

CELEBRATE GOOD TIMES! C'MON!

This week the arena comes to life, but there's no rundown, no view of Angus and Darren Keebler, No cute jokes, and really biased signage. There are signs in the crowd, but the camera doesn't even scan the fans. It just rests on the top of the stage facing the curtain.

♪ "Celebration" by Kool & the Gang ♪

The lights on the stage come to life, shining an array of colors towards the crowd and the camera. The music gets louder before the words kick in.

"YAAAAAAAHOOOOOOOOO!"

From behind the curtain comes a rolling red carpet onto the entrance ramp. The fans boo as they recognize what's about to happen.... Gloating.

Angus:

I love my job Keeps. I LOVE my job.... But watching this is going to be tough.

DDK:

War Games was just a couple weeks ago folks, and what a war it was! Ultimately WrestleUTA took the win, when Eric Dane had to throw in the towel for his team, after Mikey's misfits with the help of Jack Harmen on the outside, left destruction in their path!

Mikey Unlikely dances through the curtain, smiling wildly. Behind him come Kendrix, complete with enormous bug eyed glasses, THE Jay Harvey who has a bandage on his forehead from where he was hurt at War Games. Catalina comes through the curtain and walks to Harvey the fans throw catcalls her way, in which Harvey responds with a shake of the rump towards the fans.

Crimson Lord comes through the curtain, he's the only one not dancing. It's almost Comedic how much he stands out. Behind him is Jack Harmen who's a big dancer. The rest of the WrestleUTA roster spill out onto the stage, some dancing, some not so much. The last man out is Dan Ryan.

The fans are booing loudly, the music is still blaring over them however. The WrestleUTA owner makes his way over to the Interview stage with his tag team partner and co champion along with him. The remainder of the WrestleUTA roster stay on the stage.

Lance Warner stands poised on the interview stage with Microphone in hand. Mikey is about to walk up the stairs to the stage, but is stopped by Kendrix, who moves ahead of him and gets in Lance Warners face. The microphone is not raised but it still picks up what is said as the music fades away.

Kendrix:

Get outta here Lancey! We're running the show now, Innit?!

Jesse rips the microphone from the hand of the announcer. He reaches up and with a light push, he guides Warner from the stage, who doesn't look all that surprised by the action.

The man who stole the SOHER from Scott Douglas, taps the microphone and brings it up.

Kendrix:

Testies...Testies....Listen Yeah!?

Booooooooooooooooooooo

Kendrix:

It is my privilege....neh....my HONOR! To introduce to you, the man who masterminded a hostile takeover of DEFIANCE. The man who alongside me, won the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships, The man who has rightfully once again claimed the title that HE ESTABLISHED! The Hollywood Heritage Championship!

DDK:

Oh please! That title was stolen from Scott Douglas!

Angus:

I can't believe I'm angry for Scott Douglas...

Mikey is blushing at the stairs. Waving off his co-tag champion.

Kendrix:

HE IS...the owner of the greatest Sports Entertainment Company on the planet.... WrestleUTA! HE HAS...along with the WrestleUTA roster, embarrassed ERIC DANE...just a few short weeks ago inside WAR GAMES!

Angus:

Embarrassed!? That's a stretch...

JFK takes a moment to gluefist with Mikey following that announcement before getting back to the job at hand.

Kendrix:

HE IS...my bestest bruv and yours! MIKEEEEEYYYYYYY UNLIKELYYYYYYYY!

Kendrix puts the mic in his armpit and begins to lead the charge for the fans to clap for Mikey. He's energetic at first, but quickly becomes annoyed when the fans boo instead. Mikey comes onto the stage finally and hugs his comrade. Mikey takes the mic from him and thanks him privately for the amazing introduction. He turns to the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you! Thank you! I appreciate everyone being here for this momentous occasion! First of all, I have had one thought circling through my head these past few weeks. I've been dying to say one thing, since the War Games match nearly killed everyone involved.... And that one thing is....

He pauses for dramatic effect. He's a professional.

Mikey Unlikely:

I TOLD YOU SO!

Mikey and Kendrix break into hysterical laughter. There's a smattering of laughing from the Roster on the stage. The fans don't laugh so much, in fact they react negatively. Whodathunkit?

Angus:

I'm disgusted...

Mikey Unlikely:

I would like to call special attention to the amazing athletes who played a hand in the utter dominance showed by WrestleUTA at Maximum DEFIANCE! A special thank you goes out to my bestest Bruv, Kendrix here. Also to THE Jay Harvey, and the beautiful Catalina, The WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion, Crimson Lord! And lastly but certainly not leastly... The Ego Buster... the man who helped me turn the tides on Eric Dane.... Dan Ryan! Not to mention a terrific assist from Jack Harmen! That car battery though.... Take a bow gentleman!

Kendrix steps up on the interview stage and does just that. On the stage Harvey, Crimson Lord, and Dan Ryan take a step forward from the pack and the rest of the roster claps loudly. The rest of the arena is not amused

Mikey Unlikely:

These manly men came through for team WrestleUTA! These guys walked beside me as we entered the fire that was War Games. They didn't hesitate, they didn't complain, they willingly accepted the challenge and together we prevailed! I told you all when we walked in here a few short months ago. It would be our cohesiveness that would give us the edge over DEFIANCE, and nothing is more true than that statement today!

Kendrix brings the microphone to himself quickly.

Kendrix:

Now, Mikey...You just defeated Eric Dane inside two rings surrounded by steel.... How do you feel!?

He flexes the mic back out towards his compatriot.

Mikey Unlikely:

Damn good question bruv! OBVS!

Kendrix quickly holds the mic back to his mouth before nonchalantly smirking out at the crowd.

Kendrix:

TOTALLY OBVS!

Before holding the mic back out at his fellow Bruv.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'll be honest, I'm elated! It's really a great feeling! I mean I already knew we were the most sports entertaining company in the world. However.... I really feel validated that not only could we compete in a DEF style match...but we dominated it!

DDK:

I think some of the scars on the WrestleUTA roster might disagree.

Angus:

Yea just look at Harvey!

The Co Tag Champion interviewer gets excited.

Kendrix:

WOOOO! We did! All thanks to your "Master Plan!". Tell us, How did you come up with something so ingenious!?

The WrestleUTA owner nods to himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hmmmm..... I wasn't expecting that question, that's for sure... Successful people surround themselves with successful people. I always make sure I'm surrounding myself with the most respected people in this business, as well as the Hollywood Elite. On this occasion, it was the best damn team I could assemble, PLUS ONE! Jack Harmen had an idea on how to increase our odds at War Games, and I rolled with it! Feel free to shower me with credit however.

The camera switches to Harmen on stage. He smiles and waves to the "Adoring" audience.

Kendrix:

What a wonderful, off the cuff and definitely completely unprepared response of an answer, bruv! Now that you've toppled Eric Dane, what's next for WrestleUTA!?

One finger from Mikey shoots up and he answers quickly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Complete takeover! Soon, very soon, there will be no DEFIANCE. There will be no "invasion", there will only be WrestleUTA! The most Sports Entertaining company anyone has ever seen! Soon I will be the sole name at the top of the wrestling mountain. Soon when people think this sport they won't say "Wrestling" They will say "WrestleUTA". I want to be THE BRAND of the business. I want to be the q-tip of the ear cleaners, the kleenex of the tissues, the NASCAR of car racing. The Apple of phones! And with all of your help...

Mikey looks to the roster.

Mikey Unlikely:

We can do it! We can rise above! We can be the very best the world has to offer! We just need to finish the job that we've started...

Kendrix looks to the crowd, then back to Mikey, he appears almost timid.

Kendrix:

Mikey... JFK has to ask, I mean, I wouldn't be an award winning journalist if I didn't... What about the FIST of DEFIANCE!?

Mikey does a double take. He looks at JFK with wide eyes.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, what!? This is a celebration! We're celebrating good times! COME ON! Ugh....I had absolutely no idea you were going to ask that, I wish I had prepared something...

Mikey pulls a slip of paper from his back pocket and begins to read from it.

Angus:

What a sham.... This is stupid.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes it's true. Although David Hightower did make me proud with his performance a few weeks ago, he did fail to bring home the FIST of DEFIANCE. He beat Cayle Murray from pillar to post, from turnbuckle to bloody turnbuckle, even to the point where he broke his own hand, all in an effort to do what I told him. That my friends is a loyal soldier. Even though David Hightower didn't bring home the gold. I am very happy with his performance.

Kendrix nods along, adding in a quick:

Kendrix:

I think we all are!

Mikey Unlikely:

So that being said.... As many of you know, due to my hollywood stardom, my hulu contracts, as well as owning the incredibly lucrative WrestleUTA, I have a substantial amount of cash.

Kendrix:

Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs! And with that substantial amount of money, I would like to make an offer.

Mikey looks to the stage at his roster.

Mikey Unlikely:

If ANY man, can defeat Cayle Murray and bring me the FIST of DEFIANCE championship, I will personally give that

individual \$100,000 CASH!

DDK:

Woah, that's a lot of money!

Angus:

Oh no! You're not kidding Keeps! That's a hell of an incentive.

The roster on the stage suddenly looks surprised, some murmurs go through the crowd. The fans in the arena boo.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now... I'm not saying injure Cayle Murray, I'm not saying maim him. I'm saying I want one of my WrestleUTA wrestlers to defeat Cayle Murray one on one, and bring me the gold LEGALLY! If I wanted to steal the title, I would do that on my own. So gentlemen...this offer is good from now... till the ACTS OF DEFIANCE pay per view. The first man to bring me the belt, walks out with all the cash!

He turns to the camera right in front of him and looks directly into it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cayle Murray, I hear you're a little beat up after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!?! I hear the Champion is a little worse for wear... well you're going to need a fucking miracle, to still be holding that championship a few months from now. All I can say is I have a stage full of guys who would love to not only be the FIST OF DEFIANCE...but I've given them 100,000 MORE reasons to want to beat you down! THE FIST IS MINE! AND I WILL NOT REST UNTIL IT... ALONG WITH THE REST OF DEFIANCE BELONGS TO ME!

♪ "Celebration" by Kool & the Gang ♪

DDK:

There you have it folks. The UTA Celebration is in full swing, but this war appears to be far from over.

Angus:

I hope Squid knows what's going on, he needs to start watching his back RIGHT NOW! A Bounty on the champ!?

The celebratory music kicks back on, as Mikey drops the mic on the stage. Kendrix is trying to get Mikey back into the dancing mood, but he's still looking right into the camera in front of him, hoping Cayle Murray is watching and got the message.

The crowd on stage starts to dance back to the backstage area.

Fade.

OSCAR BURNS VS. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

DDK:

It's already been a crazy night and we're not even to our first match yet. Mikey Unlikely won't stop until the FIST of DEFIANCE is in the UTA's hands... but right now, we have to switch gears to a match that was made following the Maximum DEFIANCE Pay-Per-View.

Angus:

This is why those UTA fucksticks are winning... lots of infighting with our camp!

DDK:

Apparently, Reinhardt Hoffman took issue with how Oscar Burns lost his match to Scott Stevens at Maximum DEFIANCE. Burns had things under control, but him caring about the well-being of one of our officials was his downfall and Stevens won.

Angus:

It was shitty, sure. Hoffman came out on the losing end of War Games himself, but says he doesn't want a guy like Burns fighting alongside him if he knows he can't pull the trigger.

DDK:

There's no doubt both men bleed DEFIANCE colors, but they need to settle this and the ring is the best way how. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your opening contest of the evening and is a singles bout set for one fall! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... **OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The rapid-fire orange and yellow strobe lights mean only one thing - Oscar Burns comes out, a little more focused than he has been. Burns throws off his "Hi. I Like Graps." t-shirt and hurls it into the crowd before heading to the ring. Wiping his feet on the ring apron, he then leaps over the ropes and lands inside, posing for the crowd. Burns then wastes no time waiting for Hoffman to come out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Dusseldorf, German, weighing in at 245 pounds... **REINHARDT HOFFMAN!**

♪ Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ♪

Quimbey makes the announcement for the "Gentleman German" Reinhardt Hoffman as a folly of brass and strings crashes through the Wrestle-Plex. The Faithful rain down a mixed - mostly positive - reaction toward the lean lantern-jawed grappler. Hoffman's face shows little emotion unlike Burns who looks itching for a fight. The Gentleman German enters the ring and comes nose to nose with Burns with Navarro having to break it up! He calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The two DEFIANCE stars locked up in a VERY heated grappling exchange to start with! The two men were both some of the premier grapplers today and that experienced showed when Burns and Hoffman exchanged quick wrist-locks, both men almost countering as fast as they could slap them on!

DDK:

Wow, look at 'em go!

Angus

I hope they get this out of their system and just use it to... you know fight they ACTUAL threat!

When Hoffman slaps on a Hammerlock, Burns walks forward to the middle rope, then reenters through the bottom, reversing the hold! The Technical Spectacle gets cheers from the crowd as he keeps the hold locked on and kicks a leg out from under Hoffman before switching up to a top Wristlock! He manages to negotiate Hoffman onto the canvas in a bridge and tries to go for a quick pin.

ONE!

Hoffman shoots the left shoulder up but Burns pushes it down again.

ONE!

Hoffman now shoots the right shoulder up and then starts to get back to lean back to his feet! He then tries to trip Burns up and shoves him down to the mat, but now Burns is in a bridge. Hoffman tries to put his weight on top of Burns to break it, but the crowd cheers when he **KEEPS** the bridge locked!

Angus:

They's evenly matched, Keeps! But Hoffman is right. He has that killer instinct and ain't afraid to use it!

DDK:

Burns has been pushed and we've seen him get vicious! He can do it!

When Hoffman's attempt to put weight on Burns fails, he pushes himself off and Burns quickly kips up to his feet before straight MUSCLING Hoffman over with a Double Wrist Lock into an Overhead Throw! Burns surges to his feet and then grabs the left leg of Hoffman, gunning for the knee...

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

The crowd continues cheering on Burns as his signature stomps come down on the knee/leg of Hoffman! The Gentleman German is left wincing in pain as Oscar now leads up him up, throw an elbow to the same knee, throws a chop to the chest and then blasts him with a European Uppercut! He goes staggering back into the ropes when Hoffman gets taken over with a Bridging Underhook Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

The first two-count of the match! Burns is looking really focused! He feels like he let DEFIANCE down with his loss to Scott Stevens.

Angus:

He should feel bad for getting suckered like he did. I'm all for the DEFIANCE guys fighting for us, but their heads need to be in the game if we're going to beat the UTA.

Burns tries to pull Hoffman up by the leg again, but Hoffman is willing to go for the extra mile by going right for Burns's eye with a quick rake! The crowd does boo Hoffman and Hector reprimands him, but he doesn't care as he then spins behind Burns and drags him to the nearest corner...

Angus:

GORRAM IT! GERMAN FROM THE GERMAN! INTO THE CORNER!

Indeed, The Technical Spectacle gets folded up like an accordion with a Release German Suplex into the nearest buckle! The crowd winces from the impact but Hoffman wastes no time in going right after the shoulder of Burns himself now. He pulls him out of the corner and unleashes his signature elbow strikes at Burns's shoulder.

DDK:

He's trying to soften him up for his finisher, Shoulder Warfare.

