get as good a view as we'd like because of all the people, but he's clearly bruised and bleeding at various places on his face, head, and chest.

DDK:

Impulse being taken away to the medics, Angus - and he's part of our WAR GAMES main event tonight!

Angus:

Typical. GORRAM typical. Hollywood McFuckass and his merry band of Fuckassians can't beat the DEFIANT Team on their own, so they have to do this. If I wasn't indispensable to the broadcasting team I'd jump in the cage in his place and give them a piece of my mind and a foot up their asses!

DDK:

We'll try to get an update on Impulse's condition as soon as we can, but for now, let's take it back to the ring!

INSURANCE POLICY

The scene turns to backstage where Chris Ross is standing watching Gage Blackwood being driven off in the ambulance. A smile creeps across his face as the ambulance drives off with the sirens blaring. The Boss turns to step out of the scene when out of nowhere Lisil Jackson storms into the picture.

Jackson:

Really mon?! Really?!

Chris Ross takes a deep breath looking at the irate Jamaican.

Ross:

What Lisil? What is your problem now?

Jackson throws his arms up clearly stunned Ross can't even fathom why he'd be upset.

Jackson:

Really Mon?! Ya cost me match last show! Now ya cost me match against Blackwood?! Da ell be ya problem mon?!

The Keystone State Killa rolls his eyes.

Ross:

Listen here you goofy pineapple head! You should be thanking me! Because unlike you I know how to get the job done!

Jackson:

Get dee job done?! Brudda ya come in and ya completely screw me ova!!!!

Ross lets out an amusing laugh.

Ross:

Listen fruit cup... I don't know how things are done out in the islands but where I come from we don't play by anyone's rules! And to tell you the truth Mikey doesn't give a crap about who wins or who loses! All he cares about is who in the end walks out on top and a 3 count means nothing when your opponent is now being shipped off to the emergency room!

Jackson looks at Ross baffled.

Jackson:

Dat not be logical in dee slightest mon...

Ross:

Hey I hate to inform you but you were getting your ass kicked! Consider yourself lucky I took Blackwood out as an insurance policy for my match! Last thing I need is that annoying son of a bitch sticking his nose in my match tonight!

Jackson sighs clearly not making any head way with the conversation.

Jackson:

Ya be one one wicked mudda Ross.... I will say dat!

Chris Ross smiles nodding his head.

Ross:

I don't know what that's supposed to mean but I will take that as a compliment!

Ross says before he walks out of the picture blowing off Jackson.

Jackson:

Hey Brudda I wasn't done! Dis talk isn't ova!

The Jamaican yells clearly frustrated.

OSCAR BURNS VS SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

When the UTA Invasion first began, Burns was one of the first people that solidified himself against the invading force and put out an open challenge against him. Stevens more than once took him up on those challenges to the point where he would assault Burns twice and cost him a match once.

Angus:

Because he isn't fighting fair.

DDK:

After weeks of being pushed around by Stevens, we've seen Burns fight back! He went after Stevens' leg with a Heel Hook! Stevens tried to feign injury and get the advantage in a tag match on DEFTV92, only for Burns to get the win via a move he's now calling The Fruit Roll-up!

Angus:

...Seriously?

DDK:

Because he's a roll-up and he's a Kiwi. But anyway... Burns has that win and an UNCUT victory over Luke Dibbins going into this match. Does he finally have Stevens' number tonight?

Angus:

He damn well better. This Hashtag Fuck Defiance garbage needs to go.

DDK:

Well, let's go to ringside for our next match!

And to the double rings we go with the cage above the ring for the War Games later tonight. In the ring closest to the ramp, Darren Quimbey starts up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a DEFIANCE vs. UTA grudge match set for one fall!

♪ "Edge of Infinity by Minnesota" ♪

The lights of the arena begin to flicker in rapid three-second pulses of yellow and orange as the theme plays and starts to build. At about thirty seconds when the beat kicks in, out comes Burns, looking out to the crowd. A confident smile on his face and instead of his usual, "Hi. I Like Graps." t-shirt, he has on a bright yellow shirt with different wording on the front:

#BUGGEROFFUTA!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Wellington, New Zealand and currently residing in NOLA... weighing in at 243 pounds...

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

Angus:

That's right! Hashtag Bugger Off, you wankers!

DDK:

Oscar has his own... well, brand of pro-DEFIANCE gear.

Solidly behind DEFIANCE'S resident technically-savvy star, Burns approaches the ring with his shirt. He takes off the shirt and waves it high in the air before he jumps off the turnbuckle. He continues brandishing the shirt like a flag and as his music goes quiet, the crowd starts a chant.

"BUGGER OFF!
BUGGER OFF!
BUGGER OFF!
BUGGER OFF!
BUGGER OFF!"

Angus:

My language would be a bit more salty, but I get Burns's point! Bugger off, UTAH! And go to hell and die while you're at it! Take Hollywood McFuckass with you!

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

The slow bellow of the guitar hits and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred as they know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant.

DDK:

You know who is about to come out and the faithful are letting them know what they think of him.

Angus:

And why wouldn't they? He says Fuck Defiance well we says Fuck Scott Stevens!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of a staircase in the arena and a group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and Scott Stevens appears at the top. The faithful continue their expletives towards the Texan who simply smirks.

DDK:

Stevens better be glad he has extra security around him or the faithful is going to rip him apart..

Angus:

Please, he has that security to protect him from me kicking his ass!

As Stevens makes his way down the steps soda and food are thrown his way, but Stevens doesn't lose his focus as the garbage hits him.

Darren Quimbey:

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

STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

The FUCK DEFIANCE Security push the more rabid fans out of the way to insure the Texans safety as he makes his way through the faithful until he reaches the barricade and stares at Oscar Burns in the ring.

DDK:

Stevens and Burns have locked eyes and the tension between them can be cut with a knife.

Angus:

That's the look of fear I see and.....you smell that? I think Stevens just pissed himself from the fear of another beating from Burns.

Stevens slowly hops the barricade making his way around the ring and as he does he never takes his eyes off of Burns. The Texan makes his way to the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes looking out amongst the crowd before letting them know what he thinks of them as he delivers the double bird of Texas to the masses and slowly turning towards his opponent and doing the throat slash gesture before dropping to the canvas.

DDK:

Burns had Stevens beat the last time they shared the ring together in a tag match, but this is the first official singles meeting between the two.

Angus:

GO, KIWI!

Stevens' eyes don't leave Burns and vice-versa before the bell is called for.

DING DING DING!

The two men start to circle up and get into an AGGRESSIVE lock-up! The bigger Texan tries to maneuver Burns into the ropes quickly, almost ready to pop off a cheap shot when Burns circles around him and tries to maneuver him into the adjacent corner. The two men continue to fight when Stevens once again gets the advantage, only for Burns to get back at him against the ropes. When it looks like Burns has the advantage, Stevens backs into the ropes.

Scott Stevens:

Back him off, ref, do your job!

Carla Ferrari motions for Burns to let go. Burns has an arm right up to Stevens' face, looking like he wants to unload an Elbow Smash in the ropes, but The Technical Spectacle thinks better of it and lets his conscience get the better of him.

Angus:

Goddamn it, Burns, crack him in the mouth!

DDK:

He's a sportsman, first and foremost in that ring, Angus. You know this.

Angus

I know this, I just choose to ignore it.

Burnsie moves out of the corner, but Stevens swings at him with a right hand...

DDK:

No! Burns just saw that coming!

And in retaliation, Oscar BLASTS Stevens in the face with an Elbow Smash that has extra stank on it! He gets backed into the corner and Burns pounces quickly, unloading on Stevens with a barrage of Elbow Smashes to the head! Stevens tries to cover himself up, but he's already being cheered on heavily by a very pro-DEFIANCE crowd!

Stevens tries to back out from the corner when Burns surprises him with a tight Cravate hold out of the corner!

Angus:

YEAH! RIP HIS HEAD OFF AND POP IT LIKE THE CORK OFF A WINE BOTTLE!

DDK:

Burns isn't giving him much room to breathe!

When Stevens tries to fight his way out from the hold with a pair of rights to Burns' midsection, he grabs onto an arm. Also having some training in the catch wrestling game, the proprietor of the #FUCKDEFIANCE mantra grabs his arm and tries to maneuver Burns down into a hold. Burns starts to lean backwards into a bridge!

DDK:

I understand that Stevens was a classically-trained wrestler, but does he really want to try and mat wrestle Burns like this?

Angus:

He thinks he's better at everything than everybody else... let Oscar prove the stupid Mormon wrong.

Burns spins around on his back and trips up Stevens before mounting into a quick lateral press!

ONE!

And that's all he gets as Stevens kicks out! Being caught by a sneaky pin is what led to his loss on DEFTV 92, but it's very clear Stevens has learned his lesson from that defeat. Burns continues to try and put the pressure on Stevens with more of his fancy-shmancy matwork, only it works! He turns a Standing Monkey Flip and rolls with it, going right into a Bodyscissors!

Angus:

He can stretch and roll up geeks with the best of 'em... but I kind of hope he finishes what he started on Stevens' leg!

DDK:

Stevens trying to fight his way out of the Bodyscissors now!

Twists and Turns has his legs tightly wrapped around the body of Stevens, but the taller and slightly stronger Texas grabs Burns by the head and RAMS him back into the mat several times before he finally lets go!

DDK:

Very effective counter already by Stevens, but he's gotta take this off the mat and use some of that power brawling of his.

Stevens smirks as he finally has control of Burns. He pulls The Technical Spectacle back up to his feet and The Scorpion lays into him with a few heavy right hands to stun Burns. A boot to the chest later and he throws the Kiwi star into the corner, battering him upside the head with another shot. He follows that up with a STIFF barrage of Knife-Edge Chops in the corner!

Angus:

Ugh, come on, Kiwi, stop blocking shots with your chest and fight back!

DDK:

He has Burns on the ropes and whips him into the corner... NO!

Burns takes the opportunity to leap upward and when Stevens tries to put the brakes on, he goes for a quick roll-up!

ONE!

TWO...

DDK:

Kickout by Stevens! Now what's next?

Stevens tries to go for a jab, catching Burns with a right. He goes for a left, but Burns grabs him and WHIPS him down to the ground with a modified Dragon Screw, but to the arm! The crowd cheers as then Burns looks out to the crowd while The Angry Texan clutches his arm...

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

Angus:

Mangle his arm! Mangle him!

DDK:

Burns likes using those stomps of his to soften up body parts for whatever submission he plans on and looks like he's targeting the arm. Smart because Stevens will have a harder time pulling off some of his power moves.

After the vicious series of stomps to the arm, Burns locks in a Top Wristlock and CRANKS back like a mofo, pulling away at the arm! The crowd cheers with Burns continuing to apply pressure on the arm and it's at this point that Burns cranks back! Carla Ferrari approaches Stevens.

Carla Ferrari:

Do you give?

Stevens frantically shakes his head in the negative and tries to free himself by grabbing hold of Burns' arm, but the mat technician PULLS even harder on the hold! Stevens' tall frame allows him to crawl forward and get to the ropes!

Angus:

Come on, Ferrari, he clearly tapped!

DDK:

Sadly, he didn't.

Stevens holds his arm in pain and crawls out to the ring apron, trying to create some distance between himself and Burns...

DDK:

RUNNING UPPERCUT!

Burns goes wild now with a big Running European Uppercut and the blow knocks Stevens clear off the ring apron and out to the floor! Burns pumps a fist in the air after the shot and then tries to go to the outside to go after him.

Angus:

FINISH HIM!

The Technical Spectacle goes to the floor and fires off two more big European Uppercuts to The Angry Texan and cracks him in the jaw. Stevens goes reeling backwards and lands on the barricade. He clutches his arm and when he sees Burns coming...

DDK:

NO! DOUBLE S SPINEBUSTER ON THE FLOOR!

Angus:

Damn it!

The Angry Texan pulls out a last-ditch counter to fight back against the fiery Burns, dropping him with a big-time Spinebuster on the floor! The blow takes a bit out the arm Burns worked over earlier and he clutches it in pain, but otherwise it is Burns that looks worse for wear. Stevens then starts to get up and steals a bottle of water from a DEFIANCE fan in the front row.

Scott Stevens:

GIMME THAT!

He reaches over and takes a drink of the bottle before he dumps the rest over Burns' head, looking to add insult to injury.

DDK:

And now Stevens has Burns up... what's he doing here?

Stevens pulls Burns up again... BACK SUPLEX INTO THE BARRICADE!

Angus:

Well, he ain't gonna walk right the rest of this match!

DDK:

After the Double S Spinebuster on the floor and the Back Suplex into the barricade, you may be right!

The UTA representative rolls back into the ring and rolls his arm out, trying to shake feeling back into it and then yells at Carla Ferrari to count out the Kiwi wrestler who hasn't moved after the two big power moves.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Angus:

This prick would take a countout win, wouldn't he?

DDK:

It did happen to Burns once when he fought Danny Diggs.

FIVE!

SIX!

The crowd rallies behind Twists and Turns as he tries to maneuver himself back into the ring. His back is sore, but he guts it out and tries to get back in...

SEVEN!

Burns is almost back to his feet as he hears Stevens now counting along.

EIGHT!

Oscar now starts to run towards the ring...

NINE!

DDK:

And Burns is back in now, but he's at the mercy of Scott Stevens... and something tells me he isn't feeling that merciful.

Stevens begins his onslaught as soon as Burns slides into the ring with stiff boots to the head and neck area. The Angry Texans continues to show his ruthless aggression by quickly hitting the ropes and delivering a running knee to the side of Oscar's face.

DDK:

DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS! THAT COULD BE IT!

Stevens doesn't waste a moment as he pushes Burns onto his back and makes a cover as Carla drops to make the count.

ONE!

TWO...

THREE...

Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

Angus:

YES! FUCK YOU STEVENS!

The crowd roars with excitement as the human pretzel himself, Mr. "Twist and Turns" survives one of Scott Stevens' signature moves and the Texan can't believe him. Stevens quickly goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns kicks out once again and Stevens is beside himself.

Scott Stevens:

Count faster bitch!

Stevens screams at Carla who has a look of disdain on her face as there is a split chant of “Let’s Go Oscar!” and “Stevens Sucks!”

DDK:

That's nice, and Stevens shows what he's all about bullying and demeaning a woman when he doesn't get what he

wants.

Angus:

He's a piece of shit plain and simple.

Stevens quickly mounts Burns and begins to unload heavy right hands onto the face of Burns and after a few hits has to stop and flare out the arm.

DDK:

Even when dishes out punishment the arm is still hurting from Burns earlier.

The Texan shows why he's always angry by getting to his feet and soccer kicking Burns in the side until he kicks him onto his back and each kick is stiffer than the next. Once Burns is on his back Stevens begins to target the back.

DDK:

Stevens stomping away on the small of the back of Burns and I'm not sure how much more his back can take before it gives.

Angus:

He's DEFIANCE and that makes him DEFIANT until the end!

Stevens hits the ropes for some extra momentum and drops his heavily braced right knee into the back of Burns which causes the DEFIANCE up and comer to scream in pain. Once he hears that, Stevens begins to assault the back with quick knees to the small of the back like he was playing a xylophone.

DDK:

The screams of pain from Burns seems to motivate Stevens even more to hurt him as if he's getting off on it.

Angus:

Well he is from Texas where they fuck their cousins so I'm not shocked at all.

Stevens delivers one final stiff knee and Burns lets out a scream of pain that silences the crowd. Stevens smells blood in the water and shoves the Carla out of the way and locks in his favorite submission hold.

DDK:

Arachnophobia!

Angus:

Arachno....what?

DDK:

Arachnophobia, the fear of spiders and scorpions, and Stevens primary submission hold he only breaks out in big time matches when he knows he has the match won.

Angus:

Shit....

Stevens yells for Carla to check him and Burns is screaming in pain, but he doesn't give up as he yells no.

Scott Stevens:

QUIT! OR I'LL BREAK YOUR BACK!

Stevens yells at his opponent but Burns doesn't comply.

Oscar Burns:

NO!

Burns yells and the crowd comes alive with cheers which fuels their hero to begin to crawl towards the ropes.

DDK:

Burns is showing why he doesn't quit! He is showing what the fighting spirit of DEFIANCE Wrestling is all about!

Angus:

He certainly is.

Burns continues to crawl closer.....

And closer.....

And closer.....

DDK:

He's fingertips away!

Angus:

Reach you Kiwi!

Burns reaches out and grabs the ropes and the crowd goes ape shit as they approve of Burns' unwillingness to quit and Stevens can't believe it.

DDK:

Stevens can't believe it and the look on his face says it all.

Angus:

That's the look of I'm fucked!

As Carla checks on Oscar, Stevens goes over to the far corner out of the referee's eyesight and begins to undo the top turnbuckle which causes the crowd to boo.

Angus:

Ref! Pay attention!

DDK:

She can't see him partner.

Angus:

Stevens can't beat him fairly so he has to cheat. Typical UTAH!

Once done, Stevens tosses the turnbuckle to the floor and marches over to Burns. Stevens pushes Carla out of the way and muscles Oscar to his feet.

Scott Stevens:

Here's your career ending moment bitch!

Stevens yells as he launches Burns into the exposed corner and Oscar's back hits hard causes him to nearly collapse to the canvas but the ropes hold him up.

DDK:

Stevens looking to not just end the match but Burns' career.

Stevens puts towards Burns with double middle fingers held high before running towards the corner and right before he gets there he jumps high looking for a Texas size Stinger Splash.

DDK:

BURNS MOVED! BURNS MOVED! OH MY GOD HE MOVED!

Angus:

YES!

Burns was able to move out of the way at the last second and Stevens hits the corner face first and he stumbles back and immediately covers his face and a stream of blood begins to fall! The crowd continues supporting Burns as he grabs the left arm of Stevens and runs him into a non-exposed buckle on the other side!

Angus:

Come on, you rube, you could have used the exposed buckle!

DDK:

We know Burns won't stoop to those tactics, Angus! But he may be trying to set up for the Graps of Wrath II variation! The Scissored Armbar variation!

Stevens howls in pain as Burns then grabs the arm, strikes him in the jaw with an Elbow Smash, and then Uppercuts the arm! Burns has to stop for a moment and fights through the pain of his back, but Stevens is worse for wear out of the corner. Burns runs forward and CRACKS him in the jaw with a big Running European Uppercut, then rolls him out of the corner with a Snapmare. Burns runs cross-corner only to come back and SMACK Stevens right on the jaw with a Sliding European Uppercut!

DDK:

Great sequence of moves by Burns, now he goes for sitting cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

Stevens gets the arm... HAHAAAAHA! EAT ALL THE DICKS, STEVENS!

The second Stevens shoots his left shoulder up out of instinct, Burns latches right into the arm and goes right into a Cross Arm Breaker!

DDK:

Another submission from Burns! Does he have him?

Scott Stevens tries desperately to clinch the arms together while some trickles of blood run down his face, but Burns kicks...

DDK:

FULLY LOCKED IN! CAN HE GET HIM?

The crowd chants for Stevens to tap! The hold his fully locked in with the arm being hyper extended, but he scurries for the nearest ropes. But when he can't do that, he has to get desperate! He tries to use his power and adjust himself towards Burns...

DDK:

Stevens is trying to roll towards him... he's up! Burns on his shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Burns has no choice but to let go of the hold, but the second he does, Stevens fires off...

DDK:

Remember The Alamo! Out of nowhere with the Superkick!

The Technical Spectacle rattles back into the ropes with the Superkick! He wobbles back into the ropes and Stevens favors his arm in pain, but when he comes back, he unexpectedly sees Burns...

Angus:

WHAM! HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

Stevens is the one that goes down first after the extra stiff Headbutt to the chest, but the gr

oggy Burns falls down across his chest from sheer exhaustion! Right into a cover, no less! *ONE!*

TWO!

THR... NO!

Angus:

That was three, right?! Tell me that was three!

DDK:

Carla saying it isn't! The match continues!

The crowd bit on the last nearfall between the two men, but Stevens did barely get the right shoulder up! Burns rolls off of him and isn't moving all that much and neither is Stevens as the two men both try and figure out what they can do to end this match. Both men crawl away from one another with Stevens getting to his feet first.

Angus:

Come on, Burns, just grapplefuck this guy to death already!

DDK:

Burns has been working that arm, but Stevens has been just as adept at working the back. This one may come down to who makes the first mistake.

Stevens tries to swing for a right at Burns as he gets back to his feet, but Burns goes low and buries a shoulder right into his stomach. When he tries to fire off another European Uppercut, Stevens dodges it, and then kicks him in the gut...

Angus:

Toxic Sting... NO! HA!

Before he can complete the Diamond Cutter, Burns blocks it, and then pulls him up...

DDK:

NO! REVERSED INTO THE BACKCRACKAMAJIG!

The weirdly-named move is a Belly to Back into a Backbreaker! The moves takes a bit out of

Burns after clutching his own back, but Burns follows up with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

DDK:

Another kickout by Stevens, but Burns has him on the ropes now!

Burns then pick up Stevens and drops him down with a quick slam in front of the turnbuckles, going for his only top rope move in his arsenal, but a bad one! He climbs out to the ropes...

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS!

The crowd yells it with him as he heads up top and if he hits the Sweet As Knee Drop off the top onto Stevens' arm, it will no doubt be a world of hurt...

DDK:

NO! STEVENS GRABS CARLA BY HER SHIRT! WHAT'S HE DOING?!

Like he has done with multiple officials in the past, abusing officials seems to be something of a favorite side hobby for the UTA star as he throws her back! Burns tries to check on her to make sure she's okay, but leaves himself wide open with his head lowered...

Angus:

NO! DAMN IT!

Stevens grabs his leg and TRIPS him off the top rope, sending him back first into the top turnbuckle!

Angus:

Damn it! When Burns went to check on Carla, he paid for it!

