THE CATALYST

The scene fades up from black to show the rear parking lot of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex as a “Earlier Today” graphic appears in the corner of the screen. The asphalt is glassed over and wet with the result of the last band of precipitation to pass through NOLA. From behind the camera Lance Warners voice can be heard, muffled and clearly not mic’d.

Lance Warner:
There he is.

With a splashing sound, Scott Douglas enters the frame; a faded duffle bag slung over his shoulder and a nearly finished cigarette held to his lips.

Lance:
Scott, can we get a quick word?

Scott tosses the butt aside as he responds.

Scott Douglas:
Sure.

The Southern Heritage Champion crosses the threshold of the open loading dock door and the camera operator pivots to keep him in frame and line up with Lance. The harsh change of light from the afternoon sun to the darker interior causes the camera to take a few seconds to adjust.

Lance:
What the …

As Lance questions, Douglas can muster no more than an exacerbated grunt. The lighting adjusts as Douglas hits the concrete. The camera swings back up toward the reason.

Reapers. Purple, Yellow, and Orange..

Lance backs away calling out for DEFsec as this trio of Reapers put the boots to Scott Douglas.

Lance:
Security!!

The camera sticks with the action as Douglas is pulled to his feet by his hair and slung headlong into a pile of disassembled lighting gear propped against the wall. The collision causes stands and pipes to scratter and meet the concrete floor with resounding clinging.

Orange rushes in and puts the boots to Scott Douglas before Reaper Yellow follows quickly and lands a foot to the back of Douglas’ head as he struggles to recover. Reaper Purple reenters the frame with a steel chair in hand and motioning toward Douglas with his attention turned to Yellow.

Yellow attempts to hoist Douglas to his feet as a few more pieces of rigging and gear are cast one way or another, adding to the overall cacophony of this brutal attack. Yellow’s attempts are thwarted by Douglas’ inability to remain on his feet. Finally Orange helps hold him up.

Yellow casts his gaze toward Purple as if to say, “take the shot.” holds Douglas by the back of his jacket like the nape of a dog. Douglas’ eyes slowly begins to roll back to their proper place as Purple cocks back.

Purple swings and just as Yellow pulls away, not to have his arms or hands caught in the collision, and the SoHer

expertly blocks the chair with his face.

Lights out. Not the actual lights - Douglas'.

The Reapers exit frame with the clang of the discarded steel chair on the concrete floor.

The camera focuses in on Scott Douglas laid out, one leg still bent underneath himself, amidst the loose gear scattered in the melee.

DEFSec arrives on scene just in time to do nothing more than call for DEFMed.

The screen fades to black and gives way to the DEFtv Opening Sequence.

THE RUNDOWN

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

♫ "I'm Not Buried Yet" - Aram Zero ♫

Lights, cameras, action. The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory start of broadcast hype. A variety of shots, of all your favourite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphic effects and overlays. Old footage dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena as pyro explodes around the entrance area, and we catch a few of those all-important fan signs…

THE SQUID WONT GIVE!
MIGHTY MORPHIN MORMONS
DEFIANT 'TILL THE END!
SOHER > HOHER
A SQUID WITH A FIST!
WHERE IS IMPULSE?
MIKEY FEARS THE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEPS
TASTE THE REAPER RAINBOW
BURN BABY BURN

And other such literary genius committed to dollar store poster board. We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, seated behind the commentary booth.

DDK:
WELCOME to another edition of DEFtv! I am Darren Keebler, alongside my partner - Angus Skaaland! And once again … we have an incredible night of action coming up!

Angus:
Coming up!? We STARTED the show with the demonic carebear click beating the shit out of Scott Douglas! *[sighs]* … it's going to be a good night, Keebs.

DDK:
That is correct, Angus. Earlier today - Scott Douglas was accosted upon his arrival at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex by three members of The Kabal, or Reaper Co … whatever you want to call them. Which, based on last week and the interaction Douglas had with Reaper Co - seconds after laying out a challenge to Mikey Unlikely for ACTS of DEFIANCE, one has to wonder how this might affect the proposed match.

Angus:
Which!? McFuckass verses SLC Punk or that Red one challenging for the SoHer here tonight!?

DDK:
Well, both. It'd would be tough for Douglas to wager his Southern Heritage Title against Mikey Unlikely's UTA Hollywood Heritage … if he was to loose it here tonight against Reaper Red!

Angus:

After the beating he just took … who's to say that match will EVEN take place, Keebs! That ass whooping he took - I bet he forgot four to four and half songs right there.

DDK:
We'll do our best to get an update on that as soon as possible but in the meantime we have plenty of more action coming you way! And speaking of Mikey Unlikely … his bounty on Cayle Murray is still up for grabs and it looks like *THE* Jay Harvery will be the next in the growing line of competitor to take shots at the thrown.

Angus:
Why … for the love of god. Don't do this cut rate McFuckass the service of calling him *THE* anything. Well … except maybe *THE* shits. *[thinking]* Yeah, yeah … That'd be gine. *THE* SHITS to CHALLENGE the SQUID for the FIST!!

DDK: *[sighing]*
...but before we get there; We have a TWELVE MAN tag match - DEFIANCE verse WreslteUTA!

Angus:
Holy shit, are you serious? That should be a complete shit show! See, Keebs. I told you this was going to be a good night!

DDK:
It doesn't stop there, 'Gus.

Angus:
NOT. A. THING.

DDK:
One of your boys, goes HEAD to HEAD with Crimson Lord for the WrestleUTA Title.

Angus:
That's right. Flex Kruger! I spoke to him earlier today and told that the BRAZEN budget has been running a LITTLE low lately and it'd be fantastic if he could bring home that Wrestle UTAH title … we need more urinal cakes!

Angus laughs at his own labored joke. Darren muscles on.

DDK:
But first … let's get right the action Angel Trinidad is set to take on Roosevelt Owens … hold on. That'll have to wait - I'm being told we are going backstage now TEAM Hoss in the locker room.

GEARS OF WAR: FOUR-PLAYER CO-OP

The scene cuts to Team HOSS in their locker room, as Angel Trinidad goes over his thoughts before the upcoming singles match versus Roosevelt Owens.

Knock, knock, knock.

But before Angel can get to their locker room door, it peeps open just a crack.

"Hello? Hello are you there?"

Angel looks back at Aleczander with a confused look on his face.

"Stop annoying them. If they're there, they will come to the door."

"Oh, okay."

The voices are heard as Aleczander nods and Angel Trinidad walks over. He opens the door fully. There The Fuse Bros. stand. Tyler in front, with a serious demeanor and Conor a little behind him, with a smile on his face. Conor begins to waive.

Conor Fuse:
Hi.

Angel nods and Aleczander gets up to join the conversation at arms-length.

Conor Fuse:
Hi, yes thank you for saving us two weeks ago. Boy, are those NPC UTA characters certainly something, eh? They are reckless out there. It's like they will stop at nothing to-

Tyler snaps back at his brother, who instantly shuts up.

Tyler Fuse:
What I think my brother is trying to say is, thank you. That's all. We appreciated the help. If there's a chance to return the favor, we definitely will.

Angel merely snorts and gives The Fuse Bros. a silent nod while Aleczander The Great looks at the brothers.

Aleczander The Great:
Mates, it's cool. You guys came to our aid and since we're like... you know, playing on the good side for once, it seemed like the right thing to do. No Justice No Peace can't get it done on their own because they're a bunch of wankers who can't go hard on their own.

Conor suddenly snaps back into the conversation.

Conor Fuse:
Hey, it felt like they were on hard mode to us! We won fair and square, then they CLEARLY dropped some cheat codes and they button-mashed our skulls and...

Tyler Fuse:
Conor, Conor, Conor, Conor!

Tyler turns back to Aleczander, almost embarrassed for his younger brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Sorry... he can't just skip intros, he HAS to play through.

Angel looks down at the both of them and then to Aleczander.

Angel Trinidad:
THIS one...

Aleczander The Great:
Mate, mate, mate, I can't help it if I got a sexy-ass voice, yeah? Brit accents are like panty-droppers in the states. Ask me how many mums I've shagged. Go ahead, mate, ask.

Conor's about to *play along*, but Angel stops him.

Angel Trinidad:
No.

Aleczander The Great:
OVER FIVE HUND… aw, mate, you were supposed to ask.

Angel rolls his eyes and Tyler moves things along.

Tyler Fuse:
Look... we know you've got their big level boss, Rosey Owens, in a few moments. We wanted to tag along with you guys tonight.

Conor Fuse:
What my brother is TRYING to say is, can we get a FOUR PLAYER system going? Yeah? Yeah?

Angel and Aleczander nod.

Angel Trinidad:
Well, funny you ask. Yeah, we aren't stupid and we know those pricks will jump at the chance to use numbers if they can. So if you can do that, we'll do one better...

Tyler Fuse:
What's that?

Aleczander The Great:
They've been pains in our arses for TOO long now and we would've taken the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Titles from the Bruvs if we ever got the chance, but NJNP are everywhere we turn. They injured our mate, Capital Punishment, and now they're not gonna stop until we're out...

Angel interjected.

Angel Trinidad:
So we're gonna challenge those assholes to a match at ACTS of DEFIANCE, the four of us against the four of them. That sound like something you two want to jump into?

Conor's eyes are wide like a kid on Christmas. Tyler nods calmly.

Tyler Fuse:
At ACTS of DEFIANCE, we'll go four players. Game on.

Conor jumps up and down with joy, before quickly adjusting himself and holding the rest of his excitement back.

Angel Trinidad:
Great. Now I should get ready for my match...

Trinidad walks to the back of the locker room while Conor sneaks up to Aleczander and taps him on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:
Over five-hundred women? Are we talking, like, NPC women, playable characters or... [eyes wide, almost in awe at the thought of it] Princesses?

As Angel smiles and goes to reply, the scene cuts elsewhere.

OUTWITTING THE ENEMY

♫ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp ♫

DDK:
Well, it looks like Nicky Synz is going to be joining us now… and he's not coming alone!

From the back emerges Nicky Synz, and accompanying him is Butcher Victorious. Each carry and microphone in their hands as they make their way down to the ring. Nicky slaps hands with some of the fans on his way, but Butcher Victorious looks set on getting to the ring.

Angus:
Someone gave these guys live microphones?

DDK:
I think Nicky's quite adept with a live mic.

Angus:
Yeah, if he's belting out some 80s covers. I've seen both of these guys in promo class though…

Prime Mover fades out as Nicky and Butcher stand side by side in the ring.

Nicky Synz:
I'd like to start off by saying I'm new around these parts. I've not been here all that long, and so I can't categorically say that what's been happening recently isn't normal… But my friend Butcher Victorious here, he's been here for a while… Years in fact… And he's watched all kinds of people try to kickstart their careers. Some successful, some not so…

Synz places a hand on Butcher's shoulder and tilts his head to one side.

Nicky Synz:
So Butcher, if you wouldn't mind, please could you describe the approach Charlie Ace and his 'Aces Wild' team have had to starting their careers around here?

Butcher Victorious:
You know what, Nick, I've never anyone or any group act more cowardly in all my time in Wrestling. Whether it's DEFIANCE, the UTA or anywhere else in the world I've never seen bunch of more cowardly, yellow bellied pussies than Aces Wild.

The fans seem to like the vitriol with which Butcher speak.

Butcher Victorious:
Charlie Ace hasn't got a clue what he's doing. He brought in two guys he constantly calls losers, he doesn't let his biggest guy compete, he employed Cristiano Caballero, who he's got so much confidence in he had to bring in two more guys to make sure he didn't get his ass kicked by the guys the whole group are constantly watching their backs because of.

Nicky looks slightly confused by Butchers train of thought, but he seems to catch up and nod slightly.