Angus:

A pretty lethal move, Keebs, I've seen it. Twists the dude's arm right off and beats them with it.

Hoffman forces Burns to the mat and throws stomps to the arm of Burns before he drops a big Knee Drop right onto the arm and shoulder area! Burns howls in pain and now Hoffman cranks back on the arm, twisting it in a regular Fujiwara Armbar now! The crowd tries to rally behind the Kiwi as Burns tries to fight his way out, but Hoffman isn't going anywhere. And things go from bad to worse when Hoffman cranks back on the fingers!

Angus:

And right for the fingers! He loves these types of holds to just REALLY fuck up some fool's day!

DDK

You can see the anguish on Burns' face! Is he gonna tap?

Navarro does go to check on him, but Burns doesn't give him the satisfaction even if his digits could be ripped off. Hoffman relents on the finger and goes back to ruining his day by elbowing the arm and shoulder some more. He stands up and uses his legs to intertwine the arm of Burns so he can be free to crank on the neck of Burns!

DDK:

A modified Hammerlock/Chinlock combo now! This looks every bit as painful as one might think... is Burns gonna tap no... no! Wait!

Hoffman leaves the knee of his free for a second and gives Burns the chance to strike away with his free arm on the left knee of The Gentleman German! He keeps trying the hold, but Burns eventually fight his way free and lands a HARD Elbow Smash on the cleft chin of the Bronson Box disciple! The blow rattles him for a second, but then Hoffman fires back with a Knife-Edge Chop with some STANK on it!

Angus:

Hoffman knows his way around strikes, too!

Hoffman shoves Burns back to the corner by grabbing his arm and throwing him into the corner! He then fires back with a STIFF Knife-Edge Chop! And another! Burns is left down and out in the corner when Hoffman tries to pull him out...

DDK:

NO! HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

Angus:

DAMN, GINA!

One of Burns' best trump cards catches Hoffman FLUSH in the chest and knocks him out flat while Burns falls to his knees, trying to pump some feeling back into his left arm. Burns points to the fans and encourages them to make more noise, which they're happy to do for him. He then picks up Hoffman and runs him to the corner, CRACKING him with a European Uppercut using the good arm! Burns backs up for a moment before trying again...

Angus:

Hoffman blocks with the boot, wait, crap!

DDK:

OUCH! Burns just caught the leg and dropped it on his shoulder in a Stunner-like move!

The Gentlemen German is left hobbling around the ring now when Burns sneaks behind him to pick him up and drop

him HARD across his knee with a shinbreaker, but Burns then hangs on and lifts him up...

DDK:

Crackbackamajig!

Angus:

Bless you.

The Belly to Back Backbreaker nearly BREAKS Hoffman in half, but it's clear the move was only intended to soften him up for whatever came next... that being a PAINFUL Leg Lock! Nothing too fancy about the hold, but enough to put a lot of pressure on The Gentleman German!

DDK:

Burns might have him here! Is Hoffman gonna submit?

Angus:

What's he gonna do?

Burns cranks back on the hold and Hoffman looks like he just might contemplate it, but he starts scurrying to the ropes... inching closer... until he just BARELY gets it!

DDK:

No doubt Hoffman's height saved him on that one, but Burns has fought his way back into this one! What's he got next?

Angus:

I gotta hand it to the Kiwi, he's getting vicious tonight!

Hoffman gets back up, but when Burns tries to finish him off, Hoffman grabs his tights and slings Burns face-first into the buckle! He stumbles and then Hoffman tees off, CRACKING Burns with a STIFF Roaring Elbow, one of his best strikes!

Angus:

Got suckered in again, Burns! That's it!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

Hoffman is in disbelief that didn't finish Burns off when he had the chance! But Hoffman doesn't waste much time after that trying to go back for the arm of Burns again, no doubt sure he was going to be softened up for Shoulder Warfare now. Hoffman grabs the arm of Burns, but before he can get any farther...

DDK:

NO! BURNS JUST ROLLED HIM RIGHT INTO THE HEEL HOOK! THE GRAPS OF WRATH NUMBER THREE!

Angus:

How... how'd he do that so fast? How?!

Burns had weathered the storm of Hoffman and now has him locked up TIGHT in the center of the ring in an even more excruciating hold! The Technical Spectacle cranks back on both the knee he's worked over with the addition of the Heel Hook making this really excruciating!

Hoffman gets an arm up...

He tries to fight...

But he can't!

TAP TAP TAP!

Hector Navarro calls for the bell and Burns lets go of the hold almost immediately since the match was now over!

Darren Quimbey:

Here's your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Burns gets back to his feet, checking his arm to make sure it was okay and then checking to make sure he still has all his teeth after the surprise Roaring Elbow from Hoffman! After his self-check goes okay, Navarro raises his hand.

DDK:

What a match! Burns with a win he certainly had to work for as both men had something to prove tonight. Hopefully, they can put the issue to bed after this and focus on how we can defeat the UTA.

Angus:

For your sake, I want you to be right, Keebs. We don't need infighting.

Burns tries to do the right thing and tries to help Hoffman back to his feet, but The Gentleman German growls. When Burns tries to give him a handshake as a peace offering, Hoffman looks at the outstretched hand, then at the crowd that want him to take it...

And ever so politely, he does quickly!

Hoffman only shakes the arm briefly, but limps out of the ring to head back to the drawing board!

DDK:

Probably about as cordial as these two might ever be, but now both men can move on from this. We've still got a whole lot more show to go.

Angus:

And hopefully, some UTA guys getting popped!

FOLLOW THE LIGHTS

DDK:

Let's go, once again, to Lance Warner on the Interview Stage.

Angus:

Not McFuckass again ...

Cut to Lance Warner on the aforementioned stage.

Lance Warner:

At this time I'd like to welcome the Southern Heritage Champion, Scott Douglas and Terry "The Idol" Anderson!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Angus:

This piece of grunge garbage isn't much better ... HELL, he cost DEFIANCE a victory at WAR GAMES!

The Faithful pop and take to their feet as Scott steps into the frame with a labored gate. He hits his mark next to Lance looking a little worse for the War Games wear.

DDK:

Granted, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE didn't turn out as many of us would have hoped it too but Scott Douglas didn't throw in the towel... Eric Dane begrudgingly did so - so DEFIANCE could live to fight another day!

Same black t-shirt, same homemade jean shorts and dusty boots. Still no title. Scott's hands and wrists however aren't taped and this would be the only thing separating his day to day wear from his ring gear.

Terry follows behind Scott, sans the cooler but with an ever present beer clutched in his right hand.

DDK:

That being said ... I'm sure Scott Douglas has a few thoughts on Mikey Unlikely, especially as it pertains to the Southern Heritage Championship!

Douglas looks to be in no mood for Terry's nonsense or the fanfare in general. Terry, however, is all teeth. His face as beat red as his tropical themed button down shirt.

Angus:

Who cares! The time for talk has BEEN over! Grow some balls and go take it back!

Lance Warner:

Scott ... after a devastating loss at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and with the Southern Heritage Title currently, well ... not IN your possession, what recourse do you have? AND ... for that matter - what recourse does DEFIANCE have as WrestleUTA wages what seems to be a war of attrition?

Scott Douglas:

Lance, I can't speak for DEFIANCE as a whole -

Terry edges in between Scott and Lance, leaning over Scott's shoulder.

Terry Anderson:

LANCE! Look here, bud! We all saw the match. The cheating bastards cheated ... you got me? They CHEATED! Ok, so hey ... I says - Scott'll tell ya'. I says - CHEAT! Kick 'em in the balls and let's get a drink. Amirite, people?

Terry, if never before, is now officially the drunk uncle. A smattering of the Faithful cheer for Terry's nonsense. The rest aren't nearly that drunk yet. Scott gingerly shrugs him off with his elbow planted in Terry's chest.

Douglas:

Ignore him.

Scott pauses for a moment to gather his thoughts. He looks out toward the DEFarena as he begins to speak.

Douglas:

I haven't been around long enough to stand here, in front of all of you, and say what DEFIANCE is or isn't - nor can I say what we, together - need to do or not.

The elicits a mixed reaction from the paying audience.

Douglas:

But what I do know ... What I know first hand; my first year here was complete hell...

The Faithful become uneasy.

Angus: *[inscenesed]*

Where he going with this!?

Douglas:

For a YEAR - I stared into the abyss. My eyes fixed down the long dark tunnel. All the while everyone warning me ... saying that light - that tiny flickering glimmer at the end of it all - was nothing more than the speeding train that would end me.

He pauses for effect, glancing toward Lance for a moment before returning his gaze back to the front, this time straight down the barrell of the camera.

Douglas:

And ... after having my character assassinated, my name drug through the mud and the death of a loved one drugged up on live television ... I made it out the otherside! Finally!

Angus:

If this bastard ...

Douglas:

That light wasn't a speeding train and it wasn't the end of me. That light was merely the beginning! That LIGHT was ... the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Faithful ignite and the sound is nearly deafening. Terry pops, holding his beer up high - just over the shoulder of Scott and Lance. Douglas begins to continue but has to hold back for a moment waiting for the ambient sound to come down. He eventually continues and has to yell over the crowd noise a bit.

Douglas:

I'm from the Pacific Northwest but my father was a proud Southern man and hell of a wrestler! AND nothing says Southern Heritage ... more than I do! Mikey Unlikely ... you disgraced the title when you held it and now AGAIN - you've returned not only to try to tear down the DEFIANT but to shit on MY LIGHT!

The Faithful are all worked up and the noise level continues to raise, seemingly endless.

Douglas:

I will take whats mine and bring it back to DEFIANCE!

Scott, all worked up, ends on a big punctuated statement expecting the enthusiasm to continue but the overall energy dampens quickly.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The production team struggles to keep up with what the live audience has already taken note of.

Cut to the rampway.

Reaper Green stands in the middle of the stage flanked on either side by the Reaper Army. Reaper Prime is noticeably absent.

DDK:

What is this now ... ?

Cut to a rear angle of Lance, Scott and Terry looking on to the stage from the interview stage. Lance has dropped the mic in preparation to flee if necessary.

Angus:

Ol' Scotty is out here speaking in jumbled adages and forgot the most important one! Hear no, speak no, see no ... EVIL!!

The Reaper's hold motionless. Each LED backlit mask beaming in a different hue. Scott has had enough and grabs the microphone from Lance, Lance's hand momentarily still attached.

Douglas:

We're square!

No response.

Douglas:

This was settled!

The Reaper's don't budge. Terry, with a hand on Douglas' shoulder urges him to fall back and follow Lance Warner, who is long gone.

Douglas:

I've got no beef left with you! Where the hell is Jessica?!

Again, the Reapers have no response or movement. They stare ahead toward the ring and other than their appearance, they don't acknowledge Douglas in the slightest. The roaring boo's have turned into an awkward silence. Everyone staring on wonder what is and about to happen.

Just as Terry's pleading seems to have sunk in the DEFIatron comes to life with a burst of static and Douglas turns back toward the stage.

The static is quickly followed by the growingly familiar phrase "WE ARE THE HOPE."

Douglas looks around, paranoid but decides to shake it off and walk away as a familiar voice draws him back once more.

Cut to a direct shot of the stage and screen.

The Reaper's hold steadfast as Courtney Paz appears on screen.

Courtney Paz:

Nathaniel Scott Douglas ... I'll be honest, I thought you might be a lost cause.

Cut to Scott on the sub stage with an angered but questioning eye turned toward the giant screen.

Paz:

My client, however ... never lost hope. You still have that anger. That fire boiling in the pit of your stomach ... you show promise, Nathaniel ... and that is why at this time I bestow a TRUE light at the end of your dark tunnel upon you.

Scott raises Lance's abandoned mic to his face, enraged and ready to give a piece of his mind to the disembodied head yakking on the screen. A word or two in he realizes the mic audio has been cut and he tosses it to the sub stage and fumes as she continues.

Paz:

As the my client's ... well - let's call them marketing materials ... have suggested. WE are the hope. The only area I feel the campaign may be lacking is in it's tone of finality... So as an addeundum, I'll clarify just this once.

Paz pauses.

Paz:

We are the ONLY HOPE!

Scott leaves the substage and starts making his way around the main stage down the small alley created by the ramp and the guardrail.

Paz:

Given your current actions I can only surmise you aren't thinking this through.

Members of the Faithful cheer him on as the more overzealous slap him on the back as he navigates the tight space to get to a low enough level of the ramp to hop over and onto the ramp.

Terry holds tight on the substage, sipping his beer.

Another voice rings through the arena but this doesn't originate from Paz. Instead this is the recording of the voicemail of Scott's deceased ex, that nearly a year ago plagued him and his tenure to that point in DEFIANCE.

"Scotty ..."

This give Scott a momentary pause as he makes his way toward the Reaper Army.

The camera shot casts over Scott's shoulder with the Reaper Army in his path and Courtney Paz still on the screen looking extremely pleased with herself.

Paz:

Now that I have you attention, again ... Comply and assume the position you were meant to take - and my client will facilitate the safe return of your prized Southern Heritage Championship...

Scott screams out, picked up only by camera audio.

Douglas:

OR!?!

Paz:

OR ...

The Reaper Army make their first semblance of movement since appearing on screen tonight as the raise their masked heads slightly.

Paz:

Your buddy, KERRY ... will take your title - whether you possess it or not!

Scott thinks momentarily or at least feigns too before, with a shrug, he charges toward the Reaper Army.

Angus:

About time he grew some balls!

LIGHTS OUT

Angus:

There go his balls ...

The lights return and Douglas is left standing alone at the top of the ramp. He looks down toward the substage at a bewildered Terry Anderson. From there he continues to scan the area, his eyes landing on Angus and Darren.

Angus:

OH no, you stay right the hell away from this whole area!

Douglas fumes for a few more moments before he stomps back through the curtain.

Cut to Terry Anderson on the substage tipping his can high up in the air, tapping the bottom and making a show out of getting the last drop. Behind him Lance Warner can be seen approaching the interview stage cautiously, retrieving his mic and preparing for the next segment.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

We cut to the interview stage where Lance Warner stands in the spotlight. The DEFIAfans in attendance quickly quiet themselves as he prepares to speak.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please join me in welcoming my guests at this time, Charlie Ace, Hoyt Williams and Cristiano Caballero!

♪ "Sad But True" by Metallica ♪

That quietness doesn't last long as the fans erupt in a chorus of jeers as Lance's guests emerge from the back and slowly make their way over to join him.

Angus:

There he is, Keeps! Fresh off a victory at DEFcon over Nicky Synz, Cristiano Caballero!

DDK:

You make it sound like he earned that victory himself. Don't forget he had a big hand from Charlie Ace and Hoyt Williams to put up that win.

Angus:

He'd still have won that match no matter what. Williams and Ace just expedited the process.

The three men ascend the steps and join Lance. Ace and Caballero smile broadly as they survey the audience while Williams stands in the background as stoically as ever. They don't do anything to rile the crowd up, beyond looking as smug as the do, but the faithful in the audience let them know how they feel anyway. Lance lets the audience get their greivances out before starting the interview.

Lance Warner:

Charlie, thank you for joining me at this time. I'd like to start by asking you about DEFcon.

Charlie Ace:

Of course you would, Lance. That's all anyone is talking about right now. All they care about is when my new client, Cristiano Caballero pinned that loser Nicky Synz's shoulders to the mat for the one, two, three!

