

RUNDOWN

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

♪ "Until The War Is Won" - Christopher Walters ♪



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

MORMON THAN HUMAN
THE SQUID WONT GIVE!
MIKEY - CHAIRMEN OF THE FED?!
DEFIANT 'TILL THE END!
CHRIS ROSS DRESS FOR LESS!
REAPER ARMY WANTS YOU!
SUP POP SOHER!
RED JESUS!!
12 GAGE BLACKWOOD
WHERE IS IMPULSE?
OSCAR BURNS HOT!

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

DDK:

Welcome Ladies and Gentlemen to the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex! This is DEFtv! I am Darren Keebler alongside my cohost, Angus Skaaland! What a show we have tonight, Angus!

Angus:

You'd say that if it was a steel chair verse a kitchen sink, Keebs!

DDK:

Well, tonight ... The head hunt for the FIST continues and with the bounty issued by WrestleUTA head, Mikey Unlikely, as the prize - we got word earlier this week that Chris Ross would be the next to answer the call.

Angus:

Damnit, Keebs ... Don't give these Mormons the time of day. Don't tease there matches ... the hell with it, let rating plummet! Worst case if we can't run 'em out of town at least will loose TV and no one will know about it!

DDK:

Aside from the Faithful LIVE in attendance tonight at another SOLD OUT DEFtv!

Angus:

Corporate shill...

DDK: *[ignoring Angus]*

... WHO; will witness not ONE ... NOT TWO ... BUT THREE titles ON THE LINE here tonight! Cayle Murray against the irradiactly dangerous Chris Ross, Scott Douglas' against Kerry - well The GREEN Reaper and ...

Angus:

Don't you say it! Don't you hype that piece of UTA tin ...

DDK:

... and Sho Nakazawa & Mascara De Muerte IV challenge for the DEFIANCE TAG TEAM TITLES against ...

Angus:

Ok, you bait and switched me there, Keebs ... You get one. But while we are on the subject my BRAZEN boys are going to get the job done! No questions asked. Mcfuckass Squared loses these titles TONIGHT! OR Keeb's eats my hat!

DDK:

Speaking of BRAZEN ... wait, what?

Angus:

I think we're moving on to the next segment, Keebs. You'll eat my hat, it's settled. Moving on!

DDK:

... *wait, wait* ...

Cut to the backstage.

IS THIS THE REAL LIFE?

The scene opens up to the WrestleUTA locker room. There's a commotion going on in one corner. We can see the backs of JFK and Mikey Unlikely, and they are both shouting at someone or something.

As the camera nears we see they are looking at a television. Must be watching some of tonight's action right!?

Wrong...

The camera rounds the shoulders of the two gentlemen, and that's when we see that Mikey has an apparatus stuck to his face. The pair wear their ring gear. Both men have the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships secured around their waists. Mikey also has the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship strapped directly above it on his midsection.

Kendrix:

Turn left bruv! Do it now! You're going to killed!

Mikey whips his head to the left. The screen also turns left. The blue lights from the device light up the rest of Mikey's face, but it's clear he can't see what's happening around him, only what's going on in the game. Mikey is wearing a VR headset and has a Playstation controller in his hand.

Mikey is moving as fast as he can, duckin and diving. As we turn back to the TV we can see Mikey is a run and dodge situation with things chasing after him.

Mikey Unlikely:

AHHHHHHHHH!

The in screen game is in first person, and shakes violently as Mikey "falls" to the ground in the game. The scene is quickly filled with some type of raving zombies that attack the player in the game.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh no! Get em off me! Get em off me! They're going to eat me! HELP! KENDRIX! HELLLLLLP!

JFK grabs the headset and tears it from the face of Mikey. Mikey is wide eyed and in shock.

Kendrix:

It's ok bruv! It's ok! It's just a game innit!? It's not real, there are no zombies here!

Mikey takes a second to take in his surroundings. He comes back to life essentially when he sees a camera is in the room with them.

Mikey Unlikely:

Holy crap bruv! That's insane! That game is almost like the real thing! I thought they were going to eat the Worlds Greatest Sports Entertainer!

The Future of this Very Business smiles.

Kendrix:

Yea I told you! It's very lifelike!

Mikey looks down at the double titles strapped to his body and rubs the SOHER with his hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

Would be nicer if my character could wear my titles though! I mean... yea it might slow me down, but can you imagine how good it would look in PR!?

His buddy corrects him.

Kendrix:

VR Bruv. Virtual Reality! Oh man.... What if there were Virtual Reality Frappes!? **VRAPPES!**?

Mikey's eyes go wide with excitement, before there's a brief knock on the door. DEFIANCE interviewer Christie Zane cracks the door and asks if she can come in. Mikey rolls his eyes very dramatically before waving her on.

Christie comes bouncing in, she wears a smile on her face as she nears the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions.

Christie Zane:

Mikey how do...

The Unlikely one puts his hand up to stop her with a light chuckle.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let me guess! How do I feel about being one half of the greatest Tag Teams in the history of DEFIANCE?

Mikey and JFK pose with their tag titles. Christie raises an eyebrow before slowly shaking her head.

Mikey Unlikely:

How does it feel to be the best double champion ever in wrestling!?

Once more she shakes her head no.

Mikey Unlikely:

How does it feel to know I beat Eric Dane in War Games!?

She loses her patience.

Christie Zane:

Mikey how does it feel, knowing you have Scott Douglas breathing down your neck, trying to get his Southern Heritage Title back from you?

Mikey looks agast. His mouth is wide open and he can't even utter a word. His face slowly turns red like a toddler about to burst, before everything comes out at once.

Mikey Unlikely:

HIS TITLE!? HIS!? I held this championship for almost a year Christie! It was the single greatest title reign any of these idiots in the stands have ever seen! I'm the most successful SOHER...neh....HOHER~! In the history of HO-ING!

Kendrix looks confused by that last remark, but he lets it go with a shake of the head.

Mikey Unlikely:

His title! The nerve you have! Christie possession is ten ninths of the law! **TEN! NINTHS!**

Christie Zane:

That's an improper fraction!

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU'RE AN IMPROPER FRACTION!

Mikey is getting very heated, JFK grabs him by the arm and encourages him to cool it. Finally he comes around.

Mikey Unlikely:

Christie, listen, I'm sorry! I don't know who's been feeding you all these lies and ridiculous propaganda, but let me assure you of one thing. The SOHER is mine. The HOHER is mine. DEFIANCE is mine... and soon... even you will be mine!

He brushes his fingers through the tip of Christie's hair. She leans back appalled.

Mikey Unlikely:

..And there isn't a damn thing you, Eric Dane, Cayle Murray, or Scott Douglas can do about it... Now get out of my dressing room!

The camera fades as Christie walks off disgusted.

TEAM HOSS VS. NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE

DDK:

Ready for our first match, Angus? Team HOSS are gunning for payback in a rematch from Maximum DEFIANCE when they face off against the No Justice No Peace members Theo Baylor and Felton Bigsby.

Angus:

And after what they did to their former mentor, Cappy, two weeks ago? Oh, these turncoats are FIXING for an ass-whomping. HOSSFITE!

DDK:

Theo Baylor is very dangerous and we saw Felton Bigsby come within a HAIR of almost collecting on Mikey Unlikely's bounty on the FIST of DEFIANCE. Not to mention NJNP still have Neighborhoodlum and Roosevelt Owens lurking at ringside. Let's go to the ring for this grudge match!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... at a combined weight of 593 pounds... they are the team of Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... **TEAM HOSS!**

The name may be borderline goofy, but there is NOTHING goofy about the 6'3" and 268-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great or the 6'10" and 315-pound Angel Trinidad heading toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. There's no fooling around from Aleczander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The two enter the ring with a supportive crowd, but little fanfare as their music fades out.

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... being accompanied to the ring by Roosevelt Owens, The Neighborhoodlum and Brother Lucius Owens... at a combined weight of 605 pounds, representing No Justice, No Peace... **THEO BAYLOR AND FELTON BIGSBY!**

NJNP spread across the stage, with Brother Lucius - suit-clad as always - standing in the middle. Just as they had in past matches, they raise both arms in the air, cross them over, and turn the left hand into a fist, and the right into a peace sign. The fivesome reach the bottom of the ramp with Owens pointing at Felton and Baylor telling them to put this issue to bed tonight. They enter the ring...

Angus:

I'll say it again, Keebs... HOSSFITE!

DING DING DING

Team HOSS are seeing red and both Angel and Alezander attack Bigsby and Baylor respectively! The crowd goes nuts as Angel BOOTS Houston Strong in the face and knocks him right out of the ring so they can focus on putting a hurt on the UTA star Theo Baylor. Angel and Alezander both push him off to the corner and when he lands there, Aleczander motions to Angel for an assist. He whips Aleczander right at Theo in the corner, STRIKING him with a Spear Tackle to the chest!

DDK:

Team HOSS will get their pound of flesh, the numbers game be damned!

Aleczander takes some effort, but he whips Baylor forward into a DROPKICK by the near seven-footer Angel! The crowd gasps with amazement and then cheer as Team HOSS rule the roost for the moment, celebrating with the crowd!

Angus:

If they want to get over the force of No Justice, No Peace they gotta keep doing this, Keebs. Whoop ass now, ask questions never!

Angel leaves the ring and leaves Aleczander to take his pound of flesh from Theo for what NJNP did to their mentor, Capital Punishment. He grabs Theo by the head and blasts him with a straight pair of European Uppercuts to the head! He set him up in the corner near the ropes by tying up his hands...

Angus:

Damn! Those forearms tho! He calls this move Clangin' and Bangin!

After he finishes popping off several NASTY Forearms to the chest of the UTA star, he spins him around only to slam him into the mat with a big Side Belly to Belly Suplex! Theo goes down and Alecz tries the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kickout by Theo! But Aleczander isn't done!

The Tag Team LEGEND as he likes to call himself waits for Theo to get up before he plans his next move, but before he can do anything, The Neighborhoodlum jumps on the ring apron. Aleczander takes a swing at him and decks him on the jaw with a right...

Angus:

Ugh, damn the numbers! Big Boot by Theo!

DDK:

This is their detriment of not having Capital Punishment like they did at Maximum DEFIANCE!

After he takes a moment to compose himself from the beating, Baylor angrily throws a HARD kick to the jaw of Aleczander again as he tries to sit up. He then makes the tag to the big and mean Felton Bigsby. Coming off a narrow loss to Cayle Murray for the FIST of DEFIANCE two weeks ago, he's in an ornery mood himself. He waits for Aleczander to get up, only to run to the ropes, only to come back and BLAST Aleczander The Great with a nasty Football Tackle!

DDK:

I think that loss to Cayle Murray may have motivated Bigsby here! He's looking extra vicious tonight!

Angus:

STOP COMPLIMENTING THE TURNCOATS!

Bigsby and Baylor now control the action and Bigsby goes for a cover on The Mancunian Muscle.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kickout! But now No Justice, No Peace have all the control!

Houston Strong picks up Aleczander by his spiky hair, only to SLUG him with a big right sending him into their corner. Bigsby runs and tackles Aleczander with a Running Shoulder Tackle to the gut! He holds him in place to let Theo tag in again so he can go high and crack him in the mouth with a Running Elbow to the face! Bigsby then throws Aleczander into Baylor who floors him with a Scoop Powerslam! He goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

Close one there, but now Bigsby and Baylor are making sport of Team HOSS for the moment.

Angus:

NOBODY makes sport of our HOSS Overlords, Keeps! NOBODY!

Theo yells right in the face of Aleczander to get up and fight back as he's on his knees... and Aleczander obliges with a HARD Forearm across the chest! He throws another Uppercut to Theo while Angel watches, but when he tries to run to the ropes, Theo grabs his trunks and pulls him up into a hard Back Suplex that rattles his spine! The tag is back to Houston Strong again and big Bigsby with a bone-crushing grounded Senton! Aleczander doubles over in pain and Bigsby gets back up to dap fists with Theo.

DDK:

That Senton might have ENDED a match under most circumstances, but we know Team HOSS can take punishment as well as they dish.

Angus:

Come on, you beautiful Brit bastard make the tag and let Angel smash puny turncoats!

Trinidad wants the tag and the crowd wants him to have it just as badly gauging by the loud reaction, but Bigsby isn't letting him have it. He picks up Aleczander in a Front Facelock, but, Aleczander - still gasping for air - frantically fights and punches Bigsby in the ribcage to free himself. Bigsby fights back and throws him back into the corner.

DDK:

Bigsby with the char... NO! UPPERCUT BY ALEczANDER!

A last-ditch European Uppercut saves him from being crushed by Bigsby, then Aleczander to the second rope before coming off with the Flexual Assault!

Angus:

Flexual Assault, Keeps! He got him! Flying Clothesline!

Finally, Weapon Flex has the opportunity he needs! Angel bats at the top turnbuckle and wants in right now. Trinidad then calls for it as Bigsby gets over to Baylor. Theo makes the tag, but it's too late...

Angus:

OH, SHIT, THE OVERALL OVERLORD IS IN!

The Beast From The Bronx and the UTA heavy come to blows in the middle of the ring, exchanging blows! The two men club each other with stiff right hands and Theo gets the better of an exchange, blocking one of Angel's punches to fire a Headbutt. Angel gets rocked and Theo runs for a Spear of some sort, but Angel gets his foot up, kicking the LA

native in his bald head. The blow stuns Theo when Angel headlocks him and slams him head-first into the buckle!

Angel grabs Theo by the arm and whips him across the ring before he charges in, crushing him with a Running Body Avalanche! Angel now goes apeshit on Theo, throwing a vicious series of Headbutts! He then throws Theo out of the corner, leaps to the second rope and the big 6'10" monster takes flight with a Flying Reverse Elbow Smash! The cover follows!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

THEO KICKS OUT!

Angus:

Stay down!

Angel continues to bat away at Theo, still enraged over what NJNP had done to their mentor. When Hector Navarro tries to get him away, Angel shoves him back. Trinidad then picks him up, but Theo shoves Angel right into Bigsby, blasting him with a right hand as well! Lucius Owens yells at his men to stop Angel, which is much easier said than done for the moment. Aleczander is finally back up and makes the tag as both men prepare to end it.

Angus:

Oh, yes, oh, yes! The Greatest Move In The HOSS-Tory Of Our Sport!

Angel gets prepared to hoist Theo up when The Neighborhoodlum yet again runs onto the ring apron! Angel drops Baylor and nods at Aleczander while Angel runs over and kicks the big fat nephew of Lucius in the face! He charges out after him...

DDK:

The action is breaking down now! And wait...!

Aleczander has Theo on his shoulders, looking for the F5 that he calls Aleczander Wins The Match...

Angus:

NO! DAMN YOU, BIGSBY!

Bigsby sneaks in and saves his partner, then DRILLS Aleczander into the mat with an Elevated Spinebuster! Navarro is none the wiser when Theo rolls over to Aleczander, lifts him up in a daze...

DDK:

No Justice, No Peace with the run-in! WELCOME TO LA ON ALEczANDER!

After one big Spinebuster from Felton Bigsby, Theo hooks Aleczander with his sit-out finishing variation! Angel tries to get back in the ring, but Bigsby cuts him off.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!**

Bigsby and Baylor tap fists and they celebrate as the crowd rains jeers upon them.

Angus:

...Damn it...

DDK:

Lucius Owens and company knew exactly what they were doing tonight and because of the numbers advantage, they come up with a HUGE... albeit tainted... victory.

GEARS OF WAR: THE END

Angel Trinidad finally slides into the ring to check on his teammate.

Meanwhile, Brother Owens, Roosevelt Owens, Felton Bigsby and The Neighborhoodlum await Theo Baylor, who leaves the ring, arms raised and falls into a collective huddle of celebration for No Justice, No Peace.

Aleczaider remains out on the canvas but as Trinidad questions the referee he starts to come to. The Faithful keep booing as NJNP walk up the rampway.

Until they stop mid-way...

Brother Owens has the ear of everyone around him. He lets them know his thoughts and they all nod, walking back down the ramp.

Angus:

It looks like this one isn't over!

DDK:

Indeed not. The members of No Justice, No Peace are circling the ring. One of them for each side. They have Team HOSS completely surrounded!

Angus:

And look at Brother Owens, just standing there on the rampway and that grin on his face...

DDK:

They've already won the battle and now it looks as though they may end *the war*...

