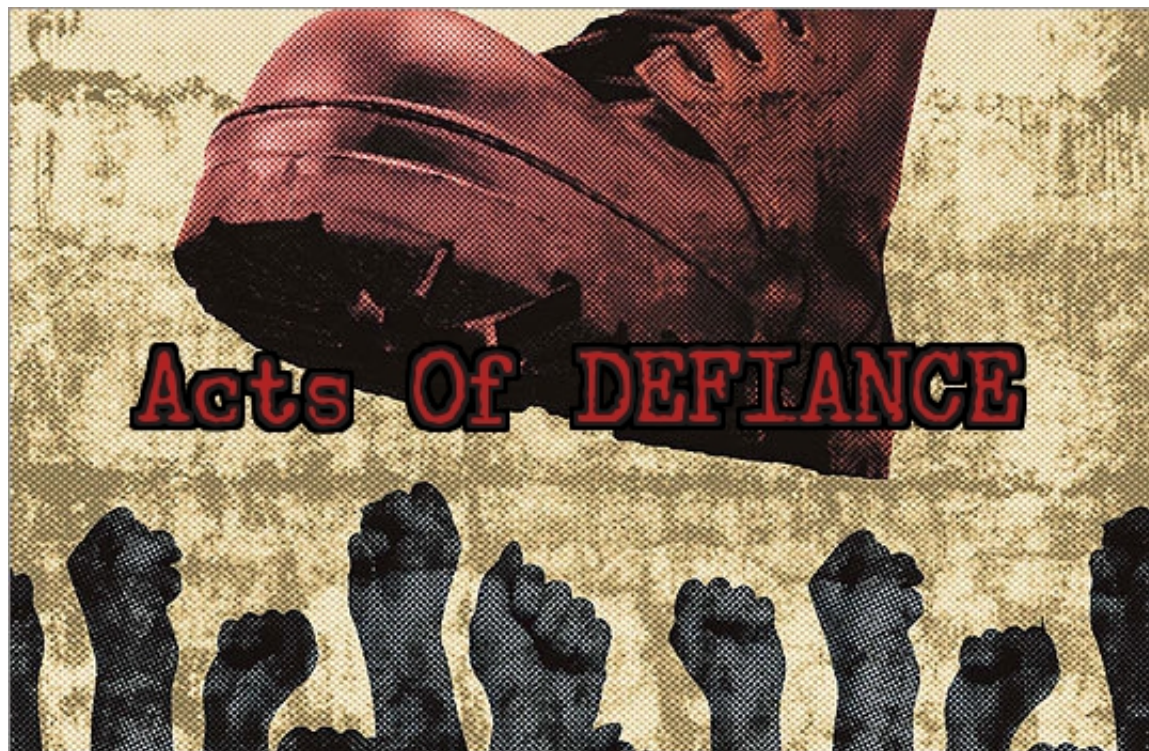


RUNDOWN**IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...**

♪"Burn my Crosses" - Swear On Your Life♪



We fade in on the Wrestle-Plex and a sold out house of DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, all going crazy, all with some form of pro-DEF, anti-Mormon propaganda waving about. Finally, we settle on our party hosts for the night.

DDK:

WELCOME TO NEW ORLEANS! WELCOME TO ACTS OF DEFIANCE!

Angus:

What? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

DDK:

We are LIVE here at the WrestlePlex, and we are ready for the clash of all clashes! The war of all wars! The ACTS OF DEFIANCE! We're gonna see every Championship on the line tonight, including Mikey Unlikely's bogus Hollywood Heritage, and Crimson Lord's WrestleUTA World Title! We're also expecting to see Impulse in action as he addresses what took place at DEFtv 96!

Angus:

He's out for blood, no question.

DDK:

Speaking of which, Cayle Murray will be defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against the certifiably undeniably legendary JACK HARMEN this evening! Harmen's status is set in stone; Cayle Murray could move from the ranks of the great to the ranks of the ALL TIME great with a win here!

Angus:

Squidboy's got a tall order, but I think he'll make it.

DDK:

We'll be back in a flash with our opening match!

MAN DOWN

Backstage three men that we've seen quite frequently of late, Nicky Synz, Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt, stand deep in conversation. From one side approaches Lance Warner, who doesn't beat around the bush in interrupting the conversation.

Lance Warner:

Excuse me, guys, the word going around the back right now is that due to injuries sustained during the assault by Aces Wild two weeks ago, Butcher Victorious isn't here tonight. What does that mean for your 8 man tag match?

Nicky Synz turns slowly, but considering the news he and his partners tonight are dealing with, he seems incredibly upbeat.

Nicky Synz:

What does it mean? Well it means what Butcher Victorious was saying is true. Aces Wild feel they need a numbers advantage to stand a chance of beating us. See, they had to take out Butcher because they know they can't beat the four of us. But you know what? We're gonna go out there tonight and prove they can't even beat three of us.

Emilio Byrd

Dat's right!

Nicky Synz:

Would we be happier if Butcher was here alongside us to help us take down Aces Wild? Yeah, of course. But he's not forgotten, 'cause he's in here...

Nicky places a hand on his chest.

Nicky Synz:

We've got the strength of four men, and with that we'll take down Aces Wild!

Hurtlocker Holt

Hell yeah!

The three men bump fists and head off to prepare for their match as we pass back to the announce desk.

DDK:

It sounds like those three are ready for a fight tonight.

Angus:

They'd better be. They're not just facing four randomly thrown together men. They're up against a team carefully constructed by Charlie Ace.

DDK:

Carefully?

Angus:

Yeah, the guy's had to weed out plenty of weak links to form the team he's feilding tonight. This is the cream of the crop.

DDK:

I'm sure they are, Angus. But I think Nicky Synz and Thugs 4 Hire are gonna be mighty tough opponents for them tonight.

THE DIBBINS VS. GUNTHER ADLER & FLEX KRUGER

MUSHIGIHARA VS. LISIL JACKSON

DDK:

That was certainly a match, Angus, and we aren't stopping here as we're going right to our next! Let's get up to Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first! From Kingston Jamaica... "THE JAMAICAN INSPIRATION" LISIL JACKSON!

"Better Must Come" By Geego begins to play over the loudspeakers as the fans erupt into a chorus of boos. Lisil Jackson walks out with a focused look on his face. He walks down the ramp and to the ring before he slides off his fedora setting it safely under one of the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Lisil Jackson has been making waves as a part of WrestleUTA's assault on DEFIANCE,

Angus:

Maybe, but Jackson's gonna have to deal with MUSHIGIHARA! That's not a good situation for ANYONE!

DDK:

Indeed, at DEFtv 96, the God-Beast returned to action in the DEFIANCE/UTA twelve-man tag match, and was intent on attacking "The Boss" Chris Ross, but Lisil Jackson managed to cut him off, and so this bout was signed in the ongoing war against WrestleUTA.

Lisil Jackson remains stone-faced among the jeers of the DEFIANCE crowd, even as the lights go out to herald the arrival of his opponent.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

DDK:

And the crowd is EXPLODING for Mushigihara!

The familiar pounding of drums and shattering of glass fills the WrestlePlex as mist dances along golden spotlights. A shadowy figure emerges, to the roaring approval of the Faithful.