Off to the side Caballero nods and holds up three fingers.

Lance Warner:

There was a considerable amount of outside interference though-

Charlie Ace:

Outside interference? I don't recall there any outside interference. How about you, Hoyt? Did you see anything? No, didn't think so. There's no mention of a disqualification in the record books... But what I did see was Cristiano Caballero with his hand raised high after the bell rang! If I didn't know any better Lance I'd say you'd been listening to those fake dirtsheets.

Lance Warner:

I can assure you, I haven't. Now, Cristiano, if I could ask you, what lead to you signing with Charlie Ace?

Caballero looks dumbfounded by that question. He takes a second to look at Lance in amazement and shake his head.

Cristiano Caballero

Are you serious? What lead to me signing with a man that promised me exactly what I deserve but wasn't getting? The

fact I'm out here answering your ridiculous questions rather than back there waiting patiently to maybe have a chance to appear on a seldom run BRAZEN show should be proof enough that I made the best decision of my career when I signed with Charlie Ace.

Lance moves the microphone back to himself, but before he can speak Charlie Ace pipes up.

Charlie Ace:

He's not done, Lance!

Warner slowly points the microphone back to Caballero who turns to his manager and nods.

Cristiano Caballero

Thank you. As I was saying, Charlie Ace has promised me opportunities I haven't got while I've been doing that whole 'waiting patiently' thing, and they're already coming true. I'm getting my interview time, I'm on TV right now, I have a Pay Per View win to my name... Next up is a title shot, and that won't be far down the line the way I'm tearing through the 'competition' right now.

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Angus:

What's this guy doing out here?

The DEFIAfans' jeers turn to cheers as Butch Victorious stomps his way out from the back with a microphone in hand and heads over to the interview stage. He climbs the stairs, undeterred by the advancing Hoyt Williams, but it's Charlie Ace who calls off his attack dog.

Butcher Victorious:

Sorry, Cris, but I had to come out here and make sure I actually heard what I think I heard. Did you say you were 'tearing through' the competition?

Caballero nods as Charlie Ace mimes nonchalant paper ripping.

Butcher Victorious:

Because last I checked you needed his help...

Butcher points at the mime.

Butcher Victorious:

And you needed his help...

And then at the mountain of man meat stood behind the mime.

Butcher Victorious:

To beat Nicky Synz, and you needed a handful of my tights to beat me. Correct me if I'm wrong here, Lance, but that sounds more like scraping by than tearing through.

Lance knows well enough not to answer such a loaded question in front of three men that all weigh more than him, even if one of those three is Charlie Ace. Instead he simply extends his microphone to Charlie to offer him the chance to rebut.

Charlie Ace:

You need to be careful, Butcher. One snap of my fingers and Hoyt here will tear your throat out through your millennial hipster beard.

Butcher Victorious:

Oh no... Well I sure wouldn't want that... but I'll tell you what I do want. I want Cristiano Caballero in that ring, one on one, right now!

Caballero turns to Charlie and flares his eyebrows. Ace smiles back at his new charge before turning to Butcher Victorious.

Charlie Ace:

Your funeral.

The fans cheer as Butcher, satisfied with that as an acceptance backs away down the stairs of the interview stage.

DDK:

Well, it looks like we're getting an impromptu match here, Angus, as Butcher Victorious has just challenged Cristiano Caballero! You've got to admire the guts on this guy to stand up to Caballero, Ace and Williams.

Angus:

I don't have to admire anything. Victorious just voluntarily stepped into the lion's mouth, let alone the den.

DDK:

He's not one to back down from a fight, and I think we're going to get one.

Angus:

Just don't be surprised when Caballero comes out on top, that's all I'm saying, Keeps.

CRISTIANO CABALLERO VS. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

Well, Butcher Victorious is in the ring now, we're just waiting on Cristiano Caballero.

Caballero saunters his way down to the ring with Charlie Ace talking in his ear the whole time. A few paces behind them walks Hoyt Williams who doesn't take his eyes off of Butcher Victorious. As the three reach the ring Caballero slides into the ring while Charlie Ace takes up his position in his charge's corner. Hoyt Williams meanwhile slowly makes his way around the ring towards Butcher's corner.

DDK:

Keep an eye on Hoyt there, Benny! Where's he going?

Doyle calls for the bell as both men are in the ring, and as soon as it rings Charlie Ace pops up onto the apron, drawing the attention of Benny Doyle. Butches spies what's happening and turns to see Hoyt about to climb up onto the apron. He rushes the ropes and throws a right hand at Williams, who drops back to the arena floor to avoid it. Before he can turn his attention back to Caballero however, the Spaniard rushes up behind him, hooks his head, pulls him back towards the center of the ring and drives him into the mat with a rolling cutter! Ace drops down from the apron to allow Benny Doyle to count the inevitable.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, via pinfall, Cristiano Caballero!

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

I told you, Keebs! Don't be surprised!

DDK:

This is just ridiculous! Butcher Victorious had no chance... and now look! The vultures descend!

Charlie Ace and Hoyt Williams both slide into the ring and start putting the boots into Butcher Victorious along with Cristiano. Charlie is directing traffic as he tells Hoyt to pull Butcher up to his feet, but as he starts to do so...

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp ♪

DDK:

Here comes the cavalry!

Nicky Synz explodes from the back and sprints down to the ring. He pops up onto the apron and springboards into the ring with a dropkick to the chest of Hoyt Williams. Williams drops Butcher and stumbles back, toppling over the top rope and to the outside. Caballero takes a swing at Synz, but the shot is blocked and Nicky unleashes with a flurry of strikes. He lands a kick to the midsection of Caballero and grabs his head for the facemelter, but before he can hit it he's blindsided by two more men!

DDK:

Hang on, did those guys just jump the barrier?

Angus:

I... I don't know what the hell is going on.

One of the two, a caucasian man with a shaved head wearing a grey sleeveless hoodie and jeans, lays into Synz with forearms and elbows as he's down on the mat while the other, an african american in shorts and a t-shirt, nails Butcher Victorious with a running knee to the side of the head. The first man pulls Synz up to his feet and lifts him for a back suplex, which the second man joins and adds a neckbreaker to the mix!

DDK:

Can someone get out here!

Angus:

Someone is out here! Nicky Synz! And he just got taken out!

The two men now turn their attention to Butcher Victorious. The first man grabs him by the legs and applies a Texas Cloverleaf before the second man applies a crossface! The two wrench on the hold while Butcher pounds on the canvas with his free hand until Charlie Ace instructs them to stop!

DDK:

Oh god are these guys with Charlie Ace too?

Angus:

It looks that way.

DDK:

Look at this, now all five of them are acting like they've not just beaten up 2 men! This is absolutely disgusting!

Charlie Ace, Cristiano Caballero, Hoyt Williams and the two unidentified men stand over the fallen Nicky Synz and Butcher Victorious basking in the hatred from the fans as we fade to black.

TALENT SCOUT

The scene opens in the backstage area, the shot focussed squarely on the Kabal's manager, Courtney Paz, dressed in one of her many business suits, hair tied back and cellular phone, as usually more often than not, held to her ear.

Courtney Paz:

Керри уже полезен.

OSV:

Alriiigghhhtttt, Courtneeeeeey!

Paz removes the cell from her ear as she turns around to check on the rather obnoxious interruption before rolling her eyes and placing the cell back to speak.

Courtney Paz:

I'll get back to you.

Click goes the cell, followed by that let's get down to business smile as the shot pans out to reveal a rather smug looking JFK eyeing Paz up and down before that smirk hits his face.

Courtney Paz:

Jesse Frederiks Kendrix, I don't believe we have been formally introduced.

Courtney holds her hand out for the shake, but Jesse rubs his beard, looks away and quickly returns his gaze on Paz with that cheeky London smile and arms shrugged out wide by his side.

Kendrix:

What can I say, Courts? Today is your lucky day, innit?!

Jesse grabs her hand and forces the shake despite the less than impressed look on Paz's face.

Courtney Paz:

Is there something you want exactly?

Releasing the formal handshake, Jesse points his index finger back Courtney's way, his face rather exaggeratedly lights up looking impressed with Paz's nous.

Kendrix:

Obvs there's something I want, sweetheart. But don't get too excited now, will ya? This is purely a professional request. There is currently a huge queue of super hot fitties waiting for Jayyy Efff Kaaayyy, in his locker room, baby! I'm in no need for another.

He winks at Paz, who unsurprisingly sighs as she turns to leave, however, Jesse innocently holds his hands up in front of her before she can leave.

Kendrix:

Alright, alright, Listen, yeah?! JFK just wanted a moment to have a little chat with your Reaper Bruvs, yeah? I've been looking all over the building and I can't find them.

Courtney Paz shifts her glasses and stares at him, nodding briefly she smiles.

Courtney Paz:

I find it hard to believe that you personally have been looking "all over the building" to find my clients.

Kendrix:

OK fine...

He sighs.

Kendrix:

I looked at the CCTV in the arena for like 5 minutes, ok?! Nowhere to be found. They're probably doing their mumbo jumbo, hocus pocus, disappearing act all the time. It's exhausting keeping up with that lot.

Paz produces a wry smile.

Courtney Paz:

Be that as it may, I represent Reaper Co. Therefore, anything you want to ask them goes through myself.

Kendrix looks taken aback, but nods Courtney's way as he focuses up to the task at hand.

Kendrix:

That's fine by me, Courts. JFK'll cut to the chase. Seeing as your clients took out Impulse, it's obvious to me and Mikey that you want to see DEFIANCE destroyed as much as we do.

Paz raises her eyebrows at the suggestion made from the Hollywood Bruv.

Kendrix:

In fact, your guys have had it in for DEFIANCE ever since you set foot in this place. You've even said hurtful things about the Hollywood Bruvs in the past. What was it Jessica mentioned when she first moved in?

He looks up, rubbing his beard before holding his index finger to his lips in apparent thought before wagging his finger by the side of his head with a smile and pointing it out at Paz.

Kendrix:

That's right? That WE...sum up everything that's wrong with DEFIANCE!

He steps in closer to Paz, his demeanor somewhat more aggressive, as for the first time, she looks on with concern on her face. However, JFK's mood quickly lightens up once more.

Kendrix:

You know, it's funny. She was actually right. We were and still are what's wrong with DEFIANCE. You saw what happened at War Games, didn't you? We showed the world we are exactly what's wrong with DEFIANCE. Because DEFIANCE, clearly ain't the RIGHT way to go, Courts!

JFK takes a step back, freeing up Paz's personal space.

Kendrix:

WrestleUTA is taking over. Sports Entertainment is winning the war! We're this close to destroying DEFIANCE forever.

Index finger and thumb hovering just without touching.

Kendrix:

Mikey Unlikely likes what Reaper Co have been doing recently. The whole different coloured eyes, smoke, lights out lights on disappearing, reappearing thing your freaks have got going on is great TV.

He holds his hands out wide by his side.

Kendrix:

So here's the deal Paz. DEFIANCE will fall. You and Reaper Co side with WrestleUTA...and we'll simply destroy

DEFIANCE much quicker...

Paz waves her hand, interrupting Jesse.

Courtney Paz:

The Reaper Army would definitely be in favor of DEFIANCE being destroyed. However, allying on the side of you guys. I'm not so sure.

JFK nods his head, eyes widened, eyebrows raised and lower lip stuck out in apparent contemplation of Paz's answer.

Kendrix:

That's fine, Courts. You've obvs got a big decision to make on your clients' future. Mull it over, innit?! No pressure etcetera etcetera.

He turns and takes a few steps out of shot before doubling back and getting back in Paz's face, looking down at her.

Kendrix:

But we expect that decision to be made by the end of the night. Just remember though, if Reaper Co aren't with WrestleUTA...

He steps back, smirk across his face.

Kendrix:

Well, you know how the rest of that one goes, don't you, bruv?!

Kendrix takes a couple of steps back out of shot as it focusses up on Courtney Paz in thought before the scene fades out.

WHO IS LEFT?

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Jon Larver steps from behind the curtain first. He holds the WrestleUTA Championship high above his head. Crimson steps from behind the curtain, a bit slow than usual after the brutal War Games at Maximum Defiance. He follows Larver toward the ring.

DDK:

After a brutal battle at Maximum Defiance, this man show just how dominate he is in this business. It pains me to admit that.

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

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

Angus:

Wake me up when he is done spewing his garbage!

He grabs the championship from Jon's hands. He reaches for the top rope and pulls himself up on the apron; soon after steps over the top rope. He walks to the center of the ring, slowly turning his head to the sea of hatred for him. Jon enters the ring and stands next to the seven footer. Crimson raises the championship up one last time to even more heat. The only applaud shown is that by his administrative assistant Jon Larver.

Crimson set the championship over his shoulder, then reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a microphone.

Crimson:

So..

The arena continues to show their hatred for this man while he looks out into the sea of fans. They continue to try and disrupt the champion. A smirk can be seen under Crimson hood.

Crimson:

More..

Deafening sounds of hatred continue to rise in sound. Crimson looks at Jon for a moment before again just provoking this capacity crowd in the WrestlePlex.

Crimson:

MORE!

Angus:

Not this shit again, why do these people find the need to give this man so much attention?

Crimson adjust the championship on his shoulder for a moment still with a smirk on his face.

Crimson:

Ok all you piss ants your five minutes of fame are up. At Maximum Defiance, the WrestleUTA beat this pathetic excuse of a wrestling company to a bloody pulp!

More heat expressed upon Crimson statement.

Crimson:

War Games, a match made by your one and only Eric Dane..

Eric Dane's name drop gets a nice reaction just by his name being uttered by the champion.

Crimson:

Oh so you cheer a man that lost all faith in his top guys. The ones that were suppose to fight back and stop the evil WrestleUTA from taking over...guess what it appears Eric lost all faith in the rejects he has at the top of this company's ladder!

Crimson hands the championship to Larver who holds it up above his head.

Crimson:

It was almost like poor little Dane came to the frightening conclusion that the guys running this show were nothing more than placeholders!

Crimson paces the ring for a moment while speaking.

Crimson:

Perhaps he had a epiphany that night, he came to the conclusion that men like Mikey Unlikely...

Chorus of boos

"The Chosen One" Jesse Fredricks Kendrix!

More boos

"The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey!

Continued heat as Crimson recites the members of his War Games team.

Or maybe the man YOU Eric should of kept happy...Dan Ryan!

Continued heat as Crimson continues to recite the members of his War Games team.

Angus:

Just hearing these loser's names makes me want to puke!

Crimson stops mid ring and looks up under his hood.

Crimson:

And me your "Messiah of Pain" Crimson Lord! YOUR WrestleUTA Champion!

As he points to the championship behind him high above Jon's head. The arena is deafening with the utter hatred of just the mere mention of WrestleUTA's champion.

Crimson:

So now that we beat your top guys, there is just one left...

Motions for the camera to give him a close up

Crimson:

That's you Cayle Murray!

Crimson steps away from the camera and pacing the ring once more continuing his rant.

Crimson:

You may have defeated David Hightower....just barley might I add. But now as Mikey mentioned your a marked man

kid! WE will have that championship and sooner or later you will fall!

DDK:

Cayle is not a man to shy away from a fight Crimson, you and the rest of your jackals should know that by now!

