

EARLIER TODAY

The parking lot.

"Earlier today" rests in the right corner of the picture as a woman emerges from between a row of cars. The camera zooms in and attempts to focus. For a moment, it's no more than a person shaped blur of black and red with a yellow flare.

As the focus is found; a woman in a form fitting business skirt suit, blonde hair and an extremely stern look across her face stomps toward the back door of the Wrestle-plex.

The Matriarch of DEFIANCE has returned.

RUNDOWN

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



Lights, cameras, action. The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory start of the 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 quick glimpse of the enclosed chain link steel cage suspended above the Wrestle-Plex.

And of course ... those all-important fan signs...

LONG LIVE DEFIANCE!
OSCAR BURN THAT TITLE!
ONE LAST TIME!
STERILIZE THE DIBBINS!
CAYLE-O MIKEY!
HANG BENEDICT RYAN!
SOS: SAVE OUR SHIT!

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

DDK:

Welcome, once again ... and for the FINAL time ... to DEFtv!! I'm Darren Keebler, alongside Lance Warner!

Lance Warner:

It's great to be here, Darren! One hundred episodes of DEFtv! I hate to see her go, but it's been one heck of the ride! Darren is thrown off by not being immediately met with push back from a broadcast colleague. After a second or two, he regains his composure and continues on.

DDK:

Indeed! And ALREADY the rumours are flying and we have to wonder WHY is Kelly Evans BACK in the Wrestle-Plex?

Warner:

One hundred percent, Darren. Eric Dane hasn't been seen in several months and with DEFIANCE, literally on it's last leg - amidst an embroiled battle with the WrestleUTA contingent, one has to wonder what could this mean for DEFIANCE and it's Last Stand?

Darren is still adjusting to a contributing partner.

DDK:

I ... uh, well yes! Kelly Evans was sent away by Dane and one can only assume it's on his order she is returning now ... and no fan of WrestleUTA herself - this COULD be the leverage DEFIANCE needs to not only go down fighting BUT go out victorious!

Warner:

I couldn't agree more!

He's getting the hang of it.

DDK:

Alright! Well, ladies and gentlemen - it's the LAST HOORAH for DEFIANCE and tonight is STACKED! EVERY TITLE ... is on the line, here tonight - no bait and switch, here!

Warner:

That's right! After all this time, the Invasion, War Games, the Bounty on Cayle Murray's head ... Mikey Unlikely will go ONE on ONE with the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Although, he will not be alone and DEFIANCE's resident turncoat, Dan Ryan will also be involved in this match up.

Warner:

This is one folks - this is the end all be all - can "The Starbreaker" retain and tell the world, as our flame is extinguished, that DEFIANCE stood against tyrants and won the day!

DDK:

BUT before we get there - "Twist and Turns" Oscar Burns will defend the WrestleUTA World Title against the man he toppled to take it; Crimson Lord!

Warner:

Crimson Lord will be out for blood, surely. He wants that championship back around his waist but more importantly I think he wants to make up for losing it in the first place.

DDK:

Not to mention, the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships!

Warner:

This match is a laundry list of talent, Darren.

DDK:

Indeed it is, Lance. The Stevens Dynasty with The Dibbins & David Hightower take on The D & Klein vs. Team HOSS vs. The Fuse Bros. vs. Aces Wild vs. Gage Blackwood annnnd Mushigiraha. That is a mouthful!

Warner:

And not to mention it will all take place in that steel cage hanging above the Wrestle-plex, as we speak!

DDK:

... BUT we start tonight off with a bang - right out of the gate: "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas defends the Southern Heritage Title against WrestleUTA's Kendrix!

Warner:

And after all the controversy surrounding their match two weeks ago, I'm sure we are in for one hell of a fight!

DDK:

I couldn't agree more, Lance! But I'm being told we have more footage from earlier today? Yes, so we'll go to that - right now!

EARLIER TODAY II

Cut to the backstage Wrestle-Plex Office area.

Earlier Today, appears in the corner of the screen once again.

The camera focuses on signage reading; "Conference Room A" for a moment before it swings left and reveals the adjacent door to be slightly ajar. From the angle, the edge of a large shoulder blocks the potential view.

With some repositioning and a better angle, Kelly Evans can be seen greeting someone, or a disembodied hand. The view doesn't give much. Just as she releases the from the handshake, her eyes dart to the cracked door and looks straight down the barrel of the camera.

Without a word, she cuts her eyes to the owner of the imposing shoulder originally blocking the view; and with that the shoulder rotates around revealing the whole of Wyatt Bronson.

Wyatt, stone faced, closes the door slowly. Between his large torso and arm, Kelly Evans can be seen taking a seat at what seems to be a large conference table. Makes sense, it's a conference room.

The door's latch clicks and there is nothing more to see here than a door.

SOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS Â© VS. KENDRIX

Cut back to Darren Keebler and Lance **Warner:** at the commentary booth.

DDK:

Well, Lance - once again, this begs the question ... what is Kelly Evans doing here ...

Lance cuts in.

Warner:

... and what does she have up her sleeve!?

DDK:

Exactly! You're pretty good at this, Lance. A far cry from ...

♪ "The One You Love to Hate" - Halford ♪

The Faithful come to their feet fully expecting Eric Dane.

Warner:

No way ...

Instead, "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland emerges from the curtain with a microphone in hand and a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

DDK:

For the love of ...

The music fades down.

Angus:

What's up, FUCKOOOS!?

Angus gets a solid pop from the paying audience and for the last show of DEFIANCE looks in great spirits.

Angus:

The LACK of LEADERSHIP in DEFIANCE was brought to my attention last week ...

He glances over to Lance Warner and Darren Keebler to his right.

Angus:

Appreciate that, Lancey! Keep my seat, warm!

Angus turns back toward the ring for a moment before realizing his missed opportunity.

Angus:

Oh... HI, Keebs.

DDK: [sighs]

Angus ...

Angus:

And given the trend, between Scott Douglas and McFuckass Jr-Lite, to set title belts ABLAZE!

The Faithful get a chuckle out of Angus' comment as he sets out toward the ring.

DDK:

What is he up to ...

Angus talks on his way down.

Angus:

So, after last week's ... well situation. I found myself in position of the Southern Heritage Title. A Championship title that goes back to 2013! Now, it may not be the longest running title in the history of professional wrestling but ... five years is certainly NOTHING to shake a stick at!

Angus reaches the ring and uses the steps to reach the apron before stepping between the ropes.

Angus:

And CERTAINLY nothing to GORRAM BURN! And ... that is why it is held safely within this Halliburton Briefcase.

Angus holds the briefcase up by it's handle as the chain between handcuffs dangles from his wrist.

Angus:

So, all things considered ... I will be naming MYSELF ... SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE for the match up of Scott Douglas and Jesse Fredericks of Hollywood!

DDK:

There is no way, he can keep that briefcase shackled to him AND referee a match.

Warner:

Are you sure he ... well, could without it!?

DDK:

...

Angus pulls off his classic tuxedo shirt and reveals the even more classic referee stripes underneath. The top shirt comes off with ease but he is a bit stifled when he gets down to his wrist, the handcuff and especially the Halliburton. As he struggles with the shirt the camera cuts to a floor level view at ring side, where a confused Darren Quimbey speaks with the timekeeper.

DDK:

What did you say to him?

Warner:

I just ... I ...

Angus rips the shirt at the collar and is able to force it the rest of the way down and returns to the mic.

Angus:

Alright, so ... what are we waiting for!? Quimbey get your ass in here! Keebs, stop giving Lance-a-not the third degree.

DDK:

... how?

Angus:

Dammit, Quimbey ... I'm running the show now! Get your ass in here and announce that little London twerp! Hey, fuckoo's in the back - play whatever that shitty ass little tune is --

♪ "Let 'Em Come" - Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing an official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots, the self proclaimed future of the business holds both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky before turning to face the arena, he motions to where the title should be sitting across his waist, with that smirk and make his way towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds and standing at six feet, two inches tall ...JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX!

Jesse hops down from the turnbuckle, having rudely waved his closed fist at his less than adoring welcome from the DEFIANCE Faithful, and turns to face the entrance way.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite to the Sub Pop soundtrack of early nineties Seattle.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... and standing at six feet, two inches tall ... The DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas takes the stage trailed by "The Idol" Terry Anderson.

DDK:

Well, that's a face we haven't seen in quite some time here on DEFTv!

Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a second but quickly heads for the ring. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, long cut offs and scuffed boots ... his tattooed shoulder noticeably absent of his title. Douglas heads to the ring; slapping some hands on the way down as Terry Anderson follows quite a few steps behind him.

DDK:

Scott Douglas looks in prime condition and I don't think he intends to give WrestleUTA ONE inch! Last show ... or not!

Warner:

I'd have to agree completely, Darren. Scott Douglas, is not the cleanest cut - the most glossy of champions ... hell, he is NO Impulse - but I think he rather die in this ring tonight than let Jesse Fredrick Kendrix leave this final show as the champion!

Benny Doyle signals for the bell

DING DING DING**DDK:**

And we're underway, both men trading forearms with each other from the off!

Warner:

Kendrix more often than not starts off with a slow pace but the crowd are loving this no nonsense approach from both men.

The cheers grow as Douglas is winning the fist battle, sending Kendrix step by step back towards the corner. Once he's there, Douglas swings hard but Jesse ducks under and through, forcing the champ's back to the corner. Kendrix goes for a front kick to the sternum but it's caught by Douglas who powers through Kendrix with a clothesline out of the

corner.

DDK:

Huge roar from this packed out arena... and now Kendrix rolls himself out of the ring for that early breather.

Jesse holds his hand across, shouting up at Angus for a timeout but instead, Angus is begins a very fast count.

ONE

THREE

FIVE

Kendrix eyes widen and dives straight back into the ring. Angus has a huge smile on his face. Jesse squares up to him but the special referee isn't intimidated in the slightest.

DDK:

Looks like Angus, with that Halliburton strapped to his wrist, is going to be exactly as impartial as I expected.

Kendrix, still fuming, turns his attention back toward Scott Douglas, who stands in the neutral corner. Douglas sweeps his hand left to right, motioning sarcastically, as if to ask Kendrix if he is ready. Jesse ignores him and approaches center ring, Douglas does the same.

DDK:

JFK can play mad all he likes but it's transparent his true intention was to retake control over the pace of this match up.

Warner:

Lock up!

Douglas and Kendrix go collar and elbow and the struggle begins. Kendrix wins out and winds up with Douglas in a standing side headlock. Douglas forces the pair back and into the ropes, shooting Jesse off and to the other side. On the return, Douglas drops down, Kendrix steps over and continues to the other side. Douglas pops up.

DDK:

Superkick!

Warner:

NO! JFK saw it coming!

He did, and rather than rebound off the ropes into Douglas' foot; Kendrix hooked the ropes to stop himself just before bailing back out of the ring. On the floor he points to his own head to let Douglas' know he is one step ahead of him. His demonstration of mental superiority is however cut short, as Angus begins another fast count. This time only the even numbers as he slaps the side of the briefcase with each passing number.

TWO!

FOUR!

SIX!

Kendrix can't believe what he is seeing. This is cheap, even for Angus. He wisely starts a screaming match with the special guest referee from ringside that interprets the fraudulent count.

DDK:

This is ridiculous, can we get an actual official out here?

Angus is standing on the bottom rope and leaning over the top screaming and yelling at Jesse. Kendrix, gives him the same treatment from the ringside floor, wagging his finger up toward Angus.

Warner:

I think an actual ten count could have expired at this rate.

Douglas has seen and had enough of both Angus' antic as well as Kendrix's cut and run strategy. He elbows Angus out of the way and grabs an unsuspecting JFK by the hair, dragging him up to the apron. But as he gets there Kendrix drops throws a shoulder between the middle and top rope, gutting Douglas. He grabs Douglas' head, now hovering over the middle rope and drops back to the floor.

DDK:

OH! Scott Douglas taking ALL of Kendrix's weight over that middle rope!

Angus looks concerned for Douglas or at the very least the fate of the Southern Heritage Title. He checks on the champion as Kendrix takes a moment to gloat from the floor, basking in the disapproval of the Faithful. Terry Anderson, beats on the mat, livid at the turn of events. Yeah, he's still at ringside.

Warner:

I feel like JFK is making a mistake by not returning to the ring and capitalizing.

JFK, instead, starts mocking Angus.

Kendrix:

Count, innit!? COUNT IT! One, two ...

Jesse begins to mock the fake count and the Faithful, although faithful ... are a wrestling audience after all and join in. They make it to nearly nine as Kendrix stolls up the ring steps at his leisure as Scott Douglas still rolls around on the matt clutching at his throat. On the opposite side of the ring of Jesse, Terry pounds on the matt trying to rally Douglas.

DDK:

This isn't looking good for Scott Douglas!

Kendrix pulls the ailing Douglas up by his hair. With Douglas on his feet he grasps his head and begins to spin.

Warner:

It certainly is not. He could have a crushed esophag - SWINGING NECKBREAKER!

Jesse pops back to his feet gloating in the face of Angus and pointing the to Halliburton handcuffed to his wrist, motioning to his own waist. Douglas is moving but clearly isn't getting to his feet on his own. Angus clutches the briefcase tight to his chest.

DDK:

We saw this a couple of weeks ago and I have to imagine, Kendrix is focusing on that neck to soften it up before he sets in the Kendrix Kross!

Warner:

One hundred percent, Darren. Douglas openly admitted to tapping out to the hold and if it isn't broke ... don't fix it!

Douglas is slowly army crawling toward the ropes, perhaps to pull himself up but Kendrix turns his attention back to the champion and lays in a few stomps that turn Douglas over. With a handful of the top rope, Jesse stands on the neck of Scott Douglas. Angus, clearing forgetting his position, screams and yells at JFK rather than start the five count. Terry Anderson is losing his mind at ringside.

DDK:

I hate to say it, but ... In his attempts to be an advantage to Scott, Angus has done more harm than good here.

Warner:

I couldn't agree more, Darren. By bending the rules in Douglas' favor - he has lost complete control of this match!

Kendrix throws a cheerful smirk in Angus' direction. Douglas claws his way up to the middle rope and right into the arms of his opponent, wrapped around his waist, pulling the soher up, over and down hard on his neck.

DDK:

Huge German Suplex from JFK. His hands are still locked around Scott's waist and he sends him down with a second suplex!

Warner:

And here comes the third, ohh! Douglas is in a bad way here, Keebs.

Kendrix looks over at Angus.

Kendrix:

DO YOUR JOB AND STOP MAKING A MOCKERY OF DEFIANCE.

Warner:

Did he just?

DDK:

Yup, pot... kettle... black.

JFK drops down and hooks the champs leg. Angus grits his teeth and shakes his head but he begrudgingly gets into position and drops his hand to the mat.