"GOD-BEAST! *STOMPSTOMP*

GOD-BEAST! *STOMPSTOMP*

GOD-BEAST! *STOMPSTOMP*"

Arms raised and growling in delight, the God-Beast hails the Faithful with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!!!"

The camera gets close enough to the man to see that he is still wearing his damaged mask; in the meantime, his longtime manager and sometimes-partner Eddie Dante has caught up with him, grinning in approval.

DDK:

It's been a long road for Mushigihara; he was defeated by Cayle Murray at DEFCON in a match for the FIST of DEFIANCE, and then fell victim to the tactics of Chris Ross at Maximum DEFIANCE, but tonight he aims to put himself back on the map and prove himself a worthy soldier in the battle for DEFIANCE...

The monster has made it into the ring by now, never taking his focus off of Lisil Jackson. Raising his arms yet again,

Mushi signals for the music to stop, before raising them to the sky, then behind his head. After a pause for effect, he dramatically pulls his mask off!

Angus:

WHOA!

DDK:

Was this... some kind of ceremonial unmasking?!

Indeed, the God-Beast stands in the center of the ring; his mask dangling in one hand, his face painted in a gold-and-black scheme. The crowd is visibly shocked, but some still cheer at the word "DEFIANCE" painted across Mushi's forehead.

Angus:

I'll tell you what it is, Keebs, it's Mushigihara wearing his heart on his sleeve and his company on his face!

Mushi grins, then turns to face Lisil Jackson as referee Hector Navarro rings the bell.

DDK:

This is sure to be a hot-tempered match, since Lisil Jackson kept Mushigihara from getting his revenge on Chris Ross!

The two behemoths circle one another for a bit, then lunge in for a collar-and-elbow tieup. Neither man seems to give up any ground, but after a while Mushi starts showing his strength, pushing Jackson back up against the corner and being forced to break by Navarro. Lisil Jackson nods, and lunges towards Mushigihara in an attempted double-leg takedown, but Mushi manages to stop the takedown; he tries to lift Jackson in the air, but the Jamaican Inspiration manages to break free from his grip! Seeing an opening, he then tries to surprise his opponent with a Tsunami Kick, but Mushi steps out of the way and grabs Jackson from behind!

DDK:

Could he be trying to end this early with the Atlas Cu--- oh, no!

Mushi tried to lift Lisil in the torture rack backbreaker that preceded the Atlas Cutter, but Jackson managed to stop it with a few headlock punches, forcing the God-Beast to release his grip. The two share a staredown, each of them sporting a grin. They lock up again, but Lisil manages to get the advantage and toss Mushi to the mat! Mushigihara rises to his feet, but is greeted with a series of kicks to the ribs, followed by a whip into the ropes and a spin kick to the face on the rebound! The Faithful boo Jackson, who seems dismayed by the reaction, but he continues on, picking the monster back up to his feet and waffling him with a series of elbows, followed by another attempt at the Tsunami Kick, only for the God-Beast to dodge the kick and rush towards Jackson with a sumo palm thrust!

Angus:

WHOOOOOOOO, Mushi's packing heat in those hands!

DDK:

Well don't forget, Mushigihara was a sumo wrestler, and Lisil Jackson has his own strong martial arts background as well, though it doesn't seem to be doing him so well on the outset here...

Jackson reels from the raw power of that palm, but lunges back at Mushi, only to get another palm for his troubles, and another, and another! Jackson starts to fight back, hitting Mushi with another elbow strike, and another! That second elbow seems to rock Mushi enough to fall back on the ropes, but he bounces back and runs in with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

WHAAAAAAAAP!

...and a BIG palm thrust to Jackson's face that knocks him down to the mat! Mushi rushes in for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Mushigihara with the first cover of the match, and that palm strike made its mark on Jackson!

Jackson manages to kick out right at two, with enough force to send Mushigihara rolling onto his back and then on his feet. Jackson too reaches his feet, visibly rocked from that last hit. Mushi sees this and kicks Lisil in the gut, before hooking the arms and dropping him with an impactful butterfly suplex! Mushi chuckles as he rises to his feet, then bounces off the ropes, dropping down on Jackson with a senton back splash that he leans in on for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

AH FUCK!

JACKSON INSTINCTIVELY COMES ALIVE and grabs Mushi's legs, using his own weight against him and pinning him with a crucifix rollup!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

Whew!

Mushi manages to break free, rolling backwards into his hands and knees, before slapping the mat in frustration! Lisil Jackson is running on pure instinct now, as he rushes in and delivers a kick to the side of Mushi's head and knocks the God-Beast down! Jackson takes the offensive, mounting his opponent and raining down fists and elbows! Mushi tried to fight them off, but can't; his responses become more and more sluggish, and before long he is sufficiently dazed for Jackson to put his hands on his shoulders as Navarro counts.

ONE!

TWO!

...

Mushi manages to kick out at around 2.5, but is still reeling. Jackson, for his part, is visibly steamed, but still manages to compose himself and line his shot up at a rising God-Beast...

...just as Mushi rises, Lisil fires off a superkick that hits FLUSH on Mushi's jaw! Jackson goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Mushi manages to kick out, but Lisil just responds by slamming his elbow right onto Mushi's head and covering again!

ONE!

TWO!

Mushi kicks out again, but Lisil is ready, hitting the downed beast with another elbow, before doing another pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

In a mighty display of strength, Mushi manages to press Jackson up as if he were a barbell, forcing the Jamaican Ninja Warrior to roll away from him! The crowd roars at that show of power, as Mushigihara draws from the crowd reaction to rise to his feet! Lisil manages to come to, and stares Mushigihara down, grabbing him by the neck and shooting a few knees into his midsection, Thai boxing-style. He then whips Mushigihara back into the ropes, and leaps up in preparation for a nasty kick of some kind, only for the God-Beast to catch him in mid-air and cinch him in a bear hug...

Mushigihara:
OSU!!!

...before launching him into ORBIT and crushing him with the belly-to-belly! Lisil is down, but so is Mushi after the string of punishment he just took, and the crowd is jumping, calling for Mushi to drag himself over to Jackson to pin him! Navarro is now counting both men down.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Mushi manages to pull himself up by the ropes, and manages to start crawling, though Lisil is on his hands and knees now.

FOUR.

FIVE.

SIX.

They rise at roughly the same time, and Mushi attempts a scoop slam... but Lisil Jackson manages to slip behind the monster and lock in a rear-naked choke that is short-lived, as Mushigihara manages to back both of them into a corner and grab onto the rope, forcing another break. Lisil breaks on request, while Mushi cranks his own neck as he walks out the corner.

The two motion back towards each other, and Mushi leads off with a hard forearm to the face of Lisil Jackson, followed by another. Lisil manages to find an opening and rushes in with a knee to Mushi's gut that knocks the wind out of him and drops him to the mat on his knees, then grabs him by the hair and drives a few more of those knees into Mushi's face! Mushi rolls away and reaches to the ropes to get to his feet, and makes a "bring it gesture" to Jackson, who rushes in just in time to get another sumo palm to the face that floors him!