Butcher Victorious:
Take last week. Sure, Aces Wild look mighty impressive kncoking off Thugs 4 Hire… but when it's five on two it's pretty easy to look like the big shots. Well when Nicky and I hit the ring them big shots shot outta here and up that ramp quicker than a hiccup. See, you put even numbers in front of them and they shrink back like it's 30 degrees out. Now Emilio and Hurtlocker aren't here tonight on account of what happened last time out, but they've given us their blessing to come out here and issue a challenge.

The fans cheers as they can guess what's coming.

Butcher Victorious:
At Acts of DEFIANCE, Nicky, Thugs 4 Hire and Butcher Victorious versus Aces Wild! 8 man tag match! Let's see how they do when the playing field isn't slo-

♫ "Sad But True" by Metallica ♫

DDK:
Oh what now?

Angus:
Sounds like we're going to be graced with the presence of Charlie Ace and his boys!

And that's indeed what happens as Charlie Ace leads Cristiano Caballero, Dave Thompson, Leo Brown and Hoyt Williams out to the stage. Only Charlie carries a microphone, but that's enough for these guys. Sad But True fades out as Charlie begins to speak.

Charlie Ace:
I'm sorry to interrupt there Butcher, but it sounded like you had some pretty not nice things to say about me and my boys. I'm sure you can understand that we didn't like hearing them… But what we did like was hearing how The Pigeon and that other loser aren't here tonight.

Behind Charlie all four members of Aces Wild roll their shoulders, crack their knuckles and stretch their necks.

Charlie Ace:
It's nice they gave you their blessing to make that challenge, which by the way, we accept so hard…

Again the fans cheer for the formation of the pay per view match.

Charlie Ace:
It's nice because now you've got no excuses. It's four on four, just what you wanted. The things is, we don't *need* a numbers advantage… it's just we're not foolish enough to turn it down…

Charlie motions towards the ring and his boys set off on their way down the ramp. Nicky and Butcher quickly realise that letting slip the absence of Thugs 4 Hire might not have been the smartest idea and they ready themselves for a fight.

DDK:
This doesn't look good for Synz and Victorious.

Angus:
Maybe they'll think twice before running their mouths next time!

One member of Aces wild takes up position on a side of the ring and hops up onto the apron. Nicky and Butcher stand back to back and prepare for the onslaught, but before anyone can get into the ring Thompson and Brown get ripped off of the apron.

DDK:
Angus!

Angus:
Where did they come from?

The men pulling The Pillars of Eternity from the apron are none other than Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt who ran in

through the crowd. With the distraction Butcher and Nicky attack Caballero and Williams respectively, knocking them from the apron. Byrd and Holt exchange blows with Thompson and Brown on the outside for a moment before Aces Wild all make their retreat up the ramp to their boss. Thugs 4 Hire slip into the ring and stand with their pay per view partners as Charlie Ace and the rest of Aces Wild seeth down at the foursome.

DDK:
So much for the numbers advantage, Angus.

Angus:
That was nothing but a sneak attack, Keebs!

DDK:
That was outsmarting the opposition! Butcher and Nicky lured Aces Wild out here and sprung the trap! That was genius! Now look at them running from a fair fight!

Angus:
An ambush more like.

DDK:
What's good for the goose! I can't wait until Acts of DEFIANCE to see these two teams go at it!

ANGEL TRINIDAD VS. ROOSEVELT OWENS

DDK:
We saw Team HOSS earlier along with The Fuse Bros and I think it's safe to say they're on the same page just enough to end this thing with No Justice, No Peace once and for all.

Angus:
I know OUR HOSS OVERLORDS are, Keebs, but man these video game nerds better not ruin their chances.

DDK:
Hey, the Fuse Bros DEFEATED Neighborhoodlum and Felton Bigsby two weeks ago, so they can't be sold short at all. Coming up next, before these eight men battle at Acts of DEFIANCE, we have the heavier hitter of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad, taking on the almost FIVE-HUNDRED POUND Roosevelt Owens.

Angus:
It's time these damn UTA traitors get what's coming to them and I hope Angel mows down that fat bastard. Say things now, Quimbey, and get to the HOSSFITE!.

Said HOSSFITE is about underway.

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at 468 pounds… representing No Justice, No Peace… **ROOSEVELT OWENS!**

♫ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♫

The Wild West-themed hip hop track plays track plays as Brother Lucius Owens walks onto the rampway. Behind him follows all four men: a very angry Theo Baylor, a large and seemingly immobile Roosevelt Owens, the physically imposing Felton Bigsby and the erratic Neighborhoodlum. All five men take their place on the stage, pose for the jeering DEFIANTs and then make their way toward the ring with Lucius Owens and his massive nephew taking the lead.

DDK:
Ange Trinidad has his work cut out for him. When he's on his game, he's hard to stop, but can he even move this man?

Angus:
NEVER doubt what OUR HOSS OVERLORDS can do, heathen!

Roosevelt pushes the ropes down and steps over them, looking out to the fans with a determined look on his face. He takes a spot in the corner with Lucius Owens on the apron dispensing advice as the opposition's music plays.

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Aleczander The Great AND The Fuse Bros… from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 309 pounds… **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

♫ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♫

The crowd roars in approval as the larger half of Team HOSS makes his way out, sure enough with backup of his own! Aleczander flexes his muscles for the masses and Tyler and Conor Fuse do the same for the cheering crowd! Angel, however, has his eyes focused on Roosevelt Owens - the men he blames for averting their original goal of the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Titles.

Angel heads toward the ring and the members of NJNP remain on their side of the ring. The Beast From The Bronx pulls himself onto the ring apron and then jumps over the ropes in a great show of agility… and with that, the bulls collide!

DING DING DING!

Big Rosey and Angel attacked one another and threw huge blows with their respective sides cheering them on! Trinidad and Owens continue to wail away on each other before Angel gets the winning edge with a hard Headbutt square between the eyes! The blow stuns Roosevelt and then Angel continues batting him with big Clubbing Forearms about the head and neck until Rosey is backed into a corner.

Angus:
YEAH! THERE GOES ANGEL!

Trinidad shoots him back into the ropes and tries to Irish Whip the massive Rosey, only for Owens to reverse and shoot him off the ropes. Angel gets picked up in a Fireman's Carry and hoisted around…

Angus:
...Shit. There went Angel.

DDK:
What a Samoan Drop! He almost put Angel through the ring right off the bat!

Roosevelt Owens now has the crowd jeering him and the fans boo the crap out of the biggest member of NJNP as instead of going for the cover, the ultra-green Rosey stands up and raises his arms like he's already won! Aleczander and The Fuse Bros both show worry while Owens' uncle yells at him from ringside.

Lucius Owens:
Stay on him!

Rosey realizes his folly and finally follows up with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:
Roosevelt Owens taking a little too much time taunting there, but he's got the match in his hands right now!

He leads Angel to one knee and bats at him with a few good right hands to the back of his head. The 6'10" Angel gets whipped across the ring and shot into the corner where Owens takes his sweet time prepping his next attack. He bounces off the adjacent rope and then comes back, looking to take out Angel with a Splash in the corner...

Angus:
HE MISSED! HOPE IS ALIVE!

Angel moves out of the way and Owens hits nothing but the corner, almost budging the ring a little from the straight impact! The Beast From The Bronx holds his ribs, still hurt from the earlier Samoan Drop and decides fuck it. He goes over to Rosey and pins him to the corner, throwing hard alternating left and right elbows into the head of Owens! Aleczander and The Fuse Bros cheer while the members of NJNP go ballistic!

After stunning him with enough elbows in the corner, Trinidad shoots cross-corner and then comes back, running right into Rosey with a big Body Avalanche in the corner! The blow is enough for Rosey to be stunned as Angel runs again, only to come back, taking Rosey off of his feet with a HUGE Dropkick!

DDK:
Did you see how fast Angel moved? Roosevelt Owens is down!

Angus:
Everybody looks like the Road Runner compared to that big goof, but I get your point! HOSSFITE!

Angel now goes for a cover on Rosey, pressing all his weight across the shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Rosey gets the shoulder off the canvas despite Angel's best efforts, but it's clear that The HOSS Overlord wants to end things right now.

DDK:
No way… he's going for the Big Damn Bomb already? On ROSEY?

Angus:
I don't think even ANGEL can hoist him up!

Angel looks like he's going for the Big Damn Bomb, but when he can't get the big man over, thinks better of it and simply CRACKS Rosey in the side of the head with a big Knee Lift. Rosey stumbles into the corner and when Angel tries to go for a charge, Rosey gets his elbow up. He then throws Angel in the corner and finally connects with a big Body Avalanche! The wind goes out of Trinidad's lungs and things go from bad to worse when Rosey hooks him by his head and runs out of the corner with probably the BIGGEST Running Bulldog DEFIANCE has ever seen! Lucius orders Rosey not to waste time and Rosey nods before going for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-- NO!

Angus:
Jesus, the ring almost shakes every time this kid hits a move!

DDK:
Now, he's got Angel on the ropes! OUCH! Those Open-Handed Chops sound painful!

Angel was picked up and moved to the ropes so Roosevelt could blast the Team HOSS member with hard Chops across his chest! Rosey then goes for what might be another Samoan Drop and after Angel barely survived the first one, the second one would do him in…

DDK:
NO! Angel slips out behind Owens!

Angel charges the ropes and breezes past an attempt at a Rosey Clothesline. Owens swings wildly off the rebound again…

Angus:
FLYING HOSS-BODY!

The crowd goes CRAZY when Angel unleashes a seven-foot-tall Running Crosobody right at Rosey after his second run into the ropes! Rosey goes down and now the other members of No Justice, No Peace are going crazy while Aleczander and The Fuse Bros both cheer on Angel.

Aleczander The Great:
TIME TO END IT, MATE!

The HOSS Overlord doesn't go for the cover on Rosey immediately, but instead, waits for Rosey to stand. When The Neighborhoodlum climbs onto the top rope to try and distract Benny Doyle, it doesn't take long before Aleczander The Great makes his way over, pulls him off ring apron and CLOCKS him with a stiff European Uppercut! That springs Theo into action and now the two men continue to fist-fight along ringside!

DDK:
It wasn't going to take long before all hell broke loose out here with all these guys!

Angus:
Team HOSS want to avenge Capital Punishment and The Fuse Bros want to do the right thing by helping them! Now they're going after Felton!

Felton tries to intervene in the fight at ringside, but both Tyler and Conor try to keep the big man at bay while The Neighborhoodlum is still down! Fights are starting to break out all over ringside and Lucius Owens screams at his guys while Angel is fixated on Rosey getting back to his feet. Angel tries to go for a Body Slam of some sort, but the planet-like Rosey elbows his way free and The Big O cracks him in the mouth with a huge right hand. He throws Angel into the ropes and looks to catch him with a Running Body Block on the way back, but Angel keeps running and connects…

DDK:
TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT! ROSEY'S LIGHTS JUST GOT DIMMED!

Angel CRACKS Rosey in the jaw with the Pump Kick and then stuns the big man. He looks like he's going for The Big Damn Bomb, but instead, he grabs both of his arms…

Angus:
Impeachment! Capital Punishment's old finisher! Suck it, traitors!

Angel hits the move in tribute to Team HOSS' former partner and mentor to take Rosey down and goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd cheers as Angel celebrates the victory, but Darren Quimbey doesn't even have time to announce the winner…

CRASH!

...On the outside, Aleczander gets sent smack-dab right into the ring post by Theo Baylor! The Fuse Bros continue to try and fight off Felton Bigsby, but eventually The Neighborhoodlum and Theo Baylor join in and outside, it becomes a three-on-two assault!

DDK:
Angel wins the match, but it's breaking down at ringside now and Aleczander and The Fuse Bros are outnumbered!

Tyler catches Neighborhoodlum with an elbow, but Felton Bigsby CRUSHES him with a Clothesline in retaliation while Baylor now has a steel chair and cracks Conor with it! Angel tries to reach over the ropes to grab the weapon, but Theo pulls it away…

Angus:

Damn it! Chairs are the kryptonite of OUR HOSS OVERLORDS… okay, and any wrestler!

