

RUNDOWN



The opening splash dematerialized and the show drops in with a sweeping shot of four thousand strong of the DEFIANCE Faithful packed into the Wrestle-Plex... and of course, their signs!

DEFIANCE 4 EVA
WRESTLEUTA JUST WON'T DIE
ONE LAST STAND
WHERE IN THE WORLD IS IMPULSE SANDIEGO!?
ONE LAST STAND
JACK HARMEN OWES ME CHILD SUPPORT!
SCOTT DOUGLAS IS SO-GOOD!

A sweeping crane shot of the packed Wrestle-Plex crowd, the Faithful roaring as the heavy rock riff hits and DEFtv officially gets underway. Signs and banners fill the screen...

The crane camera finishes it's pass over the buzzing crowd and we cut to our hosts parked behind the desk up at the commenting booth, the voices of DEFIANCE Downtown Darren Keebler and the one and only Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

As my partner sulks in his chair, I guess it's my job to inform the uninformed...

Angus:

How the fuck did we let this happen Keebs?

DDK:

WrestleUTA has won the war folks. As many of you know, a statement was released earlier today by the DEFIANCE Corporate office. DEFIANCE has announced its impending closure following DEFtv100, For the full details on why and how, please visit DefianceWrestling.com however in the meantime partner, that means we have four shows to go!

Angus:

HEY... you shut your goddamn whore mouth, Darren Keebler! DEFIANCE didn't lose this battle. Cayle Murray is still our champion, Scott Douglas beat Mikey Unlikely last time I checked, and THE JAY HARVEY is still a little bitch!

DDK:

Angus, It's been an incredible run, and I honestly believe this isn't the end of DEFIANCE, only a small hiccup, however, in the meantime that means our partnership is going to come to an end as well for a time... Allow me to be the first to say Congratulations on a stellar career here in DEFIANCE! I for one, consider myself to be a very lucky man to share the booth with you and your....er.....insight every week here.

Angus:

Ya know Keebs, When I met you I thought you were a pencil necked little nerd...

DDK:

How...what?

Angus:

But in the last few years, I actually come to find out you're a pencil necked nerd, who loves him some good wrestling! I had a lot of fun here too Keebs, but I'll tell you this, it's not over yet, and Ill be GORRAMED if I give up this chair without a hell of a fight... UTA IS GOIN DOWN!

DDK:

Be that as it may folks, we have a hell of a lineup here for you tonight! Lets get right into the action! I believe our FIST of DEFIANCE has a statement to make.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

♪ "Red In Tooth & Claw" by Rosetta ♪

Angus:

Awwww sheeeeeeeit!

The opening blast of feedback rips through the arena, plunging it into darkness.

Seconds later?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Huge pyrotechnic explosion at the top of the ramp. A solid wall of white light emanates from the tron and video screen. Stood against it is Cayle Murray's black silhouette, the FIST of DEFIANCE belt hoisted high above his head.

DDK:

We may be in a sombre mood tonight, folks, but if there's one man who can raise the building's spirits... here he comes.

Angus:

True enough. Let's see what ol' Squiddley has to say.

With the house lights back on, Cayle's making his way down the ramp, slapping hands as he goes. He's dressed casually and now has the FIST resting over his shoulder.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen please welcome the FIST of DEFIANCE... CAAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

Murray reaches the bottom, slides the gold inside, then rolls under the ropes himself. He eventually clammers to his feet, hoisting the title triumphantly.

DDK:

It was another successful defence at Acts of DEFIANCE, but with this war set to conclude in the most miserable way imaginable, you've got to wonder what Cayle has on his mind.

The hubbub eventually dies down. Cayle has Quimbey's mic, and the mood is a little more subdued than usual (because of course it is).

Cayle Murray:

DEFIANCE...

He pauses, looking to the floor.

Cayle Murray:

Is dying.

Hushed silence from the crowd.

Cayle Murray:

And it's because of WrestleUTA.

Now, a furore. The mere mention of the promotion sends *everyone* into a frenzy.

Angus:

Motherfuggin' gorrampiecesofshitcunts...

Cayle Murray:

I'm as hurt as everyone, believe me. This is my home. The UTA may have brought me back to America in 2015, but DEFIANCE is the place that let me be *ME*, and when my former employers "invaded," I stood my ground as firm as *anybody*.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

There'll be a time for eulogising, but this is not it. *No*. This is DEFtv 97. We have four more shows to go, and I'm gonna do everything in my goddamn power to ensure that not only do we go down swinging, but we take a few of those punks with us!

A cheer from the crowd, whose spirits are rising.

Cayle Murray:

Respect, sportsmanship, decorum - this sport is built on these things, but WrestleUTA deserve *none* of them. Not anymore. Now? All bets are off, and I promise, from the bottom of my battered, beaten heart, that I will run myself into the *ground* to see that DEFIANCE gets the send-off it deserves.

More cheers. Louder.

Cayle Murray:

So this goes out not only to you, Faithful, but to everyone back there in the locker-room. If you're gonna sit on the sidelines and take it easy through all this, if you think the fight is over, if you *give up*... you might as well get the hell out now. Show me your heart. Show me your *PASSION*. Stand up. **DEFY**.

Angus:

Fuck. Yes.

Cayle Murray:

WrestleUTA may have won the war, but these final battles belong to us. For seven goddamn months I have fended off UTA's biggest, baddest, and boldest. Kendrix. David Hightower. Felton Bigsby. Chris Ross. Jay Harvey. Jack Harmen. Each of them came, and each of them fell...

He pulls the FIST off his shoulder again, holding it up.

Cayle Murray:

There are *four* shows left. WrestleUTA, send me everything you've got, because I *PROMISE*, they only way you're taking *this* is if you pluck it from my cold, dead hands...

WHACK!

The boo's come in a frenzy as from the crowd, Mikey Unlikely snuck into the ring with a steel chair and lands it square in the back of the FIST. Mikey in a full suit stares down at Cayle whos on his face on the mat. Mikey brings the chair up again and slams it down on Cayle's back once more as he tried to get up. The crowd boo's again.

DDK:

This is terrible! Mikey just snuck in and took out the Champion!

Angus:

Motherfuggin' gorrampiecesofshitcunts...

Mikey throws the chair down and yells something at it but it's inaudible. He turns back to the FIST of DEFIANCE and yells again, this time the camera picks it up.

Mikey Unlikely:

Fuck it! Fuck this! I'm tired of messing around, I'LL DO IT MYSELF! CAYLE YOU HAVE ME TO DEAL WITH NOW!

Mikey's face is red with anger.

DDK:

While WrestleUTA may have won the war... it looks like Mikey has one more battle to fight with DEFIANCE.

Fade on Mikey leaving the ring. For once, he doesn't have anything to say to the people.

BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE vs. THE GUNS OF BRIXTON

Cut to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland at the commentary table.

DDK:

Quite the statement from the FIST of DEFIANCE. It is truly a sad day in DEFIANCE and in Pro Wrestling... But as they say Angus -

Angus: [snifflin]

Two tears in a bucket, fuck it?

DDK:

What ... ? No ... the SHOW must go on! And with that in mind, LET'S GO to the RING!

Cut Brutal Attack Force in the ring the Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, already in the ring ... from the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, and Austin, Texas ... respectivley. At a combined weight of three hundred and ninety pounds ... Petey Garrett, Solmon Grendal ... The BRUUUTAAAAALLL ATTTACKK FOOOOOOOOORCE!!!

DDK:

This will be the first time we've seen either of these teams since they some how ... fell into league with Reaper Co and became ... well ...

Angus:

Part of the Rainbow Coalition ...

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents; from London, ENGLAND ... At a combined weight of Four hundred and forty five pounds ... Nigel King, Henry Rose ... THE GUNS of BRIXXXXXXTON!!!

The Guns appear on the rampway and make there way down to the ring slowly. The look like brand new men, fresh and ready to get back to stomping the faces of folks the like of Brutal Attack Force.

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go! Showcasing some of the best and brightest from BRAZEN!

Angus:

Have you ever attended one Brazen event, Keebs?

Nigel King and Solomon Grendal start off this tag team bout. The pair lock up and struggle for a moment before breaking up once realizing it's a stalemate. They attempt it a second time and Nigel King manages to turn it into a side standing headlock. Solomon Grendel forces the pair into the ropes and shoots King off across the ring. On the return the pair meet with dueling Shoulder blocks and neither man budes. They jaw each other for a moment before Nigel King hauls off and slams a forearm into Solomon's head. Solomon is stunned but not downed. King follows up quickly with an irish whip sending his opponent into the neutral corner. Rushing in behind him he is caught off guard with a back elbow from Solomon and King is the first to fall the the matt.

Solomon lays in a few strikes while King attempts to get back to his feet before again sending King into the ropes and placing his boot directly on the forehead of King. Solomon pulls King up from the matt and decides to go back to well again with another big boot.

Angus:
King ducks!

DDK:
Hooks him! Big T-Bone suplex!!

Garrett hits the ring for retribution but is quickly dumped the outside as Henry Rose enters as well. The recovering Solomon takes a powder and the pair of Brutal Attack Force attempt to regroup on the outside as the Guns of Brixton pose and boast inside the ring.

Benny Doyle insists Rose take his place on the ring apron as Petey Garrett does the same, while Solomon slowly reenters the ring. The match gets back underway as King tags in Rose who goes after Solomon. The two start to shoot it out until Solomon gets the advantage beating Rose down to his knees. Solomon, again, sends his opponent into the ropes with an Irish Whip.

DDK:
REVERSAL! Grendel off the ropes ... HUGE power slam!