Seeing an opportunity, Mushigihara grabs Lisil Jackson by the legs and pulls his weight back, launching Jackson into the nearby turnbuckle, before plopping down as Mushi rises to his feet. After a little adjusting, Mushi springs up to the middle rope before bouncing off and dropping a nasty splash onto Jackson for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Jackson manages to survive Mushi's patented Death Star, leaving Mushi clearly nonplussed. He reaches down and pulls Lisil up to his feet, only to get his grip broken up and his face kicked in courtesy of a CRACKING roundhouse kick that sends Mushi to the mat like a sack of flour! Lisil tries for a cover, but Hector Navarro breaks it up because both men are so close to the ropes.

Lisil is now on the advantage, laying some elbow strikes on Mushigihara's noggin before pulling the God-Beast back up to his feet. Dazed, the God-Beast can do nothing as Lisil fires a few kicks to his legs and body. However, Lisil backs up into a corner, seeing an opportunity for a big hit...

...but as he rushes in, Mushi manages to throw off his momentum, sending him face-first into the opposite corner! Lisil stumbles backwards, into Mushi's waiting arms as he lifts Lisil up for the Atlas Cutter, but Lisil manages to flip off the God-Beast, back onto his feet, and off the ropes...

Angus:

SHIT! TSUNAMI KICK RIGHT IN THE CHEST!

The crowd is visibly upset as Mushi goes down to the Tsunami Kick, but the astute viewer at home can tell by the look on Mushi's face that something is wrong; he is wincing in clear pain, a sight that Lisil Jackson seems to not notice as he scales the ropes and leaps off for the...

DDK:

And there's the Jamaican Sunset... and I think the sun is setting on this match right now...

The disheartened Darren Keebler sighs as Lisil makes the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DINGDINGDING

The crowd is booing, though some of them are applauding out of respect for both men for a hard-fought match, as Hector Navarro raises Lisil Jackson's hand, albeit reluctantly, as his music starts playing again. Lisil Jackson slides out of the ring and storms over grabbing a microphone.

Jackson:

CUT ME MUSIC!

Angus:

Oh great now we have to hear him speak...

DDK:

Wonderful....

Lisil slides into the ring and grabs his fedora setting it on his head.

Jackson:

Ya know since dee first day I came ta Defiance I been forced ta do tings dat I not wanna do... I grow tired o' bein associated wit dee UTA... I came out here ta do a job and ta prove dat I don't need ta be a cheata and a dirty playa ta win!

Jackson shakes his head as the fans are in shock.

Angus:

Is he saying what I think he's saying!?

DDK:

I.... I don't know...

Lisil paces around the ring with a crazed look on his face.

Jackson:

Ya see even dee UTA neva wanted Lisil Jackson! Mikey wanted nothin ta do wit me! I had ta jump through every hoop he put in front o' me just ta get dat contract signed! And fo what huh? Listen ta me Mikey and listen real good... I don't foget how ya treat me mon... And I don't foget how ya had dat bumbaclot Kendrix runnin round wit me fedora like it was a big joke... I'm not UTA cuz as far as I'm concerned... I neva was UTA!

Suddenly the fans erupt into cheers.

Jackson:

UTA.... I got three simple lettas fo ya... G... F.... Y.... And if ya dunno what dat stand fo... GO.... FUCK.... YASELVES!!!!

Angus:

WHOA!!!!

DDK:

Did he seriously just say that?!

Lisil shakes his head looking around.

Jackson:

And I'm sorry but if I have ta be associated wit dee UTA.... Den I leave no choice.... I QUIT!!!

And with those words said Lisil Jackson drops the microphone and storms out of the ring and up the ramp to backstage leaving a baffled Mushigahara who just listened to what the Jamaican had to say.

SOUL SURVIVOR

.Lance Warner stands with Mikey Unlikely, and WrestleUTA Champion Crimson Lord who sits in a wheelchair with the championship laying over his lap.

Warner:

I'm here with WrestleUTA owner, Mikey Unlikely as well as his champi...

He's cut off with a hand from Mikey who grabs the mic.

Mikey Unlikely:

First of all Lance, Crimson Lord is not only MY champion.... He's YOUR champion, and he's the PEOPLE's Champion! This is the title that represents the very top of the business... get it right!

He stares at Lance but Warner doesn't budge. Mikey motions towards Crimson

Mikey Unlikely:

Now this man, this monster, this magnificent beast, is going into Acts of DEFIANCE with one thing in mind.... SHOWING THE ENTIRE WORLD what happens when you cross WrestleUTA! Oscar Burns, is going to be breathing through a straw by the end of this thing!

Crimson's gaze continues to look down at the championship over his legs.

Crimson:

You know Oscar, I wonder what you did this morning when you woke up?

He slowly looks up at the camera.

Crimson:

You probably got out of bed, did all your personal hygiene, then perhaps went and got some breakfast at a local ma and pa diner.

Crimson clicks his tongue before resuming.

Crimson:

Then perhaps you packed your gear, and decided to head to the arena early. No doubt when you got there you were signing autographs with your "Faithful". Then perhaps you took a stroll backstage to meet and greet the rest of your piss poor "Defiants". Maybe even stopped by that bruised turd Cayle.

Mikey sneers, at Cayle's resiliance. Crimson looks up toward Mikey for a moment before returning he glare toward the main camera.

Crimson:

Do you want to know what I did this morning kid?

A long pause...Crimson tilts his head up to Lance.

Crimson:

How about you Lance?

Warner:

Ok...I'll bite what did you do?

Crimson slowly looks back at the main camera.

Crimson:

I looked at myself in the mirror, and one thought quickly came into my mind. "I gave him a chance. I gave him a warning. He brought this on himself!" Hour by hour that same thought plagued me. It has lead me to this particular moment in time. Tonight after months of me giving you that "chance" to stop trying to provoke me into giving you a shot. You were given a "warning" by the countless ass kickings.

Crimson glances down at the belt for a moment before returning his gaze to the camera once more.

Crimson:

Tonight you finally get your chance, and no biased referee named Carla Ferrari is going to save you this time.

Warner:

Bias? He survived the five minutes.

Both Mikey and Crimson stare coldly at lance.

Crimson:

You know damn well she purposely held her hand up for that three count until the timer hit five minutes!

Warner:

Seriously Crimson? You had plenty of time to beat Oscar and you just toyed with him.

Mikey snatches the microphone from lance.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey you don't say that! This is the WRESTLEUTA WORLD CHAMPION you're talking to Lancey, I told you once, I'mma tell you again.... PUT SOME RESPEK on his name! You know what! No! Get the hell out of here, we can finish this ourselves.

Lance scurries off.

Mikey Unlikely:

WrestleUTA title, or no title, Oscar Burns, Crimson is going to beat you silly. He's going to dismantle you and cripple you. He's going to leave you lying on the mat, in the center of the ring, and I hope Cayle Murray is watching because it's exactly what's coming for him next!

He hands Crimson the microphone.

Crimson:

Later tonight Last Man Standing Burns, you will walk into this match on your own two feet. But when it's all said and done, and you fail just like everyone else has. You will not be walking out of here on your own two feet no you will be carried out on a stretcher.

Crimson stands up and throws the title over his shoulder. He takes a step to the side revealing the wheelchair he was sitting in.

Crimson:

But the next time these Defiant Piss-Ants see you this will be your permanent residence. Your career will be OVER. YOU "brought" this on yourself.