Angus:

Someone cut his microphone, I am so sick of listening to him!

Crimson:

Oh and Scott, we have not forgotten about you either we ar...

♪"Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota♪

Crimson slowly removes his hood as he looks toward the entranceway. The fans jump to their feet as Burnsie! steps from behind the curtain! He looks a bit worse for wear from his own grueling matches with Scott Stevens at MAXDEF and his most recent against Reinhardt Hoffmann earlier. He still looks determined and walks towards the ring, knowing full well what's waiting for him when he gets there. He has on his "Hi. I Like Graps." shirt with what looks to be some tape on his shoulder - no doubt a reminder of his vicious battle with Hoffman early on in the show.

Angus:

Thank god, finally someone grew a pair and came out here to shut this idiot up!

DDK:

Oscar took a hell of a beating at the hands of Scott Stevens at MAXDEF, and against fellow DEFIANCE star Reinhardt Hoffman. Those battle scars are not going to stop this man from coming face to face with the WrestleUTA Champion in this ring right now!

Crimson does not seem to be thrilled about Oscar's appearance, but Burns doesn't look the least bit intimidated. As his music cuts, Burns looks up at the monster.

Oscar Burns:

Well, blow me down, mates! [talking to the audience] It's another UTA guy coming out here giving himself a gobby... blowjob, for you Yanks! But mate, to be serious, we're tired of you skiting. So if you could close your giant noisehole for a sec, that'd be great, yeah?

Crimson Lord, for his part, looks incredibly skeptical - even annoyed that somebody dares to interrupt him, but Burns doesn't back down.

Oscar Burns:

Look, big fella... you may think that I'm stupid as a two-bob watch for coming out here while you've trucked over anybody that's been put in front of you. Reinhardt Hoffman and Bronson Box both tried to take that title from you and neither one could. And you're right, big GC... almost nobody had a good night at MAXDEF... but let me tell YOU something...

Burns inches closer to Crimson Lord still, holding up his index finger.

Oscar Burns:

That night was just that... ONE night, mate. DEFIANCE is still here, DEFIANCE is still going and as long as there's any of us around here to fight you pricks, then that's exactly what we're going to do!

The last bit gets the crowd all fired up now as Burns now comes face to face, looking right up at Crimson Lord.

Oscar Burns:

I might have had a lot taken outta me by Hoffman earlier - and by your mate, Scott Stevens - but I'm feelin' extra stroppey. That's why I'm out here to challenge YOU [he points at Crimson Lord] for THAT...

He points right at the WrestleUTA World Championship! The crowd wants to see that, but Crimson Lord? His facial expression says different.

Crimson:

Challenge me, what makes you think you are even worth my time?

Burns looks out into the crowd as Crimson gives a disgusted look out at the fans cheering for Burns.

Crimson:

Ya, know on any other day I would take you up on that challenge, but perhaps you were too bedridden after Stevens beat the crap out of you at Maximum Defiance. Me and my fellow brothers in arms annihilated your piss poor "Defiants"I even got to fry one of them..

Crimson snickers, as he takes a shot at electrocuting Bronson Box. Burns clearly not impressed at Crimson boasting about ending Box's career possibly.

Crimson:

I am in no condition to fight you...I already have a match later tonight. So I am going to give you a pass for hobbling out here and trying to act like you even belong in the same ring as me...a LEGEND in this business!

Crimson turns from Burns about to leave. Oscar quickly grabs Crimson's arm and whips him around to face him. Crimson makes the first move by swinging a massive right hand that Burns ducks! Burns quickly attacks and throws hard elbow smashes to drive the champion back! Burns runs off the ropes quickly and catches Crimson Lord with a jumping European Uppercut... but he still stands! Burns rushes the ropes a second time... but only to walk right into a sick Big Boot! Crimson picks up Oscar's legs lifts him up toward him and slams him down with a brutal spinebuster! Jon admires the assault in the corner by his employer.

DDK:

Burns may have just made a huge mistake here fans!

Crimson picks up Oscar and grabs the back of his tights and throws him with force shoulder first under the top rope into the steel post! Oscar screams in pain. Crimson pulls him out and gut wrenches him up to his shoulder and drops Oscar on his injured shoulder! Oscar quickly holds his shoulder in clear pain. Crimson picks him up and throws him outside the ring.

Angus:

Get up Burns fight back!

Crimson picks up Oscar and once again spins him and throws him injured shoulder first into the steel steps! Crimson looks out into the sea of booing fans. Crimson pulls Oscar up from the broken apart steel steps he throws him in between his legs and lifts him up tilting him behind his neck into a high angle powerbomb on the floor!

DDK:

Oscar is down here fans good god he may be hurt here he is not moving!

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Jon hands the championship to Crimson who walks over the unconscious Oscar Burns and raises the championship above his head. To even more heat coming from the crowd he bends down waving his finger in Oscar's face giving Burns a close look at the championship. He speaks without the microphone.

Crimson:

You will NEVER have a chance at my Crown Jewel!

Crimson raises his championship high in the air while standing over Oscar shouting out into the fans.

Crimson:

Is this the best you got!

The champ, put the title over his shoulder giving one more look down at Oscar with disgust before walking toward the aisle. Jon follows his boss up the aisle way as he pays no attention to the hatred of the Defiant Faithful.

SCOTT STEVENS VS. LOCAL TALENT

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next upcoming match is a rather unique one.

Angus:

Unique? How's that?

DDK:

For some reason the controversial UTA superstar, Scott Stevens, is wrestling next, but it doesn't say against who.

Angus:

Hopefully it's one of studs of DEFIANCE looking to put this prick out of my misery.

DDK:

You mean his misery, right?

Angus:

No, because he makes me miserable everytime I see him.

♪ "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:

There is that infamous chant from the faithful every time the Texan's music cues up. .

Angus:

And a wonderful chant it is.

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:

Look at the crowd wanting a piece of the Texan. Stevens is easily the most despised member of UTA. The hatred the crowd has for him is unmatched.

Angus:

And they should! No one likes Mormons because they are fucking boring and useless. They don't drink, don't smoke and they don't have sex instead choosing to give each other Mikey Self-Likeys every night.

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:

Introducing first! 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 Quimbey standing in the ring. Stevens slowly hops the barricade making his way around the ring 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 before dropping to the canvas and heading towards the ring announcer and take the microphone from his hands and telling him to leave.

DDK:

Looks like Stevens has something to say.

Angus:

Can someone in the back bring me a stiff drink so I can make it through listening to this stiff?

Stevens hits the microphone a couple of times to make sure it is on and to piss off the crowd before he begins.

Stevens:

Good evening, my name is Scott Stevens.....

The crowd begins to boo heavily and they let the Texan know they know who he is with a "Fuck You Stevens" chant.

Angus:

Sweet music to my ears. Never gets old.

Stevens simply shakes his head before continuing.

Stevens:

AHEM!

Stevens says and the crowd boos even louder.

Stevens:

I got all night.

Stevens informs the faithful and they don't care as the vulgarity continues.

Stevens:

Typical behavior from a bush league wrestling audience.

Stevens says in disgust drawing more hatred from the crowd.

Angus:

If you don't like it get the hell out!

Stevens:

As I was trying to say before I was rudely interrupted is that my name is Scott Stevens and I, along with my fellow UTAH brethren, did what we said what we were going to do and that was dominate the inferior talent of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

The crowd boos and begins a "DEFIANCE" chant.

Stevens:

You can boo your little hearts out, but the fact remains we dominated your heroes. "The Boss" Chris Ross dominated the God-Beast proving that even self-anointed gods can be beaten and do I really need to mention the Main Event????

Stevens asks before shouting his answer.

Stevens:

Yes I do! Because we proved in one night who the superior wrestling promotion is. Don't believe me? Ask Eric Dane how it feels to be humbled in your own home. Ask that midget, Bronson Box, how his shoulder feels. Most importantly, ask Oscar Burns how it feels to not get the fucking job done!

Stevens shouts a spit flies from his vile mouth as he spits his venom of hatred towards his Defiant competitors.

Stevens:

And I came here tonight looking to inflict more punishment and pain towards the so-called Defiant Ones of wrestling and you know what happened?

Stevens pulls the microphone from his lips and lets the question linger.

Stevens:

Absolutely nothing! Not one member of the DEFIANCE roster had the balls to come out here and face me!

Stevens shouts as he points to himself and the crowd boos.

Angus:

Bullshit!

DDK:

Stevens questioning the manhood of the Defiance roster here tonight.

Stevens:

Do you idiots see any of your heroes out here? And why would you? After the ass whooping we gave them I don't blame them if they don't want to get embarrassed once again. However, I came here to this shit hole to continue my dominance and since no one in the back wanted to step up and face me I had to go hire someone who had the guts to step into the ring with me tonight, and here he is.....

DDK:

Hired someone? Who could it be?.

Angus:

Hopefully it's a hooker and she gives him AIDS.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area before as the heavy metal tune of.....

♪ "Burn In Heaven" by Multiple Godgasm♪

Echoes throughout the arena as a lone spotlight shines down upon the entrance ramp and an imposing figure walks out.

DDK:

Is that him? Is that the opponent for Stevens here tonight?

Angus:

If he isn't he's a little late for the Sturgis rally.

The man dressed in black leather from head to toe stares down towards the ring as he holds a golden chalice with a red liquid inside. He makes his way towards the ring and the crowd is trying to comprehend what exactly they are seeing.

DDK:

The faithful seems quiet here as this large, imposing man makes his way down to the ring.

The mystery man makes his way up the ring steps and stops and turns toward the crowd as he he lowers he head and starts saying something to himself.

DDK:

Is he praying?

Angus:

He's performing the Last Rites for that inbred Stevens.

Once done, the man takes a sip from his chalice and spews the red liquid into the air and as the lights come back to normal the man's face is covered in what looks to be blood.

DDK:

The heck? Is that blood?

Angus:

Is face looks like mine did one time when I was with this girl on her.....

DDK:

I don't need to know!

The man puts the chalice down on the top step before entering the ring and once inside, Stevens makes his way over.

Stevens:

Thank you once again for having the guts to face me here tonight.

Stevens says and the mystery man nods his head.

Stevens:

Introduce yourself to the idiots here tonight.

Stevens says as he holds out the microphone and the man has a crazed look on his face with his eyes wide open and devilish grin on his lips as he cautiously leans in to tell the faithful his name.

Mystery Man:

Satánico Pandemonium.

The man introduces himself to the world and before he can phrase another sentence together the man from Texas blindsides him with a microphone shot to the face.

DDK:

Stevens with a cheap shot.

Angus:

Are you surprised?

Stevens:

Ring the bell!

Stevens shouts at the official as he stomps away at the downed Satánico and Brian Slater grudgingly does as he is told.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And the match is officially underway.

Angus:

Come on Satan! Make some barbeque out of that Texas piece of crap!

Stevens continues his assault as he stops stomping on Satánico to position himself to deliver a sickening superkick.

DDK:

Stevens with the Remember the Alamo and there is pandemonium everywhere!

Angus:

I'm about to slap the shit out of you.

Stevens picks up the dazed Pandemonium and places him between his legs and lifts him up and starts running full speed and delivers a running powerbomb to the corner, but Pandemonium isn't allowed to come out of the corner as the Texan quickly sends his opponent back into the corner with a jumping high knee.

DDK:

Stevens uses that metal knee brace to his advantage.

Angus:

Are you surprised? Stevens knows if the fight is fair he'll lose every time!

Stevens quickly picks up Pandemonium and places him on the top turnbuckle and hooks him a three-quarter nelson.

DDK:

Stevens looking to finish it here.

Stevens shouts out his vile catchphrase before running forward and driving his opponent's face into the mat. Stevens doesn't waste a moment as he pushes Pandemonium on his back and Brian Slater drops to make his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Slater signals for the bell and Quimbey makes the announcement of the winner.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by pinfall...**SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!**

Stevens slowly rises to his feet and snatches his hand away from Slater as he tries to raise it as he looks towards the nearest camera with a satisfied look.

Stevens:

No one can touch me! Not DEFIANT garbage or hired help! I am the best, period!

Stevens proclaims before exiting the ring.

DDK:

Stevens making a bold statement.

Angus:

The only thing he's the best at is sucking, period!

NO SIDES

The scene opens up suddenly at ringside, The Hollywood Bruvs theme song dies out with both Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredericks Kendrix both standing in the centre of the ring, the DEFIANCE Tag Team titles wrapped proudly across their waists, Mikey also has the SOHER, looking as overly smug as ever, to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

It seems we have an unscheduled, impromptu and by the sound of this place, a rather unpopular ringside announcement from the Hollywood Bruvs, coming up folks.

Angus:

Jesus, another one? Have you ever known anyone else to love the sound of their own voices more than these two jerks, Keebs?!

Jesse, lowers the mic from his mouth as the boos increase, funnily enough, this brings that wry smirk to his face as he looks over at Mikey. The WrestleUTA owner laughs the boos off, shrugs at Kendrix and holds his index fingers to the back of his ears, motioning for the crowd to "listen". JFK at this rather apt point, takes it upon himself, to raise the mic once more to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Big smiles from the Bruvs.

Angus:

Nobody wants to listen to you two McFuckass twins!

Mikey encourages Kendrix to ignore the boos and continue.

Kendrix:

Courtney Paz, Reaper Co, the Kebab...whatever you guys are calling yourselves these days. WrestleUTA were gonna give you until the end of the night to make your decision on our very generous offer...

He looks over at Mikey and points over between the two of them as Mikey draws out an invisible cheque book in front of him.

Kendrix:

However, and I'm sure this will come as a shock to everyone in the arena this evening, the Hollywood Bruvs aren't exactly the most patient types, OBVS!

Jesse instinctively holds the mic away from him in the direction of Mikey who leans in.

Mikey Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS!

Angus:

I hate that shitty little catchphrase, Keebs. I hate it!

DDK:

Easy now, Angus. Looks like the Hollywood Bruvs want an answer from the Kabal, right now.

Kendrix and Mikey nod along to each other, pleased with their catchphrase delivery.

Kendrix:

So Reaper Dudes and dudettes, it's now or never to come on board Mikey Unlikely's Sports Entertainment revolution! Get your arses out here right...

Kendrix's call is answered but much to the chagrin of the Bruvs, it's not the Reapers. Scott Douglas' voice rings out over the PA as he comes through the curtain.

Scott Douglas:

I think I speak for everyone here when I say, we've heard and had enough of the both of you!

Angus:

I've never been so happy to see such a loser.

The Faithful pop both for the SoHer as well as the sentiment. In the ring, the Bruvs initial surprise is quickly exchanged for faux fear. The pair exchange words off mic and placate Douglas' impromptu interruption. Kendrix raises the mic to speak but Douglas interrupts once again with a extremely stiff and Americanized rendition of a Kendrix mainstay.

Douglas:

Listen ... yeah?

The paying audience ramps up yet again at this slight. The Bruv's playful nature disappears instantly and Kendrix is livid. The pair scream toward Douglas on the ramp but are drowned out by the crowd noise.

Angus: *[ecstatic]*

Look at 'em go, Keeps! I always said Douglas was good for something!

DDK:

You did?

A few competing chants crop up but no one in particular wins out enough to become audible. Kendrix kicks the bottom rope whilst pitching his fit as Douglas continues.