The crowd boos LOUDLY as Stevens wastes no more time! Burns still seethes in pain on his back and that move pays dividends...

DDK:

TOXIC STING! THE CUTTER CONNECTS!

Stevens favors his left arm, but he keeps it close as he uses his right to hook the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Stevens rolls off of Burns, still clutching the left arm close to him, but smiling as he stands up and raises his right.

Angus:

Damn it, I hate it when you're right, Keebs. You said this one would come down to whoever made the first mistake and that goody-good Burns did it first.

DDK:

He cared about the well-being of one of our officials and sure as shoot, Stevens took advantage.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **SCOTT STEVENS!**

Not even bothering to stay behind, Stevens heads up the ramp with the sounds of the fans of DEFIANCE jeering serving as music to his ears. He proudly picks up his #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirt and then holds it proudly like a flag on his good arm, walking up the ramp while Burns is just now coming around, holding his back in pain.

DDK:

What a match we just saw, but what a sour taste left in our mouths from that conclusion. If these two ever meet again, Burns could very well have his number based off how hard he fought... that said, Stevens walks out with the win and puts a notch in the UTA's overall win column for tonight.

Angus:

Fuck Scott Stevens' Fuck Defiance Hashtag... but to be serious, I'm not trying to take anything away from Oscar Burns. He's fighting proudly for DEFIANCE, but this rube can't go looking past what they're willing to do to win like that.

DDK:

Hopefully, when we return, we'll see something I know you've been looking forward to for a while, Angus!

Angus:

That gorram Chris Fucking Ross getting his shit pushed in? YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!

The final scenes of the match show Carla Ferrari checking on Burns, with a look of massive disappointment on his face. All the while, Stevens heads back up the ramp with a smile, still waving his obscene anti-DEFIANCE t-shirt overhead before he disappears to the back - a big win under his belt for tonight.

PROMO**FOR THE GREATEST PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING IN THE WORLD**

MUSHIGIHARA VS. CHRIS ROSS

♪"Badlands" by Mayday♪

The FAITHFUL instantly erupt into a chorus of boos as Chris Ross walks out with his screwdriver in hand.

Quimbey::

Making his way to the ring.... From Harrisburg Pennsylvania! Weighing in at 255 lbs... Chris "The Boss" Ross!!!!

Ross walks down the ramp completely ignoring the fans' hatred for him. He slides into the ring where Hector Navarro immediately confiscates the screwdriver from Ross.

Angus:

It's about time someone takes that damn thing away from him!

DDK:

Probably the smartest thing the referee could've possibly done!

Chris Ross is going ballistic demanding his weapon back from the referee who stands his ground.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

DDK:

And the WrestlePlex EXPLODES for the monster about to enter battle now!

Eddie Dante emerges from the gold-tinted smoke, smirking towards the throngs of DEFIAfans in the unusual position of CHEERING the Lord of the Ring and his client. The thundering drums and guitar make the arena shake, leading the crowd to stomp and clap to the rhythm of the music... until HE appears and brings the crowd to a climax.

Quimbey::

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan! Weighing tonight at two hundred ninety-four Pounds... THE GOD-BEAST!

MU!

SHI!

GI!

HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Mushigihara:

OSU.

"OSU!"

The God-Beast calls out to the crowd, and, judging by the way he stopped in his tracks, seems genuinely surprised that the DEFIANCE Faithful have warmed up to him. Nevertheless he persists, storming down the aisle and never taking eyes of his adversary as he climbs onto the apron and steps between the ropes.

The two enemies size each other up in the center of the ring, separated only by Hector Navarro, who goes over the rules quickly with them, taking the time to especially emphasize those rules to Chris Ross. Navarro immediately breaks off and calls for the bell...

DING DING DING

...and the two men just stare at each other, Ross grinning at the God-Beast, who just seems to growl under his mask. Ross starts talking trash at his larger opponent, before popping him with a slap to the face, prompting the former sumo to respond with a NASTY open-hand that floors the Keystone State Killa.

DDK:

Chris Ross learning from the start not to anger a monster like Mushigihara, and the God-Beast is on the offensive!

Mushigihara reaches down and grabs Ross by the Mohawk, driving headbutt after headbutt into his skull, before whipping him into and off the ropes, crushing him with a shoulder tackle on the rebound.

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

“OSU!”

The crowd responds overwhelmingly to the God-Beast’s battle cry, but he doesn’t let it get to him this time, storming Ross with a flurry of stomps to the limbs and torso. Mushigahara reaches down grabbing his opponent by the hair pulling him up and The Boss responds with an elbow followed by another. He elbows The God-Beast in the stomach over and over until he finally lets go. Ross looks at Mushigahara and makes a cocked pistol motion with his hand before he bounces off the ropes and nails The monster with a rotating 360 discus elbow!

DDK:

10-71 By Chris Ross!!!! The God-Beast is stunned!!!!

Mushigahara stumbles backwards clearly stunned by the shot but he doesn’t go down. The Keystone State Killa runs back again and nails Mushigahara with another 10-71 elbow that this time sends the beast stumbling through the ropes and out of the ring.

Angus:

This isn’t looking good, Keebs, this match is about to go into No Man’s Land, and Ross has proven that’s a dangerous place to be...

The God Beast takes a few seconds to recover before Ross slides to the apron of the ring. The moment Mushigahara turns around Ross runs and does a somersault flip right onto him, but the God-Beast manages to get a grip on him, hoisting him up for what promises to be a nasty powerbomb onto the ground!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The monster is just about ready to plant Ross into the concrete, but the resourceful Keystone State Killa plants some right hands into Mushi’s face, forcing him to lower his prey to the ground. Ross takes the offensive, hammering him with a few more fists, before whipping him into the nearby guardrail, and following up with a THUNDEROUS big boot!

“BOOOOOOOOOO!”

Ross plays the crowd, inviting their jeers, while Dante yells words of support to his God-Beast, only to get a sneer and point from Chris Ross, who runs back and charges back at his downed opponent, and kicks the monster down again, before taunting the crowd again and digging under the ring for...

DDK:

Ross is grabbing another screwdriver?!?!

Indeed, Ross procures a good old flathead, raising it up to the crowd for all to see, before staring gleefully at the face of Mushi, and rushing in to stab at his mask! The crowd is jeering and Hector Navarro is trying in vain to stop the madness from inside the ring, but Ross just keeps cutting away at the mask, laughing and yelling at the now partially-

exposed monster. He breaks away, allowing us to see that Mushigihara's mask has come undone by his left eye, revealing a corner of his face, which is now already beginning to bleed.

Angus:

Uggghh, Mushi doesn't look too happy right now... or healthy.

Ross rushes back in with another forearm, followed by working that mask some more with the screwdriver, before rushing back to make space, and charge back at Mushi for another kick...

DDK:

BIG CLOTHESLINE BY THE GOD-BEAST! ROSS GOES DOWN! Mushigihara comes alive!

Angus:

Thank God, Keebs, because with the way this Utah motherfucker's been rampaging through DEFIANCE, I was starting to worry if Mushi would have anything for him!

The God-Beast shakes the cobwebs out, and raises a fist to the cheering crowd, before peeling Ross up to his feet and rolling him into the leftmost ring, following suit as Hector Navarro enters to keep the peace. Mushi continues with the stomps, before whipping Ross into the ropes and catching him on the rebound with a MASSIVE Biel throw that sends Ross over the top rope and into the adjacent ring, to a massive pop.

DDK:

Amazing display of power from DEFIANCE's own!

The monster decides to follow his prey, but Ross get a window of opportunity, and nails Mushi with a low blow before Navarro can twig to what's going on! Ross now gets the advantage, nailing the God-Beast with forearm after forearm, knee after knee, and taunting the monster by tussling with his mask!

Navarro steps in to break up the assault on the mask, and Ross relents, only to stomp HARD on the God-Beast's back and kick him under the ropes, back onto the floor, following him with reckless abandon. He pulls the monster up and tries to soften him up some more, but with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

...the God-Beast flattens Ross with a discus clothesline, before bouncing off the ropes and flattening him with a running senton!

Navarro rushes in for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

Nothing doing, but Mushi seems to be getting his second wind, his exposed eye glimmering in determination and ambition! Ross struggles to get up, but Mushi is standing in wait, prepared to strike. Ross finally manages to get up and, in a moment of desperation wind up for another 10-71, but Mushi manages to suck under it and wrap his arms tightly around Ross' waist for the bearhug, before...

DDK:

THUNDEROUS BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Angus:

Fuck yeah, Keebs! Now Mushi is lookin' ready to send this punk back to Salt Lake City!

Indeed, the roar of "ATORASU KATTA~!" is enough to send the crowd in a frenzy, as Mushi reaches down and hoists Ross onto his shoulders for the kill, but Ross manages to slip from the monster's grip and TWIST MUSHI'S MASK AROUND, BLINDING HIM!

DDK:

Ross has blinded The God-Beast!!!! You got to be kidding me!!!!

Mushigahara reaches trying to fix his mask. And The Boss runs his thumb across his throat. Ross jumps up onto The God -Beast's back and jams his thumb into his throat locking in The Crime Scene... Mushigahara flails his arms like a madman.

Angus:

Oh come on!!!! Referee fix his mask!

DDK:

Mushigahara is completely disoriented!

Mushigahara reaches trying to pry at Ross' hands but the submission is locked in with a death grip. The monster tries to fix his mask but he's clearly starting to fade. He grabs at Ross' hands again before The Keystone State Killa slams his forehead right into the side of Mushigahara's head dazing him more....

DDK:

I.... I can't believe this!

Angus:

Ross.... He can't....

The Boss Is relentless with the Asiatic Spike refusing to let go. Mushigahara stumbles around before he suddenly falls over backwards in the middle of the ring... Ross with his legs wrapped around his body keeps the submission locked in. The Referee grabs Mushigahara's arm and raises it once and it drops.....

DDK:

He can't...

Angus:

Mushi get up!!!!

Mushigahara's arm is raised again and it drops again....

DDK:

COME ON MUSHI!!!!!! YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS WAY!!!!

Mushigahara's arm is raised a third time...

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Almost like time is standing still The God-Beast's hand drops for a third time...

DDK:

You got to be kidding me....

Angus:

I..... I.....

As the bell rings you can just hear the proverbial balloon being deflated from the entire arena. Hector Navarro finally

manages to convince Ross to let go of the submission... The entire arena is literally silent as Ross casually places a foot on Mushigahara's chest....

Quimbey::

The winner of this match.... Chris Ross.....

Even Quimbey has a tone of disgust as he announces Ross the winner... The Keystone State Killa looks down at the fallen beast clearly exhausted..... Every last bit of energy went into The Crime Scene he locked in.... He walks over to the nearest camera.

Ross:

717 ya boy just conquered the God-Beast! I'm putting Harrisburg back on the map!

DDK:

I.... I just.... I have nothing.....

The camera pans back to the announce table where Angus literally throws his papers in the air in frustration.

Angus:

I got something to say! This is bullshit! Out of all the UTA trash this Chris Ross is nothing but a street thug and has got to be the most despicable out of them all! He stabs people with screwdrivers, he's constantly jumping people from behind, he has zero regard for the rules at all, and now he beats Mushigahara by using his own mask against him?! What the hell is going on around here?!

Reality has finally began to sink in as the fans have began to flood the ring with trash and a bullshit chant starts to echo across the arena.

DDK:

Clearly the fans aren't any happier than you are Angus... And to be honest I can't argue against anyone's displeasure now.

Angus:

Fuck me, fuck, fuck, fuck...

GEARS OF WAR

♪ "Mad World" by Gary Jules ♪

Darkness.

All around me are familiar faces

Worn out places, worn out faces

The camera pans down to a CGI-enhanced scene, spliced with overlapping shots of real footage.

A desolate backstage area is seen.

Bright and early for their daily races

Going nowhere, going nowhere

Words such as #FUCKDEFIANCE and WRESTLE UTA are spraypainted on locker room doors and hallways.

Their tears are filling up their glasses

No expression, no expression

Countless shots of DEFIANCE bodies lay skewed across the floor. Blood pools form beneath them.

Hide my head, I want to drown my sorrow

No tomorrow, no tomorrow

The camera continues down the hall, turning a corner and finding a man standing there. The man is in the shadows and his face cannot be seen.

And I find it kinda funny, I find it kinda sad

The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had

The man slowly walks forward, moving away from the bloodshed but ultimately finding more bodies as he continues down the hall.

I find it hard to tell you, I find it hard to take

The man bends down and turns one of the unconscious wrestlers over. You can't see the wrestler's face because it's covered in blood.

When people run in circles it's a very very

The man hears something behind him, stands and starts to walk quickly through the hallway.

Mad world, mad world

He throws himself into a doorway and frantically closes it behind him, saving himself from what was coming.

Children waiting for the day, they feel good

Happy birthday, happy birthday

In the dim lit room, he walks over to a small oak table. There's a hand-sized box with a powder blue question mark on it.

Made to feel the way that every child should

Sit and listen, sit and listen

The man holds the box up and peers inside. A tiny light emerges, lighting up the man's left eye as he continues to hold the box.

*Went to school and I was very nervous
No one knew me, no one knew me*

He puts the question mark box in his pocket and goes back into the hallway. He starts running past all the bodies now.

*Hello teacher, tell me what's my lesson
Look right through me, look right through me*

The man runs faster, past body after body. Past more #FUCKDEFIANCE graffiti. Past a flag of the state of Utah.

*And I find it kinda funny, I find it kinda sad
The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had*

Finally, he sees it in the distance. A figure moves.

I find it hard to tell you, I find it hard to take

The man leaps into another dimly lit locker room, landing face down. He lifts his head, as the dark room illuminates a small red glow.

When people run in circles it's a very very

That's when it appears.

A large, **ominous** figure, resembling the likes of Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, Jack Harmen and Crimson Lord all in one looms twenty feet above the man.

Mad world...

The man's jaw opens. He seems scared.

Mad world

He holds the question mark box up as the oversized, shadowy figure rises in the air and then with everything it has, crashes down upon the man, closing the scene.

Enlarging your world

The following words appear on the screen.

HE WILL PLAY.

Mad world

JACK HARMEN VS. ELISE ARES

DDK:

This next match is personal Angus. Student versus teacher. Allies turned enemies. And of course, UTA vs. DEFIANCE.

Angus:

I feel my years of being biased are paying off on this pay per view Keebs. DEF for the win!

DDK:

Jack Harmen made his re-debut in DEFIANCE at DEFCON night two, interfering and costing the Pop Culture Phenoms the tag team championships. Those belts, of course, have now been grasped by Mikey Unlikely and JFK, the two men the PCP were once indebted to. It was when the D and Elise got fed up, that they finally got the DEFIANCE faithful cheering them.

Angus:

One of the best moments of the past year Keebs, and I'll admit it, even though they're both flippy-dos. Anytime Mikey gets his clock cleaned, that's a good night.

DDK:

We wouldn't know until later at DEFCON, that Jack Harmen's interference had something to do with the UTA Invasion, perpetrated by Mikey Unlikely and the entire UTA roster. Since then, the former DEFIANT superstar has pledged his loyalty to Mikey Unlikely and the UTA, and plans to do whatever he can to destroy both his, and Mikey's, former pupils. Let's head to the ring for introductions.

The camera jibs down from an elevated height to rest itself on the DEFIANCE ring, with Darren Quimbey inside. He's dressed in his favorite suit, and adjusts his tie before raising a microphone for his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, this next match is scheduled for one fall!

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

A new unfamiliar song plays over the DEFplex as the blue & pink lights from the MIA intro go straight pink after the siren. A red carpet unfurls down the aisle and The D emerges on the stage, but he appears to be carrying something heavy on his back. Soon it becomes clear that he's carrying the front of an ancient Egyptian style litter, and on the litter in her golden throne is Elise Ares with her face on her fist with a smirk. Her usual pink and blue attire now golden and black, her LED sunglasses flashing the word "HAIL". Carrying the back end is Klein, which instead of sporting the usual box is wearing a cardboard Anubis head.

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way down to the ring first... from Beverly Hill, California! Weighing in at 122 pounds, representing the POP CULTURE PHENOMS, EEEEEELISSSE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

DDK:

Listen to these cheers for Elise Ares, did you ever think that you'd see the day?

Angus:

I still can't believe I'm seeing it. She's being carried out here by scrawny man and a dude with a cardboard dog head box over his head. Maybe we've all lost our marbles.

DDK:

She's come a long ways in the ring since her DEFIANCE debut, and these fans can respect a gutsy performance. Also despite being annoying, I'd say these guys are pretty entertaining. It's endearing.

Angus:

It's bananas, and I slightly hate myself for cheering for them.

At the end of the aisle, Klein and The D lay the litter down on the ground where Elise stands up and swags her way off of the platform. The two flank her from each side and she holds her arms out where they grab her and lift her up onto the apron. She turns around and faces them with her arms wrapped around the ropes before blowing them both kisses and waving goodbye. The rest of PCP pick up the litter and head towards the back, as Elise ascends the ropes and poses with her arms out for the appreciative DEFIANCE fans.

DDK:

Elise was able to get a victory over on Jack Harmen at DEFtv90, but that was at the end of a grueling gauntlet match, and only because of her smarts did she become victorious.

Angus:

Smarts? Elise? I never thought I'd hear those words in the same sentence, yet here we are. Go Elise! Kick his teeth in!

♪"Crazy Train" - Ozzy Osbourne♪

DDK:

Listen to those boos Angus!

Angus:

BOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I said listen, not join in!

Angus:

Screw that. BOOO!!!!

After a wafting of smoke engulfs the entrance ramp, Jack Harmen parts it like the red sea. He has on his cruelest scowl, upturned nose, dead eyes, his WrestleUTA "Flyin' High" t-shirt and regular white trunks. He calmly raises his right hand in his trademark Devil horn taunt, never taking his eyes away from the ring. Harmen saunters down the ramp, nose in the air, looking down at Elise who's clutching her wrists and stretching her shoulders.

Angus:

Oh shit. I forgot.

There's a few beeps from a cell phone.

Angus:

Yeah, he's driving the Lebaron again. The key, is to key the shit out of it. Thanks again!

DDK:

AGAIN? You're keying his car AGAIN!?

Angus:

SHHHHH.

Harmen reaches ringside, grabbing the turnbuckle post and swinging himself around to the hard camera side. He walks PAST the DEFIANCE ring, toward the time keeper's booth, and demands the microphone. The time keeper initially refuses, so, Harmen reaches out, grabs the mic, and shoves the keeper back into his chair. Harmen raises his hand for a back hand, which the time keeper backs away from, palms raised in submission. Harmen then climbs up the far ring steps, and enters into the UTA ring.

DDK:

What is he doing? He's in the wrong ring.

Harmen taps twice onto the microphone's tip, the sound echoing through the arena. He smiles, as the crowd boos before he can utter even a single word.

Jack Harmen:

NOBODY CARES! Go ahead and waste your time!

Harmen shouts toward the DEF crowd, who only respond with a simple repeating chant.

"Fuck you Fly-Er." *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap*

Harmen can't help but smirk, looking over at Quimbey.

Jack Harmen:

Shut up Quimbey. I got this. You go sit on your butt.

Quimbey doesn't take kindly to it, but nods and leaves the DEFIANCE ring.

Jack Harmen:

MY NAME IS JACK HARMEN. I am a MEMBER... of the UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE! (Boos) And I refuse to wrestle in ANY ring, but the one I stand in. The one ring that stands for a united group, an alliance of the toughest SOBs the world has EVER seen! The one RING that MEANS, more than just blood and braun and tables and chairs and BULLSHIT, no... the ONE RING TO RULE THEM ALL...quite simply... the one ring that houses the very VERY BEST, and most ENTERTAINING, SPORTS ENTERTAINERS, in the WORLD.

Heavy jeers from the crowd as Harmen finishes. Harmen tosses the microphone over his shoulders nonchalantly and raises both hands to Elise, who's standing in the opposite ring. He begs her to enter his ring, as Elise turns to Carla Ferrari. Carla just shrugs her shoulders, as Elise sighs. The two converse, as Jack falls down onto his back, and starts making snow angels just to kill the time.

DDK:

What... what is that guy doing?

Angus:

Being an idiot. So, the usual.

Elise nods toward Carla, and then walks to the side of the DEF ring that connects with the UTA ring. She grabs her top rope, and springs up, and then launches herself halfway into the DEF ring. Harmen however, stops his taunt and rolls underneath. Elise lands on her feet and rolls through, and then charges off the far side of the UTA ropes. When she returns, Harmen snaps up and sends her overhead with a belly to belly, but Elise AGAIN lands on her feet to cheers. Harmen stands, thinking the crowd is now on his side as he points to his head in smugness. He turns around, and Elise SMACKS the taste out of his mouth with an echoing slap.

Angus:

SOMEONE MAKE ME A GIF OF THAT IMMEDIATELY!

It's here where the bell FINALLY rings off of Carla's signal, as she enters the UTA side.

With Harmen stunned, clutching his red face, Elise charges, hooking him in a collar and elbow and sending him into the far ropes. Once there, she shoots him off the other side. When Harmen returns, he throws a simple shoulder block that takes the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE off her feet. Harmen off the perpendicular ropes, and Elise drops down as Harmen charges over her. On the return, Elise leaps and catches Harmen just under the jaw with a high leg kick. Jack uses this to roll toward a neutral corner, and pull himself onto the ring apron that's connected to the DEF ring.

Elise charges as Harmen pulls himself up, and Harmen shouts "HE'S IN THE ROPES!" Carla steps in, and tells Elise to take a few steps back.

DDK:

Harmen using the ropes to his advantage. I think the pace of the match might have been getting to him. While Jack has always been considered one of the fastest and most agile men in the sport, he's almost 42 Angus. Guy's not a spring chicken.

Angus:

Yeah, he's a fall chicken, cause Elise is gonna make him FALL Keebs. I've got twenty on it.