With those last words, "the war", the lights in the arena go off.

Angus:

What the... !?

It remains dark. No one can hear anything happening from inside the ring so it's unlikely NJNP has made an attack just yet.

Angus:

Can you see!?

DDK:

Definitely not.

Then... the DEFIATRON turns on and music plays.

♪ *Heron Blue* by Sun Kil Moon ♪

[\(Confused by video games? Click here\)](#)

First, an orange and green lightning bolt crosses the screen followed by a voice over the PA.

Ominous Voice:

Survival is the real plague...

*Don't cry, my love, don't cry no more
A crashing sky, a roaring screen
A city drowning, God's black tears*

I cannot bear to see

The screen jumps to a computerized-enhanced location, as the lightning bolt vanishes and the voice is no longer heard. It's a scene of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. However, instead of being filled with a rabid crowd attending DEFTv, it's in absolute ruins. Abandoned. The arena looks like it's been through war after war. Nothing more than different shades of grey and black fill the screen. Broken stadium seating, one turnbuckle in the ring has been busted right off and 1/4th of the squared-circle is caved in, leaving the ropes and canvas an unevened mess. The barricade is cracked in many places. The DEFIATRON has a large hole in the middle and the other half of the screen is hanging sideways. Anything you can think of has been ruined in one way or another.

She lay under the midnight moon

Her restless body stirring

Until the magic morning hour

Like poison it succumbs her

Some of the DEFIANCE roster are also present. However, they are frozen in ashes. A few of them are stuck in the middle of fighting, while others are defeated and lay beaten across the ring or rampway.

Her baby skin, her old black dress

Her hair it twists 'round her necklace

Constricts and chokes like ruthless vines

'Til sleep, she overtakes her

There's an ash statue of Cayle Murray, in mid-battle with the FIST across his shoulder.

The D is kneeling in front of Klein, who has a steel chair wrapped around his neck and cardboard box head.

Gage Blackwood is falling off the top of the rampway, trying desperately to reach out and grab hold of something before plummeting to his ultimate doom.

Her room is painted heron blue

Lit by candlelight and chandelier

And from her headboard, perched so high

A million dreams have passed her

As the scene goes further down the rampway, Oscar Burns clutches his ribs, hunched over. You can faintly see his "Hi, I like grapes" t-shirt through the depiction of the ashes.

And further still, The Reapers, in a pose suggesting they weren't fighting but didn't care, either.

Don't cry, my love, don't cry no more

It overwhelms my breaking heart

A minor swell of violins

I cannot bear to hear them

Finally, a green light shines through their bodies and crashes into Reaper Prime and Reaper Red (or in this case, Reaper Grey). Their bodies explode as the green light bursts through them, only to reveal the green silhouette man picking himself off the ground, now covered in The Reaper's ashes.

A mother shepherds her young birds

She fills their mouths and warms their souls

'Til they are strong and good to fly

Away from her, alone she'll die

Then, a large, dark figure looms over top. It has the outline of Brother Lucius Owens. It looks to cover the green man,

ready to lash down upon him. The green man begins to accept his fate, until...

SMACK!

A lead pipe goes right through the dark creature and the orange man, whom has been seen before, stands in place.

*Cradle on quiet old oak limbs
As heaven blue her light fails
A breath of soot into her lungs
A life, a journey's end in one*

The orange man offers his hand to the green man. The green man accepts it and gets to his feet.

Then more dark figures arrive. They resemble the other members of No Justice, No Peace.

Theo Baylor.

Felton Bigsby.

The Neighborhoodlum.

Roosevelt Owens.

*Don't sing that old sad hymn no more
It resonates inside my soul
It haunts me in my waking dream
I cannot bear to hear it*

It doesn't stop there.

Additional dark figures from the UTA come, surrounding the orange and green man as they continue to fight them off. One with a lead pipe, the other with his bare hands.

Crimson Lord.

Jack Harmen.

Lisil Jackson.

Chris Ross.

The Dibbins.

And so forth.

*Don't play those violins no more
Their melancholic overtones
They echo off the floor and walls
I cannot bear to hear them*

The fight rages on. The green man pulls out the blue question mark box he was given in the previous "promo" and consumes its contents. The orange man keeps going batshit crazy with the lead pipe.

They're over-matched. This fight, they will lose. That almost is certain...

The scene fades to black and the following words appear on screen.

"BROTHERS TO THE END."

Every word in the screen fades except "BROTHERS". Then the "THER" fades and the "S" joins the remaining letters on the screen.

"BROS."

The scene goes black and the arena still sits in darkness. There's a small cheer among The Faithful by those who know what's next. However, just as many don't have a clue.

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

Finally, the lights come back on.

Inside the ring, Team HOSS has recovered and they are ready to fight. Still, though, NJNP surround the ring. Brother Owens clues back in and realizes they still have the advantage.

Brother Owens:

GET THEM!

No Justice, No Peace begin to enter. Team HOSS go back-to-back in the center of the canvas, ready to fight.

♪ *Chemical Plant Zone from Sonic the Hedgehog* ♪

Half the crowd cheers, while the other half doesn't have to wait any longer in anticipation to find out who's coming.

Seconds after the music hits, a man in brown tights with an orange stripe running through them rushes out from behind the curtain. He stands about 5'11", 186 pounds, has short brown hair and a brown bandana as well.

Next, a man with green tights and a white stripe running through them follows. He has messy dirty-blond hair, stands at about 6'1", 177 pounds and sports a green bandana and green athletic basketball sleeve on his left arm.

The two of them pace down the ring as Brother Owens jumps aside.

DDK:

I believe they are The Fuse Bros!

Angus:

Well whoever they are, it took them long enough to get here!

DDK:

The one in the brown and orange, I'm told that's Tyler. The one in the green and white is Conor...

The Fuse Bros. roll into the ring and stand side-by-side with Team HOSS, who look surprised but nonetheless welcome the appearance. The Fuse Bros' theme song closes.

Conor Fuse:

[screaming at the top of his lungs] GAME OVER!!!

And with that cue, No Justice, No Peace enter and go right for the two tag teams.

Conor leaps into Roosevelt's arms and hammers him with a left hand and then a fury of left knees. Tyler, meanwhile, ducks a clothesline from Theo Baylor and crushes him with a springboard superkick. Aleczander gets revenge on Felton Bigsby with a hard knee to the side of the face and Angel Trinidad hurls The Neighborhoodlum into the corner and follows with a running splash.

The action is fast and furious and doesn't stop there. Each "good guy" continues to pummel their opponent all around the ring.

DDK:

The odds are even now! There we go!

Angus:

Brother Owens is livid! He could go in and help, but haha that's not happening...

DDK:

Trinidad clotheslines both he and The Neighborhoodlum over the top rope! Now Trinidad throws him right into the steel stairs.

CRASH!

Conor drops the top rope on Owens who was charging at him so he falls out of the ring. Then, Aleczander plants Bigsby in the center of the canvas. Conor notices this and pats Aleczander on the chest.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, please?

Aleczander nods and Conor goes to the top. It doesn't take long for him to measure Bigsby and land a shooting star press to a pop from The Faithful.

Aleczander tosses Bigsby out of the ring.

Next, returning the favor, Tyler Fuse feeds Aleczander a beaten up Theo Baylor.

DDK:

FIREMAN'S CARRY FACEBUSTER!! 'ALECZANDER WINS THE MATCH'!

'The Mancunian Muscle' goes to throw Baylor out of the ring but this time Tyler stops him.

Tyler Fuse:

Please?

Aleczander nods.

Angus:

Man No Justice, No Peace are taking a beating here!

Tyler looks at Conor. Conor freezes while smiling from ear to ear.

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH HIM!!

Tyler points to the turnbuckle and then goes up. Meanwhile, Conor puts Theo on his shoulders and stands in the center of the ring.

DDK:

MISSILE DROPKICK!!

The crowd is standing, cheering the massacre as finally Aleczander throws Baylor out of the ring, too. Angel Trinidad enters back in and the four men stand there, mocking NJNP to come back and fight.

Angus:

Of course that's not happening.

DDK:

Brother Owens now, just trying to get his fallen crew up the ramp...

Team HOSS stand imposingly in the middle of the ring with Tyler Fuse, as the younger and much more energetic brother, Conor, runs around the ring, pumping up the crowd and fueling himself for a battle they've already won.

Tyler quickly walks to the corner of the ring and asks for a mic.

Tyler Fuse:

Dear gamers and developers, my name is Tyler Fuse and this is my brother, Conor and together we are The Fuse Bros!

The crowd cheers.

Tyler Fuse:

And we are here to stand and fight with DEFIANCE in the unholy war against the United Toughness Alliance!

More cheers.

Tyler Fuse:

We have seen this game, this once great game of DEFIANCE, where characters from all over the world would battle on the highest network of all, in front of the most passionate gamers and developers... only to slowly fall apart by the reckless destruction of the UTA...

Tyler looks at Trinidad and Aleczander. He pats them both on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

Well we say, *NO MORE*. These Mormon characters will not spread their *infection* any longer! Grab an instruction booklet, install your remote control and make sure you have extra space on your hard drive... No Justice, No Peace and to the rest of you... The Fuse Bros. say game **on!**

Tyler tosses the mic into the stands and Conor continues to run around the ring. Team HOSS look back at NJNP, whom are finally going behind the curtain.

DDK:

It looks like The Fuse Bros. have arrived in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I still don't get all those weird, messed-up promos we saw. These guys look like they're straight outta Double Dragon.

DDK:

I believe, amen, they are a little weird to say the least, but if they're here to help DEFIANCE then I'm all for it.

Angus:

Me too. But The Fuse Bros. and Team HOSS should watch their back. No Justice, No Peace will be out for blood again...

The scene fades as Team HOSS exchange 'thank you's' with The Fuse Bros.

WHO SAYS NO?

The scene opens up backstage somewhere in the backstage area, obv's, of the DEFIANCE arena house. Standing in front of a WrestleUTA backdrop, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix bites his lower lip, grimacing, looking incredibly peeved off as he sports his #JFK t-shirt. Standing beside him is resident super pro interviewer, Lance Warner, with mic in hand.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, with me now is Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, and Jesse...

He turns to face his disgruntled looking interviewee

Lance Warner:

Two weeks ago, the Hollywood Bruvs issued an offer to The Keбал to join forces with WrestleUTA but you were both met with a resounding no when you were laid out in the middle of the ring by Reaper Co.

Jesse grimaces at the very recollection.

Lance Warner:

How big a blow was that moment for WrestleU...

Enough being on camera for over ten seconds without saying a word, Kendrix snatches the mic from Lance, interrupting the interviewer before he could finish his sentence. Grimace gone, but eyes widen in full on pissed off mode.

Kendrix:

Lance, you know the drill, stand there, shut it and Listen, yeah?!

Lance accepts his now accustomed role with JFK who directs his displeasure Lance's way.

Kendrix:

Who in the hell turns down an offer from not only the greatest wrestling promotion in the history of the sports entertaining industry?

Lance steps in to say something but he's pushed away by JFK;s free hand.

Kendrix:

Actually, an even bigger question for you, Lancey. Who in the actual hell turns down greates Tag Team Champions the World has ever seen? WHO IN THE ACTUAL HELL TURNS DOWN THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS?!

Despite his anger, Jesse holds out the mic at Lance, egging him on to answer, but the mood one half of the tag champs is in tonight, Lance doesn't dare try. Kendrix, guessing his cool has been lost in this particular seg, judging by Lance's reaction, tones it down a notch after puffing his cheeks out for a moment to regain his composure.

Kendrix:

It's ok Lancey, don't be scared. Don't worry, JFK knows you're stupid. So let me dumb the question down for you a bit. OK, bruv?

He pauses away in thought, his index finger pressed to his lips before returning his attention to poor old Lance.

Kendrix:

If, for some unimaginable reason, cos you know, you dress like a tramp, Lancey...

Lance looks at his perfectly dapper looking suit before returning his confused attention to JFK.

Kendrix:

Jennifer Lawrence offered you one night to do whatever you saw fit to do with her, would you turn it down?

Lance hesitantly shakes his head, more at the menace in JFK's eyes rather than in doubt of the question asked.

Kendrix:

Very good, Lance. And if you were offered the chance to sign up to a free lifetime supply of British Beer over this very country's sorry excuse for beer...what on earth would you choose, Lancey?

Lance isn't quick to answer this question as he pauses in thought...this results in another shove from JFK.

Kendrix:

The answers British Beer you clod! You're as idiotic as those Reaper mornons. Get out of here, Lancey!

This is the time for Lance to flee the shot, leaving JFK to face the lens and point aggressively.

Kendrix:

Nobody, but nobody, turns down WrestleUTA. Nobody, but nobody turns down Mikey Unlikely.

He looks away before shaking off his grimace and looking back.

Kendrix:

And nobody, but nobody makes JFK look like a fool in front of his bestest bruv in the whole world! Not Courtney Paz and certainly not the freak show that is the Keбал.

Eyes focussed intently at the camera.

Kendrix:

Courts, JFK warned you that if you're not with WrestleUTA than you would know how the rest of that saying goes? Well, clearly, you didn't understand, otherwise, you're Keбал freaks would never have laid out The Hollywood Bruvs two weeks ago.

He defiantly shakes his head before portraying that trademark smirk of his for the first time this evening.

Kendrix:

So, allow JFK to spell it out for you. If you're not with WrestleUTA, than you are against WrestleUTA. So now, not only are WE GONNA END DEFIANCE...WE'RE GONNA PUT AN END TO YOUR LIGHTS ON, LIGHTS OFF FREAK SHOW IN THE PROCESS.

He slaps the camera sending the footage shaking. As it comes back to, JFK is gone, leaving the WrestleUTA logo in view.

OSCAR BURNS VS. DAVID HIGHTOWER

DDK:

Coming up next, this one is going to be the definition of "Clash of styles." Oscar Burns looks to make good on his win last week, but... nobody envies his opponent tonight. Burns wants to get at Crimson Lord and the WrestleUTA World Title, but the UTA has a STRONG roadblock for him in... David Hightower.

Angus:

The NOT-HOSS with the broken hand? Yikes. Even with that being said... I don't like the Kiwi's chances. Heard that Hightower was cleared, but we're not sure how other than he's a tough SOB.

DDK:

And he's not the only one coming in with an injury. Burns was assaulted by Crimson Lord after his challenge two weeks ago was turned down. Burns has been cleared tonight, but may be fighting through a bad shoulder.

Angus:

I know he's all about fighting the good DEFIANCE fight, but this may be a battle he may want to stay away from. I guess we'll find out soon, huh?

With that rather somber note, the camera cuts over to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The rapid-fire orange and yellow strobe lights mean only one thing - Oscar Burns comes out, a little more focused than he has been. Burns throws off his "Hi. I Like Graps." t-shirt and hurls it into the crowd before heading to the ring. Wiping his feet on the ring apron, he then leaps over the ropes and lands inside, raising one arm. The camera makes note of some black athletic tape on the left shoulder of Burns - reminders of his savage technical bout with Reinhardt Hoffman and the attack by Crimson Lord two weeks ago.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by his manager, Jamie Sawyers! ... from West Memphis, Arkansas! Weighing in at two hundred and seventy five pounds ... **DAVIDDD HIGHTOOOOOOOWERRRR!**

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

Music hits and David makes his way to the ring, with his full time manager leading the way. Jamie jumps up and down, shouting at the fans about his client. The Faithful rain the boos all over the pair. Hightower motions toward the ring and on his hand is an NFL-like clubbed brace to protect the broken right hand suffered during his match with Cayle Murray at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Angus:

WHAT?! WHAT GODDAMN QUACK BACK THERE SIGNED OFF ON THIS SHIT? HE'S GONNA BEAT KIWI TO DEATH WITH THAT THING?!

DDK:

It's legal , I was just informed in my headset that it's legal.

Burns shakes his head at the uphill battle coming his way as David Hightower shows off the "club" on his hand. The emotionless West Memphis brawler enters the ring and Burns isn't waiting for him to try something!

DING DING DING!

The Technical Spectacle goes for the striking game right off the bat! He throws a trifecta of hard Elbow Smashes into the side of his head. They've been enough to stop people in the past, but Hightower's retort? Lifting up Burns and tackling him right into the corner! The crowd jeers as Hightower immediately goes low and throws a few shoulders into the chest of Burns to wear him down! After a few good Shoulder Thrusts, he preps to swing with his Clubbed right hand...