Douglas:

You can align yourselves with The Kabal, The Reaper Army - The ACTUAL Army ... whatever, whoever you want - but if you think for a moment that your victory here is a forgone conclusion, then you're sorely mistaken, boys!

Douglas pauses momentarily.

Angus:

Oh, yeah. He broke into DEFIANCE via BRAZEN. He's a sharp kid.

DDK:

We may need medical attention for Angus.

Douglas:

DEFIANCE will not simply lay down and bend to the will of ...

LIGHTS OUT

The sound of a microphone smacking the floor accompanies the outage. Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix can be seen in short bursts through the flicker of cell phones throughout Wrestle-Plex.

Cut back to the ramp, still dark other than a pair glowing green eyes.

DDK:

This ...

The rest of the Reaper rainbow appear one by one.

Angus:

If these traitorous sons of bitches ... !

With all colors represented; the lights come back up and The Green Reaper stands over, a now fallen, Scott Douglas. Reaper Prime steps out from the curtain and pauses momentarily by the side of The Green Reaper. She glances down at Douglas' motionless body, turns toward her green eyed compatriot before redirecting her attention to the ring.

Angus:

You sorry - no good - low down - Benedict Arnold - fuckasses!!

Cut to the ring where The Hollywood Bruv's are more than delighted at the sight in front of them. Kendrix raises the microphone and addresses Mikey directly.

Kendrix:

I told you, bruv ... no one turns down WrestleUTA! ... OBVS!

Jesse, again, instinctively holds the mic toward Mikey. Mikey leans in and hits his mark.

Mikey Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS!

Back on the ramp, Prime steps over Douglas a leads the way to the ring. The Green Reaper follows first and the others fall in step behind. Before the camera angles become more ringside centric, a short glimpse of the medical crew rushing to check on the downed Douglas can be seen.

Angus:

This GORRAM schtick is getting old! Jesus Christ, it's like watching Mormon Reruns!

DDK:

The catchphrase?

Angus:

No, THESE FUCKASSES GETTING THERE WAY!! Also, the fucking catchphrases. Someone for the love of fuck, wake up that greasy excuse for a champion!

DDK:

How quickly they forget ...

Angus:

WHAT!?

DDK:

Nothing ...

Reaper Prime takes the stairs into the ring followed closely by The Green Reaper and Reaper Red. The remaining members of the coalition surround the ring from all four sides.

Angus:

This is a travesty, Keebs! This is ALL Scott Douglas' fault! He should have ran these glowing eyed weirdos out of here along time ago! Once again ... Sub Pop is SUB PAR and can't get the job done!!

Reaper Prime approaches Kendrix and Mikey her eyes fiercely glowing a hot blue. The pair offer a warm welcome via their body language. Prime reaches out and Kendrix obliges, turning over the microphone. She brings it up to her mask in preparation to speak for the first time in almost two months. Her voice once again modified by the device she used for nearly a year to hide her identity.

Reaper Prime:

Нет сторон.

The Bruv's turn toward each other with puzzled looks.

Reaper Prime:

◆—десь на◆...одится Кабаль.

Kendrix reaches out and pulls the microphone toward his face, Prime bends but does not break. She holds tight on the mic.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah? We don't speak hieroglyphics!

Mikey leans in.

Mikey:

Or Windings!

LIGHTS OUT

A cluster of movement is seen through the flashing of camera phones and the various eye colors of The Reapers. The well known sound of the bodies hitting the ring matt can be heard as the Faithful ignite in an uproariously loud manner.

Angus:

I knew it! I told you, Keebs! These weirdos are in business for themselves ... AND NO ONE ELSE!

DDK:

You said no such thing ...

Angus:

They clocked Douglas and SECONDS later sandbagged the Twins de Fuckass! I think I might be Team REAP!

The lights return and all seven Reapers stand in the ring with the reigning Tag Team Champions laid out on the matt.

DDK:

This is just pandemonium ...

Angus:

This IS AMAZING!

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is going to take a moment to sort out ... we have three of four DEFIANCE champions currently incapacitated at the hands of The Reaper Army... Bare with us.

Angus:

Bear's shit in the woods, Keebs and THIS is the bear wiping it's ass with a fluffy white mormon rabbit! Well, that is kind of redundant.

DDK:

What is?

Angus:

Mormon's and rabbits ... they both got a gang of wives ... HEYOOOOOO!

DDK:

Folks, while DEFsex ... I mean 'sec ...

Angus:

HA!

DDK:

... while we get this all squared away - I'm being told we're going backstage.

WOLVES

Cut to the backstage area.

Christie Zane is roaming the backstage halls, looking for somebody to pester/harass/annoy/interview (delete as appropriate). A dangerous game with WrestleUTA in the ascendancy and so many of their goons doing the rounds, but somebody's gotta do it. Lance Warner's currently sitting in a janitor's closet sucking his thumb, probably.

She scurries around a corner, and boom, there's a man. But not just any man. This man is a wrestler. And he's not alone, either! Three wrestlers! My god.

Christie Zane:

Cayle!

She calls to the most newsworthy of the trio, catching his attention immediately. The FIST of DEFIANCE and his group stop in their tracks. He's the first to glance down the corner, but his brother and training partner soon follow suit.

Andy Murray: [grumbling]

Bloody hell...

Seen for the first time since David Hightower tried to murderise his neck, the elder Murray is dressed in his ring gear. The past two months have changed him, though. The beard's a tad longer than before, and he's stopped tending to the grey salt & pepper streaks in his hair, making him look every single one of his 40 years.

Mascara De Muerte IV, meanwhile, is clad in a black and white tracksuit with his luchador mask.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, some words on the bounty issued by Mikey Unlikely earlier tonight?

The FIST is looking rough. Just three weeks removed from his way with David Hightower, his posture's a little off, suggesting there's something wrong with his torso, and there are still a couple of lingering bruises on his face.

Cayle Murray:

First time I've had a price on my head, that's for sure.

Andy Murray: [still grumbling]

Scumbags.

The FIST nods.

Cayle Murray:

Sure I'll be alright, Christie.

Christie Zane:

How sure? You took one heck of a beating at Maximum DEFIANCE, and the word on the internet is that you aren't quite ready to resume competing. What's your plan?

This question stops Cayle from leaving.

Christie Zane:

The people want to know.

Cayle Murray:

The plan is simple: survive.

He clears his throat.

Cayle Murray:

WrestleUTA obliterated us at Maximum DEFIANCE. They cleaned house all night long, then put our boys away in War Games. They couldn't take this, though.

Cayle taps the belt on his shoulder.

Cayle Murray:

I will fight 'til the last breath of air leaves my lungs, 'til the last drop of blood seeps from my wounds, 'til every bone in my body's been snapped in two... if that's what it takes to defend DEFIANCE. I won't run. I won't hide. I will face everything Mikey Unlikely throws at me head on, and if I AM the last bastion, I won't go down without taking them wit--

Brother Lucius Owens:

Mister Murray.

The voice catches the FIST and his crew off-guard. Brother Owens approaches from behind Zane, but he's not alone: flanking him are Theo Baylor, Roosevelt Owens, The Neighborhoodlum, and Felton Bigsby - the entire No Justice, No Peace contingent.

Brother Lucius Owens:

Bravo, sir. A rousing speech. I'm sure it'll be played many times over when this place eventually falls, and the ensuing highlights packages use your words to characterise a plucky yet doomed resistance.

Andy Murray:

Piss off, fellas.

Theo Baylor takes a step forward, but his boss stops him before things get physical.

Brother Lucius Owens:

Easy, Theo - our business isn't with this broken husk of a man.

Andy Murray:

It's about to be if you keep talking like that.

Lucius pays the elder Murray no heed, and turns his focus back to Cayle.

Brother Lucius Owens:

I'll keep this simple, Mr. Murray. As you're now well aware, Mikey Unlikely has placed a bounty upon your head this evening. My associate, Mr. Bigsby, intends on being the first to go after said bounty. Tonight.

The big, angry Texan steps further into the frame, but says nothing. Cayle meets Felton's eyes.

Cayle Murray:

I couldn't say "no" even if I wanted to.

The FIST casts his eyes across No Justice, No Peace.

Cayle Murray:

One condition, though.

Brother Lucius Owens:

Yes?

Cayle Murray:

I know how you play this game, 'Brother.' I don't want to see a single one of these guys at ringside.

He points towards Bigsby, Rosey, Baylor, and The 'Hoodlum.

Brother Lucius Owens:

You call off your lambs [he glances to Andy & MDM4], and I'll do the same with my wolves.

Murray's gaze narrows. He looks across the group one more time, then back to Lucius, unsure of whether or not he can trust the lad.

Cayle Murray:

Good.

Brother Lucius Owens:

Correct - Mr. Bigsby doesn't need an army to wrest this championship from your brittle, broken grasp.

The FIST says nothing. He knows he's nowhere close to 100%, and that Bigsby is a brutish competitor, but he refuses to show weakness. Instead, he nods, then turns to take his leave, with Andy giving the group one last, lingering glance.

Cut.

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN DEFIANCE

♪ *Badlands by Mayday* ♪

The fans erupt into a chorus of boos.

Angus:

Oh god. Why do we allow this guy in the building? Shouldn't he be locked up or something!?

DDK:

With the way he carries himself it wouldn't surprise me one bit if he served hard time...

Chris Ross walks onto the stage looking around as the fans continue to boo passionately. He calmly heads down the ramp and retrieves a microphone. He slides into the ring and moves his bandana over his mouth down to his neck before he smiles.

Chris Ross:

I don't see why anyone in this arena is surprised at all! All of you DEFIANCE fans sit here and act as if this is the first time I ever stepped foot in the ring! Do I need to remind all of you that I am the last UTA Legacy Champion?

DDK:

The sad part is we can't even argue with the guy!

Angus:

Oh the hell we can't! This guy screwed over Mushigihara so bad! Come on, you know that was not a clean victory!

'The Boss' nods his head as The Faithful continue to show their displeasure.

Ross:

Let's face the facts, DEFIANCE! Like it or not I did what no one else in this company has been able to do! I put 'The God Beast' down! You all can cry and bitch and complain all you want over the fact I turned his mask sideways or used a screwdriver but guess what? Mikey doesn't pay Chris Ross to play by the rules... Mikey pays Chris Ross to get the job done!

A bullshit chant starts to ring out in the arena as 'The Keystone State Killa' smirks while looking around.

Ross:

You can hate me all you want... but you know damn well even Cayle Murray didn't do what I did! Sure he may have beaten Mushigihara but he sure as hell didn't put the beast down! I left him in a mass of humanity in that ring! Ladies and gentlemen... it's only a matter of time before I leave this company with little choice but to give me the title shot I deserve! You hear that Cayle Murray? You're going to have a new set of problems on your hands here soon!

Ross laughs nodding his head.

Ross:

Because let's face it, no one can touch me right now! DEFIANCE has sent out their most lethal weapon and I destroyed it! Who else is going to step up now, huh? Mushigihara is at home crying into a TV dinner. Hell, I left that Japanese pansy ass sipping his food through a straw! Anyone else wanna step up? Stand up and represent you mother fuckers! What about those Reaper clowns? Or hell what about that Bob Ross looking mother fucker Oscar Burns?

Ross casually walks over and sits on the top rope.

Angus:

Is Ross insane? He's literally calling out the entire DEFIANCE locker room!

DDK:

I honestly don't know what this man is thinking...

Ross:

Or hey what about my good buddy Impulse! Hows Cally doing, huh? For the record I made whooping that bitch's ass cool ok? Curb Stomped her face-first into a chair. Look it up on youtube, it's awesome!

Angus:

Can someone shut off his mic please!?

DDK:

The fact he's literally bragging about curbing stomping a woman really goes to show how disturbed he is.

Ross slides off his sunglasses letting out an exaggerated yawn.

Ross:

No? Not even the Murrays who are supposed to be these Scottish tough guys? Andy? Cayle? Bill? No one!? Well fuck I didn't come out here just to listen to the air conditioner run! I came out here to make a statement. I'm the UTA's loose cannon... I'm the guy with nothing to lose... I'm the one who will do whatever it takes to get the job done... and that's why when the day comes and I'm holding that belt over my head... you all will know the name is Chris Ross. DON'T... YOU... FORGET... IT!

Angus:

As much as I hate to say this but Chris Ross may very well be the most dangerous person in DEFIANCE right now...

DDK:

That is very hard to argue against.

Ross continues to pace around the ring, a cocky dick-headed smirk on his face. He slowly puts one knee to the canvas and then places the mic on the floor. He raises slowly as well, the entire time not taking his eyes off the fans... off the booing coming in his general direction.

Angus:

I think this prick gets off hearing these people, I swear.

The "Most Dangerous Man in DEFIANCE" starts to walk to the ropes. He exits the ring, continuing to soak in the jeers. He steps down the stairs. One step, then the second step. Then the third and fourth. The Faithful keep getting louder and louder.

One woman gives Ross the finger in the front row. He ignores it. Then another man does and so forth. Finally, still with a pleasant smile on his face, Ross marches over to a few of the fans and shares his opinion in a calm and arrogant manner.

The words can't be picked up too well by the cameras because of the boos, but it still could be heard faintly...

Ross:

I killed Blackwood. I killed Mushigihara. And that's not even counting who I killed when I was in the UTA.

Ross paces over to another group in the front row.

Ross:

Welcome to Harrisburg.

Ross looks to move down the line again, to another group of fans when-

Angus:

This crowd is deafening!

DDK:

Blackwood measures Ross and...

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Angus:

What the!?

Three security guards run into the ring. Two of them attempt to stop Blackwood and then the third exits the ring and steps in front of Chris Ross and the table.

Blackwood looks furious.

Gage Blackwood:

Now you come to stop this!? Where were you at MAX DEF!? Now you come? Now!? *NOW!*?

Fuming at the seams, Blackwood pushes one of the security guards off him.

DDK:

He looks completely unstable, Angus.

Angus:

You're telling me! Blackwood doesn't even know where he is right now! He's in this rage mode... this... en-Gage mode! Haha, that's pretty witty!

The Scot looks down at the guard who's standing on the floor below, blocking the path towards Chris Ross.

Blackwood:

I'll take you with me... GET OUT OF THE WAY!!

Scared, the guard does move, but it's right at that time Chris Ross comes to. He rolls himself off the table to a chorus of even louder boos than before. 'The Boss' stumbles around the floor, but lucky enough for him he's stumbling in the opposite direction, away from Gage Blackwood.

Blackwood's still perched on the top rope. His eyes are like lightning as he watches the security guards around him.

Blackwood:

How much is Mikey paying you? HOW MUCH IS HE PAYING YOU!?

"BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!" The Faithful chant.

DDK:

I've never seen him like this.

Finally, Chris Ross is able to collect himself on the other side of the floor. He shoots Gage Blackwood two middle fingers and a weak, cocky smile before he throws himself over the guard rail and into the crowd. He hurries past The Faithful, making sure he's not touched or confronted by any of them. He's long out of sight and somewhere in the back before Blackwood steps off the top rope.

DDK:

Is Blackwood going to take out a security guard now?

You can see Gage is thinking about it, but ultimately he does not. Instead, Blackwood rolls out of the ring and starts pacing to the back.