Crimson stands in front of the wheelchair.

Crimson:

Tonight remember this word boy.....UNRESTRAINED!

Crimson walks off camera followed by Mikey. The camera centers on the wheelchair as the camera fades.

CHRIS ROSS VS. GAGE BLACKWOOD

We cut to the parking lot area. Gage Blackwood is pacing around. He's wearing a plain black shirt and black jeans.

There is a small crowd gathered off to the left of him on the other side of the gated parking lot fence. The referee, Mark Shields, stands idle off in the distance.

DDK:

So it looks like we're moments away from the street fight between Gage Blackwood and Chris Ross. This blood-heated feud will finally come to an end!

Angus:

Crazy stipulation, though. My understanding is they're just fighting? No real winner?

DDK:

I assume this also explains the booking of Mark Shields as the referee. There really isn't a *need* for one and it's not like he's good at his job...

Blackwood still paces. He's growing angrier as time passes. Then, a voice...

"HEY DICKHEAD."

The camera pans over and sees Ross making a grand entrance from the Wrestle Plex doors.

Chris Ross:

I'm ready, fuckface.

Ross, too, is wearing black jeans but also his cut-off trademark black shirt. His hair isn't in a mohawk today. Instead, it's just down and messy. Ross holds a lead pipe that's seen better days. It doesn't take long for Blackwood to march towards him.

DDK:

Here we go!

Blackwood fires a left hand but Ross sidesteps it. The Boss goes for a lead pipe shot but Blackwood jumps back. Again, Ross swings and Blackwood gets out of the way!

This happens a few more times before Gage knees Chris in the face and subsequently he drops the pipe to the ground.

Gage Blackwood: *[Referencing the missed swings]*

It's Super Bowl season, not baseball. Even I know that.

DDK:

Blackwood Irish whips Ross into the Wrestle Plex!

Upon return, Blackwood hits a high angle dropkick, sending Ross into the wall again and Blackwood straight to the cement floor.

Angus:

These two are gonna kill each other. Literally!

It's clear Blackwood is already in pain but he's trying to hide it. The fall to the pavement didn't help in any way. The Scot takes Ross by the little hair he has and walks him out into the open.

DDK:

Looking for a piledriver... NO!! Backdrop by Ross!

Blackwood crashes to the ground once again. Kick, kick, kick. Ross starts his assault.

DDK:

Chris walks Gage over to a nearby car and smashes his head off the door!

Ross uses the car as leverage to leap off it like he would the ropes and connect with a forearm smash! More punches follow. Hard, stiff right hands. Then The Boss pulls his opponent up and looks to slam his head off the car for a second time...

NO. Blackwood blocks it.

DDK:

Punch to the stomach by Blackwood and now it's *his* turn to smash Ross' head off the car!

Angus:

Get the keys and run him over!!

DDK:

I wouldn't put it past *either* man...

Blackwood stumbles to his feet and looks around. It's like he was going to go for a cover but then realizes there are no pinfalls and also realizes Mark Shields isn't actually reffing this match, he's on his mandatory smoke break.

Gage Blackwood: *[to himself]*

Well shit.

Blackwood kicks at Ross but instead Ross grabs his boot. The Boss twists Blackwood to the floor and pummels him with more right hands. Then Chris starts dragging Gage across the pavement. You can hear the sounds of Blackwood's body scraping against the uneven ground.

DDK:

Blackwood boots Ross in the face! Now Blackwood is back to his feet and hits a hard clothesline!

Blackwood takes Ross and drives his head into the side of another car. Then he shoots Ross into the chain fence separating the fans from the parking lot area. Yet, Ross reverses the Irish whip! Next, Ross takes Gage's head and finds the brightest car in the lot.

Blackwood's face makes a hard dent in the driver's door.

Angus:

HEY!!! That's my Chevrolet Camaro!!

The yellow Camaro is clearly one of the nicer cars in the lot. It probably wasn't done on purpose (meaning Ross has no clue who owns what), but Angus' voice trembles in fear.

Angus:

I just got it!!!

DDK:

Well Ross is using it as his personal tool right now. Blackwood's head goes into it again and again! That's a big dent!

Angus:

...

Ross pushes Blackwood to the ground and admires his work.

Chris Ross:

I'm gonna kill you tonight...

Big boot to the face by The Boss, followed by trying to set Blackwood up for a DDT on the cement.

DDK:

DDT- BLOCKED! Blackwood escapes! He takes three steps back and charges at Ross...

SLAM!!!

DDK:

ROSS WITH A POWERSLAM TO BLACKWOOD! RIGHT ON THE HOOD OF ANGUS' CAR!!

Angus:

NOOOOOOO!!!!

The impact of the move clearly destroys the hood and for an added bonus, Blackwood's boots connect with the windshield, busting it open!

Gage falls to the floor and Ross stands, measuring the DEFIANCE wrestler from on top of the car...

THUMP.

DDK:

Oh that is sick! Just sick!!

With everything he has left, Blackwood grabs Ross in mid-air and powerslams *him* this time, except it was straight to the pavement.

Blackwood falls on Angus' car as vertical support. He pulls back his long brown hair and shows a face of pure agony. It's clear both of these guys were coming in at less than 100% and maybe, after all those beatings Gage Blackwood has taken, he's working at less than 50%.

Blackwood charges but not before accidentally knocking the side view mirror off Angus' Camaro.

Angus:

[Sigh]

DDK:

This time Gage with a boot to the head!

Blackwood drags Ross by his hair towards the exit of the parking lot, right past the fans and Mark Shields who looks dumbfounded as to what's going on.

Mark Shields:

What's going on?

A fan clues him in.

But as the brawlers are about to leave the lot, Gage stops and drives Ross' head into another car.

SMASH.

DDK:

Blackwood throws Ross' head into the window!!

Glass flies everywhere! Gage doesn't waste too long and chucks Ross over the parking lot gate and to the other side. He limps over the entranceway to collect his UTA opponent. As Blackwood pulls Ross to his feet, a crimson mask follows. Blackwood smiles a little before trying to hide his own pain.

DDK:

Gage with a boot to the side of Ross' head! Now taking him by his hair, it looks like they're going to one of the main roads.

The Wrestle Plex isn't located in an extremely busy location, but nonetheless, off to the east side of the arena there's a main road and cars pass at a frequent pace.

Blackwood looks dead into Ross' glazed over eyes.

Gage Blackwood:

Want to play in traffic?

He throws Ross into the oncoming cars as DDK freaks out! But The Boss is able to somehow stop in his tracks RIGHT as he reaches the curb. A few cars honk as they go by.

Gage Blackwood:

Stupid bloke...

DDK:

Blackwood runs at Ross--NO! The Boss with a punch to the stomach and a low blow!

Chris Ross:

Fuck you.

THAMP.

DDK:

DDT BY ROSS!

The smack could be heard through the 50+ Faithful watching from a distance, being held back by security. Now, as Ross rolls Blackwood over, The Scot bleeds too.

Ross attempts to throw Blackwood into the oncoming traffic but Gage is able to get one hard left in to stop the throw. The two brawl back up the walkway, away from the street and towards the Wrestle Plex. In a way, it's kind of comical and concerning about the physical condition of both men. Their foreheads bleed. Their feet wobble from underneath them. The punches they throw are not well timed and clearly, they're delusional.