ONE**TWO****TH...****DDK:**

KICK OUT BY DOUGLAS! Angus may not like JFK but he did the right thing and made the count.

Angus holds two fingers, rather rudely up at Kendrix which enrages the former tag team champion. However, composing himself, he focuses back on Douglas, who is crawling towards the corner. Jesse helps him up but is immediately caught with a forearm which sends him stumbling back to the centre.

DDK:

Signs of life from Douglas, forearm another forearm but knee to the gut fom the Challenger!

Kendrix whips Douglas into the corner and follows up quickly with a running jumping knee strike to the side of the skull. Douglas stumbles out of the corner and is met with a running bulldog.

DDK:

Douglas in big trouble here AND JFK IS GOING FOR THE KENDRIX KROSS!

Warner:

HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING, KEEBS!

Douglas howls out in agony as Jesse stretches his neck back with his hands. Douglas tries to wriggle out of it but Kendrix has his left arm locked between his thighs.

DDK:

Douglas submitted to this same move a few weeks ago. Angus is down on all fours asking the question.

Warner:

I think he's actually begging the champ not to give up here.

Douglas uses his free hand to claw at Jesse's hands locked around his chin but they're not letting up. He drops it back down to the mat and pushes himself an inch closer the bottom rope

Warner:

Listen to this place, they're right behind the SOHER, willing him towards safety.

DDK:

And they're not the only ones, our official is doing the same thing!

Douglas edges closer and closer, Kendrix shakes his head as Douglas gets a fingertip away from the ropes resulting in an almighty scream from the Challenger as he hauls the champs neck back even further than it already was!

DDK:

Good grief, Kendrix is going to snap Douglas' neck here.

Warner:

Douglas' hand is up, he's gotta tap, Keeps!

It's up but it slowly makes its way down to the mat.

DDK:

The SOHER is fading here. He may be out, Lance.

Angus checks on Douglas and begrudgingly holds the champs hand up, let's go and watches it fall to the canvas.

Warner:

Two more strikes and we have a new champion.

Angus lifts the champ's hand up again, same result to the evident smile of glee on the challengers face.

DDK:

Angus signals two to the timekeeper. One more drop of Scott Douglas' hand here and it's all over.

Angus wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, all hope looks lost on his face.

Kendrix:

DO IT! ... DO IT NOW, BRUV!

Angus looks over at Jesse with contempt before finally lifting Douglas' hand and let's go.

Warner:

Kendrix is about to become the SOHER!!!

Terry Anderson, at ringside, has hands as beat red as his alcoholic face from the constant apron pounding.

DDK:

NO! NO! DOUGLAS IS STILL ALIVE!

Douglas' hovering, outstretched, hand slowly becomes a fist as he refuses to let it drop for a final and third time. Kendrix reciprocates by wrenching back further.

Warner:

I don't think he can LAST!

Douglas starts to shake his free balled fist.

Terry screams from ringside and it's distantly picked up from the camera mics.

Terry Anderson:

DON'T GIVE IN, SCOTT! DON'T GIVE IN!!

DDK:

Douglas mustering everything he has!

Warner:

But he is fully locked in, Darren! I just don't see Scott muscleing out of this one!!

Douglas throws that fist backward toward his own face and barely connects with Kendrix's locked grip. The connection catches Kendrix by surprise and his grip nearly falters until he digs deeper and reasserts his grip across Douglas' mouth - sureing it in even tighter than before.

Kendrix:

ASK HIM! ASSSSSKKK HIMMM!!!

Kendrix bares back even more until Douglas' entire upper body is lifted off the mat. Angus, still on one knee, hesitates for a moment before sorrowfully shaking his head and asking the question of the night.

Angus:

Scotty... CAN YOU CONTINUE!?

Douglas doesn't respond.

Angus:

Scotty!?

Kendrix:

RING THE GODDAMN BELL!!

Angus:

SCOTT!?!?

Douglas still doesn't and seemingly can't respond, instead he starts rapidly throwing half hearted punches back toward his own face. Some hit himself but most pound against Kendrix's clasped hands.

DDK:

Douglas is FIGHTING BACK!

With each strike Kendrix grimaces but in the interim seems even more determined.

DDK:

JFK's grip will give ...

Warner:

OR DOUGLAS' BACK WILL!!

Douglas continues to pound, knuckle on knuckle until finally ...

DDK:

Kendrix LET GO! HE LET GO!

Warner:

But is Douglas in ANY shape to ... well, do ANYTHING!?

Kendrix, trying to shake the pain from his now swelling knuckles rolls away from Douglas as he attempts to stand. Kendrix makes it to his feet well before Douglas can get to a knee, with the back of his swelling hand held tightly against his aching lower back.

DDK:

Douglas, certainly, is NOT out of the woods yet!

Jesse approaches the reigning SoHer but Angus steps in his path. Trying to block him from Douglas as he plants a solid knee on the mat. JFK and the Motormouth of Malcontent jaw jack each other for a moment before Kendrix simply shoves him out of the way. Angus looks like he is ready to call for the bell and a DQ but clearly remembers he may have lost some credibility as an official.

JFK snatches a handful of ungelled hair from the knee'd Douglas.

DDK:

Kendrix has this match all but won, Lance. As DEFIANCE closes its door tonight - it is simply insult to injury at this point!

Just as Jesse has Douglas nearly to his feet, in desperation Scott drops back to a knee and delivers an uppercut that catches Kendrix off guard. The Hollywood Bruv stumbles back as Douglas wills himself to his feet and stumbles toward JFK. Meeting him at the ropes, Douglas leans in and whips Kendrix across the ring.

DDK:

Irish whi - NO REVERSE!

Kendrix reverses and sends Douglas to the far side of the ring. Douglas hits the ropes and the pain broadcasts across his face on impact before he is propelled back toward an awaiting Bruv. Kendrix drops his head and ...

Warner::

Back Body Drop ...

DDK:

NO!

Douglas stops and grabs the reverse standing headlock, then the arm, then the knee.

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX! SUB POP SUPLEX!

Douglas can barely get Kendrix up, but snaps him over and down to the mat with a Fisherman Suplex brainbuster.

Warner::

COVER! Douglas COVERS!

Angus slides in with intensity.

ONE!

TW ...

DDK:

KICK OUT! JFK KICKS OUT!

Warner:

Douglas hit that Sub Pop Suplex out of nowhere and almost had the match there.

Angus begins his count, this time an actual count, with both men struggling to regain their feet either side of him in the middle of the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Douglas is up to one foot, so is JFK.

FOUR

FIVE

The two trade forearms, each forearm ironically enough forces both men up onto both feet. JFK throws a laboured forearm which is easily ducked under and followed through with a swinging neckbreaker from Douglas which lays out the challenger out on the canvas. Douglas holds the back of his neck, looks down at his opponent and instead of going for the pin he opts to look over towards the turnbuckle.

Warner:

This delay may cost Douglas here, why isn't he going for the pin?

DDK:

Looks like the SOHER is going up top, Lance.

Douglas hauls himself one step at a time up to the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Douglas is going high risk, looking to finish off JFK and retain the SOHER!

Scott steadies himself, looks back down at JFK sprawled on the mat and leaps...

DDK:

BELLEND! BELLEND!

Warner:

WHAT?!

The noise is deafening, both men lie in a heap but JFK manages to drape an arm across the chest of the laid out Douglas. Angus with his hands atop his head in disbelief at what he's just seen, drops to his knees.

DDK:

JFK suckered Douglas in! Angus is in place

ONE

TWO

Warner:

We got a new champ!

THREEE...

DDK:

NO WE DON'T! UNBELIEVABLE, LANCE. SUB POP GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

The noise in the arena reaches new levels as Angus jumps to his feet and proudly punches two fingers into the sky.

DDK:

I don't think JFK realises it was two. He's got his arm raised in victory.

Having checked on Scott, Angus makes his way to Kendrix who's coming to. Kendrix asks for the belt but Angus defiantly holds two fingers in his face.

Warner:

JFK is in shock.

DDK:

I don't think that's a look of shock, Lance. He's seething.

Kendrix grabs Angus by the collar as the two get to their feet, remonstrating with the official. Jesse holds three fingers up at Angus who's not interested in his complaints. Jesse momentarily ignores Angus' jawing and looks back at Douglas, who has somehow got back up to one foot before looking back at Angus with that smirk.

DDK:

I don't like the look of this, Hey! Kendrix just shoved the official!

Angus rebounds back off the ropes, as he does Jesse grabs the briefcase attached to the off balance referee.

DDK:

What does he think he is going to do with that!?

Kendrix aims for Douglas' head as struggles to his feet but Angus snatches back on the handcuff binding the briefcase his arm. Kendrix turns back to Angus and the two begin to play tug of war with this Halliburton.

DDK:

Douglas is on his feet!

Kendrix wins out over Angus and turns swinging and dragging our special guest referee along with him. Douglas gets a leg up.

Warner:

SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

DDK:

Right into that briefcase! Kendrix just took ALL of that to the face!

Kendrix stumbles back and collapses against the ropes as Angus spins off to the left, clutching at his ailing wrist. Douglas approaches Kendrix and pulls his opponent back to his feet. Once again he locks him in the reverse standing side headlock and walks the both of them back to the center of ring.

The Faithful start to buzz and those who weren't already are now on there feet.

DDK:

This could be it, Lance!

Douglas throws Jesse's arm over his own neck and reaches down to grab the knee.

Warner:

You could be right, Darren ... but DOES DOUGLAS have enough in the tank to even get JFK up!?

Scott attempts but seemingly doesn't have the strength. For a brief second the air is let out of the audience but before most can even finish their gasp he bares down once more, hoists Kendrix up and ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX! SUB POP SUPLEX!!!

Warner:

He's gotta make the cover!

And he does, hooking the leg.

DDK:

Count, Angus! For the love of ...

Angus slides in.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

The Faithful explode!

DDK:

Douglas has done it!

DING DING DING

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... and STILL DEFIANCE Southern Heritage CHAMMMPION! "Sub POP" Scott ... DOUUUGGGGLASSSS!!!!

Douglas rolls off of Kendrix and struggles to his feet as Terry Anderson enters the ring. Angus has retreated to the corner and is furiously digging around down the front of his jeans.

Warner:

You know him better than I do, Darren ... what the hell is Angus doing?

DDK:

I can only hope - retrieving the keys.

Thankfully he was. He produces a small set of keys and unlocks the handcuff on his wrist first, before rubbing the raw joint. Across the ring, Terry Anderson is supporting a clearly weary Scott Douglas as Kendrix has apparently rolled out of the ring. Angus has unlocked the briefcase and removed the belt from it and heads toward Scott and Terry.

Angus holds the belt out in front of Douglas, but he doesn't reach for it. The pair stare at one another for a moment before finally Douglas reaches out and takes the title from Angus. The Faithful pop and Terry raises Scott's free hand. Douglas tosses the belt on his shoulder as they turn toward the hard camera, Angus joins in on the other side raising Scott's other hand in victory.

DDK:

This might be the end of it all folks ... but damn if this isn't a great way to start the beginning of the end!!

Warner:

I couldn't agree more, Darren.

DDK:

I'm going to miss you, Lance.

Warner:

Oh, well I'm sure we can keep in touch --

DDK:

No, I mean ... Angus will be coming back for the next match, I'm sure.

Cut to somewhere else.

COLOR COMMENTARY

The DEFIatron lights up for one of the last times and the broadcast cuts to the same feed.

♪ "The Devil In" - Slipknot ♪

Clips starts flashing across the screen of DEFIANCE stars; starting of course with "The Only Star" Eric Dane. Highlights from memorable matches including Bronson Box and the Murray Brothers amidst the Scottish Civil War. Dan Ryan battling Lindsay Troy. Troy, Ryan, and Tyrone Walker battling Team HOSS to win the Trios Titles. Box again, battling Eugene Duey. And many other moments featuring DEFIANTS of today and yesterday, Dusty Griffith, Edward White, Claria St. Sure, Impulse, Viking War Cult, Reaper Co. and of course the Sports Entertainment Guild.

The rate of which each clip appears and cuts speeds up until we fade to black and a somewhat familiar message takes the center of the screen; one word at a time.

THIS.

WAS.

DEFIANCE.

Cut back to Darren Keebler and an empty chair at the commentary booth.

DDK:

Hell of a history DEFIANCE has packed into these handful of years!

Angus enters frame a plops down in his chair.

Angus:

You got that right, Keebs! What is that smell of desperation and inadequacy? Oh, that's right Lance was in my chair!

Angus laughs at his own joke as Darren continues on.

DDK:

Well, it just wouldn't be the same to go out with you by my side partner!

Angus:

GORRAM RIGHT, Keebs! You see me save Scotty ass out there?

DDK:

Well, that is debatable and as much as I'd love to talk about that - DEFIANCE may be done but THIS SHOW ain't over yet!

G PACK TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE

DDK:

When you have a lot of teams in a similar position -all trying to take away the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships from UTAH- you get this.

The cameras cut to the Hell in a Cell being lowered onto the ring.

Angus:

That's right, babay! HELL IN A CELL!

DDK:

Six teams, only ONE fall to a finish!

Angus:

And the cell is primarily being used to keep those damn Dibbins out of the way.

DDK:

What do you say the odds of that happening are?

Angus:

[Sarcastic] I like those odds.

DDK:

Let's go to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a roofed cage match for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships! Introducing first...

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The crowd is electrified as The D and Klein come out. Klein keeps his head down, not wanting to make eye contact with the structure in front of him. Knowing he'll be locked in there... knowing what might come of the next few moments. The D, on the other hand, is dressed like it's DEFCON. He wears his typical in-ring gear, laced with a gold outline. The entrances are kept shorter due to the TV time limits...

Darren Quimbey:

Next, the team of Cristiano Caballero and Hoyt Williams, ACES WILD!

♪ "Sad But True" by Metallica ♪

All of Aces Wild appear in front of the entrance. Although Leo Brown and Dave Thompson aren't in the match, they stand side-by-side with Charlie Ace and make their way to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Gage Blackwood and Mushigihara!!!

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Once again, The Faithful are pumped up. While Aces Wild certainly aren't associated with the hate of the UTA, their recent antics have made them tweeners, at best. However, the physically imposing God-Beast and psycho mad-man Gage Blackwood have gained their true support.

Mushi is dressed in his typical ring gear, while Gage is wearing a kilt. Halfway down the ramp, Blackwood removes the kilt and throws it into the crowd, showing his regular tights but also sporting a "Gunther Adler" Bremen flag on the back of his tights, in support for the monster from Germany who was taken out for an indefinite period of time at the hands of The Dibbins.

Darren Quimbey:

Aleczaider the Great and Angel Trinidad... TEAM HOSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

Arguably, the loudest pop of the night.

The two massive DEFIANCE stars march out, all business. The pop becomes louder and louder as they make their way down. Meanwhile, the other teams are starting to get into their respected corners.