DDK:

Boot to the face by Burns! And...

Keebler stops when the boot does NOTHING to Hightower. Jamie Sawyers smiles on the outside when Burns tries for perhaps his strongest strike: a European Uppercut. The blow rattles him somewhat and Burns fires about two more to keep him at bay, but Hightower is only stunned momentarily. Burnsie charges off the ropes, but doesn't expect Hightower to follow right behind him, cracking him in the chest with a big knee as he hits the ropes! Burns then gets thrown to the mat and even though he has an inch on Hightower and not much weight difference, he gets bullied to the mat.

Angus:

I'm gonna say it... it was NOT smart of Burns to try and come out swinging so fast against Hightower.

DDK:

I'm thinking he was trying to switch up his game to surprise Hightower, but yeah, no avail there.

Hightower stomps around the mat and when Burns tries to get up, he makes with the power and runs him down with a big Shoulder Block! Nothing fancy about the in-ring game of David Hightower, but he doesn't need fancy. Sawyers approves and tells him to go for the shoulder, so he does so. He picks Burns up and doubles him over using a Clubbing Forearm from the left side followed by two big knees to the taped shoulder!

The move doubles over Burns and when he has an opening, David charges. Oscar is in clear pain, but he ducks...

DDK:

NO! Burns moves and Hightower's out on the floor!

Angus:

Now's your chance, Kiwi!

With the crowd going crazy for Oscar Burns now, the Kiwi makes it to the ring apron as David Hightower starts to stand... Burns raises his hands and the crowd chants with him...

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS!

And he comes off the ring apron with a Flying Knee Strike right to the dome of Hightower, knocking him down for the first time in this match! The crowd roars with approval!

DDK:

A variation of his Sweet As Knee Drop, but it was effective!

But instead of Burns wanting to possibly go for a count-out of some sort, Burns takes the extra step and tries to muscle Hightower back up to his feet. He eventually uses his body and lifts him up Fireman's Carry style to get him in the ring. He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TW...

DDK:

No! David kicks out and not even a full two-count!

The fiery Kiwi is a bit nonplussed he didn't the win off that, but he does instead go to his injured hand and elbow...

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

Angus:

Fair game! That hand may be his best chance to beat this big redneck goof!

The big club offers some protection from the signature stomps of Burns, but the elbow is almost as good a target, especially when he starts stomping on the elbow attached to the arm! After the blows, he tries to work the arm into a Seated Armbar that would no doubt neutralize any chance of Hightower using it, but Jamie Sawyers hops on the ring apron to try and get Doyle's attention! Burns tries to shoo him away without releasing the hold, but it's just enough...

Angus:

Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap...

Hightower manages to POWER Burns all the way up in the air before dropping him down HARD with a messed-up Back Suplex-ish move. Ugly as all get-out, but one way to counter a potential submission hold! For the first time in the match, Hightower shows an emotion as he shakes his arm free of any pain... that of anger. He turns towards Burns and STOMPS down boots of his own right onto his head multiple times! Burns is seeing stars when Hightower props him up, only to clean his clock with a HUGE Clothesline!

DDK:

Hightower now running the show. Great gameplan by Burns to surprise him with these short bursts, but we can't forget how important Jamie Sawyers is, too.

Angus:

He's not important, he's a boil on the ass of the UTA AND life!

Sawyers yells for Hightower to finish off Burns and he tries to do so by picking him up. He adjusts his hand and PRESSES Burns over his head, throwing him in an ugly fashion into the corner! The crowd winces in pain when Hightower charges again and strikes him with another knee to the taped shoulder! He throws Burns out of the corner and goes for the win.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Oscar is still in this! Can he find an opening?

Angus:

If he doesn't want to die, he better!

Despite the pain he's in, Oscar continues to feed off the cheering crowd and tries to stand when Hightower runs and boots him in the face! And another one for his shoulder! He picks up Burns and throws him into the ropes in an ugly fashion, but somehow Burns has enough instinct to hook his arms onto the ropes. Hightower tries to run, only to take another Uppercut as he runs! The blow rocks The Anti-Bully and Burns tries to finish him off by grabbing the arm, but David blasts him with an ugly right and brings him right back down to the mat with a Powerslam!

DDK:

Gotta be all right there!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

This one has been almost all Hightower. No way this dumb Kiwi can't keep this up!

The shoulder comes up just barely and Jamie Sawyers is all over the referee, telling Doyle how to do his job as Hightower shoots him a death glare.

Jamie Sawyers:

End it, big man!

Hightower nods and picks up Burns again only to dump him back down with another harsh slam before heading to the corner. There's no doubt in anybody's mind the deadly West Memphis Avalanche is up next...

DDK:

BURNS MOVES OUT OF THE WAY!

Angus:

There's hope yet!

Hightower clutches his knee in pain, but Burns doesn't give him much time to regroup as he tries to roll his shoulder and stretch it out. After he does that, he fires off a Running European Uppercut to the back of his head as he tries to rise! The blow stumbles him into the ropes when Burns runs again and strikes him in the skull a second time. That blow knocks him into a seated position where The Technical Spectacle inches in front of him and then strikes him with a THIRD Running Uppercut, finally knocking the beast down on his back! With him down now, Burns goes for a cover, sitting on Hightower's chest and pinning down both shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Hightower kicks o... NO! Burns grabs the bad arm! He's trying to rip off Hightower's arm!

Burns tries to complete his hold on Hightower, looking perhaps for Graps of Wrath II (Modified Cross-Arm Breaker), but Hightower's sheer strength is giving Twists and Turns a hard time! The Anti-Bully starts to try and fight back, turning his body over...

Angus:

Come on, Burns, lock it in, lock it in!

Jamie Sawyers:

Power him up! Get him off the mat!

Hightower uses his CRAZY strength and the crowd is in complete shock when he DEADLIFTS the 243-pound Burns off the mat and throws him viciously into the corner! Burns crumbles in the corner as a seething Hightower limps over and protects his club-covered hand now.

DDK:

Can you believe this raw, scary strength by Hightower? Oscar Burns is almost his size, less thirty pounds but he just chucked him into the corner like a rag doll!

Angus:

I told you, you dumb Kiwi, you shouldn't have done this!

Burns tries to crawl out of the corner, STILL intent on trying to put up a fight against one of the UTA's heaviest hitters. Sawyers yells again and tells Hightower to finish it. He nods silently and preps the club-covered attack as Burns tries to move...

The crowd preps for what's to come...

Hightower charges...

...when Burns springs to life just barely and trips him up with a Drop Toe Hold! He swiftly crosses the leg and turns Hightower over into a cross-legged cradle, leaning backwards for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Hightower powers out, but it's too late! The bell rings and as fast he gets the pin, Burns rolls out of the ring, takes a tumble to the floor and looks on in disbelief!

THE CROWD GOES INSANE!!!

Angus:

Did he? Did he? DID HE?!?!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Angus:

YASSSSSS!

Jamie Sawyers storms into the ring and looks like he's about to have a brain aneurysm! David Hightower is back on his feet, angrily kicking the ropes in while the camera now pans to Burns, now celebrating on the outside with a legion of rowdy front-row DEFIANTS (the fans, dur), patting him on the back and roaring with approval!

Angus:

Quimbey made it official! He grapple-fucked that big goof into defeat!

DDK:

Burns couldn't out-fight David Hightower, but he just out-wrestled him! We've seen Burns use unique pinning combinations to win matches in the past and he just did it again to beat David Hightower!

Sawyers and Hightower continue to read Benny Doyle the riot act, but the referee defiantly (see what I did there?) rolls out of the ring and raises the hand of Oscar Burns in triumph!

DDK:

No doubt this is a HUGE burst of momentum for Burns, who we know wants a shot at Crimson Lord and the WrestleUTA World Title! No doubt Crimson Lord better pay attention!

While Jamie Sawyers tries to keep an angered David Hightower under control in the ring, Burns motions to the camera for one last note directed a certain UTA World Champ.

Oscar Burns:

We're not done, Crimson Lord I'm coming for you and the WrestleUTA World Title, mate!

A TOTES OFFICIAL SUMMONS

The D:

Take that stupid box off Klein. We're in serious mode.

Backstage in the DEF hallways, Klein wears a box wrapped in Christmas wrapping paper. He slumps his shoulder saddened, and turns away from the camera to remove his box. We can catch a bit of blonde short buzzed hair, before Klein reaches just off camera and procures a more plain, regal looking box. He places it on his head, and turns to the D, who gives him a thumbs up.

The D, meanwhile, is actually around the corner, hiding being a fern.

Elise Ares:

Shhhhh! We're supposed to be plants!

Indeed, Elise Ares is hiding behind The D himself, both of them doing their best impressions of guest starring on *Between Two Ferns*. Method acting at its finest.

The D:

Shhhh.

Elise Ares:

You shhh. I'm trying to discover my inner plant over here.

The D:

Plants don't talk.

Elise Ares:

Now my concentration is ruined. We're going to have to reshoot now. Just, go and do the thing Klein!

Elise grabs a piece of paper rolled up in the pot of the fern like an old timey scroll. Klein grabs the royal decree before approaching the door, marked "WrestleUTA." He coughs loudly, clearing his throat, as he raises his hand to tap upon the door. Closing his eyes, maybe, he goes to knock.

It swings wildly open, as Klein's fist collides with nothing and he almost tumbles into the locker room. Standing on the other side of the door, is Jack Harmen, wearing his *WrestleUTA* t-shirt and the demeanor of a man who's "too old for this shit." He blinks. Klein steadies himself, and begins to unfurl the scroll, which slaps itself against the concrete floor.

Klein says nothing. And then has the door slammed in his face.

Elise Ares:

Shit! We didn't think this part through!

The D:

You almost gave us away!

Elise jumps out from behind the plant as Klein looks back at her confused. Klein begins to roll the scroll back up so that only the portion Harmen would sign remains visible, with Elise's signature already scrawled on the dotted line. She marches in front of him and knocks loudly on the door before sprinting away like a game of ding dong ditch and dives behind the fern again, almost ramming The D in the process.

With a loud sigh, the door swings back open. Harmen snatches the paper out of Klein's hand, and begins to read it. We see it says "Rematch: Jack Harmen vs. Elise Ares," with Ares' signature in place. Harmen blinks. He looks at Klein, back to the paper, back to Klein. He then proceeds to crumple it up into a large wad of waste, and places his right hand on Klein's shoulder to steady him. He then uses his left hand, and begins to shove the contract up into his regal professional box. Klein coughs and gags as some of the paper gets lodged into his windpipe. Once most of the

scroll is jammed up there, Harmen nods, snarls, and goes to close the door.

Elise Ares:

HEY! You owe me a rem...

Whack. The door slams shut once more, leaving Elise with her mouth open and pointing her finger at a closed door.

The D:

Next time, stick your foot in there Klein.

Klein wildly shakes his head no. So, the D walks off.

Elise Ares:

C'mon! For us?!

A moment later, The D returns with a cordless drill. He places the bit into the door's hinges, and begins to unscrew the door. After a few moments, Elise proceeds to kick the door clean off. Inside the locker room, luckily for the PCP, was only Jack Harmen, who held his head in his hands.

Elise Ares:

HEY! You owe me a rematch, you dirty, dirty cheater!

Harmen sighs, getting up from his locker room bench. Without a word, he reaches into his back pocket and produces his own piece of paper. He hands it to Elise.

The D:

What does it say?

It says "Super Official Restraining Order Against the PCP," written using a green crayon. Harmen then proceeds to lean down, lifting the door off the ground, and gently places it back into place, slowly pushing Elise out of the locker room as he does.

Elise Ares:

Someone get my lawyer!

Klein rushes to her side and excitedly waves to her.

Elise Ares:

Oh hey! That was quick. Is this thing legit?

Klein reaches out and grabs the paper from Elise's hand. He then procures a small pair of reading glasses and tries to place them on his box. It doesn't work, so he has to use one hand to hold up the glasses, and the other to hold the paper. He squints, leaning forward and looking at the paper intently. He begins to shake his head in sadness, and hands the paper back to Elise, nodding that it is, in fact, LEGIT.

Elise Ares:

DAMMIT. Now what are we supposed to do?!

The D:

The same thing we do most nights, Elise. Go back to our locker room, talk about the most amazing ideas for movies ever, get drunk, and then go in front of a large crowd of people and do our best to pretend we're not drunk.

Elise Ares:

Totes not drunk.

She says as she produces her flask and tosses it over to Klein.

The D:

Where does she even hide that thing?

Elise marches away, leaving the boys to try and catch up. They scramble away, exiting stage right.

LONG NIGHT

Backstage.

A room.

A room with medical people in it.

The medical room, if you weeeeell...

Cayle Murray is there, and he's all kinds of banged up. His face is still battered and bruised. Ribs are heavily taped. There's a fading black welt surrounding one of his eyes. Untold damage beneath the skin, too.

The poor FIST never had a chance to recover from his war with David Hightower, and after Felton Bigsby gave him the business two weeks ago, it's safe to say he isn't doing too well at the moment.

Cayle Murray: [grumbling]

Christ...

There's no Andy or MDM4 - just Cayle. He shifts back and forth on the medical bench, clearly in a lot of discomfort. Iris Davine, the most DEFIANT doctor in the business, steps forth, strictly business.

Cayle Murray:

So, on a scale of one to Scott Stevens, how buggered am I?

He looks at the doc.

Cayle Murray:

No sugarcoating.

Iris Davine:

It's not good.

She shakes her head.

Iris Davine:

The face is healing fine, but you get punched in the face for a living: for as long as you're wrestling every second week, you're going to get busted open. Ribs? Bruised, tender. You can't afford another prolonged beating, that's for sure.

Cayle Murray:

Cool. So 100% Stevens'd, then?

Iris Davine:

The good news is that your neck and back are fine, but Cayle, if these were normal circumstances, I'm not sure I'd be able to clear you to compete.

The FIST raises his brow.

Cayle Murray:

... what?

Iris Davine:

WrestleUTA want to kill us. After WarGames, you're apparently the last bastion between them and complete domination of DEFIANCE.

A realisation hits the FIST.

Cayle Murray:

Dane's orders?

Iris Davine:

Dane's orders.

Murray pauses. He'd never ask to be placed on the sidelines, and he understands his role in the company perfectly, but this "last bastion" thing has already taken an immense physical toll on him. Nonetheless, he slides off the bench, pulls his t-shirt over his head, then grabs the FIST from beside him.

Cayle Murray:

Well, guess I'd best get ready to get punched in the face by this Ross fella.

Iris Davine:

Yeap.

Cayle shambles out of the room, FIST over his shoulder.

It's gonna be a long fuckin' night.

Cut.

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS VS. SHO NAKAZAWA & MASCARA DE MUERTE IV

Back to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following matchup is scheduled for one fall, and is for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships!

The fans cheer loudly for the match. Angus on the commentary table, not so much.

Angus:

Does this mean we have to watch King Mormon and his First Lady?

♪“Holy Diver” by Ronnie James Dio♪

Through the curtain comes the team of Nazakawa and MDM4. They pander to the audience at the top of the ramp before headed down to the ring, slapping hands along the way. The fans cheer for them.

Darren Quimbey:

First, our challengers... at a total combined weight of 401 pounds, they are the team of Sho Nazakawa, and Mascara De Muerte IV!

The fans cheer as the pair slide into the ring and begin to stretch out and wait for their opponents. The lights die down, and a red carpet begins to roll down the entrance way.

♪“F*cking In the Bushes” by Oasis♪

The boos come out in full force as Mikey and JFK emerge from the curtain. They walk slowly, deliberately. Mikey wears both his Tag Title as well as the SOHER around his waist.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... At a total combined weight of 445 pounds, they are the current reigning and defending DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions....Kendrix....Mikey Unlikely.... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

They finally get into the ring, they tell the referee to make sure the other tag team stay back and give them room. They stretch and taunt the crowd a bit before the lights come back up and the music dies out.

The referee checks with both teams, and has them each have one participant step onto the apron.

DDK:

The match will start out with Mikey Unlikely taking on MDM4! Two smaller wrestlers with very different paces. Mikey likes to keep things slow, and steady. Mascara on the other hand likes his matches high impact, and fast moving.