Once near the entrance of the Wrestle Plex (Gate B), Blackwood takes the upperhand by kneeing Ross in the stomach. Next, he hurls Ross into the side of the building followed by a release German suplex on the sidewalk.

Angus:

There's no need for real wrestling moves here! ...Is there?

The two move through the small crowd now, back towards the Gate B entrance. Gage bounces Ross' head off the entrance doors and then asks for them to be opened.

DDK:

And here they come into the arena!

Blackwood drags Ross through the security entrance and looks at one of the guards.

Gage Blackwood:

We have a ticket.

Gage takes Chris by his hair and pulls him through the metal detector.

It goes off.

DDK:

Blackwood with another kick to the side of Ross' head!

Blackwood scourers Ross' jean pockets and pulls out a second small lead pipe. He tosses it to the ground, kicks Ross and then drags him back around and through the metal detector once more.

It goes off.

Angus:

How much shit is Chris Ross carrying? Also, how did he pass security the first time?

DDK:

I'm sure he didn't.

Blackwood punches Ross and digs into more pockets. He takes out a set of keys and a knife. Determined, Blackwood once again drags Ross around the metal detector and then back through it.

It goes off.

Angus:

You know, he could enter that thing from either side.

Blackwood picks Ross up and connects with a Northern lights suplex. Once more he starts looking through Ross' pockets.

Angus:

Or, you know... it's not like security is going to stop either of them.

DDK:

I think this is being done to unarm The Boss, Angus. As comical as it may be...

Angus:

[Just clueing in now] Ohhhh...

Blackwood digs and digs. Then, patting the right boot of Chris, he starts to take it off.

DDK:

There it is! No kidding!

...

...

A screwdriver.

Gage Blackwood:

Stupid baw juggler!

Blackwood hurls the screwdriver across the way and throws Ross into the metal detector. This time, it doesn't go off.

Angus:

NO~! Gage, use that shit!

DDK:

I think he wants to fight fair... eeerrr, for as fair as a street fight can get!

As Blackwood pulls Ross to his feet, he's met with another low blow!

DDK:

And Ross with a knee to the side of the head!!

Angus:

Gage took too long unarming him, Keebs! Ross might have been playing possum!

DDK:

I doubt that, but he *has* recovered! Now Ross Irish whips Blackwood into the metal detector!!

The Boss hammers Blackwood's head over and over off the metal detector, setting the alarm off for good because it's gone haywire. Ross smirks with blood down his face as he pulls Blackwood to his feet. However, the UTA star *is* getting annoyed by the ongoing alarm.

SLAM!

With everything he has, Ross puts Blackwood's head through the right side of the detector, splitting the plastic part in half as the whole thing falls over and crashes to the ground!

Chris Ross: *[To security]*

Thanks, fuckheads.

Ross punches one of the security guys and then drags Blackwood across the concourse. By now, many fans are in the area, held back by other security guards. Ross gestures the letters UTA at some of them before turning Blackwood around and sidewalk slamming him on the floor.

DDK:

Both men have taken a beating!

Ross pulls Blackwood by his hair in the direction of a "staff only" doorway. He throws Blackwood through the door as the camera tries to follow, catching Blackwood stumbling and stumbling down the staircase, then around the bend and down the next set of stairs.

Angus:

At least he's not falling down!

The camera looks up and catches Ross at the top of the stairs. He smiles and slides down the handle, sporting the widest, cockiest grin.

DDK:

Honestly, it's like nothing even phases Chris.

And DDK is right. Ross has taken a thumping but it's as if it doesn't register with him and he's been in control of this fight from the start.

Blackwood's body falls out the doorway at the bottom of the stairs while Chris Ross slides down the other staircase handle and then reaches the door. He enters.

However...

Once they are in the backstage area, Blackwood is nowhere to be seen.

Chris Ross:

Hide and seek?

Ross references the time he vanished on Gage Blackwood during DEFtv and Gage spent the entire night looking for him unsuccessfully.

Chris Ross: *[Answering his own question]*

My favorite.

The Boss starts to search the area. They are near some kind of boiler room, as seen by the numerous storage bins, metal objects and other foreign items.

Chris Ross:

Come out, come out wherever you are.

Ross' sociopathic appearance doesn't change. He paces, calmly, the odd time stopping to wipe the blood from his head.

Chris Ross:

I spy with my little eye, something that is...

Ross takes in his surroundings. The Faithful inside the area, watching on the DEFIttron, have grown quiet. Too, have DDK and Angus, as they anticipate what's going to happen.

Ross peers into a doorway. He sees nothing. Then he looks into another doorway. He sees nothing.

Chris Ross:

You couldn't have gone too far.

Gage Blackwood:

I didn't.

As Ross turns around, Blackwood is running full steam towards him, screaming like a madman.

WHAM!!!!

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD JUST USED A METAL SHEATH AND CONNECTED WITH 'THE GAELIC STORM'!!!

Using the metal plate as a buffer between Gage's knees and Ross' head, it was easy to hit The Boss because the UTA star was hunched over during the time of impact.

DDK:

Ross goes flying into the wall!!

Blackwood stands, albeit slowly. He's fighting a lot of pain until he digs into his pocket.

Angus:

A screwdriver!!! Again!

Gage Blackwood:

Picked this back up while you *thought* you were beating on me.

Without a second thought, Blackwood goes to hit Ross right between the eyes but stops instead.

Some Faithful boo.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. I don't need it.

He throws it away for a second time in this fight.

Then, walking Ross through the boiler room doors, Gage hurls The Boss into a shelving unit, which holds about 30-40 large lead pipes 10 feet above their heads.

DDK:

Ross reverses the Irish whip!!

Blackwood goes right into the shelving unit and grabs his head for cover. Except, the unit doesn't break and nothing falls on top of him.

Gage Blackwood: *[Muttering]*

Lucky me.

Ross, showing signs of frustration for what might be the first time in this feud, storms towards Blackwood without thinking.

DDK:

POWERSLAM BY GAGE!!

Angus:

LOOK THE FUCK OUT~!!!!

Ross' legs hit the upper part of the shelving unit. It begins to wobble. Somehow, Gage notices this and gets out of the way as fast as possible.

The unit starts to crack. Ross realizes this now, too, but also realizes it's too late. Alternatively, he just looks at Blackwood. He's no longer frustrated. He's not even angry. Instead, he simply gives a chilling smile from ear to ear, the same cocky-confident look he's always sported and watches as the lead pipes fall, burying him completely in the process.

Clang, clang, clang, clang.

DDK:

MY GOD- MY GOD THAT'S GOT TO BE HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF PIPES CRASHING ONTO THE BOSS!!

Angus:

Jesus!

Clang, clang.

Blackwood stumbles back, as the last of the lead pipes land but no Chris Ross can be seen. Momentarily, EMT's run into view. They try to get through the pipes but they're extremely heavy.

The camera goes to Blackwood who looks confused/shocked/concerned and content all in one.

Angus:

He might be, he might be...

DDK:

Chris Ross needs medical help, *definitely*!

Angus:

I've got to say, I want to see all these UTA scum get theirs, but wow...