Darren Quimbey:

And the last set of challenges... Tyler and Conor Fuse, The Fuse Bros.!!!!

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

Tyler is out first, stoic and locked on the cell. Conor, out second, is full of energy. Perhaps a little too much. He shakes with excitement. Tyler carries a small Adidas bag with him, while Conor smacks hands with fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Finally, the champions... Scott and Bo Stevens, The Stevens Family!

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Out they come, tag titles around their waists, #FUCKDEFIANCE hastags across their tights and middle fingers into the crowd.

Angus:

#AnyoneButThem

DDK:

Agreed.

Angus:

#NotMyTagTeamChampions

DDK:

Agreed.

Angus:

Fuck, I'm gonna miss you, Keebs.

DDK:

I'll miss you too.

As The Stevens make their way into the cell, the door is padded and locked behind them. It's go time.

DDK:

So this... is as big of a cluster as I've ever seen.

Angus:

You're telling me!

As the announcers go on to explain, there are 12 men and 6 teams inside the Hell in a Cell. On the upper right side of the hard camera, The Stevens Family occupies a corner. On the upper left side, The Fuse Bros.

Bottom left, both Team HOSS and Gage Blackwood/Mushigihara are located. On the bottom right, PCP and Aces Wild.

And then looking on from outside the cell, The Dibbins, David Hightower and Leo Brown, Dave Thompson and Charlie Ace, the other part of Aces Wild.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Let's get this underway! Tyler Fuse will start off against Scott Stevens, but I'll tell you, there was a huge argument backstage on what teams would begin this contest, given the nature of one fall to a finish!

Angus:

Yes, even though we're inside a Hell in a Cell and I'm sure other teams will make some saves, it does make sense to never tag anyone other than your teammate! Plus, this **is** a TV episode, Keebs. This match can't go on forever... so one fall to a finish works, sadly.

DDK:

The Faithful are loud as Tyler locks into a grapple and then swings to the back of Scott. One, two, three elbows to the back of Tyler's head and Scott bounces off the ropes... into a hip toss by Tyler! Next a side Russian leg sweep, followed by a pendulum backbreaker!

Tyler goes into the ropes and attempts a dropkick to Stevens' head but Bo gets in the way and blocks it. Bo hammers Tyler to the ground with a short arm clothesline and goes back to his corner.

Meanwhile, the scene cuts to The Dibbins outside the cell, trying to make their way into the cage by picking the lock.

Thump, thump, thump. Numerous boots from Scott to Tyler. Following, he throws Player One into the Stevens corner. A tag to Bo and this time it's Bo who sends a fury of rights into Tyler's skull.

DDK:

Bo Irish whips Tyler into the corner across the way- NO! It's reversed! And the second Bo hits the corner of PCP and Aces Wild, Hoyt Williams makes a blind tag!

Angus:

Bo is none too happy!

DDK:

No, he's not! Bo takes a shot at Williams and while Hoyt's back is turned, Tyler comes running in with a stinger splash!

Referee Brian Slater demands Bo finds his corner, which he does for the time being. Meanwhile, Tyler slams Williams in the middle of the canvas, walks to his buckle and tags Conor in...

Whom is already on the top rope.

DDK:

BIG SPLASH IS CAUGHT! Williams caught him!

Angus:

Powerslam!!

DDK:

Going for the cover... NO! Broken up by Bo!

Williams gets back to his feet and hurls Conor into the Team HOSS and Blackwood/God-Beast side of the ring. However, at the very last second he realizes this and swings Conor back around to the middle of the canvas. Williams doesn't want Conor to be tagged out. Due to this poor planning, Player Two ducks a right forearm attempt and crushes Williams with a jumping knee to the side of the head! The Aces Wild member staggers back... into the turnbuckle. Not his turnbuckle.

The turnbuckle where Team HOSS currently shares with Gage Blackwood and Mushigihara. The same side Hoyt was trying to avoid.

The God-Beast reaches out but not before someone else gets in the way.

DDK;

Blind tag made by Angel Trinidad!

Angus:

THE star of Team HOSS! This is... going to be interesting!

Over the past few months, Conor Fuse and Aleczander the Great have built a small friendship. However, it's Trinidad, the much more serious and physically imposing member of the two, whom holds respect for The Fuse Bros. but will definitely have no problem putting aside any differences.

DDK:

Trinidad marches to the center of the ring...

Angus:

Conor looks worried!

DDK:

Trinidad looms over Conor.

The younger Fuse looks up, way up into his opponents face and screams...

Conor Fuse:

GAME ON!!!!!!

Trinidad nods with approval as Conor fires a left hand at him. It doesn't phase Angel. Now Angel with a right hand of his own! This *clearly* phases Conor... and phases him again... and again... Irish whip into the ropes and somehow, somehow, Conor shoots himself off those ropes way faster than he came in.

DDK:

FLYING CROSS BODY!!!!

Angus:

It's caught, Keebs, Angel caught him!

THUMP.

DDK:

Fallaway slam!!!

But Conor didn't land.

Trinidad pulls himself up off the mat, confused. He turns to see both Fuse Bros. standing there, waiting.

DDK:

Tyler CAUGHT Conor in the air and now both of them rush Trinidad! They duck a clothesline, go off the next set of ropes and... DOUBLE LEAPING SHOULDER BLOCK! Tyler takes the upper body, Conor takes the lower! Angel Trinidad is down!!!

The Faithful grow louder as Tyler and Conor pose in the middle of the ring (really, it's just Conor). But Player Two doesn't realize he's stepped a little too close to one side of the ring.

TAG.

DDK:

The D tags in! He tagged Conor from behind!

Not a moment too soon, The Penis Metaphor slings himself over the top rope with a leg drop to Trinidad. Conor retreats to his corner after Tyler tells him "it's fine". Although everyone is in competition with each other, the main goal still stands: get the Tag Team Achievements off UTA before DEFIANCE closes.

The scene switches over to The Dibbins, still trying to get their way in. They've tossed the pick they were initially using and are now trying bolt cutters on the door hinges but don't know which way's which.

DDK:

The D with a running leg drop! And another! Now pulling Trinidad to his feet, he goes to his own corner but is tagged by Caballero!!

Caballero races in, pushing The D out of the way and hammers Trinidad with right hands that don't seem to hurt. More right hands don't. Now Caballero realizes he's doing nothing of importance.

DDK:

Headbutt by Angel! Off the ropes... Trampled Underfoot! The running pump kick puts this member of Aces Wild on his back! A powerslam follows in the middle of the ring! Going for a cover...

One!

Two!

Kickout!

As Caballero kicks out, another image is shown. Gage Blackwood, Tyler Fuse, Scott Stevens, The D... hell pretty much everyone is halfway to the middle of the ring, ready to stop the pinfall.

Angel Trinidad rises. He looks around, surrounded by all the other teams. While most of the teams were retreating to their corners, they're all eyeing each other now...

The Faithful begin to stir.

DDK:

The standoff...

Finally, Hoyt Williams breaks the standoff, says "what the hell" and goes to attack Gage Blackwood.

It's. On.

DDK:

All hell is breaking loose!!! All the teams are going at it!

As the six groups brawl inside the ring, once again we go to The Dibbins. It's like they are using a rubric cube and have no idea how to use a pair of bolt cutters.

However, the ever so sly Scott Stevens stays at his post. He waits until Caballero pulls to a knee and he can reach him...

Another blind tag is made. Stevens charges in, grabs Trinidad and rolls him up with a handful of tights.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

It's a forceful kickout and one that grabs the attention of everyone once more. The brawling comes to a halt, as all the teams look around and notice they ALMOST were cleverly out played by The Stevens Family, the ones they were all here to make sure **didn't** leave with the titles from the start!

Trinidad hits Conor Fuse on the shoulder. Hoyt Williams looks at The D. Seemingly, everyone is now on the same page and they enclose on Scott and Bo Stevens.

Scott looks at Bo. They know they're in trouble but Scott has something to get off his chest...

Scott Stevens:

FUCK DEFIANCE.

Say no more.

DDK:

ALECZANDER THE GREAT WITH A CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL ON SCOTT!!! Followed by a Power Hitter!!!

Angus:

The attack is on!

All men go after The Stevens. The Faithful are rabid.

On the outside, The Dibbins are in a panic seeing what's transpiring. They call on David Hightower as he stomps over to the cell doorway and begins to pull on it, trying to rip it open but to no avail.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse tosses Bo into the waiting arms of Mushigihara... SIDEWALK SLAM!

Angus:

YES!!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood with a head full of steam off **two** sets of ropes... GAELIC STORM TO SCOTT!!

The Faithful chant "DE- FI- ANCE! DE- FI- ANCE!"

As David Hightower finally looks to be getting somewhere with the door, it just might be off its hinges when...

DDK:

Leo Brown and Dave Thompson!! They're attacking Hightower and The Dibbins!!!

Charlie Ace orchestrates the attack as he watches on. Brown tosses Luke Dibbins into the steel guard rail and then comes in with a boot to the side of his face! Thompson, meanwhile, slams Duke Dibbins' head against the cage and then makes a play for Hightower. Thompson kicks Hightower below the belt and follows with a diving DDT on the floor!

Inside the ring, after beating on The Stevens, the teams circle back to the middle of the canvas and stand off once again.

The teams mix it up but there's just too much action to call. DDK and Angus try to keep up, but can't as they just follow along with whatever the broadcast feed is showing at that time.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood runs right into a fist from Trinidad! A gorilla press slam is about to follow but Gage slips out... and The D with a spinning heel kick gets Angel to one knee!

Angus:

Implant DDT by Tyler to Trinidad!!

DDK:

PHOENIX SPLASH BY CONOR FUSE!!!

Angus:

Who are the legal men again?

DDK:

I don't... don't remember...

Conor gets up and is greeted by Tyler Fuse. The Fuse Bros. stand to a roaring approval of the crowd... but then, both Cristiano Caballero and Hoyt Williams push The Fuse's from behind!

The Ultimate Gamers fire back and duck right hand attempts. In unison, Tyler and Conor bounce off the ropes and nail double dropkicks to Aces Wild and double snap dragons (AKA DOUBLE DRAGONS) getting them out of the ring.

Player One and Two turn around.

Into.

Team HOSS.

The staredown is not lost on this crowd with their recent history. Anticipation awaits.

DDK:

Here we go again!!

The brawl is back and forth. Conor is going against Trinidad and Alecander against Tyler. Conor looks for a tilt-a-whirl DDT, but he's planed with an SOS.

Tyler tries CQC on Alecander but he's countered with a BPI. Both Fuse Bros. fall.

DDK:

And it's Team HOSS owning the ring!

Angus:

Not for long!! Look, Keebs, look!!

The D is positioned on the top rope.

And Gage Blackwood is waiting on another.

They both leap off at around the same time, both falling right into Team HOSS' waiting arms. But fallaway slams are countered. The D hits some kind of spinning DDT on Aleczander and Blackwood slips out, lands on his feet and connects with a bulldog to Trinidad.

The D turns his attention to Blackwood and tosses him out of the ring. But as he does, D walks right into a BIG BOOT from The God-Beast!

Who walks into a stiff uppercut from Trinidad!

DDK:

Trinidad Irish whips Mushigihara into the ropes...

RING SHAKING SHOULDER BLOCK.

Angel falls towards the PCP/Aces Wild corner...

Which means only one thing.

Klein.

Klein, who has been standing there the entire time, **never** getting into the ring yet. He was too reluctant, but now... now...

DDK:

Klein makes the tag! I think Angel Trinidad was the legal man after all!

The Faithful rise. Waiting. Waiting for this payoff that was supposed to happen at DEFtv 97, but didn't thanks to a run-in by Aces Wild.

"KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN!"

Klein walks in. Patiently at first and still somewhat apprehensive. And then...

DDK:

Dropkick to Aleczander! Dropkick to Gage Blackwood! In comes Scott Stevens... hip toss! Klein is going to the top rope...

MOONSAULT! to Gage Blackwood.

Back to the top rope.

MOONSAULT! to Scott Stevens!

Angus:

Scott is out! Scott is *OUT*!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

Bo Stevens with the save!

DDK:

SO CLOSE! I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT!!!

Angus:

You mean IT WASN'T!?!?

Bo takes Klein and without a second thought, levels him with a short-arm clothesline. Locking Klein into a calf crusher, you can see the pain through Klein's eyes, even though he still has the box on his head...

DDK:

Bo has a submission locked in! I'm not sure this will count since Scott is the legal man but...

Klein's left arm goes up like he's going to tap but the crowd shouts in support... Klein tries to fight it... he's gearing towards the ropes...

DDK:

Bo drops the hold. He gets up, pulls Klein to his feet and hurls him out of the ring. Bo's going to the top buckle... springboard splash to Klein on the outside but he's caught! Klein caught him...

Angus:

SNAKE EYES INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

Klein falls down, grabbing his leg as the camera goes back outside the cell, while Aces Wild and The Dibbins continue to be locked in a war themselves... until...

DDK:

JAMIE SAWYERS!

The manager for David Hightower appears out of nowhere and hits Charlie Ace with a low blow. He throws Ace head-first into the mesh of the cell to boos from The Faithful nearby!

DDK:

Sawyers is directing his attack to Leo and Dave now! He's joining in with The Dibbins!!

BBOOOOOOOO!!

This cues...

DDK:

EDDIE DANTE!

The fans cheer yet again, as Mushigihara's manager, Eddie Dante emerges from the back and finds Sawyers. Sawyers, however, is saved.

Saved by Luke Dibbins, getting a second wind and crushing Eddie Dante with a forearm smash!

Next, Duke Dibbins pops up. He pulls Dante to his feet and throws him into the right hand of David Hightower!

DDK:

David Hightower has Eddie Dante by the neck!! Don't do this, David. Eddie is RETIRED!

SLAM!!!

DDK:

CHOKESLAM TO DANTE!!!

Dante is out as Hightower stands and screams loudly into the air.

Inside the ring, the cameras cut to Mushigihara, The God-Beast, who saw all of this happen.

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!!

Without a blink of an eye, The God-Beast steps over the top rope and walks towards the Hell in a Cell entrance.

He grabs the door.

He pulls it off its hinges easily and throws it to the ground.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!!

Angus:

I guess The Dibbins and Hightower worked that door over. I mean, for their sake I would hope so.

Replays first show The Dibbins overcoming Aces Wild by use of low blow tactics and brass knuckles. Then replays of the chokeslam on Dante are shown.

Realizing The Dibbins are in over their heads, the hick brothers make a break for it and start climbing the cell but not before The God-Beast catches sight of them and follows them up!

DDK:

Mushigihara has had it with The Dibbins' antics! He wants to settle the score once and for all!

The Dibbins reach the top of the cage, while The God-Beast joins. Mushi tries to catch the hicks but they've made their way to the other side of the roof! There's some cat and mouse, but they're much quicker than Mushigihara, who has to take his time due to the poor traction on the top of the steel structure.