Angus:

I don't care what it takes... get the titles guys!

The bell rings loudly and the two slowly move to the center of the ring. Mikey Unlikely is talking at his opponent the whole way. They get close, and MDM4 locks up with Mikey. The pair both fight for the advantage for a few seconds before Mikey lifts the arms of MDM4 up and lifts his knee right into the gut of the smaller wrestler.

Unlikely follows up with some forearms to the back. Mikey drops the legs out from under MDM4 with a sweep, and takes position behind him and locks in the rear chin lock. He barks out for the referee to check him, while JFK claps

from the apron.

DDK:

Here you go... Mikey trying to make sure the match stays on the ground and no momentum swings the way of the challengers.

With a little will from the crowd, Mascara is able to get up to one knee. Finally a second. He elbows Mikey in the rib area a couple times until his grasp is loose. MDM4 goes to hit the ropes for more momentum but just as he is about to leave the reach of Mikey, he's grabbed by the mask and pulled down to the mat head first.

Angus:

Dammit! That's why you don't wear those things!

Unlikely picks him up by the head and takes him over to his corner where he tags in Kendrix. JFK steps into the ring and Mikey holds MDM4 in the corner, Kendrix drops a kick right in the gut before taking him over with a snapmare and applying a prone side headlock. On the other side of the ring Sho is complaining to the referee about giving them time to get the move in.

Kendrix gets to his feet and stomps Mascara de Muerte IV several times before bringing him up as well. MDM4 rises with a punch to the face of Kendrixon, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Kendrix then grabs MDM4 by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

DDK:

Reversed! Kendrix goes for the ride! Here he comes! Oh! What a jumping cross body block by Mascara on one half of the Tag Team Champions! Finally he gets the opening he needs. MDM4 scrambles over and makes the tag to Sho Nazakawa.

Sho comes in just as JFK is getting back up, Sho knocks him down with a stiff running forearm to the head. He keeps running and hits Mikey in the corner knocking him down to the floor. Kendrix is recovering again but Sho isn't done. Taking off he jumps and pulls down JFK with the bulldog takedown. He then hooks the leg and goes for the cover.

1...

2. Kickout!

Kendrix kicks out and frustratedly gets up. Sho tries to keep on the offensive and rains down some forearms on the neck/back of Kendrix. Sho bounces off the ropes hoping for some extra force on the return. Lariat...no. Kendrix catches the arm and drops him right away.

DDK:

KENDRIX KROSS! WOW THAT WAS FAST! HE'S GOT IT IN!

From across the ring comes MDM4 to break up the submission hold. Mikey is still getting back up on the ring apron after arguing with a fan who said his hair looked bad, wasn't there to cut off MDM4. The referee forces Mascara back to the apron, As the referees back is turned JFK low blows Sho Nazakawa blatantly. The fans boo loudly. JFK mounts his opponent and starts dropping hard shots before the referee gets to his five count, JFK breaks it up and taunts to the crowd.

Kendrix:

Face it idiots! No one can beat the Bruvs!

He pulls Sho over to their corner and tags in Mikey. On the other side of the ring MDM4 looks on eagerly. He wants to get in there, but his partner is caught. Mikey turns Sho around and back suplexes him towards the center of the ring. Mikey hooks a leg.

1...

2...

Kickout by Sho Nakazawa. Mikey goes to work locking in another headlock variation. He wrenches away before Sho is able to reach the ropes slowly. The referee breaks the hold and Mikey smiles. He dusts off his legs mockingly before picking up Nakazawa. Mikey hooks the head of Sho, and lifts him up for a vertical suplex. Sho spins out and lands on his feet behind Mikey. With a push to the back, Mikey is forced into the ropes. Sho jumps and lands a very nice looking dropkick right into the face of the Hollywood superstar. Mikey falls through the ropes and to the apron. Unlikely is up quickly and swings for Sho, but misses. Sho brings Mikey back into the ring using "The Hard Way". Mikey stands up pretty quick, but not quick enough as the running Nazakawa drills a running tornado DDT.

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

Both men are down! The referee is starting his count. Sho is moving first however! He gets up and starts hobbling to his corner where MDM4 is eagerly awaiting the tag!

Kendrix steps into the ring and tries to reach him before he gets to MDM4. He doesn't make it. Mascara steps through the ropes as JFK slowly backs up and tries to wave him off. Mascara is having none of it as he flies through the ring and delivers a spinning wheel kick to JFK that sends him outside the ring. Mikey gets back up, he catches a flying forearm for his efforts. Mikey drops and gets right back up, takes another hit, drops and gets back up before MDM4 springboards off the ropes and turns around into a huge moonsault press. Driving Mikey to the mat. Unfortunately on the way down MDM4's feet clip the referee in the face. He's not hit hard, but clearly he clutches his face and moves to the turnbuckle.

MDM4 gets up and sees what he's done. He goes to check on Brian Slater in the corner. Brian is rubbing at his eyes, trying to get his vision back. MDM4 turns back to Mikey... WHAM!

DDK:

Oh no! Kendrix is back in the ring, and he drilled Mascara De Muerte with that Tag Team Championship! MDM4 is out!

Kendrix pulls Mikey overtop MDM4 and exits the ring, attacking Sho Nazakawa before he can stop the count. Benny Doyle turns around and falls to his knees for the count.

1...

2...

3...

BOOOOOOOO.....RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*♪"F*cking In the Bushes" by Oasis♪*

The crowd does a 180 on their reaction quickly.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Your winners ... AND STILL DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions.... Mikey Unlikely... Kendrix... The HOLLYWOOOOOOOOOOOD BRUVS!

DDK:

Well, Mikey and Kendrix have won the match, but at what....Wait a minute... who's that!?

Coming through the crowd, Scott Douglas hops the guardrail near the timekeeper. He scoops up the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship. He holds the title high into the air as the fans cheer loudly.

Angus:

It's the lead singer of Seattle Shitbandits, and I couldn't be happier to see him!

DDK:

It's Scott Douglas! It looks like he's claiming his title, and taking it back. Inside the ring Mikey is oblivious. He's still recovering.

The referee hands Mikey and JFK the Tag Titles inside the ring. Mikey reaches up from his sitting position for the SOHER but the referee doesn't deliver it, he points over to Scott Douglas. Mikey sits up and looks over. His eyes go wide suddenly. Douglas looks right at him and smiles, before jumping the railing and heading back through the crowd with his SOHER championship. The Faithful mob him as he makes his way up the arena steps.

Angus:

Ha! McFuck Twins may have won the match, but Scoot Dooglas got his gold back! Look at him! Look at him Keeps! He's PISSED!

Mikey is indeed throwing a temper tantrum in the ring. Kendrix kicks the bottom rope sympathetically for his friend. Mikey is screaming and spitting, losing his mind. The scene fades on Scott Douglas stopping halfway up the steps, turning around and lifting the title high into the air once more as the fans erupt.

Fade.

COME ON!

We come back from a god awful segment from a DEFIANCE athlete and are hit with shots from the sold-out crowd.

The crowd is buzzing, holding their pro DEFIANCE roster signs. "*I LOVE CAYLE*", "*GIVE EM DA D*", and "*DOUGLAS > REAPER CO*" are just a few we can make out of the horde. The happiness soon turns to rage as "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion kicks in over the sound system.

Angus:

Please, no... Not this friggin' guy.

DDK:

THE Jay Harvey and the lovely Catalina making their way to the ring.

Catalina leads the way as Harvey isn't far behind. Harvey is dressed for action and looks out into the sea of hate, giving it a smile.

DDK:

Harvey tweeted earlier this week that he had some big plans coming up

Angus interjects.

Angus:

I hope he plans to leave... Catalina can stay. I never was so jealous of a leather pair of pants.

Cameras continue following the duo down the aisle. Harvey spots a sign that reads "Jay Harvey Sucks". Harvey walks up to the fan and is met with hostility from the Faithful. Harvey grabs the sign out of the fans hands, ripping it into many pieces as he laughs.

THE Jay Harvey:

YOU SUCK!

The fans continue to let Harvey hear it. Catalina makes her way up the ring steps, awaiting her other half.

DDK:

I'm not at all surprised.

Angus:

Some people can't deal with the truth, Keeps.

Harvey now enters the ring and gets serenaded with boos. He flips off the sold-out crowd and the people watching around the world. Harvey walks over to the corner and calls for a microphone.

Angus:

Why do people keep giving this guy a mic?

Harvey paces around the ring before stopping in the center of the ring.

THE Jay Harvey:

I look around this sold-out arena and you know what I see?

Harvey looks back at Catalina and shoots her that million dollar smile.

THE Jay Harvey:

I see the biggest collection of street rats and trailer trash I've ever seen in my entire life!

Harvey lets out a laugh and the fans boos almost drown it out.

THE Jay Harvey:

Now shut your mouths and listen to what I have to say...

Angus:

I *REALLY* hate this guy.

THE Jay Harvey:

Since I arrived here in DEFIANCE I've done nothing but win. I've embarrassed everyone that DEFIANCE has put in my way. I single-handedly beat the "*ORIGINAL DEFIANT*" Bronson Box right in the middle of this very ring!

BOO!

THE Jay Harvey:

I'm sure that will one day end up on some best of DEFIANCE DVD... Two weeks ago was no different. I came out here and beat not one but TWO members of the DEFIANCE roster without breaking a sweat.

A soda cup is seen flying through the air behind Harvey's head.

THE Jay Harvey:

Tonight... since I'm such a nice guy.

Harvey continues to lay it on thick.

THE Jay Harvey:

For one night only, I'm giving someone the chance to go one on one with "The Natural One"! I'm calling out everyone back there in the DEFIANCE locker room! Anyone of you bozos in the locker room want a piece of the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth, here's your chance! Come on!

The crowd is growing louder, everyone's eyes are on the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Harvey putting a challenge out to the entire DEFIANCE roster.

Angus:

Someone better get out here and kick this guy's ass!

Harvey looks down toward the curtain. He looks at his "watch" in a mocking fashion.

THE Jay Harvey:

I know I've pissed off plenty of people... Sad sacks who are jealous of the life I live! The talent that I have! No matter how hard you want to be, no matter how hard you try, you will NEVER be THE Jay Harvey!

Harvey continues to stir up the crowd and with ease. As the boo-birds come out in full force Harvey begins to look impatient with the yellow backbone of the DEFIANCE roster. He raises the microphone up to his lips for one more jab before...

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

DDK:

Well... this just got, interesting.

Angus:

That's certainly not who I expected to come out to defend the honor of DEFIANCE Wrestling from this mouthy McFuckass clinger-on. Someone's gotta do it, though!

Sirens being the crowd to their feet as purple and pink lights swirl around the DEFplex from the stage area. Elise Ares leads the charge, her trademark LED sunglasses flashing the phrase "#FREE" then "DEF" back and forth. Her high fashion black faux fur trench coat reveals her black and hot pink ring attire under. She's flanked on each side from The D and Klein, the Pop Culture Phenoms in full force. Both are holding picketing signs, Klein's reads "*NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE*" and The D's reads "*CHICKS DIG THE D*" before Elise sees it over her shoulder. The D looks up and shrugs before spinning his sign around to read "*JACK HARMEN WILL PAY.*"

Elise Ares:

Cut my music, I've got something to say to this... latter-day saint. That's Utah, right? That's a thing?

The D and Klein both shrug before shaking their head yes.

Elise Ares:

I could care less about you coming out here and knocking this crowd down a peg. Honestly, the Pop Culture Phenoms were doing your little schtick last year about a bajillion times better than you're doing it. Then we decided to knock your Bruvs down a peg. So if you want some good material, or want to see the incredible acting of yours truly, go and watch our latest production... "*BAD GUYS OF DEFIANCE, Vol. 4*" coming out on DVD and BluRay combo on January 9, 2018. Pre-orders have begun RIGHT NOW on defiancewrestling.com, and the first 100 buyers get a free demo of Klein's album, XTREME...

THE Jay Harvey:

Okay... enough plugging horrible merchandise that's going to be living in a dump for the next hundred years. I don't care about anything you just said... to be honest I stopped listening ages ago. Now, are you here to plug stuff no one wants or are you here to fall to the feet of "The Natural One"?

Elise's eyes grow wide, gives the world's largest eye roll, and fans herself in faux shock.

Elise Ares:

Let me make something VERY clear to you. I don't give a damn about you, your discount Elise Ares, or your insistence on using a determiner before your name to be more like The D. Actually I'd much rather be backstage plotting the very intricate timeline of the next Lake Placid movie with my boy The D here, but Jack Harmen has decided that he's going to take a tainted victory and then hide from us like a coward. So until we get our justice, I'm going to kick the teeth in of every member of the UTA roster until I rip Harmen's arms off with the Sunset Stretch.

The crowd roars with appreciation as Elise drops the jacket to the ground and hands her glasses over to Klein. We switch back to the two WrestleUTA roster members in the ring. Harvey mutters something to Catalina.

Elise Ares:

Sorry, it starts with you, Jaybird. In a different timeline maybe we could've been totes buddies, but for now, I have to curb stomp that face into the ring. So maybe now DEFIANCE will pay attention to how great we are.

THE Jay Harvey:

You think you can handle THE JAY HARVEY?! You're in for a rude awakening little girl! I've got a DVD coming out too, it's called... *Morons Who Thought They Could Beat THE Jay Harvey: Volume Six* starring Elise Aries!

The cheers escalate as Elise Ares marches down to the ring with her trademark swagger. The PCP wave their signs vigorously as The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE stands on the apron and smirks. She suggestively straddles the ropes before stepping into the ring. Catalina is seen glaring hard at Aries. Aries eyes narrow, and she points her finger across at her opponent. THE Jay Harvey can't help but chuckle at who he finds himself across the ring from.

DDK:

We've got ourselves a match!

Angus:

C'mon, Elise! Turn it around! Don't suck!

THE JAY HARVEY VS. ELISE ARES

Hector Navarro stands in the center of the ring, giving both Ares and Harvey a look to make sure they are ready. He calls for the bell and the match is underway. Harvey slowly circles around not taking his eyes off his opponent. Elise shoots in and gets caught with a hard right fist that takes the wind out of her. Harvey kicks her legs out from under her, dropping her to the mat. Harvey hits the ropes and nails her with a devastating Basement Dropkick square in her mush. He goes for the cover but Ares kicks out before Navarro can start counting.

Harvey stands over Ares and kicks at her head getting a rise out of the Faithful packed inside the arena. Harvey yells something at the fans that gets them even louder. Harvey yanks Ares to her feet by way of her right hand. Ares quickly gets some elbow shots in on Harvey's chin. She rocks Harvey and goes for an Irish Whip. Harvey is able to reverse the Irish Whip and cracks Elise in the face with a hard Wake Up Call right knee strike, knocking her to the outside. You can almost hear the crowd scream "NOT THE FACE!"

DDK:

Kind of a treat to have two third generation wrestlers going at it tonight, Angus. Harvey is just brutalizing Elise Ares in the early goings of this match, though. She has a definite size disadvantage in this one.

Angus:

This kid has shown some fight in the past month or so, Keebs. She might just keep going until she collapses, or she might just kick the guy in the balls. I'm fine with either outcome, but I'd like a big DEFIANCE victory here to get Elise off the snide.

Harvey keeps jawing at the sold-out crowd while Navarro starts his Ten Count on Ares. The fans try to pick her up, clapping to get her back into the ring and the match. Elise barely gets back into the ring before the Ten Count and Harvey continues to play games, kicking at her head. Harvey picks her up by the hair, getting a reaction and warning from referee Navarro. Harvey disregards him and continues on. Harvey backs Ares into the ropes and lands a Knife Edge Chop that turns her chest bright red.

Harvey Irish Whips her across the ring, Ares ducks Harvey's back elbow advancing across the ring. Ares comes back toward Harvey and connects with a Hurricanrana that gets the fans on their feet. Harvey stumbles around the ring and finds a home in the corner. Ares runs to the adjacent corner and yells out before running across the ring, landing a big Dropkick that hits its mark. Harvey takes a few steps before dropping face first to the mat. Ares goes for the cover but Harvey immediately puts his foot on the rope.