DDK:

The UTA Lunatic is certainly taking his time here to get back into the ring. Elise is getting visibly frustrated.

Harmen takes an extra moment to wave off the boos from the Faithful before climbing back in through the middle rope. He walks toward Elise, and raises his hand for a test of strength.

Angus:

Don't fall for it! A kick to the groin still hurts you!

Elise is tentative, she looks at both sides of the Faithful who start waving her off, telling her no. So Elise just charges in for a collar and elbow tie up. Harmen's shocked, one arm at a disadvantage, so Ares hooks him behind into a hammerlock. Jack begins to swipe blindly over his back shoulder, as Elise ducks and avoids the blows. Harmen then rushes toward the ropes and hooks the top, forcing a break and more boos.

Elise shakes her head and lets go at three. She backs off from Harmen, arms in the air to show the clean break. Harmen shakes his arm to bring feeling back to it as he turns to face his protege. The two lock up again, this time, Harmen wrenching Elise's arm. Ares reaches out for an eye poke, that Harmen only nearly avoids. Carla is right there to reprimand. But this positional disadvantage allows Elise to rush toward the nearest turnbuckle. She climbs up it nimbly, and then twists and leaps for a springboard arm drag.

Harmen however, let go of the arm wrench in mid jump, and let Elise land and tumble on the mats with nothing to show for it. As she lands on her back, Harmen drops an elbow and then starts WAILING on her with right hands.

Angus:

CLOSED FISTS! GET IN THERE!

Elise tries to cover up, and Carla gets to four before Harmen gets off of Ares. He stomps around the ring, demanding Elise to get to her feet, as Carla checks on her. Ares peers out of the corner of her eye at Harmen as she uses the ropes to steady herself to her feet. The two begin to circle each other, waiting to strike. Both raise their hands for a collar and elbow tie up, and as they collide.

DDK:

DOUBLE EYE POKE! Both Elise and Harmen had the same idea! They're both blind Angus.

Harmen indeed swings a wild haymaker that strikes nothing but air. Elise covers her eyes in pain and instinctively rushes to what would have been her tag corner, but no one's there. Harmen recovers first, and charges toward Elise. Elise barely regains vision and slips out of the corner, causing Harmen to crash chest first into the turnbuckle pads. Elise is quick to rush up behind him, reaching over his shoulders and hooking the tag rope. She then quickly wraps this around Harmen's neck, choking him in the corner as he gasps for breath. The DEF crowd cheers as Carla reaches four on her count before Ares drops the rope.

Harmen coughs and sputters, pulling the rope from around his neck and turning around so his back is against the pads. He hangs there, shoulders barely keeping him upright. Elise reaches in, and grabs the top rope, before STOMPING Harmen square in the chest. Again. And again. And Harmen falls to a seated position as Elise continues

to STOMP the ever living crap out of her mentor.

DDK:

The modified blacklist! We've seen the D do this by himself, now it's Elise's turn!

Angus:

I wonder if Elise ever saw Harvey Weinstein masturbate?

DDK:

Oh come on! If you're going to make an inappropriate comment at least don't combine two separate sexual predators into one!

Elise lets go of the ropes, and then CLAPS loudly above her head. She then dives back in, top rope hooked for leverage and stomps away repeatedly into Jack Harmen's gut. At a four count, Elise backs off to avoid disqualification. Harmen hooks the bottom rope and slips out onto the ring apron.

Elise charges toward the ropes to continue her attack, so Harmen pushes himself off the apron and lands on his feet on the outside, backing off into the guardrail. The DEF crowd jeer him, getting in his face as security stands back. Meanwhile, Elise walks to the ring ropes and pulls open the middle and bottom ropes, offering to help him into the ring while also demeaning him. Harmen sneers, and begins to walk around the outside of the ring, Carla starts her count.

Harmen looks all around him, seeing the sea of Faithful heavily jeering him. He sees Elise, who's chomping at the bit to continue her advantage. Carla gets to five on her count, and Harmen changes direction. He walks toward the DEF ring, and slips himself in under the bottom rope. Carla and Elise turn to him, confused, as Carla continues her count to seven.

Jack Harmen:

(Shouting) HEY! I'M IN A RING! STOP COUNTING!

Carla looks confused at Elise, who shrugs HER shoulders. Carla continues counting to eight as Elise turns to her with a look of confusion. Harmen charges toward the side of the DEF ring that's connected by the apron to the UTA ring. He leaps onto the top rope, springboards and CATCHES the stunned and distracted Elise with a lou thesz press. The boos reign as Harmen follows suit with stiff right hands to Ares' jaw.

After a count of four, Harmen continues his onslaught of punches, so Carla grabs his haymaker hand in a backswing. Harmen's eyes go wide in fury. He gets off of Elise and begins to stomp toward Carla, back peddling her into the corner. He raises his fist to her but never touches or lays an actual hand on her. As Harmen turns back to Elise, Elise UPPERCUTS Harmen square between the legs. Harmen lets out of a high pitched squeal, falls to his knees, and then just faceplants in the ring. As Elise gets to her feet, she tosses a sly wink toward Carla followed by a shrug. Carla doesn't seem happy about it, but is willing to let it pass. Elise dives on top for a cover.

One.

Easy kickout from Harmen. Elise then dives on top, locking in a front headlock. Using her right arm as she has Harmen's head with the left, she hooks Harmen's left arm and connects her hands. Jack fights to his feet, as Elise keeps the hold in. Harmen even begins to lift her off the mat completely, as Elise keeps the hold in. With Elise and Harmen making a t-shape in the ring, Harmen back bridges and lands with a northern lights suplex. He can't hold on for the bridge, because how his arm was hooked, his arm takes quite a bit of the punishment. He rolls off of Elise, and clutches his arm showing immense pain.

DDK:

Angus, I think we might have seen our first mistake. Elise kept that wear down hold locked in as Harmen countered into the northern lights, and I think his arm might have just got compacted. Look at those screams of pain Angus.

Angus:

GOOD! YOU DESERVE IT!

DDK:

I think Harmen might be seriously hurt Angus. He's back peddling and clutching his arm like a wounded bird.

Carla even takes an extra look at the Lunatic, who's eyes are bulging out of their sockets as he stares in fury across the ring. He's using his good arm as a makeshift sling, trying to steady and repair what he can. Ferarri turns to the time keeper's and begins to raise her hands above her heads for an X symbol, until Harmen SHOOTs out of the corner, reaches out and spins her with his good hand. He winces in pain as his right arm just kind of dangles almost off his body to his side. Jack shakes his head at Ferarri, demanding the match continue. He uses his good hand to brace his bad arm, and then makes a SNAP motion, resocketing his seemingly dislocated shoulder.

Elise from behind with a school boy! Carla is a bit stunned and is slow to rush to the count.

One.

Two.

DDK:

NO! I thought that was it Keebs! Harmen was somehow able to kick out with what looked to me like a severely dislocated shoulder.

Angus:

I don't buy it Keebs. How do we know this isn't a trick?

DDK:

Did you see how his arm dangled Angus? It looked like a wet noodle.

Elise leaps onto Harmen to try and capitalize on his new found weakness, but Harmen knocks her aside. Ares is tenacious, scrambling back up to her feet and going on the attack once again, rushing toward Harmen who is still trying to regain his sense of direction. He gets it just a second before Elise arrives, and sends her spinning into the air with what appears to be a modified tilt-a-whirl, but Ares gains control and wraps Jack Harmen up into an octopus stretch!

DDK:

That's it! She locked it in on Harmen!

Angus:

I can't believe she actually did it!

DDK:

That's the Sunset Stretch that Oscar Burns taught her!

Jack screams out in pain as he falls down to a knee. Ares violently wrenches on the bad arm, pulling as hard as she possibly can and the crowd have risen to their feet. They shout at Harmen, demanding that he tap out before he gets up to his feet and leaps towards the ropes with Elise hanging all over him. They both get tangled into the ropes and Carla calls for a break in the hold. Elise does with frustration, but due to her current placement releasing the hold makes her fall onto the apron on the outside.

DDK:

Better be careful Elise. Ring positioning is a very important thing and I feel she's at a distinct disadvantage here.

Harmen tries to shake the stinger out of his shoulder and sees Elise recovering on the apron. He charges out of instinct and slams a knee into her side, sending her sprawling off the apron and crashing into the ringside barricade. This illicit boos from the crowd. Harmen walks to the nearest turnbuckle pad and begins to climb, a bit slower than his

usual leap to the top. Once there, he sizes up a recovering Elise, and dives with a high cross body.

Angus:

Did his face smack against the concrete busting his head open like a pinata?

Harmen shoots up to his feet, and tries to lift Elise with his bad arm. Instead, he winces in pain, switches to his good arm, and hooks Elise to a vertical position.

Angus:

Damn.

Jack takes Elise and tosses her with his good hand shoulder first into the outside steel steps. They fly off, breaking into two pieces. Carla Ferarri is in the ring, counting up to a three count. Elise is lying on top of the bottom half of the steel steps, fighting to push herself up to her feet. So, Harmen hops onto the apron, rushes, and jumps, double stomping the back of Elise BACK into the steel steps with a loud thud. Elise hits hard, spins to her back and clutches her chest and face as she bridges her back across the steps. Harmen leaps off from the double foot stomp and rolls through.

DDK:

Vicious! Harmen just used Elise's Extreme Makeover against her!

The Lunatic Harmen sees Elise, upside down head hanging off the bottom half of the steel steps, and charges.

Angus:

WATCH OUT ELISE!

There's a VICIOUS thud as Harmen tries to kick Elise' head on the steps, but Elise has the wherewithal to roll out of the way. So, Harmen just winds up soccer kicking the side of the immovable version of the steel steps. He hops in pain, clutching at his shin, as he notices Carla's count is up to six. Harmen rolls into the ring, and then rolls immediately back out to break the count. But when he lands back outside, he's hobbling a bit on his right leg. Elise meanwhile, is using the ring apron to pull herself back to her feet.

Jack slips around the outside steps to Elise' side, and grabs her by her hair with his good arm. He slams her face into the ring apron, twice, before taking Elise and shoving her into the turnbuckle posts where the DEF & UTA sides of the ring meet. She bounces off both posts, and falls to the outside, clutching her face. Harmen smiles down at her, a vindictive and devilish smile. As Elise tries to crawl and pull herself to her feet, Harmen just takes his boot and stomps on her face, sending her back to a reset. He repeats this three times, just to frustrate Elise and the DEFIANCE Faithful. He just screams and tosses his good hand up in the air in his trademark devil horn taunt.

DDK:

Carla is shouting from the ring, trying to get some semblance of order here.

Angus:

Good luck. It's organized chaos Keebs! I think all the officials are going to need six stiff drinks after a night like tonight.

Harmen finally relents and tosses Elise back into the ring under the bottom rope. He follows immediately in himself, rolling in and making sure to brace his right arm as he does.

As Elise rolls to try to get to a neutral corner, Harmen pounces. He hooks her with his left arm, and wraps it around her neck as she's staring at the arena lights. He then makes sure to hook both of her legs underneath her.

DDK:

Oh God! Harmen calls that Dragon SLEEP~!, and he's even got the legs locked in, near the center of the ring Angus. I don't think Elise has anywhere to go!

Carla is right in Elise's face, asking Elise if she submits. She shakes her head wildly from side to side to cheers from

the crowd. She begins to swing her arms, trying valiantly to grab the ropes that are still at least a foot away from her. So, Harmen wrenches back on the hold further, causing immense pain. Elise however, uses this adjustment of position to slip one of her legs free from Harmen's grasp. She kicks it out, and the tip of her boot just grazes and barely rests onto the bottom rope. Carla starts her count, and gets up to four, before Harmen shakes his head no and refuses to break the hold. Carla threatens disqualification, and only then does Harmen let go, this time shoving Elise from behind as he does so her face falls forward onto the canvas. Harmen gets up and begins to shout in Carla's face.

Jack Harmen:

You're not a UTA referee! I CALL BIAS! I don't have to listen to you!

DDK:

Uh, I think you do Jack.

Angus:

What happened to all the UTA referees anyway?

DDK:

Who cares?

Angus:

Uh, their wives? Kids? But yeah, seriously, fuck those people.

Jack turns back to Elise and begins to lightly kick the side of her face as she tries to get up. This only draws more boos. Harmen then stomps once HARD onto Elise's chest, and leaves his foot on top. He smiles, and shouts.

Jack Harmen:

QUE TAL ESO!? WHERE'S MY COUNT!

Harmen points angrily toward Carla, who slides into position.

One.

Elise easily gets a shoulder up. Harmen sneers at her, and instantly hooks her up to her feet. Using his good arm, he irish whips her into the far corner. He shakes his right leg once, and then charges, looking for a BIG body splash. Elise barely ducks out of the way at the last second, as Harmen's chest strikes the top turnbuckle pad. He hobbles out of the corner, coughing gasping for breath. Elise sees it as her moment, charges, and LEAPS!

DDK:

AMETHYSTAT-

Angus:

NO!!!

But Harmen ducks, and back body drops her completely out of the ring! Elise flies like doing a piscada and just lands face first on the outside ring mats. Harmen falls to his knees, and then wipes the sweat from his forehead, in a "that was close" moment. He sizes her up on the outside, waiting for Elise to climb. He puts additional pressure on his right leg, the adrenaline healing him to a confidently level. He hooks the top rope with his good left hand, leans back, and springboards to the top rope. As Elise turns, she sees Harmen flying at her with a shooting star press to the outside.

Angus:

GET OUT OF THE WAY YOU STUPID...!

Elise BARELY has time to roll out of the way, before Harmen SPLATS on the outside mat.

DDK:

It's like she heard you Angus!

Angus:

I have telepathic connections to all hot women.

DDK:

That must be why they all hate you.

Angus:

Your mom doesn't.

DDK:

Elise may have saved herself here Angus! If Harmen hit that visually stunning press to the outside, this match might be over!

Angus:

Both of these wrestlers seem a bit gassed Keebs, they've been going for home run shots all night.

Elise slips herself back in the ring, and just crawls to a neutral corner to recover. Carla begins her count, as Harmen lies motionless on the outside.

DDK:

Harmen's going to have a hard time getting up after that move Angus, and Elise is doing the smart thing to recover.

Angus:

Elise, smart? Still boggles the mind.

Harmen begins to stir at the four count, reaching up and grabbing the ring apron. He slowly pulls himself up using only his good arm. Once to a vertical base, and Carla on count seven, Harmen cracks his head from side to side, and then carefully re-enters the ring. Elise is now standing, waiting for him across the ring.

Jack walks to Elise and raises his left hand for a test of strength. She slyly smiles and raises her left hand instead, trying to goad Harmen to raise his bad arm for the test. Harmen just closes the gap and hooks Elise in a side headlock. Elise squirms free, into a rear sleeper. Harmen waves his arms wildly, before wriggling free to grab Elise' head and drop her in a jawbreaker. Elise clutches her chin in pain, as Harmen charges...

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Ducked by Elise into a schoolboy!

One.

Two.

Harmen barely kicks out, as Elise rolls back into a ready position. Harmen to his feet, and charges for a WILD clothesline. Elise ducks underneath, and springs off the far ropes into an asai moonsault, sending both crashing to the mat. The DEF crowd cheer wildly as Elise pops up to her feet and climbs the nearest turnbuckle. She sizes up Harmen, and leaps.

DDK:

YOUR FEATURE PRESENTATION! NO! Harmen rolled out of the way!

Angus:

GORRAMIT!

Harmen indeed rolled out of the way, and now sizes up Elise, who's clutching both of her knees and hobbling to her

feet. As she turns, Harmen boots her in the gut, locks in a double underhook, and then lifts her upside down. He holds her there for a second, before plopping her face directly into the canvas.

DDK:

Hypothermia from Harmen! Elise is down for the count!

One.

Two.

Elise gets a shoulder up. Harmen can't believe it. He gets up and slaps his hands three times at Carla.

DDK:

Harmen his his Hypothermia, but he had to use his bad arm to lift. Perhaps the move wasn't as effective as it might have been otherwise.

Angus:

Which just means Elise has a chance! Go Elise! Kick his teeth in!

Harmen reaches down and lifts Elise off the mat by her hair, but in desperation, Elise drops her back and raises her leg, pele kicking Harmen square in the forehead. Harmen stumbles backward and into the corner, only held up by the middle turnbuckle pads as he crashes into them. Elise charges toward him, only for Harmen to spin and hit her with a back elbow. Elise stumbles back from the blow, and Harmen stomps toward her. Elise with an eye poke! Followed by a back rake! And then she locks Harmen from behind in a bull dog and charges toward the corner. She leaps over the top rope...

DDK:

Elise for the Cuban Neck-NO! Harmen just shoved her off and she goes FLYING into the guardrail on the outside!

Angus:

She was like a sexy lawn dart! Dear God!

The guardrail buckles slightly, as Elise lies in a crumpled heap on the outside. In the ring, Harmen clutches his eyes, trying to regain his vision from the eye poke. He also hears the annoying Carla Ferarri yelling at him, and sneers in her general direction. Harmen rolls out of the ring, and grabs Elise with his good arm. He irish whips her into the ringside apron, and then turns, and irish whips her back into the guardrail. Then back to the ring apron, back to the guardrail, back to the ring apron, back into the guardrail, and then just TOSSES her between the bottom rope and the apron, back into the ring. Harmen climbs up onto the apron, and waits for Elise to get up to her feet. Carla reaches eight on the count on Harmen, as Elise stumbles back up. She turns, just as Harmen springs off the top rope and flies back into the ring.

DDK:

Lou The-NO! AMETHYSTATION! DEAR GOD! ELISE ARES JUST USED HARMEN'S MOMENTUM AGAINST HIM AND TOOK HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF!

Angus:

DO IT! PIN HIM!

Elise looks wide eyed, a bit shocked, and quickly rushes over. She hooks Harmen's legs super deep.

One.

Two-

Only for Carla to wave off the count, because Elise hooked Harmen's legs in such a way they wound up draping one of

his legs on the middle ropes. Not even consciously from Harmen, Elise's overzealous pin hook, followed by Carla's keen detective skills, waved off this count. Elise let go of the pin and just put her face in her hands, and ran her fingers through her hair, almost wanting to yank it out.

DDK:

It's not time to get frustrated Elise! Stay on the attack!

Angus:

I love how biased you are now Keebs. Finally, we get along like brothers!

DDK:

Just do it!

Elise Ares gets to her feet and sizes up Harmen. As Jack pushes to his knees, Elise hooks Harmen's hand in an arm wringer. She wraps a leg with Jack's, and then leans Jack forward to place her other leg behind his neck. The DEF crowd cheers, chanting...

"Burns - It - Down!"

DDK:

There it is again Angus! Octopus Stretch! The training and tutelage of Oscar Burns showing through! Jack couldn't be prepared for this! He's never used this move! He never taught it to Elise!

Angus:

Carla's right there Keebs. Please, just give up you idiot!

Harmen winces as Carla is right in his face, asking if he submits. Harmen shakes his head no, and so Elise makes sure to lock the arm in place. Now, Elise has the octopus submission completely in, as Harmen lets out a wail. Tears welling in his eyes, Carla in his face. She asks again, demands an answer from Harmen if he can continue. So...

Harmen just looks up, smiling.

Suddenly, Jack slips his legs out from Elise's leg hook, and lifts the prone Elise up onto his back. Elise is shocked, as is the crowd, and before she can really wriggle or break the submission, Harmen takes two steps forward, and SLAMS her down with a modified side slam. Jack Harmen then shoots up to his feet, and raises BOTH his hands skyward with a devil horn taunt. He then slaps his "bad" shoulder and laughs, before turning to Elise and sizing her up.

DDK:

I thought Elise had him! I thought she had him, but he was faking his bum shoulder the entire time?!

Angus:

Did not expect that.

DDK:

Elise, she had him. She had him in her grasp! What a slithery snake that Lunatic is!

Harmen looks out at the DEF crowd and waves his arms in a cross, signaling the match is over. He runs, charging as Elise spins.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!

Harmen runs directly over Elise, who flatlines after the blow. Harmen just smiles, and then falls down, back first onto Elise for the cover. He hooks her leg in the process.

One.

Two.

Elise barely gets a shoulder up. The DEF crowd erupts, as Harmen's eyes bulge out of their sockets. He clutches a clenched fist, snarls his nose, and immediately jumps back onto Elise. He irish whips her into the far corner, and then CHARGES!

DDK:

ANOTHER Locomotive! Jack Harmen just caught Elise and sent her SPRAWLING up and over the top rope and into the other ring!

Elise flips into the DEFIANCE ring from the momentum of the Locomotive. She lies prone in the corner by the turnbuckle. Harmen, in the UTA ring, shouts at Carla to start her count. Carla reluctantly does.

DDK:

C'mon Elise! Get up!

Angus:

It's over Keebs. Two kicks like that? She's rocketed into next Saturday.

DDK:

There's always hope Angus.

Carla gets up to five, and Elise hasn't stirred.

DDK:

Either way, Elise gave it a fighting shot Angus. You have to be proud if you're Elise.

Angus:

Proud, but bitter. That drive will turn her into a superstar Keebs.

DDK:

Wait, she's moving!

Indeed, Elise Ares is now moving at a count of eight. She gathers her wits, just enough to know where she is. And in desperation, she rolls under the bottom rope from the DEF ring into the UTA ring, and just lies there in the corner, having broken the count. The DEF crowd cheer wildly as Elise barely saves herself at Carla's nine count.

DDK:

This crowd is showing their support to the leading lady of DEFIANCE. Does she have anything left in the tank though? Can she overcome the odds and defeat the UTA Lunatic?

Harmen looks across the ring, incredulously stunned. He shakes his head, and walks to the nearest turnbuckle pad, and begins to fiddle and remove the pad. Carla is right there, yelling at him that it's illegal, so he just tosses the turnbuckle pad into her face in a show of disrespect. He stomps over toward Elise, and hooks her up by her hair. He goes for an irish whip, but Elise shows signs of life with the reversal. Harmen puts the breaks on by placing his boot on the middle buckle before his chest or back struck the exposed turnbuckle. Elise however, just takes off and leaps.