Angus:

BLOODY HELL! He won't catch those inbred scum!!

Inside the cell, the fight has leaked to outside the ring. The D, Cristiano Caballero and Aleczander the Great are exchanging shots near the bottom right of the cell.

DDK:

The D with a forearm to Caballero... but Aleczander follows with a choke hold to The D! Alec throws D on the floor!

Caballero pays Aleczander back with a low blow! Then, with everything Caballero has, he's about to toss the Team HOSS member into the cell...

It's reversed!

CRASH~!

The cell wall breaks apart. The very bottom of the cage splits open and Cristiano Caballero goes right through it and into the guardrail on the other side!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Aleczander's pleased with himself. He charges after Cristiano...

DDK:

Big boot!!!

Angus:

And here comes The D, back at it with Aleczander!!

On top of the cell, Mushi continues to chase one of The Dibbins... but soon, as the crowd lets him know, there's someone else coming.

DDK:

DAVID HIGHTOWER IS CLIMBING THE HELL IN A CELL!!!

Luke and Duke are all smiles until they realize they let Mushi close ground on them! That's when Duke rushes toward The God-Beast, only to get tossed out of the way and onto the steel roof! Luke follows, getting caught and hoisted overhead!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Angus:

Is he gonna do the OSU Press!?

Indeed, he does. Mushi walks towards the edge of the cell (the bottom right corner), repeatedly pressing Duke up and down like a barbell. The God-Beast looks over the edge, the edge where The D, Cristiano Caballero and Aleczander the Great are still brawling...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

... And drops Duke overboard, causing him to land on top of all three of men fighting on the floor and knocking them over.

DDK:

THE GOD-BEAST DROPPED LUKE DIBBINS ONTO ALEczANDER, CABALLERO AND THE D!

The crowd is explosive, showing their appreciation the only way they know how.

*GOD-BEAST! *STOMPSTOMP**

*GOD-BEAST! *STOMPSTOMP**

*GOD-BEAST! *STOMPSTOMP**

The monster raises his hands in response but Hightower has made it to the top of the cell and slams a forearm into the back of The God-Beat's head! Mushi slumps down onto the steel, where Hightower and Duke Dibbins are now taking turns stomping him as the crowd boos!

Seeing the punishment his partner is taking on the roof, Gage Blackwood exits the cell and bounds up the mesh wall!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD IS COMING!!!

Angus:

Jesus, that Scot is as unstable as...

The Faithful are roaring as Blackwood's made it halfway...

Angus:

I both like *and* don't like where this is going...

Duke Dibbins and David Hightower drag Mushi to his feet, allowing Hightower to hoist him overhead in a press slam position of his own! He inches towards the edge...

...but Gage Blackwood makes the save by clipping Hightower's knee, causing the bully and Mushi to roll back onto the steel roof! Mushi manages to get up first, while Blackwood bee-lines to Duke Dibbins and brawls with him! Mushi makes a gesture to Hightower to come on and fight and the tough Arkansan rises, nailing The Beast with a right!

Mushigihara:

Hahahaha... OSU!!!

The two trade blows but Hightower sneaks in a low blow! Hightower chuckles to himself before stepping back and rushing in for a lariat, but...

Mushigihara:

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSU!!!!!!!!!!

CRASH!

CLANG!

THUD!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Mushi manages to pull himself together JUST in time to grab Hightower and slam him with an ANGRY spinebuster, THROUGH the steel roof, sending Hightower plummeting into the empty ring! Mushi rolls back onto the steel, avoiding the fall!

DDK:

MY... GOD...

Angus:

Is he dead? Tell me he's dead.

DDK:

Luckily, no one was in the *MIDDLE* of the ring. Just a body now. David Hightower's body.

Blackwood chops Duke. They continue to fight on the top of the cell.

WOOO.

He chops him again.

WOOO.

And once more for good measure.

WOOO.

Finally, with all he has, Gage picks Duke up and walks him over to the hole in the top of the cell.

Gage Blackwood:

This is for Gunther Adler, you **baw juggler!!!**

DDK:

BLACKWOOD SLAMS DUKE THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE CELL!!! HE LANDS ON THE MAT RIGHT BESIDE DAVID HIGHTOWER!!!

And then...

Gage Blackwood:

Aye.

Blackwood jumps through the hole!

DDK:

BIG SPLASH BY BLACKWOOD! HE LANDS RIGHT ONTO BOTH DUKE AND HIGHTOWER!!! HE HAS TO HAVE BROKEN RIBS AFTER THAT! GAGE BLACKWOOD IS INSANE!!!!

The Faithful begin a "Blackwood, Blackwood" chant.

DDK:

NO ONE IS MOVING! EVERYONE IS OUT!!! IT'S ANYONE'S GAME!!!

After a good minute of cheering from The Faithful, finally... someone enters the ring. But it's not who they want to see.

Scott Stevens.

And...

Bo Stevens.

The Stevens Family work on getting David Hightower, Duke Dibbins and Gage Blackwood out of the ring by slowly rolling them away. Once completed, Scott whispers in Bo's ear. Bo nods.

Bo Stevens:

Yes that's right. That's right, I'll get him.

The Faithful jeer as Klein is dragged back into the ring, still holding his leg. Bo hits him with a Toxic Sting and then Scott hits him with a Toxic Sting.

The Stevens are all smiles.

DDK:

We have Caballero, The D and Aleczander out with Luke Dibbins on the outside of the cell. Hightower, Blackwood and the other Dibbins brother DOA on the edge of the ring. The Fuse Bros., Angel Trinidad and Hoyt Williams in a heap by the steel steps and Klein and The Stevens Family left over. I think that covers everyone?

Angus:

Don't forget Mushigihara still recuperating on the roof, either.

Scott hits one more Toxic Sting to Klein for good measure. Then, he smacks his cousin on the chest.

Scott Stevens:

It's over. Fuck DEFIANCE.

Bo lifts Klein to his feet, holding him above his shoulders. For good measure, Scott Stevens goes to the top rope, looking for a fourth and final Toxic Sting.

Scott Stevens:

FUCK DEFIANCE!

The Faithful boo loudly upon hearing him speak.

Conor Fuse:

It's over? You mean... as in *Game Over*?

And suddenly the jeers turn to cheers as Conor Fuse stands behind Scott and pushes him off the top rope and onto the canvas! Tyler Fuse enters the ring and hits CQC on Bo... but not before tagging the back of Klein by reaching out from his corner.

DDK:

THE FUSE BROS!!!! THEY'RE ALIVE!

Angus:

EXTRA LIVES BABAY!!

DDK:

That was a CQC to Bo! Now a CQC to Scott!!! Conor gets into the ring and stands tall with his brother...

Tyler immediately exits the ring. He comes back with the Adidas bag he brought down during their entrance. He doesn't waste a lot of time. Instead, Tyler pulls out a blue question mark box and tosses the bag to the side and the ??? Box to his brother.

Tyler pushes Conor.

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH HIM!!!!!!

Conor smashes open the box, revealing (legal) mushrooms as he pours them into his mouth and begins his version of "hulking up" (which is really just running around like a maniac with way too much energy). The Faithful are in full support of what's to come.

DDK:

Tyler goes to a top rope!!!... and Conor's going to another one...

Angus:

YES! YES! DO IT, DO IT!

*SLAM.***DDK:**

FROG SPLASH BY CONOR!!!

*SLAM.***DDK:**

FROG SPLASH BY TYLER!!! ONE UP, TWO UP!!!

Angus:

Can it be...!?!?

DDK:

TYLER WITH THE COVER!!!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!!

*DING DING DING***DDK:**

THEY DID IT! THE FUSE BROS. ARE THE DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!!! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT JUST HAPPENED!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and the NEEEEEEEEEEWWWW DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, Tyler and Conor Fuse... THE FUSE BROS.!!!!!!

DDK:

ON THE LAST DAY OF DEFIANCE, ON OUR LAST STAND... THE BROTHERS FROM THE GAMING WORLD HAVE BECOME THE FINAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!

Angus:

Unbelievable!!! 100% DEFIANCE has been achieved!!

Conor leaps into Tyler's arms, shouting and screaming with passion. The Hell in a Cell begins to rise (Mushigara just crawled down) and the referee is handed the tag belts. Conor awaits for Tyler to take one of them and then he takes the other. As their theme song plays throughout the arena, with pure joy Conor climbs to the top rope, still obviously in pain from the match but with a second wind, it allows for him to hold his championship belt high.

Tyler, meanwhile, lets go of his hardened demeanor and gives in to a smile. He holds his belt up, too while Conor begins to run around the ring, arms raised and shouting for victory.

Conor Fuse:

WE DID IT!!! MY BROTHER, WE DID IT!!! TAG TEAM ACHIEVEMENTS ARE OURS!!! WE BEAT THE GAME!!!!

Tyler takes a knee. He exits the ring and checks on Angel Trinidad, whom is somewhat coherent. Next, he checks on The D, then Aleczander and a few others. Everyone, for the most part is stirring, while EMTs come down to assess the extent of the damages. Conor continues feeling it in the ring, but he eventually joins his brother on the outside. Some minor acknowledgements take place between The Fuse Bros., PCP and Team HOSS for their efforts.

DDK:

An unbelievable moment! The first Tag Team Titles for The Fuse Bros. and now they are etched in history as the **last** DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions! The Last DEFIANTS!

Angus:

What a moment, Keebs, but respect to all these teams, except UTA, FUCK UTA. I have a feeling, somewhere, somehow, the paths of these teams will cross again.

As The Faithful cheer for The Fuse Bros., Conor and Tyler slowly walk up the ramp and the scene fades to commercial.

WHY YOU IN MY FACE?

DDK:

That was one hell of a six pack challenge for the tag team titles, with the Fuse Bros becoming our latest tag team champions... and remember to buy all your DEF material at DEFIANCewrestling dot com. We may be shutting down, but our spirit lives on! Angus, it's a bit bitter sweet, but I just wanted to say, on the WHOLE, I've enjoyed our time commentating DEFIANCE.

Angus:

mumbling

DDK:

What was that?

Angus:

... me too. Man fuck the UTA. Fuck this closing...

The camera cuts backstage, as Jack Harmen stands in front of a WrestleUTA flag, flying in the background.

Angus:

And FUCK THIS DUDE.

DDK:

Angus, we're supposed to keep quiet during the interviews.

Angus:

Shut your trap Keebs, I know, but fuck this guy. Fuck him. Fuck him fuck him fuck--

Angus' mic is cut off, as a devilish grin forms on the face of the Lunatic. Jack takes a moment to gently weave his hand through his long green locks, before laughing.

Jack Harmen:

My name is Jack Harmen, and I am a member of the United...

Harmen takes a deep sigh. He sneers, wincing, before he chuckles.

Jack Harmen:

Blahbity blah blah. You know the rest. But what you don't know, is I'm not going to be putting my career on the line tonight against Elise Ares as she requested. She doesn't deserve that honor, to even have a CHANCE of ending this legendary lunatic.

Harmen leans in, and grabs the camera by both sides. His face envelopes the frame.

Jack Harmen:

But I'm a fair mad man. You've put your hair on the line to challenge me, so I'll do the same. Of course, (laughs) there's no chance you're walking out of here a winner. Hell. There's no chance you're walking out of here at ALL. You're just gonna be walkin' outta here BALD! Now get out of my face!

Harmen shoves the cameraman away and walks off. The scene returns to the commentary booth, as Angus is desperately fiddling with his headset. It clicks on.

Angus:

-- butt fucking mother fucking son of a jackass see you next...

DDK:

Angus, we're on.

Angus:

I know! FUCK THAT GUY! You should see his car!

DDK:

While Jack Harmen may be a member of the UTA... it's champion is decidedly not. So...

WRESTLEUTA WORLD: OSCAR BURNS (c) vs. CRIMSON LORD

DDK:

All right, Angus. You ready for title match number three tonight? Oscar Burns defends the WrestleUTA World Championship against the man he beat for it back at ACTS of DEFIANCE, Crimson Lord.

Angus:

I am and I hope Burns can pull another horseshoe or whatever's lucky to a New Zealander out of his ass! He beat Crimson Lord after weeks of the big bastard looking past him, but let's call a fact a fact, Keebs. Burns had weapons at his disposal at Acts of DEFIANCE... tonight, this is a traditional match and last time they fought in that style, a time limit saved Burns

DDK:

Crimson Lord shared a ring once with Oscar Burns and almost had him beat in a five-minute limit match on DEFtv 96, only for the timer to run out before Lord could get the pin. Burns may be what some call quirky, but when his back's against the wall, he finds a way to win. He's arguably DEFIANCE's top technical wrestler and has submitted stars both big and small.

Angus:

And the counter to that is Crimson Lord is straight goddamn NUTS... not a lot you can do about that. I'm rooting for Burns and yeah... I want him to win but I don't like his chances.

DDK:

Burns has defeated Danny Diggs, Theo Baylor and THE Jay Harvey in past defenses, but this will easily be his biggest since winning the title! With that said, let's go to the ring for this next title match here on the ONE-HUNDREDTH edition of DEFtv!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey - looking quite dapper in a shiny new suit for tonight's occasion.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is for the WrestleUTA World Championship!

♪ *Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG* ♪

The Wrestleplex quickly changes to a hate filled arena for the WrestleUTA's monster! A white spotlight shines on the backstage curtain, soon after the lights quickly flash off and on.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger...

Crimson slowly ascends from under the stage, no jacket no hoodie but has a pair of black shades. He has black boots with a hundred dollar bill on each boot. He also has black tights on, dollar bills falling on the tights sort of design. The camera is positioned just below him to give that ominous shot of the seven footer. The lights continue to flash quickly which really brings out the massive traps and back of the former champion.

Darren Quimbey:

From Chicago, Ill weighing in at three hundred and forty-eight pounds.

Crimson slowly looks over his shoulder as he has fully ascended from below the stage. Crimson turns around as the drums from his theme cut for a moment in the song. Crimson heads to the ring, shots of light show his emotionless look toward ring.

Crimson reaches the bottom of the entrance ramp. The camera quickly switches to Crimson as the lights are no longer flashing and now a assortment of colors flash over him.

PINK

GREEN

WHITE

RED

PURPLE

The light pattern continues to get faster and faster....until

GREEN

The one light now shown on top of the seven footer. Crimson slowly raises his head slowly removing his shades. He walks toward the steps and walks up them walks the apron looking out into the jeering Defiance Faithful, before stepping through the top and second rope into the ring he tosses his shades out of the ring and walks to the corner and leans against the turnbuckle awaiting the entrance of the champion

Darren Quimbey:

"MR. BLOODWELL" CRIMSON LORRDD!

DDK:

Another new look from the former champion...

Angus:

This man has no idea just WHO exactly he is anymore, where did McFuckass find this deranged man?