The crowd is not pleased with Harvey's ring awareness but Catalina is. Ares looks frustrated but doesn't stop her attack. She goes to the ring apron and waits for Harvey to get to his feet. Harvey is dazed and turns around to see Ares fly. Harvey tries to catch her mid-flight but instead gets a Superman Punch to the face that Elise calls Amethystation. She goes for the cover and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd as well as Ares can't believe that Harvey kicked out after that maneuver. Ares slams her hand on the mat in anger. She exhales a deep breath and gets her head back into the match. Ares hits the ropes and goes for a Springboard Moonsault but only gets the knees of Jay Harvey.

Angus:

She took too much time!

DDK:

Ares could be hurt, Angus. She might have broken a rib!

Ares grabs at her rib cage in pain. Cameras along ringside get a close up of the anguish on Elise's face. Harvey gets back to his feet and turns his attention to Ares injured ribs. Harvey lands several vicious kicks to Ares' midsection. Ares keeps clutching at her ribs, trying to block off Harvey's strikes. Harvey hits the ropes again and lands another Basement Dropkick to Ares' ribs. Harvey keeps the action going, bringing Ares back to a vertical stance.

Harvey slams Ares' head into the top turnbuckle. He turns her around and starts shoulder blocking her in the ribs. Harvey keeps moving at a fast pace, now lifting Aries up onto his shoulders in a Fireman's Carry. Harvey shoves her up into the air, slamming her across the top turnbuckle and top rope. Harvey dashes back toward the center of the ring.

Harvey stops, squaring up his opponent. Harvey runs full force at Aries cracking her in the rib cage with a Wake Up Call knee strike. Ares drops to the canvas screaming. Harvey gloats as he makes his way around the ring. The boos rain down on him and he eats it up. Elise Aries is down on the mat in excruciating pain.

DDK:

Aries is really hurt. It looks like she's having a hard time breathing.

Angus:

Look Keeps... she's still trying to get to her feet. There's no quit in this girl. She might not have brains but she has heart!

Elise Aries grabs at the ropes in an attempt to bring herself back up. The crowd has turned from boos to cheers, giving this former Tag Team Champion respect for her courage and determination. Harvey has an evil smile on his face as he stares her down. Harvey stalks his prey, grabbing Aries by the waist. Aries gives possibly everything she has left into a monstrous elbow that blasts Harvey in his nose, causing blood to trickle out of both nostrils.

Harvey's nose immediately begins to swell and change color. Harvey grabs at his face feeling the torture from his broken nose. Harvey now looks enraged. He flips a switch and becomes even more savage. He snatches Aries at the waist and hits an explosion of a Snap Dragon Suplex. Aries hits head first on the mat and Harvey snaps back to his feet.

Harvey pulls Aries back up, hooking his left arm under her chin in an Inverted Headlock and brutally whips her around back down to the mat. Harvey locks on the Bitter Pill, the Bridging Reverse Chinlock submission. He's got it on tight, pulling up on the neck of his opponent, putting much strain on her ribs and breathing.

DDK:

Aries is in the middle of the ring... She's got nowhere to go!

Angus:

Come on, kid!

Aries tries desperately to reach the bottom rope but she is too far from it. Harvey screams at Ares, telling her to quit. Referee Hector Navarro is in position. Ares writhes in pain as Harvey locks in the hold deeper. Aries is forced to tap out. Referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by way of submission... "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey!

Harvey keeps the submission synced showing no signs of letting go.

DDK:

Come on now! You won the damn match! Let her go!

Navarro tries to separate Harvey but has no luck. The crowd begins to cheer as someone runs down the ramp.

DDK:

It's Gage Blackwood!

Angus:

Look at that coward run.

Harvey evades any attack by escaping the ring. Catalina meets up with Harvey and the two look up at Blackwood in the ring. The two have words for each other as we go to cameras who catch the other members of PCP entering the ring to check on their teammate.

Harvey and Catalina make their leave as Blackwood and the PCP members glare them down.

DDK:

Even though Jay Harvey won this match, you have to give your respect to Elise Aries. She accepted his challenge and fought valiantly.

Angus:

She showed grit and heart even in a losing effort.

Cameras zoom in on Harvey and Catalina as the duo make their way back up the entrance ramp, not taking their eyes off the crowd inside the ring. We cut to commercial.

Aces Wild

♪ "Sad But True" by Metallica ♪

Angus:

Awww yeah, Keeps, you know what's coming up next?

DDK:

Based on that music I can guess.

A group of men emerge from the backstage area and stand on the ramp. At the front and center of the group stands a man in a bright canary yellow jacket. His green tie and pants clash with the upper body garb like there's no tomorrow, but even if the ensemble did make sense it wouldn't quite make the full beard and slicked back hair look any more professional.

Angus:

Here comes Charlie Ace! And he's got all his boys with him!

Behind Charlie walks, as always, his personal bodyguard, Hoyt Williams. Hoyt is sporting his usual white wife beater and jeans combo and scans the crowd as he makes his way down to the ring. Not far behind Hoyt is Cristiano Caballero, who is dressed ready for competition in his spanish flag inspired wrestling gear. Caballero carries with him a single red rose, which he feigns handing off to several females along the ramp way as the group make their way to the ring.

DDK:

They all look pretty proud of themselves right now, Angus.

Angus:

Of course they do, you remember what they did to Butcher Victorious and Nicky Synz last week, don't you?

DDK:

Of course. They blindsided Butcher and Nicky when those two men jump the barricade to protect Caballero and Williams.

The two men being referred to are at the back of the group. They are donned in the same gear as they were wearing during their first appearance. The caucasian man is wearing the same grey hoodie and jeans while the african american man wears a pair of MMA style shorts and red t-shirt. They both ignore the jeers of the fans as they climb the steps and enter the ring. 'Sad But True' fades out as Charlie Ace asks for a microphone and is handed one. The disdain from the fans grows louder as Charlie begins to speak.

Charlie Ace:

Ladies and Gentlemen, congratulations!

The jeers from the fans in attendance grows louder still as Charlie Ace applauds.

Charlie Ace:

Congratulations on choosing such a historic, such a monumental night to attend a DEFIANCE wrestling show, because tonight... Tonight I, Charlie Ace, present to you Ace Management Services best and brightest!

With a wave of his arm Charlie motions to the four men that occupy the ring with him. Caballero and the two unidentified men nod while Hoyt Williams continues to stare out into the crowd menacingly.

Charlie Ace:

I've assembled a great group here, I really have. Such a great group. A fantastic group that covers all bases. There's youth and experience, power and speed, skill and... well, more skill... I would say luck, but I don't believe in luck. These guys aren't lucky to have me as their manager, they earned that right by beating losers left, right and center and they

earned that right by being the best wrestlers on the planet today!

The four men with Charlie Ace align themselves across the middle of the ring. The first man, closest to Charlie, is the man we've seen him with the most.

Charlie Ace:

I know you all know my personal bodyguard Hoyt Williams, he's my 'Ace Of Diamonds' if you will. I know you all know Hoyt has one of the most devastating powerbombs in the world as well. In fact, Hoyt's powerbomb is so powerful... It's so powerful that Fishman Deluxe hasn't been seen since he took two of them in quick succession.

Hoyt nods slowly and smiles. The first real acknowledgement he's ever made of anything said to, about or around him since first appearing in DEFIANCE wrestling.

Charlie Ace:

What you might not know about Hoyt though, is that he's more than just a bodyguard, he's also a fully trained wrestler. And I know there's a lot of people out there asking stupid questions like 'Why isn't Hoyt wrestling as Charlie Ace's client?' or 'Why is Charlie Ace looking for more clients when he's got Hoyt Williams right there?'... Well the answer is simple. Hoyt can't protect me from the haters and the losers if he's wrestling, can he? And, as unlikely as it might be, if Hoyt were to pick up a guy for that spinning powerbomb with such force that he pulled a muscle... well I can't be without my bodyguard, can I? No, I'm a smarter man than that. I don't want to risk the health and wellbeing of my personal bodyguard unless the situation is serious enough to call for it.

Charlie pats Hoyt on the back and moves on down the line.

Charlie Ace:

And then we have Cristiano Caballero, the 'Ace of Hearts'...

Caballero blows a kiss out to the fans which several of the female members of the audience cheer for, but the majority, and almost all of the men, react overwhelmingly negatively towards.

Charlie Ace:

A man I'm sure you're all familiar with as well. A man overlooked for so long in BRAZEN that it was downright criminal. I mean, come on, you have a program designed to develop the future stars of the company and how many stars has it launched? I'll let that hang in the air for a moment.

And hang in the air it does. Caballero looks like he's trying to count names off on his fingers, but he keeps shaking his head and seems unable to settle on a single name for long enough to properly extend even his thumb.

Charlie Ace:

And so that's where I come in. I gave Cristiano the chance he never got while in BRAZEN. I brought him up to the main roster, I provided him the platform he never received while waiting patiently for his chance, and under my guidance he's picked up a string of victories including a pay per view win. Cristiano here is through with waiting patiently now... Now, he's going to take!

Charlie reaches out and grabs at the air, pulling it into his chest. Caballero smirks at his manager and nods confidently.

Charlie Ace:

And that brings me to the two gentlemen you may not be familiar with...

Charlie walks over to the caucasian man and places his hand on his shoulder.

Charlie Ace:

First, allow me to introduce you to 'The Ace of Spades' Mr. David Thompson. Six foot two, two hundred and forty five pounds of pure wrestling excellence. Dave here has been all over the world carving out his legacy as one of the two greatest tag team wrestlers on the planet, and now he's here in DEFIANCE to continue to do just that. And his

partner... The other greatest tag team wrestler on the planet...

Now Charlie places his hand on the shoulder of the african american.

Charlie Ace:

'The Ace of Clubs' Leo Brown... Six foot one, two hundred and fifty pounds, the baddest hombre you ever laid eyes on, and the toughest son of a bitch you ever stepped in the ring with. These two, call them what you like, they've gone by many names over the years... Dave and Leo, Thompson and Brown, The Pillars of Eternity... It doesn't matter, because soon enough you will be calling them the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, and that's not fake news. That's fact. And you'll see why that's a fact next week as they make their in ring debut.

Thompson and Brown fist bump each other and start talking smack to nobody in particular as Charlie Ace leaves the line-up and stands out in front of all four men. He looks out into the crowd and smiles broadly.

Charlie Ace:

I'm sure all of you want to know what Thompson, Brown, Caballero and Williams are here for. Well that's simple. The tag team titles, the Southern Heritage title, the FIST... They're here for all of them. They're here for the power, the glory, the fame, the money, the recognition and the opportunities they all so rightly deserve. And I promise each and every one of you, as soon as the powers that be finally relent and accept that they have no choice but to give them those opportunities, they will be holding all the gold DEFIANCE and the UTA have to offer!

Wide eyed and breathing heavily, Charlie Ace motions for the crowd to get on their feet.

Charlie Ace:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Stand up and pay attention, because these four men are about to show you why Ace mean number one.

Ace pauses dramatically and turns to his clients. He holds his free arm out wide to present the group to the world.

Charlie Ace:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you, Aces Wild!

All four men stand across the center of the ring holding their right arms up. They all extend their index fingers to the rafters as Charlie Ace applauds them. He's the only one to do so though, as the DEFIANCE faithful shower the group with a chorus of boos.

DDK:

Aces Wild? I don't like the look of this, Angus.

Angus:

I'm not gonna pretend to be a fan of what he said about BRAZEN there, Keeps, but you've got to admit, he's assembled a pretty impressive team here.

DDK:

Time will tell with that. And what's with these new guys? Thompson and Brown?

Angus:

Man, I can't wait to see what they're capable of next week.

DDK:

If last week is anything to go by I think their opponents are going to need eyes in the backs of their heads.

ANDY MURRAY VS. SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

Welcome back Ladies and Gentlemen! It's time for our next match of the evening, as WrestleUTA's Scott Stevens takes on the promotion's former World Champion, Andy Murray.

Angus:

Interesting clash here, Keebs. Things haven't been going so well for Andy, who returned from a considerable absence to eat a loss to BRAZEN's Danny Diggs last week, leading many to believe that the 24-year veteran has finally lost a step or two. Tonight, he'll be facing a big, burly bruiser in Stevens, who won't think twice about putting him on the shelf.

DDK:

It'll be two big hosses going at it. This is generally the kind of environment both men thrive in, and the UTA vs. DEFIANCE narrative should make it heated. If Stevens can outdo Andy tonight, he could be set for a huge springboard up the card: beating a Murray means something here in DEF.

Angus:

It does... I just hope the old gunslinger's got enough in him not only to put Stevens away, but shove that Eff DEFIANCE shirt right up his ass.

♪ "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. Murray slaps hands as he goes, but looks a little grouchier than usual. 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 MURRAAYYYYYYYYYY!

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

The slow bellow of the guitar hits and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred. A group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and Scott Stevens appears at the top. 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:

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

The bell rings.

Two tough, mean bastards start circling. Murray talks a little shit to Stevens, who smirks in response, prompting the Scot to move to the centre of the ring. He taps his chin. There won't be any lock-ups tonight, folks, as Stevens comes forward, answering Andy's challenge with a right forearm.

Andy winces, clutches his jaw, then shakes his head. He slugs Stevens back. Scott asks if that's all he's got, and blasts him with another. Soon there's a full-on forearm exchange going on in the middle of the ring, as the match takes a big turn through Macho Bullshitville!

Stevens wins that exchange, landing a few unanswered. He sends Andy to the ropes, but The King ducks the

attempted clothesline, belting his opponent with a European Uppercut as he turns around. Another European follows. Murray sends him to the corner, then tries to follow up with a leaping forearm, but Stevens clocks him right in the jaw! Straight right. Uppercut. Biiiiig chop across the throat! Scott plants Andy in the corner and starts stomping a mudhole in the grizzled old vet.

DDK:

We know Andy Murray is a proud, proud man, but I'm not sure goading Stevens into that striking exchange was a good idea! The Texan has complete control of this one!

Scott wears Murray down with the boots. He eventually turns away from the corner, basks in the crowd's hatred, then lets out a "FUCK DEFIANCE" call. Bad idea. Out comes Murray, charging towards Stevens, smacking him with a Lariat. Scott stays on his feet, though! Andy to the ropes, rebound, another Lariat!

The Texan falls to a seated position. Murray again hits the ropes, this time coming back with a sliding kick to the face. Andy hauls Scott to his feet. Stevens slugs him in the stomach a couple of times, then powers up, but eats a straight headbutt from Murray! A couple of big elbows follow, then some stinging chops to the chest, before Murray adjusts his aim and strikes him right across the throat.

Angus:

Shades of Jason Natas, baby! This old dog still knows how to fight!

DDK:

Several minutes in and we still haven't seen a single wrestling move! This is a by god slugfest, Angus! Just how The Faithful like it!

Stevens is built like a tank, but not even he can deal with a temporarily squashed windpipe. He falls to one knee, allowing Andy to stick a hand behind his head, then crack him with a few sharp elbows straight to the face. Murray backs off, letting the Texan get up a little bit, before hitting a couple of stiff bodykicks. Scott falls back against the ropes. Murray beats his chest, roars, then charges forward... only to get his head taken off with a Lariat!

Both men are down, selling hard. Stevens gets up first and prevents Murray's climb by stomping down on him. He eventually peels the man from the mat, absorbs a couple of forearms, but gets out of it with a blatant thumb to the eye! The miniscule Carla Ferrari admonishes him as The Faithful let Stevens have it.

Murray has time to recover... but he's bleeding from a wound across his right eyebrow, and wobbling. He beckons Scott forward. Andy's wild right hand misses, and Stevens gets behind, hitting a straight elbow to the back of Murray's head. He finally executes the match's first actual move, grabbing Andy's head, and downing him with a Scorpion Death Drop!

Angus:

Awww, for fuck's sake! Murray's busted up, and Stevens just hit a potentially game-changing Reverse DDT! I don't like this at all...

Confident and in control, Stevens lets Murray rise to a certain degree. He then comes back with his version of a running Knee Trembler - Don't Mess With Texas. Andy hits the dirt like a sack of potatoes, but Stevens isn't done with him yet. He hauls him up, places him in the corner, and hits a flurry of elbows, deliberately targeting bleeding brow. Ferrari calls him off with the threat of disqualification and immediately tends to Murray.

DDK:

Folks, this could be called off right here, right now! I don't Murray know how much Murray can see with blood running down into his eye.

A team of medics hit the ring. Stevens isn't happy with this, of course, but they spend a few seconds checking the big man out. Murray's desperate to continue. He orders the medics away. One shares an unsure glance with Ferrari, who orders the action continues.