Theo jabs the chair into Angel's throat, slides in the ring and as he's stunned, CRACKS him across the back multiple times until Trinidad gets brought to a knee!

Lucius Owens wills his giant nephew to get back in and join the fray as now all four members of No Justice No Peace surround Angel Trinidad, who can barely stand. He tries to fight them off with the DEFIANCE fans cheering him on, catching Felton with an elbow, but Theo buries the chair into his chest now. That allows Roosevelt to club Angel and then SLAM him down into the ring with a big Samoan Drop like he did earlier!

DDK:
Angel may have won the match, but No Justice No Peace got the better of Team HOSS AND The Fuse Bros!

Rosey bounces off the ropes for good measure and THROWS all his weight down with the Pancake Plunge! The crowd now jeers as all four members of No Justice, No Peace stand over the broken bodies of all four of them while Lucius Owens grabs a microphone. He stands over Trinidad's fallen body and nods.

Lucius Owens:
The four of you want to fight the four of us at Acts of DEFIANCE? We accept.

Owens throws the microphone down next to him and the members of No Justice No Peace leave the ring just as Aleczander finally starts to stand. He's groggy as hell, but slides into check on Angel while The Fuse Bros aren't moving.

DDK:
That's gonna be a HUGE match… Team HOSS and The Fuse Bros versus No Justice No Peace! This needs to end sooner or later and I don't like their chances once NJNP come together as a group.

Angus:
Yeah…

THE ANGER

Cut to a camera backstage, currently in route to, an as of yet, unknown location. The commentary team come to us in voice over.

DDK:
Last time we saw Southern Heritage Champion, Scott Douglas, he was laid out on the floor backstage ... as he arrived at the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex, this afternoon.

The camera shakes as it continues moving forward, maneuvering the backstage hallways. Darren Keebler's lead in sounds as if he may be stalling a bit.

DDK:
This, of course ... at the hands of The Kabal or Reaper Co. or …

Angus: *[interrupting]*
The Reaper Rainbow! Take a look, it's in a book, KEEBS! HA!

Angus cackles at his own reference as, the professional, Darren continues on, hoping to hit the post much like a radio host.

DDK:
Douglas was taken to medical and placed in the capable hands of Iris Davine, but it appears there is some commotion …

The camera hastily turns a corner and catches a glimpse of the aforementioned commotion. Three members of DEFSec attempt to restrain the bleeding, Scott Douglas. At, what would seem to be, Iris Davine's insistence.

DDK:
… in the DEFMed bay!

Iris Davine:
Scott! Scott - you need to calm down! Just … calm … Scott! Just … please ... calm down.

Iris pleads in half finished - worried sentences. Scott doesn't seem to hear or want to hear any of it. Security continues to wrestle with the SoHer in attempt to save him from his self. Also, a second helping of his own ass handed to him.

Davine:
Scott - you can't …

She interrupts herself and turns her attention to the members of DEFSec.

Davine:
Careful!

Just as she can get the word out, one of the black shirted security members takes a tumble to the floor as the other two manage to lunge forward, muscling Scott Douglas to the examination table. The camera in the doorway catches Iris' eye. She takes a few steps toward it and pushes the door shut blocking the view. The camera holds as our view fades back to the commentary booth.

DDK:
Well, Scott Douglas looking worse for the wear.

Angus:
He looks pissed! Irate! Irrational! … I like it!

DDK:
Well, as we mentioned at the top of the show ... Douglas is scheduled to defend his Southern Heritage Title against one of those Reapers tonight! But one has to question whether or not he will be able to do so! We'll bring more to you as we know it - in the meantime …

CRIMSON LORD © VS. FLEX KRUGER

♫ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♫

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

Quimbey:
Representing the UTA….the current WrestleUTA World Champion “The Messiah of Pain” CRIMSON LORD!

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

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

DDK:
This man has no shown to all of us how much he cares about the well being of the people that step in the ring against him. After that brutal beating he administered to Elise two weeks ago, even with Oscar trying to stop his reign of terror only to be stopped once more. Is there anyone that can stop this man?

Angus:
Not much you can say more, the man as much as i hate to admit it has been just unstoppable.

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

DDK:
Flex Kruger looks to be the one to finally stop this monster!

Angus:
Ya look at him. He already has turned his back on this seven foot goof.

Flex looks out into the crowd with a Flex. Just as he turns around CL smashes him in the corner. He begins to unload on Flex with a variety of lefts and rights, ending with a toss halfway across the ring! Flex quickly gets to his feet, and CL moves in. Kruger starts to throw punches and trying to mount a offense against the seven footer. As he drives the champion back, he goes off the ropes with some momentum and clotheslines the big man.

DDK:
New plan Flex!

Angus:
Its like he ran right into a brick wall.

He does not budge, Flex tries again and pushes the big man back but still hasn’t gotten him off his feet. Flex tries once more and is quickly met with a big boot to the face! Crimson grabs Flex by the hair, and Flex rakes the eyes of Crimson! He then motions to the crowd he is going to try and body slam the three hundred and forty eight pounder.

DDK:
Flex looking to show everyone here in the WrestlePlex his strength. Can he do it?

Angus:
Flex stop trying to showboat so much!

Flex tries to body slam CL, but Crimson slams a clubbing forearm to the back of Flex sending him down. Crimson

picks him up and lifts him up on his shoulder and delivers a yokosuka cutter! CL looks down at Flex in pain but trying to get to his feet. The seven footer lets him get to his hands and knees and then delivers a elbow drop to the lower back of Flex!

DDK:
Crimson dropping all of that three hundred and forty eight pound frame on the back of Kruger. Flex needs to find another way around trying to attack head on.

Angus:
Ya, think. Clearly CL is not a man you attack head on.

Kruger drops quickly to the mat. CL gets to his feet and lifts Flex once more to his feet throws his head between his legs and lifts him up into that skyscraper high angle powerbomb! Flex hits the mat on the back of his neck and Crimson just puts his shoulder in the back of Flex's knee as he goes for the cover.

ONE
TWO
THREE!

♫"Closer to the Void" by The Enigma TNG♫

Quimbly:
The winner of the match and STILL WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion "The Messiah of Pain" CRRRIIIMMSSSOONN LORD!

DDK:
Lord again continues to dominate the competition. Flex tried to knock him off the top of the mountain but just could not do it tonight.

Angus:
Imagine if this guy was on our side, WrestleUTA would be in serious jeopardy.

Crimson stares down at Flex being check on by Carla. Larver enters the ring and hands the championship to CL as he raises it high in the air with his right hand..only to hear his music get cut..

♫"Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota♫

The fans here at the WrestlePlex jump to their feet as the music of Oscar burns blares throughout the arena.

DDK:
These fans are on their feet here comes Twists and Turns, the only man Crimson has been ignoring for months now.

Angus:
Oscar the gullible loser, honestly Oscar do you really think his answer has changed?

DEFBACK

Crimson looks toward the entranceway. The fans jump to their feet as Burnsie steps from behind the curtain! Oscar without fear walks towards the ring, knowing full well what's waiting for him when he gets there. He has on his "Hi. I Like Graps." shirt with what looks to be some tape on his shoulder - no doubt a reminder the beatings Crimson Lord has been handing out to him.

Angus:
Stop ducking him and FIGHT, Crimson Lord! You're such a badass, but Burns has been the one guy you've been ducking!

DDK:
Oscar has been CL's punching bag as of late. The man refuses to give up on his quest to get Crimson to give him a shot at the championship! And after what happened after he defeated Burns' friend, Elise Ares… you know he wants payback.

Crimson watches Burns enter the ring and walk over toward him. Burns doesn't look the least bit intimidated. As his music cuts, Burns looks up at the monster. Jon takes a microphone from a DEFIANCE crew member outside. He hands it to CL, who just stares down at Oscar breathing more than Oscar at this moment.

Crimson:
Now what do you want? Have you come for your bi-weekly beating?

Burns shakes his head and points right at the WrestleUTA World Championship on his shoulder.

Oscar Burns:
You know DAMN well what I'm out here for, mate. I figure your answer hasn't changed, but neither has mine. I want YOU in this ring for that title and I won't leave until I get my shot.

Crimson Lord smirks at the prospect of Burns and even lets out a scary-sounding laugh.

Crimson:
You know your persistent I'll give you that, but when are you going to get it through your head you are not even in my league.

The Technical Spectacle cuts him off.

Oscar Burns:
MATE, IT'S TIME YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

The crowd goes nuts! Crimson Lord is almost surprised by Burns' actions at this point, but the New Zealander is clearly fed up.

Angus:
Yeah, shut your ass up, you big dumb schizoid prick!

DDK:
Wow. Burns has been through the wringer in the last few weeks and isn't keen on taking no for an answer any longer.

Oscar Burns:
Here's where things aren't adding up for me, mate… you've beaten everybody that's fought you and that's quite a list. Elise Ares, The D, Rich Mahogany, Reinhardt Hoffman and even Bronson Box. But when I challenge you… little old

Burnsie… you turn away. You keep SAYING that it's because I'm not a threat to you, but if I'm not, mate…

As he has in the past, he inches closer to Crimson Lord showing no fear from the giant menace when most others would.

Oscar Burns:
...Then why not just give me the match I want and get me out of your hair? If I'm not worth your time, then I wouldn't last five minutes with you, right? [raising a finger] Or… or is there another reason? Is it really that you don't think I'm a threat? Or is it that everybody you've faced, mate, that you've NEVER taken on someone with MY abilities?

The Kiwi continues looking right up at Crimson Lord.

Oscar Burns:
You're big, you're bad and you're dangerous. Probably one of the most dangerous UTA blokes or you wouldn't have that title... but here's something you may not have counted on mate… you've never fought somebody with my skillset. You're big, but the thing is Crimson is that EVERYBODY is the same size once they're on their back. I won't mince words, you've been handing me my own ass for several weeks. Each time you do it, I keep coming back and coming back and coming back. And that irks you, doesn't it? It irks you because nobody else has done it like I have. You beat people and move on, but I haven't moved on from you because the hard truth, mate, is that you HAVEN'T beaten me. And I know in my heart of hearts that if I fought you with that title on the line, you wouldn't have it.

Now Burns confidently points at the title while the crowd cheers along with the DEFIANCE star.

Oscar Burns:
So what's it going to be, mate? Are you feeling stroppy and want to shut me up for good? Or are you gonna prove me right and deny me again like UTA's biggest BITCH?

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The crowd responds in kind while Burns almost braces himself for a fight in case any of his words set off the dangerous WrestleUTA World Champion. CL steps from the face to face with Burns, he looks at Jon for a moment before returning his glare to the unflinching New Zealander. He slowly raises the microphone to his mouth.

Crimson:
You know, the last person that tried to play that are you scared Crimson card look what happened to her!

He looks out into the sea of Defiant Faithful for a moment. Then turns his head toward Oscar. He raises a finger next to his cheek.

Crimson:
You mentioned something that caught my attention.

He rubs his chin for a moment, he then adjust the championship on his shoulder.

Crimson:
Something about lasting five minutes with me?

Oscar:
Get to the point Crimson, we all like to get on with this show.

Crimson snickers at Oscar and then walks up to him looking down at him.

Crimson:
{Bloodwell} Jon, how does my schedule look today?

Larver pulls out his pad and skims down it. Crimson points the microphone at Jon's mouth.

Larver:
Boss you got a few minutes to spare.

Crimson moves the microphone back to his mouth.

Crimson:
Ok, boy you got your five minutes. Right here and right now!

Huge ovation for the impromptu match!

Crimson:
If you survive five minutes against me than you got your championship match at Acts of Defiance!

Oscar pumps his fist and out to the crowd as well to a huge chorus of cheers for the possible match up.

Crimson:
I hate to break up your little celebration but there is a BUT..

Oscar looks back at Crimson Lord.

Crimson:
If you can't survive five minutes with me...

He gives a thumbs up motioning over his shoulder.

Crimson:
Then you go to the back of the line.

Oscar:
Fine with me!