The scene becomes frantic as more EMT's and security come into play. The cameraman stumbles over and the scene cuts to DDK and Angus.

DDK:

Well, we will try to keep you updated with that! I guess... Gage Blackwood wins?

Angus:

Let's be honest, we all win if Chris Ross is finished. So hats off to that. He destroyed my car too so he had this coming! Luckily, I'm insured. You can save 15% on your car insurance when switching to-

DDK: *[Interrupting]*

We'll be back after this commercial!

COMING UP NEXT...

We cut to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland behind their commentary table. The fans behind them are hamming it up in front of the cameras, enjoying their momentary fame.

DDK:

What a night, Angus. We still have more action still to come.

Angus:

We still have three title matches before we go off the air. Anything can happen on Pay Per View.

DDK:

Right you are, Angus. Coming up next...

A promo graphic fills your screen with Elise Ares and Jay Harvey with Catalina.

DDK:

It's round two in the saga of the "Leading Lady of DEFIANCE" Elise Ares and "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey. Now, this all started after Harvey put out an open challenge.

Angus:

None of us expected Elise Ares to accept that challenge but the "South Beach Starlett" did just that.

We roll clips off that match as Keebler and Skaaland continue to discuss the story up to this point.

DDK:

She showed a lot of heart and never backed down from Harvey, no matter what he threw at her.

Angus:

Ares did something we all wish we could have done and that was break that lil prick's nose.

DDK:

Even though Elise Ares lost that match, the crowd was behind her and she gained the respect of the Faithful. Next time we saw Ares and Harvey on DEFIANCE TV, Harvey made a guarantee that Ares would never become WrestleUTA World Champion.

Angus:

We would later find out that Harvey was responsible for taking out Ares' fellow PCP tag mates.

The boys in the back are now rolling footage from the end of Harvey's FIST of DEFIANCE Championship match.

DDK:

It was here that Jay Harvey looked as if he was going to become the new FIST of DEFIANCE but then-

Angus:

Elise Ares' music hit and Harvey took his eyes off the prize.

DDK:

Ares presence distracted Harvey allowing Cayle Murray to get the one, two, three. Then... Harvey went berserk.

Clips of Harvey hitting his finisher Game Over on Elise Ares hit your screen.

Angus:

Harvey definitely left Elise Ares in a bad way.

DDK:

On a segment seen on Uncut last week... Harvey addressed the aftermath from the title match and he put out another challenge, this time directed squarely at Elise Ares. Harvey even goated her on Twitter. Elise Ares did respond though, Angus.

Angus:

I would have been shocked if Ares backed away from this fight. She went to Twitter just days ago telling the world essentially that Harvey is a piece of garbage and his bald head is dumb.

A pause.

DDK:

She didn't say any of that.

Angus:

Well, she should have! Ares failed in their first match and I'm hoping she walks out here the winner cuz I'm sick and tired of this guy's shit.

Another pause.

DDK:

ACTS of DEFIANCE rolls on... Let's go to Darren Quimbey with the introductions.

ELISE AREA VS. THE JAY HARVEY

The boys in the back cue up several shots from around the arena before settling into the hard cam. Ring Announcer Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring with Referee Carla Ferrari just behind him. The bell sounds.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall...

ONE FALL!

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion blares over the sound system ♪

The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain with a gold dress worthy of Pay Per View, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey is in his usual ring attire but a new leather jacket has "Marvelous" written in a golden dust. He raises his arms into the air and winks at Catalina. The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

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

Darren Quimbey:

He is accompanied by the lovely Catalina... He has informed me to refer to him as "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeyyyyy!

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

Angus:

God, I hate this asshole.

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

The crowd rises to their feet as the sound of sirens burst through the air. Spotlights shift over to the entrance ramp as the rest of the arena goes dark. Flashbulbs ignite from behind a silhouette of a woman wearing an extravagant evening gown, walking her way out to the arena foot in front of foot. Stepping into the spotlight, Elise Ares smirks and raises her arms into the air dressed in a purple designer dress. She does a small spin for the audience as the photographers circle around her taking pictures, and a quick dip into the light shows one of those paparazzi has a box over his head. As that boxed one backs up, the second goes up behind the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE and rips the tear-away evening gown right off of her back. A purple and black two-piece trimmed in gold is underneath, more reminiscent of her regular attire as she swags her way down to the ring bathing in the light of the cameras.

DDK:

Did you EVER think that you'd hear this kind of ovation for Elise Ares or the Pop Culture Phenoms in your life, Angus?

Angus:

Frankly, no, but they've grown on me. Elise is still a flaming idiot, but she has fight in her... and a great set of...

DDK:

Tag team titles on her record? I'm sure she's looking to get back on the winning side of things here tonight.

Angus:

Not where I was going with that Keebs. Not at all.

The D and Klein flank Elise as she approaches the ring. They help her up onto the apron where Klein hands her a trademark pair of LED glasses. She places them over her eyes and they flash "UTA", "DIES", "NOW" to the cheers of the crowd. A cocky grin crosses her pink lips before she seductively enters the ring. She ruffles the back of her hair and does her signature "Que Tal Eso" gyration in the middle of the ring as she's joined by her fellow Phenoms. Jay Harvey scoffs, still leaning in his corner unimpressed as Carla Ferrari walks up to the trio. She walks right past Elise and to Klein. He stops what he's doing as Carla grabs the collar of his dress shirt and rips it open to reveal a referee shirt underneath. The crowd roars as the music stops. Their expression changes as Carla shakes her head and points to the back, throwing Klein out of the match.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Klein points to himself confused as Jay Harvey and Catalina share a laugh in the opposite corner. The D jumps in and tries to reason with her, but there is no talking her out of it. She's seen this trick one too many times before. Klein then pulls the rest of the dress shirt off and shows full referee gear and then throws Carla out of the match!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Carla waves her hand towards the back and DEFsec steps onto the entrance. The jeers sweep through the DEFplex as Klein admits defeat, steps between the ropes, and begins a long walk to the back. Dejected with his box facing downward, he follows DEFsec backstage. In the ring, Harvey steps in and tries to get The D thrown from ringside as well but Elise steps between him and Carla before she's pulled away.

DDK:

And as per usual with the PCP, shenanigans have already begun!

Angus:

Carla is the woman in charge, you don't want to step on her toes.

DDK:

Klein might've tried the referee schtick one too many times.

Angus:

He's just a simple boxed man trying to live his dream.

The D shoots Catalina a wink before looking down at his crotch, and then back at Catalina. She groans in disgust before both head to the apron as the bell sounds starting the match. The crowd is on fire and has already begun an "Elise Ares" chant that fills the sold-out arena. Jay Harvey and the aforementioned Ares circle around each other, eyes locked on one another. Harvey halts and looks at the fans with a disapproving glare. The fans have turned from a pro-Ares chant to a pro-Harvey sucks chant.

Ares puts her hand to her ear to try to hear the thousands in attendance a little better. Harvey jerks his head in the direction of his opponent who reiterates to him that the DEFIANCE Faithful think he sucks.

DDK:

The fans seem to be getting into the head of "The Natural One".

Angus:

It will be a matter of time before the Faithful tell Harvey what he can suck.

DDK:

Jeez, Angus.

Angus:

What?