Again Garrett rushes the ring and draws in Nigel King. The two on two begins as Doyle attempts to maintain order. The results are the same before the Guns come out on top sending Brutal Attacks for back to the outside to regroup.

Angus:
Jesus, take away these guys ability to shut the lights off and they got nothing!

As BAF renters the ring, Garrett stops Solomon from engaging Rose and demands he be tagged in. Solomon obliges. Once in the ring, Garrett insist that Rose tag King back in. He seems pretty sure of himself and this decision.

DDK:
I don't know if this is the best move. Solomon, though bested a time or two has been holding his own pretty well against both of the Guns. Garrett has simply been a distraction at this point.

Rose feigns to tag in King and instead knocks Garretts block off. This draws in Solomon, who is stopped by Benny Doyle. While Solomon is held up half way in the ring. Rose hosits up Garrett for a piledriver and King comes off the top rope to spike it.

Angus:
Holy shit! Now that's BRAZEN!

Doyle spins around at the sound of the impact and King takes off toward Solomon as he steps in the ring. He nails a huge clothesline that sends both of them up and over and down to the floor as Doyle hits the mat for the count.

DDK:
Cover.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:
And you winners ... The GUUUUUUUNNNNS OF BRIXXXXXXXXXTON!!!

Henry Rose gets up and has his hand raised as Nigel King returns to the ring for the same treatment. Doyle raises both of their hands while a bitter Solomon retrieves his partner by the ankle, pulling him from the ring to sulk back up the rampway.

DDK:

Well, it may be the end of days here and DEFIANCE and BRAZEN but - we plan to bring you incredible action just like that until the FAT LADY SINGS!

Angus:

You shouldn't refer to Mushiagara like that, Keebs. I'ma tell him.

DDK:

What ... ? Anyway, this is just the start folks!

Cut to elsewhere.

SUPER SMASH BROS.

DDK:

Good evening, DEFIANCE fans, and coming up next we're going to be hearing a few words from Team HOSS. Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great have been campaigning since their return to DEFIANCE a few months ago, but at every turn, they had No Justice, No Peace breathing down their necks.

Angus:

That was until The Fuse Bros. helped put those damn DEFectors out of their misery!

DDK:

That they did! On defiancewrestling.com, Team HOSS made a promise to address the new champs, Scott Stevens and Kendrix...

Angus:

Ugh.

DDK:

No doubt Team HOSS has...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

Eeep. They aren't even waiting to be introduced.

The crowd gives a nice ovation as the two massive DEFIANCE starts make their way out from the back. Angel looks pissed while Aleczander stands next to him, equally so. Both men have on a pair of matching new DEFIANCE t-shirts with "WAIT FOR IT... " on the front. They turn their back to the camera to show off the back...

Angus:

"HOSSOME!" Good lord, please tell me they're gonna merc Stevens and Kendrix and take those Tag Titles...

DDK:

Angel Trinidad and Aleczander the Great were victorious alongside The Fuse Bros. to take out No Justice No Peace, no doubt looking to finally move forward.

Angel LEAPS onto the ring apron and then steps over the ropes while Aleczander rolls underneath them to make his way inside. Aleczander shakes his hand before they arrive in the ring. The music fades out quietly as the crowd starts a chant.

"HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!"

Angel Trinidad is the first to speak as he pulls out a microphone from his shirt.

Angel Trinidad:

Fuck DEFIANCE? Fuck DEFIANCE? No, Scott Stevens and Kendrix... FUCK. YOU.

The crowd goes NUTS as Angel paces the ring.

Angel Trinidad:

You guys think that you're hot shit and the greatest tag team of all time because you jumped the Reapers?

Aleczander The Great takes the microphone and laughs.

Aleczander The Great:

Mates, you're cocky pricks... and that's coming from me. With a straight face! Granted, mate, it's like a handsome, chiseled, manly face that's had more box on it than a UPS warehouse...

Angel tries hard hard not to laugh at that one and looks serious, but Aleczander continues.

Aleczander The Great:

But here's the thing, mates: you can't damn well call yourselves the greatest tag team champions all time when you haven't even defended the thing...

Angel takes the microphone back.

Angel Trinidad:

And you DAMN sure haven't beaten us... you know, Team HOSS. two thirds of the best Trios champs of all time and made those belts MAIN EVENT material. So maybe you shouldn't be worrying about Cayle Murray, Stevens, and not worry about how Unlikely's ass tastes, Kendrix. Maybe you should be worrying about...

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

Strobelights and a spotlight fell upon the entrance ramp. Standing dead center, golden monocle and Fake-mani three piece was The D. He flashes his trademarked grin, as a swarm of paparazzi flood him on either side. Klein steps out last, keeping his distance from the flashing leech like fireflies. The D parts the sea of parazzi as they rush backstage, and Klein quickly saunters up to his side.

The D:

Yes. Precisely. Scott Stevens should be worried about PCP. Because we totally slipped him some... something... in his coffee. I mean, have you heard how weird he talks? Like, always? I AM A ROBOT. Yeah. That's totally us. We made him weirder than he should be. You're welcome.

Klein quickly taps the D's shoulder as the two make their way halfway down the entrance ramp.

The D:

Whattya mean I just admitted to a crime? It's wrestling. There's no crimes in wrestling. Shuddap. You talk too much. (to the ring) Listen, Team Hoss, we agree on one thing, FUCK THE UTAH. But see here, we've been fuckin' UTAH since before the Mormon's showed up. We're like, DEFIANCE Polygamy in here.

The D climbs up the ring steps with confidence. Klein shadows him as they both climb into the ring.

The D:

We kicked Mikey Unlikely out of DEFIANCE in humiliation. We made JFK HUMBLE son. And yet, we've been on the sidelines all this time. Hell, I don't remember the last time I've felt a high five... It's like people have forgotten we've held those shiny tag team titles so long we can recognize them underneath a blacklight. So if ANYONE gets a shot to take out Not Mikey and REALLY not Mikey, it's the SEG.

The D and Klein step toward Team HOSS, chests puffed. The crowd boos the mere mention of the SEG but then switch to cheers at this confrontation. This does not deter and only inflames Team HOSS, who want to HOSS around with Klein. The four men look ready to fight...

♪ "Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 ♪

The Faithful erupt again. Out shoots Conor Fuse, almost ahead of his stoic and determined brother, Tyler. Both are

dressed in their ring gear as they move towards the chaos in the ring. Tyler marches down the ramp while Conor pops up and down behind him, slapping some hands along the way.

Already a mic in hand, Tyler speaks while getting in the squared circle.

Tyler Fuse:

With all respect to the four of you, my brother and I also deserve a shot at the Tag Team Championships.

Conor Fuse:

Tag Team *Achievements*, dear brother! *Achievements*!

Tyler glances over at Conor who just smiles back.

Tyler Fuse:

We helped rid DEFIANCE of the No Justice, No Peace. One small part of the UTA Fireflies *infection* is... gone.

Conor starts clapping while Tyler becomes more intense. The D turns to Klein and whispers "Who?"

Tyler Fuse:

Others such as Resident Evil, Grand Theft Auto and, as mentioned, Mass Effects, have also fallen from the wayside.

Again, the D turns to Klein and asks "What?"

DDK:

Um, not sure who he means there...

Angus:

[without missing a beat] Crimson Lord, Chris Ross and The Reapers. I've brushed up.

DDK:

Uhh, okay thanks.

Tyler Fuse:

UTA is fading. They are running out of lives. The DEFIANCE system is also coming to a close. As a result, The Fuse Bros. should be right there with Team HOSS and PCP.

Tyler walks over to all parties involved. There's some head-nodding and mutual respect between the groups, yet also a small rivalry building between who is the best. Eventually, Angel speaks up.

Angel Trinidad:

Look, guys... one thing the six of us can all agree on is that the DEFIANCE World Tag Team titles BELONG in DEFIANCE! So how about this...

Angel pauses. Klein notices the camera ringside and waves cheerily into it.

Angel Trinidad:

Three of the best DEFIANCE has to offer... Us versus The Fuse Bros. versus The PCP's... TONIGHT?! The winner gets the next shot at the belts?

That's music to the ears of the Faithful! The crowd pops as Tyler and Conor nod. Klein gets a bit concerned but the D is there to calm him down.

Tyler Fuse:

We're ready to play.

Conor Fuse:

Let's do it! Unlock the Three-Way Achievement!

The D and Aleczander The Great (in unison):

Unlocked many times!

The two look a bit perturbed by that twist... then high-five like good bros. Maybe even Eskimo Bros. The D feels reinvigorated by the high five, and then only gets slightly more serious about the proposal.

The D:

Game on like Donkey Kong.

Klein starts making Donkey Kong noises and gestures right behind him and the crowd pops at the match made for later! Aleczander then turns to Angel and then back to the others.

Aleczander The Great:

See you later tonight, mates and just remember... tonight's winner is gonna be HOSSSS...

The D and Tyler Fuse (in unison):

US!

Aleczander The Great:

...OOOOOMMMMEEEE!

The three teams stare at one another before offering their hands in respect. They each depart the ring and head back up the ramp.

DDK:

WOW! Not one team, but THREE competing for a shot at the titles!

Angus:

I may be a bit partial to Team HOSS smashing and PCPs partying but I'll take literally ANY DEF team over those UTAH hacks!

DDK:

And that match will be, I'm told... TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT!

THE JAY HARVEY VS. ELISE ARES

DDK:

The next match is a rematch of the great contest from ACTS of DEFIANCE, where it appeared Elise Ares had Jay Harvey beat until Catalina got involved at ringside. Tonight she's challenged Jay Harvey to a rematch, and hopefully we'll finally get a resolution to their issues without other parties getting involved.