Carla renters the ring as Crimson hands the championship back to Jon, while he exits the ring with it. Crimson and Oscar simultaneously drop their respective microphones to the mat with a intense stare at one another.

CRIMSON LORD © VS. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:
Burns finally gets what he wants here… but is he prepare to face Crimson Lord?

Angus:
You heard him… he's confident he CAN do it. He beat David Hightower recently when nobody thought he would!

Burns and Crimson Lord get ready to fight and…

DING DING DING!

Right off the bat, Crimson Lord goes on the attack and tries to corner Burns, but The Technical Spectacle catches him on the chest with a Dropkick that sends the big man staggering backwards into the corner. The crowd cheers Burns even louder now, for when Crimson Lord stumbles out of the corner, Burns catches him again with a second Dropkick, putting him back into the corner!

The crowd goes nuts as Burns takes off like a rocket cross-corner, then charges to the opposite side of the ring to crack Crimson Lord right on the jaw with a Running European Uppercut in the corner!

DDK:
Burns doesn't just want to last the five minutes with Crimson Lord, he wants to BEAT him.

Angus:
Nobody has beaten him PERIOD.

Burns fires off another solid European Uppercut and the blow actually rocks the WrestleUTA World Champion for a moment. Burns then goes right for the left knee and tries to put it up against the ropes to soften it up, but The Messiah of Pain is too smart to let Burns simply work the knee, so he catches him on the dome with a solid right that stumbles Burns. Lord then charges out of the corner and simply mows down Burns with a no-nonsense Shoulder Tackle!

Angus:
How long has it been?

DDK:
Just forty-five seconds...

Burns stays down while Crimson Lord quickly tries to put an end to the title aspirations of Burns before they can truly begin. Lord goes to work by picking up Burns and DRILLING him into the mat with a Body Slam, but not before he picks him up again. He drills him even harder with a straight slam into a cover.

ONE!

TWO… NO!

DDK:
Burns kicks out, but Crimson Lord is trying desperately to end this. Do you think he actually FEARS Burns' abilities in some way?

Angus:
No.

Burns gets picked up by Crimson Lord only to get wailed on across the back with a succession of hard elbows right to the back. Burns falls to a knee, but Crimson Lord stays on him only to deliver a vicious knee strike right to the gut that doubles him over. Burns coughs for air after it knocks the wind out of him, but Crimson Lord doesn't give him any reprieve as he picks him up and THROWS him into a corner with relative ease.

He points to the clock on the DEFIATron showing that there's still roughly three minutes and forty-five seconds to go. Crimson Lord tilts Oscar's head towards the counter on display and yells in his face.

Crimson Lord:
This will be the WORST five minutes of your life!

To accentuate his point, another knee strike catches Burns along with a back elbow to the head for good measure!

DDK:
Oscar Burns is finding out firsthand what everybody before him thought… why Crimson Lord is perhaps the UTA's most powerful and dangerous asset.

Angus:
Just rope that dope, Burns! Come on!

Angus isn't the only person willing Burns on as he slumps in a corner with Crimson Lord hovering over him still. He plants a boot into his throat to choke him and almost uses up all of the five second before Carla Ferrari warns him to back off. He then backs off out of the corner before The Messiah of Pain grabs Burns and SPIKES him into the mat again, this time with a big Sidewalk Slam.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:
I don't know how he survived that flurry, but we're just past the three-minute mark and Burns needs to do something NOW.

Angus:
He just needs to survive, then he can get that title match! Come on, Burns!

Crimson Lord decides that he's done playing around with the submission specialist and then hooks him right for a Powerbomb that would no doubt end things. He has him up…

BUT THE CROWD CHEERS!

DDK:
NO! Burns has him by a Triangle Choke!

Crimson Lord frantically starts to wave his hand as Burns quickly tightens his grip and now grabs an arm of the WrestleUTA World Champion, going right for a submission attempt out of nowhere! The crowd is in a FRENZY at this point wanting to see the big man either get tapped out or choked out, which would mean Burns would no doubt earn his title shot at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Angus:
Put that big bastard to sleep, Burns!

Burns continues to lock the hold in tightly, but Crimson Lord burst the dreams of the crowd when he SURGES to life and simply chucks Burns into a corner! The Triangle Choke does appear to have lasting effects, though, as Crimson Lord stops to catch his breath. And with now two and a half minutes to go, he needs to do something big to put Burns away quick. Burns is groggy, but tries to rush at the champ…

…Only for Crimson Lord to catch him with **THE THIRD EYE!**

DDK:
That's all it takes for Crimson Lord to turn the tide and that's what makes him so dangerous! He blindsided Burns with the Lariat… now a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH… NO!

Angus:
Hell, yeah, don't stay down you dumb Kiwi! Take the punishment and outlast the Jolly Green Schitzo!

Lord looks surprised the move doesn't finish Burns and watches now as the clock reaches two minutes left for him to put an end to any hope of Burns challenging for the WrestleUTA World Championship. Crimson Lord throws Burns over the ropes and to the floor before he sets him up…

DDK:
Oh, no, we saw him do this to Elise Ares… he's going for that Ricochet!

The crowd murmurs as the vicious Powerslam on the outside is coming up and if he can hit this on Burns, there ain't gonna be a title match for the Kiwi at Acts of DEFIANCE… unless you win titles for going to the hospital now.

He grabs Burns and hoists him over the shoulder to set up the Powerslam on the floor, but Burns quickly squirms and throws a few elbows into the head of Crimson before slipping out and SHOVING him into the barricade, knee-first! The crowd goes nuts as the WrestleUTA World Champion holds his knee in pain now stumbling around ringside!

Angus:
Now's your chance, Kiwi! Do one of them fancy Graps of whatever submissions and snap his legs in two!

Oscar now goes for the leg and strikes the leg with a few well-placed kicks! Crimson Lord fights through the pain and catches Burns upside the neck with a Throat Thrust before throwing him back into the ring, knowing now he he has only a minute and half to secure the victory or he'll have to face Burns for the championship. He follows Burns into the ring and steps over the ropes…

DDK:
Burns has the leg… DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP AGAINST THE ROPES!

Burns has busted out that move before in a previous match with another big man in Mushigihara and it works just as well here! Crimson Lord howls in pain and the crowd goes into a tizzy as The Technical Spectacle now goes low and Dropkicks the left knee right out from under Crimson Lord. Simply not content to just "outlast" the monster for five minutes, Burns fires off a trifecta of hard European Uppercuts to the jaw of Crimson Lord!

Angus:
Go, Burns, go!

The New Zealander then grabs his head…

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

The vicious Headbutt actually rattles Crimson Lord, but he remains on his knee, still in a daze. Burns shoots off the ropes and he FINALLY knocks the monster onto his back with just thirty seconds on the clock!

DDK:
Burns is gonna do it! He's going for the upset!

Oscar makes the cover with all his weight on Crimson Lord's shoulders…

ONE!

TWO!

T… KICKOUT!

Just after the hand reaches the count of two, Crimson Lord POWERS Burns off of him! The crowd goes nuts though as Burns gets back to his feet and goes right for the leg of the monster. He throws a few kicks to the leg and tries to go for The Graps of Wrath III - The Rolling Heel Hook - but Crimson Lord used his free leg to kick Burns over…

DDK:
Crimson Lord escapes the submission attempt… NO!

Crimson Lord hobbles back to his feet and DRILLS Burns onto his knee with a Swinging Gutbuster! The blow hurts his own knee and Crimson Lord hobbles, but with ten seconds left on the clock..

Angus:
Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap…

HOLLOW POINT!

DDK:
But he can't follow up! The knee!

Sure enough, he can't right away as he favors the knee after the damage done by Burns. He soldiers through the pain and finally covers his adversary.

ONE!

TWO!

DING DING DING!

Crimson Lord smiles sinisterly as he hears the bell, but when he turns his head, the music playing is not his own...

♫"Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota♫

Crimson is demanding Carla raises his hand. Ferrari shakes her head and raises Oscar's arm in victory even though he doesn't look like he is the clear winner with him lifeless on the mat.

Quimbey:
The winner of the Survival Match….."TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!!!!

DDK:
NO! NO! THE TIME RAN OUT BEFORE THREE-COUNT!

Angus:
The clock saves another DEFIANCE star just like it did for Cayle Murray two weeks ago.. Oh, crap. Crimson's gone PSYCHO! Haven't you beat up enough women in the last two weeks?!

Crimson continues to scream at Carla who has a look of absolute fear all over her. Crimson steps from her grasping the sides of his head and quickly turns at Carla who quickly exits the ring through the second rope. Crimson follows her

outside from in the ring screaming at her to “raise my arm.”

DDK:
Crimson thought he had the match won, but he was too slow to cover thanks to the knee! Carla has made it official with Oscar surviving! Crimson HAS to give Oscar what he has wanted for months now...A SHOT!

Angus:
Crimson is frockling in anger, he has lost it and Larver can’t seem to calm him down.

The fans continue to cheer for Oscar. Burnsie is finally starting to move a bit in the ring as Crimson continues to walk around in a fit of rage. Jon is trying to calm him down while inside the ring, Burns raises a fist.

DDK:
Crimson just knocked Larver down!

Angus:
He is gone, Larver might just be the next one to feel the wrath of this psycho.

Larver scoots back into the corner begging Crimson not to hurt him. Crimson grabs Larver by the throat and lifts him to his feet, as the fans continue to cheer for Oscar. Crimson squeeze his hand around Larver’s throat. Jon is coughing as he tries frantically to break free of the grip. Crimson suddenly stops, his body language quickly changes from a aggressive stance to a complaisant stance. He looks over his shoulder at Oscar still on the mat favoring his shoulder.

DDK:
CL’s mood looks to have changed, what could this monster be thinking of now?

Angus:
He is unstable as is. I doubt its anything real good.

Crimson demands a microphone, a DEFIANCE stage hand fearfully approaches his reach and hands him a microphone. Crimson looks at Jon who is also frozen in utter fear. CL pats him on the shoulder and turns around and walks over toward Oscar.

DDK:
I do not like that look in his eyes Angus.

Angus:
Ya, he clearly doesn’t have the best intentions. Is he going to do it? Is he finally going to give Oscar what he has earned?

Jon exits the ring and takes the championship from the table next to the Quimbey. He enters the ring and walks over to his boss cautiously. Crimson looks over at Jon and takes the championship from him. He holds it up eye level and then looks back at Oscar who has crawled into the corner still holding his shoulder and breathing heavily, but gritting with a defiant (DEFIANT) smile! CL’s heavy breathing into the microphone is clear as well.

Crimson:
Fine, you got your shot!

The fans erupt in cheers, but Oscar clearly is not in a celebration type mood.

Crimson:
At Acts of DEFIANCE it will be Oscar Burns versus Crimson Lord.....in a LAST MAN STANDING MATCH!

♫ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♫

DDK:
Are you kidding me! Oscar get his shot, but he has to beat all the odds and keep this monster down for a count of TEN? When nobody has even beaten him for a THREE count?

Angus:
Well, looks like Burnsie has climbed one mountain, but finds out he has a even taller mountain to climb to become a champion.

Oscar is stunned and shakes his head Crimson raises the championship above his head, with a bit of a hobble in his stance. The fans continue to cheer for the amazing match added to the Acts of DEFIANCE card. Crimson heads toward the ring ropes. Larver holds them open for the champ. He gingerly exits the ring with Oscar watching him leave from the corner while holding his ribs.

THE WALK

DDK:
I'm being told we may have an update on Scott Douglas.

Cut a random hallway in the backstage area of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. The camera turns a corner to reveal, it's operator is trailing Scott Douglas - who, is bandaged and walking with a limp.

The camera follows at a distance as Douglas staggers forward.

DDK:
Well, less and update and more of a sighting, I suppose.

Angus:
That's all the update you need, Keebs! He looks like shit … I mean, more than normal!

Up ahead Douglas turns off into a room and a second later a loud commotion is heard. The camera operator picks up pace and hustles toward the door. The camera shakes and sways with his gate.