Angus:

Well, he did get some shots in. That's for sure.

DDK:

Just not the table, he was unable to put Ross through that table...

Angus:

Maybe it's for the best. Last I heard Gage separated his shoulder. I can't help but think he hasn't fully healed. He's a walking band-aid out here. And his mental state? Dear God...

The scene cuts elsewhere as the crowd continues to boo.

RING THE BELL.

We come back from commercial and the crowd is buzzing. The hard cam gets a shot of Joe Wolfe and David Race already in the ring. Both men are stretching, trying to keep themselves loose.

DDK:

Welcome back, folks. During the commercial break, Joe Wolfe and David Race made their entrances. Now we are awaiting their opponent-

Before the words can leave his mouth "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion starts playing over the sound system.

Angus:

Here comes the self-proclaimed, most marvelous man to grace... I'm not gonna say the whole thing.

DDK:

Here comes THE Jay Harvey, showing signs of the brutal damage he suffered in the War Games match.

Jay Harvey and Catalina make their way behind the curtain and onto the entrance ramp. Harvey is wearing a bandage to cover the stitches on his head. He looks pissed as he slowly walks down the ramp. Catalina yells something at fans that our cameras can't pick up.

Angus:

Oh god. Please tell me he doesn't have a mic.

DDK:

He does.

Catalina walks just behind Harvey, wearing a leather outfit that covers... most of her body. Harvey soon stops halfway down the aisle and looks around the hostile DEFIANCE crowd. The crowd boos Harvey as he raises the microphone to his mouth. Harvey is growing angrier at the crowd.

Angus:

Is he shocked that no one wants to hear what he has to say?

THE Jay Harvey:

Please... shut the hell up you goddamn heathens!

BOO!

THE Jay Harvey:

Now... unless you were living under a rock for the last three weeks, you know that I was in one of the most brutal matches in this awful companies history.

BOO!

THE Jay Harvey:

I got busted open and almost bled out... I put my life on the line and I didn't do it for you (Harvey points at fans along the entrance ramp) or you or you. No, I did it to prove that WrestleUTA is better than DEFIANCE.

The crowd continues to let Harvey hear their distaste for him and WrestleUTA. Harvey gets closer to the ring. He begins walking up the ring steps.

THE Jay Harvey:

Tonight, that theme continues... I'm going to show everyone in this arena, everyone in the back, and ALL you animals watching at home, that even with stitches in my head... even not being a hundred percent...

Harvey steps through the ring ropes and gets into the ring. Harvey walks right up to his opponents for this evening's contest.

THE Jay Harvey:

I could have one hand tied behind my back and I'll still walk out of here the winner... cuz I'm better than you two bozos.

BOO!

THE Jay Harvey: (Harvey looks at both Wolfe and Race)

You boys ready?! I know you both know who I am. I know you both want to kick my face in. Would you Faithful here want to see me get my face kicked in here tonight?

YES!

THE Jay Harvey:

I'm sure you would... But that's not gonna happen tonight or any night. Ring the bell.

JOE WOLFE VS. DAVID RACE VS. THE JAY HARVEY

The bell sounds and Harvey continues to stare down his two opponents. It seems as though it's two against one. Harvey jaws at both men, now pointing his finger in their faces. Wolfe and Race look to each other and in unison throw right fists, clocking Harvey in the chin. "The Natural One" drops to the mat and both men go after him, getting him back to his feet. Harvey gets Irish Whipped across the ring and gets knocked back down with a Double Clothesline. The crowd is on their feet while Harvey rolls to the outside of the ring.

Catalina makes her way to her man as Wolfe and Race are feeling the electricity produced by the sold-out crowd. Wolfe goes to the ropes and steps on the bottom rope, yelling something at Harvey. Wolfe turns around and is instantly caught by David Race in a Small Package. Joe Wolfe kicks out before Mark Shields can even get a one count. Race starts working over Wolfe and we cut to Harvey and Catalina on the outside.

DDK:

Harvey on the outside, David Race in control of this match.

Angus:

Harvey talked a little too much before this match started.

David Race sends Joe Wolfe running, Race drops his head awaiting a Back Body Drop. Joe Wolfe sends a kick to Race's face but it's caught. Race holds Wolfe's right foot, the two stare each other down. Joe Wolfe swings his left leg around connecting with an Enziguri. Race is rocked and drops to a knee. Harvey is on his way back into the ring but is sent flying back toward the guardrail from Wolfe bouncing off the ring ropes.

Joe Wolfe flies over Race and hits a Cutter styled maneuver. The crowd lets out a big "Oh!" as Race is almost catapulted back and onto his back. Joe Wolfe hesitates way too long before going for the pin.

Angus:

Come on, Joe. That's sloppy.

DDK:

Very uncharacteristic of "Howlin'" Joe Wolfe.

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

David Race just gets his shoulder up. Joe Wolfe looks to put away Race and this match by heading to the top rope. Wolfe makes his way up to the top rope and out of the corner of the shot Jay Harvey comes into view. Harvey pushes Wolfe off the top rope and crashing to the floor. Harvey gets back into the ring just as David Race is getting to his feet.

DDK:

In these matches, you have to have eyes in the back of your head, Angus.

Angus:

Harvey is gonna try and steal another victory...

Race turns around and is immediately caught with a Shot of Reality. The Single Knee Facebreaker rocks Race, knocking him out cold. Harvey goes for the cover, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell sounds bringing an end to the match. Harvey puts his arms in the air in victory as his music begins to play. Mark Shields goes to hold Harvey's hand but Harvey yanks it away. Catalina joins Harvey in the ring and the two celebrate to the displeasure of the sold out DEFIANCE crowd.

Quimbey:

Your winner by pinfall... "The Natural One" THE Jaaay Haaaarvey!

Harvey makes his way up the turnbuckles to gloat in his victorious performance. He yells at the fans along ringside as Catalina claps her man.

DDK:

THE Jay Harvey continues his winning ways here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

God, I'm sick and tired of that man.

DDK:

Here's the end of the match...

A replay hits your screen showing the Facebreaker on David Race then the pin.

DDK:

It might not have been pretty but Harvey walks out with the "W".

Harvey drops back down to the mat and gets in the lens of the rolling camera.

THE Jay Harvey:

I told ya so. Haha. You don't have to like it... you just have to learn to live with it.

Catalina pats Harvey on the shoulder as the two smile into the camera. We cut to Joe Wolfe on the outside of the ring, with a sour look on his face.

DDK:

Joe Wolfe had this match won but at the end of the day, your winner... THE Jay Harvey.

We go back to Harvey and Catalina in the ring before going to commercial.

GEARS OF WAR: LAST DAY

♪ "How it Ends" by DeVotchKa ♪

[\(Play\)](#)

The scene cuts to a mix of computerized graphics combine with realistic images.

The man who was shown in the previous similar segment appears on the screen. He's still cast in a shadow so you can't see his face, but this time he's glowing the color orange. He sits underneath a tree, holding the same blue question mark box he came across the last time in one hand and what looks like a lead pipe in the other.

*Hold your grandmother's bible to your breast
Gonna put it to the test
You wanted to be blessed*

The orange man continues to sit under the dark tree. Meanwhile, everything around him is calm. He's in a open field, no hills or valleys seen for miles and miles.

*And in your heart you know it to be true
You know what you gotta do
They all depend on you*

The orange man gets up and starts walking. He marches through the empty fields coming upon another tree in the distance. The tree is beside an underground entrance way.

And there, also, a second man sits under this tree.

*And you already know
Yeah, you already know how this will end*

The scene cuts to the second man. He's glowing as well, but with the color green instead. He holds a picture frame in one hand, but the two images in the picture cannot be seen. Just a silhouette, like him, but no glowing colors.

The green man looks up, as he notices the color orange is nearby. There, the orange man stands over him. He offers him his hand.

*There is no escape from the slave catcher's songs
For all of the loved ones gone
Forever's not so long*

The green man nods and accepts the hand. The orange man helps him up. The two of them turn to the underground entrance way.

*And in your soul they poked a million holes
But you never let em show
Come on, it's time to go*

They begin to walk towards the entrance. The green man drops the picture in his hand on purpose. The orange man is still holding the question mark box and the lead pipe.

*And you already know
Yeah, you already know how this will end*

They arrive at the entrance way and walk inside. There, underground "shuttles" or nodes are standing, side-by-side-by-side. There are many. The orange man looks at the green man. Although their faces can't be seen, simple body

language suggests the green man is scared.

*Now you've seen his face
And you know that there's a place in the sun
For all that you've done
For you and your children*

The orange man pats the green man on the back and hands him the question mark box. Finally, the green man agrees and they head into the underground node. The orange man enters first and then the green man. The door closes behind them.

*No longer shall you need
You always wanted to believe
Just ask and you'll receive
Beyond your wildest dreams*

The orange man pulls a lever. And down they go. They both stare at the ground as the shuttle plummets further and further. There's some time that passes as the two men rattle around inside the node from the sheer force of the journey... to wherever they are going.

*And you already know
Yeah, you already know how this will end*

Finally, they land. The view from outside the node is shown. They have arrived in a dark and mysterious place. Havoc seems to be looming off-camera. Men and women fighting each other. Blood being spilled. Lives being lost. But this is only a guess.

*You already know (you already know)
You already know (you already know)*

The orange man looks at the green man. The green man looks at the question mark box and then back at the orange man. He nods.

The orange man clutches the lead pipe tightly. He opens the door.

...

And the scene goes straight into the darkness of the unknown world as music continues to play.

The following words appear on the screen:

HE WILL PLAY.

Then, the addition of two letters, a T and a Y are faded in.

THEY WILL PLAY.

You already know how this will end

HIDE AND SEEK?

The scene turns to a backstage area where Lisil Jackson is walking down the hallway before he bumps into Gage Blackwood. Although it's been a little bit of time since the attack on Chris Ross, Blackwood still looks pissed.

Blackwood:

Have you seen him? Well, have you!?

Jackson looks at Gage, tilting his head to the side.

Blackwood:

Ross, Chris Ross. Where is that little baw juggler?

Jackson calmly raises a hand, but keeps his distance.

Lisil Jackson:

Eyyy mon! I be lookin' fo Ross meself! I got unfinished business wit him... ya know I also got unfinished business wit ya as well mon!

Blackwood:

Aye.

Gage snaps into a trance, as if Lisil has reminded him about their encounter just a few weeks ago.

Angus:

I bet you he hits him, Keebs. Take him out, Gage! UTA Mormon scum!

Blackwood keeps staring at Jackson while Jackson is forced to do the same. He anticipates a fight, but time passes and he's still waiting.

Blackwood:

Aye, I have unfinished business with you. But my problem with you started because you're UTA and associated with... *him*.

Jackson nods slightly.

Blackwood:

We'll finish what we started another time. Right now I want Chris Ross.

Jackson:

Mon he probably left.

Blackwood continues to stand there, this time contemplating what his next move is.

Blackwood:

Thank you.

He politely says and walks off in a much calmer manner.

Lisil Jackson looks back and sees Blackwood turn a corner. He then continues on his way as well.

Angus:

Ummm, that was rather awkward.

DDK:

If he hasn't found Chris Ross yet, or Chris hasn't found **him**... Lisil's probably right, he more than likely fled the building.

Angus:

Damn. Until next time. I really think Gage is going to murder him.

A CALL FOR JUSTICE

DDK:

Up next it's going to be the brother of the FIST of DEFIANCE, the big Scotsman himself An...

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

Angus:

Or not!

DDK:

This should be... interesting.

As the sound of Natalia Kills echoes over the DEFplex the stage flashes lasers and lights of purple and hot pink, and out walks the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE herself... but her demeanor has drastically changed. Still dressed to the nines, the usual flamboyant swag has been replaced by slight limp as The D stand beside her. Their usual schtick takes a back seat to the need to simply make it down to the ring, that is until behind them Klein appears. His usual cardboard box has changed from tan to white, and drawn over the eye holes are a pair of glasses and just below a moustache. He also has a small tie drawn on below. He wears a gray suit with a blue tie as he consoles Elise and The D on the way to the ring.

At the bottom of the ramp, The D jumps up onto the apron and opens the ropes as Klein assists Elise Ares up next to him. She turns around to do her trademark pose before bending over to step into the ring, but she's just in too much pain. Holding her lower back and winces before gingerly entering the ring. Inside Darren Quimbey watches with his curiosity peaked before The D reaches over and snags the microphone out of his hand. Quimbey holds his hands in the air as if to say "It's all yours." before backing away and out of the scene. The D looks around at the crowd before looking back at Elise, who nods back at him, the gesture causes The D to hold his arm into the air cutting off the music.

DDK:

Elise Ares is certainly feeling the effects of that beatdown she took at the hands of Jack Harmen at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Certainly not looking like herself out here tonight.

Angus:

As much as I hate those UTA bastards, I have to say those were some brutal chair shots from Jack Harmen. We could've used a couple more of those on our side. I can't believe she lasted as long as she did! Took them like a champ!

DDK:

There is an argument to be made that she never actually lost.

The D:

Background extras of DEFIANCE, I've come out here tonight with my tag team partner, (quickens pace)the brightest diamond in DEFIANCE, the beacon in your world of darkness, future Oscar winner and multiple time Razzie nominated actress... your leading lady and mine, Eliiiiise Areeeeeees!

The DEF crowd cheer as Elise makes a pose. They show their support of her fighting spirit.

The D:

To think, eighteen months ago, that statement would have been followed by jeers, but I feel we've come a long way, haven't we Elise?

Elise nods.

The D:

We've stood up against the Hollywood invasion months before it transpired on a grander scale. We've fought and clawed and dominated the tag team division until... well... we got a little soft. We trusted people we shouldn't, and we're still reeling from that. At MAXDEF, Elise took the chance to take the fight back to one of those dishonest individuals, and he showed his true colors as a vindictive, vengeful, treacherous ASSHOLE.

Klein stands behind them with arms crossed, very dapper in his suit and box. Even his box has a little drawn on tie. He nods as the D continues.

The D:

Elise was THIS CLOSE, THIS CLOSE, to defeating Jack Harmen, our mentor, our fallen idol, to gain a modicum of personal victory for DEFIANCE on a night that was anything but a celebration. But it was all for naught, as DEFIANCE official Carla Ferrari was taken out inadvertently.

The D turns to Klein, and pats him on the shoulder.

The D:

And then Klein, the selfless bastard, risked life and limb to restore ORDER to chaos. But he was viciously assaulted by Jack, and even I, when I tried to point out the travesty and injustice of it all, was kicked clear into the front row! Thank you guys, for catching me bee-tee-dubs. Harmen then took a steel chair to Klein, he took one to CARLA for God sakes, and then turned a wrestling match into an assault. **Jack Harmen:** proceeded to beat Elise senseless with a chair, because he knew he couldn't beat her in the ring! Not anymore! He's too old! He's too slow! He's a SHELL of himself! And Elise, it could have been yet another star making night for her, but Jack STOLE that from her. So WE DEMAND JUSTICE FOR ELISE!

The trio known as the Pop Culture Phenoms pause for obligatory crowd response. It seems favorable as Elise Ares takes the microphone away from The D.