As he hits the ring, he waits for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is the WRESTLEUTA WORLD CHAMPION...."TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out... but in far more colorful attire - for this occasion, he's gone bright yellow with both his tights and his boots! And of course, his new bright yellow DEFIANCE Fist logo with "WE LIKE THE GRAPS" on the back! And as he turns around, he raises the WrestleUTA World Championship overhead to a HUGE pop from the crowd!

Angus:

Smart, he's trying to blind this schitzo with all that damn yellow!

DDK:

I don't know about that, Angus, but this has been Oscar's decree since coming to DEFIANCE last year. If he has a belt, he's going to treat it like it's THE title and fight against all comers, no matter the size or star power.

Angus:

Rip his fucking off!

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! Crimson Lord looks emotionless toward the champion.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Crimson Lord has wanted this for weeks and now he has his chance.

Angus:

I hope this crazy gets choked out or has a limb ripped off.

The two meet in the middle of the ring. The stare off between the two is tense. They slowly back off one another and slowly circle the ring neither taking their eyes off one another. The ready themselves and quickly lockup. Out of nowhere Crimson headlock take's over Oscar. As the seven footer applies pressure. Oscar slowly makes his way to his feet. As he get to a vertical base, he quickly delivers a few swift elbows to the head forcing CL to break the hold he goes off the ropes. Again CL does something he normally never does and arm drags Oscar down pulling on his right arm, Burns seems a bit taken back he slaps his wrenched arm. Oscar is able to turn into the arm bar trying to free his arm with his free hand throwing quick uppercuts into Crimson's head! Crimson quickly sticks his legs into the gut of Oscar and shoves him upward as oscar flies in the air Lord quickly chain grapples into a helicopter armbar!

DDK:

Well, who would of thought Crimson had any sort of technical skill.

Angus:

The man is full of surprises, he has Oscar off his game as well.

Crimson pulls back on the champs arm as he struggles to try and find a way out of this maneuver. Oscar realizing Lord has the move on tight, he reaches for the bottom rope and after a few reaches grabs it. The ref quickly breaks the hold and Lord quickly releases it not even taking a typical villain's five count. Crimson gets to a vertical base and steps back as Burns shakes his right arm before looking back at Crimson clearly taken back by Crimson technical skill.

DDK:

Well, it appears the champ might have to rethink his game plan here.

Angus:

I have all the faith in the world Burns will adjust, he is not called The Technical Spectacle for the hell of it.

The grappling continues, but now Burns goes low and goes for a Dropkick that stuns Crimson Lord! The crowd cheers and he sees his first chance at a comeback, so he grabs the leg and drops a couple of elbows into the knee! He fights, but Crimson Lord shoves him off...

DDK:

He's got Burns on the ropes both figuratively and literally.

Angus:

Take his big ass down, Oscar!

Lord continues to charge and manages to try for a Big Boot in the ropes when Twists And Turns quickly snaps the leg with a quick Dragon Screw! The crowd pops as Crimson Lord finally goes down to the mat!

DDK:

Burns has him and now he's going for that STF.

Angus:

Wait, what's going on with that big psycho?

Oscar continues to apply the STF on the challenger. The camera catches a look from Crimson, the man appears to be in a comatose state. The ref is checking on him and is not getting a response. Just as the ref is about to call it Lord slams his free arm into the mat and one hand push ups his body taking Oscar with it!

DDK:

Crimson is fighting out of the STF.

Angus:

He seems different.

Crimson takes his momentum and flips on his side as Oscar has both his shoulders on the mat now.

ONE!

TW..

Oscar quickly rolls the shoulder to escape the pinfall. He releases the partial STF he still had on Lord. The challenger is the first to get to his feet and just as Burns gets to his feet, he is met with a big boot slamming him to the mat once more. Crimson stands over the champion brushing the strands of hair out of his face.

DDK:

I think your right, he does seem different now.

Angus:

Has his insanity drove him to the point he has no clue who he is anymore? If that's the case how exactly can you prepare a title defense against this basketcase?

Crimson picks up Oscar, he brushes his hands off his head. He limps up to his feet and the persona known as the Messiah of Pain DRIVES Burns' face into the top turnbuckle before running in and CRUSHING him violently with a vicious Corner Clothesline! The blow rocks the WrestleUTA World Champ and then gets tossed into the corner. When Burns comes flying right out, Crimson Lord SHOVES him up and over with a nothing-fancy Back Body Drop that rattles the ring!

Angus:

Oh, damn it, come on Burnsie! Get back up and stop being pinballed around by this man.

DDK:

I don't think he'd be voluntarily doing it if he could get away with it! And now a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Damn, that was close!

Crimson Lord hovers over him and now continues to wail on his back with several vicious right hands! The blows continue to rattle Burns before he gets chucked back into a corner to prevent escape. Burns continues to try and stop the mauling in the corner by the seven footer. He continues to cover and suddenly Lord stops!

DDK:

Now what?

Angus:

He looks like he is afraid now, this has been a bizarre match.

Oscar slowly looks up as finally catches Crimson's deal. The seven footer now appears to have no idea where he is.

He looks around petrified, Oscar slowly lowers his hands and watches Crimson back away from him. As the champion approaches the challenger, a look of horror is across the challenger's face.

DDK:

Oscar doesn't know what to do... is it a mind game or something more twisted the challenger has for him tonight?

Angus:

Screw it Oscar finish it quick, don't play this little game anymore!

Burns appears to be tired of this little game Crimson seems to be playing. He continues to pursue the challenger until he has nowhere to go. Crimson quickly sits in the corner covering his head from Oscar. Burns' eyes widen when he hears a childlike voice pleading for him not to hurt him.

DDK:

Have you ever seen anything like this before Angus?

Angus:

No, Keebs especially from someone the size of Crimson Lord.

Oscar can't seem to make heads or tails of any of this, it's like he has been fighting three different people at the same time. TnT slowly helps CL up to his feet trying to calm him down, he finally catches what exactly is going on with his opponent. Crimson has suddenly gone into a comatose state once more but this time Burnsie sees it!

DDK:

Can he not control who he is....is this what his game is?

Angus:

This man has lost all his marbles!

Before Oscar can capitalize CL stiff arms him in the jaw sending him to the mat. Oscar looks up at the seven footer and he appears to no longer be afraid. He grabs the champ's legs and lifts him up and falls forward transitioning into his wheelbarrow spinebuster. Burns holds his lower back in pain. Crimson wastes no time and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR..

DDK:

Oscar again taken off his game and it almost cost him the championship!

Angus:

Whew, that was a close one! He's gotta figure this guy out!

Lord gets to his feet, and quickly pulls Oscar up with him. He grabs him by the arm and swings for the fences trying to set up Burns for what looks like a Yokozuka Cutter...

DDK:

NO! Burns gets out the back! He has to mount an offensive now!

The WrestleUTA Champion waits for Crimson Lord to turn when he gets another Dropkick to the knee! And another! And finally, a third Dropkick to the chest that sends Crimson Lord in his Perfect Weapon persona back into the corner!

Burns then runs off the ropes and cracks Crimson Lord underneath the jaw with a European Uppercut! He then runs

back at the opposite corner and bounces back, connecting with a HUGE Running High Knee to the chest of Crimson Lord!

DDK:

Stick and move, Burnsie, stick and move!

The blow glances and he falls to his knee, allowing Burns to run and CRACK Crimson Lord underneath the jaw with a Running European Uppercut that finally knocks him off his feet! The DEFIANT Faithful hear the loud pop a cheer in excitement. Lord stunned steps out of the corner. Only for Burns to climb the top rope facing the crowd he looks over his shoulder at the stunned Lord. He hops back and the crowd jump to the feet, Oscar manages to land on Crimson's shoulders!

DDK:

Who would've thought the champ would have that kind of balance!

Angus:

Hell, Lord has been playing all these games with Burns turnabout is fair play!

TnT hops off Lord's shoulders and on his descent drives his legs into the chest of Crimson in a modified missile dropkick! The momentum slams CL onto the mat!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The words echo throughout the Wrestleplex! Burns showing a bit of fatigue is slow to get to his feet, but eventually does as a winded CL is slumped on the mat and goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

CRIMSON LORD POWERS OUT! BUT BURNS MAY HAVE HIM ON THE ROPES NOW IF HE KEEPS GOING AFTER THE LEG!

Angus:

Come on, you beautiful Kiwi bastard! You got him!

Oscar moves in and fires off a series of hard Elbow Smashes to the head of Crimson Lord, but he doesn't go down. Burns charges and lunges at Crimson again for another Uppercut, only for the seven foot monster to catch him in mid air and slam him down with a STO!

DDK:

Both men are down, but Crimson is already getting to his feet.

Angus:

Get up Oscar!

And another cover follows...

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

BURNS KICKS OUT NOW! HE'S STILL IN THIS!

Angus:

I don't agree with all his goody-goody talk a lot of the time, but when it comes to how he handles business between the ropes, he doesn't quit!

"BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!"

The Faithful come alive for Burns as Crimson Lord continues to mount another assault by throwing Oscar into the top rope before putting his foot up against his throat! Nothing fancy now as he tries to take the air out of Burns' lungs...

DDK:

NO! Burns just kicked that bad leg!

The Technical Spectacle saves himself by throwing a pair of kicks to the one leg Crimson stood on for the boot choke, only to now be left vulnerable again! He limps around when Burns goes right behind and attacks the knee with a Chop Block! Just as the leg buckles from underneath him, Crimson Lord starts to clutch his knee with one hand and his skull with the other as if something bad is about to happen!

DDK:

And Burns is trying to strike again! He's going up top...

With the crowd firmly behind him, Burns lets out his cry before trying to unleash his Top Rope Knee Drop.

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS!

Burns is on the top rope, about to leap! Before he can, though, Lord comes out of his comatose state and falls on the top rope. TnT straddles the ropes, Crimson personality seems to have changed once more. Lord quickly steps on the top rope pulling Oscar's hair back and throwing a few stiff arm shots! After the shots he starts to position Oscar to where he is standing on a vertical base on top of the rope!

DDK:

Oh, no, partner...

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I've seen that look before... he had that same sadistic expression at Acts of Defiance! I think this was that persona... The Plague of Darkness!

Angus:

Which means Burns is in for a lot more from this seven foot nutcase!

CL's hand is firmly clutched to Oscar's throat as the fans are on their feet!

DDK:

GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! Crimson just chokeslammed Burns onto the apron from the top rope!

Angus:

No...no!

Burns BOUNCES off the ring apron and then falls right to the floor, holding his lower back screaming in pain as the fans look on in horror! However, the challenger has his eyes closed with a evil grin on his face almost like he is enjoying listening to the screams coming from Oscar.

DDK:

Man... Oscar is hurt here, Faithful, and Crimson is relishing every moment of it.

Angus:

This is not good.

Crimson hops off the turnbuckle laughing as he slowly exits the ring, practically reveling in the damage being doled out to the champion. Sounds of Oscar shout "Oh, God" on camera are caught by the audio. Lord picks him up and throws him into the ring under the bottom rope as Burnsie continues to hold his lower back in a tremendous amount of pain. Crimson flips Burns on his back and the camera catches the audio as he slaps Oscar across the face of Lord saying "She belongs to me not you!"

DDK:

Crimson looks to not be done with the champ here.

Angus:

Well, if he wants that championship back he can't win it outside the ring.

The Crowd Jewel of the wrestling industry has him dead to rights and throws him back into the ring before laying with his body weight on top of Burns.

Angus:

There's NO way he's kicking out. We've got a new champ... Damn it...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE...

DDK:

No, no, NO! LOOK!

Crimson waits for the three to come, but it never does... he just made a very rare error when he looks over and sees Burns...

Angus:

SWEET BABY JESUS HE HAS A FOOT ON THE ROPE!

THE CROWD IS GOING NUTS! BURNS IS STILL IN THIS AND CRIMSON LORD IS BESIDE HIMSELF!

He shoots an ANGRY-AS-FUCK glare at the official and then pulls him away from the ropes to go for a more proper cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Burns is refusing to give up that championship! He wants to end the WrestleUTA World Title as the final champion!

Crimson grabs Oscar by his blonde hair and flips him around and lifts him up for a back suplex and spins to the corner turnbuckle and throws the champion's on top of it having him straddle the top rope facing the fans. Crimson turns his back to Oscar and reaches up and grabs TnT by the chin.....

DDK:

He's looking for Bloodlust! If he hits this, that's it!

Angus:

This can't be happening!

He's about to his ultimate MDK-style finisher when... his personality starts to come alive yet again...

DDK:

Now what, is he arguing with himself now?

Angus:

This guy seriously needs to be committed!

As the unstable monster now appears to be arguing with himself. Oscar has started to move once more his arms still favoring his lower back as he rolls away, seeing what's happening while perched on the ropes... Lord has seem to completely forgotten about him and continues to have a chat with HIMSELF?

DDK:

Oscar is moving here fans and apparently Crimson has completely forgotten about him.

Angus:

It's like he can't decide who exactly he is anymore.

Oscar rolls to his knees, and looks up as Crimson continues to be distracted with his conversation. Suddenly the seven footer shakes his head almost in utter fear. The audio picks up "No....Stay away!" Like clockwork Lord once again goes into that comatose state and Oscar has managed to get to his feet during the audio portion said by Crimson

DDK:

Oscars up and it looks like he is measuring the challenger.

Angus:

Now would be the perfect time you dummy to end this. This nut job has his eyes rolled in the back of his head!

Burns sees his opportunity and takes flight with a Flying European Uppercut off the top rope, dropping Crimson Lord onto his back!

DDK:

Burns is fighting back now! He's got this!

Angus:

DOES HE?!

The Technical Spectacle doesn't go for the cover right away but as Crimson Lord starts to rise to his feet again, Burns takes flight...

SWEET AS KNEE DROP TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

But once isn't enough for the Technical Spectacle as he goes back up again...

DDK:

Another Sweet As Knee Drop aimed at the chest! He's going for broke here tonight!

After two Top Rope Knee Drops, Crimson Lord is STILL trying to crawl to his feet when Burns jumps and SMACKS him in the side of the head with a Leg-Feed Enzuigiri! Crimson Lord stays down as Burns goes up a THIRD time...

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS!

Angus:

DIVING KNEE DROP TO THE LEG! TAKE THAT FUCKER OUT!

Burns then goes for the cover on Crimson Lord after THREE Sweet As Knee Drops targeting different parts of the body!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...

DDK:

LORD KICKS OU... NO! BURNS HAS THAT... I DON'T KNOW, SOME MODIFIED TRIANGLE CHOKE LOCKED ON!

Angus:

Take that big bastard out! COME ON!!!

The Faithful go crazy and shit gets BANANAS like Gwen Stefani circa 2006 as the mix of a Triangle Choke and Cross Armbar combination keep him locked up! Crimson Lord tries to put weight on the hold to power himself up, but his knee – the bad one that Burns had worked over before – turned him out!