Angus:
We're missing it!

The camera makes it nearly to the door as one of the Reapers comes flying out of it and crashing into the opposite hallway wall. The operator stops dead in his tracks. Douglas re-appears from the doorway stalking toward the Reaper as he is crawling to his feet.

DDK:
Scott Douglas is out for retribution!

Angus:
Yeah, but which taste of the Rainbow does he have!

DDK:
I don't think he cares!

Douglas reaches Reaper and grabs ahold of his mask. Reaper attempts to strike but it is blocked and the masked man receives one instead.

Douglas begins to drag Reaper down the hallway. Both men stagger, hugging the wall, as they inch toward Douglas' destination.

DDK:
It looks like …

Blows are traded and/or blocked as the pair slowly work they're way down the hall.

Angus:
THEY ARE HEADED TO THE RING!

Reaper, after several attempts, lands a solid shot and stuns the SoHer, who loses his grip of the normally glowing mask. Douglas staggers back and Reaper takes a second swing, but Douglas is able to duck and charge forward with a knee to the gut - pinning Reaper against the wall again. Douglas lays in an elbow to the mask which seems to hurt him more than the masked wearer - but it's enough to direct his would be opponent through a door opening marked "Staging."

DDK:

We honestly need security ... this is getting out of hand!

Douglas and Reaper stumble into the dimly lit staging position that precedes the entrance ramp. The camera follows closely as the brawl/walk continues toward the curtain.

DDK:
It looks like they are coming out here.

At the curtain, Reaper tries again to free himself of Douglas' grasp and the pair shoot it out for a moment in the dimly lit staging area. Production staff scatter as they flail from on side of the small area to the other.

DDK:
These two hardly look to be in any condition to compete tonight!

Angus:
This hasn't been about competition in a long time, Keebs! This is Curt No-brain, losing his shit again! He snaps anytime the Rainbow Coalition starts poking him.

Douglas is shoved back into a row of chairs lined up against the wall and causes quite the clatter. Reaper Red stalks toward him but Douglas pops up and lunges forward tackling Red through the curtain and out on the stage.

The camera cuts to an angle positioned on the rampway and catches the literal fall out. Douglas drags himself to his feet and pulls Reaper Red along for the ride. At Douglas', physically controlled, direction … the pair head toward the ring.

DDK:
This is ... well, ridiculous.

Angus:
This is FANTASTIC! The dirty kid finally grew some balls!

DDK:
I don't see how this can be a sanctioned match, MUCH LESS … a title defense.

Douglas rolls Reaper Red into the ring, where Darren Quimbey was prepared to announce the preceding match. Quimbey bails out of the ring as the SoHer takes the stairs and climbs in the ring. Rather than continue his attack he looks around for an official.

DDK:
We need some order here. There is no way this can proceed. The Reaper Co. jumped Scott Douglas earlier today and these two … these two have been brawling there way to the ring for the past fifteen minutes.

Angus: *[excited]*
Hey, there's Doyle!

The camera cuts to the ramp and as Angus said; Benny Doyle is on his way to ring side.

DDK:
Maybe he can talk some sense into Douglas.

Angus:
Maybe he can RING the GORRAM BELL!

Doyle reaches the ring and enters; while Reaper Red is pulling himself up in the corner. Douglas rests against the opposite corner and exhaustedly signals to Doyle to ring the bell. Doyle doesn't accquest and instead approaches the

champion, clearly with reservations. Doyle attempts to talk to Douglas but Douglas keeps making the same signal over and over again.

Angus:
Oh shit!

Douglas violently shoves Doyle - out of the way and just in time as Reaper Red slams into Douglas in the corner. Doyle catches himself of the ropes and steadies his footing. Frustrated and with a look of ‘what the hell’ across his face - Doyle signals for the bell.

SCOTT DOUGLAS © VS. REAPER RED

DING DING DING

DDK:
Wait, which Reaper is this … the eyes …

Angus:
Who cares, you don't look at each Skittle, you just eat that shit!

Douglas regroups, being held up by nothing more than the ropes, mere feet from the original collision in the corner. Reaper Red steps back and with some momentum lays in a hip check that sends the champ between the top and middle rope. Douglas crashes to the floor and almost immediately attempts to pull himself to his feet. In the ring, Doyle begs off Reaper Red to no avail.

Red exits the ring and Benny Doyle begins his count. Just as Douglas makes it to his feet - a big right hand turns him around and sends him toward the ring post. There, Douglas tries to catch himself but Red follows and after a second strike, which sends him rounding the post; whips Douglas from one corner to the other and the SoHer goes sailing into the ring steps.

Red refuses to relent. He follows, pulling Douglas back to his feet instantly. Red walks Scott nearly the length of the ring apron before reversing their direction and again ... whipping him into the same ring steps. This time the steps come loose from the ring post and separate into two pieces with a cacophony of clanging.

Doyle is at eight and Red rolls in the ring to break the count as Douglas writhes in pain on the ringside floor. Doyle begins the count on Douglas.

DDK:
I don't think this is the way Scott Douglas saw this going tonight.

Angus:
I called it! Dirty bastard can't do anything right!

DDK:
… it looks like we have company, Angus.

The camera cuts to the ramp way and three Reapers have stepped out from the curtain. Purple, Yellow, and Orange.

DDK:
This is just overkill!

Angus:
You don't poke the bear, Keebs! And that crazy broad is always speaking in Russian .. you CERTAINLY don't poke the GORRAM Russian BEAR!

Doyle's count is at six as Douglas makes it to his knees and is reaching for the bottom rope to pull himself up. Red reaches through the top and middle rope and grabs Douglas by his hair, assisting his return to the ring. Doyle's count ends at almost eight. Red wraps his arm around Douglas' neck and attempts and Reverse STO but Douglas is able to hold onto the top rope and Red takes the bump solo.

Still winded from the interaction outside the ring and compounded by the night's events; the beaten and bandaged SoHer hangs from his right arm on the top rope, still catching his breath. Red gets back to his feet and the frustration is obvious even behind the unlit mask. He goes right back on the attack and grabs Douglas, sending him for the ride. Douglas reverses and keeps a grip on Red's wrist - following in close with a knee to the gut.

Red's wrist still in hand, Douglas pulls him off the ropes and starts laying in forearms, pulling Reaper toward him with

each blow. After the third, he leaves enough slack in their hand to wrist connection for Red to fall back to the ropes. Douglas whips Red across the ring and as Reaper Red returns the Southern Heritage Champion grasps Reaper Red and tosses him overhead with a explosive belly to belly suplex.

On the ramp, Purple and Yellow intend to intervene but our held back back Orange with his arms outstretched between them; one gloved hand on each chest.

Douglas collapses and hits the mat nearly in unison with Reaper Red. Benny Doyle as confused and frustrated with this match as ever hesitates but begins the standing ten count.

Angus:
Not like this! JESUS!

On three, Douglas is attempting to get back to his feet. Red, flat on his stomach, reaches up and grabs the bottom rope. Orange continues to hold Purple and Yellow at bay. Doyle ends his count as Reaper Red makes it to a knee with the assistance of the ropes. Douglas isn't far behind but his first attempt finds him stumbling and falling back to the matt.

DDK:
Looks like the Reaper contingent is primed and ready if Scott Douglas were to pull this off …

The SoHer, a few seconds behind Reaper Red, gets vertical and sets to engage his opponent and appears to be walking straight into a standing side kick.

Angus:
I don't think they'll be needed, Keebs!

Douglas manages to catch the foot at the last second and throws it off - sending Reaper Red spinning. As dead eyed Red makes it back around, Douglas kicks him in the gut and grabs the front face lock. He tosses Red's arm over his neck and hosits him up.

On the ramp, Orange - no longer holds back the Reaper Co and instead points toward the ring. Yellow and Purple head toward the ring in haste. Orange follows behind as in the ring Scott Douglas slams the helmeted head of Red to the matt with his signature Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster.

DDK:
Douglas covers!

ONE!

Yellow and Purple hit the ring and a millisecond before the count of two - Douglas feels the black Reaper boots to the back of his head. Doyle stops his pin count and instantly calls for the bell.

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:
Your winner … as the result of a DISQUALIFICATION … "SUP POP" Scott … DOUGGGLASSS!

THE AWNSER

Douglas flips off of his opponent under the power of the boots delivered by Yellow and Purple. The Reaper pair continue to attack and beat Scott Douglas and force his weighing body against the ropes on the far end of the rampway. With a few strikes and twists, the Southern Heritage Champion finds himself trapped between the top and bottom rope.

Angus:
I said from the start … this was a bad idea, Keebs!

The time keeper continues to ring the bell in an attempt to call some order to this devoling shit show. His attempts are in vein as the Orange Reaper stalks up the ring steps and enters the squared circle.Yellow and Purple retrieve the unlit Red up from the mat and lean his weathered being against the opposing ropes.

DDK:
For the love of …

Orange, now in the ring; looks at the beaten and battered SoHer trapped in the ring ropes and then back toward the most recent challenger - wavering on the ropes facing the rampway.

Yellow and Purple stand vigilant: awaiting orders.

Angus:
This doesn't look good for the lead singer of … um …

DDK:
… Really?

Angus:
… GORRAM shit! I've got nothing. Douglas is FUCKED!

The Orange Reaper nods and the Yellow and Purple Reapers turn and begin wailing away at the unlit Red Reaper.

Angus:
HOLY SHIT!!!

DDK:
What is happening! The REAPERS are tearing apart Reaper RED!

Angus:
OG Envy… All these extra colors, Keebs… It was bound to happen.

Yellow whips Red back first into the corner and is instantly met with a running high knee to the side of the jaw. Purple whips Red to the middle of the ring and into the hands of Yellow who grabs Red's head, leaps and drives him face first to the canvas.

DDK:
I don't understand this, why are the Reapers attacking their own?

The blow to the mask seems to have shaken something loose and Red's previously unlit eyes light up Green.

DDK:
Wait … is that?

Yellow holds Green up while Purple continues to bash the newly lit helmet until it obviously is affecting his hand. Yellow lets go of Green and he drops to his knees and clearly out of it. Yellow, with a few latches unmasks Green to reveal …

DDK:
Kerry Kuroyama!

Angus:
Oh shit! Douglas just spent the better part of a hour beating the SHIT out of his friend! This is great!

Douglas takes notice and his eyes widen with surprise. He struggles against the ropes as Orange approaches him and slaps him across the face. Yellow hoists up Kerry Kuroyama to the centre of the ring and holds his head up in front of Reaper Orange, who stares back for a few moments before delivering a huge slap to the face. Orange turns toward Douglas to enjoy his infuriated response.

After a split second Orange takes off for the ropes and comes back with a huge cutter on Kerry…. And that's when the jig is up!

DDK:
Wait a minute, I know that move…

Angus:
OH FOR FUCKS SAKE!

When Reaper Orange stands back up, so does Reaper Yellow and Reaper Purple. The three stand in unison, turn towards the hard camera, and reach for their masks. Almost at once they come off with a flash. The arena lights up with boo'dom!

DDK:
That's Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and Scott Stevens! Team WrestleUTA has disguised themselves as Reaper Co, and have laid waste to both Kerry Kuroyama as well as Scott Douglas tonight!

Angus:
So you're telling me that was McFuckass and Crew in the early part of the show attacking Douglas?

DDK:
It certainly seems that way partner.

DEFSEC runs to the ring, as Mikey and company see them coming, he slaps at his teamates and they bail from the ring, very happy with the work they have done. Happy with Kerry on the mat holding his face. The group heads up the entrance way as Scott Douglas is finally set free by the security team along with some officials.

DDK:
Scott Douglas doing the noble thing here, and checking up on his friend….

Angus:
He should be chasing down Mikey and his group of Merry Women! Instead he's checking on a man who's been mind fucked, and now torn to pieces.

Douglas looks up the ramp at Mikey and has a deep anger in his eyes. He looks concerned for Kerry, and yet all the while, it seems he's all too aware of whos to blame.