Referee Carla Ferrari tells Harvey to get his head back into the match. Harvey shakes it off and Elise Ares goes right on the attack. She bombards Harvey with slaps and kicks, getting the crowd roaring. Ares lands an elbow with rocks her opponent. Ares shoots across the ring as Harvey tries to shoo the stars away.

Ares leaps and springboards herself backward catching the oncoming Harvey in the face with an elbow. Harvey drops to the mat and rolls to the outside of the ring. The fans around Harvey let him hear it as he shows his anger for what is currently going on in the match. Catalina comes over to Harvey who now slams his hands on the mat. Ferrari starts her Ten Count as Harvey walks around the outside of the ring.

ONE!

Harvey and a fan get into it for a second while Ares paces the ring. Harvey turns his attention back to the match and grabs at the middle rope to get himself back into the ring. Harvey decides not to get into the ring and stays on the outside.

THREE!

Harvey has made it to the entrance ramp side of the ring and rolls into the ring and back out, breaking the referee's count. He walks right past The D who tries to give him some advice that's blown off. The fans boo the bush league tactics of Harvey. Ares makes her way over to the ring ropes and gets into it with both Harvey and Catalina as he makes it back to the other side of the ring.

DDK:

A little bit of mind games being played here by Jay Harvey

Angus:

Harvey stopping the early momentum of Elise Ares.

DDK:

Listen to these fans, Angus.

Angus:

I'm listening... and they still think Harvey sucks.

The fans continue to chant and it's absolutely pissing off Harvey and Catalina. Harvey pulls himself up to the ring apron via the middle rope. He stares daggers through Elise Ares yelling for Referee Ferrari to back Ares up.

DDK:

Jay Harvey now back in the ring.

Angus:

Well, that was three minutes of my life I'll never get back.

The combatants go back to circling each other. Ares and Harvey meet at the center of the ring in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up and immediately Harvey tosses Ares away from him. The crowd lets out a massive "boo" and it brings a smile to the most marvelous man to grace God's green earths face. Ares remains down at stares down her opponent.

Harvey gestures for Ares to "come get some". Ares jolts to her feet and rushes Harvey. Harvey moves out of the way allowing Ares to hit the ropes. She bounces off and ducks a clothesline attempt. Harvey lifts his left foot and Ares ducks his boot. Ares comes off the ropes and executes a beautiful Hurricanrana on Harvey, sending him to the mat. Ares keeps her offense going, hitting the ropes again and landing a Basement Dropkick to the back of Harvey's head.

The crowd is loving it as Harvey rolls under the bottom rope, going to the floor. Ares lies in wait for Harvey to get where she wants him. Catalina runs over to Harvey to check on him but gets out of dodge as Ares soars over the top rope with a Slingshot Crossbody or a Plancha for those who know things. The crowd is on fire as Ares is pumped. Ares' eyes stop on Catalina and so does her pointer finger, a half-smirk crosses her lips. The crowd is getting louder and begins to chant "Get that bitch". Catalina tries to reason with Ares but to no avail. Ares starts chasing Catalina around the ring.

DDK:

Elise Ares wants to get some payback. Give Catalina a taste of her own medicine.

Angus:

This crowd would love to see Ares get her hands on Catalina... I know I would.

Catalina is fast but Ares isn't far behind. Catalina grabs the ring post to help her swing around the ring, avoiding The D who put his leg out for an obvious trip. Ares is catching up to Catalina but we switch to a camera that picks up Harvey getting his wits. Catalina bypasses her man and Ares gets clobbered by the unseen Harvey. The crowd is not pleased by the tricks of the Marvelous Duo. Ares is frazzled and gets thrown under the bottom rope and into the ring. Catalina has her arms in the air enjoying the part she has played. The D throws his arms up in the air at Carla, pointing over at the action on the opposite side of the ring.

DDK:

Harvey and Catalina are at it again.

Angus:

She looks real proud of herself. You know what, I bet Klein would've never let this happen!

Harvey and Catalina exchange an affectionate kiss before Harvey heads back into the ring. Ares is crawling around the ring definitely feeling the effects of Harvey's blindsided attack. Harvey comes from behind moving slowly, really taking his time. Harvey stomps on the left hand of Ares, getting a rise out of the Faithful watching on.

Harvey is smelling blood and grabs Ares left arm. He has her hand and holds onto two of her fingers.

DDK:

He's not gonna do what I think he is?!

Ares is trying to fight him but Harvey snaps her fingers, sending a sickening sound throughout the arena. Ares' face says it all and it says pain. She clutches at her injured hand and Harvey just cackles.

THE Jay Harvey:

That's for breaking my nose!

The crowd looks ready to riot with the actions from Harvey. Harvey is in the middle of gloating and Catalina is loving it on the outside of the ring. Ares is making it to her feet, grimacing as she tries to power through the pain. Harvey does a one-eighty and sees Ares still grasping her injured hand, the sight makes him laugh.

DDK:

This is disgusting!

Angus:

What Harvey did or Ares' hand? Yikes.

Harvey dashes toward Ares but she jukes out of the way. Harvey's back is against the ropes and Ares' forearm bashes him in the face. Ares is like a wild animal, unloading shot after shot. Ares' attack has pushed Harvey into the corner. She goes from forearms to slaps to Harvey's face. The crowd is loving it and Ares now sends stiff kicks to each of Harvey's legs.

DDK:

Ares is possessed!

Angus:

She's on fire, Keebs!

Ares goes for an Irish Whip but her injured hand hinders her allowing Harvey to get in a Body Slam. Ares sits up and arches her back as Harvey hits the ropes, coming back at Ares and sending a stiff right kick to her mid back.

Harvey again hits the ropes but stops just short and locks in a Rear Chinlock. Harvey lets out a laugh as he digs in deeper with the submission hold. Referee Ferrari is in great position and asks Ares if she wants to give up, of course, Ares declines. Harvey sticks his right knee into the middle of Ares' shoulder blades and pulls back more on her chin. Ares lets out a scream but the crowd is picking it up for her.

DDK:

Elise Ares is in pain, Angus.

Angus:

She can't go down like this!

Harvey lets go of the Chinlock and wraps his arms around Ares' waist. Harvey deadlifts Ares off the ground and slams her down on the back of the head by way of a German Suplex. Harvey goes for the pin, keeping his grip around Ares' waist.

ONE!**KICKOUT!**

The crowd is clapping at the fight in Elise Ares. The D is trying to pick the crowd and Ares up. Harvey smirks and wipes the sweat from his brow. Ares has since rolled over and has her hand on the back of her head. Harvey is back up this feet, showboating like only he can do. He looks down at Ares fallen body and points at her, lifting his head and looking around the crowd.

Harvey nudges Ares head with his foot and the boos rain down upon him. Harvey leans down and yanks Ares by the hand close to the ring ropes. Harvey once again surveys the audience before stomping his left boot on the lower back of Ares.

Angus:

This guy is a real piece of garbage.

DDK:

He seems to be getting a kick out of all of this.

Harvey drops to the mat and rolls to the outside. Ares is trying to crawl to the ropes to aid in pulling herself back to her feet. Harvey grabs Ares by the hair which causes Carla Ferrari to start a Five Count. Harvey blasts Elise in the face with a closed fist and lets go of her hair before getting disqualified.