Angus:

Well like most things, Keebs, the issue was almost resolved with The D before he was caught sticking his head in where it didn't belong.

DDK:

You had to go there didn't you?

Angus:

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just talking about how Carla Ferrari rejected Klein and took a firm Anti-The D stance before sending him back the way he came.

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

The sounds of sirens forces the crowd to their feet as pink and purple lights tilt at the entrance in all directions. Immediately the silhouette of a woman appears in the lights, walking out into the arena with trademark swag and her left handed being held inside of her right. Elise Ares grimaces as she greets the fans, but immediately turns it into an over-confident smirk. Her brown eyes hidden behind LED sunglasses that read "THE" and "END" before they're ripped off with her right hand and thrown to the ground before she poses with her arms behind her head for the adoring fans.

DDK:

That left hand is heavily taped, Angus. We had heard reports that she had several dislocated fingers at the end of her match against Harvey, and although they can be popped back into place it's still very painful. Even after a period of time there is still a lot of pain involved, and you have to think Harvey is going to target them again.

Angus:

She should've won with her fingers broken, Keebs! Now that they've had a little time to heal, I don't think it's the injury that she should be worried about, it's keeping that bitch at ringside out of the match. She tried to neutralize him with PCP at ACTS of DEFIANCE, but Carla wasn't having it.

DDK:

And it looks like they're going to have Carla again here tonight. You have to wonder if she's learned from her mistake and will let PCP be out here at ringside, or if she's just going to throw Catalina out on the spot to try and keep this one a singles match.

Elise makes a motion to cut her music and it works. Quickly a microphone is ran to her by a member of the crew as she stands at the entrance, she holds it with her right hand as her eyes dart back and forth trying to find the best camera angle. It doesn't take long. I mean, she's an "award winning" actress after all. Yeah?

Elise Ares:

Don't worry guys, I look good from every angle.

The crowd cheers as Elise appears to be adjusting her hair with her own reflection from the camera lens.

Elise Ares:

So last time I was out here in front of you all, THE Jay Harvey pulled out all the stops he needed to in order to beat me. He tried to break my fingers. He tried to knock me unconscious. He tried to "out wrestle" me, but like I'm assuming happens most nights... THE Jay Harvey couldn't get the job done by himself. Catalina had to do a little extra to satisfy their needs.

The crowd responds with an “Ooooooh” as she covers her mouth.

Elise Ares:

But I get it, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do... but I'm at a bit of a disadvantage because my boys are a little busy tonight, so I have an idea. Since we've already figured out who the real threat in that relationship is, I'll make it easy on you. Why don't you send Catalina out here... and I can give you guys matching broken noses before sending you back to the Church of Latter Day Fakes. I'll beat her, then I'll beat you, and then I can get back to what's really important in my life... and that's beating Jack Harmen back into semi-retirement.

Cheers rain down on the former Tag Team Champion like a serenade as she tosses the microphone in the air behind her. Shaking her hips back and forth, she takes a few steps towards the ring where Carla summons her with a finger to let her know she's wasting her time.

DDK:

We're just now being told with the no 1 contendership later tonight, the other two members of PCP backstage are busy preparing for their big match.

Angus:

So Elise is out here all alone, ready to face Jay Harvey AND Catalina? That's gotta give the edge to the mormon population.

CRACK!

Out of nowhere, Elise Ares is ambushed from behind with a steel chair, crumpling her down to the cold entranceway. With the dented chair obscuring the face of the assailant, the chair is lowered to reveal a wide eyed devilishly smiling Jack Harmen. The DEFIANCE crowd immediately begins to boo, as Harmen laughs dismissively.

Harmen grabs Elise up by her hair and rams her into the steel sturdy foundation posts of the DEFiatron. He smashes her head repeatedly into the post, causing her to lean onto it in exhausted. Harmen backs up, and raises his hands in a devil horned train motion.

And charges, NAILING Elise with a Locomotive (charging Yakuza Kick), sandwiching her head against the large DEFiatron post.

DDK:

This attack is just brutal Angus! DEFsec! Where are you!?

As Elise tumbles in a heap, Jack Harmen reaches behind his back and proceeds to take out a microphone, and... some scissors.

DDK:

Oh God. Don't.

Angus:

She's like Samson!

Harmen reaches down, grabbing Elise by her hair. He digs his knee into Ares' back as he holds her there, and takes a large SNIP of her hair. He throws her face down onto the ramp, and gets off, holding his hand with her strand of hair clumped inside. He then raises the microphone.

Jack Harmen:

You wanna distract me during the biggest match I've had in a year?! How DARE you Rick Roll me!

Harmen just takes a stomp onto Elise, as the DEF crowd begins to chant “Rick Rolled!”

Jack Harmen:

Shut up! You want a match with me Elise so badly?! Then you've got ONE recourse. Put up the thing most important to you!

Harmen raises the clump of hair in his hands.

Jack Harmen:

Your hair!

Harmen throws the microphone down onto the fallen Elise, as the microphone thuds off her. Harmen just leaves, without saying another word.

DDK:

Angus, can you imagine Elise Ares... bald?!

Angus:

Maybe if she were a lesbian Keebs.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

Or if she had cancer.

DDK:

Stop!

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE RIGHT...

The scene opens to a scowling Mikey Unlikely backstage. The live crowd boo's loudly as his mug covers the DEFIAtron. Mikey is looking at something and slowly the camera turns to see most of the WrestleUTA roster standing before him in a large group. Behind Mikey, Dan Ryan leans against the cinder block wall. Everyone waits with bated breath.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is completely, and utterly unacceptable!

He uses his arms to convey his point, but it's very exaggerated.

Mikey Unlikely:

For months now we've been waging a war that should already be over! We've climbed the highest mountain and we've done nothing once we got there! Here we sit....at what should be WrestleUTA on Hulu, and instead it's DEFIANCE TV 97! THIS IS EGREGIOUS!

He runs his hands through his gel covered hair, before realizing his mistake and wiping it on the inside of his suit jacket.

Mikey Unlikely:

David Hightower...

He moves over to Jamie Sawyers and David.

Mikey Unlikely:

You were supposed to go in there, and bring me that title! THE FIST! What happened!?

Jamie Sawyers goes to talk, but he's cut off quickly by Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

NO EXCUSES! Scott Stevens! You were SOOOOO CLOSE!

He moves over to the highly decorated (at this point) Scott Stevens.

Mikey Unlikely:

You got him down, and had him down long enough. Unfortunately you couldn't do it before the bell rang! WHAT THE HELL MAN!?

Stevens looks down, knowing whatever he says will only set off Mikey further.

Mikey Unlikely:

Jack Harman! You took Cayle to the limit. You had him on the ropes, you had the FIST within your grasp... and you let it go!

He looks over at Harman but doesn't move across the room to him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I have to do what we all came here to do, and I just learned the old lesson.... If you want a job done right, you have to do it yourself! WELL I'M GOING TO DO IT MYSELF! Each and everyone of you has ONE MORE chance to prove to me you have what it takes to be a part of the future of WrestleUTA. Anyone else embarrasses me, and you're outta here!

He lets it sink in for a minute.

Mikey Unlikely:

Meeting adjourned! Fall out!

The large mass of people fall away, until theres only a few left. Dan Ryan hangs back and Mikey moves over to him, looking at him from below. Raising a finger to his chest...

Mikey Unlikely:

...And you! It's time for you to come through on your half of the deal... I'm done with the waiting...

Dan Ryan looks down at Mikey, slowly pushes his finger off his chest...

Dan Ryan:

Count on it!

Dan Ryan saunters out of the room, as Mikey eyes him suspiciously.

Kendrix walks over behind Mikey and stands over his shoulder. He nods and looks towards Dan Ryan as well.

Kendrix:

I don't know about that one bruv, he's all cloak and dagger!

Mikey brushes it off, and finally snaps out of it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nevermind him, he knows what his role in this is. What about you?

JFK looks taken aback.

Kendrix:

Me!? I've got it down!

Unlikely looks relieved.

Mikey Unlikely:

Good I'm glad to hear it, now about the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles...

Kendrix smiles wide.

Kendrix:

Already handled! I gave my belt to Stevens!

Mikey looks confused.

Mikey Unlikely:

GAVE it? Like you don't want it?

JFK laughs.

Kendrix:

Nah, Bruv, I've been there, done that, bought the Tshirt... The awesome Hollywood Bruvs DEF Tag Team Champions Shirt, innit! That said, i've got a better plan for me...

Mikey looks cynical and a little bit flustered until JFK tells him what that plan is.

Kendrix:

I'm going to the get the HOHER back bay bay! Frappes' and Heritage Titles all around!

Slowly a smile begins to form near the edge of Mikey's mouth. JFK puts his arm around his best bruvs shoulder.

Kendrix:

Breathe Mikey, we're going to win this thing yet!

The scene fades.

I AM THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

As we slowly go from commercial break we fade to the center of the ring where we see everyone's favorite Texan, Scott Stevens, dressed to the nines in a custom tailored suit and black sunglasses standing in it next to a table with something under a cover. However, Stevens' fashion isn't the most stylish thing about him as he is dripping in gold from head to toe as he has two championships around his waist and his FDC trophy under his arm. A cheeky smile comes across his as he slowly places his trophy onto the table and opens up his jacket and reaches inside to pull out a microphone as he slowly hits it several times to make sure it's on but mostly to piss the crowd off.

Scott Stevens:

Hello DEFIANCE Filth.

Stevens says drawing the usual hatred from the faithful with chants and other vulgar remarks.