DDK:
Last week Scott Douglas laid down the challenge to Mikey Unlikely for Acts of DEFIANCE, I think he just got his answer!

Cut to the next segment.

Keeping Tabs

Cayle Murray is alone.

The wounded FIST of DEFIANCE walks the DEFArena's halls without allies. His brother, Andy, and training partner, Mascara De Muerte IV, are out for the foreseeable future. PCPs? They've got their own business to attend to. Everyone else? Lord knows.

A dangerous move to swim shark-infested waters without a safety net, but these are his waters. Hiding is a victory for WrestleUTA. Showing weakness is a victory for WrestleUTA. The Scot walks DEFIANT.

There's a limp in his step and a healing welt under an eye. If he were shirtless, you'd see reams of bandages around his ribs - a huge target for men like Jay Harvey, but what else can be done?

He looks weary, too. Weeks of constant title defences have taken a toll, and while he wears the belt with pride, there's no masking the impact that UTA's constant chase is having on him. When will it end? Not 'til one side completely falls apart. It's that simple.

"You look like shit."

Well, that voice was unexpected.

Cayle turns on a dime. Dan Ryan is standing there, a pseudo-serious look on his face. He's business casual, clearly not here for fisticuffs, but just the same, caution is usually a good idea.

Cayle Murray:
Thanks…

The FIST tenses up, assuming the worst.

Cayle Murray:
Bounty's already claimed tonight, big man. Head back to your shadows.

Dan Ryan:
I see that being on top hasn't improved your manners. This is a very nice shirt, Cayle. I'm not here for any bounty. And really, do you think I need the promise of money to beat someone up? I'm just here to check on you again. It's been awhile, you know.

Cayle Murray:
This again. Are we doing the concern speech again, because I can't help but feel like we covered this ground a few months ago...

Dan Ryan:
First of all, it wasn't a speech. It was a carefully worded tender admonition to take care of yourself. It was like your mom's shepherd's pie, or whatever the fuck you people eat, meant to give the warm and fuzzy feeling that only comes with a well placed word from someone with an interest in your welfare.

Cayle Murray:
Ah yes, your "interest in my welfare.."
He lets the sentences drift away, then snaps back to it.

Cayle Murray:
Enough of this, Dan. That might have been halfway believable if you hadn't sold us out, but even then I'd have my doubts.

Dan Ryan: [Ryan cocks his head to the side slightly]
Now hold on, that's not really fair of you to say. Suggesting I've sold someone out assumes that I've betrayed some sort of ideal that I've professed previously, when the fact of the matter is that you have no idea how big this picture really is, what's at stake, or what I'm trying to protect. Do you really think this is simply about Mikey coming to me with some sort of monetary offer? Because let's be clear, Mikey Unlikely cannot offer me anything that I don't already have. No, it's a little bigger than that, and all you really need to know is I need **you** to remain healthy and up to the task at hand.

Cayle Murray:
Aye, well I think I'll start giving a damn about all of that as soon as your little plan doesn't involve the lot of us getting our brains bashed in by all of these UTA goons while you stand next to Mikey up on a stage, or back at your compound or wherever the hell else you've been gone off to for the last two months. When your **plan** involves doing something to help the people actually fighting for DEFIANCE, then… I'll listen.

Dan Ryan: [smiling briefly]
Fair enough. Hey, good luck out there. You know I'm pulling for you.

Cayle shakes his head, turns and walks back down the hall as Ryan watches him go.

DEF VS. UTA TWELVE MAN TAG

DDK:
Ladies and gentlemen it's now time for our big 12-man tag team match, DEFIANCE vs. WrestleUTA!

Angus:
And, hopefully, this has a better outcome than War Games...

DDK:
Well it might me more unpredictable, Angus, that's for sure. One fall to a finish. Anything can happen and happen quick.

Angus:
This is gonna be a mess!

DDK:
As I was recently told, Gunther Adler has joined the DEFIANCE side to make a team of 5, but they are still short in numbers, considering how everyone else is either injured, absent or already wrestled…

Quimbey:
This next match is a 12-man tag team match! Introducing first...

Darren Quimbey's voice trails off, as for TV-time purposes, not every wrestler is given their full in-ring entrance. Instead, each theme song plays and the wrestler walks out from behind the curtain, only to stand on the rampway and await their teammates.

♫ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♫

...with The D wearing a stylish suit and monocle, dragging a protesting Box-Headed Klein.

♫ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♫

...Gage Blackwood, sporting his regular red and green kilt tights, a serious look on his face and his trademark scar with a few extra stitches from two weeks ago.

♫ "Dvořák Symphony No. 9 in E Minor Op. 95" from the New World IV ♫

...Gunther Adler, who also has his head stitched up with additional bandages, too. Thanks to Chris Ross.

♫ "Love Man" by Otis Redding ♫

...a limping and previously beaten Rich Mahogany, who's just happy to extract some DEFIANCE-related revenge.

And after Rich Mahogany appears, all five men look across from each other. The D nods and they begin their descent to the ring.

Angus:
One man short? Big deal.

Quimbey:
Coming to the ring, the team of The D, Klein, Gage Blackwood, Gunther Adler and Rich Mahogany... Team DEFIANCE!

The Faithful pop loudly as they march down, lead by The D. All five men are not in the mood for self promotion, as they enter the squared circle and stand side-by-side facing the ramp. Klein, however, stands slightly behind The D as if he's a little apprehensive about what may come. Meanwhile, Gage Blackwood occasionally glances over to Gunther Adler,

still pissed about their recent interactions but trying to put it aside.

Quimbey:
And their opponents...

No music has to play before boos surround the entire area.

Angus:
BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:
Easy Angus, easy.

Angus:
Don't care. BBBOOOOOOOO!!!

And out they come.

♫ "Badlands" by Mayday ♫

...a cocky, arrogant Chris Ross stares down both Adler and his favorite punching bag, Gage Blackwood, with a smile.

♫ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♫

...the slow bellow of the guitar hits and boos turn into pure hatred. A group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way out from the back first, as Scott Stevens then appears, looking a little more pleased with himself than usual as the t-shirt says it all, "Cayle Murray Wishes He Could Be A Champ Like Me!" As Stevens stands on the ramp soda is thrown his way, but Stevens doesn't lose his focus as the garbage hits him. He continues to tell the faithful how he is the true DEFIANCE FIST Champion and Murray is a joke and wishes he was as good as the Texan.

♫ "Better Must Come" by Geego ♫

...for the first time in a while, Lisil Jackson appears. He doesn't look too thrilled to be there and rather disinterested in everything.

♫ "Kicking it in the Sticks" by Brantley Gilbert ♫

...The Dibbins brothers. Luke chews some tobaco and Duke is scratching his back. Can't get the ticks off him this time. Forgot to take a shower last week.

♫ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♫

...last to come out is Jack Harmen, all business and he walks in front of the crew. Taking one glance at The D and Klein he sneers. Then, looking back at the other five men he nods and they, too, march to the ring with a purpose.

Blackwood is ready. He's almost over the top rope awaiting to get his hands on Chris Ross.

Adler, too, tries to get in position to line up with Ross when he enters.

The D and Klein are more concerned with Jack Harmen and Rich Mahogany is just looking to pay anyone back for the recent beatings he's taken at the hands of UTA.

That's when Harmen stops, a good ten feet away from the ring and the UTA crew stops along with him, preventing anyone from flying over the top rope.

Quimbey picks up where he left off.

Quimbey:
...the team of, Jack Harmen, Chris Ross, Lisil Jackson, Scott Stevens and The Dibbins brothers... WrestleUTA!

More boos.

But, soon, there's a hush of concern.

DDK:
Jack Harmen is a clever man... he's now directing the UTA team to surround the outside of the ring!

Angus:
He must have realized we're down in numbers. Surprised that lunatic can count to five.

Ross takes the far end. Stevens the top (hard-camera) side. The Dibbins the lower and Harmen and Jackson remain in place.

Just before they're about to head towards the apron...

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.
BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

♫ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♫

The crowd has lost. Its. Shit.

DDK:
NO WAY.

Angus:
THE GOD-BEAST!!!

Without warning, the presumed-missing Mushigihara bolts down the aisle, ignoring the ERUPTION of cheers for the God-Beast. Still wearing the mask that was damaged by Chris Ross at Maximum DEFIANCE, he rushes straight towards the WrestleUTA enforcements and plows through a protesting Harmen and stunned Jackson at the same time, before staring down the rest of the invaders. As the standoff intensifies, Mushigihara sets the stage with one simple phrase...

Mushigihara:
OSU.

He makes a beeline toward Chris Ross, only to be cut off by Lisil Jackson's shove. Jackson follows up with a hard slap to the face of The God-Beast, but gets a NASTY forearm to the face in return, followed by a THUNDEROUS scoop slam into the floor. That causes everyone to go into riot mode.

Angus:
THIS IS INSANE!

As The God-Beast continues to beat on Lisil Jackson on the outside, Gage Blackwood shoots himself over the top rope and right onto Chris Ross.

The D and Klein dive over the side of the ropes where The Dibbins brothers are standing, surprising them and knocking them over.

And Gunther Adler bulldoses himself through the top and middle rope, landing a shoulder block to Scott Stevens.

Angus:
The distraction we wanted! The distraction we *needed*! DEFIANCE going to town!!

The action is frantic and clearly the cameras can't keep up. There's too much action. At this moment, the scene is on The D and Klein. They hurl Luke Dibbins into guardrail and then Klein throws Duke Dibbins on top of him.

Gage Blackwood is reigning down punches on Chris Ross, finally able to get the advantage on him. Saliva seeps out his mouth. He's like a pitbull, pumping Ross' skull with so many left hands it's hard to keep track. Blackwood takes a breather, just for a second, to lift his head and scream into the rafters which gathers a big reaction from the fans on his side of the guardrail.

Adler is in a back-and-forth with Scott Stevens, maybe the only member from WrestleUTA who wasn't completely ambushed or distracted from Mushigihara's return to the ring. Adler levels Stevens with a hard knee, but the "almost" FIST Champion takes it and cawls back with a clothesline.

Angus:
Has this match... um... even started?

DDK:
I don't think so.

Angus:
Is this match going to start?

DDK glances over and sees referee Mark Shields having a smoke off in the distance, under the ramp. He doesn't even need to reply to his play-by-play partner. The answer is clear.

While the action goes on, Jack Harmen is still, surprisingly, untouched. He looks into the ring and sees Rich Mahogany standing there, awaiting a fight.

DDK:
And Harmen slides in... he goes right after Mahogany!

Harmen ducks a wild right hand into a rear waist lock. Rich heads and hooks the ropes, as Harmen tries to back roll into a pin. Mahogany holds his ground, and then gyrates for a moment before Harmen hits him with a low blow. Mahogany falls to his knees as Jack back rolls out of the position. Once up, he charges, laying in a vicious charging front kick directly to Rich Mahogany's temple. Harmen turns to see The D on the apron. The D springboards inside, but Harmen avoids it and sends The D crashing onto Mahogany. Harmen then viciously kicks and stomps The D out of the ring, and turns back to Rich with another flurry.

Jack goes to the corner turnbuckle and rips off the protective padding. Not just from the top turnbuckle, but from EACH turnbuckle. As Mahogany gets to his feet, Harmen charges, floats behind and then SHOVES Rich chest first into the exposed steel. Harmen then grabs Rich's head and just repeatedly slams it against the metal turnbuckle, each thud more sickening than the last. As Mahogany slumps, Harmen proceeds to the next turnbuckle, until he reaches the bottom one and lets an unconscious Mahogany remain motionless. The bottom turnbuckle serves as the most uncomfortable pillow ever. As Mahogany slumps down, motionless, Harmen just tilts his head back and laughs. Harmen takes a moment, rushes off the far ropes...

STOMP.

DDK:
OH GOD! CUT AWAY! CUT AWAY NOW!