DDK:

Burns told he was working on this new hold! He calls this The Last Graps!

Angus:

It's living up to its name!

Crimson Lord flails about trying to get the 243-pounds of Burns off of his arm and neck, but the succession of Diving Knee Drops followed by the attacks on the leg and the attacks to his throat see him not moving fast...

He tries to rise...

DDK:

NO WAY!

...But SLUMPS over hard in the middle of the ring with nowhere to go! The official calls for the bell and the place EXPLODES!

DING DING DING!

Right away, Burns finally lets go of the hold – he was a sportsman after all – and finally collapses off to the side as the WrestleUTA World Championship is dropped on his body!

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match AND STILL WRESTLEUTA CHAMPION "TWIST AND TURNS" OSCAR BURRRNNSSS!!!

The Defiant Faithful roar in excitement for Oscar as he VERY slowly holds his back in pain and winces... but with help from Benny Doyle, he makes it back to his feet!

DDK:

Oscar has retained! He has walked out of this bizzare match up with the WrestleUTA Championship!

Angus:

He beat WrestleUTA's monster twice now! Hell, I don't think I expected him to win once!

DDK:

Burns is a fighting champion for sure! He hasn't shied away from any challengers and now he goes out on top!

Crimson Lord is still heaving heavily on the mat while Burns and his new Last Graps submission end up winning him the match and allowing him to keep the title after spamming multiple Diving Knee Drops against Crimson Lord! Burns limps out of the ring nursing a VERY sore back he'll no doubt feel tomorrow...

but tonight... The Technical Spectacle had just lived up to his name.

ALLEN NOTHING

The scene opens to the backstage area, very simple setup. No nonsense, No interviewer, just a WrestleUTA backdrop, Mikey Unlikely and behind him Dan Ryan.

Both Dan Ryan and Mikey are in their ring gear.

Mikey Unlikely:

Here we go... it's all come down to this. DEFIANCE CANNOT WIN the war at this point. We've done what we've come here to do and for now we've driven DEFIANCE out of business.... But before we go... there's one more thing to accomplish! One more check on my list, and one more feather in my cap!

He looks back at Dan Ryan before turning back to the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

For 2 years now I've been here toiling around, and doing this and that. I've risen to the upper echelon of Hollywood talent and I've crafted a hell of a wrestling resume in that time, I've shuttered DEFIANCE and the contracts they have... BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN THE FIST!

Mikey makes the super dumb title motion over his waist.

Mikey Unlikely:

I've never beaten Cayle Murray, I've never been THE MAN in DEFIANCE.... Well tonight... I become the LAST MAN to hold the DEFIANCE FIST! I become the last man to stand victorious in the middle of a DEFIANCE ring... and I become the MAN in all of professional wrestling. I've proved that no actor can hang with Mikey, I've proved that no wrestlers can hang with Mikey, I've proved entire wrestling companies can't hang with Mikey.... That said.... Cayle Murray... you're the last thing I have to accomplish in this great sport. Congratulations because you've been cast in the most important role of your life... The man who lost everything to Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey turns to Dan Ryan who opens his mouth to speak but is cut off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nope. Let's go... you have a job to do... and it's not to run your damn mouth!

Mikey snaps his fingers and points off camera. For a split second anger crosses the face of Dan Ryan. It slips away almost as fast as it came, and Dan Ryan follows the command. He begins to walk offscreen.

ELISE ARES vs. JACK HARMEN

The camera pans around the DEFplex before focusing in on Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL, and is a Hair vs. Hair match!

DDK:

Oh boy.

Angus:

Start taking mental pictures, boys. You're going to need them when one of the prettiest girls you've ever seen gets shaved bald.

DDK:

You think Harmen is going to win this match? That's unlike you.

Angus:

Not at all. Elise has come a long way and could win, but I think Jack is a big enough asshole that he might try to shave her head anyway.

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

A siren song brings the masses to their feet. The noise, which could only previously be described as a cacophony of intense personal feelings, has instead settled into a roar of approval. The once hated, then controversial, and now beloved Elise Ares steps into the spotlight on the staging area. Her trademark LED sunglasses scroll "#SaveTheSWAG" while she shakes her hips back and forth surrounded by blue, purple, and pink lights. Suddenly another pair burst through the curtain from behind her as The D and Klein make their way to the arena riding SEGWAYS! Elise Ares watches as they ride circles around her with purple flags attached to their segways that read "SEGWAYS!!!!" in white text. Taking a step forward she puts her arms out to her side causing them to halt. She turns around and starts pointing to herself and then back at them. The D looks disappointed but seems to understand. Klein hangs his box as they turn around and head backstage, leaving Elise Ares to swagger her way down to the ring alone.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms may have segways, but they won't be at ringside tonight as Elise Ares feels as if she has something to prove to Jack Harmen alone.

Angus:

It is her hair on the line and no one else's. If for some reason she thinks those two might get in the way more than they'd help, she'd have to pay the consequences. Plus they could always just run down later if she needs them...

DDK:

Or maybe she has something to prove here by herself? She had a vicious attack on Jack Harmen a couple episodes ago on DEFtv with those two and we haven't seen much of either of them since. It was a bit out of character for what we've been known to expect from the PCP, Harmen must've finally flipped a switch or something inside them to get that kind of violent reaction.

Angus:

It was not what you'd expect from what you remember of them, but back when they first came to DEFIANCE I wouldn't say that was completely unexpected from them. We knew it was in them all along, it just took Jack Harmen threatening Elise's livelihood to bring it back.

Now on the ring apron, Elise leans back against the top rope and wraps her arms around it before suggestively shaking her hips and spinning around the second rope to get into the ring. Once in the ring she unfastens her black, high fashion trench and drops it to the canvas on her way towards the corner, revealing a purple and black ring attire trimmed with gold. As she climbs to the top rope she holds her arms out and soaks in all the cheers. Removing her

sunglasses, she drops them to a nearby ringhand and winks back at the camera when her time is jarringly cut short by the scream of Ozzy...

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

A light smoke gently waffs from the entrance way, as Jack Harmen bursts out from the back, parting the fog. He stares to the left, then to the right, and promptly marches forward down the entrance ramp to a chorus of jeers. Someone reaches out and slaps his shoulder, which causes him to turn and raise a back fist, before continuing on his way, jaw jacking the entire length shouting random insults and obscenities at the DEF Faithful.

DDK:

Jack Harmen doesn't seem to be in the best of moods Angus.

Angus:

Well, you should see what I did to his car this time.

DDK:

Harmen refused Elise's demand for a retirement match after her vicious beatdown. He's been uncharacteristically quiet since the attack.

Angus:

Hey, I'd never want to put my livelihood on the line. Whether I was facing Jack Harmen or Jack Hunter, that's a bet too rich for my blood. Hair grows back. Careers end.

Harmen climbs up the ring steps and stares daggers across the ring at his more than ready opponent. Harmen points to her and yells at the referee to "Keep her back!" as he cautiously enters the ring. Once inside, he never turns his back to Elise, and leans against the corner turnbuckle.

DING, DING, DING

DDK:

Alright Angus! Get the hair clippers! One of these two athletes will be bald as the day they were born when this is over with!

Angus:

Elise was such a pretty woman.

Harmen charges out of the corner and instantly goes for the Locomotive, but Elise just falls to the canvas before impact and slips out of the ring.

DDK:

Elise has that well scouted. Harmen really likes to try to hit that move right out of the gate. It's an instant KO if it connected.

Angus:

You use a strategy too much, it just becomes a routine Keebs.

Elise is pointing to her head, showcasing her intelligence. Harmen reaches through the middle ropes and grabs Elise by her hair and lifts her up onto the apron, so she sits on it's edge. Harmen pulls Elise to a standing position, but Elise is able to wriggle free and hook Harmen's head, snapmaring his neck across the top with a stun gun like yank. Harmen backs out, coughing, sputtering, only to turn back to a springboard hurraconrada from Elise that sends Jack flying across the ring. Harmen slithers completely out of the ring under the bottom rope as Elise poses, and flashbulbs go off.

DDK:

Quite a maneuver there Angus, but Elise should be staying on the offensive. She can't let a cagey veteran like Jack

Harmen have a moment's respite.

Elise breaks out of her habit and rushes toward Harmen's side of the ring. She leans through the top and middle rope and looks to grab Harmen by his hair, but BLAM!

DDK:

What was that!?

Angus:

He just tossed it back under the ring. Carla! Do your job!

Referee Carla Ferrari is left completely astounded and confused as Elise falls back like a cut down tree. She topples and lands with a thud, as Harmen slowly and mechanically climbs back onto the ring apron. He licks his lips, as he watches Elise barely stirring on the canvas.

DDK:

Let's take another look at that, as it appears Jack picked up a pair of brass knuckles from under the ring, and just as quickly, hid the evidence.

Angus:

This may have already been an uphill battle Keeps, but that makes this entire match so much worse for Elise.

Harmen stands over Elise, who's now turned on her back and is crawling toward Jack. He begins to try to pull herself up using Jack's snow white pants, but it's more difficult than she imagined. Harmen backs off, and then just begins gently shoving her head away with the heel of his foot. As Elise keeps fighting, Harmen rushes off the other side and BLASTS her with a soccer kick to the side of the head. She flips onto her stomach, and then rolls to a neutral corner, trying to sit up. Once she does, she's met with a charging Jack Harmen, who knees her in her seated position. The crowd oomphs with the impact as Harmen dives on top for the cover.

One.

Harmen lifts Elise's shoulder up off the mat to jeers. He then takes her to her feet by her hair, and locks in a side facelock. Harmen hits a suplex, and holds on, spin twisting his legs to regain his footing. He tries for a second, but Elise blocks it!

DDK:

Elise lives! She lives! Suplex of her own! And another! And the trifecta! Elise is down, Harmen is down, for being so early in this matchup, both of these competitors seem like they're leaving it all on the line here at DEFTv 100!

Angus:

There is no tomorrow Keeps! Why not push the gas tank to E!

Harmen is the first to come to, as Elise follows shortly after. It seems she was just suplexing by instinct, as she turns and swings with a forearm into Harmen's gut. She reaches out and grabs Harmen by the wrist, arm wrench, and then charges to the corner. She quickly climbs to the top rope, and it's here where Harmen just grabs her ass and shoves her off the top and to the outside. She comes crashing down on the barricade keeping the Faithful from action, as Ares just gets hung up, draped overtop.

DDK:

What a despicable move Angus!

Angus:

Smart, but a dick, definitely!

Harmen shouts at Carla to start counting, and she reluctantly does so. Its here where Harmen falls back first onto the

canvas and starts making snow angels to a litany of boos.

DDK:

We said it earlier tonight about Elise, but this showmanship here is completely unnecessary and may wind up biting Jack Harmen.

Angus:

You got someone down, you take advantage. Simple Keebs, even I know that one.

Elise pulls herself back in at five, so Harmen rolls over for a cover that gets one. Harmen tries again, this time elbow to the face, and only gets one. Final try, he hooks the leg in addition and gets two before shaking his head in visible frustration. He grips her by her hair and tosses her into the corner, before laying loose with a few rights and lefts to her gut and then one stiff shot to the head. Carla jumps in to admonish, but Harmen raises a back hand to her. Elise fires out of the corner with a stiff elbow shot, and then switches position. With Harmen in the corner, she starts laying into him with kicks to the midsection, until Harmen tumbles down into a seated position and Elise just goes off.

DDK:

The solo Blacklist! Usually she'd tag the D in to get some extra stomps in, and while he would definitely like to get some licks in, this is a one on one battle!

Carla gets to four before Elise backs off, raising her hands in submission of the referee's orders. The Faithful have swollen in cheers as Elise goes back to Harmen in the corner, but Jack grabs her by her top and pulls her down so her face smacks against the middle turnbuckle awkwardly. Elise stumbles, dazed, as Harmen gets to his feet, goes behind, and hits a nice german suplex...

That Elise lands on her feet for. The crowd pops, as Harmen turns...

LOCOMOTIVE!

DDK:

THERE IT IS!

Angus:

Oh God! We're gonna have a shaved Elise Ares!? She'll only be 60 percent as attractive as she is now!

DDK:

Harmen just falls on top back first, looking at the lights. This one is academic...

One.

Two.

Three.

Angus:

WAIT WHAT?! That tough son of a bitch!

Elise Ares gets the shoulder up at the last minute. Carla's hand stops from counting, as Jack looks up, confused. The crowd pops as Jack gets to his feet and begins to scream at Carla, shouting "THAT WAS THREE!" He's so hyped, he winds up backing Carla into a neutral corner, and just continues screaming at her, things like "YOU SUCK AT YOUR JOB!" "GO WATCH SESAME STREET!" and my personal favorite, "I will eat your placenta!"

DDK:

SCHOOLBOY BY ELISE! GET IT!

One.

Two.

KICKOUT from Harmen. Elise rolls to her knees as Harmen shoots to his feet. He charges into a small package!

One.

Two.

Harmen barely gets the shoulder up. He stands after, slower this time, as Elise sizes him up. Jack goes for a wild right, but Elise ducks, into a backslide pin.

One.

Two.

Harmen again kicks out. Harmen stomps his foot on the mat, angry, as Elise rises to meet him. The two QUICKLY poke one another's eye out at the same time, and then back off, blinded from their opponent's move.

DDK:

Again with the double eye poke! This happened at Maximum DEFIANCE and it's happening again right here tonight!

Harmen goes for a wild right, but Elise catches it. Before Harmen can react...

DDK:

SUNSET STRETCH! The very move that Oscar Burns taught Elise! She's got it locked in the center of the ring! Angus! This could be it!

Carla is right there to check on Harmen, who shakes his head no.

Angus:

C'mon leading lady! DOOOOEEEEIT!

Elise wrenches the hold in tighter, causing Harmen to let out a muffled scream. Harmen begins to reach out, trying to grab the top rope, but he's just too far away. He tries to slowly walk. He tries to lower his center of gravity to be able to change position and shuffle Elise off with a fireman's, but Elise hooks the leg finally between Jack's legs. He swings his hand wildly toward the ropes, and begins to walk, taking slow steps toward the corner. Elise shakes her head no, and leans back even further. Carla is right there, asking Jack if he gives, but she waves it off.

DDK:

Elise Ares has it synched in Angus, there's nowhere for the Lunatic to go!

Angus:

Somebody get the sheers out Keebs! I smell makeover!

Harmen's right leg gives out, and he falls to a knee. Elise takes this opportunity to lean her head back even further, putting immense strain on Harmen's abdomen. Harmen winces, reaching out, but the ropes are still a good foot away.

He fights back to his feet, and begins to inch back toward the ropes, but it's slow going. The positioning is in Elise's favor, and every step is a chore. The Faithful chant...