Scott comes forward but Andy surges, catching his opponent with a desperation headbutt! He wobbles himself, but regains enough composure to hoist Stevens off his feet...

DDK:

HIGHLAND HANGO-- NO!

Stevens slips out the back! Big elbow to Murray! CUTTER!

DDK:

Toxic Sting! That's Stevens' finisher!

The Texan makes the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

... then deliberately pulls away.

With a wicked grin on his face, Scott Stevens rises to his feet, grabs Andy Murray, and throws his head between his thighs. He lifts him in the air, leaps, then piledrivers him into the mat.

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

Stevens wins, but what a brutal way to do it! There was absolutely no need for the Piledriver after the Toxic Sting!

Angus:

Fuck, Keebs. He messed Big Murray up good and proper. Our boy barely got a look in, and Stevens wins decisively and cleanly...

A smug Stevens rises to his feet, holding a hand in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... SCOTT STEVENS!

DDK:

No caveats here, folks! Stevens just dominated Andy Murray! A strong performance, but a worrying sign for the DEFIANCE side...

ROUND THREE

The scene cuts to the backstage interview area as Lance Warner stands with Gage Blackwood. There's a DEFIANCE backdrop... but there's also a UTA backdrop trying to hang over the DEFIANCE one, too, so who knows. Anyway...

Lance Warner:

I'm here with Gage Blackwood. Last week, you were unsuccessful in finishing the job against Chris Ross, albeit not at your own fault. Well, he's here tonight and he will fight for the FIST in the main event against Cayle Murray. Gage, your thoughts?

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. I haven't personally met Cayle yet but I have no doubt he will smash that bloke from pillar to post.

The crowd cheers at hearing the FIST's name being dropped.

Blackwood:

I also vow to stay out of Cayle's way. I'm not about run-ins and The FIST is no place for me to meddle in. If I got involved, maybe I mistakenly cost Cayle the match. Maybe I beat the piss out of Chris Ross when he's already down and I don't want that.

Blackwood stops and looks dead into the camera.

Blackwood:

Last week I was seeing red, but Lance, I can wait. I can wait one more night to get my fair fight...

Warner:

Well that's good, Gage. In fact, I'm told you have a match coming up just moments from now against Gunther Adler. The same Gunther Adler, mind you, who beat you on your debut match and follow-up match two weeks later-

Blackwood cuts him off.

Blackwood:

Aye. I know this. That's why I personally asked for this match.

Blackwood looks to say more at first, but nothing comes to mind so Lance intervenes.

Warner:

Right. Well, a number of BRAZEN guys want their shot at the UTA as well. So Gunther easily accepted the match and has been on note saying he would like to step up and take on a bigger role against the UTA in the future. Another win could help him get there. We already saw Rich Mahogany go for the WrestleUTA title last week against Crimson Lord. If BRAZEN is able to stand up and help, too, it could benefit us.

Blackwood looks at Warner and nods.

Blackwood:

My match with Adler is just a proving ground for both of us. I respect him. I respect how he made me look foolish in the embarrassing first month I had in DEFIANCE. But I overcame. Overcame David Hightower. Overcame Lisil Jackson. It will continue.

While Gage does have much more to say than 2-3 months ago, his voice is still somewhat monotone and he struggles to get through longer sentences. It's a bit of an awkward exchange between him and Lance, although there has been much worse.

Warner:

Also, you got involved in "The" Jay Harvey's attack on Elise Aries-

Blackwood:

I did. I'm standing up for DEFIANCE. We're all in this together.

Lance nods.

Warner:

Well, there you have it. Gage Blackwood versus Gunther Adler, next.

Blackwood walks off screen as the camera follows him for a moment and the scene fades, but not before a figure in the very far distance can barely be made out. He looks to have a mohawk and a very sadistic grin...

GAGE BLACKWOOD VS. GUNTHER ADLER

Christmas Spirit

♪ 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. The champion is dressed head to toe in red leather, he has a white skull cap on with the WrestleUTA Logo on the front. His red leather jacket as it passes the camera you can see a evil Jack Frost snowman on the back of his jacket. He follows Larver toward the ring.

DDK:

Well this is a interesting look for Crimson Lord.

Angus:

Great, now what is he going to do, mock the holiday season?

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.

Angus:

Someone really needs to shut this prick up!

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 looks around at the Defiant Faithful and their hate filled eyes burning a hole right through him. A smirk can be from the champion.

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 WrestlePlex.

Crimson:

MORE!

Angus:

...To hell with this!

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

DDK:

What are you doing Angus....put your phone away...

Angus ignores Keeps.

DDK:

Candy Crush...? Really we have a job to do her....Wow level 1000.

Angus:

Ya it's been a pain in the ass.

Crimson:

At DefTV 93 I came out here to offer a challenger worthy to step through these ropes and take..

He raises the championship above his head as he says.

Crimson:

What I have! Rich Mahogany tried and failed miserably at DefTV 93

DDK:

What you're not even going to acknowledge Burns who was the first to step up to the plate Crimson?

Crimson:

But enough of gloating over another Defiant superstar biting the dust. As you all can see I am in the XMas Spirit. We at WrestleUTA put together a special video for everyone out there. We know you guys have not exactly had a great last half of the year but we felt DEFIANCE needed a nice present.

DDK:

Your sincerity is clearly not believable.

Crimson:

Piss ants in the trunk...I mean gentlemen in the truck play the video.

A video plays with some Christmas music playing throughout it...

"We know you guys here in DEFIANCE have had a rough last half of the year."

"We here at WrestleUTA wants to say how saden we are by what has happened to you for the past few months."

" So in the Christmas spirit we here at the WrestleUTA wanted to send our best wishes to you and your family, by a Christmas card collection."

"The first card we have I am sure Impulse, Scott Douglas, Bronson Box, Reinhardt Hoffman, and Eric Dane would LOVE to send to their family and friends."

"A card appears on the screen, and it's the WrestleUTA WarGames members raising their hands in victory over the broken DEFIANCE guys."

"This card was personally signed by everyones favorite Movie Star, and Entrepreneur here to tell everyone in DEFIANCE he is not such a bad guy."

A picture of Mikey Unlikely quickly met with a loud chorus of boos. His face shot is transparent as the card has a picture of the victory at WarGames...Then in magic marker....

*Seasons Greetings...DEFIANCE
From your favorite superstar of all time
Mikey Unlikely*

"Even Scott Stevens set aside his feelings about DEFIANCE and got into the Christmas spirit as well in this thoughtful christmas card."

The card shows Scott Stevens with his arm raised in victory over Oscar Burns at Maximum Defiance.

"To show everyone that Scott Stevens is not a bad guy as we open this card up..."

A coupon for twenty-five percent off a purchase of the "F*CK DEFIANCE T-SHIRT" A price tag of \$39.99, is cross off

with the new price listed below.

DDK:

Wait just a minute I was shopping for my family and saw this t-shirt for \$29.99! Stevens you are an absolute prick!

“The video continues...The next card we have is from the very man in the ring at this moment...YOUR WrestleUTA World Champion Crimson Lord!”

A quick shot of Crimson in the ring with a smile on his face, clearly not letting this capacity crowd ruin his Christmas Spirit.

“Back to the tron the voice continues: Some say he has a black heart but if this special card does not tell you differently than you need more joy in your life.”

The card fades in and it's the image from DEFTV 93. The picture is of Oscar laid out on the floor with CL standing above him with the title raised.

A transparent picture of Crimson appears next to the card.

*Happy Holidays DEFIANCE
May 2018 be just like 2017 for you.
Crimson Lord*

“The final scene of the video shows the entire WrestleUTA roster standing in a group picture with Mikey with his hands grasping his lapel of his suit jacket. And the words...”

*From WrestleUTA's family to yours...
MERRY CHRISTMAS!*

The video ends and the crowd has not stopped booing for this mockery headlined by the WrestleUTA Champion

DDK:

Absolutely disgusting! Angus what are your thoughts on this mockery of our beloved company.

Angus:

Not now Keebs I almost have the level beat.

DDK:

Get off the damn phone!

Angus growls for a moment.

Angus:

Damn it I almost beat the board...what Keebs!

DDK:

Did you not just watch this abomination by the champion?

Angus:

No, I told myself when I woke up this morning, I will find something better to do with my time as long as this seven foot goof runs his mouth!

Crimson very proud of the video.

Crimson:

I wanted to show all you people one more thing bring up that card by me again.

The tron shows Crimson's Christmas card.

Crimson:

I loved the design of this card so much, that I decided to "monster size it"

DDK:

Monster size it?

The picture fades from the tron and fades back in and the card has been blown up into a portrait with a frame. Crimson standing over Burns. Crimson points at the card with a chuckle at his administrative assistant. They share a nice chuckle at the portrait. He turns to the entranceway his enjoyment slowly fades.

Crimson:

So as my gift to all of you, I invite any DEFIANCE member out here and take a shot at bringing home some gold for the holidays.

The fans continue to show their distaste for this man. Crimson drops the microphone and hands the championship to Carla Ferrari. Jon exits the ring after taking Crimson entrance attire.

DDK:

The audacity of this man, I sure hope whoever steps from behind that curtain knocks his block off!

WRESTLEUTA WORLD: CRIMSON LORD © VS. THE D

Quimbey:

The following contest scheduled for one fall is for the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship...

Fans cheer

Quimbey:

Already in the ring is the champion, he weighs in at three hundred and forty-eight pounds the current WrestleUTA Champion CRIMMMSSSOOONNN LORD!!!

Crimson with the championship in his right hand. It hangs from his side. He doesn't bother to raise it and just walks to the center of the ring. He finally raises it chin level and motions for a DEFIANCE member to step up.

"Live for the Night" by Krewella (PCP Remix)

From the ring the champion watches a spotlight hit the entrance ramp, and the arena erupt in cheers. Stepping out from the back wearing what look to be the most expensive pair of shades imaginable, in his regular ring attire, is a confident and strutting D. Flanked as always by the loveable doof, the box man, Klein. Klein's box today is actually that of a wrapped Christmas present.

Quimbey:

And the Challenger from Culver City, California, weighing in at one hundred and seventy six pounds! He is being accompanied to the ring by fellow PCP member Klein....THE....DDDDDD!

DDK:

It's the D! I've never been so happy to see the D!

Angus:

Except that time you were with George Michael in a bathroom.

DDK:

Angus! Two thirds of the PCP, Klein and The D, are showing no fear as they come down here to step up and face Crimson Lord during his Holiday Challenge.

Angus:

Gotta admit, these yahoos have more fire and spunk than brains, but the PCP consistently surprise us Keebs. We could have a new champ here. I mean, finally things are getting interesting.

The D extends his hands to the fans as he saunters down toward ringside. As he reaches the ring, he takes one long look at Crimson, making sure he has the space to climb up onto the apron. He goes up the ring steps, onto the canvas, and turns to the crowd, shouting a rallying cry to cheers.

Crimson's eyes watch The D enter the ring, the cocky superstar struts toward Crimson and quickly comes to the realization how tall the champion is as he looks up. He even mouths the words "Woah." Crimson without much emotion raises the championship high above his head with his right arm.

DDK:

The PCP look like hobbits next to Crimson, but nether man looks very intimidated.

Angus:

Ed chop this jolly green giant down!

Crimson hands the championship to Carla, as she raises it up Klein joins Jon outside the ring. The two men slowly

step back from each other as Carla raises the championship to the opening bell ringing. She hands the title off to the timekeeper. The D and Crimson slowly circle and lock up, Crimson without much effort shoves Ed off with so much force he falls out of the ring.

DDK:

Crimson is just showing off here, and these fans clearly are not amused by it.

Angus:

Work a strategy here you two, clearly those that have tried to go head on with this goof failed miserably.

Crimson has not moved from the ring as he looks down at Klein and The D quietly talking to each other. Ed nods his head and slowly slides back in the ring. He is a bit more reluctant this time but the two circle again and as they go for a lock up. The D ducks behind under the tree trunks of arms of the champion. He quickly throws a shin kick to the back of Crimson quickly getting the monsters attention. As Crimson turns around The D without hesitation goes off the ropes and is in the air as Crimson turns around with a high lifting knee dropkick. Crimson staggers back from the blow.

DDK:

The D looks to have a sound strategy here as he is letting all the kicks fly up and down Crimson!

Angus:

Chop him down!

Crimson continues to feel the feet of fury, suddenly the pain look on his face goes away and now it appears he is absorbing the kicks. Ed quickly sees it and abruptly stops his attack by ending with a well placed roundhouse kick across Crimson's face. Crimson face jerks to the side and then slowly looks back at Ed who is in shock. The D shouts "NOT FAIR!" as Crimson goes to once more grab him and again The D using his size ducks around and quickly jumps on the monster's back with a sleeper!

DDK:

Klein and Ed seem to have the right strategy here, but does Ed have enough strength to keep that sleeper hold on tight enough?

Angus:

Choke him out!

Crimson carries The D around the ring trying to fight the hold. The official checks to make sure it's not a choke. The camera catches the champions face, and it's starting to turn red and it appears The D's sleeper is indeed working. The D is even softly whispering a lullaby into Crimson's ear.

DDK:

Crimson is fading here fans!

Angus:

Go to sleep! It's beddy bye time! I mean, I'd rather see that championship on someone more worthy but hell anyone is better than Crimson Lord!

Crimson drops to a knee and the WrestlePlex is ecstatic as Klein tries to calm them down outside the ring to avoid waking the beast. Crimson's eyes quickly widen and he stands to a vertical base. Klein grabs at both sides of his Christmas themed box when he notices Crimson's standing tall. Crimson reaches behind his head and grabs ahold of the back of Ed's hair with both hands!

DDK:

The monster is not done here, and Ed might be in tr..

Mid sentence Crimson throws The D over his head, but Ed quickly changes mid air and falls down into a sitout ³/₄

facelock jawbreaker!

Angus:

HAHAHA, nice move!

DDK:

Ed with a amazing reversal there giving a jawbreaker mid air. Crimson has his hand over his mouth...stay on him Ed!

Crimson turns around and Ed is already off the ropes with a jumping Tornado kick, throws Crimson into the turnbuckle!

Angus:

You got him rocked stay on him!

Ed hypes the crowd up and their firmly behind him he goes to the corner opposite Crimson and rushes at Crimson in his corner! The champion sprints out of it and as The D is mid air Crimson catches him mid run into a STO!

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

DDK:

Did you see that! The D was caught MID AIR and PLANTED!

Angus:

SOB! I'm watering him with my tears.

Crimson gets to one knee as the D his holding the back of his head. Crimson stares down at The D and then at Klein trying to cheer on his bud. Crimson gets to a vertical base with his hand on his jaw moving it back and forth. Larver looks on just clapping for his boss. Crimson moves in and picks up The D and throws him in the corner with relative ease. This time the champion is on the offensive with a flurry of body and head blows in the corner. The D tries to cover up with each blow, until Crimson dives in with a few back elbows with his entire frame smashing The D in the corner.

DDK:

D needs to get out of there, the champion is having a smorgasbord of infecting pain to him.

Angus:

Now with a foot choke come on Carla do your job!

After a few moments Carla has reached a four count and Crimson breaks the hold, without much downtime for The D, Crimson grabs him from under the arm and tosses him halfway across the ring. The D rolls from the impact, eyes almost rolling into the back of his head, as he struggles to get to his feet. He has to use the ring ropes to do so, as Crimson stalks the challenger.

DDK:

The D is in a lot of trouble here fans!

Angus:

Gee you think!

Klein is right there encouraging on his friend, smacking the ring canvas. Crimson picks up the man formerly known as Ed and now begins to taunt him.

Crimson:

So DEFIANCE thought you would be able to beat me? You're a joke!

Crimson points at Klein, who promptly and happily waves back.

Crimson:

He is a joke...and your little girl is the biggest joke of this entire company!

DDK:

Crimson has no respect for any member of the PCP, so now he has resorted to taunting?

Angus:

I hate this seven foot goof with a passion, but give me a break did the D actually think he stood a chance?

As Crimson holds the D upright, the D can barely stand. But he can...

DDK:

DEAR GOD! The D just spat in Crimson Lord's face!?

Angus:

Balls of stupidity that man!