Scott Stevens:

Would you kiss your mother with that mouth.....on second thought, I'm sure you would looking at all you toothless, inbred hicks in the audience here tonight.

The already amped crowd turns even more vulgar as they chant in unison.

Crowd:

FUCK YOU STEVENS!

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

Stevens smiles and takes a deep breath that almost seems orgasmic to him.

Scott Stevens:

Music to my ears.

The Texan says joyfully before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

You hate because even in that peanut sized brains you know that since I have arrived everything I have been preaching has been true.

The crowd boos.

Scott Stevens:

No?

Stevens looks around the arena feigning surprise.

Scott Stevens:

Wrestle UTA has dominated since day one, but mostly importantly, I HAVE DOMINATED!

Stevens says with authority as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

Now, we may have hit a small snag at Acts of DEFIANCE, but I prevented the clean sweep as I brought home the gold just like I always do!

Stevens yells as he points to the two championships around his waist.

Scott Stevens:

Gaining an extra forty pounds as never looked this good, am I right?

Stevens says jokingly to the ire of the crowd.

Scott Stevens:

Kendrix and I vowed to dominate and capture these titles and that's what we did. However, after we won these we felt a stinch on ourselves that wouldn't go away no matter how many times we showered or took cleaner and polish to them. There was always that smell of second best about them and when you're from UTAH second best doesn't cut it and there was only one thing we could do to solidify our status as the most dominate tag team in the world as the.....

Stevens says as he moves towards the end of the table and pulls the cover off revealing.....

Scott Stevens:

UTA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!!!!!!!!!

Stevens shouts with glee as he starts to take the DEFIANCE championships around his waist off and place them on the table.

Scott Stevens:

Beautiful aren't they?

Stevens asks as the crowd answers with boos.

Scott Stevens:

Now, I know all of you are wondering and asking where is JFK, and well he's in the same place he has been after he was shot in Dallas and that's dead and buried.

Stevens says with a chuckle.

Scott Stevens:

In all seriousness, Kendrix basically took a big steaming crap on your company's tag titles and decided to move onto bigger and better things by trying to win the Southern Heritage Championship from Scott Douglas and do you blame him? I don't.

Stevens says as he slowly shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

When you dominate and decimate the supposed most feared tag team that this company has to offer it leaves less to desire in terms of competition. Kendrix gave me his blessing and his half of the UTA tag championship to defend with by saying, "Oi, you got it bruv. No two can defeat you!"

Stevens says in his best Kendrix impersonation.

Scott Stevens:

So from this point forward you filth can acknowledge me as Scott Stevens, The TRUE FIST of DEFIANCE, your one man wrecking crew, and your Wrestle UTA Tag Team Champions.

The crowd boos loudly.

Scott Stevens:

Don't worry though, I'll still continue to wear these other championships as a reminder to everyone here in this audience and everyone in the back that UTA is better than you, and that I am better than you. I mean I can always use them as a coaster for my beer or use the fine leather it's made from when I run out of toilet paper or if my butt itches. The sky's the limit with what I can use them for.

The crowd's hate grows even more louder as the Texan continues his disrespect of DEFIANCE but now their tag championship.

Scott Stevens:

Speaking of being better.

Stevens tone changes from jokingly to serious as he begins to take off his sunglasses and looks directly towards the camera.

Scott Stevens:

Cayle Murray.

The crowd cheers loudly at the name.

Scott Stevens:

You and I have unfinished business boy. I've challenged you and I still get no response back from you. I get it that you're scared because if I was in your shoes I'd be scared too knowing that your looking at the man dripping with more gold in this company's history. I am the only man to be the holder of tag championships from two wrestling companies single-handedly. Grown men that are hardly boys, like yourself, can't claim that. I defeated you fair and square in the middle of the ring so I have another championship added to my already DEFIANCE Hall of Fame resume that would make ultimate dragons roar with pride and King Midas jealous with envy. Hell, I am King Midas!

The crowd boos loudly and Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

You idiots can boo all you want but the fact remains I am better than your hero Cayle Murray, and I'm going to prove it again.....

Stevens says with a pause as he grins.

Scott Stevens:

On the next DEFTv Cayle, it's put up or shut up time for you. You want to prove you are the true Fist of DEFIANCE than all you have to do is defeat me in the center of the ring and prove you are the rightful and undisputed Fist of DEFIANCE champion, but you and I both know you can't beat me!

Stevens says sternly as he slowly pauses before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

That's next show. Tonight, I want a piece of Gage Blackwood.

The crowd cheers at the potential matchup tonight.

Scott Stevens:

You think you're some kind of bad ass taking out Chris Ross? Well, I'm here to return the favor by taking you out tonight!

The crowd cheers even louder and chant Gage's name.

Scott Stevens:

Blackwood, it's nut check time because after tonight you're going to regret what you did to Chris, but most of all you're going to regret ever stepping into the same ring as me.

Stevens says as he tosses the mic down and collects his gold before being escorted out of the ring by the FDS.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

DDK:

Next up we have Gage Blackwood vs. Scott Stevens. Stevens specifically asked for this match. Blackwood took out Chris Ross and now UTAH is determined to take out Gage.

Angus:

As things, sadly, wind down... there's not much time left for anyone to be taken out. So I expect things to get way too serious, way too quick.

DDK:

[almost surprised by Angus' comment] Uhh yeah, I agree.

Quimbey:

This next match is for one fall. Introducing first, from Houston, Texas, one half of the Tag Team Champions... Scott Stevens!

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

There is no #FUCKDEFIANCE security, not today. Perhaps showing just how cocky Scott Stevens is, he comes out by himself, both Tag Team Championships around his arms. Flipping off fans, pointing to his hastag t-shirt, it's the typical response from the UTA side.

Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland, Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Blackwood's trademark limp-out follows. He's pissed, but still more concerned than anything else. Taking out Chris Ross has put a clear target on his back, more than what was before. He acknowledges the fans a little and then slides into the ring.

DDK:

And typical for these two, we waste no time!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Gage locks up in a grapple with Stevens and instantly tosses him to the ground!

The fans cheer as Blackwood walks over to Stevens, who is now backtracking towards the corner. Blackwood stomps on Stevens a few times and then pulls him by his hair and throws him into the center of the ring. Upon walking over, he's met with a roll up by Stevens!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

DDK:

Almost got him!

Angus:

But that wouldn't have taken him *out*, so to speak. Stevens' might actually be happy Gage kicked out!

They both gain a vertical base. Blackwood and Stevens lock in another grapple but this time Stevens kicks Blackwood straight in the stomach. An Irish whip into the ropes and then a powerslam. Stevens gets up and screams "FUCK DEFIANCE!" into the crowd.

Scott Stevens:

I'm glad this place is fucking dead.

Stevens' comments get Angus a little heated as you can hear him muttering away from his microphone. Meanwhile, Scott throws Gage into the turn buckle and upon return nails a clothesline.

Now he starts pummeling Blackwood with right hands. However, the Scot is able to break away and throw Stevens to the side of the ring.

DDK:

Gage with a dropkick! Now a hurricanrana into a fury of left hands!

Angus:

Get that jackass!!

Blackwood tosses Stevens into the ropes and lowers his head. It's telegraphed by Stevens who plants a knee to it and then another clothesline to the canvas. Stevens perches himself on the second rope and comes off once Gage gets to his feet.

DDK:

Blackwood ducks the right forearm! He spins Stevens around and a lifting DDT!

Gage considers a cover, but goes into the ropes instead. He looks for a springboard pe kick, but Stevens rolls out of the way. As Blackwood draws near, Stevens gets a low blow in that the referee doesn't see.

Angus:

HEY~!

Next, Stevens rakes the eyes, spits on Blackwood (who can't see and is trying to hit him) and then kicks Gage in the stomach.

DDK:

POWERBOMB!

The much taller UTA talent stands over Blackwood with a smirk on his face. He lifts Gage up by his head, shouting UTA-related insults as he does.

DDK:

Jaw breaker by Gage!

The DEFIANCE wrestler rushes into the ropes but as he connects, it's clear he tweaks something. Definitely not 100% (nor when is he?), Blackwood stalls for just a split second.

It's enough time for Stevens to recover.

DDK:

Big boot by Stevens!

Next a backdrop!

Then an off-the-ropes big splash!

Finally, lifting him up...

DDK:

TOXIC STING--

Angus:

NO! Blackwood slips out of it!

Gage goes into the ropes, looking for the double high knee take-out, his finisher, The Gaelic Storm, but Stevens finds him once again.

DDK:

Quick powerslam into a cover!!

Angus:

He's got the tights! REF HE HAS THE TIGHTS!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

Quimbey:

Your winner of this match... Scott Stevens!

The Faithful boo, but because Stevens clearly didn't inflict enough damage he doesn't stop. He's hammering away on Gage Blackwood. Mercilessly sending right hands upon his skull.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Stevens connects with a Toxic Sting.

DDK:

And another Toxic Sting!

Angus:

Dear Jesus...

The theme song cuts for the bell to ring again.

DING DING DING DING DING

Stevens has gone mad.

Scott Stevens:

Time to take *YOU* out...

Just about to set Blackwood up for the Moral Compass and...

The Faithful erupt.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Angus:

OSU!!!!

DDK:

And here comes The God-Beast, ready to help his friend out!

Mushigihara sprints (or as much as a big man like him can) to the ring. Stevens sees this and knowing he has a FIST match in his future and both of the Tag Team Championships to take care of, he isn't able to hit the Moral Compass on Blackwood. Instead, he just spits on him again, gives one last kick and gets TF out and into the crowd, forgetting his tag belts in the process.