Jack Harmen just stomped on Mahogany's exposed head, taking the wind out of the DEFIANCE faithful.

Angus:
Keebs! It's order! Order is here!

By now, security has emerged from the curtain. They begin to run down the ramp, but the lights flicker.

DDK:
What the...

Angus:
THE REAPERS!!

And there, Reaper Co. all stand, blocking the pathway at the middle of the ramp. The three security guards and two referees almost come to a screeching halt. Clearly, they aren't getting past.

The Faithful go back to cheering, however. For even though Mahogany is #dead, the rest of DEFIANCE is getting it done.

The cameras switch to Gage Blackwood and Chris Ross, going shot for shot, barely on their feet anymore. Blackwood has a light crimson mask because of his trademark scar being opened up. Ross, meanwhile, is pretty woozy.

THUD!

DDK:
DDT by Gage!

The sickening sound is only heard by the nearby camera. The scene switches to The D and Klein whom slide into the ring, trying to protect Rich Mahogany from any further damage because Jack Harmen has already exited. He backtracks up the rampway, a serious, dangerous grin on his face, admiring his work. He turns a few feet away from the Reapers, noticing them and instantly pausing in his tracks. His eyes widen as he raises his hands in passivity and then backflips over the guardrail and into the crowd. He avoids the Reapers entirely, but not The Faithful, who pelt him with thrown beers and jeers.

Angus:
First Andy... now Rich. Someone stab him! Now! Don't just waste beer on him!

DDK:
These guys might not wrestle for a long, long time...

The Dibbins brothers have collected themselves, at least somewhat. They begin to attack Gunther Adler with the help of Scott Stevens.

Luke spits at Adler.

Duke grabs his crotch and laughs about it. It's like he's Baker Mayfield.

And just before Adler goes to hit them, he's crushed with a...

DDK:
TOXIC STING!

Back to Blackwood-Ross. Gage hurls Ross into the guardrail. He looks at the camera and barely speaks.

Gage Blackwood:

[panting] I'd say, Chris, we'd do this forever but I'm going to kill you now, you baw juggler.

And with everything he has, Blackwood charges across the floor at Ross and hits him with his high double-knee smash, his finisher, 'The Gaelic Storm'. A move that has yet to be performed in DEFIANCE.

CRASH!!!!

The force of the move puts both of them right through the guardrail. The matting breaks and a few screws go flying in the air as they lay out cold in a mess of sweat and blood.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Angus:
I can't hear myself think! FINALLY Gage gets his payback!!

Mushigihara and Lisil Jackson are still brawling, this time near the hard-camera side. Jackson's making a comeback of sorts with some of his nasty kicks, but he whiffs one bad enough that The God-Beast grabs the leg and chucks him back-first into the steel ring post. Mushi stares at his fallen opponent and roars once more...

Mushigihara:
OSU!

“OSU!”

We get a good enough look at his mask; still ripped on the one side, we can see some of Mushi's face, which appears to be covered in facepaint...

The Dibbins and Scott Stevens look to the ring. The D and Klein await, standing in front of their fallen BRAZEN partner...

DDK:
Rich needs medical attention!!

A few EMT's have joined security and the additional referees to stand in an idle line, in front of The Reapers.

Angus:
No one is getting past that Reaper line, Keebs!!

♫”Cannonball” - SIRSY♫

We have just lost cabin pressure.

DDK:
IMPULSE! IMPULSE IS IN THE WRESTLEPLEX!

Behind the referees, EMTs, and DEFSec, the Reapers watch - and prepare themselves - for the emergence of the Marathon Man. He's dressed in street clothes, though his fists are taped. Impulse skips his usual entrance pose, as does Calico Rose.

Cally? Ponytail and taped fists as well. She's left the eccentric sunglasses and girly dresses in the locker room, and she does not greet the commentators with her typical exaggerated greeting.

DDK:
Just in the nick of time, too!

Angus:
Nick of time, maybe - but he's still gotta get to the ring.

They only take a brief moment to look at each other, and Impulse and Cally walk towards the ring with purpose. Cally stays in step with Impulse, not a few paces behind per her standard M.O.

DDK:
The DEFIANT line parts ways for Impulse, and he steps right up to the Reaper Co!

Angus:
That's gonna end well. Remember what happened at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE?

DDK:
I think things might be different if Impulse can look them in the... glowing eye substitutes?

Impulse walks right up to Reaper Red... FOREARM TO THE FACE! Another Reaper takes a swing --

DDK:
CALICO ROSE GRABS THE REAPER'S ARM! SHE LOCKS IN THE DOUBLE WRISTLOCK!

Angus:
What a gal!

DDK:
She's such a quirky individual, we often forget that she's been trained as a wrestler!

With Impulse tied up with Red and Cally effectively taking another Reaper out of commission - and she manages a second when she sweeps a third Reaper's leg, DEFSec is able to subdue/tie up the rest of the Reaper Co to the point that referees and EMT workers can pass through - though a referee attempts, badly, to separate Impulse from Red.

DDK:
The Reaper line is broken!

The help disperses throughout. Two EMT's check on a motionless Chris Ross and Gage Blackwood, one for each. A referee and an EMT are already wrapping up Rich Mahogany. Lisil Jackson's not moving, but no one is touching him either because Mushigihara is still present so one ref just awkwardly stands there. And The D and Klein are kind of standing around the ring, looking at all the carnage.

Scott Stevens is up the ramp. He shouts at some fans along the way. And The Dibbins went to get smashed on some Bud Light. Dilly dilly.

Angus:
This was an incredible twelve-man tag!

DDK:
It wasn't even a tag...

Angus:
I was serious. Exactly what I wanted. Screw the system, WrestleUTA needs to be put down and this is the only way it can happen, ACTS of DEFIANCE... literally!

DDK:
I certainly hope Rich is okay. As for UTAH, though...

Keeb's voice trails off and the scene cuts to a commercial break.

CUZ I'M A WINNER.

The boos start almost immediately as WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely's face fills your screen as well as the DEFiatron. Mikey's pearly whites are on full display as he chuckles.

Mikey Unlikely:
It's been a long time coming, and it's nice to know that after tonight… the FIST of DEFIANCE will FINALLY be coming over to WrestleUTA.

As soon as the last words of Mikey's sentence leave his mouth, we pan slightly to the right and in walks "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey and Catalina. Harvey is dressed in a fine suit and Catalina in a hot purple number. Harvey removes his European sunglasses.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
Mikey… you are one hundred percent right, tonight I will capture the FIST of DEFIANCE. The struggle to claim the main prize of this dump will be over.

Cameras zoom out to show not only Unlikely, Harvey, and Catalina but Jack Harmen just to the left of the screen, behind Unlikely.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
You know Mikey… my first instinct after I win the FIST of DEFIANCE is to toss it into the trash where it belongs.

Mikey Unlikely nods his head, understanding Harvey's point. Harmen seems to concur.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
But that wouldn't be right. I'm going to wear that title around my waist and show the entire DEFIANCE roster what a *REAL* champion, what a *REAL* wrestler looks like.

We zoom into a close up of Harvey who continues to speak.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
Cayle Murray… when you look up "fighting champion" in the dictionary you'll see a picture of Cayle Murray. All who have taken on the champion have left empty-handed.

Harvey looks up at the ceiling for a moment before coming back down and glaring right into the filming camera lens.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
But you've never faced anyone like THE Jay Harvey, have you Cayle? No, no, no… You've only faced the clowns that call DEFIANCE home. You've faced men who have no business stepping into a wrestling ring. Men who have peaked many, many, many moons ago. You've never gone one on one with the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth!

Cameras zoom out to pick up the whole bunch.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
And… no matter who might claim to be the *real* champion (*Harvey lets out a chuckle*). A *REAL* champion would walk around with the FIST of DEFIANCE on their waist. I know your body is bruised, your body is beaten… but Cayle Murray, that fighting spirit is going to cost you everything later tonight.

Harvey pats Mikey on the shoulder.

***THE* Jay Harvey**:
You're looking at the next FIST of DEFIANCE... cuz I'm a winner. It's what I do. It doesn't matter if you animals like it or not, (*Harvey looks directly into the camera*) you're ALL going to have to learn to live with it.

Mikey starts clapping, which brings the others to start up. Harmen comes in and pats Harvey on the back.

Mikey Unlikely:
The confidence, the look, the suit… this is what a champion should look like, how a champion should act.

Catalina rubs both Harvey's shoulders. Mikey is once again all smiles as him and Harvey shake hands. The scene soon fades and the show continues on.

OVERPOWERING THE ENEMY

DDK:
Up next is our main event of the evening as Cayle Murray defends the… hang on, I'm getting something from the back…

Angus:
Why don't they ever talk to me?

DDK:
Folks, we've gotta jump backstage for a moment, something's happening…

We cut backstage to what essentially looks like a mugging as Cristiano Caballero, Hoyt Williams, Dave Thompson and Leo Brown surround someone and stop away at them. As the legs move it's clear the man on the floor has a beard, is heavily tattooed and is wearing purple tights.

DDK:
That's Butcher Victorious!

Dave Thompson breaks away from the attack and grabs a nearby chair. When he gets back the assault slows for a moment as he wraps the chair around Butcher's leg and stomps on it! Victorious howls out in pain as the attack picks up again, but it doesn't last long as Nicky Synz and Thugs 4 Hire hit the scene. As soon as Charlie Ace spots them coming he shouts at his boys to go, and the five of them sprint away from the scene. Byrd and Holt continue to chase Aces Wild as Nicky slows up to check on Butcher Victorious.

Butcher Victorious:
Ahhhhh! My leg! My leg!

Nicky Synz:
Get someone over here!

Butcher Victorious:
My leg! Oh God!

Nicky Synz:
Damnit, somebody get a medic!

Several employees descend on the scene almost at the same time and start tending to Butcher Victorious. Nicky tries to help his friend and keep him calm as we cut back to the announce table.

DDK:
You've got to be kidding me…

Angus:
I bet Butcher is regretting what he said earlier.

DDK:
Angus, that was a sickening four on one assault! Butcher was right on the mark with everything he said earlier and Aces Wild might have just broken his leg because of it!

Angus:
Maybe he'll keep his mouth shut next time then...

CAYLE MURRAY © VS. THE JAY HARVEY

DDK:
10 weeks, five shows, five FIST of DEFIANCE defences. Folks, Cayle Murray has been through the wringer lately. Our champion has been pushed to the brink both physically and mentally, and his latest challenge awaits.

Angus:
THE Jay Harvey - another no-good WrestleUTA mormon shitbag. This guy has some pedigree, though. He has tangled with Cayle's absent brother, Andy, in the past. Between the ropes, he's extremely well-rounded, and if he weren't aligned with Mikey Unlikely's merry band of cunts, he'd make a fine DEFIANCE roster member. But nah, fuck him.

DDK:
This came together when Harvey issued the challenge following Cayle's draw with Scott Stevens two weeks ago. He's a different kind of wrestler to those Murray has faced recently, and thus poses a completely different challenge, but again, we must stress the FIST's declining physical condition…

Angus:
Poor little squid's barely holding himself together at the moment, but gorram it if he ain't putting these bastards in their place! Long may it continue, and long may he reign…

♫ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♫

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

DDK:
Jay Harvey has his chance to become FIST of DEFIANCE, something that would completely change the complexion of this company.

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

Angus:
Thinking of Harvey being the "big dawg" around here makes me want to vomit.

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

DDK:
We now await the champ...

♫ "Red In Tooth And Claw" by Rosetta ♫

The FIST's 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, full of bile. He's all banged up, with a big ream of tape around his ribs. Nonetheless, he bumps fists on his way, then rolls under the bottom rope.

The two grapplers take their positions in the spotlight for customary championship-style intros.

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, to my right, the challenger, from Raleigh, North Carolina, weighing in at 233lbs… THE. JAY. HARVVEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

The smug contender mouths something at Cayle, but the microphones don't quite pick it up.

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

Angus:
Here we go! Time for our young Squid overlord to kill himself another UTA bug!