Harmen moves, and uses Elise's momentum against her to slam her chest and face into the top exposed turnbuckle. The crowd lets out an OOMPH as Elise's eyes roll into the back of her head. She turns, a trickle of blood beginning to show on her forehead.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! I don't know how Elise stayed upright but she is DOWN for the count now!

One.

Two.

HARMEN LIFTS ELISE'S SHOULDER?!

DDK:

Oh come on Jack! This is just uncalled for! There's no way Elise was getting up Angus.

Angus:

I know Keebs, and I feel bad for her now. She signed up for this, but who knew Harmen wasn't concerned about winning the match.

The crowd jeers Harmen as he taunts Elise, slapping her unconscious head a few times. He shouts.

Jack Harmen:

YOU'RE NOT BETTER THAN ME! YOU ARE NOTHING!

Jack reaches down and begins to choke Elise, getting to a four count before releasing at Carla's request. Harmen lifts Elise by her hair, and scoops her onto his shoulders. He takes a moment, before dropping her with his Flyer-Driver, a michanoku driver. He doesn't go for the pin however, and instead insists to climb the nearest ropes. It's here, when the crowd begins to swell with cheers.

DDK:

Look! On the ramp! IT'S KLEIN! He's wearing his official PCP LOVES THE D t-shirt, which you can purchase off defiancewrestling dot com! C'mon Klein! LET'S GO! I mean, I know Elise told the PCP not to interfere tonight, but the cavalry has finally arrived!

Harmen notices Klein up the ramp, who's waving toward the Lunatic. Harmen laughs, hops off the top rope, and CHARGES away from Klein toward the far side...

DDK:

OH GOD! THE D WAS ON THE APRON, BUT HARMEN LOCOMOTIVE'D HIM INTO THE FRONT ROW!

Angus:

How did he know?!

The camera catches the trainwreck that is the D, who flew from Jack Harmen's Locomotive over the ringside barricade and into an empty section of fans. His body cracked against the concrete and he's writhing in pain.

DDK:

He's their teacher Angus. Everything they know, he's taught 'em. He was probably waiting for this! He knew what the D would do before he --

Angus:

Schoolboy! Schoolboy!

One!

Two!

DDK:

Jack Harmen just barely kicked out! I thought Elise had it!

Angus:

Me too!

DDK:

Harmen is angry Angus. He's sizing up Elise again. Ares is worse for the wear, she's trying to recover.

Angus:

Watch out!

Harmen charges for yet ANOTHER locomotive, but Elise DUCKS IT! Wild cheers! Elise off the far side, and Harmen turns, stunned.

DDK:

AMETHYSTA-NO! HARMEN MOVED! ELISE CAUGHT CARLA SQUARE IN THE JAW! DEAR GOD WHAT IMPACT!

Angus:

Did you see her neck snap back Keebs? Jeebus, Elise was going for the murder kill with that punch! Now we have no official?!

Harmen hooks Elise from behind for a German, but Elise is able to flip out of it and land on her feet. Meanwhile, the DEF crowd begins to cheer loudly, because Klein is making his way toward the ring and removes his PCP LOVE THE D t-shirt... TO REVEAL A REFEREE'S SHIRT!

DDK:

WE'VE GOT A REF ANGUS! THE BEST REF IS BEING DELIVERED NOW!

Angus:

Oh, cause he's a box head. I get it. Postal jokes.

DDK:

Elise with a desperation crescent kick just WHACKS Harmen! That forehead trickle of blood is turning more and more into a faucet Angus.

Angus:

Just gotta stay upright! Just gotta do it for DEFIANCE Elise! DO IT FOR US!

Klein slides into the ring, and nods enthusiastically toward Elise. Elise wipes the blood from her eyebrows to keep it from her eyes, and then slips herself out of the ring. She begins to rummage underneath, and pulls out a blue steel chair to wild cheers!

DDK:

Oh Elise! Don't get yourself disqualified!

Angus:

How can she?! IT'S KLEIN!

Elise enters the ring with the chair, and Klein tries to awaken the downed Carla Ferarri. Elise slams the top of the chair to the ring canvas to tee up the band. Harmen turns...

TWHACK!

Jack Harmen is laid out, looking up at the ceiling lights. Elise falls from her own momentum, and lets the chair rest on the canvas next to Jack. She looks over to Klein, who's currently trying to drag an unconscious Carla to the center of the ring. Elise hops on top for the pin.

Klein still drags Carla over, but Carla isn't moving. So, Klein takes her hand, and counts.

ONE.

DDK:

Does this count?

TWO.

Angus:

I DON'T CARE!

Thr-NO!!!! Harmen gets a shoulder up to massive jeers. Even Elise can't believe it. Ares reaches down, and grabs the steel chair once more. She preps, getting ready for Harmen to get back to his feet. Meanwhile, Klein keeps tending to Carla, this time, breaking a smelling salt packet under her nose. Carla begins to stir.

So does Harmen, who's slowly getting to his feet, furious. As he turns to Elise, Ares notices Carla is back to her feet, so she **TOSSES** Harmen the steel chair and then **FALLS** back to the canvas. Harmen again catches this chair, and just looks at it, looks at Elise down on the mat, and notices Carla rising to her feet.

THWACK.

Angus:

YOU CAN'T HIT KLEIN LIKE THAT!

Klein's box is completely dented as he tumbles like a ton of bricks. Carla seems shocked by the noise, trying to shake the cobwebs.

THWACK.

DDK:

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO OUR OFFICIAL! CARLA! JEEBUS!

Harmen just struck Carla Ferarri square in the back with the steel chair, knocking her back down to the mat. Elise looks up at Jack, faking prone on the canvas, shocked at the blood that's stained the chair since she tossed it to Harmen. She tries to cover up before Harmen just starts **LAYING** into Elise with **CHAIRSHOT** after **CHAIRSHOT**!

DDK:

Somebody stop this! Anyone! Jack Harmen is just hitting Elise Ares over and over with a steel chair! Elise is trying to roll away but Harmen is just so vindictive, so focused. This isn't wrestling Angus! This is just assault! Plain and simple!

Harmen is unrelenting, smashing that steel chair **OVER** and **OVER** until it **LITERALLY** breaks over Elise's now broken back and side. His eyes are wide, bulging, angry and furious. He's breathing heavy, his cheeks flushed, his body and muscles stiffened.

Angus:

How is this a thing?! Where is our security!

Harmen now, **SHOUTS** toward the backstage area, tossing the broken and scattered remnants of the steel chair over the top and to the outside. It is here where an official begins to race down toward the ring... but this official doesn't seem recognizable.

He slides into the ring, and we now realize this official is wearing a UTA themed referee shirt. He is UTA's Levi Jones, and Harmen **YELLS** and orders him to count, as Jack Harmen just places a single boot on top of the downed Elise.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DDK:

This is just a farce Angus!

Levi Jones waves to the time keepers table, who stare at the UTA official in confusion. Levi keeps shouting at them to ring the bell, which they refuse to do. So, Levi exits the ring, grabs the time keeper's hammer and SMASHES it into it. We also hear a few beeps from a cellphone.

Ding ding ding.

Angus:

Yeah, nevermind keying. Just have it towed. Drop it off a bridge, I don't care!

Jack Harmen throws his arms up in celebration as Levi Jones slides back into the ring and to his side. Levi reaches up and clutches Jack's wrist to announce the victory. Jack Harmen's music doesn't play, Quimbey refuses to announce the result, but Harmen just cackles maniacally as he exits the ringside area, Levi Jones following him up the ramp.

DDK:

I'm sure this can't be official Angus! This will have to be overturned! Levi Jones, as I'm being told, isn't even a licensed official from DEFIANCE!?!

Angus:

Quimbey isn't announcing it, so in my eyes, it ain't official Keebs!

DDK:

These two played fast and loose with the rules tonight Angus, and regardless of what the official outcome might be, there's no denying that Jack Harmen is the only member of this match still upright.

A wave of medical techs rush the ringside area, first checking specifically on Carla. One then breaks off and begins checking on the bloodied Elise, who's stirring, but her bell certainly is ringing and her entire body is sore.

Angus:

How could he do that to Carla?! To Klein!? He just mangled a steel chair over Elise Ares' body! This wasn't a wrestling match Keebs, this turned into... into a murder attempt!

DDK:

And look at him, proud, smug, laughing as he and Jones walk up the entrance ramp together! I looked up to Jack Harmen. I was a fan, and tonight? He's made my stomach turn. I guess you can never truly meet your role models, can you Angus?

Angus:

I'm sorry. I was looking up ways to buy missiles to blow up his house. I guess I can do that later, but I'm so angry right now!

DDK:

Folks, I don't know what to say... I just hope the rest of the night, DEFIANCE superstars fare better than they did here. Especially in our next matchup, where the FIST is on the line!

SOMETHING TO FEAR

Cut backstage, to Lance Warner, standing with a microphone amidst the chaos of the backstage during a Pay Per View.

Lance Warner:

Good evening, FAITHFUL, my name is Lance Warner and I'm outside the trainers' room, awaiting word on the condition of the Marathon Man, Impulse. The former FIST of Defiance was brutally attacked earlier tonight by WrestleUTA thugs with assistance from Courtney Paz, ahead of his participation in tonight's WAR GAMES match. We haven't been able to get any details but I hope Iris Davine will provide a prognos--

He stops talking as the door opens. Calico Rose exits, apparently surprised by the presence of the camera and man with a microphone. Her eyes briefly meet his, then she looks away and tries to leave.

Lance Warner:

Cally!

No such luck. She stops, unable to be impolite to Lance. However, her eyes remain unable to focus on him or on the camera, and they move around the room manically.

Lance Warner:

Can you give us any update on Impulse?

Cally:

It's not fair, it's not how it's supposed to go.

Lance Warner:

Will he be able to compete in WAR GAMES this evening?

Cally:

He doesn't get hurt, Lance. I get hurt. I'm clumsy, I'm the sassy one, I provoke people with my weird sense of humor and he balances the scales. You know, he always referred to himself as Domino?

The non-sequitor throws Lance off.

Lance Warner:

...Kay?

Cally (laughing):

Like the comic book character, he said 'because things always fall into place for me.' He gets beat up, he gets attacked, he gets double or triple teamed and he's sore, but he's not hurt. This is wrong this is bad this isn't how it's supposed to go and I know it's all my fault I know I provoked I know I'm such an idiot sometimes it was supposed to be over it was--

Lance slowly pulls the microphone away from her.

Lance Warner:

Calm down, Cally. Can you tell us anything about his condition? Will he be able to compete in War Games later this evening?

Cally's eyes dart back and forth between Lance and the medical room.

Cally:

I... I don't know. They won't tell me anything.

Silence. Cally has nothing else to say, and Lance Warner looks visibly unnerved at the shift in her typically upbeat demeanor.

Lance Warner:

Well... thanks Cally. Darren, Angus - we'll be posted right here until we get a word on whether or not Impulse will be able to compete in the WAR GAMES main event tonight, or if the team from WrestleUTA was able to start the elimination a little early. Back to--

Cally:

Wait, wait, wait... what?

Lance Warner:

What?

Cally:

What you just said. The WrestleUTA team.

Lance Warner:

...Yes?

Cally:

I think they're acting a little too hexed for their own good, but I don't want to be just as hexed and blame them for a thing they didn't do.

Lance Warner:

You lost me.

Cally:

The WrestleUTA team didn't do this.

Lance Warner:

...

Cally:

...

Lance Warner:

...

Cally:

...It was the REAPERS. There were like six or seven of them. They're like rabbits. And you know something, Lance?

Lance Warner:

What's that?

Cally:

They **are** something to fear.

And now she reenters the medic room. Lance Warner, dumbfounded, stares into the camera until we mercifully return to ringside.

PURGE

Backstage.

Cayle Murray.

His eternal bestie, Christie Zane.

You know the fucking drill.

Christie Zane:

Cayle Murray, it feels like we say this ahead of every big match you have in this promotion, but tonight you find yourself in unique stances. It's you vs. David Hightower - DEFIANCE vs. UTA - with the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line. The stakes have rarely been so high.

Cayle, for the record, is decked-out in white and gold championship attire. His hair's slicked back, and his eyes are blazing.

Christie Zane:

Any thoughts?

Cayle Murray:

Lots. More than I can put across within the allotted time. This guy damn near killed my brother. Put him on the shelf for god knows how long. Now, he wants to take the FIST of DEFIANCE to WrestleUTA. A bloodstained trophy for Mikey Unlikely and his army of bastards.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

I'm gonna do everything in my goddamn power to make sure that doesn't happen.

Cayle swipes his head back across his head.

Cayle Murray:

This guy's a monster. A brute. A *titan*. He's one of the toughest guys I've ever seen, and definitely the nastiest. If I give him half a chance, Hightower's gonna rip through me like a lion to an antelope. He's bigger, meaner, stronger, and a vastly superior *fighter*. But I'm a *wrestler*, Christie...

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Maybe I can't outfight this guy, but I can definitely outwrestle him. I'll walk through hell if I have to. Tonight, I'll grind myself to dust, not only for myself, for only for Andy, but for The Faithful. For *DEFIANCE*.

Another pause. Briefer, this time.

Cayle Murray:

Because *THIS* is my *HOME*. *THESE* are my *PEOPLE*. The FIST of DEFIANCE belongs to me, and I promise you - I promise *EVERYONE* - I will not let you down tonight. And when I'm done, I hope my brothers in Team DEFIANCE will purge these bastards from our lands, once and for all.

Fade out.

[FIST OF DEFIANCE] CAYLE MURRAY® VS. DAVID HIGHTOWER

DDK:

Welcome back folks. Under normal circumstances, we'd be introducing the FIST of DEFIANCE match with a sense of anticipation, intrigue, and plenty of excitement. Tonight? Well, I can only speak for myself, but I feel nothing but dread.

Angus:

This is huge, Keebs. War Games is still to come, but if UTA get their hands on our top belt, we're in big, big trouble. Our promotion's existence may be on the line in our night's main event, but Cayle Murray vs. David Hightower will determine its pride and integrity.

DDK:

At 162 days, Murray is now the third longest reigning FIST of all-time. The list of men he's defeated throughout this run includes Kendrix, Impulse, Curtis Penn - some of the very best this business has to offer. Tonight, however, an entirely new threat emerges.

Angus:

Squidboy has faced big, mean dudes in the past, but there's a clear difference between his past foes and the man he faces tonight. Bronson Box and Eric Dane are, admittedly, complete sociopaths, but they're *wrestlers* too. David Hightower? He's nothing but shitkicker. You can write the number of moves this guy knows on the back of a postage stamp, but he's the toughest guy in the company, monstrously strong, and impossibly vicious.

DDK:

This could be a very, very rough ride for the FIST. Like he said earlier, maybe Hightower can't outwrestle him, but he *can* outfight him. If Cayle is to survive tonight, he must outsmart and outwork a man of impossible cruelty. A performer blessed with genuine one-punch knockout power, who may well have ended Cayle's brother's legendary career...

Angus:

Indeed, we haven't heard a lick from Big Murr since Hightower took that chain to his neck eight weeks ago. That'll surely drive the Squid, but if he lets that big ol' shitbag fight *his* kind of fight, Cayle's fucked. Everyone has a gameplan 'til they get punched in the face, and a single Hightower punch might just put Murray's lights out.

DDK:

Will Cayle Murray's impressive title reign continue tonight, or will it come to a bloody, violent end at the hands of DEFIANCE's baddest brawler? Will WrestleUTA claim their biggest scalp yet in the ongoing war with our home promotion? Will the Scot even *survive*? Folks, it's time to find out...

Cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring. A single spotlight illuminates the big man as he raises the microphone to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE...

There'd usually be a huge pop here, but not tonight. The stakes are too high. The Faithful are all too aware of what's at stake, and while they're entirely united in their support of Cayle, nobody's really sure what's going to happen.

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

A cacophony of hatred fills the building as the first few notes play out. The fans are on their feet, screaming themselves hoarse ahead of the challenger's imminent arrival, but Hightower and Sawyers keep them waiting.

Angus:

C'mon, you couple of cunts...

They eventually do emerge from the back, and the noise grows even louder. Sawyers stops at the top of the ramp, soaking in the atmosphere with a smug grin across his face, while David just stomps his way down to the two rings. He swipes at an outstretched hand as he goes, but keeps his vision planted firmly on the battleground.

DDK:

Four weeks ago, David Hightower pinned Cayle Murray in a six-man tag match. Not only has he defeated Andy Murray and Mascara De Muerte IV in recent weeks, but he has done the unthinkable - defeated the FIST of DEFIANCE. We *know* he has what it takes to pin Cayle, but can he do it again?

Angus:

I fuggin' hope not, Keebs! This guy's as simple and uncomplicated as they come, but Cayle is gonna have to do a lot more than dart around and hit a bunch of springboard jumpy shit to get the better of him. At some point, Hightower is going to land on the FIST, and it's going to *HURT*.

Hightower clammers through the ropes. Sawyers joins him in the ring, peeling off a few last minute instructions, but the big man looks complete focused on the task at hand.

He's a ravenous predator.

Here comes the prey.

The lights die.

A flash of industrial static blasts through the run.

♪ "Red In Tooth & Claw" by Rosetta ♪

A burst of pure, aural intensity ignites the building. The track is a wall of noise, with impossibly thick guitars dominating while a hoarse, strained vocalist roars in the background. A perfect wall of white light illuminates the ramp, with Cayle Murray's silhouette stood in the middle of it, belt raised high above his head.

DDK:

What a *NOISE*, Angus!

The racket continues. Cayle makes his way down the ramp with a slow, deliberate swagger. The cornea-searing wall of light dissipates, and spotlight illuminate the champ's walk to the rings, with the camera focusing on his cold, steely glare.

DDK:

There are only a handful of wrestlers who can make a legitimate claim for the title of "best wrestler in the world." Cayle Murray is one of them, but will being an elite-level *wrestler* be enough against a mauler like Hightower?

Angus:

We've seen this little fucko accomplish astonishing things in DEFIANCE, Keebs, but he has the weight of The Faithful on his shoulders tonight. Never before has Cayle been forced to deal with such pressure. Throw his brother's recent mauling into the mix, and it's easy to see how this could go wrong...

Murray finally makes it to the ring, clambering up onto a set of turnbuckles then holding the belt high once more. He eventually leaps down, then marches right over to David Hightower, holding the strap right in his face. Hightower's eyes and nostrils flair, but Brian Slater steps in to keep them separated.

Angus:

Jesus, Squiddy, don't poke the bear before the bell even rings...

Murray hands the FIST over to Slater, who takes his spot between the two grapplers. Both look ready to tear into each other, yet the obey procedure. A surprising move on Hightower's behalf.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, to my right... *THE CHALLENGER*...

Biiiiig jeers for Hightower and Sawyers.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by Jamie Sawyers, he hails from East Memphis, Arkansas, and weighs in at 275lbs... 'THE ANTI-BULLY'... DAVIIIIIIID HIIIIIIIGHTOOOOOWWWWWWWEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRR!

David doesn't react at all as his name is read out. He's here to destroy: nothing more, nothing less.

Darren Quimbey:

... and to my right!

The crowd reaction does a U-turn.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs in at 220lbs... the *REIGNING... DEFENDING... FIST. OF. DEFIANCE.* 'STARBREAKER'... CAAAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

I'm surprised that big lump of meat was able to stay still long enough for those intros, Keebs!

DDK:

Me too! I can't imagine it'll be long before they're ripping and tearing, though!

The fighters return to their corner. Neither goes for any last minute stretches: they just stand there, glaring holes through each other.

The crowd, of course, are partisan.

"DEF-I-ANCE!

DEF-I-ANCE!

DEF-I-ANCE"

Slater checks to his left. Cayle's ready. His right. Hightower's ready.

"LET'S GO CAYLE!

LET'S GO CAYLE!

LET'S GO CAYLE!"

DING! DING DING!

DDK:

And we're off!

The match doesn't start as quickly as many would expect, though. Hightower shows uncharacteristic restraint in not immediately charging at the champ, while Cayle plays it cautious, opting to circle his opponent.

DDK:

Interesting to see Hightower take it easy, here - perhaps conscious of Cayle's considerable stamina advantage?

Angus:

Maybe, but that advantage won't mean shit if he connects.

David throws his hands up, looking for a fight. Cayle puts a hand out as a tester but Hightower swats it away. The FIST takes a step back, then one to the side, and tries to come inside for a tie-up. Hightower swings a wild bomb, narrowly missing Murray, who dodges out of the way.

Angus:

Yeah, one of those...

The crowd "ohhhh" at David's power, and he hasn't even hit Cayle yet. Murray takes a few tentative steps backwards, heading towards a corner.

DDK:

Cayle working for territory here, but he's gotta be wary of giving up the centre of the ring...

Hightower suddenly charges at the Scot, but Murray ducks beneath his strike, and dodges behind the bigger man. He tries wrapping his arms in a rear waistlock, but after a few seconds of jostling, Hightower's able to not only dislodge Cayle, but swing around, sending him flying all the way across the ring.

Angus:

Fuck...

Cayle lands on his arse, but quickly clambers back up, dusting himself off. Hightower swings another punch. Misses. Another. This time, Cayle catches the limb, throws his legs up, and attempts to drag David down with a cross armbreaker. The big man has no time for that shit, though, and once again tosses Cayle to the mat

DDK:

The ease with which David Hightower is able to toss Cayle Murray - a 220lb man - around is quite frightening.

Angus:

Yeah, it is. Cayle's playing it smart so far, and Hightower ain't exactly doing anything complicated, but this shit ain't easy.