Elise Ares:

I know Jack Harmen is probably going to take his illegal win and go home, with the help of his fancy UTA ring and his fancy UTA official, who has now replaced Carla Ferrari as the most unqualified referee in the history of refereeing, by the way. I had that match won, and in order to prove it I've hired the highest profile attorney in all of DEFIANCE, Reginald Klein Boxman III, Esq. to represent myself and all of the Pop Culture Phenoms as we file a formal complaint against Jack Harmen and the...

Elise pauses and looks at The D. Klein adjusts his tie on his suit, and then adjusts the tie drawn onto his box.

Elise Ares:

What in the hell does UTA stand for?

The D shrugs and mouths the words "Who cares?" as Elise continues on.

Elise Ares:

The... whatever in the hell UTA stands for! We demand justice in the only way I know how, and that is by challenging Jack Harmen to a rematch as stated in this 12 page document! I'm not American, but if there are two things I know that work in America to get people's attention, it's marching with tiki torches and taking a knee. I can't find any tiki torches in Louisiana, Winn Dixie was sold out, so I'd like to ask all the DEFIANTS in the building to take a knee with us to show Jack Harmen and the UTA that they WILL NOT claim victory through tainted means! They have to EARN it, and until that asshole meets me back in this ring for a rematch which he'll assuredly lose, there will NEVER be victory for the UTA.

With those words Elise Ares drops down to one knee. The D follows, and eventually so does Reginald Klein Boxman III, Esq. Eventually several people in the crowd follow suit.

Angus:

This might be the stupidest thing I've ever seen someone do to try and get a rematch.

DDK:

But if it works...

Angus:

Fuck McFuckass and those UTA shitheads, I'm in!

Angus goes to take a knee to the delight of the crowd, when...

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

A fog begins to form over the entrance rampway, as the guitar kicks in. Jack Harmen steps out from the backstage area, wearing his wrestling attire along with a new t-shirt. It's just an 8-Bit pixel retro version of Jack Harmen stomping on a box, with Elise and The D looking on in the distant background, doing their best impression of The Scream by Edward Munch. He collects the jeers by taking a deep inhale, nose upturned to the rafters. He smiles, and pulls a microphone out from his back.

Jack Harmen:

Ha.

Harmen tries to hold his mouth shut.

Jack Harmen:

Ha... Hahaha... HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA...

Harmen looks stern toward the ring, straight into the camera.

Jack Harmen:

Like I have anything left to prove to you... I mean, look at you, on your knees, begging me for a rematch. Pretty sure that's where you've spent most of your career, isn't it Elise? Just usually, you're beggin' for The D. And I don't mean Derek.

Harmen turns his back to the ring and raises a middle finger. He leaves with one last word.

Jack Harmen:

Stop holding up this United Toughness Alliance programming (jeers) and get your asses gone! Cause you're never getting a rematch against me Elise. The answer's NO!

Harmen tosses the microphone over his shoulder and exits to the backstage area, leaving the PCP a bit dumbfounded in the ring. The D squints, turning to Elise.

The D:

That's what it means? Seems so redundant.

Elise Ares:

And stupid, how in the hell do you unite toughness?

The D:

I mean, United and Alliance are the same word.

Elise Ares:

Maybe you unite toughness by putting the same word on both end...wait, where'd Jack go! Klein! Subpoena him!

Klein nods, and races out of the ring.

DDK:

It appears that Jack Harmen ...

Angus:

IS A COWARD! CHICKEN SHIT DOUCHEBAG WHO'S CAR IS NOW BEING PAINTED YELLOW. WINDSHIELDS AND ALL!

DDK:

Angus...

Angus:

He called our show a UTA show!? HE CALLED OUR SHOW A UTA SHOW?!?

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

I'LL KILL 'EM! KILL 'EM DEAD!

DDK:

Take your meds Angus.

Angus:

I'M TAKING RAGE PILLS KEEBS! RAAAAAAGGEEEE!

The scene fades to red.

ANDY MURRAY VS. DANNY DIGGS

DDK:

Welcome back, folks! It's time for our next match of the evening, with Andy Murray competing for the first time since David Hightower put him on the shelf a couple of months ago. Is the ageing Scot fully healed, and how will he fare against the dastardly Danny Diggs?

Angus:

He didn't seem too chipy earlier on, but we won't know until he actually steps through the ropes. I think we can forgive his surliness: dude was screwed out of his WrestleUTA Championship in the worst way possible, then had his neck lashed to shit with a steel chain. I'd be pissed too!

DDK:

Diggs, for his part, isn't the most technically proficient grappler on the roster, but he's definitely one of the smarter. This guy's got more shortcuts than an Ordnance Survey map - he can steal a victory from anyone, and that's why we call him 'The Master Thief!'

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

The track runs through the usual drum & organ introduction, before kicking in with the rhythm in full flow. Andy Murray steps out from the backstage area, ready for a fight, and starts making his way down the ramp, slapping hands with the fans as he goes. He eventually reaches the bottom, rolls under the bottom rope, and throws a hand in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs in at 280lbs... ANDY MURRAAYYYYYYYYY!

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

The most unnecessarily flamboyant entrance theme in DEFIANCE bumps through the PA. Out steps Danny Diggs, bottle of wine in one hand, steel chair in the other. The tie dye-clad grappler's got his usual shit-eating Cheshire Cat grin plastered across his face as he saunters down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring, from Cleveland, Ohio, he weighs in at 250lbs... 'THE MASTER THIEF'... DANNNYYYYY DIGGGGGSSSSS!

Diggs gets inside. It takes a lot of convincing, but the referee eventually talks him into ditching the steel chair. The bell rings, and Murray comes forwards, only for Diggs to slide his torso between the top and middle ropes, forcing a break.

Unbeknown to Andy, Danny takes a swig from the wine bottle. He moves towards the middle and, much to his opponent's surprise, offers a handshake. Murray doesn't quite know what to make of this, but it doesn't matter: Diggs spits a cloud of wine and saliva right in his face. This enrages the Scot, who charges forward, but Danny once again positions himself between the ropes.

The frustration game continues as Diggs heads to the outside of the ring. Not usually one to give chase, the annoyed Scott goes right after him. Danny grabs the steel chair and fakes lobbing it at his head, but decides against DQ'ing himself, and tosses it Murray's feet inside. Andy swings a clothesline, Diggs ducks, skips behind, and boots the small of his back. This sends Andy tumbling forward, so Danny goes back inside, taking the centre of the ring for himself.

DDK:

This is exactly what we've come to expect from Danny Diggs in DEFIANCE: pure shenanigans. He's trying to make Andy Murray lose his head early here, and it might just be working.

Murray charges back in, and this time gets to Diggs before he can get a rope break. Andy hits him with a few right forearms, then whips him to the ropes. Diggs hooks his arms over the top to prevent a rebound then raises a boot to

Murray's jaw as he dashes towards him, then rakes the eyes, darts around, and rolls him up.

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Both men are back on their feet, though Murray is slow to rise. This always Diggs to club away at him but Andy counters, tackling his opponent into the corner. He lands a couple of strikes then neutralises the trickster with a side headlock, transitioned into a rear waistlock, then into a stiff German Suplex!

The crowd pop. Diggs tries to roll out of the ring, but Murray maintains control, grinding away at his opponent with a grounded hammerlock. Danny battles his way to his feet but can't break the hold. Murray decides to do this himself, the opts to punish his foe with some stinging chops to the chest, backing him into the corner.

DDK:

A slower Andy Murray than usual, but he seems to have worked his way through Diggs' nonsense now, with the villain firmly on the backfoot.

Angus:

He's gotta be careful, though: this cheeky little shit has more than a trick or two left up his sleeve, I'm sure...

Diggs eventually stumbles out of the corner, holding his chest. Andy tries to grapple him, but 'The Master Thief' rolls him into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Andy's getting fed up, now. He goes right after Diggs, but Danny, AGAIN, slides his torso between the ropes. Murray hits him regardless, forcing an admonishment from the official. Meanwhile, Diggs has headed over to the corner and is working at uncovering one of the turnbuckles. He loosens the cover, then, unknown to the referee, yanks it away, exposing the steel. Murray charges, but Danny ducks out of the way, and the Scot goes ribcage-first into the exposed 'buckle!

Angus:

Fuck's sake, ref! Look at the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Here's the roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

He's got a handful of tights!

THREE!

Angus:

What?!

Victorious, Danny Diggs quickly rolls away from Murray, knowing that the Scotsman's retribution will be fierce.

DDK:

Danny Diggs just upset Andy Murray!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... DANNY DIGGGGGSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Angus:

What the fuck did we just witness, Keeps?!

Diggs quickly scampers up the ramp, still grinning. Murray, meanwhile, is furious. He tries to protest the outcome, but soon realises there's nothing that can be done to rectify the situation, even as he points to the exposed turnbuckle. He boots the bottom rope in frustration.

DDK:

Diggs just did a number on the 24-year veteran. The immediate shock of the exposed turnbuckle coupled with the handful of tights on the roll-up put Murray away, but the big man didn't exactly look himself tonight, either.

Angus:

That was a slow, ponderous performance. He only mustered a few moments of offence, too. Is this the same performer we knew all those months ago?

DDK:

This *could* just be an anomaly, Angus, but Andy Murray took a big loss tonight, and he isn't happy about it...

DEFIANTLY UNITED

Backstage into the UTA locker room, where UTA superstars Jack Harmen and Scott Stevens are crowded around the television monitor. Harmen is removing his gloves and dressed in his street clothes, still wearing his pixel themed box destroying PCP t-shirt. Harmen turns to Stevens, pointing to the monitor. Stevens meanwhile, had been unlacing his boots.

Jack Harmen:

Murray senior doesn't seem as strong as he once was.

Stevens looks up at Harmen, and notices Diggs having just recently defeated Murray.

Jack Harmen:

Might be a good time to put a feather in one's cap. Defeat the elder Murray, the former UTA champion... then maybe get the nod to take on Cayle.

Stevens narrows his eyes.

Jack Harmen:

One of us could defiantly turn this place into UTA. Full on. Win the bounty, win the gold. Take over.

Harmen shrugs, and goes to exit the locker room.

Jack Harmen:

Just sayin'.

Slow zoom in on Stevens as he grips his wrist in a clenched fist.

WrestleUTA Title: CRIMSON LORD © VS. RICH MAHOGANY

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

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

Quimbey:

Representing the UTA....the current WrestleUTA World Champion "The Messiah of Pain" CRIMSON LORD!

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

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

DDK:

Earlier tonight, Crimson went on his usual rant and rave. He put down this company and even our boss Eric Dane! Oscar heard enough and this is what ensued...

The replay plays of the events earlier in the night.**Angus:**

Burns choked and this man decimated him.

DDK:

There you see that brutal High Angle Powerbomb to the floor.

Angus:

Defiance is not going to give up Crimson, I don't care if you guys won War Games!

The final shot seen is Crimson standing over Oscar with the WrestleUTA' championship high above his head.

The camera switch to a live view.

Crimson grabs the championship from Jon's hands. He reaches for the top rope and pulls himself up on the apron; soon after steps over the top rope. He walks to the center of the ring, slowly turning his head toward the entranceway. Jon walks over to Crimson's corner. Crimson lowers the title he held up in the air for a moment. Carla takes the title from him.

♪ "Love Man" - Otis Redding ♪

Quimbey:

And his opponent RICH MAHOGANY!

The challenger makes his way to the ring: its Rich Mahogany. With Crimson's free hand he pulls his hood back from his head. He removes his jacket and hoodie and tosses them into his corner. Jon quickly takes his his bosses entrance wardrobe from the ring.

DDK:

Rich has stepped forward, this man is quite the accomplished wrestler.

Angus:

Crimson just towers over Mahogany.

Carla raises the title up in the air, and the bell rings!

DDK:

Rich gets his chance to take Crimson Lord's title right now.

The two lock up and Crimson lifts a knee staggering RM back. Crimson without wasted movement, gut wrenches Rich to the mat. Crimson gets to a vertical base and drops a leg over the throat of Rich. RM holds his throat while CL returns to his feet. He picks up Rich and pushes him into the corner.

Angus:

Rich needs to get out of that corner, Crimson is mauling him with lefts and rights to the body and to the face...come on ref break it up.

RM staggers out of the corner and Crimson lifts him up and sidewalk slams Rich to the mat and goes into the cover.

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Rich is not going to give up just yet!

Crimson picks up Rich and irish whips RM to the ropes. Crimson tries a clothesline Rich ducks and bounces off the opposite ropes and flies at CL with a flying forearm. Staggering the monster back, Rich quickly goes in on the attack unloading with a flurry of punches while CL is back against the ropes.

Angus:

Beat him down Rich!

RM throws Crimson off the ropes and drops to the mat as Crimson steps over him. As Crimson returns Rich hits a standing dropkick, but Crimson staggers back. Only to quickly get his footing and grabs Rich while he was still on the mat by the legs and lifts him up into a spinebuster!

DDK:

Vicious spinebuster and the momentum switches once more. Crimson clearly is annoyed now and is wasting no time here he has Rich back to a vertical base for the Hollow Point!

Angus:

Reverse it Rich come on!

Crimson nails the Hollow Point. Crimson staring down at Rich holding his lower back in pain. Crimson quickly grabs Rich again and again lifts him up into another Hollow Point!

DDK:

Crimson now with two Hollow Points!

Angus:

This is disgusting, Crimson now rubbing his forearm into Rich face as he goes for the cover.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Quimbly:

The winner of the match and STILL WrestleUTA Champion....."The Messiah of Pain" CRIMMMSSSOON LORRD!

Crimson watches Jon snatch the championship out of Carla's hands. He walks it over to him as he hands it to him. Crimson raises the championship in the air to a chorus of boos from the WrestlePlex.

DDK:

This man whether we like it or not is a force that Defiance is going to have a hard time stopping.

Angus:

You're sounding an awful lot like a traitor Keeps!

DDK:

You can't deny this monster is practically unstoppable, no sense lying to ourselves.

Angus:

Sooner or later Crimson will fall just like the rest of his merry band of misfits!

Last clip is Crimson following Jon up the rampway with the championship over his shoulder.

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT

DDK:

Coming up next, we're going to send it over to Lance Warner at the interview stage where he'll be standing by with two men who were victorious against a group of men you've labeled as DEFectors, Angus...

Angus:

Theo Baylor tried to sell No Justice, No Peace with those UTAH dickbags as the land of milk and honey until Team HOSS STOMPED them out. That was one slight good thing that happened that night... Ugh...

DDK:

Morale in the locker room can't be the best right now given what happened at Maximum DEFIANCE, but we have to keep business moving. Now, we're going to the interview stage with Lance Warner. Lance?

On cue, the camera heads over to the stage where Lance Warner is ready to rock and roll and bring the bass for your face... via journalism.

Lance Warner:

Thanks, Darren. Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome my guests at this time... Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... TEAM HOSS!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The crowd gives a nice ovation as two of the few DEFIANCE stars to come up with a win at Maximum DEFIANCE make their way out from the back. Angel looks happy to see the NOLA crowd while Aleczander stands next to him, flexing his biceps. Both men have on a pair of matching new DEFIANCE t-shirts with "WAIT FOR IT..." on the front. They turn their back to the camera to show off the back...

Angus:

"HOSSOME!" Good lord, we need more guysthat can truck people like they do.