DDK:
I don't know, Angus. Harvey's a tremendous competitor. Cayle's physical condition diminishes with every passing match. This could be trouble…

The bell rings, and it's time to dance.

Both wrestlers are pensive at first. Though Jay moves with swagger and confidence, he's smart enough not to strike too early. Murray, usually keen to assert his early-match dominance, is a little more reserved than usual.

They lock up. Harvey wins the first test of strength, pushing the FIST back against the ropes, slapping his taped ribs on the break. He holds his hands up innocently as Slater admonishes him. Cayle doesn't rush in, and instead moves back to the centre, into another lock-up. A minute of solid back-and-forth jostling follows before Cayle slips out the back, kicking Harvey in the kidneys.

The FIST looks for another tie up, but Harvey boots in the the gut, then clubs the back of his head a couple of times. He pushes Murray back against the ropes then peels a couple of chops off, his hand landing across the taped ribs. No stinging skin damage, but Cayle definitely feels the impact on his busted chest, and stumbles away. Harvey keeps grinding away with fists and elbows, then takes the champion to the corner, stomping down on his gut. He walks away, bathing in The Faithful's hatred.

DDK:
Textbook start here, but Cayle doesn't look too great. Harvey is smartly targeting his opponent's weakspots, and the FIST really needs to get a foothold.

Angus:
Damn right he does! Of all the Utah thundercunts to challenge for the belt so far, I think Jay's the one I most want to kill, as good as he is…

Jay's ascendency continues. He eventually gets Cayle on the ground, working a few chained submission holds. After a while he rolls the champion towards the body bottom, rolls him onto his side, pushes his back against the bottom 'buckle, then baseball slides into the ribs. Cayle coughs and sputters, then rolls out of the ring, feeling all kinds of pain in his chest. Harvey takes a moment or two to pose and gloat.

'The Natural One' gets tired as Slater's count hits three. He goes out the ring and after the champ, but Cayle bursts into life, nailing him with a forearm flurry then a boot to the gut. Murray tries to whip Harvey against the barricade, but this gets reversed… only for the FIST to hop onto its edge, then leap back with a flying forearm! The Faithful pop like crazy, and while the impact hurts Cayle, he lets the adrenaline take over and is quickly back on his feet, throwing Harvey into the post!

DDK:
Ohhhhhh! An uncharacteristic display of viciousness from the FIST there!

Angus:
You gotta do what you gotta do, Keebs! That nicey-nice shit doesn't fly all the time, particularly in an environment like this, when the stakes are so gorram high.

Not fucking around, Cayle rolls Jay Harvey back inside and goes for a cover.

ONE!.

NO! KICKOUT!

'Starbreaker' goes for the formula that has helped him to victory against each of the his past four opponents: attacking the leg. He ties Harvey's left limb up, but is only able to hold it for a few moments. Jay's own technicality allows him to ease Cayle's kneebar, but the FIST regains control, scoots up, and slides into a grounded ankle lock.

Harvey fights against it. His mastery of leverage allows him to ease the pain with a quick twist, and he's able to work his way towards the ropes. Murray gives him room to get up, before coming back forward, hitting the challenge with a running European uppercut. Jay gets whipped into the corner, eats another running European, before Cayle locks his arms up, slamming him in the middle of the ring with a beautiful Butterfly Suplex.

No pin attempt from Murray. Clutching his ribs, he rises to his feet, then takes a moment to recover. He's soon charging to the ropes and coming back with a Penalty Kick, but Harvey absorbs the blow, clutching Murray's shin as it connects with his chest. Jay rises. Cayle tries an Enzuigiri with his free boot, but Harvey ducks. Murray hits the deck, Jay grabs the second leg, then slingshots the champion into the corner. When the FIST stumps out, Harvey drives him straight back down with an Exploder Suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:
C'mon, Squiddley! Get back into it!

DDK:
The FIST inflicted a decent amount of damage there, but Harvey is right back on top of him. I get the impression that this is gonna be Murray's biggest challenge yet, Angus.

Angus:
You ain't wrong thus far, sadly…

'The Natural One' gets back up, winks to the crowd, and flashes them a smug smirk. He eventually gets back to it. Stomps rain down on Cayle's chest: a simple approach, but an effective one. Murray tries to roll to the ropes, but this works to Harvey's favour, as he's able to grab the top rope for extra leverage. Brian Slater forces the break after a while, though, saving the FIST.

Jay takes Murray back to his feet. A few more chops land, before Harvey sets about tearing the bandages away. He gets a single ream off before Cayle fires back to life, cracking his opponent with forearms, and even a shoot headbutt. He runs to the ropes, comes back, but damn near has his head taken off by a Harvey clothesline, though both collapse to the map.

Harvey is inevitable up first, and goes back to work with another bluster of stomps. He takes Murray off the cold, hard apron, lifts him up, then drops his ribs down across an outstretched knee, inflicting all kinds of punishment on the faltering champion. Putting Cayle back in the corner, Harvey heads over to the opposite, then charges with a flying knee to the problem area.

DDK:
Harvey once again heading back to the corner

Angus:
Murray moved!

Harvey's shoulder Football tackle attack hits the post. Murray fell down from the corner just in the nick of time. The crowd is picking up and the champ can feel it. A camera along ring side picks up the sight of pain on Harvey's face. Catalina is near her man trying to get him to power through the agony.

Murray is using whatever strength and vinegar he has left to get himself upright. Harvey staggers around the corner, turning around toward the center of the ring to get hit with a thunderous Over Head Belly to Belly Suplex from Murray. The crowd is on their feet urging Murray to go for the cover.

DDK:
Murray needs to go for the cover but he just has nothing left, Angus.

Angus:
Both men are gassed, Keebs. These fans are getting their money's worth.

Murray uses the ropes to get him to a vertical base. Harvey too is back to his feet. Murray uses the ropes behind him to prop himself up. Both men locks eyes and rush each other. Murray goes for a Lariat but Harvey ducks under Murray's swinging left arm. Harvey bounces off the ropes and comes back at Murray with a brutal Wake Up Call Knee Strike.

The air leaves the sold out Wrestle-Plex arena. Harvey goes for the cover and hooks the leg. Referee Slater is in position and begins to count the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:
HE KICKED OUT!

Angus:
THANK FUCKING GOD!

Harvey puts his hands on the top of his head in disbelief. Catalina is beside herself. The Faithful are rocking the building off its foundation. Harvey snaps back to his feet. He gestures for the end with a thumb across his throat.

Harvey bides his time by the ring ropes as he waits for Murray to get up. Harvey swings his hand violently, yelling for Murray to get the fuck up.

All I wanna do is… (gunshots)
♫"Problem" by Natalia Kills♫

DDK:
Elise Ares!

Angus:
Interesting...

Jay Harvey goes from looking at Murray to Ares, and Ares to Murray. Murray is showing no signs of movement so

Harvey turns his attention to Ares. Harvey's rage is growing with every Elise Ares step down the aisle. Harvey starts yelling at her which gets Catalina out in front of the situation.

Catalina and Ares are getting closer to one another. The two gorgeous women are in each other's faces. The fans along the aisle are going nuts as Ares and Catalina let the words fly. We cut back to the ring where Cayle Murray is seen stirring.

DDK:
Catalina just decked Elise Ares!

Angus:
Oh cawd! Cat fight!

We go back to the ring where Harvey is still watching the scene taking place on the entrance ramp. His eyes bulge as he gets Rolled Up from behind by Murray.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:
Cayle Murray is still champ!

Angus:
YEEEEEEESS!

Darren Quimbey:
The winner of the match… AND STILL FIST OF DEFIANCE… CAAAAAAYLE MURRRRAAAY!

The fans are going ballistic. Harvey can't believe what is going on. Harvey tries pleading with the Referee but is getting nowhere. Catalina makes her way into the ring and also starts yelling at Slater.

We cut to a camera who is right in on Elise Ares, who is smiling ear to ear as he holds her jaw.

DDK:
Elise Ares is all smiles, Angus.

Angus:
That beautiful little runt took Harvey's mind off of Murray and he paid for price for it.

Harvey turns his head to the entrance ramp and gets a view of Ares. He points down the aisle at her and starts screaming at the top of his lungs.

SOUL

DDK:
Cayle Murray has done it! A well timed distraction by Elise Ares, and Cayle is victorious! And look at the salt that THE Jay Harvey is throwing in the ring!

Dejected, an angry THE Jay Harvey continues to scream at Elise up the rampway.

DDK:
A collision course between these two could very well happen at Acts of DEFIANCE. The beef between these two just went from simmer to boiling!

Brian Slater walks over to Cayle and grabs him by his hand. Cayle's hand is raised in victory, as Cayle confusingly looks over to Brian… asking where his title belt is?

SMASH!

Cayle Murray is struck in the back of the head with the FIST. Boos fill the arena. The wielder and perpetrator of this heinous sneak attack?

Jack Harmen.

Jack shouts at Brian Slater to leave immediately as he raises the FIST threateningly. Jay Harvey turns and sees Jack holding the FIST high, and the two have a brief moment. Harvey stares at the FIST in Harmen's hands, feeling oh so close to it, feeling cheated. It deserves to be in his possession. Harmen senses Harvey, and balls his hand into a fist. He nods toward Jay, calm, but on alert.

That's when Jay and Jack rush and just begin to stomp Cayle Murray. They take their shots together, before a rush of cheers flood the arena. Elise flies toward the ring, climbing up onto the apron only for Jay Harvey to charge and knock her off, into the guardrail. THE Jay Harvey slides out of the ring, and grabs Elise, just repeatedly slamming her back first against the guardrail.

Inside the ring, Harmen looks down at Cayle, and then shouts "WILDCARD" before raising the title to the booing fanbase. He snickers, and then takes the belt by one end of it's strap, and windmill CHOPS with the title belt onto Cayle Murray's back. Murray feels the effects of each repeated slap as the heavy gold championship rattles his rib cage.

DDK:
Both THE Jay Harvey and Jack Harmen are unrelenting in their attacks Angus! Our security has had their hands full here tonight!

Angus:
Jack Harmen is trying to destroy the FIST over the champs back Keebs! Cayle Murray just barely retained, and now this?!

Harmen reaches down and grabs Cayle by his hair, jerking up his upper body as Harmen shows him the FIST. He tells him to "Say Goodbye" before smashing him once across the forehead. Cayle rolls to protect himself to the corner, clutching his face.

Harmen sneers, as on the outside Harvey flapjack's Elise throat first onto the barricade. He lifts her back onto his shoulders, and then drops her.

DDK:
Game Over man! Game Over on Elise!

Jay seethes as Catalina walks over, handing him an aerosol can. Harvey smiles, and then slides back into the ring.

Harmen literally places his boot on Cayle's stomach, stomping him once to rub it in. Jack then drapes the championship onto the fallen Cayle, telling Jay to "Go ahead and do it!" Jay drops to his knees and shakes the can.

He spray paints the FIST title with the letters… "U-T-A."

The crowd boos loudly, as Harmen spits down onto the champion.

DDK:
THE Jay Harvey may have come up short tonight due to Elise Ares, but the champion Cayle Murray looks like he has another challenger. Only this challenger doesn't want the FIST...

Angus:
He wants to destroy us Keebs. He wants to destroy everything good and wholesome and bloody about DEFIANCE. How DARE the disgrace the FIST! Jack Harmen is a grade a fucker Keebs. Grade A!

DDK:
The question is, how much damage can Cayle Murray take?! He's only human, no matter how illustrious he's reigned as the FIST has been. When will this bounty finally take its toll? Folks, that's all the time we've got tonight. Join us at Acts of DEFIANCE, where, we hope, the DEFIANT crew can remain… DEFIANT TO THE END.

The last image before the copyright logo flashes onto the screen is of Cayle, lying face up in the ring, with the FIST having been vandalised. The camera zooms in on the letters "U-T-A," before the program cuts to black.

WE

REMAIN

DEFIANT