The God Beast rolls into the ring and takes one knee to check on Blackwood. Then he lifts his head and shouts...

Mushigihara:

OSU~!!

DDK:

Well, this is clearly far from over.

Angus:

But I think Gage is done, Keebs. He might have finished off Chris Ross, but it's pretty clear he has nothing left. But hey... at least he got one of them right?

PERSONALITAS INORDINATIO

DDK:

Well, coming up next, we're going to be hearing the first words from the NEW WrestleUTA World Champion, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

Angus:

I still can't believe that crazy Kiwi pulled it off!

DDK:

Indeed he did, Angus! We understand we'll be hearing his next steps as to what he'll be doing with the title. And he's coming out right now!

♪"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, becoming the first man to DEFEAT Crimson Lord and win the WrestleUTA World Title, bringing it over to DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Here he comes!

Indeed, Burns looks a bit worse for wear from his battle with Crimson Lord, but a few weeks removed allows most of the wounds to heal. He has on tape on his left shoulder, but otherwise looks well enough... also, the FIFTEEN (maybe) pounds of gold around his waist now.

Quimbey:

Please welcome to the ring... the NEW WrestleUTA World Champion... OSCAR BURNS!

Burns enters the ring and the music comes to a close. Before he can get anything out, the crowd cuts him off.

"BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!"

Burns looks genuinely taken aback by the chorus of Burnsie chants, and then smiles.

Oscar Burns:

Seriously, mates, thank you for that. This... this was months of taking beatdowns from that lunatic. Time and time and time and time and time and time...[stops to take an exaggerated breath] ...and time again, Crimson Lord denied me, but then went out of his way to beat me down. Well, mate... I took your best and well...

He motions to his waist.

Oscar Burns:

...I took the UTA World Title from you, GC!

The crowd pops major and indeed, you can even hear Angus let out a loud noise.

Angus:

YYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

Oscar Burns:

I'm not going to take too much time for two reasons... the first being you all didn't pay to see me flap my gums, mates. The second thing being I was asked what I'd be doing with this belt now that I won it... and that's like any other title you earn in this business. You FIGHT to get one of these bad boys around your waist and you FIGHT even hard to keep it!

Burns adjusts the title around his waist.

Oscar Burns:

In fact... the scuttlebutt is that Mikey Unlikely wasn't too happy I walked off with his belt, so he's already lined up one of his UTA guys to try and take it from me. Well, GC... whatever you've got back there, come out here and try to take th...

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

Oscar looks to the entrance as he slowly lowers the microphone, almost shocked at the supposed opponent. The jeers rain as Crimson Lord steps from behind the curtain. Dressed in leather pants, with a silk button down shirt, with a leather jacket. His now shoulder length hair is slicked back showing a widows peak. His beard neatly trimmed about a inch off his body. He has black shades on.

DDK:

What a shock...Crimson could not sit by any longer.

Angus:

What a sore loser.

Crimson sporting a bandage over his head, a chest bandage can be seen a little from his chest. The swelling from the previous Uncut seems to have gone down it's just outlines the bandage now. The former champion slowly makes his way to the ring, with a clear noticeable limp in his step.

DDK:

The war these two went through at Acts of Defiance, Crimson tried everything he could to keep Oscar down but the determined New Zealander would not be denied the prize of the WrestleUTA Championship.

Angus:

Oscar wants to fight, but is he even able to fight somebody like Crimson Lord?

DDK:

Same could be said for Crimson Lord too Angus.

Crimson very gingerly tries to climb the steps, noticeable pain appears on his face with each steps he takes. He walks the apron Burns has not taken his eyes off of the former champion. Crimson steps between the second and top rope into the ring. He walks by Oscar, not taking his eyes off the champion. He stops in the corner and motions for a microphone from the ringside crew. He is handed one and he looks over his shoulder at Oscar running his hand over his hair brushing it behind him. He removes his sunglasses and puts them in a coat pocket. He slightly chuckles which some of it is picked up in the microphone.

Crimson Lord {MoP}:

You know, I could not stand back there and listen to you run your damn mouth anymore. You have something of mine.

Crimson Lord {Mr.Bloodwell}:

As much as I would like to take that championship from you Mr. Burns. Because of...{Plague} Mikey's boneheaded ideas about that championship, {Bloodwell} he has a clause in every title defense of that championship that the former champion can not invoke his rematch clause.

DDK:

Crimson can't get a rematch!?

Angus:

[Laughing] McFuckass screwed himself thats priceless!

The fans cheer loudly as Crimson looks out into the sea of Faithful rather disgusted with their response. He looks back at Oscar and points at him.

Crimson Lord {PoD}:

I hate these people, I hate the people in the back, and frankly I am not very fond of the great Mikey Unlikely either!

DDK:

That can't be good if your a WrestleUTA guy.

Angus:

This just keep getting better! They're starting to fall apart.

Crimson slowly with a limp walks up to Oscar and stares at him face to face.

Crimson Lord {PoD}:

I hate the clothes you wear, the way you talk, the way you wrestle, your blind allegiance to this shit-pond call DEFIANCE, frankly I hat..{Lucy} HI!

DDK:

Something clearly is not right with Crimson here Angus, his voice keeps changing.

Angus:

The guy has no clue who he is but who is he now?

Crimson's demeanor clearly is no longer aggressive, and more childlike. He looks out into the sea of fans in amazement.

Crimson Lord {Lucy}:

Wow, look at all the people.

DDK:

Ok this is getting bizzare he sounds like..

Angus:

A little girl, the hell?

Crimson looks at Oscar again, and notices the championship.

Crimson Lord {Lucy}:

JEWELIE!

Crimson reaches for the championship, only for Oscar to pull away. Crimson puts his index finger over his lips confused.

Crimson Lord {Lucy}:

Why does Jewelie want to be with you? By the way why are you all bandaged up?

DDK:

Ok this is trippy even Oscar is confused.

Angus:

Does he have a split personality or something?

Crimson Lord {Lucy}:

No, I would never do something like that...would I?

Oscar, approaches Crimson very cautiously.

Crimson Lord {Lucy}:

I am sooo sorry, the bad people did this to you.

Crimson swats Oscar's hand away and again changes his body language.

Crimson Lord {PoD}:

Hate you!

Oscar's eyes widen as the once childlike voice has quickly turn to a rasp cold voice. With a sneer toward him.

Crimson Lord {Weapon}:

But..

Once more Crimson is no longer in a aggressive stance, but a more relaxed stance, and his voice has yet again changed.

Crimson Lord {Weapon}:

We may be on different sides Oscar but after Acts of DEFIANCE you did something very few have done...

Crimson extends his hand to the champion, Burns clearly has no idea how to approach this and is really hesitant about it. He slowly extends his hand and the two shake to a nice pop from the faithful...until suddenly Crimson quickly removes his hand and looks disgusted with Oscar. His demeanor again has changed and now he looks like he is disgusted with Oscar even being in his presence. He slowly exits the ring still with that sour taste look at Oscar as he backtracks up the rampway.

DDK:

I... I'm not sure what to make of this... but the bottom line is that Crimson Lord isn't his opponent?

Angus:

I guess that's right, but who is?

Oscar continues to look bewildered for a moment before turning his attention to the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

Ya know... I... I think that bloke has a screw loose, don't you?

Sparse laughter from the crowd before Burns turns back to the entrance.

Oscar Burns:

Well... whoever wants a piece of me to try and take this title... I'll be having your guts for garters tonight, so bring it!

Burns hands over the title to the referee of the match, Benny Doyle, as he arrives in the ring. His opponent?

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross feat. Skrillex ♪

The hard-hitting track kicks through the PA system, and Theo Baylor immediately bursts through the curtain, all piss and vinegar! Right behind him is none other than Brother Lucius Owens. The rest of No Justice No Peace are nowhere to be found, but surely Baylor is looking to do right by the UTA

Angus:

JEEEEZUS! Look at the size of that bastard! And he's pretty angry.

DDK:

Theo Baylor looking to erase what happened at Acts of DEFIANCE when No Justice No Peace got beat by Team HOSS and The Fuse Bros!

Angus:

He's gonna wipe that smirk off Burns' face if Burns takes him lightly!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is for the WrestleUTA World Championship! Introducing the challenger...! From Los Angeles, California, he weighs in at 285lbs...

Theo shows the fans absolutely no regard as he powers down the ramp then charges into the ring, right for Oscar Burns...

OSCAR BURNS vs. THEO BAYLOR

DING DING DING

...As soon as the bell rings, Theo Baylor launches an all-out assault on the new champion by throwing a Double Leg, lifting him on his shoulders and then **SLAMMING** him viciously into the corner!

DDK:

Theo Baylor wanting to win his first major singles title as a member of the UTA Alliance!

Angus:

Gorram this guy! Why couldn't he be on our side?

As he ponders the question out loud, Owens yells at Theo to continue the beatdown on Burns so he does just that. He drives about three or four deliberately forceful Shoulder Thrusts in the corner and then throws Burns out of the corner. Burns is on his feet still, but not for long as Baylor comes running at him and trucks right over him with a big Shoulder Tackle!

DDK:

Baylor with the cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns gets the shoulder up and the crowd cheers, but Baylor is striking while the proverbial iron is hot and Burns may not even be at 100% for this match. He scoops up Burns and drills him down with a Body Slam that looks more like he's trying to put Oscar through the canvas. Theo picks him up, slams him down again and then follows that up with a gritty Elbow Drop aimed at the heart before going for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

No! Kiwi kicks out, but he's gotta stop trying to block those punches with his face!