DDK:

Angel Trinidad and Aleczander the Great gave it their all at Maximum DEFIANCE and came out victorious. Now, what's next for the powerhouse duo?

Angel pats Lance Warner on the back and Aleczander shakes his hand before they arrive on the stage. The music fades out quietly as the crowd starts a chant.

"HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

The reaction is still more positive than it ever had been for Team HOSS, so Angel acknowledges it with a nod.

Angel Trinidad:

Thank you.

Aleczander The Great:

That's right, mates! We're here to help DEFIANCE in a time of need! We're like Superman, Batman or that glove that makes hamburgers not taste like shite!

Angel rolls his eyes at his partner as Lance continues.

Lance Warner:

Team HOSS... at Maximum DEFIANCE, you were successful against No Justice, No Peace. We understand that you wanted this time to address the recent goings-on as the rest of the night certainly didn't go in DEFIANCE's favor.

Angel nods as he inches closer to the microphone.

Angel Trinidad:

And that's part of the reason that we're here. See... losing absolutely sucks. And to the United Toughness Alliance, I'll give those Sports Entertainment Shitbags credit. They won a lot of major matches and the night mostly belonged to them. But when Theo Baylor thought he'd get the rest of No Justice No Peace a free pass into the UTA at OUR expense... man, they fucked up! Maybe

Aleczaider nodded in agreement with his partner.

Aleczaider The Great:

Right?! Wankers!

The two shared a laugh along with the crowd as Lance Warner continued.

Lance Warner:

And now that brings me to my next question. Before No Justice No Peace tried to attack the both of you, it seemed your goals were to go after the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Titles. Is it safe to assume that'll be your focus now?

Aleczaider The Great:

Right again, mate! That London wanker, Kendrix, and as Angus likes to say, Hollywood McFuckass...

Aleczaider turns to Angus and points at him, credit for his moniker. Angus gives a thumbs up right back and can be heard cackling over his headset.

Aleczaider The Great:

...Long as they have them titles, they're marked men! And now that we've got a free opportunity...

"HEY! MOTHAFUCKAS!"

The attention suddenly diverted to the DEFIATron above and the crowd booed the mouthpiece of the DEFectors... "Brother" Lucius Owens, along with his main star, the UTA star Theo Baylor, both looking pretty smug for people who no doubt had to answer for failing at Maximum DEFIANCE. Angel turned his attention up to the tron and motioned for Lance's microphone.

Angel Trinidad:

You're gonna want to give me that.

Lance handed the microphone off and cleared the stage as Angel glared up at the tron.

Angel Trinidad:

What's with the shit-eating grins? You develop a taste for having your asses beat and want another fix or what?

Aleczaider chimed in.

Aleczaider The Great:

Far as we're concerned, mate, we're done with you wankers!

Owens let out a soft chuckle at Team HOSS' remarks.

Lucius Owens:

Oh, are you now? Mr. Barts and Mr. Trinidad, we'll level with you. Mr. Unlikely was NOT happy at all with our performance at Maximum DEFIANCE. We'll call a spade a spade. You won and no doubt proved that you can back up all the hype that comes with your name.

Angel Trinidad:

And Theo Baylor looks fucking stupid.

The crowd laughed. Baylor did not. He even tried to attack the camera, but Owens put a hand up to keep him from doing anything reckless.

Angel Trinidad:

Sorry, I thought we were having a "state the obvious" contest. Now get out of here. Like Alecz said... we're done.

Owens let out another chuckle before he pointed at his surroundings.

Lucius Owens:

We'll have to agree to disagree, Mr. Trinidad. You think that you're finished with us... but, see, Mr. Unlikely is also a man who can give a second chance when he wants to. What you both fail to realize is that this doesn't end between us until we beat you and we BREAK you. You may be powerful, but even the biggest of men have a weakness... you just have to know where to look.

The camera panned away from Theo and Owens and cuts to where they are... deep in the heart of the BRAZEN facility.

Felton Bigsby:

You got that, 'Hoodlum?

Neighborhoodlum (V/O):

GOT DAT SHIT!

The Neighborhoodlum is revealed to be behind the camera. He pants over to Roosevelt Owens and Felton Bigsby standing over someone that makes Angel and Aleczander's jaws drop...

Angus:

...Oh, damn it! YOU TRAITORS!

DDK:

Angus... that's... that's Capital Punishment!

Indeed, it is. Vintage IWO shirt tattered, bloodied face and hunched over cradling his rib cage, with Theo Baylor joining Big Rosey and Felton next to his prone body. Team HOSS' former partner, now a retired BRAZEN trainer... now laid out. Angel balls up a fist and growls loud enough for Lance's microphone to pick up while Aleczander has no pearly-white smile on his face like he almost always does. They watch Lucius Owens step into view.

Lucius Owens:

My dear Felton has plans to attend to tonight, but if the two of you want to do something about this, then we'll see you in the ring in two weeks on DEFTV. You two against Theo and Felton. Let's see how you do now that you don't have your big friend here watching your back...

The crowd goes LOUD with jeering as Angel darts off the interview stage and runs toward the back with Aleczander not far behind him. The camera goes back to Keebler and Angus.

DDK:

No Justice No Peace have declared they aren't done with Team HOSS after Maximum DEFIANCE... and they just struck a personal blow against them.

Angus:

...Goddamn it, guys...

DDK:

We'll try to get a word with trainers hopefully later in the broadcast or after the show on Capital Punishment's condition, but we gotta try and roll on with the MAIN EVENT, Angus!

FIST: CAYLE MURRAY © VS. FELTON BIGSBY

DDK:

Well, I guess it's main event time.

Angus:

Good lord, Keeps, Felton Bigsby is about to fight for the FIST. I might be feeling pretty proud right now, if he hadn't gone and aligned himself with those Utah fucknuggets.

DDK:

This is an extremely interesting situation. Mikey Unlikely set a bounty on Cayle's head earlier in the evening, and the first challenger has already emerged, with Felton and his crew confronting the Scot earlier in this evening. Bigsby, much like David Hightower, is a big, burly bruiser full of anger, and given the less-than-perfect state Cayle is in, it's safe to say he's got a great chance of success tonight.

Angus:

He does, worryingly. Bigsby's a truck, but let's not forget how good Squidley is. In peak form, he's the absolute best wrestler on the planet, but in his current condition? I just don't know. Plus, y'know, he can be an emotional little goober at times...

DDK:

He's also a man who's marched through hell and back on multiple occasions. Hightower, Box, Dane: each match was an absolute war, yet Murray survived. If there's anyone who can deal with this situation, it's him. Let's see if his FIST reign extends beyond its 182nd day...

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

Felty B's flying solo tonight, as confirmed earlier in the evening. He stomps out onto the stage and pauses at the top of the ramp, flashing the forearms-crossed No Justice, No Peace sign, before marching down the ramp, ready for his big opportunity. His facial expression is one of pure rage.

♪ "Red In Tooth And Claw" by Rosetta ♪

The FIST's new entrance theme erupts throughout the building, and the fans are in raptures as he appears against the perfect white backdrop. Decked out in championship attire, Cayle Murray walks down to the ring with confidence, though he's clearly still hurting. Nonetheless, he bumps fists on his way, then rolls under the bottom rope, raising the belt DEFIANTLY in Felton's face. The big Texan shoves him away, prompting Brian Slater to separate 'em.

Regardless, the spotlights do their thing.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, to my right, the challenger, he hails from Houston, Texas, and weighs in at 320lbs... 'HOUSTON STRONG'... FELTON BIGSBYYYYYYYYY!

Big jeers for Felty.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he is the REIGNING, DEFENDING, FIST. OF. DEF--

No time for that shit, DQ! Bigsby's just barreled past everyone, launching his giant frame at Cayle Murray! The challenger mauls the champion, going right after him with strike after strike after strike.

DING! DING! DING!

Cayle gets thrown in the corner. Bigsby charges, but Murray darts out of the way, kicking Felton as he turns. They're

soon engaged in a full-on strike battle in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

My god! Talk about a fast-paced start!

They're slugging. Cayle, as one of the best technical strikes in the game, stings the bigger man, and eventually gains enough time to leap in with a European uppercut. Bigsby is staggered, but recovers, clocking the FIST with a flurry of forearms following by a straight headbutt. Cayle gets sent to the ropes, and Bigsby's shoulder block floors him on the return.

No rest from the challenger. He grabs Cayle from the mat and tosses him in the corner, going after his taped ribs with a spear. He stays low, ramming his shoulder into Cayle's midsection over and over, before standing back up, then cracking him with a few more forearms. Jeers raining down, Bigsby moves to the middle of the ring, arms outstretched, talking shit.

This allows the hurting Murray to get back into it. He charges out with a running European just as Bigsby turns around, then stiffes him with a bodykick. Felton counters the next. Soon, they're slugging again, trading forearms one-for-one. It's Cayle with the upperhand this time, and he whips Felty B to the ropes, taking him down with a drop toehold. Murray then transitions into a kneelock, keeping the brute grounded.

Angus:

Yup, keep that big fucker off his feet. Bigsby can't win this if he can't throw Squiddy around.

DDK:

But Cayle's already taken a few heavy blows to this tender ribs. He's gotta be careful, because he'll be in a whole lot of trouble if Felton hits so much as one big move.

Bigsby, knowing that this approach was a big factor in Cayle's win over David Hightower, knows he can't stay in this predicament for long. He can't out-grapple the FIST, so he gets super simplistic, jamming his free booth into Murray's ribs multiple times. This forces Cayle to break the hold, but he's first to his feet, raining with the stomps.

The big Texan rises through them. Eventually, Felton gets a foothold by charging Murray back into the corner while in a rear waistlock. He then pulls him up and drives him into the mat with a powerslam. He doesn't make the cover. Instead, Felton picks Cayle back up and slaps the taped ribs with a couple of overhand chops.

Murray fires up, cracking Felty with some strikes. He has Bigsby on the ropes! The FIST takes a few steps back then charges, knocking Bigsby over the top with a Yakuza kick, but the No Justice, No Peace member lands on his feet. No problem, fam: Cayle hits the ropes, charges across the ring, then dives clean over the top rope... right into Felton's grasp!

Fallaway Slam onto the floor!

Angus:

Jesus fuckin' Christ!

Again, Bigsby talks shit to anyone who'll listen. He soon tires of this and picks Cayle up, before tossing him head-first into the barricade!

DDK:

This is bad, Angus! Real bad! Cayle has to get out of here! Bigsby is a big, mean hoss, and you can bet your bottom dollar he's looking to do all kinds of damage there on the outside.

Angus:

No shit! C'mon, Squidley! Snap out of it!

Snapping out of it isn't an option. With Cayle downed, Bigsby picks him up, then continues his murder spree by throwing him into the ring steps this time. Brian Slater's nearing the top of his ten-count, however, so Felton eventually rolls him back inside on nine, then goes right into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Bigsby wastes no time whatsoever. He pulls Cayle up, props him on his shoulders, then goes for his running powerslam into the corner. Murray slips out at the last possible moment! Felton turns around, but a shotgun dropkick sends him in the corner. The FIST hesitates on the ground, clutching his ribs in pain, but is eventually able to get up, then drive his opponent into the mat with an inverted STO! Both are down and out!

DDK:

This is every bit as competitive as we anticipated. Felton, the more brutish of the two, has dominated whenever he's been able to utilise his power game. He's a tad more refined than Hightower, and while he lacks David's primal rage, he'd done a great job of turning it into his kind of fight - until now.

Cayle's up first - just. He takes control of Bigsby's head, clinches, then sends a knee into his skull. A second sends Bigsby stumbling backwards. Murray takes a breather, then runs... only to have his head knocked off with a Lariat.

Back in control, Bigsby starts throwing Cayle around like a ragdoll, before taking him over to the corner. He lifts the FIST high then drops him chest-first across the top 'buckle, inflicting more damage to those messed up ribs. Another straight headbutt follows. A wound opens up beneath Cayle's eyes: it's not big, but it's enough for a small trickle of blood to start slithering down his face.

More punishment follows. Felton rope-a-dopes the champion around with some brutal-looking forearms, then takes him down with a bodyslam. One the FIST is grounded, Bigsby runs the ropes, then hits a big splash.

Back on his feet, Felton pulls Cayle up to join him, then drapes him on the shoulder. He charges towards the corner, nailing the East Texas Stampede into the 'buckles! Cayle collapses a broken heap.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

He ain't too happy about Brian Slater's count, though.

DDK:

Complaining won't do a thing here, big man! It was two!

Angus:

Getting a little bit worried about our champ here, Keebs! He ain't doing a whole lot of moving at the moment - and he's bleeding... AGAIN. I swear, if he doesn't pull this off...

Bigsby's continued complaining allows Cayle to come through with a roll up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

This gives Cayle a jolt of adrenaline. He kicks the hell out of Felty while he rises, then smacks him with a Roaring Elbow. Bigsby screams something unintelligible in response, effectively no-selling the blow... but the second one sends him all the way to the mat! Murray suddenly runs the ropes, coming back with a Penalty Kick, then sprints towards the corner. Low-arcing Moonsault!

No cover though. Instead, Cayle calls Bigsby up. The challenger labours, and eats several stiff kicks to the chest and back as he sits upright. Murray skips behind, looking to apply his Dragon Sleeper, but Bigsby shakes himself free and gets back to his full height. A nasty head kick sends Bigsby to one knee. Cayle hits the ropes, charges at his opponent... but walks right into a sidewalk slam!

DDK:

MORE damage to the torso! How much more can the champion take?!

Angus:

Ohgodohgodohgod...

Felton's hurting. He has dished out more punishment than his opponent's, but Cayle's has been sharp and crisp, despite his physical condition. Nonetheless, the big man is in control. He gets to his feet, locking him in a Full Nelson...

Angus:

Oh no, he's going for the Fourth Ward Avalanche!

DDK:

FIGHT BACK, CAYLE! FIGHT BACK!

Bigsby tries to hoist Cayle up, but no! The FIST breaks free! PELE KICK!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Felton's dazed. HEAD KICK. Front facelock.

Hoisted into the air.

DRIVEN.

DDK:

CHAINBREAKER! HE HIT IT!

Cayle flops into the cover, praying his finisher is enough.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

It is.

DDK:

Cayle retains!

Angus:

PHEW!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and STILL FIST of DEFIANCE... CAYLE! MURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYY!

Murray gets up, but only with the aid of Brian Slater. He has his hand hoisted then immediately doubles over, hurting a lot worse than his beaten opponent. The referee calls for medics.

DDK:

Experience shines through! Bigsby controlled most of the contest, but his anger got the better of him on a couple of occasions. Cayle, meanwhile, picked his shots to perfect and emerges with his reign intact, but I have to wonder how much damage was done tonight...

Angus:

Those ribs are definitely looking a little more fucked up, that's for sure. What's worst is that this is WEEK ONE of Mikey Unlikely's bounty! Who knows what's coming next?

Bigsby is conscious on the mat. Murray's dazed, but still standing as a doctor dabs blood away from his forehead, then asks him to sit down.

DDK:

A successful defence. The FIST remains with DEFIANCE, but for how long?

Angus:

Don't let that grip of yours slip, Cayle, whatever you do...

DDK:

Folks, we're running out of time! Thanks for joining us... goodnight!

THIS. IS. DEFIANCE.