Crimson in a rage slams the D face first into the mat. He then repeats this process, OVER, and OVER, and OVER until Klein and Carla are begging him to stop. Crimson places his knee on the back of the D's neck and stretches his hands out to a chorus of jeers from the DEF crowd. Klein pounds on the mat for Ed with words of encouragement to get DEF to rally the fallen D. Crimson gets up from the D and leans over the top rope, with an icy dagger stare toward Klein, who backs off. But the DEF crowd has already been rallied, and The D staggers to his feet. However, he can't remain upright, and falls backfirst into the nearest corner. Crimson hears the THUD, turns around and runs at him.

The D narrowly avoids Crimson by jumping out of the ring onto the apron, and Lord's chest HAMMERS into the turnbuckle. With Crimson dazed, The D gets behind Lord, then uses his momentum to quickly roll Lord up in a modified school boy!

ONE

TW..

kickout!

Crimson quickly gets to his feet. The D is slow but rises just in time to drop toe hold an oncoming Crimson right into the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

These fans are rallying, they are on their feet, and I think they've given the D the second wind he needs!

Crimson pulls himself off the turnbuckle and AGAIN The D jumps on the back of Crimson with another sleeper!

DDK:

The D is sticking with his strategy, trying to put the big man to sleep!

Angus:

Look at that, Crimson's big fat ego at full view. He is so close to the ropes but refuses to grab them.

Crimson slowly moves to the center of the ring as Carla checks on him. Crimson is quickly fading here and is down to a knee. The D is nodding his head in delight, Crimson clearly is fading even faster this time.

Carla starts to raise Crimson arm..

ARM UP...ARM DOWN

ARM...

Crimson quickly stands up and falls backward, as The D is flattened and forced to release the hold. Crimson holds his throat, staggering to his feet. You can see him coughing a few times before he grabs The D by the legs and slingshots him into the corner turnbuckle.

DDK:

Crimson is still alive here, but he appears to be worn down quite a bit here. The D unfortunately, may have been pancaked and is just propped in that corner turnbuckle.

Angus:

LOOK OUT!

Crimson spears The D into the corner into his lower back. The D screams in pain as he falls to the mat trying to brace his lower back!

DDK:

The former tag champ looks to be in tremendous pain here, and the champion seems to care less.

Angus:

Klein do something you twit!

Crimson picks up Ed and slaps his mammoth hand across his throat, Klein hops on the apron and Crimson drops The D quickly. Before Klein can react, the big lumbering monster strikes Klein square in the jaw, sending him sprawling off the apron to a plethora of jeers. The D takes advantage of the distraction and quickly ducks under Crimson as he turns around and goes to grab him. Off the other side, Crimson spins around and nails the 3rd Eye! Ed flips in a 180 mid air and falls face first to the mat. Carla puts her hands through her hair at the move. Crimson picks up a semi conscious D, and slaps his hand across the throat of the challenger.

DDK:

It's the beginning of the end Angus!

Crimson lifts the D off his feet, and holds him high, choking him. With The D dangling, Lord **TOSSES** The D **SO HIGH** in the air, spinning as he does. As the D begins his freefall, he sees his life flash before his eyes as Lord times the elbow perfectly.

DDK:

HOLLOW POINT! It's over Angus! Did you see the height on that one?!

Angus:

Pretty sure D got some frequent flier miles with that chokeslam.

The challenger lies limp on the mat, as Crimson puts both hands on his chest for the cover.

Angus:

NO!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!*"Closer to the Void" by The Enigma TNG***Quimbey:**

The winner of the match and STILL WrestleUTA World Champion.... "The Messiah of Pain" CRIIMSSOONN LORD!!

Crimson takes his championship from Carla as Jon enters the ring and a dented box head Klein rushes to check on The D. Crimson hands the title to Jon seeing Klein in the ring.

DDK:

BEHIND YOU KLEIN!

Angus:

For the love of...HEY DEFIANCE how about some damn unity!

Crimson grabs Klein by both sides of his BOX in a vice grip, lifting Klein away from the D. Klein is stunned, as Crimson just LIFTS Klein from the vice grip, spinning him so both the big man's legs wrap around Klein's head. Lord preps Klein in a High Angle Powerbomb... when Elise Ares charges out from the back to a chorus of cheers!

Angus:

What's this pietie thing going to do?

DDK:

She's got a chair Angus! The equalizer is here!

She slides in the ring as Crimson holds Klein high in the air. Klein obscures Lord's view, allowing Ares to slam the chair into the exposed midsection of Crimson Lord. Lord stumbles back from the chair shot, releasing Klein who lands on his feet. As Lord clutches his ribs and rises, Klein and Elise double clothesline the big man up and over the top rope, to the outside. Crimson staggers back with the guard rail keeping him from falling. Jon quickly exits the ring to join him. Crimson holds his rib cage, and now points in the ring at PCP.

DDK:

Elise just saved Klein from that nasty powerbomb of Crimson Lord! And like everything DEFIANCE and UTA, this is NOT over!

Angus:

Looks like she got him pretty good too. Maybe she cracked a rib, it'll puncture a lung, and he'll become a dead man. Like, a for real dead man.

"Live for the Night" by Krewella (PCP Remix)

Klein helps The D up to his feet as the D favors his lower back. Elise demands a microphone. Elise hands Klein the chair who raises it half threateningly toward Crimson Lord. Ares is handed a mic from Carla. The Crowd chants are loud as Elise has to wait for them to abide.

"We Want P-C-P! *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap*"

Elise Ares:

Yeah you do! So you think you can come out here and just attack my friends after the match and think I won't do anything about it? Well, in the past you would've been right, but now I've got something to prove! I've had enough of that with Jack! And since he won't face me, maybe at DEFTV 95... YOU WILL! Title on the line, just you and me! Lord vs. Lady! Beast vs. Beauty!

DDK:

ELISE JUST CHALLENGED THE SEVEN FOOTER?

Angus:

Well, good bye Elise. At least they got rid of Mikey for six months. Best six months of my life. I'll never forget that Elise.

The D and Klein clearly do not like that decision by Elise, particularly the D, who warns Elise about how freaking huge he is. But she looks resolute, resolved to face this challenge.

Crimson Lord's rage quickly fades and now he is laughing at the thought of that match. Crimson's laughter stops and for a moment, he looks emotionless into the ring almost in a comatose state. Jon shakes Crimson, trying to break him free of his trance. Meanwhile, the rest of PCP warn Elise about Crimson's powerful frame and ask her what her strategy is going to be. Crimson finally snaps out of his comatose state, he walks over to the timekeeper table as Elise and the rest of the crew watch him, he snatches the microphone.

DDK:

I had no idea Crimson would actually think about this match.

Angus:

The man has a missing screw, what did you expect?

Crimson:

The consensus is....NO! I have taken bigger shits than you!

Crimson drops the microphone and starts to head up the rampway with Jon still favoring his rib cage.

DDK:

I never expected that response, and its probably for the best I think Elise is a bit to caught up in the moment to realize who she would step in the ring with.

Angus:

She has more balls than pretty much all of our so called DEFIANCE superstars who continue to let these Mormons run wild on us.

Elise:

Since we're having digestion problems, let me cut my words up so they're smaller and easier to pass. I. Want to face you. For the WrestleUTA Championship. Unless you're afraid of losing to a girl, which would be WAAAAAAAAAAAY embarrassing. So I totes get it.

DDK:

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE is standing by her challenge, that takes a lot of guts!

Crimson looks over his shoulder then steps into a halfway pose, that evil smirk comes across his face once more.

Angus:

Or stupidity.

Crimson:

Fuck harmony...you want it that bad you got it!

DDK:

Crimson has accepted....and Elise is happy he did, we got a WrestleUTA championship match for DEFTV 95! Elise Ares will challenge Crimson Lord.

Angus:

.....This is not going to end well..

The D's eyes are wide and he's talking a mile a minute about all the internal injuries he no doubt believes he has. However, Elise isn't hearing a word of what he's saying, she just watches the behemoth Crimson Lord exit the ringside area, UTA title in tow. She watches with a smirk on her face, and you can almost hear her say "Who the fuck is Harmony?"

THE COLOR OF WAR

“Hello, Faithful.”

The screen is an onimus black. The voice is very familiar. It is the well known modified speaking that comes from Reaper’s. The black screen is slowly lit up by the familiar blue glow that Reaper Prime has worn ever since the reveal of there being more than one Reaper.

Reaper Prime: [voice modified]

Over the past several months the silence of Codename: Reaper has been her mission to insert herself silently to the point of this war. That silence is no longer needed as we now have the forces needed to destroy DEFIANCE.

There is a long pause. The eyes glowing fiercely bright on the screen.

Reaper:

And United Toughness Alliance. As shown last week, we have no sides and we are and will be the deciding factor in the struggle that exists within this WAR.

Another long pause, the mask of Codename: Reaper is barely visible in the darkness however the piercing blue is almost blinding.

Reaper:

That will officially start next week. As the challenge has been laid and accepted, we will overtake the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles from the infiltrators Mikey Unlikely and that fool who thought he could persuade us to join them, Kendrix.

Long pause.

Reaper:

As for tonight, Seattle’s Favorite Son will be shown yet again why we are here and be reminded to not get in our way or suffer the consequences. He has a choice in all this, need I remind you, Faithful perhaps you can guide him to the answers he seeks. The False Hero he is not, Scott Douglas actually means something to the world.

The blue eyes dim down before she continues.

Reaper:

On the subject of False Heroes it was shown what happens when they don’t see the light and DEFIANCE’s world is much better off without his presence. His is a weakness to the wheel of the industry something that needed to be expelled.

Flaring back up the blue almost shatters the screen.

Reaper:

The same will happen to all who oppose as we put this conflict to rest, the head of the snake will be removed.... In more ways than one. Those that are deemed worthy are most welcome to join our crusade, the ones who are unworthy just stay out of our way and no harm will come to you. To all the others be prepared as we shroud this world.... Our world in darkness.

The final pause.

Reaper:

To answer your question, Jessica is gone. She is no longer real, you’ll never make her real. No Kerry Kuroyama... No Rocko Daymon.... No Jason Reeves can stop this ascent. For she is gone and only The Kabal is here.

Static.

SOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS Â© VS. THE GREEN REAPER

Cut back to the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall ... and is for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Quimbey pauses for the music cue but none is to be had. Instead the lights dim and the Faithful begin to boo wildly as they scramble for their phones to light up the arena. Yet, they are frustratingly beaten to the punch as the Wrestle-Plex becomes bathed in an emerald green hue to reveal the Green eyed Reaper standing on the stage; his head down in his militaristic Reaper garb. The emerald diffused lights cut off abruptly and in nearly the same instant - the full house lights return to reveal the Reaper Army backing up the Green Reaper.

Angus:

Jesus, how many of these freaks are there now!?

The Green Reaper, takes the first step toward the ring and down the ramp. His backup follows.

DDK:

Well, as we saw at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE - that is Kerry Kuroyama underneath that green eyed mask! Or ... at least that is who we SAW put it on!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from Parts Unknown ... Representing the Reaper Army ...

Angus:

Unknown? He's from Seattle.

Darren Quimbey:

THHHHEEE GREEN ... REEAAAPPPPEEERRRR!!

DDK:

Indeed, Kerry Kuroyama hails from the Pacific Northwest but - at the risk of sounds redundant who knows who is underneath that mask, partner.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Terry "The Idol" Anderson! The reigning DEFIANCE Southern HERITAGE CHAMPION ... !!!

Angus:

You did it.

Scott Douglas steps out on the ramp followed by Terry. Same black t-shirt, same homemade jean shorts and dusty boots with his recently recovered Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder. The pair make their way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

"SUB POP" SCOTT ... DOUGGGGLAAAASSS!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Sounded redundant.

DDK:

... Douglas, now reunited with the Southern Heritage Championship after pulling a fast one on Mikey Unlikely earlier tonight.

Terry takes his place on the outside as Scott enters the ring and is immediately attacked by the Green Reaper who throws a punch but Douglas is able to duck it. Douglas swings around and as Reaper Green turns to face him, the pair lock up.

Angus:

Fast one? He took what was already his - what is DEFIANCE's ... and caused McFuckass to throw a fuckfit. I gotta love hate thing with that greasy flipper ... but right now he's alright by me.

DDK:

Off to a quick start! Not the ring style we are used to from Kerry Kuroyama ...

The pair volley back and forth trying to overpower one another until Douglas backs Reaper into the corner. Referee Benny Doyle warns Douglas and begins the count. As Douglas backs off of Reaper with his hands up Reaper lands a blow that rocks Douglas. Reaper grabs Douglas by the shoulders and reverses their positioning. Reaper pounds on Douglas and beats him down to the mat; his head on the bottom turnbuckle and Reapers foot across his neck.

DDK:

Benny Doyle administering the five count now.

Angus:

It should be called the four point nine count. What moron let's go early?

DDK:

Well, Scott Douglas just pulled back on one - in a sportsmanlike manner.

Angus:

MORON! Look where it got 'em! Grungey piece of trash.

DDK:

That didn't take long.

As Angus predicted, Reaper releases Douglas just before the count of five and backs off. Douglas is able to pull himself to his feet but Reaper meets him halfway, assisting his rise only to knock him back down with a short arm clothesline. Reaper takes his time and rather than ravish Douglas he seems paced and deliberate.

Douglas crawls to his feet once again, Reaper hits the far ropes and meets the upright SoHer with another stiff clothesline. Douglas cuts a flip and crashes to the matt.

DDK:

Oh! Again, folks - This is NOT the Kerry Kuroyama we have grown accustomed to.

Angus:

DAMN RIGHT! This ONE I think I LIKE!

Douglas crawls back up once again but a headbutt drops him to his knees briefly. He pops back to his feet but he is clearly affected and he stumbles back into the opposite corner looking for reprise. Reaper stalks toward Douglas who fires back with a strike to the midsection. Reaper absorbs it.

Douglas fires again. This one stumbles Reaper a bit. A third strike puts him on his heels and the two work back toward the middle of the ring. A fourth and a fifth blow are aimed toward the face and now in the middle of the squared circle - Reaper is fired up and comes back with an pointed chop to Douglas' neck. Douglas hits the matt and Reaper starts to lay in the boots.

Douglas struggles to get back to his feet but makes it to his knees as Benny Doyle trying to beg off Reaper and the stomping of the head. Douglas finds himself against the middle rope as he tries to pull himself back up and Reaper takes advantage of his position.

DDK:

The Green Reaper, CHOKING the LIFE out of Scott Douglas on that middle rope!

Angus:

I'm warming up to this kid, Keebs!

Another "four point nine" count and Reaper releases Douglas. He turns toward Benny Doyle, backing him in the corner, no words are spoken but he stares down the official with the intent and successful application of intimidation. In the meantime, Scott gets to his feet.

Reaper goes back on the attack and with a head full of hair, Reaper sends Douglas head first into the turnbuckle he fought back out of previously. Reaper backs Douglas into the same corner before whipping him to the other side of the ring; following closely

DDK:

What IMPACT! Huge clothesline from The Green Reaper.

Douglas stumbles out as Reaper backs off from the recoil of his attack. Douglas is met with a big chop that sends the dizzied Douglas back to the matt.

DDK:

Green Reaper covers!

Angus:

One count. The kid sucks but he isn't that garbage.

As predicted by Angus, Douglas kicks out at one and the Green Reaper stands, bringing Douglas with him. He scoops the champion and plants him down with a tombstone piledriver. He covers once more.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Reaper, frustrated, snatches Douglas up once more; throwing him up and over his shoulder.

DDK:

Shoulder breaker! And A COVER! We might see a new CHAMPION!

ONE

TWO!!

DDK:

KICK OUT!

Reaper stares a hole into Benny Doyle from his knees. Benny reaffirms the two and nothing more. Reaper rises slowly

and stalks toward Benny once again intimidating the official. Douglas struggles in the background as Benny Doyle pleads with The Green Reaper to continue the match and leave him the hell alone. Reaper relents and returns to the SoHer, who is crawling back to his feet once again. He strikes the dazed champ for good measure before grabbing the right arm and sets up the pump handle ...

DDK:

This might be the Kuroyama Driver!