Owens yells at Baylor to finish it and he nods before picking up Burns by his curly blonde hair. He sets him up for a Powerbomb and tries to take him down, but The Technical Spectacle rolls through and follows up with a Sunset Flip!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Baylor back up... NO! Burns shoves him into the ropes... Flying Leg Roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

Theo just barely makes the escape, but when Burns is back on his feet, he gets taken down just as quickly with a massive Clothesline! Theo almost stumbles over from the impact before leaning into the ropes and letting out a loud howl!

Burns is now rolling over trying to get the number of the cement truck that just hit him, but Baylor stays on the offensive. He picks up Burns and chucks him into the corner before mauling him with another big Corner Clothesline! Burns convulses from the impact just as Baylor backs up a step only to come back and connect with a second one! Just when it looks like he's gonna stop, The Technical Spectacle goes for the ride only to come back and get spiked with...

DDK:

Scoop Powerslam! That rattled the ring!

Angus:

Kick out, you goofy Kiwi!

After firmly planting Burns into the mat, Theo goes for the cover and the WrestleUTA World Title!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus

Rope a dope much?

Theo has already come close to winning the championship on several occasions, but Burns won't let him get the duke without a fight; something Theo is happy to beat him out of him with a few more Clubbing Forearms to the back! Burns is doubled over in pain as Theo waits now for The Technical Spectacle to turn around. He hoists him up and it looks like a Running Powerslam of some sort is up next...

DDK:

NO!

Burns slides out from the move last second and takes out Theo's leg with a Chop Block! Theo limps around and when it looks like Burns tries for a Dropkick, Theo covers up... but that's exactly what Burns wants because he fakes the Dropkick to the face, only to deliver one to the knee!

Angus:

Come on, Kiwi, make with that goofy graps stuff!

With Theo finally knocked off his game, Burns drives a shoulder into his gut to double him over and then fires an extra STIFF European Uppercut to rattle the jaw of Theo. He then tries to grab the same leg he just Dropkicked and try a Dragon Screw when Theo uses his free hand and shoves Burns away. He tries to go for a Big Boot when Burns ducks and his leg goes through the ropes... something that he doesn't want...

DDK:

DRAGON SCREW THROUGH THE ROPES! We've seen Burns use that before!

Indeed, he has used in on Crimson Lord and Mushigihara in the past and now the crowd is elated as Burns starts to head back into the ring and wait on the second rope. Theo is limping around and clutching his knee now in intense pain. When the big LA native turns around, he catches a Flying European Uppercut on the jaw!

The crowd rallies behind Burns as he waits for Theo to try and limp back to his feet. He grabs Theo by the body and looks like he's gonna try a German Suplex on the bigger man. Theo spins his body around to try and catch Burns with an elbow, but Burns ducks and suddenly snaps his head down with a DDT! Lucius Owens can't believe it on the outside!

Angus:

Theo was off to a hot start, but if you give Burns an opening, he can pick you apart!

DDK:

Exactly what he's doing now... and now he's going to the top rope?

Burns does indeed climb out to the apron and keeps an eye on Owens in case he tries something. He gets to the top and the crowd chants with him as he makes it up...

Burns AND The Crowd:

SWEET AS!

The Technical Spectacle leaps off the top rope and lands a Top Rope Knee Drop right to the leg!

DDK:

The Sweet As Knee Drop connects and now Burns has turned the tide? Can he keep the WrestleUTA World Title?

Burns does indeed try to go for some sort of Heel Hook when Lucius Owens suddenly climbs the ring apron. The Technical Spectacle pays him no mind and the distraction doesn't seem to work, but Theo frantically kicks him away. Burns just manages to stop himself from colliding with Owens, but leaves himself wide open...

DDK:

Theo with the cheap shot... and the Powerbomb!

Theo guts through the pain of his knee and catches Burns with a big Powerbomb, but he can't follow up! His leg is in too much pain right now and he clutches the knee that Burns has been so working over expertly. He then follows up with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH.. NO!

Angus:

Gorram it, too close for comfort!

Theo howls and he looks ready to end things. He is about to grab Burns and hoists him up for his key finisher, Welcome To LA...

DDK:

No! Burns clips the leg!

Burns kicks the leg out from under Theo again and when he tries to charge again...

Angus:

ROLLING HEEL HOOK! YES! THAT GRAPS OF WRATH THREE OR WHATEVER!

He surprises Theo Baylor with the Rolling Heel Hook and takes him down in the center of the ring! Burns cranks back extra tight on the submission hold in the middle of the ring.

Lucius Owens:

Don't you tap, damn it! Don't you tap, don't you tap!

The crowd is calling for it and Theo is trying his best to get out of Burns' submission finisher...

But no! Burns has it locked in tight...

TAP TAP TAP!

The crowd goes crazy!

The Technical Spectacle releases the hold instantly and rolls away from Theo Baylor, now rolling out of the ring and barely able to put any weight on the leg! The crowd cheers on Oscar as he is handed the WrestleUTA World Title.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match and STILL WrestleUTA World Champion... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

What a victory tonight for Burns! The UTA sent Theo Baylor out here to get at him, but the submission specialist pulls out another victory from the jaws of defeat. Burns is willing to take some of these beatings in order to win the long game and that's exactly what he did against Baylor tonight.

Angus:

AND he made Crimson Lord go batshit! I love this man!

Burns holds up the championship and pats the faceplate, showing off his winning hardware before pointing to the crowd and heading to the back.

THANK YOU

DDK:

Let's go to Lance on the ...

Darren trails off as Angus knocks his own headset off and gets up from the desk.

DDK:

Now, where the hell are you going?

Cut to the interview stage as Angus disappears behind the curtain on top of the stage. Lance Warner stands with a microphone in hand.

Lance Warner:

I'd like to welcome my guest at this time, the Southern Heritage Champion ...

The Faithful's roar begins slowly.

Lance Warner:

"Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

And then becomes unhinged.

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Douglas takes the interview stage from off camera and the theme dies down before the song really gets going. The Southern Heritage title, strapped around his waist peeks out from either side of his unzipped leather jacket. The Hollywood Heritage title is firmly gripped in his right hand and as neither title is truly on boastful display: The HoHer is certainly not the intended focus.

Lance Warner:

Scott with the new of DEFIANCE's closing ...

Angus enters from off camera as well and snatches the microphone from Lance, who can be heard protesting off mic as it's pulled from him. Douglas waits patiently, no real reaction to what is going on.

Angus:

I'll take it from here.

Lance holds his arms out with a confused shrug. Angus glares at him and responds through his teeth.

Angus:

Beat it, fucko!

Lance sulks off and Angus' demeanor changes on a dime as he turns to Douglas.

He's all smiles.

Angus:

Scotty, boy!

Douglas remains reactionless. Angus catches on a dial back the enthusiasm a bit.

Angus:

Ok, well ... on behalf of all of DEFIANCE ... I just want to congratulate you, once AGAIN! Not only for retaining the

Southern Heritage title at ACTS of DEFIANCE but ...

The Faithful musters a modest pop for result recaps.

Angus:

... but also snatching away McFuckasses false idol!

And they REALLY pop for any insult to Mikey's figurative injury. Angus grabs the HoHer title and raises it up with Douglas still gripping it. Angus basks in the applause and screams for a moment before Douglas pulls the HoHer loose from his grip, and let's his arm fall back by his side. The paying audience dies down and Angus continues to harp on the ladder match at ACTS.

Angus:

I mean ... honestly, the red carpet burrito - a thing of beauty, my friend.

Douglas says something off mic to Angus but it's isn't quite picked up. Angus tips the microphone toward him.

Douglas:

Do you need me out here for this?

Angus pulls back the microphone.

Angus:

YES! I am a broadcast profesional and I have some prepared questions for you -

Angus interrupts himself patting his pockets and subsequently checking them. When the front pockets turn up nothing he check the rear.

Angus:

I'm sure - they were ... *somewhere*.

The audiences gets a slight collective chuckle out of Angus' inability to find his broadcast professional notes. This carries on for a beat or two ... too long.

Angus:

Screw it! I'll just spitball it! Scott Douglas ...

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

DDK:

Oh no, Angus isn't going to like this.

Losing your prepared broadcast notes is one thing for Angus, but his face is a picture upon hearing the entrance music of Mikey Unlikely's Hollywood Bruv, Kendrix. Fair to say that Angus is not happy as Jesse Fredericks Kendrix appears from behind the curtain, dressed in ring pants and latest "JFK" super sexy merch that you should totally all buy right now..

DDK:

No fan fair, no pose from JFK as he makes his way straight toward the interview stage. Although, that cocky smirk is on show as always.

Affording himself a little chuckle, pointing over at both Angus and Douglas, Jesse removes a mic tucked at the back of his pants. The crowd boos rise louder and louder accompanying the raising of the mic to Jesse's mouth.

DDK:

I wonder what he's going to open with?

Angus:

OH NO! DON'T YOU DARE SAY IT, MCFUCKASS JUNIOR!

A huge pop echoes around the arena as JFK's cocky smile is wiped straight off his face and is replaced with a gawping, shocked open mouth following Angus' rather popular demand.

Angus:

FOR TWO YEARS, I'VE HAD TO SIT AND LISTEN TO THAT MOUTH OF YOURS RUN OVER AND OVER AND OVER. THIS ISN'T YOUR TIME, SHOW SOME DAMN RESPECT!

The crowd pop once more as Kendrix rather exaggeratingly blinks twice and shakes his head simultaneously in disbelief.

DDK:

Don't beat around the bush, Angus. Tell Kendrix what you really think of him... all bets are off now anyway!

Angus takes a step forward, feeding off the energy in the arena. Kendrix looks out and around confused at what's going on.