"TAP! TAP! TAP-TAP-TAP! *Clap-Clap-Clap*"

Harmen reaches out with his right foot, trying to use the part of his body that has the longest reach, but Elise hooks Harmen's hand and YANKS back at the wrist into an ungodly looking dislocation. Harmen screams in the hold, falls to his knees, and...

TAP TAP TAP.

The Faithful erupt in cheers as Elise Ares lets go of the hold. Harmen falls to the mat, face first in a heap, clutching his shoulder and ribs. Carla Ferrari walks over and raises a celebratory Elise's hands, as she poses for the crowd.

DDK:

THERE IT IS! ELISE ARES HAS VANQUISHED ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY MEMBERS OF THE UTA ANGUS!

There is no doubt about it! Elise Ares was the better wrestler tonight!

Angus:

Somebody get the shaving cream! Wait, no, that's too good for him! LET'S YANK OUT THE STRANDS ONE BY ONE!

Meanwhile... Jack Harmen has since rolled out of the ring, without Carla or Elise noticing... and is slowly back peddling up the entrance ramp...

OH NO YOU DON'T

DDK:

I don't think anyone has even noticed Jack Harmen ditching out on his punishment!

Angus:

First he backed out of putting his career on the line, now he's trying to back out on putting his hair on the line! This is why you don't write checks that your ass can't cash!

Inside the ring Elise Ares turns towards the stage and notices Jack Harmen is nearly out of the arena. Her mouth drops and she slides out of the ring, which is when Jack knows he's been found out and takes off running. Well, as best as he can after getting his ass beat. The second he makes it to the curtain he jumps backwards and falls onto his ass, and the crowd erupts as Klein and The D push their way out wearing black aprons that read "SportsClips." Each hold their own buzzer as Jack rolls over into a crawl and waddles back towards the ring until he runs into a pair of legs. Looking up, he sees that he's run into Elise Ares who had taken off after him.

Jack Harmen:

I was just trying to motivate you! See how great you've become?! You should be THANKING me!

His words still scream out without a mic over the chaos. Elise just smiles back at her former mentor and shakes her head. In desperation, Jack jumps up to his feet and grabs the arm of Elise Ares and raises it over her head in victory. Never one to shy away from attention, Ares flashes a big cheesy grin and waves to the audience before grabbing Harmen by his hair and beginning to drag him back to the INTV stage.

Angus:

Yes! Finally! Wait, what's this?

DDK:

Klein has just handed us some papers here... Hey Angus, have you ever dropped your lady off at the salon and wondered what all the excitement was about?

Angus:

No. What the fuck are you talking about, Keebs?

DDK:

Well, SportsClips has brought the excitement of style to the man's world. SportsClips is the only place where you can enjoy the MVP experience. After your precision MVP haircut, enjoy our legendary hot steamed towel, invigorating massaging shampoo and relaxing neck and shoulder treatment. The only thing that could possibly make it better is if you double it. Which by the way, you can!

Angus:

Uhhh...

DDK:

And with the new SportsClips app, you can check in from anywhere! Whether you're pressed for time or just don't want to wait in line, use our new app today to get you the MVP experience you deserve. Thank you for 25 great years, from SportsClips.

The shameless self-promotion ends as Jack Harmen pulled into the "barber's chair" against his will, which for some reason is outfitted with wrist straps, presumably to keep the man on-the-go from running away for a business call. Shaking his head back and forth, Harmen makes it nearly impossible for Klein to comb his tangled locks, forcing him to use a spray bottle. Like a cat, Harmen screams in the face of mist-like adversity as Elise picks up a third hair buzzer laying on the table next to the chair, which is also covered by a SportsClips tablecloth.

DDK:

It looks like SportsClips has spared no expense in the advertising budget to put their name all over this presentation.

Angus:

I'm not sure if I'm disgusted or impressed by the PCP's ability to sell-out to nearly anything, but I sure am glad as hell to see Jack Harmen shaved bald!

Elise and The D simultaneously take their buzzers and run them across the top of Jack Harmen's head and the crowd erupts as long locks of hair fall to the floor as Jack continues to struggle. The next pass is Klein, who goes the other direction from the others, going side to side instead of front to back, presumably putting a giant H on top of Harmen's head. With each pass Harmen's resistance against his fate grows less, realizing that he's better off bald than with patches of long stringy hair spread randomly across his scalp. After a few minutes of shaving and PCP doing obnoxious gyrating dances while doing so, Jack Harmen is mostly bald and grinding his teeth together in seething anger. Elise Ares has the pleasure of grabbing the hand mirror and a microphone to show Jack Harmen his new hair.

Elise Ares:

It is with great honor to show you the results of our hard work. For nearly two minutes, our professionals have been hard at work to give you the MVP Experience that you deserve. Now I finally present to you... an Extreme Makeover: PCP Edition.

Upon seeing his reflection in the mirror, Jack Harmen screams to the heavens almost as if there were a camera above his head panning out to dramatic effect at his horror. There isn't, but wouldn't it be awesome if there was? The D was picturing it in his mind as Klein comes over and drops a legendary hot towel onto the back of Harmen's neck. Unable to toss it away, Jack yells out in pain and The D grabs the messaging shampoo.

Elise Ares:

I think you're supposed to do the messaging shampoo before you cut his hair.

The D:

But in the official promo I was given... it said the MVP haircut, legendary hot towel, messaging shampoo, and then relaxing shoulder and back treatment in that order.

Elise Ares:

I don't think things go in the exact same order as the promo.

The D:

Are you sure? Because so far everything seems to be right...

Elise Ares:

Well...

Elise pauses for a moment as Klein hands her another copy of the script. She scratches her head for a moment as she reads it over, wondering if perhaps she just doesn't understand it because it's an experience meant for men.

DDK:

Well there you have it folks! Jack Harmen shaved bald as the day he was born!

Angus:

I would've preferred something a little less relaxing... like a straight razor, but I suppose I'll take what I can get. I'll just manage my disappointment by keying his car again.

DDK:

That's one way to handle it, I suppose.

Klein picks up the personal messenger on the table and looks at it, trying to figure out how it turns on. Meanwhile The D and Elise seem to be discussing off microphone what to do next. Klein continues to struggle and Elise tries giving him advice. He doesn't seem to listen, perhaps her voice isn't getting through his legendary box.

Elise Ares:

You turn those things on by the little rubber switch, Klein! It has different settings that goes faster or slower depending on what you're looking for...

The D stops what he's doing and just stares back at her.

Elise Ares:

Eh... fuck it, guys. This is good enough. Let's go get drunk.

The crowd roars in approval and the members of PCP shrug and drop everything to the ground. "Live For The Night" by Krewella plays over the arena to the joy of the crowd before PCP turn their backs to Jack Harmen and leave the INTV stage. Meanwhile, still on the stage Jack Harmen struggles to break free, left in the chair all alone with a hot towel draped over him.

BEFORE THE STORM

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time...

Angus:

... for the endtimes.

DDK:

Cayle Murray, FIST of DEFIANCE, defends against Mikey Unlikely AND Dan Ryan. This is everything that the past six months have been building up to, and while I'd love to say we can look forward to a fairytale ending here, I'm not sure we can.

Angus:

The odds are INSANE. Ryan and Unlikely are firmly on the same page. Dan is absolutely one of the greatest wrestlers of all-time, and Mikey is one of the most effective snakey fucks on the planet. They're a dangerous, dangerous tandem, and they know how to win. Throw them together, and our boy's chances look terrible, but let's not forget who the damn FIST is.

DDK:

Look, there's no doubt in my mind that Cayle Murray is the single best wrestler on the planet. That's my opinion, and that of many in the building tonight. But he's just one guy. This might be a three-way, but we know Ryan and Unlikely are going to work together, and I have no idea in HELL how this ends in anything other than a WrestleUTA victory. They've already won the war, and tonight, chances are they're going out with our pride in their hands too...

Angus:

Fuck that, Keebs. Fuck this defeatism. At one point, I would've been right there with you, but this is our last gorram stand, and I'll be da--

♪ "Red In Tooth & Claw" by Rosetta ♪

Angus:

Awwwww shit!

That burst of noise hits through the building. Everything plunges into darkness, then...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

A massive pyrotechnic explosion on the ramp, before plumes of fire start kicking up just in front of the DEFTron. With his entrance music pounding, and the building pulsating, Cayle Murray stands before this fiery backdrop, dressed in traditional black and red ring attire - not the usual white championship get-up.

DDK:

HERE COMES THE FIST... AND HELL SHALL FOLLOW WITH HIM!

Predictably, Murray is in absolutely no mood to fuck around. He's ready for war. He slaps no hands on his way down to the ring, nor does he bump any fists, and instead makes a beeline straight for the ring.

Angus:

The FIST is out first! If I've learned anything from watching him over the past couple of years, this is some kind of statement...

DDK:

Absolutely! Traditionally, the champ comes out last. Tonight? Cayle is planting his flag early.

He's not just planting a flag, though: he's calling for a microphone.

Darren Quimbey obliges.

The music dies, but it takes the crowd a long time to do the same. They're beyond fired up tonight. They understand the stakes, and while each and every member of the audience is fearful for Cayle, he has their utmost support.

Cayle Murray:

So this is it. The last garrison. Our final stand.

He unstraps the FIST from his waist, then holds it high.

Cayle Murray:

Well I'll be bloody damned if I let these pricks piss on our corpse tonight!

The crowd pop. Cayle can't stop pacing back and forth: he's amped.

Cayle Murray:

Tonight, I stand for everyone. This is for Eric Dane. Boston Bancroft. Stephen Greer. Dusty Griffith. Jeff Andrews. Bronson fookin' Box...

Major, major cheers for the names of the past. Playing to the crowd? Sure, but it's working.

Cayle Murray:

This is for the men and women that made DEFIANCE, DEFIANCE, and that means you too. Every single person who ever parted money with a ticket to come see us wrestle. Anyone who bought a t-shirt, order a pay-per-view, or tuned in on Hulu. YOU are DEFIANCE. Not Dan Ryan, not Mikey Unlikely... you.

Angus:

Hear fuckin' hear.

Cayle Murray:

This isn't the house Cayle Murray built, but it is my HOME, and I will defend it to the death of me. It has been my honour and my privilege to pour my heart and soul into this place for the past two years. Now I stand here on the verge of inevitable defeat, facing impossible odds, but I'm not down. I'm ready to pour EVERYTHING into one last struggle, and if WrestleUTA want to take this...

He raises the belt again.

Cayle Murray:

... they'll have to FUCKIN' kill me for it!

A huge, HUGE pop for the uncharacteristic curse. The Scot is practically spitting his words out.

Cayle Murray:

DEFIANCE dies tonight, but with a roar, not a whimper! Mikey Unlikely... Dan Ryan... STAND UP. DEFY. You've taken my home - OUR home - away. I can't prevent that, but I CAN take you bastards down with us!

The FIST tosses the microphone overhead. He hastily removes the belt, thrusting it in Brian Slater's arms, and tears the jacket from his shoulders.

It's go time.

DDK:

Folks... I think we have ourselves a match!

Angus:

Pure lava from the FIST of DEFIANCE! Fuck yeah, Keebs! I'm fired up!

FIST OF DEFIANCE: CAYLE MURRAY Â© VS. MIKEY UNLIKELY & DAN RYAN

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

The strobe lights pop to life and the jeering of the crowd erupts throughout the arena as Dan Ryan steps out through the curtain. He stares off into the crowd as the lights flash off of his sunglasses, but shows no expression whatsoever. He looks from left to right slowly, taking it all in, then hops from foot to foot, waiting for his partner but wisely staying put. A piece of trash comes whizzing in his direction, and he catches it, in one motion tossing it over his shoulder to the floor behind him without reacting otherwise.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

No red carpet tonight, No big light show. No movie to promote. Mikey comes out wearing his Sunglasses and vest but tosses them off quickly at the top of the ramp. He stares down Cayle and joins Dan Ryan on the ramp.

Angus:

I don't like this Keebs.

Finally together, the WrestleUTA duo advance on the ring, trash raining down from a handful of particularly vengeful fans in the front few rows. Remember the way Cayle and his brother jumped them a few weeks prior, Ryan and Unlikely go their separate ways, each taking one side of the ring.

DDK:

Say what you will about these guys, but they aren't dumb...

Angus:

Yup. Cayle can't dive on 'em if they're stood at opposite sides of the ring.

Mikey and Dan hop onto the apron. Ryan is stoic, while Unlikely is beaming from ear to ear, firing off insults at the increasingly impatient Cayle. They survey their prey, who doesn't know how to take the situation...

Angus:

Caaaaareful now young Squid...

DDK:

You, of all people, know all about Cayle and his impulsive decisions.

Angus:

That I do, and while I understand the emotion pumping through his bo-- SHIT!

Angus' curse is warranted, because Murray just shot across the ring, basting Ryan with a boot to the chest! This knocks the big man down from the apron, and though Mikey attempts to strike from behind, Cayle's righteous fury carries him through the first few blows, and he has soon knocked the WrestleUTA owner through the ropes with a dropkick!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

HERE WE FUCKIN' GO!

DDK:

CAYLE'S ON FIRE! AND SO ARE THE CROWD!

Still no playing from the FIST of DEFIANCE. With the ring to himself, he charges, rebounding off the ropes, before

leaping over the top and diving onto Dan Ryan!

DDK:

TOPE SUICIDA!

Landing on the Ego Buster softens the blow for Cayle, who immediately slides back inside, then runs over to the other side, flying out to crash down upon Mikey this time!

Angus:

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.

No time to waste. Murray gets up, grabs Mikey by the head and waistband, and rolls him inside. Unlikely tries to scurry away, but Cayle yanks him back to his feet and blasts him with a forearm flurry, before whipping him to the corner, then following up with a dashing Yakuza Kick!

Into the cover...

ONE!

KICKOUT.

Mikey fights his way to the feet, and the cavalry is on the way. Big Dan Ryan climbs through the ropes, ready to strike at the FIST of DEFIANCE, but Murray thinks fast. He throws Unlikely into Ryan, staggering the former champion, then tosses Mikey shoulder-first into the ring post through the turnbuckles.

DDK:

This is incredible, Angus!

Angus:

He's doing it, Keebs! He's doing the thing!

DDK:

If Cayle has a hope in hell of winning this thing, this is it!

The commentators almost have to roar to be heard over the molten crowd. Keebler's voice is already cracking up, but Cayle Murray is coasting on raw energy at the moment, laying into Dan Ryan with everything he's got.

The Ego Buster has fought men like this before, but he's having a hard time, and eventually succumbs to a Busaiku Knee Kick followed by a PK off the ropes. Murray goes back to the struggling Mikey Unlikely now. The WrestleUTA mastermind thumbs him in the eye and tries to slow things down, but Cayle absorbs a couple of chops before blasting him with one right across the throat.

Head under the arm... BRAINBUSTER!

Angus:

STARDRIVVAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

My... my god...