He flips Douglas up to his shoulder, the dazed Douglas is familiar with Kerry and can see the writing on the wall. He starts throwing wild elbow into the The Green Reaper's mask from atop his shoulder. The desperation move proves prudent as Reaper begins to stumble back toward the ropes. Douglas continues blindly firing elbows. With his back against the ropes and the falcrom of Douglas' weight shifting Reaper lets loose of the champion who lands, squirrely, but on the ring apron. Reaper Green stumbles forward once free of the weight.

Angus:

Flying GARBAGE!!

Douglas with a breath of fresh air after landing on the ring apron uses the ropes, springboarding himself at Reaper Green, catching his head with a flying bulldog! The Faithful get on their feet as Douglas quickly goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

NO!!

DDK:

Foot on the ropes at the last second! Douglas can't believe it!

Angus:

His frustration is letting that GREEN EYE MONSTER STIR!

Douglas in disbelief standing up slowly after the two count, does not realize that Reaper Green is already on his feet behind him, turning towards his opponent, Reaper Green is already charging with a fierce clothesline, DOUGLAS DUCKS! Kick to the gut of Reaper Green, hooks the knee...

DDK:

SUP POP SUPLEX!! Douglas with the cover!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

The Faithful on their feet yet again, cheering loudly as Douglas' arm is raised in victory. Doyle retrieves the title from the timekeeper as Douglas pulls himself back to his feet.

DDK:

Scott Douglas pulled out a comeback tonight, folks!

QUESTIONS

Outside the ring, The Reaper Army gathers to the side of the ring in which the fallen Reaper is recovering. As The Green Reaper slowly gets to his feet, his eyes burning a glowing emerald green, Douglas slowly approaches.

The Reaper Army doesn't flinch. Rather they maintain an afixed glowing gaze at the champ, who seems to be trying to talk to The Green Reaper. The production crew switches to a closer camera and picks up a bit of Douglas' dialogue.

Douglas:

... what are doing, man? What would Rocko say?

DDK:

Douglas is questioning Kerry's decision to dawn the Reaper Mask.

Angus:

And why the Green One? Douglas is scared shitless of the green one!

DDK:

Douglas had quite the storied past with the last man to dawn the Emerald City eyes, if you will.

The questioning from Douglas gains no reaction from The Green Eyed Reaper. He stands motionless until the DEFiatron lights up. We cut to a wide shot of the large screen as Douglas turns to see it for himself at the behest of The Green Reaper pointing.

'We Are The Hope'

The familiar phrase appears on the screen in white lettering against a simple black background.

Angus:

Not this shit again ...

Back at ring side the Reaper Army hold steadfast as Douglas turns back to the glowing green eyes of his former friend and recent opponent. Again camera audio picks up Douglas questioning Kerry further. The Faithful continue to look on confused but intrigued.

Douglas:

What does that even mean!? God damnit, Kerry!

DDK:

I'm not sure the SoHER is going to get an answer, here, tonight!

The Army of Reapers begin to move toward the rampside of the ring as Reaper Green attempts to make his exit. Douglas is unsatisfied with given response and grabs Green's arm, spinning him around.

Douglas:

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING ,KERRY!?

The silence continues but Reaper Green has had enough of the questions. The masked man shoves Douglas putting him on his heels; stumbling backwards.

Green, again and with a raised intensity, points towards the DEFiatron. The Faithful have had enough themselves and launch into a chorus of boos.

Douglas:

Kerry ...

Angus:

Oh hell, just make out already!

DDK:

Make... wait what?

Reaper Green, slowly turns his back on Scott Douglas and dips between the ropes, exiting the ring. Douglas holds his arms outstretched still with no real understanding of Kerry's actions or affiliations. Green hits the floor and the entire Reaper Army moves as one unit heading backstage with the white letters still emblazoned across the screen above them.

DDK:

I feel like I say this every time we see the Reapers, partner ... but I'm not sure what to make of all this.

Angus:

I rarely listen and never retain anything you say, Keeps. What's next!?

Douglas finally retrieves the SoHer from Benny Doyle but never takes his eyes off of the exiting Reapers.

Cut back to the boy in the booth as Douglas begins to exit the ring.

FIST: CAYLE MURRAY Â© VS. CHRIS ROSS

DDK:

Another week, another title match. Folks, Mikey Unlikely's big money bounty has made it open season on Cayle Murray's head, and it's time to see how the fist fares against a new challenger in Chris Ross.

Angus:

Squiddley showed a lot of heart against Felton Bigsby. It was the kind of performance we've come to expect from him, but tonight, he faces an opponent who's every bit as angry as Felty B, but perhaps a tad more refined in the ring.

DDK:

It's a worrying match-up, particularly given the wars Cayle has been in lately. 'The Boss' can do some serious damage tonight, and again, there's a strong chance that Murray won't be leaving with his reign intact.

Angus:

The idea of Bigsby or Hightower taking the FIST was bad enough, but Ross? This guy's a fuckin' shitlord, Keeps. I can't stomach the thought of him winning.

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

A jeers chorus rains down from even the farthest points of the DEFarena. Chris Ross' intent stare turns into a smirk when he hears the boos rise. He stomps his way down the ramp, then slides into the ring and looking around at the faces of hatred around him. He goes to the top rope and pulls off his shirt, cocking it back like he's about to launch it into the crowd. Instead he throws up a middle finger and drops it onto the apron.

♪ "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. He doesn't raise the belt in his opponent's face this time, though, having learned his lesson from Bigsby jumping him the other week.

The spotlights do their thing. Cayle keeps a close eye on Ross, not wanting to get jumped again.

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 Harrisburg, PA, and weighs in at 255lbs... CHRIS 'THE BOSS' ROSSSSSSSSSSSS!

The Keystone State Killa sneers at Murray, adamant that he's taking the title. Cayle stays stoic.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, and weighing in at 220lbs, he is the REIGNING, DEFENDING, FIST. OF. DEFIANCE... 'STARBREAKER' CAYLE MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

I still can't believe this guy is getting a title shot!

Angus:

Well regardless of how you feel, it's still in the books that he holds a win over Mushigi--

DDK:

Nope. Nah. No. That definitely didn't happen. NOPE.

The bell rings as Ross and Murray circle each other before they lock up in the middle of the ring. The 2 men jostle for position before breaking neither of them willing to budge. Murray goes in to grapple again and Ross hits him with a swift kick to the gut. The boss whips Murray into the ropes who bounces off and nails Ross with a leaping European Uppercut!! The Boss drops down and slides out of the ring to collect his thoughts.

DDK:

Good start from the Champion, but he does look a little less sprightly than usual tonight!

The Keystone State Killa turns and Murray runs and nails Ross with a forearm shot off the apron taking him down. Murray hits Ross with a few boots before Ross gets up and drives him back first into the ring apron, crushing those taped ribs.

DDK:

This is not where Murray wants to be!

Angus:

Outside of the ring is like a playground for Ross!

The Boss grabs Murray by the back of the neck and like a bar room bouncer throws Murray into the steps with a loud crash. With bad intention in his eyes Ross storms over grabbing Murray by the hair and slides him back into the ring.

Back inside, Ross pulls Cayle to his feet, but the FIST comes alive, blasting him with some standing elbows. Going to the ropes, Cayle ducks a right hand on the rebound, slides beyond Ross, then hooks his legs from behind. He sweeps him down to the ground then traps a leg, going for a familiar gameplan against the larger opponent.

Murray works his way into a Calf Crusher, but Ross works his way out with pure brute force, pummeling Cayle's head into the mat! He gets up with a slight limp, talking shit to the FIST as he stomps down on him, but Murray catches him in a flash small package!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

A frustrated Ross gets to his feet quickly, but so does the champion. Cayle's quickness comes into play. He dodges the shit out of some strikes, and ducks beneath a big head kick, before blasting his opponent with a superkick to the gut. Chris recovers quickly, but Murray catches his boot, then takes him down to the mat with a Dragon Screw!

DDK:

Classic gameplanning from the FIST here! This is how he defeated both Hightower and Bigsby. Ross, though somewhat quicker, is a similar build to both, and holds the same advantages over the champion.

Cayle keeps Ross in a basic kneelock, but The Boss is too close to the ropes. He grabs the bottom one. Both are ordered to their feet, and much like his elder brother earlier on, Cayle calls his opponent forward. This time, Ross gets the better of him, charging into his midsection and driving him into the corner with a Lanzarse-style spear!

No fancy shit from Ross. He grabs Cayle by the head and waist band, then throws him shoulder first into the post! Murray crumples out of the ring, and Chris follows him.

The Boss takes his opponent to the barricade, lighting him up with a couple of chops, then a head kick. Murray stumbles out and right into a belly-to-belly suplex onto the floor! The Faithful jeer their lungs out, but Ross just spits on the floor, signifying his distaste for them. As Brian Slater makes the countout, Chris throws Murray into the barricade for good measure, before rolling under the bottom rope to break the count... then going right back outside.

Angus:

Fuckin' hate this guy, Keeps, but he knows what he's doing here. Murray is a fish out of water on the outside.

DDK:

Environmental beatdowns are one of Ross' specialities. Cayle's taking a heavy beating here, folks, and MUST find a way to get this back inside.

Ross continues the beating, stomping away on the champ, talking shit as he goes. Slater's counting again. Chris hoists Murray off the mat, then hangs him in the air, looking for a Brainbuster! The FIST suddenly swings downwards, though, DDTing him onto the floor! Cayle rushes back into the ring...

DDK:

What a counter!

Slater hits seven. Eight. Ross still isn't inside! Nine... he's up.

TEEEENNN--- no! The Boss gets back under the rope by a HAIR.

Cayle would've gladly taken a countout win, but can't now let up. He peppers Ross with body kicks as he rises, but he can't maintain control when Ross gets to his full height. The Boss spits, this time right in the FIST's face, then takes advantage with the 10-71 - his variation of a Roaring Elbow!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Ross ain't wasting any time. He runs to the ropes and comes back, looking for the Curb Stomp, but Cayle rolls out of the way. Murray's able to hit a desperation dropkick to the chest, sending Ross back against the ropes. The FIST gets bundled over when he charges, but cracks Chris in the skull with an elbow. He tries to hop onto the top rope and springboard into the ring... but the pain in his chest is too much, and he falls into a heap back inside.

DDK:

... Jeeesus...

Angus:

That's... not good, Keeps. FUCK.

The Boss is delighted with those, of course. He slaps the FIST around a little bit, then picks him up, driving him right back down with a Spinebuster. Firmly in control (again), the brutal mercenary strolls around the ring, soaking in the crowd's bile, before kneeling down and battering Murray with a series of mounted punches.

Satisfied that he's done enough damage to escalate the action, Ross takes his foe to the bottom rope, then drapes his neck across it. He then runs to the opposite rope, leaps, and executes his signature Dice Roll guillotine leg drop, crushing the FIST's larynx across the rope! The huge move cripples Murray, who's soon pulled into the ring and covered...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Damn, that was close! Chris Ross is absolutely pulverising the FIST here, Angus, and I've no idea how Cayle is supposed to fight back from this! What a mauling!

Ross gets up and takes a few steps back laying in wait for the fallen Fist Champion to get up. Slowly Murray gets to his feet clearly on shaky legs. With his fingers The UTA's Mercenary makes a motion with his fingers resembling a cocked gun.... With bad intentions in his eyes Ross spins....

Cayle Murray ducks the incoming discus elbow but Ross keeps spinning....And nails Murray right in the jaw with a brutal 25 To Life cyclone kick.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Murray manages to get his shoulder up and an irate Ross slams his fist into the mat clearly frustrated. The Boss storms over ripping Murray up by his hair. He lifts him up over his head hooking his leg.

Ross yells as he goes to slam Murray across his shoulders with a fisherman buster but suddenly Cayle manages to muster enough veteran senses to knee Ross right in the head stopping him in his tracks followed by another and then Murray slips from his grip and turns locking in The Granite City Cross!

Ross is flailing around stumbling around the ring. The fans in the arena absolutely erupted from the desperation move from the champion. The Boss grips at Murray's arm but he has a deathgrip on the submission.

Angus:

TAP, GORRAM IT!

With complete desperation in his eyes Ross charges backwards as fast as he can slamming Murray right into the nearest turnbuckle. Murray still refuses to let go until The Boss slams an elbow into rib cage followed by another and another. Murray's grip loosens up finally.

DDK:

That sneaky bastard has found an escape! Chris Ross literally has escaped out of the Granite City Cross!

The Boss suddenly hoists Murray up onto his shoulders and with a running start charges him back first into the corner hanging him upside down. Ross falls to a knee catching his breath as Murray tries to untangle himself. Chris Ross looks at Murray backing up before he runs and nails Murray with a huge knee right into his face, the fans letting out an audible groan from the violent shot.

The atmosphere's heating up. The fans are firmly behind the FIST, but their chanting and cheering can't quite spur him to life as Chris peels him off the mat, then places him on his shoulder. He dashes forward, leaps, and drives him into the mat with a Running Powerslam...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE? NO! SLATER PULLS HIS HAND BACK UP!

DDK:

Cayle's foot SOMEHOW landed under the bottom rope! By pure LUCK, the FIST lives to fight another day!

Angus:

C'mon, Squidboy! Fire yourself the fuck up! I can't deal with this any longer!

This time Ross has had enough. He explodes to life, getting right in Brian Slater's face. The burly official gives it right back, but he can't fend The Boss off...

Angus:

Get back to the match, shithead!

Ross is FURIOUS. He's dead certain that he should be the champion, but Slater doesn't give him an inch. The only way he can get the man to back off is by threatening him with disqualification, which Chris takes predictably poorly, stomping his foot into the mat...

DDK:

WAAAAAAIT!

Adrenaline surge.

Cayle hooks one arm. The other.

BACKSLIDE.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

OHMYGOD.

THE AFTERS

Ross kicks out a fraction of a second after Slater's hand hits the mat for a third time, but it doesn't matter. Rosetta pounds through the PA system. Cayle is victorious, but he can barely pull himself up.

DDK:

Cayle Murray retains! But my god, was he lucky! The Powerslam should've finished him off, but his foot just happened to land beneath the bottom rope, and then Ross' temper got the better of him!

Angus:

I'm so happy I could cry, Keebs! Eat shit, Christopher 'The Bosstopher' Rosstopher!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinf--

No time for celebrations.

Chris Ross fuckin' CLOBBERS Cayle from behind, laying into him with boot after boot after boot.

DDK:

Oh come on, the match is over!

Hatred rains down from every corner of the building. Ross blasts away on his opponent, then hauls him up, before drilling him with a DDT.

Angus:

Someone get this sore fuckin' loser out of here!

Infuriated, The Boss runs to the ropes, this time planting Murray's face into the mat with his Curb Stomp!

DDK:

Welcome To Harrisburg! We need some help out here!

Ross is possessed. Cayle's already in bad enough condition as it is, but he's hell-bent on dealing further damage, and applies his Asiatic Spike submission - the Crime Scene.

Cheers suddenly spike The Faithful. Mascara De Muerte IV, Cayle's training partner, surges down to the ramp, forcing Ross to drag his attention away from the unconscious Murray! The luchador unleashes a flurry on The Boss, but Chris eventually overpowers him with a couple of hard right hands.

Angus:

And now he's taking it out on Masky! My God, that's it gonna take to stop this man?!

The answer? Three men.

Well, two and a lady.

BIG cheers from the crowd as The D, Klein, and Elise Ares fly down the ramp! Each is giving up a significant size advantage to Ross, but the swarm is real.

DDK:

It's the Pop Culture Phenoms! Thank *GOD!*

The numbers game helps separate Ross from MDM4. The Boss, though feral, is smart enough to know he can't take on four wrestlers on his own, and bails after eating a dropkick from Ares. Still raging, he slowly backs up the ramp,

having dealt untold damage to the FIST of DEFIANCE...

DDK:

Folks, Chris Ross may have lost the pinfall, but he looks very much like the winner here tonight... And I hate to say it but I think that was part of his plan the entire time!

Angus:

I never thought I'd say this, Keeps, but thank god for the PCPs...

DDK:

DEFIANCE unites against WrestleUTA, but just how longer can Cayle Murray hold onto the FIST for? His grasp is weakening...

Angus:

I dread to think what Mikey McFucknugget has planned for him next week.

DDK:

We're running out of time. GOODNIGHT!

The camera fades with one last, lingering shot of Chris Ross, who not only dominated the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight, but may have damaged him beyond repair.

Slow.

Fade.

Out.

THIS. IS. DEFIANCE.