Angus:

So why don't you, turn your ass around and march straight back to Mcfuckass cause I'm sure he's missing you puckering up to his Hollywood Ass some more.

Kendrix takes a step back, gritting his teeth and shaking his head, his face turning red. He looks like he's ready to swing at Angus but Douglas takes a step forward alongside his interviewer for the night, which helps to stop Kendrix in his tracks and visibly calm down...unfortunately for everyone in the building, that smile is back.

Kendrix:

LISTEN, YEAH?!

DDK:

There it is.

Angus hangs his head back in exhaustion upon hearing those words, shaking his head from side to side and looking up at the heavens for divine intervention. Douglas does his best to console him as he pats him reassuringly on the back. Meanwhile Jesse soaks in the boos, chuckling to himself before focussing his attention back on Angus.

Kendrix:

You know, speaking of respect, Angy...

DDK:

Angy?

Angus' attention is brought back firmly down towards Kendrix now.

Kendrix:

JFK had to come out here and interrupt your feeble attempt at interviewing, bruv. Firstly, the fact that you interrupted poor Lance Warner is a disgrace, I mean, who even does that?!

DDK:

Your kidding me right, Kendrix interrupts Lance almost every week!

Jesse holds up two fingers, rather rudely in Angus' direction.

Kendrix:

And secondly, you actually need notes to remember what to ask Scotty here? So unprofessional, just like your commentary during a match that involves either me or Mikey. It's a mystery as to why you even have a job here anymore. But don't worry, because despite Scotty's rather lucky victory at Acts of Defiance...

BOOOOOOO!

He momentarily looks Scott dead in the eyes before returning his focus back on Angus.

Kendrix:

DEFIANCE is currently standing on the very thinnest of Ice and it won't be long until WrestleUTA runs you both out of town!

He steps right into Angus' face with that cocky smirk, Angus looks like he's ready to go right there and then until Douglas steps in front of him.

Kendrix:

JFK wondered when you were gonna chime in Scotty Pop. Go ahead, JFK's waiting for your thanks...

DDK:

What has Douglas got to thank Kendrix for?

Scott squints his eyes, having no idea what Kendrix is talking about.

Kendrix:

You know, for how I got rid of Reaper Co, the Kebal or whatever you want to call those freaks that terrorised you for ages. That's right, JFK took out those freaks in one night. Something you failed to do in about three years or something?!

Jesse steps back, with that arrogant grin before eyeing up and pointing at the HOHER title over Douglas' shoulder.

Kendrix:

You can start thanking me by giving back what doesn't belong to you, bruv!

Angus steps out from behind Douglas in protest.

Angus:

HEY, Hey ...

But he is interrupted by Douglas snatching away the microphone.

Douglas:

I suppose I could thank you ...

The audience groans at the thought.

Douglas:

You've ran off the Reapers ...

Mild pop as Kendrix smugly nods his head.

Douglas:

Jason Natas ...

Huge pop, while Kendrix shrugs his shoulders with that cocky grin etched across his face.

Douglas:

The DOC ...

Even bigger pop as Kendrix prods his chest with his index finger a couple of times, mouthing that "it's true, I did that"

Douglas:

Hell, DEFIANCE it self ...

The crowd's pop turns into a somber grown. Kendrix's smile grows even larger with their collective disappointment.

Douglas:

And I suppose I could just hand you this worthless piece of tin.

Douglas pulls the belt from his shoulder and slings it at his and JFK's feet stepping closer to Jesse. Angus behind Douglas' back is hopping with excitement and the potential of a fist fight.

Douglas:

Or ... you could take it.

Crowd ignites once again. They are on quite the roller coaster of emotion tonight.

Kendrix:

Whoa ... whoa, whoa, Scotty Pops. If I know anything to be true - never steal from a thief. And we all know JFK likes to keep it on the up and up -

JFK mugs to the crowd.

Kendrix:

Innit?

They aren't amused.

Kendrix:

What's say, you ... me ... for THOSE titles ... NEXT week on ...

JFK peers over Douglas' shoulder, directing his query to Angus.

Kendrix:

What's this little ... failing program called again?

Angus seethes and lunges toward JFK but hold himself back against Douglas shoulder. Douglas does nothing to facilitate this and stays remarkably focused on Kendrix as Angus feigns him as an obstacle. Jesse gets a fair amount of amusement out of this and before he can continue on. Douglas responds.

Douglas:

Done.

The Faithful ignite once again and Douglas backs off slowly with his eyes set on Jesse. Angus swoops in and snatches the HOHER from the floor of the interview stage and follows suit.

JFK still playful as ever poses and screws with the crowd as we cut back to Darren Keibler at the commentary table.

DDK:

Well, there you have it folks - NEXT week Scott Douglas is set to defend the UTA Hollywood Heritage Title along with the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Title against ... Kendrix! It may be coming to a close here at DEFIANCE folks but we

certainly won't be going out without a BANG!

Angus shuffles in between the table and his chair, flopping down. He still has the Hollywood HOHER with him.

DDK:

Did you ... forget something?

Angus:

You're damn right I did! I forgot to punch that Jr. McFuckass right in the teeth! Next time I'll remember... I mean it's all over now, what are they going to do fire me?

DDK:

I was referring to the Hollywood Heritage Title.

Angus looks down.

Angus:

Oh, shit ...

Angus hops up and exits frame.

DDK:

Well while he does that ...

Cut to elsewhere.

THE LADS

Backstage.

The locker-room.

Cayle Murray's looking a little hacked off. He has an ice pack pressed against his skull after getting brained by Mikey Unlikely earlier in the evening, and though he's still dressed casually, he looked ready to throwdown at any second.

The FIST of DEFIANCE? That puppy's nestled on the bench before him.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Who is the one who knocks?

Cayle Murray:

Aye?

Not Walter White, fortunately.

Sho Nakazawa:

Bro.

The masked BRAZEN flyer steps through the threshold. Mascara De Muerte IV follows closely, and Murray immediately loosens up.

MDM4:

Nice ice pack.

Cayle Murray:

Nice, uhhh....

He struggles for words.

Cayle Murray:

Shut up, dickhead.

MDM4's mouth isn't visible (because he's wearing a mask, obvs), but imagine he's currently cracking a smile.

Cayle Murray:

I got a little worried there. Was half expected a Crimson Lord to come marching in the door...

Sho Nakazawa:

Surely that big ogre would've just taken it clean off its hinges?

MDM4:

Then eaten it.

Sho Nakazawa:

Definitely would've eaten it. Pesky ogres.

The slightest of laughs from the FIST.

Cayle Murray:

I don't mean to be rude, fellas, but are you just here for The Banter or...?

MDM4:

Nah, champ. We came for two reasons.

Sho Nakazawa:

Number one: to make sure you aren't dead.

MDM4:

Number two: to tell you that we heard you earlier. Y'know, before Mikey Unlikely happened.

Sho Nakazawa:

We're not hiding, bro. We might not be the biggest dogs in this fight, but no matter what happens between now and DEFtv 100, we've got your back.

MDM4:

100%. Unless Crimson Lord tries to eat m--

Cayle Murray:

Crimson Lord is not going to eat you. I'll take the head off his shoulders first.

A wry smile creeps across Murray's features. He slowly pulls the ice pack down, then tosses it beside the belt.

Cayle Murray:

I appreciate this, fellas. Unlikely fired his first big shot tonight, but I can't imagine he'll be the only one gunning for me by the time this world comes to an end. Jason's gone. Andy's out. I have no idea where the rest of my friends are... I need all the help I can get.

Sho Nakazawa:

Wow. So touching.

MDM4:

Much emotional.

Sho Nakazawa:

Many rousing.

MDM4:

Wow.

Cayle Murray:

... you guys are the absolute worst.

MDM4:

And you're the best, boss.

The FIST laughs.

Cayle Murray:

Well, let's just do our best to ensure WrestleUTA don't completely murder us by the end of the evening...

Cut.

TEAM HOSS vs. THE FUSE BROS vs. PCP

Barely a cue from the commercial break.

Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is a triple threat, tag team number one contenders match! Introducing first... Tyler and Conor Fuse, THE FUSE BROS!

♪ "Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 ♪

Tyler marches out first, serious and focused towards the ring. Conor gets the crowd going behind him. They wear their regular gear but know they are in for a very different fight tonight.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

Quimbey:

Next, Klein and The D... team PCP!!

The D leads, like Tyler did coming out from behind the back. Although there is a clear difference between Klein and Conor Fuse. While the younger Fuse brother had tons of energy, Klein is just focused on staying close to The D and hopefully coming out of this one alive.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

Quimbey:

And finally... Aleczander the Great and Angel Trinidad... Team HOSS!!!

The last team comes out, with roaring approval of The Faithful. They, too, are all business right now and spend little time gloating before they walk down the rampway and enter the ring.

The three teams settle. The D, Tyler Fuse and Angel to start the match.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Here we go!

DDK doesn't even need to say it. The crowd is white hot. There, in the ring, The D, Tyler Fuse and Angel Trinidad circle around. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse jumps up and down, waaaay too full of energy. Aleczander the Great, claps on the match and gets the crowd going further and Klein, is, well... he's still scared and reluctantly standing in his corner.

The posturing for the "correct" position takes a few minutes in the ring. It only gets The Faithful going more and more. Tyler tries to lock a grapple with The D, but once Angel moves in, it's broken. Next, Angel tries to move in towards The D, but this time Tyler steps forward so that doesn't happen. Then Angel and Tyler look to start something but back away as The D closes in.

DDK:

Just waiting for the right opportunity...