The FIST stays on the mat this time, crawling back into one of the corners. Hightower starts charging, and Cayle quickly springs up, hopping out of the corner before DH can connect. David runs into the turnbuckles, and Cayle stings him with a couple of bodykicks as he turns, but Hightower's soon around, marching his opponenr towards the middle of the ring...

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Hightower absorbs each of Cayle's blows, and goes to town. The first few rights and left don't land, but he eventually penetrates Cayle's guard, catching him flush on the temple, then again in the gut.

Murray gets backed into the corner, and Hightower separates with a big chop to the chest. He stomps backwards, readying himself for another charge, but Cayle gets a boot up!

Angus:

Great counter!

DDK:

Cayle to the outside now!

The FIST climbs between the ropes, then hops onto the top one from the apron outside. He soars over the top rope, catching his opponent with a springboard forearm!

Angus:

Boom!

DDK:

There we go! But Hightower stays on his feet!

Big Bad Dave does indeed stay vertical, much to the crowd's shock. Murray comes back at him, chopping away at his barrel chest, but Hightower looks completely unphased by this. His scarred pecs redden, but if he's in any pain, he certainly isn't showing it.

A single right hand knocks Cayle to the mat, and almost out of his boots.

Angus:

And there's your first big bomb! Cayle can't allow many of those to land!

Hightower follows up by running the ropes (slowly) for extra momentum, coming back with a fist drop.

DDK:

Simple but effective is the best way to describe the challenger's offence. His moveset largely revolves around punches, and while Hightower moves like a carthorse, he hits like one too.

Angus:

Cayle's well known for his ability to take a beating, though. A goober he may be, but a pussy boy he is not.

DDK:

Eloquent as ever, partner.

David doesn't go for the pin, but instead peels his opponent from the ground. Jamie Sawyers, meanwhile, is stood in the middle of the UTA ring, screaming his charge on.

Angus:

God, I wish someone would slap that wanker...

Murray tries to catch David by surprise, going for a double-leg takedown. He doesn't quite have the power to pull it off, though, and the big man stuffs it. He is, however, knocked off balance. This allows Cayle to seize a single leg and drag it to the mat.

DDK:

KNEEBAR! Cayle's got it locked in!

Angus:

Yes! Snap that thing in half!

Cayle wrenches tightly, applying copious amounts of pressure.

DDK:

This is a clear path to victory for Murray! If Hightower is to work his way out of these holds, he's going to have to use brute force, which will only expend more energy.

David does just that, though. He rises through the kneebar, and while Cayle keeps it locked as tightly as he can, he's forced to break with Hightower raises his free boot, then stomps it down where the FIST's head was a split-second ago.

Angus:

Oh god, the Squid almost got squished...

Cayle hops right up, then dashes to the ropes. He goes past Hightower once, dizzying his foe, before rebounding again.

DDK:

Clothesline - no - ducked!

The FIST runs past his opponent a *third* time, before coming back and going low, attacking Hightower's knee with a basement dropkick!

Angus:

Right back to that knee!

DDK:

Cayle's smart to use his speed here! Let's see if he can tire him out.

Taking a wrist clutch, Cayle goes in behind Hightower, and the crowd head up immediately...

DDK:

Supernova Elbo--

Angus:

No!

David counters the ripcord elbow strike but putting both his forearms up, but Cayle isn't flustered, and instead goes for a Jon Jones-esque push kick to Hightower's knee. The leg buckles, and David grunts.

DDK:

Wow, this is absolutely clinical from Cayle! Look at him go to work!

Angered, Hightower tries to come forward, but Cayle's surgical assault has already taken a toll on his knee ligaments. Murray recognises this and goes to his speed, dashing beyond David again.

He comes back with a Lariat.

Back to the ropes.

Another Lariat!

But Hightower's still standing!

Murray goes to the ropes once more, this time behind Hightower, and comes back with a chop block to the targeted knee!

DDK:

Down goes the big man!

Angus:

And here come--WAITAMINUTEHOLYSHIT

Cayle *immediately* grabs both of Hightower's legs and attempts to hoist them over his shoulders. The crowd go *ballistic*.

DDK:

GITB! Can he nail it?!

Unfortunately, Jamie Sawyers grabs hold of Cayle's should before he can complete the career-shortening Ganso Bomb.

Angus:

Awwww, c'mawn!

DDK:

That's the move that broke Eric Dane's neck! The same MDK *bomb* that Bronson Box *still* hasn't recovered from, and Cayle went for it early!

Angus:

Here's hoping he goes after Jizzlobber Sawyers with it next.

Cayle immediately turns around to admonish the manager, who backs off within the UTA ring.

This, of course, is a mistake.

David Hightower clobbers him from behind, knocking him against the ropes.

Angus:

Goddamnit!

Though tumbling following the limb assault, David has no trouble picking Cayle up and lobbing him across the ring with a biel throw.

DDK:

The FIST is getting ragdolled!

Angus:

Sort it out, Squiddy!

A dazed Cayle stumbles up, but eats a big right hand from HT! Another biel throw sends him flying. When Murray lands, Hightower mounts, laying into the smaller man with brutal, uncomplicated ground and pound.

DDK:

That's a terrible place to be!

Angus:

Come on, Cayle! Work out of it!

Hightower is eventually ordered off Cayle, and only relents through the threat of disqualification. He gets up, walking his sore knee off - still limping, but not as much.

And Cayle?

Well, it doesn't seem like he's doing too good.

Angus:

Oh God, he's bleeding...

DDK:

So early, too.

Angus:

Right on the eyebrow. That's going to dribble down into the eye itself, greatly diminishing the champion's vision...

DDK:

One more of those on the opposite side and he might not even be capable of continuing.

Angus:

Oh Christ, don't say that...

A groggy Cayle rises to his feet, swiping some blood away from his head. He doesn't see Hightower coming at him. David swings a left, misses. A right. Connects. Cayle stumbles away, and a second punch sends him reeling.

Hightower comes back at the champion, but Cayle regains some composure, launching a well-timed uppercut at the challenger, and following up with a leg kick.

DDK:

It's technique vs. force, once again!

David catches his opponent with what looks like a jab, but probably isn't, given his lack of technicality. He then pulls all the way back with the right hand, surging forward with a mighty haymaker.

Whiffed!

Hightower put all his bodyweight into the dodged shot. He stumbles forward as a result, allowing Cayle to dropkick him to the mat!

Angus:

The big bastard's down!

The crowd fire up again! Cayle takes one of Hightower's arm and snaps it down against the mat, following up with a couple of punches. The big man grunts, but Cayle takes the limb, wraps it in the bottom rope, then takes a few steps back. He suddenly launches forward with a PK right to the trapped arm!

DDK:

Good lord!

Angus:

Simple but gorram vicious! I'm almost proud of the little scamp.

DDK:

First he went for the leg, now Cayle targets an arm. He's trying to take Hightower's weapons away!

Slater, of course, forces Murray away for what was technically an unallowed move, but not something worthy of a DQ. Cayle gets impatient, knowing that Hightower has time to recover, and the big man's on his feet before Brian is done with the FIST.

Angus:

Oh piss off, Hightower.

Now thoroughly hacked off, David comes right at Cayle, cracking his bloody brow with a big left. Another left follows, before Hightower swings a right... the immediately recoils through pain.

DDK:

Hightower's smarting, but Cayle's back against the ropes! This is clearly hurting the FIST a lot more than his challenger!

David shakes it off, the big, tough bastard that he is. He sees Cayle primed against the ropes and goes for *another* charge. This time, Murray pulls the bottom rope down, sending HT all the way to the outside!

Angus:

Out you go, fucko!

DDK:

And here comes Cayle!

The crowd know exactly what's on Murray's mind as he gets ready to run, swiping more blood from his brow. He dashes quickly against the ropes, leaps off his feet on the rebound...

DDK:

TOPE SUICIDAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-NOOOOOOOOOOOO...

Hightower catches him!

Angus:

Fack!

Then plows the FIST back-first into the ringpost.

DDK:

Oh noooooo...

Murray slumps back, but doesn't hit the deck completely.

Angus:

C'mon, kid! Snap out of it!

DDK:

"Snap out of it?" He just had his spine crushed!

Angus:

Don't shit on my hopefulness, Keebs!

WrestleUTA's meanest bastard backs up a few steps, then clenches his right hand.

DDK:

Another big shot?

He pulls back. Lunges forward.

Aims it right at Cayle's jaw.

CLANG!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Cayle *DUCKS!*

Hightower's fist hits the ringpost. Full fuckin' force.

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

MY GOD! Did you hear that sound?!

Angus:

He's gotta have a broken hand after that!

David doesn't quite yell, but he's clearly in a great deal of pain - being a human behind, and all. He stumbles back, clutching his fist, but Murray limps towards him, bundling his opponent back inside.

DDK:

Smart move for Cayle to take things back inside, but good lord, Hightower's right hand might be out of commission!

Possessed, Cayle goes back to the same limp, first snapping the arm into the mat a couple of times, before stomping down on the already-swelling fist.

Sadly, this only seems to anger Hightower.

DDK:

He's getting back up!

David rises through the attack, finally pulling his broken wing away from the champion. He eats an elbow strike, but catches Murray with a headbutt open the way up, opening his head wound even further.

Angus:

Oh god. He's *PISSED*!

Hightower throws a few elbows, but he doesn't have the technique to hit with the kind of force he'd like. He eventually says "fuck it," throwing his damaged right hand at Cayle's face.

DDK:

Jesus! The sheer toughness of this man!

Angus:

"Stupidity," more like! What's he doing throwing with a potentially broken hand!?

DDK:

He doesn't have much choice! As we've said, Hightower's skillset isn't exactly the most diverse!

Angus:

But it's still working! Look at the damage he's doing!

Indeed, another wound has just opened on Cayle's left cheek. In about 10 minutes time, he'll probably have a massive shiner around at least one of his eyes.

The guy looks like a mugging victim already.

DDK:

Jeesh...

Hightower takes a brief break to shake the pain away from his first, before charging forward, knocking Murray into the corner. He then takes a few steps back...

Angus:

Oh balls, we've seen those before...

Hightower charges forward, cracking Cayle in the ribs with a massive shoulder block!

DDK:

These charges are a huge part of DH's repertoire!

David backs off, then charges forward, squashing Murray with another block.

Backs off. *ANOTHER* charge.

And another.

And another!

Until Hightower finally backs off, leaving a wounded Cayle to fall on all fours.

DDK:

An unbelievable onslaught here!

Angus:

This thing hasn't gone on for too long, but both men are all kinds of fucked up already - especially the champion!

Hightower wastes no time. He picks Cayle up from the mat, pops him in his shoulder, then steps forward, driving him into the mat with a running Powerslam!

DDK:

My god, an actual *wrestling move* from Hightower! And now the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Cayle survives, but how much more of this can he take?!

Energy conservation is no longer a thing for DH. The challenger picks the champion up, blasts him with a headbut, then throws him across the ring again. He then picks him up, hoists him in the air, then drops him head-first into the turnbuckle!

Droplets of blood splatter everywhere as Murray's head snaps backwards.

Angus:

JEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

This is exactly what we feared might happen, Angus! Hightower has turned this into a barfight!

Angus:

I don't even know if Murray knows what his own name is at this point. This is bad, Keeps!

DDK:

Let's hope he can find a way out of this!

Hightower once again places Cayle in the corner. He backs off, looking for a another charge, but Murray gets both boots up, catching David under the jaw!

He staggers the beast, who stumbles back forward. Meanwhile, Cayle slips between the ropes. Now stood between the DEF and UTA rings, he pulls Hightower's head between the top and middle ropes, applies the front facelock, then snaps down with a DDT!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSSSS!

Instinct takes over. Murray clammers back into the ring, yanks Hightower through the ropes, and keeps him on his feet. He runs to the ropes, then throws *everything* into his Lariat on the rebound!

DDK:

DOWN HE GOES!

Angus:

The cover!

ONE!

NO! HIGHTOWER POWERS OUT!

Angus:

A ONE COUNT?! The fuck?!

DDK:

Hightower is a beast, Angus!

The FIST is to his feet first, but he's wobbling. That bloodloss is taking a tool, and he's only able to hit David with a handful of half-strength kicks as his opponent rises.

The beast is loose.

Powering through Cayle's strikes, David grabs him, lifts him off the ground, then tackles him into the corner at full force! The ring shakes with the impact, and Hightower goes back to what he knows - a charging shoulder blow!

Angus:

He's gonna cave his damn chest in!

DDK:

Cayle just can't get a foothold in this match! Hightower is in full control!

Angus:

Oh no... our belt's going to the Mormons, isn't it?!

Another shoulder charge.

ANOTHER.

Cayle collapses completely this time. He's gasping for air on the amt.

DDK:

I'm not doctor, Angus, but I've seen men compete with broken ribs before, and well...

Angus:

YOU STAY AWAY FROM HIM BRIAN SLATER!

Sure enough, DEF's head official is heading over to Cayle, presumably to assess his medical condition. Jamie Sawyers, on the outside, is barking orders at his brute. He calls for Hightower to interrupt Slater, and he does just that, getting to Cayle before the referee can do anything.

DH drags the FIST to the outside. The Scot's bleeding profusely, but Hightower shows no mercy in smashing his face down across the ring steps. He does it again, then again, before letting him slump at his feet.

Meanwhile, Big Brian's counting.

ONE!

Angus:

Those steps are now coated in claret. Keebs, I don't think Cayle's got much left...

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

He's lost a boatload of blood, taken some serious head trauma, and may have cracked a rib or two. Let's not forget the damage done to Hightower, though: the man's hand might be broken, and he's still hobbling on that knee!

FOUR!

Tired, pissed off, and sore, Hightower hauls Murray back in the ring. He goes inside himself, breaking the count, and stomps down on the champion.

Angus:

What's he doing now?!

A tremendous display of strength follows. DH pulls Cayle up from the mat, then, using his good left hand to do the heavy lifting, hoists him overhead with a Gorilla Press!

DDK:

Good lord! Even with a bad hand!

Angus:

This guy is ridiculous! Someone get an RPG!

DDK:

An RPG?!

Angus:

Might be the only down thing that can take him down!

Hightower eventually drives Murray into the mat. He then hits the ropes, albeit slowly, coming back with a giant leaping splash!

Angus:

Keebs? I'm worried. Really, really worried.

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

DH goes back to his bread and butter - mounted strikes.

He lashes into the bloodied Murray with lets and rights, but visibly winces with every crack of his right fist. A wayward blow misses, sending the wounded paw crashing into the mat!

DDK:

He's hurt it again!

David goes at Cayle with lefts, but the pattern becomes too predictable. Cayle blocks three consecutive blows! Hightower needs to go right, but the fist's fucked - he's gotta go for elbows.

He does just that, but commits too much of his body! Cayle counters, seizing the wayward limb, pulling it out, then tying his legs up...

DDK:

TRIANGLE HOLD!

Angus:

HOW THE HELL?!

DDK:

BATTERED, BLOODY, BROKEN, BUT STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE! CAYLE MURRAY IS A WIZARD!

Knowing this may well be his last damn chance to win the match, Cayle applies as much pressure as he physically can.

Angus:

HE'S FADING! THE BIG BASTARD'S FADING!

Life drains from DH's body.

But he's not done yet.

Hightower comes back to life, planting one foot into the mat, then another.

DDK:

WAAAAIT!

He rises to his full height, but he's still locked in the hold.

No problem.

Hightower lifts Cayle's 220lb body off the mat, and with the FIST still attached, he hoists him high in the air before tossing him into the turnbuckle with a modified one-arm powerbomb!

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!

'Starbreaker' falls to the mat, lifeless.

DDK:

Incredible power from Hightower!

Angus:

And he's not finished yet!

Sure enough, the big man is already on his feet.

He runs to the ropes.

Angus:

Oh no...

DDK:

You know what's coming!

He leaps...

DDK:

WEST MEMPHIS AVALANCHE!

... and *CONNECTS* with his finisher - a running knee drop!**Angus:**

NO!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER, ANGUS!

ONE!**Angus:**

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

TWO!

DDK:

GOD HELP US!

THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

...

DDK:

DAVID HIGHTOWER IS THE FIST OF--

Angus:HOLD ON! HOLD *THE FUCK* ON!Brian Slater does *NOT* call for the bell.**DDK:**

CAYLE'S FOOT WAS UNDER THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

MY GOD, WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! THE MATCH CONTINUES!

Angus:

Suck it, Mormondorks!

Hightower is, of course, apoplectic. He rises to his feet, giving Slater all kinds of shit, but the official doesn't relent.

DDK:

Cayle survive, but how much more can he possibly take?! That high-impact move may have destroyed what remains of his ribs...

Angus:

For the love of Dane, let's hope he isn't spent! I can't bare the thought of Hightower leaving with that title!

Sawyers is on the apron, now, desperate for his ally to calm down.

Cayle still hasn't moved!

DDK:

Looks like Jamie's talking sense into Hightower.

The manager points to the top rope.

DH knows what he has to do.

Angus:

Uh oh...

DDK:

He's gonna go for it!

David staggers towards the top rope, then awkwardly scales the first buckle.

DDK:

If Hightower hits this, Cayle is *DONE!*

There's no grace in the way Hightower climbs, and he's not particularly quick, either. He goes eventually get to the top rope, though...

Angus:

Awwwwwww fuck...

Leaps off.

Flies.

DDK:

DIVING AVALAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANCHE!

CRASHES down to earth with the diving knee drop!

... BUT CAYLE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

Angus:

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

HIGHTOWER'S BAD KNEE DRIVES RIGHT INTO THE MAT!

THE FAITHFUL EXPLODE!

DDK:

HE MOVED! CAYLE MOVED!

Angus:

The dream is still alive, baby!

"DEF-I-ANCE!

DEF-I-ANCE!

DEF-I-ANCE"

Both men are down.

Both men are hurt.

DDK:

This may not be the longest match of Cayle's reign, but wow, this is attritional!

Angus:

They're both just as fucked as each other! Now, all that matters is landing the killing blow!

DDK:

Who'll get the first adrenaline burst?

The answer? David Hightower.

His knee is all kinds of fucked up, but he's able to haul himself vertical with the aid of the ropes. Cayle isn't far behind him, though.

They're both on their feet at the same time.

DDK:

Oh wow...

Cayle is a disheveled, bloodied mess. He hasn't been this busted-up since Eric Dane took a fork to his scalp, but he's not gonna quit.

David, meanwhile, has blood on his body too, but not his own. His damage is largely unseen, with his fist and knee causing real problems.

He's definitely the least likely to pass out, though.

"DEF-I-ANCE!

DEF-I-ANCE!

DEF-I-ANCE"

Angus:

Here we gorram go, Keebs! The last stand!

Murray suddenly spits a glob of blood, saliva, and god knows what else on the mat.

He roars at Hightower to come at him.

The challenger obliges.

Angus:

BRING IT!

Hightower lunges with a left.

MISSES.

Cayle snaps in with some forearms.

Hightower's staggered.

Another left.

ANOTHER MISS!

DDK:

My god, Cayle is on fire!

Murray skips behind Hightower this time. Traps both arms. Snap Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

SNAPDRAGOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNN!

Angus:

WHERE DOES HE FIND THE STRENGTH?!

DDK:

HE'S FIRED UP, ANGUS!

Cayle rolls onto his stomach.

.... HIGHTOWER POPS RIGHT BACK UP.

Angus:

WHAT THE SHITTYFUCKINGCHRIST?!?!

DDK:

HOW THE--?!

Angus:

I'M A MESS, KEEBS! HOLD ME!

Murray gets up too.

His jaw damn near *DROPS* when he sees Hightower eye-to-eye.*HARD* right hand from DH!**DDK:**

That fist is the size of a football!

Angus:

And Hightower keeps throwing it! Cayle has taken away his biggest weapon!

Hightower grits his teeth.

Thinks, "fuck the pain."

Grabs hold of the FIST. Hoists him. Goes for another Gorilla Press.

DDK:

THIS IS IT!

But his right knee *BUCKLES* under him!

Angus:

WOOOOOOOOOW!

DDK:

HIGHTOWER'S WHOLE LEG JUST COLLAPSED!

Angus:

THAT MISSED TOP ROPE KNEE DROP! THAT MUST'VE BEEN IT!

DDK:

CAN HE FIGHT THROUGH IT!

Cayle lands his feet.

No time to think. Just strike.

Forearm.

Forearm.

FOREARM!

Hightower *EATS* then willingly.

Hoists Cayle up.

Drives him down with a Spinebuster!

The Scot's head catches the bottom rope on his way down, whiplashing his neck in ways it really shouldn't go.

Angus:

Oh *FUCK!*

DDK:

DID YOU SEE THAT?!

The FIST is lifeless.

Angus:

HE MIGHT BE OUT, KEEBS! OR *WORSE!*

But Hightower's hurting.

Again, he falls to one knee.

He *NEEDS* to cover, but can't move half as quickly as he'd like.

DDK:

THIS IS SO CLOSE TO THE END, ANGUS! WE'RE ON A KNIFE'S EDGE!

Finally, David grabs Cayle. Pulls him away from the ropes.

Hooks the leg.

DDK:

THE COVER!

ONE!**TWO!****THREEE?!****NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

The DEFarena explodes!

Angus:

SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! HE GOT A BLOODY SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

HOW IS OUR CHAMPION STILL ALIVE!?

Angus:

HE'S HURT, KEEBS, BUT HE CAN'T RELENT! WON'T RELENT!

DDK:

AND THAT'S WHY HE'S THE FIST!

*"DEF-I-ANCE!**DEF-I-ANCE!**DEF-I-ANCE"***DDK:**

CAYLE NARROWLY ESCAPES! BUT HE ISN'T OUT OF THE WOODS YET!

Angus:

OHGODOHGODOHGODOHGOD...

The big, sweaty goliath plants one hand into the mat, then enough. He hauls himself vertical with an audible groan, then immediately stumbles backwards, falling against the ropes.

Angus:

Christ, I hope he's gassed!