Angus:

KEEBS... HE'S ACTUALLY GONNA DO IT!

Cayle to the ropes. Rebound.

PENALTY KICK.

DDK:
SURELY...

Murray surges towards the corner.

DDK:
... SURELY NOT?!

Low-arcing Moonsault!

The roof damn near blows off the DEF Arena!

Angus:
YES! FUCKING YES!

No cover.

Not yet.

One.

Last.

Blow.

Still absolutely flying, Cayle picks Mikey off the mat. He sets him up for a powerbomb then hoists him onto his shoulders, before letting his torso dangle all the way down. The crowd immediately know what he's going for.

A move they've only ever seen twice before.

The move that sidelined Eric Dane for over a year.

The move that destroyed Bronson Box's career.

DDK:
G-I-T-B! HE'S GONNA NAIL IT!

Angus:
GANSO BOMB!

The surest killshot in all of DEFIANCE is on its way...

Cayle gets ready to drop to his knees.

NO.

LARIAT.

Murray hits the deck.

Mikey lands on his head, but with nowhere near the same level of impact.

Angus:

... fuck.

Dan Ryan stands over the fallen FIST of DEFIANCE, and immediately, the atmosphere is sucked out of the building.

DDK:

SO. DAMN. CLOSE.

Angus:

I-... ugh...

DDK:

Folks, I don't want to be the doomsayer... but... yeah...

Dan Ryan takes over fast, quick, and in a hurry. Mikey rolls to the ring apron to collect his bearings, and he looks out... Dan Ryan meanwhile has Cayle Murray back up on his feet. Places both hands around his neck and hurls him into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Uh oh! Dan Ryan is exploding right now.

He lights up the chest of the FIST with body blows before hitting some shoulder blocks in the corner. Cayle falls and rests his back on the turnbuckle, but Dan Ryan places his boot onto the neck of Murray and stands up on it.

The official begins his 5 count, and of course Dan Ryan milks it as long as he can. He finally backs off when the referee pulls on his shoulder. Ryan chases Slater around the ring a bit. He comes back to Cayle and lifts him up out of the corner.

DDK:

Dan Ryan shoots Cayle off the other end now, and catches him with the clothesline. What impact!

Angus:

I don't know if things can get much worse for Squid, but here comes McFuckboi back into the fray.

Sure enough Mikey is seen finally stepping back into the ropes, having caught his breathe. Mikey walks over to Cayle and goes to pick up his legs. Mikey tucks them under his arms, and begins to try to turn over Murray.

Angus:

No! Don't let him lock it in!

DDK:

Mikey clearly going for the Backstory, his infamous submission move, he's rocking back and forth trying desperately to turn Cayle's shoulder!

Angus:

This could be it!...Please don't let this be the end.

Halfway over Cayle is fighting with what strength he has left. With one last pull, he's able to free his legs, and bring them close to his body. As Mikey moves in, Cayle plants the feet in his chest and pushes. Cayle rolls backwards, and Mikey gets pushed through the ropes down to the outside.

A surprised Dan Ryan, looks to grab Cayle as he gets to his feet, but Murray dives through the legs and hits the ropes. On the return Dan Ryan goes for a body press, but Murray slides off before Ryan can lift him all the way. Dan Ryan turns to Murray.

Smack!

Angus:

European Uppercut! ANOTHER! ANOTHER! C'mon!

DDK:

The Egobuster is rocking here! Cayle backs up and goes for the big shot!

As Murray extends to strike one more uppercut Dan Ryan moves, grabs the arm, tossing it over his head, he hoists up Murray by the waistband and goes to slam him with a vertical suplex. Before he can, Murray turns in the air, and comes down on his feet, behind Ryan before trying to pin him with the O'Conner roll.

Angus:

YES!

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey breaks up the pin with a diving elbow at the last second!

Angus:

Ah Fuck that shoulda been it!

Mikey looks relieved that he made it in time. Dan Ryan on the other hand is flustered. He slaps the mat as he gets up, he pulls Murray up to his feet and holds him there. Mikey stands up and smiles. He hits a standing dropkick that plants Murray in the chest and sends him to the mat. Dan Ryan picks up Cayle again. Once more Mikey takes the opportunity to strike.

Angus:

OW! Lungblower!

DDK:

Mikey with the quick cover now.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mikey stands up, and laughs at Cayle. He slaps the back of his head and tells him to "Get up!" Unlikely kicks Murray in the ribs as he begins to move. Then again. "You're finished! DEFIANCE is finished! This is your last stand MURRAY!"

Knee to the face by Mikey knocks Cayle back to the mat. Mikey keeps talking.

"This is the end of you, the end of that championship, and the end of DEFIANCE!"

Elbow drop.

Angus:

This is just embarrassing!

DDK:

What can he do Angus? Anytime he moves more than Mikey wants him to Dan Ryan is standing right there, ready to take over. Murray is in proverbial no man's land right now. He's helpless.

“You won my WrestleUTA title... You won the FIST of DEFIANCE... but at the end of the day Cayle... YOU JUST CAN'T WIN THE BIG ONE! “

Cayle crawls over to the corner slowly, Mikey is one step behind him the whole time, Cayle turns and sits and looks up at Mikey, he's breathing heavy, and sweating profusely.

Mikey smiles big, and it shows on the DEFIatron. Then Cayle looks up and spits in Mikey's face as the crowd erupts into cheers. Mikey goes nuts.

DDK:

Oh my!

Boots after boots after boots rain down on the FIST of DEFIANCE until he lies in a heap in the corner. Mikey walks back to the center of the ring, and looks at the fans.

Mikey:

This is your champion!? This is the man you think can beat me!? NO ONE CAN BEAT ME!

Cayle tries and fails, but on the second attempt he gets to a seated position once more. Down to his last bit of energy, the champion should be feeling hopeless. But instead, he looks in Mikey's general direction and a large satisfied grin comes across his face. This catches Mikey's attention, and he takes two steps toward Cayle...

Mikey:

What the hell are you smiling at?! You're through! DEFIANCE is through!!

Cayle's smile isn't going away - not a giddy smile - but a deeply satisfied smile.

Mikey:

I SAID WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SMILING AT?!?

Mikey is staring daggers right in the forehead of the champion. Cayle shrugs his shoulders, still carrying the satisfied smile. The crowd suddenly erupts in cheers, and Mikey has no idea why. His gaze temporarily goes from Cayle Murray to the crowd, trying to decipher this change in mood.

What he doesn't notice is the six-foot-seven inch Dan Ryan standing only a few inches behind him, staring at the back of his head and waiting -- and this crowd has been around and seen enough to know what's going on here.

Mikey senses something, too, and suddenly his face goes white, but it's too late. Before Mikey can even fully spin around, Dan Ryan has a boot to his midsection. Mikey doubles over, and in a flash, finds himself hoisted up high overhead. Cameras flash all over the arena, catching the terrified visage of Mikey Unlikely just a moment before he's slammed down with all the force that the former FIST of DEFIANCE can muster, high angle on the neck. Mikey bounces off the mat and flops into a prone position as the faithful lose their ever-loving shit.

Dan Ryan steps backward until he ends up in the opposite corner from Cayle Murray, and leans there, watching. Cayle scurries out of the corner and hooks Mikey Unlikely's leg.

DDK:

My God! Here's the cover!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!! IT'S OVER! Cayle Murray retains!!

AND THE CROWD GOES WILD!

Angus:

But we still have to close! What's the point? Cayle Murray is still champ, BIG DEAL! I'm out of a job here!

DDK:

That may very well be the case, but DEFIANCE goes down fighting! Nothing can change that!

Cayle Murray gets to his feet, staggers around a bit and soaks in the cheers as he is handed the FIST, which he holds up high overhead to another thunderous ovation. Murray looks over at Dan Ryan, who is still leaning in the corner, and gives him a little head nod, which Ryan returns.

DDK:

Look at that! I knew it. I knew something was up! Dan Ryan is an opportunist, but I knew he would never help the likes of Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

Well, he sure as hell played it right up to the end...

DDK:

No kidding.

In the midst of all this merry-making, Mikey Unlikely starts to stir and begin to realize what just happened. He snaps his head around toward Dan Ryan and leaps to his feet - or what passes for leaping in his state...He's both angry and sarcastic, angrily clapping his hands while looking at his former partner. He strong-arms a microphone out of a ringside crew member and steps in Ryan's direction.

Mikey:

Oh, job well done! You saved an extinct champion from losing his extinct championship. Enjoy the fucking unemployment line.

Suddenly, Dan Ryan lurches forward and snatches the microphone out of Mikey's hand.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah, I think that's about enough out of you.

Mikey:(standing his ground)

And just what do you expect to do about it??

Dan Ryan:(matter-of-factly)

I expect that Cayle, me, and the entire DEFIANCE roster are about to drag your pathetic, lifeless body and forcibly toss you through the backdoor and into the street. That's what I expect to do about it. Is that what you expect to do about it, champ?

Ryan leans across an incredulous Mikey Unlikely and tilts the microphone in Cayle Murray's direction.

Cayle Murray

That's what ***I*** expect to do about it.

Dan Ryan:(tilting the microphone back his way)

That's what I expect to do about it, too.

The faithful cheers their asses off at this.

Ryan lets the crowd enjoy this moment, then raises the microphone one more time.

Dan Ryan:

But first.... Some friends.

Just like that, the entire DEFIANCE roster and crew comes through the curtain, the faithful cheering louder and louder as each man comes down and surrounds the ring. Mikey is stuck, surrounded, and realizes he's way up the creek.

To make things even worse, once everyone is out and in place, out steps, one by one, DUSTY GRIFFITH, BRONSON BOX..... and JEFF..... ANDREWS.

DDK:

HOLY SH--

Angus:

Keeps! Did you just?

DDK:

I caught myself partner, but DEAR GOD! Did you ever think you'd see these guys again?!

Angus:

Well... no. No I did not.

The faithful are popping out of their shoes at this point. The three men stand pat at the top of the stage, as if guarding the entrance, but moving no further. Dusty Griffith stands to one side, Bronson Box to the other, and in the middle, Jeff Andrews.

Mikey:

It doesn't matter. None of this matters. No matter what you do, I did what I set out to do. I shut this place down, once and for all, and nothing you can do is gonna change THAT!

Boos.

Dan Ryan:

Mikey, I wish you were smarter. I really do.

Some laughter from the faithful, which Mikey does NOT appreciate.

Dan Ryan:

Tell me, Mikey... have you ever heard of... THE LONG CON?

Mikey is just about to ask Dan Ryan what the blue hell he's talking about, but his voice is drowned out by a much louder voice.

KELLY EVANS.

Kelly Evans:

You know Mikey, I couldn't help but wonder...

The faithful explode so loudly that Kelly is drowned out, and she stops a moment to let the people have their say. There's a full ten seconds of noise, shaking the rafters, but finally, Kelly speaks up again.

Kelly Evans:

I couldn't help but wonder -- where are your friends?

Mikey glares at her, and for the first time, realizes that his UTA brethren who were supposed to be at ringside by now aren't there. He'd gotten so distracted with the way the match was unfolding that he didn't realize he was all alone.

"What are you DOING HERE?!"

Kelly Evans:

I hope nothing happened to them. I hope nobody intercepted them backstage and threw them out of the building or something.

BoomPop.

Kelly Evans:

Here's the thing, Mikey. I don't know who you thought you were dealing with here, but this is DEFIANCE.

Not a single person in the house is sitting, the faithful are eating this up.

Kelly Evans:

This isn't some rinky-dink fly-by-night production that doesn't know how to deal with corporate takeover bids and underhanded boardroom machinations. And let me tell you something about money. You may think you have the financial thunder to put us out of business. But look around you. Dan Ryan has more money than you ever dreamed of having. Jeff Andrews... more money than you ever dreamed of having. There are enough connections from those two men alone to have all the financing we'll ever need to keep running for a VERY long time, and there is OH SO MUCH MORE where that came from, so I will say to you right now, and I will say it LOUDLY.... DEFIANCE IS GOING.... NOWHERE!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD.

Angus:

YES!!

The crowd goes super duper apeshit. Kids jump up and down like crazy. Female fans conceive babies. Neckbeards become GQ cover models. A handicapped lady in the front row jumps up and runs around tent revival style. This moment, folks, is MAGICAL.

Mikey's eyes go wide. He can't believe it. He starts glancing around the ring. Cayle Murray smiling, patting the belt over his shoulder, Dan Ryan, holding his hand up and waving goodbye sarcastically. He locks in on the faces at ringside. Mushigihara, Scott Douglas, The Fuse Bros, Elise Ares, The D, Oscar Burns.

Mikey Unlikely.... Is FUCKED.

Like a swarm, they all dive under the rope and into the ring. In no time, Mikey Unlikely is overwhelmed, beaten down until he can offer no more resistance.

Angus:

Hell yes!! Get him outta here!

Mushigihara, who stayed outside, on the ramp side of the ring, helps to drag him out by his feet under the bottom rope and hoists Mikey onto his shoulders. Mushi heads up the ramp and the seas part at the top of the stage as The God-Beast carries Mikey through the curtain to the backstage area.

DDK:

The big man is carrying Mikey Unlikely out like a sack of potatoes!

Angus:

That's more than he deserves!

A sea of DEFIANTS follow from ringside as they make their way to the back door. Mushi lowers Mikey to the ground, and three or four DEFIANTS help hold him up, and with a mighty shove, they collectively and forcibly shove him through the back door and into the waiting crowd outside.

We pop back to the arena, where the crowd is ecstatic, and Kelly is still holding court.

Kelly Evans:

And now that the trash has quite literally been taken to the curb, there are just a few things left to say. To the men on this stage with me -- Dusty Griffith, Bronson Box, Jeff Andrews -- DEFIANCE would be nothing without the trail blazed by all of you.

A round of cheers for the three DEFIANCE legends.

Kelly Evans:

To the men in the ring -- Dan Ryan, for once, your devious nature has worked to the benefit of this company, and it has worked splendidly...

Ryan nods in the ring, as he gets a small round of cheers.

Kelly Evans:

A special shout out to "THE ONLY STAR" ERIC DANE.....

HUGE ovation.

Kelly Evans:

The man who put all of this in motion. And last but not least.... Your own.... Reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE CAYLE MURRAY!!!!!!

Murray holds the belt up high and soaks in the cheers as Dan Ryan climbs out and gives Murray his moment.

Kelly Evans:

Now I know you all came here expecting a fond farewell, but I'm here to say, you're all gonna have to put up with us a little bit longer. DEFTV 101 IS NEXT, AND WE REMAIN.... DEFIANT!!!!!!

Everyone is on their feet. Everyone is happy, and by God, it doesn't get any better than this.

DDK:

What an incredible turn of events! And I am extremely happy to say right now, we will see you next time! For the one and only Angus, I am Darren Keebler... GOOD NIGHT!!!

Fade to copyright.