Finally, Tyler Fuse hits Angel with an open left hand. The smack is heard through the crowd and an "ooooohhh!" almost comes of it. Angel steps back, while Tyler looks at him as if to say "sorry" in his stoic demeanor and then it's on.

DDK:

Angel clotheslines Tyler! The D now with a dropkick to Trinidad!

The D hurls Angel into the ropes but he's met with a big boot!

DDK:

AND INTO AN S.O.S. SLAM!!

Tyler comes in and dropkicks Angel in the head!

Angus:

This is gonna be an all out war!

Left hands by Tyler, an Irish whip into the rope and then...

DDK:

S.O.S. SLAM TO TYLER!

"HOSS! HOSS! HOSS! HOSS!"

Trinidad is the only one standing and roars into the crowd. He walks over and tags Aleczander, who's already on the second rope!

Angus:

Note to The D and Tyler: don't get up first!

It's as if both of them listened, but not fully... because both of them got up at the same time.

DDK:

Double clothesline!

Angus:

NO Keebs, they ducked it!

DDK:

Double suplex!!! Tyler and The D get Aleczander down!

"PCP! PCP! PCP! PCP!" The Faithful chant now.

Knife edge chops by The D.

"WOOO! WOOO!" the typical response follows.

Tyler bounces off the ropes and lands a flying cross body! Back to the canvas goes Aleczander!

Tyler tries for a pin...

ONE.

TWO.

The D pulls him off.

The D:

No no no.

DDK:

And Tyler with a left hand to The D! He's looking for a DDT... no! Reverse DDT by The D!

The D walks over to Klein, but it doesn't look like he wants in. One half of PCP shrugs and turns back to the action in

the ring.

Right into Aleczander's chest.

BELLY TO BELLY.

Next a full nelson slam.

And a power hitter in the corner!

The D wobbles around, looking to be put out of his misery. Aleczander hits the ropes, then the next set of ropes, looking to gain a TON of momentum.

SLAM!

DDK:

Standing dropkick by Tyler!

Conor Fuse in his corner starts getting a "SAVE THE DAY" chant going.

"SAVE. THE. DAY."

"SAVE. THE. DAY."

Conor Fuse:

Wow, it's working!

Tyler pulls himself up, obviously seething in pain. He walks over and tags Conor to a big reaction. The younger brother clears the top rope and wastes no time. He runs full steam into Aleczander with a knee. Then he finds The D getting back up and does the same.

Back and forth, back and forth he goes, seemingly gaining energy as he does.

Until.

DDK:

Aleczander catches Conor! Lifting him over his head... HUGE PRESS SLAM!!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Barely a kickout! The D was almost there for the save, too!

The D takes Aleczander and hurls him into the empty corner. Next, he charges in with a big splash, or as big of a splash as someone his size can make on Aleczander. Taking the HOSS members head, The D jumps on the second rope and connects with a springboard bulldog!

The D goes over to Conor. A few quick right hands and an Irish whip into the ropes.

DDK:

Hip toss to Conor! Player Two gets back up... another hip toss!

Next a corkscrew vertical suplex!

Angus:

PIN! PIN! CAN PCP BE THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS!?

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The D pulls himself up, but then he's absolutely bulldozed by Aleczander on his way over to make the tag! Angel enters again, ready to inflict some serious damage!

Powerslam to Conor.

Running powerslam to The D.

He throws Conor into the empty corner. Then he throws The D in there. The Faithful are really getting behind this...

DDK:

Running corner body avalanche!!!

Both Conor and The D stumble out, though still on their feet.

DDK:

Short-range clothesline to Conor! Short-range clothesline to The D! Angel Trinidad standing tall!

"HOSS! HOSS! HOSS! HOSS!"

The fans are eating it up and the power moves are impressive. As Angel looks to put both men away, he doesn't see Tyler Fuse coming.

DDK:

Swinging neckbreaker by Tyler!

This cues Aleczander to get into the ring and go after Tyler.

Aleczander The Great:

Hey now, mate!

Tyler Fuse:

Hey now mate, what!?

The two of them start to get into each others faces. Referee Brian Slater tries to break them apart.

Meanwhile, Klein is looking into the ring, then into the crowd... all over the place really. He's praying he doesn't have to get in there too. This is between Tyler Fuse and Aleczander. Not him.

...

...

Right?

Tyler Fuse:

I'm trying to help my team. That's all. One of us need to bring down the UTA Fireflies.

Aleczaider The Great:

Yeah, mate. It's gonna be us.

The stand-off continues, but before either man can make a move, Angel is on his feet and hurls Conor Fuse into his own brother. Next, The Fuse Bros. fire back a well-placed double dropkick to Angel Trinidad's legs. As Aleczaider marches forward, he takes Tyler and connects with a clothesline! Next, Conor runs towards him but he's met with a sidewalk slam!

DDK:

LOOK OUT ALEC... THE D IS ON THE TOP ROPE!!!

Measuring. Waiting. Once Aleczaider the Great turns around...

DDK:

HURRICANRANA!!!

Angus:

NO WAY! ALECZANDER CAUGHT HIM!

DDK:

SITOUT POWERBOMB!

Team HOSS stands as Angel gets to his feet. The Fuse Bros. are down. The D is down.

They immediately look at Klein.

GULP.

And they start to move towards him...

Closer...

Closer...

DDK:

Conor Fuse with a roll up on Trinidad!!! OUT OF NOWHERE!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Conor slides backwards, shocked. The crowd thought he had it! Even Angel might have thought it was over as he collects himself beside his partner!

It takes a moment, but Conor struggles to his feet. Then, Tyler and The D join him.

One half of the ring sees The Fuse Bros. and The D... the other half, Team HOSS.

Tyler, Conor and The D all agree with each other. They charge at Team HOSS. Conor leaps into the waiting arms of Trinidad while The D comes at his legs. Tyler goes back to his spat with Aleczaider, looking for a high knee and at

first connecting but then receiving a well placed right hand upon impact as well.

The action is *wild*. The Faithful are standing and cheering. Because 5 men are going at it in such a close range, it's tough to tell who's doing what. DDK can barely make an accurate call.

DDK:

It's very hectic right now!!

Finally, Team HOSS has been worked down by the three other opponents.

DDK:

Tyler and The D with a DOUBLE suplex on Aleczander! Now all three men... WITH A SIDEWALK SLAM TO TRINIDAD!

Right away, The D connects with a DDT to Conor Fuse!

DDK:

A shocked Tyler hurls The D into the corner, but the former Tag Team Champion LAUNCHES himself off the buckle... CROSS BODY BLOCK!!

Everyone is down. Team HOSS. The Fuse Bros. And The D, too. He's winded, badly.

DDK:

It's anyone's game!

Yet... The D still moves. Just a little.

DDK:

The D is STRUGGLING to get up.

Angus:

He can't do it, Keebs. He keeps falling!!

As time goes on the answer becomes more and more obvious. DDK knows it. Angus knows it. The D knows it. The Faithful know it.

Crawl to Klein.

Tag. Klein. In.

As The D starts crawling towards him, Klein is shaking his head in fear. The fans love it, however. They are getting way too loud for the hot tag.

The D inches.

----- far away.

----- far away.

----- far away.

----- far away.

And so forth.

Klein drags one foot back, but then he lets the crowd get to him and retraces the backwards step.

---- far away

He's sweating, a lot.

-- far away.

The Faithful have reached a bedlam.

- far away.

Klein is gonna pass out.

far away. Which means The D is there. All Klein has to do is stick out his hand.

He does.

DDK:

TAG.

Angus:

DEAR GOD WHAT AN OVATION!!

Goosebumps go down The Faithful. Klein takes one foot into the ring and then the other. He looks around. Fallen men everywhere. What will he do?

That's when it happens.

Four men rush the ring. They start attacking everyone. At first, it's not known who... but then it becomes crystal clear.

DDK:

ACES WILD!!!

Hoyt Williams, Cristiano Caballero, Dave Thompson and Leo Brown, making their mark.

Angus:

And of course in a triple threat, there's NO DQ! Slater can't do a thing!!

Klein is being attacked, too, as Aces Wild have seemingly started to focus on PCP and The Fuse Bros. A double clothesline from Williams and Caballero takes place on Klein. Thompson and Brown double powerbomb Conor and so forth.

Williams crushes The D with a clothesline from hell. Next, all four men of Aces Wild take Angel Trinidad and slam him to the mat. However, Aleczander the Great gets to his feet...

DDK:

Aleczander takes out Thompson with a hard shot to the temple!

Williams goes after Aleczander, but he's met by Tyler Fuse jumping across the way and getting involved.

DDK:

Everyone is starting to fight back!!

More chaos than before transpires. It's seemingly The Fuse Bros., PCP and Team HOSS combining forces and

fighting Aces Wild.

Yet, as Angel Trinidad gets up, Thompson meets him square in the head with a sharp dropkick. Trinidad falls, collapsing on top of Klein and a part of Conor Fuse as well. Slater counts while Aces Wild move on to assaulting Aleczander.

Angus:

Hey, a cover!!!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Team HOSS wins!?

Caballero looks over at Slater and pushes him out of the way. He and Thompson go back to attacking Angel Trinidad!

DDK:

This is crazy!!! Did Team HOSS just win!?

Angus:

[confused] I don't know! You're right though, this IS madness! This IS DEFIANCE.

Aces Wild continue their brawl with any member of the triple threat match currently standing and able to fight. Tyler Fuse connects with his finisher, CQC, on Hoyt as The D jumps off the top rope hitting a missile dropkick to Leo Brown. The DEFIANCE logo appears as the insanity continues and The Faithful cheer things on.

Fade.