DDK:

Hightower is labouring, but he's up, and Cayle isn't! The FIST IS still at his mercy.

Angus:

Get up, Cayle!

David raises his head. Takes a set away from the ropes.

Angus:

GET. UP. CAYLE.

Another step, on his bad right leg this time. The limp is unavoidable.

Angus:

UP. GET FUCKING UP.

Hightower's huge, scarred torso sways through exertion. His head wobbles with it. The crowd, like Angus Skaaland, are a bunch of nervous wrecks.

The big man leans down.

Angus:

NO.

Grabs a handful of hair.

Angus:

NO...

Yanks Murray upwards.

Angus:

NONONONO--

Onto his feet.

Hoists him in the air.

DDK:

HEY!

Cayle slips out the back.

DDK:

SLEEPER HOLD!

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

HOLD ON TIGHT, CHAMP!

The FIST does just that. Cayle has his forearm locked tightly under Hightower's jaw. He pulls with everything he's got, and the monster struggles.

Angus:

Choke that big fucker out!

DDK:

He's draining the gas tank!

Hightower THRASES back and forth, desperate to dislodge Murray... but Cayle just won't let go!

*"TAP OUT!" *clap clap**

*"TAP OUT!" *clap clap**

*"TAP OUT!" *clap clap**

Sawyers screams at David to rush back into the corner. Hightower tries, but he's too tired to get any significant moment. As he goes backwards, Cayle leaps up, sits on the top 'buckle, then wraps his legs around Hightower's torso.

DDK:

FULL BODYSCISSORS!

Angus:

TAP! TAP! TAP!

The beast staggers.

Stumbles.

Falls to one knee.

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Both knees.

DDK:

IS HE GONNA TAP?!

Hightower's face goes a deep shade of purple.

Sweat pours from every pore.

He's running on fumes.

DDK:

WILL HIGHTOWER GIVE UP?!

The phrase "give up" isn't in David Hightower's vocabulary, but Cayle knows it. He takes a risk by letting go, then charging to the ropes. Rebounding.

PENALTY KICK!

Angus:

Right to the fuckin' *MOOSH!*

The adrenaline rush is real. Cayle doesn't go for the pin, but pulls Hightower off the mat, somehow finds the strength to hoist him into the hanging vertical, then snaps down, compacting David's back, shoulders, and neck into the mat with the side slam!

DDK:

CHAINBREAKER! CHAINBREAKER! CHAINBREAKER!

Angus:

GET ABSOLUTELY FUCKED, UTAH BOY!

But Cayle's spent. His own shoulders are on the mat. Hightower might be out, but the FIST is falling apart.

Angus:

MAKE THE DAMN COVER!

DDK:

I DON'T KNOW IF HE CAN...

Angus:

PIN HIM! PIN! HIM!

DDK:

CAYLE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD... SPENT A LOT OF ENERGY...

EVERYONE is on their feet, willing some life into the FIST.

Then, they gasp.

David Hightower rolls onto his chest. Spits out of a wad of blood and saliva.

Angus:

WHAT?!

DDK:

HOW ON EARTH?!

Angus:

My god! That should've *ENDED* him.

Hightower plants one meaty paw around the rope.

Then another.

Angus:

HOW THE FUCK IS HE EVEN ALIVE?!

He's still on one knee, but turns around...

CRRRRRACK!

... and eats a mouthful of Cayle Murray's knee!

DDK:

BUSAIKU KNEE KICK! OUTTA NOWHERE!

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Know that this is the only chance he'll get, Murray expends the last of his energy by hauling the brute up, putting his head beneath his arm, lifting him up...

DDK:

WAIT...

Leaping backwards.

Falling vertical.

DDK:

A SPOT OF BOTHER! THE MOVE HE PINNED MUSHIGIHARA WITH!

The sheer drop Brainbuster *CRUSHES* Hightower into the mat.

This time, Cayle gets an arm across his chest.

ONE!**Angus:**

COME ON!

TWO!**DDK:**

IT...

THREE?!**DDK:**

IS...

THREE!**DDK:**

... OVERRRRRRRRRR!

The DEFarena comes unglued.

Angus:

YEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

That awkward rustle? That'd be a jubilant Angus Skaaland accidentally tearing his headset from the audio socket.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... *AND STILLLLLLLLLLLLL* FIST OF DEFIANCE...

Hightower is down.

Cayle is down.

Brian Slater doesn't know what to do.

Darren Quimbey:

CAYLE! MURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE! SIMPLY INCREDIBLE! CAYLE MURRAY RETAINS, THE FIST BELONGS TO DEFIANCE, AND THE STAGE IS WELL AND TRULY SET FOR WAR GAMES!

The head DEF official pulls Murray up, but the FIST comes alive as soon as the belt is thrust in his hands. He suddenly charges out of the ring, clambers onto the barricade, then holds the belt high, screaming at The Faithful!

DDK:

HE'S A BROKEN, BLOODY MESS, AND HE'S PROBABLY OUT THERE WITH A COUPLE OF CRACKED RIBS, BUT CAYLE MURRAY SURVIVED THE MOTHER OF ALL ONSLAUGHTS! HE CAME HERE TO OUT *WRESTLE* DAVID HIGHTOWER, AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE DID. AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF STRATEGY!

Crimson pours down Cayle's face, matting hair to his forehead, and blurring his vision.

He doesn't give a single, solitary fuck, though.

Angus:

Fuck me, Keebs! That was something else.

DDK:

You're back, then.

Angus:

Aye, got a little bit carried away there... but FUCK WrestleUTA! Our boy did the thing!

DDK:

Indeed he did! Cayle Murray has upheld his end of the bargain! Now, the ball is in Team DEFIANCE's court...

Cayle is *ALL* passion on the barricade.

He bumps fists with the crowds.

Holds the belt high.

Feels a wave of relief wash over him.

But he, like everyone else in the building, knows that the greater war is only moments away.

THE OTHER RUNDOWN

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen ... this is the moment we've all been waiting for ... possibly the most pivotal moment in the history of DEFIANCE. Team DEF -

Angus:

The DEFIANT Ones!

DDK:

... meet the Ultimate Toughness Alliance in the Match ... Beyond.

Angus:

Beyond, what ... ? You know what - no time for jokes, Keebler! It's time to put up or shut up! These GORRAM mormons have been stomping around here laying claim to the house not one of them built! Well, boys - daddy's home and HE ain't HAPPY!

DDK:

With analogies like that - I wish there were time for jokes ... But, partner -

Darren looks toward Angus.

DDK:

You are correct! Tonight is ALL or nothing and it's time ...

He turns back toward the camera.

DDK:

... for WAR GAMES!

Cut to a wide shot of the arena.

The monstrously sized cage slowly begins it's descent from the rafters of the Wrestleplex. The Faithful begin to rumble and the ambient level of the arena rises as the anticipation builds to a fever pitch.

DDK:

And here it comes the most intimidating structure ever involved in a wrestling event. The likes of which we haven't seen since 2012!

Angus:

This is a battle, Keebs. This is a WAR!

♪ "WarGames" - Arthur B. Rubinstein ♪

The standard cadence of war drums start to ring over the public address system as Darren Quimbey address the Faithful from the time keepers station. His voice is heard but the camera focuses on the creation of demonic construction creeping slowly toward the floor.

Darren Quimbey:

And now ladies and gentlemen, very briefly ...

Darren pauses for effect.

Darren Quimbey:

... the rules ... for WAAAAR GAAAAAMES!!!

The Faithful ignite and the noise generated threatens to drown out the music.

A graphic, superimposed over the image of the case lowering, spells out the bullet points of the rules as Quimbey announces them. Pay attention. It's tricky.

Darren Quimbey:

Two teams will battle in War Games, which will consist of seven periods. The first period will last five minutes, all other remaining periods will last two minutes in length.

1. 7 periods in WAR GAMES.**1st period - 5 Min.****All other periods - 2 Min.****Darren Quimbey:**

One man from each team will enter the War Zone for the first period.

2. One Man from each team during the first period**Darren Quimbey:**

At the end of the first period the referee will flip a coin, the team that wins the coin toss gains the advantage ... by sending a second team member into the War Zone for a two on one situation and maintains that advantage through out War Games.

3. After 1st period ends, head ref flips coin.**Team winning the toss sends in second man.****Darren Quimbey:**

At the conclusion of the second period, the disadvantaged team sends their second man in, evening the match up - with two against two.

**4. After 2nd (2 on 1) period ends, other team
sends 2nd man, making War Games 2 on 2.**

Behind the letter of the law, the cage has come to a full top and encompassed the rings. Ring hands hastily scurry around securing the structure to the rings.

Darren Quimbey:

After the third period the team which won the coin toss sends their third man in thus regaining the advantage.

5. After 3rd period, team which
won coin toss sends it's 3rd man.

Darren Quimbey:

The teams alternate during the remaining periods until all ten men are in the War Zone.

**6. Teams alternate during remaining
periods until all 10 men are in.****Darren Quimbey:**

At that point the Match Beyond begins! The only way to win the Match Beyond is to force a member of the opposing team to submit or surrender.

**7. Surrender or submission
is the only way to win.**

Darren Quimbey:

There will be no pinfalls, there will be no count outs, there will be no disqualifications.

**8. No pinfalls, countouts
or disqualifications.**

Darren Quimbey:

Official time will be kept at ringside and the referee's ruling will be final!

**9. Official time kept at ringside.
Head referee has final say in War Games.**

Cut back to the commentation station.

WAR GAMES: THE MATCH BEYOND

DDK:

Well, partner. There are the rules and with a match as intricate and outright dangerous as this one ... strategy and chance become major factors.

Angus:

I'm keeping high hopes, Keebs ... but as we speak, we don't EVEN KNOW if Impulse will even be able to compete after getting attacked earlier tonight! If I find out that that gorram freak Reaper was working with the Mormons on this...

DDK:

Agreed, Angus. Hope is the operative word; Team DEF ...

Angus:

The DEFIANT Ones.

DDK:

... already have the potential of being at a disadvantage - simply given the rules to this match up. And ... one has to wonder if someone - anyone - wasn't planning this all along! If Impulse cannot compete Team ...

Darren cuts his eyes toward Angus before continuing uninterrupted.

DDK:

The DEFIANT Ones will have a disadvantage from the start!

Angus approves of Keebler's self correction and gives him a wink.

Angus:

There you go.

DDK:

There is A LOT at stake here and A LOT to take into consideration, partner...

♪ "Fucking In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

DDK:

... lets go to the introduction of our first team.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the first team of WAR GAMES ... accompanied to the ring by Catalina!

The camera pans from the commentation station over to the entrance way as the members of WrestleUTA funnel out to a chorus of disapproval. Catalina appears through the curtain first, nose up and unflapped by the Faithful's deafening hatred. She is followed closely by *THE* Jay Harvey who seems to rather basque in the distaste as he heads toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen ... WRESTLE....UTA!!

Crimson Lord follows Harvey with the WrestleUTA World Title strapped around his waist, his look is determined and pays the paying audience no mind.

DDK:

I'm here to tell you, folks: There is nothing more violent or volatile ... then THIS MATCH!

Dan Ryan follows behind the WrestleUTA champ - cold and emotionless. His eyes dart from right to left as he

descends the rampway as if; he takes stock of the reaction to his transgressions but shows no signs of remorse nor that of satisfaction.

DDK:

The LOOK on the faces of these men, partner - I don't know WHAT ... is in store for this company if these ... these - devious SAVAGES are allowed to reign victorious tonight.

JFK, with one half of the tag team championship strapped around his waist, trails behind Dan Ryan. He steps out with a lot of bravado and mouthing inaudible trash talk. Posing, "wanker" gesturing and such. The Faithful continue their cacophony of booing and half started chants.

Angus:

DO NOT LOSE FAITH, KEEBS! Tell 'em DEF's coming ... and HELL's coming WITH 'EM!

The WrestleUTA team continues toward the rings and their entry position as JFK stops and holds one finger up high. The camera pushes in toward him.

JFK:

Hold up, bruv!

JFK signals back toward the curtain with a huge over the top gesture.

The single spotlight hits the curtain and out comes Mikey wearing not only his ring gear, not only his DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship, but also Scott Douglas' DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!... but he's got something with him!

DDK:

What the hell is that!? Wait... is that the Southern Heritage Championship!?

Angus:

McFuckAss Lite ran off with it last week - were'd you expect it to end up, Keebs?

Mikey pushes a large object on wheels. It looks like what the NFL uses for it's replay booth for on field officials. It's a large black device with a screen on top, the screen being covered by a large black fabric. Mikey holds a fist up to the crowd who boo back quickly. He wheels the large device to ringside, moves it halfway around the ring and then pulls his group of wrestlers in close. Mikey disappears under the black shawl for a few seconds before coming out and explaining to his team that his plan is "In here". He looks back in, and then comes out and talks with *THE* Jay Harvey. Harvey nods along with Mikey while Catalina watches on. The focus shifts back to the entrance way.

♪ Defiance - No Future No Hope ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And ... LADIES and GENTLEMEN ... Their opponents ... accompanied to the ring by Cal -

Darren nearly chokes on his words before taking a pause as Scott Douglas comes through the curtain. Slight murmuring can be heard from Quimbey, just off mic, as "Sub Pop" takes the stage.

The Faithful come unhinged and the sound is deafening. This complicates the communication Darren is attempting to make with the whoever held up his previous announcement.

Completely lost on the live crowd, Darren can be heard saying " ... got it" in an ascending volume on the broadcast as he brings the mic to his mouth and resumes full level.

Darren Quimbey:

... TEAM DEEEEEEEFIIIIIIAAAAANNNNCE!!!

The crowd noise raises even more at the announcement and appearance of Bronson Box. Box steps out, with some clear space between Scott and himself. Reinhardt Hoffman follows behind Boxer closely as the feverish frenzy of the Faithful continues.

Angus:

Scratch that ... Tell 'em Scott's coming ... and HELL'S COMING WITH HIM!!

Just as the curtain settles and stops swaying, it moves. "The Only Star" Eric Dane does the parting and the Wrestleplex is now topless. Competing chants begins but in the end; one chant to soothe them all.

KILL THEM DANE!

KILL THEM DANE!

KILL THEM DANE!

An aged, and nearly hobbled, Eric Dane plants his feet firmly on the stage that HE built and takes a moment to soak it all in; as if this maybe the last time. He slowly scans the breadth of the sold out Wrestleplex.

From pillar to post.

Cheap seat to guardrails.

His nostrils flare and his chest expands with a deep breath as if rather than stale popcorn laden oxygen; he was inhaling pure DEFIANCE. He rolls his shoulders and contorts his neck - cracking the worn and chipped vertebrae while biting his bottom lip ... Angus sums it up perfectly as Eric Dane heads down to the rings - one ... more ... time.

Angus:

THE BAAAWWWSSSS is BACK! Oh man! Say what you will - the MAN DEMANDS results and if you want something done right - then GORRAM do it YOURSELF!

Dane meets and huddles with the other DEFIANTS on their end of the dual rings.

DDK:

I won't argue that, Angus - but it bears mentioning ... Dane makes four! We've had no update on Impulse ... and well - this doesn't look good!

Cut to the DEF side of the dual rings as referee Benny Doyle holds the cage door open as Bronson Box stomps up the stairs wide eyed and cracking his neck like the psychopath he has come to be known. Through the threshold and the ropes, he grabs ahold of the steel and shakes it a bit - with a perverse satisfaction.

Cut to UTA in their own huddle.

Mikey pats *THE* Jay Harvey on the back who looks primed and focused. Mikey pulls Harvey into the "booth" quickly to show him something on screen. Harvey comes out smiling, and walks over to the door, which is held open by the official.

The door is shut behind *THE* Jay Harvey and the sound prompts him to spin around and verify. He quickly snaps his perspective back toward Bronson Box, a ring away.

DING DING DING

DDK:

And so it begins! Bronson Box has five minutes alone with *THE* Jay Harvey!

The sound of the cage door slamming get Bronson's attention. He turns toward Harvey, ironically, like a beast uncaged.

Angus:

He's not going to need that long, Keebs.

Box sets off across the DEF ring and dips low to duck through the first set of ropes. Harvey, turns back and looks at Mikey on the outside. Mikey flashes him a smile and a thumbs up. Harvey barks out a question and Mikey quickly moves back under the black sheet.

Box emerges, across the dual aprons, through the second set of ropes and into the UTA emblazoned.

Harvey receives no response as Mikey has his head buried in his replay booth, smoke slowly creeping from it's rear privacy curtains. Harvey shakes the cage door as the rest of WrestleUTA team warn him of impending doom.

DDK:

Bronson Box is right at home here folks! And he is on the attack!

Box beelines it toward Harvey. At the last possible second' Harvey turns, ducks and moves forward leaving Bronson empty handed against the turnbuckle. Box, frustrated spins around ready but is caught with a left.

DDK:

Harvey throwing wild right hands! Bronson with his back against the wall!

Angus:

Turnbuckle, Keebs - it's a turnbuckle... but still the LAST place you want to put a rabid dog!

DDK:

Box blocks - HEADBUTT!

The ACE of DEFIANCE blocks a punch and lays in a stiff head to head shot that stumbles the Natural One. Box follows, albeit dizzied. The European uppercut clinic is in town.

DDK:

OH! Huge uppercut from Bronson Box! And another -

Angus:

No need to count, Keebs! This might last the whole five minutes!

DDK:

Bronson Box is unrelenting!

Angus:

He'll break an arm or a jaw - whichever comes first!

The blows weaken as they repeat but the last of them, lays it in well enough to stumble Jay Harvey back to the ropes. Box leans in and whips him.

DDK:

Harvey, sent for the ride!

Harvey returns off the other side of the ropes and let's the air out of the building crowd. He takes down Bronson Box.

DDK:

Big clothesline!

Harvey changes his direction but intends to keep the momentum on his side and takes back to the ropes. Box recovers but instantly drops back down and Jay Harvey crosses over hitting the opposite ropes. Box pops up and using his

opponent's momentum against him - runs Jay Harvey directly into the steel cage just beyond the ropes.

DDK:

And already this steel cage has reared its ugly head! That unforgiving chain link structure!

Harvey's face bounces off the steel and he grabs it with both hands as he crashes down to the mat. He kicks and stomps the mat clutching his forehead. Box hoists up the ailing Harvey up and shit cans him through the ropes.

Angus: [amused]

There goes, *THE* Jay Harvey.

Harvey nearly makes it through the second set but ricochets off and crawls through to the DEF ring. The Original DEFIANT follows.

DDK:

Bronson Box, looking to regain some home field advantage, it would seem.

Angus:

Anywhere ... inside these steel walls - Box is home, Keebs!

Harvey pulls himself to his feet on the far end of the DEFIANCE ring. He dabs his forehead checking for blood but comes up empty handed. He attempts to shake off the previous assault as he see's Box dipping through the first set of ropes and heading for the second.

DDK:

BIG BOOT! Harvey, ever the opportunist catches Box as he comes through the ropes!

The Faithful aren't impressed but the WrestleUTA contingent are pleased.

DDK:

And *THE* Jay Harvey on the attack now!

Harvey smiles as he nudges Bronson Box with his boot. Harvey hits the ropes and punts Bronson in the side of the head with everything he's got.

DDK:

Bronson is in a bad spot here...

Angus:

When is the GORRAM coin toss?!

THE Jay Harvey:

It's too easy! Too easy!

The crowd boos so loud that it can be heard at least two states away. Mikey on the outside, clapping loudly, looking very pleased. Harvey posts up in the corner and "checks his watch". Bronson Box is seen spitting as he tries to raise himself up.

The crowd gets back into it and tries their best to give Bronson Box the strength to muscle himself to his feet. Harvey goes back on the attack and drops to the mat and locks on a Grounded Reverse Chinlock.

DDK:

Harvey calls this the Bitter Pill, Angus.

Angus:

I don't give a shit what he calls it! Bronson Box is in a bad spot!

Harvey pulls back on the neck of Bronson Box, almost tearing it from his shoulders. Bronson Box looks like he is in agonizing pain. Both Box and Harvey are flushed and red, Harvey from the force he's putting into the submission and Box from the strain on his body.

Jay Harvey lets out a menacing laugh as he continues damaging the neck of his opponent.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Faithful - rallying behind The Original DEFIANT!

The crowd is still in it, trying to give Bronson the strength to will himself back into this. Bronson's eyes shoot open.

Angus:

Signs of LIFE!

Box lets out a roar and tries to fight his way back to a vertical position.

DDK:

Bronson is trying to get to his feet!

Angus:

Come on, BOXER!

DDK:

THE Jay Harvey has that hold locked it tightly!

Angus:

So ... look at THE WAR GOD! He's getting up!

The crowd is on fire as Bronson finally rises. Box clutches the lower half of Harvey.

DDK:

Sidewalk Slam!

This sends both men to the mat. The Faithful can't believe what they are seeing. Box is gassed on the mat and Harvey clutches at his back. Bronson swings his right arm at the ropes, trying to pull himself back up. Harvey rolls toward the nearby corner, catching his breath and trying to recover from the maneuver.

DDK:

Both of these men certainly felt the brunt of that, partner!

The crowd is rocking as Bronson Box pulls himself to his feet via the ropes.

Angus:

HE'S UP! HE'S UP!

Box is foaming at the mouth and turns, staring daggers at Jay Harvey.

Bronson staggers closer and closer to Harvey. Harvey is on his knees, his eyes catch Bronson and he pleads for Bronson to have mercy. Bronson looks at his right fist and sends it repeatedly into the face of Jay Harvey.

DDK:

Bronson is unloading!

Angus:

Whip his ass, Boxer!

The crowd has started counting the right hands and before hitting the tenth, Bronson stops and sends a knee into the jaw of Jay Harvey.

DDK:

Bronson Box is a man possessed!

Harvey is dazed as he tries to escape the ring and the onslaught coming from his opponent. Harvey goes through the ropes and grips the gage ...

DDK:

Is he ... trying to climb this structure?

Angus:

THE yellow bellied coward!

DDK:

Where could he possibly think he is going?

Mikey Unlikely screams and yells from outside the ring attempting to get the attention of Harvey.

Bronson grabs Harvey by the tights and Harvey attempts to kick at Bronson - his foot meets the top rope. Bronson lays into Harvey with forearm shot to his lower back.

DDK:

I really don't understand what Harvey is trying to do here ... there is NO ESCAPE!

Harvey holds on to the cage wall, fingers interlocked in the chain link. Box clutches Harvey around the waist and tries to yank him free.

DDK:

He may be headed nowhere - but damn if he isn't holding strong!

Harvey continues to the cling on for dear life but Bronson has had enough. Rather than continue to wrench back on Harvey, he reverses his force - leaping slightly - and smashing Jay Harvey's face into the steel cage.

DDK:

Oh my god!

Harvey ricochets off the cage and is held to the apron area by the ring ropes. Bronson kicks him in the lower back causing Harvey to shoot up straight and once again ...

Angus:

Again!

Catalina looks on in horror as the bloodthirsty DEFIANCE Faithful are getting their money's worth in the early goings.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is busted open!

Harvey collapses to the apron, blood beginning to stream from his forehead, as Mikey Unlikely is seen, briefly before ducking back into his replay booth.

Darren Quimbey:

There is ONNNE Minute remaining in the FIRSSST period!

DDK:

One minute remaining before coin toss, partner! And Bronson Box seems to have this well in hand at the moment!

Angus:

He's certainly got Jay Harvey ... IN HAND!

Bronson reaches down and grabs the prone Harvey - pulling him back underneath the bottom rope.

DDK:

Under a minute now and Box with a standing headlock ... BIG RIGHT HAND!

Angus:

OPEN 'EM UP, BOXER!

Harvey shoots off of Box's side and crashes to the matt, gripping his bleeding forehead; the blood beginning to mix with the sweat and stream all over his bald head.

Darren Quimbey:

Thirty seconds remaining ...

The clock appears in the lower right hand of the screen racing down to zero. The Faithful joining in on the count as we cut to referee Brian Slater prepared to make the coin toss.

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!!

Brian Slater, with Mikey Unlikely and Eric Dane in spitting distance makes the coin toss. He catches the coin and slaps it on his wrist.

Angus:

GET to it!

He checks... and signals to the WrestleUTA side. Mark Shields begins to open the cage door on the WrestleUTA ring. Crimson Lord is chomping at the bit and ready to enter as Bronson Box continues his attack on Jay Harvey.

Angus:

HORSESHIT! COLLUSIÓN!

Mikey throws up a finger and stops Crimson just as the door opens. Crimson looks back toward Mikey for an explanation but Mikey disappears back into the booth.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely double checking his ... game plan, it would seem.

A plume of smoke rises from the privacy curtains as Mikey ducks back out - signaling for Crimson Lord to go a head. The WrestleUTA Champion enters the ring and beelines it to the opposite ring in pursuit of Bronson Box.

Crimson drops some forearms on the back of Box who didn't see him coming. *THE* Jay Harvey, finally breathes a sigh of relief, as the attack on him relents. He rolls to the edge of the ring and tries to catch his breath.

Back inside Crimson Lord is taking firm control on Bronson with a few strikes, before shooting him off the other side of the ring and lifting the boot to catch him under the jaw.

Angus:

This sucks Keebs, The Mormons will have the advantage for most of this match!

DDK:

The rules are unflinchingly rigid.

Lord drops a knee onto Box before scooping him off the mat by his head. By now Harvey is starting to stand up, using the ring ropes for leverage. Crimson scoops up Box and tosses him over his shoulder, the UTA monster stalks over towards the corner before lifting and dropping Box chin first on top of the top turnbuckle pad. The head of Bronson Box snaps backward, but he maintains enough balance to stay standing. Harvey takes care of that by sprinting across the ring and hitting a body splash.

Crimson follows up right behind him, as Harvey moves out of the way, Lord clotheslines Box.

On one side of the ring, Eric Dane pounds on the cage frustrated, on the other side Mikey laughs maniacally. He explains to the other members of the team that his strategy is working!

Angus:

How much of Mikey's plan do you think rested on them winning that coin toss!?

DDK:

He certainly had luck on his side and on top of that Team DEF ... The DEFIANT Ones are a man down from the start! It's not looking good.

Back inside the ominous structure, The two are teaming up and taking care of a capacitated Bronson Box. The original DEFIANT is trying his best to fight back, swinging wildly every chance he gets but he misses most of the shots he's taking as they are purely desperation.

The fans in the arena boo the action vigilantly.

Harvey wipes the blood off his own face, and slaps Bronson across the chest, leaving the red mark on the exposed part of his skin. He then hooks both of Box's arms behind him and holds him from behind. Crimson Lord lines up the shot, and steps forward with a big boot, but at the last moment Box ducks out, and Harvey takes the shot to the face sending him down quickly.

Angus:

Yuss! There's the opening we need!

DDK:

Aren't you supposed to be unbiased?

Angus:

UNBIASED!? Team DEFIANCE is out here defending our very name! Defending our jobs!

DDK:

The DEFIANT Ones?

Angus:

Semantics, Keebs! This is SERIOUS! Get your head in the game.

The clock appears in the right hand corner of the screen spinning down from 60.

Darren Quimbey:

One minute remaining in the period! One minute!

Outside the ring Eric Dane gathers the troops and starts discussing the next entrant.

Crimson Lord turns around quickly going after Bronson, Box ducks the clothesline attempt, and comes around with a thrust of the head.

Angus:

HEADBUTT! That was sick!

Crimson Lord was surprised by the blow and drops to a knee. Bronson follows up with some rights and lefts in succession and starts to pick up steam. The crowd comes alive, Box picks up Lord and hits a european uppercut.

Dazed, Lord is on spaghetti legs, Box winds up for the big blow but misses the swing. Lord kicks Box in the gut and drives him down to the mat with DDT as the counter comes up in the corner of the screen again.

30 seconds.

Lord drops down and puts his forearm across the face of the WARGOD. He grinds it back and forth against the mat as Box lets out some expletives. Jay Harvey has recovered by now and walks over and takes on of Box's legs. He places it on the bottom rope before jumping up and slamming his body across the leg of Box. Bronson reaches down for the ankle but Lord grabs him around the neck with a blatant choke.

DDK:

No five count in this match! No disqualifications! Anything goes!

Angus:

How do we speed up this timer!? Come awn!

On the DEFIANCE side of the ring, Scott Douglas is chomping at the bit to get in the ring. Benny Doyle holds up a hand to keep him at bay while awaiting the official time.

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!!

Doyle drops his hands and reaches for the cage door as Reinhardt Hoffman steps in front of Douglas and ascends the stairs. Doyle looks confused but it's too late and Hoffman is officially the second entrant for DEFIANCE. Douglas turns to Dane with a questioning look as Hoffman charges toward Harvey and Lord.

Angus:

YOU'RE GONNA GET IT NOW!

The Faithful ignite at Hoffman's introduction to the match.

DDK:

Hoffman usurping the official line up laid out by their team captain Eric Dane.

Harvey is first ready for Hoffman and he meets the Gentlemen German, toes to toe. Crimson Lord continues to choke Bronson Box. Hoffman blocks a shot from Harvey and lays one in of his own before gripping the wounded WrestleUTA member by the back of the head and sending him sailing into the cage wall.

Angus:

You think he's gonna sit idly by and watch Scott Douglas lose this for us, Keebs!

Crimson Lord abandons the choke hold and leaves Bronson Box laying face down on the matt. As he approaches a turning Hoffman he is met by a toe kick to the gut and a couple a blows that stumble him but he refuses to go down. Crimson Lord stumbles back into the ropes with the help of some elbow strikes via Hoffman.

DDK:

Hoffman is going to work! Crimson Lord sent for the ride...

Hoffman follows closely and meets Lord on the other side with a stiff short arm clothesline, pinning him against the ropes again. He looks to repeat the scenario as he send Lord across the again... and once more he connects! The crowd is getting fired up, and Reinhardt Hoffman doesn't know what to do about that!

DDK:

I don't think Hoffman has ever been cheered by this DEFIANCE crowd!?

Angus:

Anybody fighting for the DEF Flag is someone I'm cheering for Keebs.

Darren Quimbey:

One minute remaining in the period! One minute!

Hoffman now runs over to check on his friend and partner Bronson Box. After a few seconds of trying to get him level, Bronson Box is up, and they both turn to fight. Harvey rolls under a set of ring ropes and into the WrestleUTA ring. Hoffman follows as Box goes for Crimson Lord.

Angus:

Watch out here we go!

Harvey stands up but as he does he catches a kick to the gut from the fired up German. Harvey fires back with a left uppercut. In the other ring Box and Lord are exchanging punches. Both sides of the ring - the action is getting quicker with every strike.

Harvey! Hoffman! Box! Lord!

Box! Hoffman! Lord! Harvey!

Box! Hoffman! Box! Hoffman! Box!

Team DEF gains the advantage and both start landing solid simultaneous strikes to their opponents as the crowd loses its mind. Almost as if they were of the same mind both Hoffman and Box hit the ropes in their respective rings, and both decimate their standing opponent.

Box with a running shoulder tackle, Hoffman with a hell of a lariat Both Wrestle UTA guys are down. The pair of DEFIANTS take a second to appreciate what they just did with a nod to one another.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

Reinhardt Hoffman sits down on the back of Jay Harvey, grabs an arm, and locks in an innovative armbar. The timer comes back up on the screen with 30 seconds left to go. With high leverage he wrenches back and Harvey shouts out in pain. On the other side Box walks overtop of Crimson Lord and looks down.

Angus:

He's gunna do it!

As Lord starts to move under him Bronson jumps up and drops him back down, landing on the lower back He then hooks the arms over his legs and slowly places his hands under the chin of the Wrestle UTA World Heavyweight Champion!

Angus:

AHHHHH HAHAHA! YES! HE'S GOT IT!

Box wrenches back hard as Lord realizes the position he's in. He screams out in pain as the counter is about to hit zero.

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

Mikey comes out from under the curtain and pushes JFK up to the cage who smiles eagerly. The door is opened by the official and in rushes the man who stole the Southern Heritage Title last week!

Inside, JFK climbs the nearest turnbuckle to him. He has to crouch a bit due to the roof on the cage, but he launches himself off and with a flying clothesline and knocks Reinhardt Hoffman off the back of *THE* Jay Harvey; hard!

Angus:

Someone take this thieving coward's head off!

Harvey regroups and JFK goes for Reinhardt Hoffman, dragging him back to his feet and laying in the chops. He backs Hoffman into the ropes. Kendrix shoots him with the irish whip, and on the return Harvey jumps up, grabs the roof of the cage and uses it to pull himself up and dropkick Reinhardt Hoffman.

Meanwhile Crimson Lord is worn out as Box still applies the submission. He's not given up yet, but that's simply because Box is just trying to drain him of energy and recover at the same time. He's not pulling back with all his weight.

DDK:

Here comes Kendrix! Through the ropes!

JFK walks up behind Bronson Box and delivers a kick to the side of the head of the Wargod that sends a smack reverberating across the arena, which elicits a loud "oooooooo" from the audience.

Angus:

Shit! We just had them!

Crimson Lord attempts to recover as JFK follows up on Box pulling him up from the mat - only to drop him back down with a stiff DDT.

In the WrestleUTA ring, Jay Harvey is up and on the attack - albeit bloodied. He has Hoffman pinned against the turnbuckles and continually rams his shoulder into the German's breadbox. Hoffman recoils from the blows as Eric Dane scrambles on the outside attempting to rally the remaining troops for the next period.

Darren Quimbey:

One minute remaining in the period! One minute!

The counter pops up again as WrestleUTA has this firmly in hand. In the DEF Ring, JFK and Crimson Lord, double team Bronson Box. Hoisting him to his feet and running him head long into the cage wall. Bronson nearly grips the chain link as his face smacks and spring back off of the cage wall. He crumbles to the apron and is left stranded between the ropes and the unforgiving steel.

DDK:

And now, Bronson Box is busted open as well!

Angus:

I don't know if that is bad for Box ... or terrible for the Mormons.

JFK reaches down over the top rope and pulls a limp Box back to his feet. He grips Box's head like a basketball and grinds the ACE of DEFIANCE's bloodied face into the steel cage. Back and forth as the blood stream thickens with each swipe.

DDK:

I'd venture to say THIS is BAD for Bronson Box!

The timer, in the right hand corner, ticks down from thirty.

DDK:

Thirty seconds remaining in this uneven advantage!

Angus:

Who's next?!

DDK:

You don't want to know.

Crimson Lord makes his way to the WrestleUTA ring as Kendrix admires his handy work, standing over a bloody and beaten Bronson Box. In that ring Harvey is taking care of Reinhardt Hoffman, as Crimson Lord moves in to assist. The two give a double suplex to Hoffman in the center of the ring as the counter begins it's dramatic countdown from ten.

FIVE

FOUR

THREE

Scott Douglas is ready as Dane shouts something inaudible. Benny Doyle holding him at bay with the steady hand.

TWO

ONE

Doyle opens the door and Douglas takes the ring. He stands from under the ropes and immediately goes after JFK - who, other than Bronson Box, finds himself alone in the DEF ring.

DDK:

Douglas looking for retribution here, parnter! He may let this cloud his better judgement.

Douglas fires on JFK who is attempting to retreat to put some tactical distance between himself and his attacker. One

half of the tag team champions finds himself against the turnbuckle as the fresh SoHer fires aimlessly. JFK picks his spot and reverses Douglas, landing him in the corner. Douglas pushes off and JFK comes in hot, just as Douglas raises the scuffed combat boot; stumbling Kendrix. Several blows bring the two back toward the middle of the DEFIANCE ring.

Angus:

Don't screw this up, loser!

Douglas hooks JFK and reaches down for the knee.

DDK:

This could be the Sub Pop Suplex!?

Kendrix counters and knees Douglas in the gut sending him stumbling backwards toward the ropes. JFK follows with a head full of steam but Douglas recovers and the last second uses Kendrix's own momentum against him - and sends him sailing over the ropes and into the cage.

He gives a quick glance toward Bronson Box, beginning to stir in a drying pool of his own blood before heading to the WrestleUTA ring.

Angus:

What are you doing!? Finish him, you relic of a time you never lived through!

Douglas crosses the the rings and is met with Crimson Lord as Jay Harvey has Reinhardt Hoffman pinned down on the last turnbuckle with a foot affixed to his throat. Crimson fires on Douglas as he comes through the ropes - Douglas ducks and hits the far side of the ring - returning with a flying forearm that stumbles Crimson Lord.

The WrestleUTA World Champion falls between the ropes and finds himself in the no man's land between rings. As Lord attempts to pull himself up by the ropes, Jay Harvey lets loose his hold of Hoffman - turning his attention to Scott Douglas.

Darren Quimbey:

One minute remaining in...

The WrestleUTA door opens, and in comes Dan Ryan!

DDK:

WHAT THE...

Angus:

FUCK!

Referee Mark Shields is now closing the door. The other official runs over to the other side and in plain view of the camera asks Mark Shields.. "What the hell are you doing?"

Shields looks confused, and looks down to his watch. He shrugs wildly, Mikey laughs behind him. Brian Slater now makes his way over to the area, backing up Benny Doyle. They both question Mark Shields about why he let Ryan in early.

Angus:

Kill Him! Gut Him! He's more crooked than Mikey Unlikely's dick!

Inside the ring Dan Ryan attacks Scott Douglas immediately. Eric Dane is FIRED UP outside, coming over and trying to get his hands on Mark Shields. Both he and Mikey take off from that corner.

DDK:

Brian Slater needs to make a decision here!

Angus:

I think he should get 5 minutes alone in the cage with Eric Dane!

Slater makes it official and motions to the ring announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentleman, Referee Mark Shields has been EJECTED!

Angus:

And hopefully FIRED this time!

Darren Quimbey:

He will be replaced by Official Hector Navarro!

Mikey loses his cool on the outside and tries to plead his case to Brian Slater who's having none of it.

Dan Ryan picks up Scott Douglas and spins him down with the powerslam. Hector Navarro comes running down to ringside as Mark Shields is reluctantly leaving.

Mikey motions for Navarro to let him in the cage to no avail. We see Reinhardt Hoffman nail a desperation belly to belly suplex on Jay Harvey. Both men go down, Crimson Lord picks up Scott Douglas and grabs Hoffman by the back of the head, bringing them both to their feet and smashes their heads together, forcing the headbutt.

OHHHHHHH!

Kendrix is working a headlock on Bronson Box that looks pretty painful, he makes sure he exposes the bloody face of Bronson Box towards the camera. He lays in stiff fist to Box's bloodied forehead. And another. A few more and with the last he grinds his fist, twisting and turning the contused skin of Bronson Box's forehead.

Outside the ring, Mikey is in his booth, and Eric Dane is looking up at the entrance way.

DDK:

Dane keeps going back and forth from the ring to the ramp. Clearly waiting to see if Impulse is going to make it.

Angus:

After that assault earlier.... I don't like the odds.

Reinhardt Hoffman is shot off the ropes and Crimson Lord ducks, and back body drops him, over the ropes and he lands against the cage. He then falls down to the mat, his body mangled in the ropes.

DDK:

My God!

Lord's not finished. He pulls Hoffman back up and benches him over his head with the gorilla press. Lord presses him repeatedly into the roof of the cage, his back meeting the steel beams that run along to reinforce the chain link. Lord carries him over to the ropes, and yells at JFK.

Angus:

Oh no!

JFK turns and sees, he nods and smiles. Lord presses and throws Hoffman over both sets of ropes into the ring where JFK is. Kendrix jumps and catches Hoffman with his knees and lands with the lungblower to the chest.

THREE

TWO

ONE

Eric Dane on the outside, he half walks towards the cage before stopping again and looks back to the top of the ramp. He waits a tic and then sighs.

Eric Dane:

Fuck it...

Doyle open the door and Dane enters the cage.

Angus:

NOW it's time to get this PARTY STARTED!

DDK:

I certainly wouldn't count chickens before they hatch, Angus. This, literally ... IS ... DEFIANCE'S LAST HOPE!

Dane ducks through the ropes and comes in labored - but hot! JFK is caught off guard while still stomping away at the downed Reinhardt Hoffman. He catches a forearm across the back before turning into a series of strikes. Dane winds up for the big one and swings big as JFK ducks under and heads to the opposite ropes. He returns, intending to strike Dane with a flying forearm but the wily veteran drops back - catching one half of HIS tag team champions by the waist and dropping him neck first over the set of ropes dividing the two rings.

Angus:

Last HOPE! No, sir! The LAST HYPE! This crowd of the Faithful are LOSING THEIR MIND, KEEBS! AND rightfully SO! Eric Dane is DEFIANCE's MESSIAH!

Dane pulls himself to his feet. He's taken no real damage here but it is clear his knees aren't what they used to be. Back to his feet he sets his sites on the more populated ring. In which, Dan Ryan is standing firmly on the chest of a downed Scott Douglas while *THE* Jay Harvey and Crimson Lord put the boots to the reigning Southern Heritage Champion.

Dane ducks through the first set of ropes and then the second where he meets Crimson Lord first and throws an arm up blocking a would be strike. He fires back from the other side and lands it squarely on Crimson's jaw. The WrestleUTA World Champion shakes it off - cracks his neck and bares down on the aged and worn Eric Dane.

DDK:

I hate to say it folks ...

Angus:

Don't you dare!

Dane steps back as Crimson Lord stalks towards him. Lord swings a big right hand but this time it is Eric Dane who blocks it and follows up quickly with toe kick to the crotch!

Angus:

NO DQ BITCH!

Crimson Lord drops to his knees, both hands firmly gripping his affected manhood as Eric Dane sizes him up. Dane drops back to the ropes and comes running back toward the downed champion at full speed.

DDK:

BIG KNEE! Right to Crimson Lord's FACE!

The Faithful pop and the sound is deafening. At ringside, Mikey quickly retreats back into his replay booth searching for his next move.

Crimson Lord's eyes roll back as he falls sideways from his knees to the mat. He is completely still.

Darren Quimbey:

One minute remaining in the period! One minute!

DDK:

I'm not even sure of these times anymore after this Shield's fiasco!

Angus:

Shields ... is going to need one to get out of here tonight! AND where does McFuckass think he is going! You can't hide you GORRAM CUNT! YOUR NEXT!

DDK:

Obvs.

Angus: *[indignant]*

Fucking a-right! TOTALLY OBVS!

Dan Ryan, with his foot planted firmly on Scott Douglas' neck looks toward Mikey to find he isn't to be seen before shaking his head in derision and directing Jay Harvey to go after Eric Dane. Harvey looks up from the crumble SoHer to see face that literally runs the place - seething and ready to attack.

He feeds to Dane, who chops him down quickly - but Harvey pops up just as quick. Catalina shakes the cage at her ringside position cheering on The Natural One. He comes back to his feet and ducks under the next blow. He swings around Dane and awaits the old man to turn around, holding his wrist up briefly miming a watch. Dane turns and Harvey kicks him in the gut...

DDK:

Dane caught it!

Harvey moves off instinct and throws the other leg.

DDK:

ENZIGURI!

Angus:

NOOOO!

DDK:

Eric Dane ducks!

He does just that and let loose of the original foot. Jay Harvey crashes to the mat under his own force and Dane readies to reply. Before he can, the FAITHFUL let out a soul crushing sound.

OHHHHHHHH

Dan Ryan chop blocks Dane from behind and takes his knee out. Ryan stands with a proud smirk on his face.

Scott Douglas struggles to recover in the corner of the WrestleUTA ring as Bronson Box struggles with JFK in the DEFIANCE ring. Reinhardt Hoffman looks on at his comrade from the corner - still reeling from the effects of the lung

blower.

Jay Harvey pops up from the missed kick. He and Dan Ryan look at each other for moment before turning back toward a downed Eric Dane. The two begin stomping the DEFIANCE head.

DDK:

This might be all over, Angus!

Angus:

NOTHING IS OVER! THERE IS ALWAYS A CHANCE!

DDK:

Unless, Impulse is going to show up in the next ...

FIVE

FOUR

THREE

TWO

ONE!!

DDK:

Two minutes ... this beaten and battered crew hasn't the slightest chance!

Hector Navarro opens the cage door for WrestleUTA's last entrant but he is nowhere to be found.

In the WrestleUTA ring, Crimson Load - still holding his head - staggers to his feet and joins Ryan and Harvey in stomping out the patriarch of DEFIANCE. He misses every other attempt but the vital is apparent.

Navarro looks around as Reinhardt Hoffman attempts to hoist himself up by the turnbuckle.

Angus:

Don't tell me McFuckass is scared now!

At ringside, Mikey Unlikely peeks out from the curtains of his replay booth and looks hard to the left and then the right before pointing a questioning finger back at himself; asking "Who me?"

In the rings, Douglas is to his feet but unstable. Dane is still being battered by the numbers as Box, in the DEFIANCE ring, shoots it out with the fresher JFK. Hoffman also to his feet now but still hasn't been able to recover enough to engage anyone.

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST! This is ridiculous!

DDK:

I'd have to agree ... at the least this is adding insult to injury at this point.

With an emphatic nodding yes from Hector Navarro, Mikey Unlikely emerges from replay booth with a cool and calm strut. He heads toward the steps and takes one last check of both rings before entering confidently.

DDK:

Mikey Un -

Angus:

MCFUCKASS!

DDK:

Is in the ring!

Mikey drops the coy games, quickly, as he enters. Scott Douglas sees the man currently in possession of his Championship - and red. Douglas rushes the WrestleUTA team captain.

DDK:

Big right hand by Mikey Unlikely! Douglas is stunned! And another!

The last blow spins the SoHer around and Mikey makes his move.

Angus:

Part time front man ... full time LOSER!

DDK:

ATOMIC DROP!

Douglas' tailbone takes the brunt of the impact and he springs off of Mikey's knee toward the ropes. He spills over into the shared apron. Mikey stalks toward Douglas as he finds his footing between the ropes.

Darren Quimbey:

One minute remaining in the LAST PERIOD!

In the DEF ring, Kendrix has won out of the worn and weathered Bronson Box. He runs the ACE into the cage between the top and middle rope after a gut shot - that could arguably been a low blow. Bronson can't get his hands up and takes the blow unprotected.

Back in the WrestleUTA ring, or between - a big lariat from the WrestleUTA CEO sends Douglas up over the DEF ring ropes as his toes scrape the top of the cage. He lands on his neck in the DEF ring. This garners the attention of the recovered Hoffman.

Angus:

You've done it now, Mc-Bout-to-GET-FUCKED-ASS!!!

Hoffman heads toward the head of the snake. Mikey throws his hands up in retreat and just as Hoffman approaches the DEF side of the ropes he gets waylaid from behind by JFK. Mikey falls back and starts to direct traffic - sending Jay Harvey to the DEF ring to handle Hoffman and Box alongside the other half of the Tag Champions.

As Harvey makes his way to that side of the ring, Mikey directs Ryan and Crimson Lord to drag Eric Dane up ... and as close to his feet as can be expected.

Angus:

This - this - THIS IS A GORRAM TRAVESTY!

The BAWS is held aloft by Crimson Lord and Dan Ryan, even if his feet were able to support his weight at this moment - held by these two it would be a null point. Mikey drops back and hits the ropes before springing forward and clipping Eric Dane with a big boot. The pair of sky scrapers push Dane forward to amplify the point of impact.

Angus:

I've had enough!

The commentary audio becomes a mix of a wildly confused and questioning Keebler and the sound of Angus tossing

his head set down to the table. The camera cuts to the top of the ramp way to catch the last glimpse of Angus before he disappears backstage.

DDK:

Well.. I - I don't know what to say, folks - other than ...

The clock in the ring hand corner ticks down rapidly.

DDK:

Unless Angus Skaaland ... is the final member of Team DEFIANCE. This may be all over!

...FOUR

THREE

TWO

ONE!

Benny Doyle stands ready but he looks around and there is no one to open the door for. Instead - inside, the carnage continues ... and WrestleUTA holds the advantage.

DDK:

Folks ... as per the rules, like it or not - in TWO minutes ... The MATCH BEYOND BEGINS! And at that point ... Submissions become acceptable forms of defeat. I'm not sure what to say honestly ...

With team WrestleUTA looking pretty smug with the carnage around them, Mikey demands Ryan and Crimson Lord drag Dane up to his feet once again. Kendrix and Harvey leave Douglas, Hoffman and Bronson box laid out in the DEF ring and return to what is now five one one.

DDK:

This is sickening!

The BAWs tries to gain his own balance but he's struggling big time. It's at this point Mikey walks up towards the groggy Dane with Kendrix and Harvey, not far behind him. He holds his index finger up to his mouth, JFK taunts the crowd, with his index fingers held behind his ears, imploring them to listen, yeah?!

DDK:

Eric Dane is helpless here.

Mikey, smug look on his face, squats down as Ryan holds Dane's head up, forcing him to look Mikey dead in those dastardly eyes.

DDK:

For the love of -

SMAAAAACCKKKKKKK!

DDK:

Oh My, look at Dane's eyes, he's fuming! That slap has just reverberated around the house that Eric Dane built. Mikey Unlikely adding insult to injury has just awoken the beast!

Mikey steps back upright, laughing his head off while Harvey inaudibly sends taunts Eric's way, before the Bruvs share a Gluefist moment in the middle of the ring. However, this just infuriates Eric Dane even more.

DDK:

And Look at Dane! Elbow to Ryan, the BAWS is fighting back!

Mikey and JFK visibly panic as Dane strikes Lord, sending the WrestleUTA Champion reeling against the ropes. Breaking free of the hold he launches Ryan head first against the steel before lifting the on rushing Harvey up and down hard neck first onto the top rope.

DDK:

Eric Dane cleaning house for DEF...NO!

Dane's momentum walks straight into as clean a blindsided Superkick, courtesy of Kendrix, that you're ever likely to see, sending Eric collapsing to the mat. Not wasting anytime on this occasion, JFK picks Dane up into the dominator position as Mikey hits the ropes and comes back with the underside cutter as Kendrix simultaneously slams Dane down to the canvas.

DDK:

Hollywood Boulevard from the Hollywood Bruvs!

TEN

DDK:

And now the countdown for the Match Beyond Begins.

NINE

DDK:

And I can't think of a worse time.

EIGHT

SEVEN

In the ring, Kendrix drops to his knees and locks the Kendrix Kross onto Eric Dane, and he pulls back in anticipation of The Match Beyond!

SIX

DDK:

The BAWS holding on as tight as he can, we need Bronson or Scott Douglas to get their heads cleared, and quickly - so they can make the save! But I don't know how effective it'll be, with Mikey Unlikely standing guard!

FIVE

♪"Cannonball" - SIRS♪

Several things happen, all at once.

The FAITHFUL lose their collective shit.

Mikey Unlikely's attention snaps to the DEFIANCE entryway, his eyes as wide as dinner plates.

Kendrix - to his credit, he also looks to the entrance, but he holds on to the Kross.

FOUR

DDK:

IT'S IMPULSE!

He certainly looks a bit worse for the wear. His eye is swollen and bruised, his left hand and wrist are heavily taped and bandaged, and he walks with a bit of a limp, supported by Calico Rose on the side. Behind them, Angus emerges, just as angry as before but with a more confident lift in his step. He sits back down and puts the headset over his ears.

THREE

Angus:

Gorram medics don't know a thing. Pain is temporary, war is forever, and IMPULSE THE COUNT WON'T WAIT FOR YOU!

TWO

He seems to be aware. Impulse gives Cally a quick kiss on the lips, and he walks/jogs to the cage as fast as his injuries can take him. Cally crosses the ramp and sits in between Angus and Keebs.

ONE

Benny Doyle opens the door, Impulse climbs to the apron and quickly scales the corner! Mikey runs at him, but Impulse jumps over him, and he drives a foot square on the back of Kendrix' head! He lands roughly, but Kendrix' hold is broken!

Darren Quimbey:

LET THE WAR GAMES BEGIN!

Angus:

GIVE A GUY A FUCKING CORONARY, IMPULSE!

Cally:

Language!

DDK:

He made the save in the nick of time, Angus, isn't that what matters? Cally, how is he? It doesn't look like he can see out of that right eye!

Cally:

Oh, he can't. And he had to sign a waiver to even be allowed out here, and his arm hurts and his leg hurts but he's too annoyed by everything in the world and everything not of the world to do anything but punch a Mormon.

Angus:

I take back most of the evil thoughts I had about him.

Mikey scoops Impulse and hooks his head from behind - ERIC DANE SWEEPS THE LEG! Impulse turns, and he helps Dane to his feet!

DDK:

Strange bedfellows, but nothing brings strong personalities together like a war! Impulse pulls Dane out of the way of a Crimson Lord clothesline! Impulse and Eric Dane with a dual double axehandle between Crimson's shoulder blades! The WrestleUTA Champion is rocked forward!

Cally:

Wow. Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go to ringside for my heart attack. Love you both.

Angus:

You make them win, Cally!

Cally makes her way toward ringside as a sweeping wide shot shows the dastardly structure holding the ten men. Impulse and Dane, continue to fend off the four WrestleUTA participants while Mikey Unlikely directs traffic.

In the DEF ring, Scott Douglas is up and Hoffman isn't far behind him. The Faithful's excitement builds as Team DEF, now complete with the injured Impulse, mounts a comeback. Hoffman slaps Bronson Box across the face - bringing him too.

Angus:

I guess this is as close to FULL STRENGTH as we're getting tonight!

Douglas, with his sights set squarely on Mikey Unlikely, crosses the rings. Bronson Box, basqued in a crimson mask, is on his feet. He and Reinhardt Hoffman exchange some words before turning their attention to the WrestleUTA ring.

DDK:

Things are about to get interesting!

Douglas, in the WrestleUTA ring now, ducks a lariat from Jay Harvey and continues toward Mikey. Reinhardt Hoffman and Bronson box cross the divide now and enter the heavily populated ring. Douglas reaches Mikey as Box jumps on Crimson Lord. Harvey recovers and turns from the missed attempt on Douglas only to get attacked by Hoffman. Impulse and Dan Ryan shoot it out while JFK squares up against the BAWs. Rights and lefts fly everywhere.

Angus:

YUS! This is it, Keebs! The TURNING POINT!

DEFIANCE looks to have the advantage but it's honestly tough to tell through the chain link filter and given the overall mass of five men slugging it out in one ring.

Suddenly on the outside of the ring the replay booth with Mikey's plan starts to shake. The camera cuts to it.

DDK:

What the hell...?

The smoke bellows now from the bottom of the machine...before long the sides break away from the box and the shawl falls over top of the downed sections. Through the smoke and black plasterboard, a man stands up.

Angus:

Oh no...

DDK:

Mikey's plan apparently wasn't just on a screen...

Jack Harmen holds up the fire extinguisher he's been using to create the "Smoke" beneath the machine. He laughs maniacally, and as Impulse comes towards that side of the cage he sprays the extinguisher directly towards him.

Angus:

I knew McFucker would find a way to cheat in this thing...

DDK:

You said it yourself earlier Angus, No disqualifications!

Impulse turns from the fire extinguisher trying to clear his eyes, Mikey Unlikely runs from the other side of the ring and dropkicks Impulse through the ropes and into the cage. Impulse reaches for his back. On the outside of the ring

Harmen is on the move. He gets a steel chair from the ring announcer and moves towards the door.

Angus:

I don't think so...

DDK:

Hector Navarro is as professional as they come, there is no way Harmen gets past him!

Truth. Harmen tries to open the door on the UTA side of the ring, but now that all the entrants are in Navarro has padlocked the door shut. Harmen quickly becomes frustrated but walks past the referee. Kendrix yells out to Harmen and tells him to get ready.

Kendrix goes on the offensive and picks up Reinhardt Hoffman, he motions over to Harmen and shoots Hoffman headfirst into the cage. At the same time Harmen takes the chair and swings, smacking the cage where Hoffman connects. The chair pushes the mesh into the face of Hoffman with a loud clang and resounding ching of the chain link. Hoffman bounces back and holds his face writhing in pain.

Angus:

Watch out! Dane is up!

Eric Dane runs across the ring as fast as his bad knees will take him. He hits Mikey, who's clearly not paying attention to him, driving him into the turnbuckle. Dane starts throwing some of the nastiest forearms you might ever see, but it isn't long before the calvary backs up the man.

Crimson Lord, Kendrix, and *THE* Jay Harvey are helping Mikey by pulling Eric Dane off. Mikey walks forward cocky as hell, wanting to talk all the trash to Eric Dane. Suddenly, Eric gets one of his arms loose and punches Mikey, who is JUST too close, right in the face. Mikey stumbles away and Dane punches Kendrix, then Lord, then Harvey, he starts to break free...

DDK:

Wait here comes Dan Ryan!

Dan Ryan crosses the ring and puts a knee in the gut of Eric Dane before driving him to the mat with his weight. Dan Ryan locks in an arm lock and lets Mikey put the boots to Eric Dane and talk. Impulse is up and he is between the ring and the cage. He propels himself up and uses a ducked flying clothesline off the top rope to clothesline down Harvey and Kendrix.

Angus: *[elated]*

Here comes Scott Douglas!

DDK:

Now that is a pay per view exclusive, folks!

Douglas attacks Crimson Lord and sends him into the corner where he unleashes a fury of strikes that grounds the UTA champion. Douglas takes a quick run around and comes flying in with a dropkick to the mush of Crimson.

DDK:

Bronson Box is finally back up!

Box is up and wiping away the blood on his attire. He comes over and crushes Dan Ryan with a stiff knee to the face! This breaks the hold on the BAWS. Eric rolls from the ring to the apron holding his shoulder. Bronson Box lights up Dan Ryan with a lot of strikes in quick succession, The crowd comes alive.

Angus:

YAS! BRONSON BOX! THE WAR GAWD! MY GAWD! YOUR GAWD!

Bronson lays in sick chop after sick chop. Followed by forearm after forearm. On the outside Harmen is looking for more ways to get involved. He tries to climb the cage but he's pulled off by Hector Navarro. He walks around, thinking hard.

Angus:

The hell is he up to!?

Finally, Harmen has a lightbulb moment and goes under the ring. He pulls out a car battery and a pair of jumper cables.

DDK:

Who the hell put that under the ring?

Angus:

Team Shitbags.

Harmen laughs out loud as he sets the battery down on the floor of the arena. Navarro waves him off and warns him to stop what he's doing, but clearly he's not listening. Harmen attaches the cables to the battery and then he attaches the ground to the War Games steel cage. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Harmen holds the hot lead up high. He attaches the lead and sparks fly from the steel on first contact.

Back inside the ring Hoffman is down and bleeding profusely. He's completely out.

Angus:

This is basically six on four at this point!

Crimson Lord has mounted a comeback on Douglas and slings the SoHer like a rag doll into the side of the cage. Douglas crumbles to the apron.

Harmen moves to another side of the ring and passes a steel chain through the chain link fence that is the cage. Crimson Lord takes the chain and just as Bronson Box, the only member of team DEF standing, turns around he gets a fist full of steel from the Wrestle UTA champion. Bronson Box lands like a heap of bricks. Dan Ryan slowly rolls away from the action and tries to recover.

Crimson Lord wraps the chain around the back of Box a few times on the mat. The loud "Slink" noise reverberates into the front row. The crowd "Oooohs" with the strikes. Lord is furious and lifts Box to his feet.

DDK:

Oh no...no ...

Crimson lines him up with the cage... where Harmen connected the car battery.

Angus:

Don't do it you big, unagile, cocksucker!

Crimson Lord hoists up the smaller Box and prepares to throw him against the electrified fence. Eric Dane, barely able to stand comes to Box's aid much to the delight of the Faithful.

DDK:

Thank God!

All hopes are quickly dashed as Crimson Lord drops Box, turns around and drills Eric Dane who collapses back to the mat before returning to Box dragging him back up and launched the Original DEFIANT into the electrified steel.

DDK:

Dear lord.

Angus:

WAR IS WAR BUT FOR FUCK SAKE! That's got to be against GENEVA convention, the Warsaw pact.. Treaty of Versailles... SOMETHING!

Box connects and sparks fly from the cage. The fans are in what is almost a stunned silence. Lord dusts his hands off as Box falls to the mat writhing in pain, and seemingly doesn't have full control of his body.

Mikey, directs everyone to take Impulse and Scott Douglas to the cleared out ring. Eric Dane jumps up behind Mikey, tucks his head, and drives him to the mat head first with a quick reverse DDT. Mikey bounces off the mat, but it doesn't take long for the other 4 members of WrestleUTA to swarm on Eric Dane and pull him away from the ringleader.

Very much against his will, Eric Dane is carried to the second ring, and with the help of all four men (and some great cheerleading on the outside from Harmen) They tie his arms up in the ropes, and start stomping at his chest, head, and legs.

Angus:

The Baws is stuck! This isn't good, Keebs. In all my years, I've said "this isn't good" probably a thousand times, but never have I meant it as much as I do right now.

DDK:

Hoffman is bloody and broken, Box has been electrocuted, and Eric Dane is tied up. This doesn't look good for Team DEFIANCE.

Crimson Lord and *THE* Jay Harvey take Scott Douglas into a corner and start landing strikes all over his body. Douglas tries to fight back, but he cannot block four fists. Eventually it becomes too much and he falls into a sitting position. At this point Crimson Lord places his boot firmly into the neck of Douglas and chokes him blatantly.

Mikey is getting back up and making his way to the ring where Dane, Douglas, and Impulse are. Impulse starts to get up but Mikey and Kendrix swarm him. *THE* Jay Harvey comes over to assist as Dan Ryan slowly walks over to Eric Dane with a smile from ear to ear.

Mikey grabs the legs of Impulse and stomps directly between them. The crowd boo's loudly and Impulse's face contorts as if someone stomped on his manhood.

Mikey hooks both legs and swings Impulse over onto his stomach. He applies his famous boston crab variation "The Backstory". Kendrix slides to the front of Impulse and reaches around the head and applies The Kendrix Kross to him simultaneously.

DDK:

Oh my god! Impulse is being pulled apart in the middle of the ring.

Eric Dane struggles with the ropes, trying to break free. He kicks at Dan Ryan who's just far enough away to be missed. Dan wags a finger at Dane.

THE Jay Harvey walks over from Scott Douglas corner where Lord has him pinned against the turnbuckle, and he starts kicking Impulse's ribs repeatedly. The officials, outside the cage, have come to the face side of Impulse to ask if he quits. Amazingly Impulse refuses.

CRACK!**CRACK!**

CRACK!

The kicks land flush into the side of Impulses abdomen. He coughs a bit but tries to flex and contort his body out of this situation. But to no avail. The referee asks again, and Impulse once more shakes his head no.

Angus:

There is no quit in Impulse, but how do you get out of this?

Almost as if time slows down we see Mikey arch back farther, Eric Dane takes a moment to take in his surroundings. He looks over to the opposite ring, where both Box and Hoffman lay incapacitated. He looks over to Scott Douglas who is beneath both monstrous feet of Crimson Lord with nowhere to go. He looks over to Impulse who's being tortured indiscriminately.

Eric Dane gives one...last...push! He tries to break free of the ropes. Dan Ryan laughs again.

Eric looks over to referee Brian Slater at ringside... He sighs, looks down... and nods his head.

DING DING DING.

Angus:

....I've....I.... I've got nothing....

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the WAR GAMES MATCH..... TEAM WRESTLE UTA!

BOOO

Like a switch was flipped on, the crowd is going nuts. They try to throw things at the ring, but the cage protects the people inside. Cups of warm beer spring off the top of the cage as the contents splash into the ring.

Mikey and Kendrix finally release the hold on Impulse. Mikey stands with his arms raised high! Kendrix embraces him in a hug. Soon all of the WrestleUTA team is surrounding Mikey. They all celebrate in the ring together.

DDK:

I don't know what to say folks. This isn't the result we were looking forward to, and even I admit, I was pulling for Team DEFIANCE tonight... I don't know what this means. I don't know what's going to happen... This is unprecedented.

The cage slowly begins to rise. Mikey walks over to Eric Dane with a smile on his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is the greatest day of my life... you.....you are done!

Very dramatically, Mikey rears back and spits right in Eric Dane's face. His temper rises and he tries to free his arms in the ropes once more and get to Mikey. It's no use!

As the cage rises and a clear gap appears the WreslteUTA team begins unceremoniously clearing what is left of DEFIANCE with meer shoves of the boot. Medical staff rush to ringside to check on the injured, Bronson Box and Reinhardt Hoffman especially. Finally they leave the ring, and are boo'd up the ramp way. Finally Brian Slater and Hector Navarro work together to free the arms of Eric Dane.

He falls to the mat but is quick to try to get up.

Angus:

The Baws is pissed!

DDK:

Is he still the boss?

Dane stands and holds one of his shoulders. He is cursing Mikey from the ring but does not chase after them knowing what 5 on 1 is like. The WrestleUTA team holds momentarily at the top of the rampway, turning to to survey the damage they have inflicted.

DDK:

Well folks, MAKE SURE to tune in to the next episode of DEFtv, I'm sure we're going to see all kinds of fallout. As always - This is Darren Keebler, with Angus Skaaland, and you're watching...WrestleU....How did this get in here?

The scene fades on Eric Dane checking on his wrestlers with the medical staff.

THIS...

IS...

WRESTLEUTA