Ferrari warns Harvey about the hair and Harvey blows her off. The D makes his way over toward the action but is seen by Ferrari. The two share words as Harvey drapes Ares over the bottom rope, her arms dangling over the side of the ring. Harvey relishes the hatred coming his way from the Faithful. He moves toward the far ring post and pretends to eye up his target.

DDK:

What's Harvey have planned?

Angus:

Whatever it is, it's not gonna be good.

Harvey sprints toward Ares and lands a perfectly placed Dropkick to the side of Elise Ares' head. Harvey rests on the ring apron with a big smile on his face. Catalina can be seen in the background on the other side of the ring clapping and enjoying the violence.

DDK:

God! Harvey calls that the hashtag Marvelous Dropkick.

Angus:

Wh-why do you know that?

Harvey continues to soak up the moment as Ares holds her head in agony. Ares is dazed and Harvey re-enters the ring. Harvey stalks his prey gaining ground on Ares. Harvey waves her off and walks toward the far corner of the ring and props himself up across the top ropes.

Ares struggles to grab the ring ropes getting a laugh from the onlooking Harvey. Harvey glances at his nails while Elise Ares powers herself finally to her feet. Harvey realizes it's time to go back to business and drops down from his perch. Harvey makes his way over to Ares, grabbing and spinning her around. Harvey tosses left arm over his head and again showboats in front of the sold-out crowd.

Harvey grunts as he lifts Elise Ares up into the air in a Fisherman Buster position but drops her neck down on his right knee. Harvey calls the maneuver the Cold Hard Truth. Devastating.

DDK:

Oh my god! He could have broken her neck!

Angus:

Just put her out of her misery. He's just toying with her now.

Harvey stalls for a few seconds before dropping down for the pin. He doesn't even bother to hook the leg as he nonchalantly goes for the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!****DDK:**

How did she kick out after that?

Angus:

More heart than brains, Keebs. I'm sure you know this... what does Harvey call that move?

DDK:

He calls it the Cold Hard Truth.

Angus:

Of course, he does...

Harvey smirks knowing that he can continue his assault on the "South Beach Starlett". Harvey is still sitting on the mat as Ares' eyes are wide open, gazing up into the rafters. Harvey slowly rises to his feet and the crowd can sense the end for Ares.

Harvey points out into the crowd and yells for some fan to shut his mouth, classic Jay Harvey. Harvey takes up real estate by the ring ropes and patiently waits for Ares to get up. Elise slowly rolls over onto her stomach and tries to push herself back up to her feet, using only her good right hand. Meanwhile, Harvey is lining up the Wake Up Call. On the outside of the ring, The D begins to scream at Ares to let her know what's about to happen while Catalina screams over him telling him to shut up. She gets to her feet and Harvey bolts out of the corner. Swing and a miss!

Elise dives out of the way at the last second, leaving Harvey to whiff hard. Frustrated Harvey screams at the D as Ares tries to get back up to her feet, but she's immediately pulled back down by the hair by Catalina on the apron. The crowd boos as The D begins to scream at Carla again, who gives him a warning.

DDK:

Catalina just can't help but get herself involved in this match.

Angus:

She keeps it up and she'll get The D.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Take that any way you want.

Harvey takes advantage and runs over to the grounded Ares ready to end this thing. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE lands a hard forearm but Jay Harvey answers with a backhand "bitch" slap sending Elise stumbling backward. The insulting and slightly sexist blow sends the crowd into a choir of boos as he grabs her by the back of the hair once again, getting another count from Carla. Exploder Suplex and Harvey instantly has Ares backup and lands the Shot of Reality! After being ragdolled, the knee to the face jolts Elise appearing to knock her out on impact. She folds onto the canvas and Harvey pushes her over. Instead of hooking the leg, he stands up and places his boot across her chest and raising an arm into the air.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The crowd roars as Elise rolls over and gets a shoulder up. Harvey cleans his boot across her face and drops down hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

He hooks both legs in frustration.

ONE!

Ares rolls through and packages up Jay Harvey! The crowd erupts!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!**DDK:**

Elise almost stole one!

Angus:

Look at Catalina! She's having a panic attack!

DDK:

It certainly brought this crowd alive!

As they get back up to their feet Jay Harvey storms over to the slower rising Elise Ares to capitalize on his momentum, but she jumps into the air and lands a sick enziguri that echoes across the DEFplex. Harvey stumbles before falling down to his knees. Elise digs deep to find a shot of adrenaline and speeds towards Jay hitting him with a kneeling Hurricanrana, spiking the top of his bald head into the mat. Both competitors lay face down on the canvas as the crowd gets up to their feet. Clapping. Stomping. Cheering. They do whatever they can to try to will Elise Ares onto victory as she begins to move first.

Crawling. Scraping. She moves towards the ropes as Harvey lays lifeless on the mat. She grabs the bottom rope with her good hand and begins to pull herself back up to her feet. Sensing a shift, Catalina runs over to that side of the ring and jumps up on the apron, raising her leg to stomp on the hand of Ares but as soon as her leg leaves the apron the other is yanked off and her face smacks the side of the ring! The crowd roars as The D puts his hands over his mouth and feigns shock.

Angus:

The D gave her a ride she'll never forget!

DDK:

How long have you been saving that one?

Angus:

Over a year! It feels GREAT.

Ares pulls herself out onto the apron as The D cheers her on, standing between her and the grounded Catalina who just looks on in disgust. Elise stomps her boot on the mat, making the crowd stomp in unison and she begins to shake her ass to the beat. Jay Harvey rises to his feet, Elise Ares takes flight. Soaring through the air she hits hard with Amethystation! The impact sends Harvey straight down and Elise does a kip up before stomping on the chest of her opponent and stepping over him. She spits on him once across and puts her hands behind her head and screaming...

Elise Ares:

Que Tal Eso?!

The crowd screams with her as she does a sensual pelvic dance that's mimicked by The D outside of the ring. She grabs Harvey by the back of his neck and raises him in a side headlock. She points towards the crowd and runs in that direction before jumping over the top rope and dropping Jay Harvey neck first across it with the Cuban Necktie. She lands on her side, hand perched on the back of her head looking at Catalina. Elise blows her a kiss and winks before getting up to her feet and going towards the top rope. As she tries to climb up to the top rope, Catalina grabs her by the leg. The D runs over to try to even the odds but Ares shakes her loose, leaving Catalina to fall back off the apron.

DDK:

She's got this, Angus! She's going to do it!

Angus:

I hope so! Bury that bald bastard!

DDK:

Her losing streak is going to end right here!

With her back to the grounded Jay Harvey, Elise Ares takes a selfie with an imaginary camera and flies off the top rope with a beautiful Phoenix Double Knee Drop that connects! The crowd erupts! The roar shakes the area as Elise sits in front of her victim and brushes her hands. She leans back and hooks the leg!

ONE!

Catalina suddenly jumps from the floor up to her feet and grabs the boot of Jay Harvey, throwing it on to the bottom rope!

TWO!

The D runs over in desperation, sprinting to reach Jay Harvey's boot in time and shoves it off of the rope!

THREE!

The crowd roars as Elise Ares takes a deep breath. You can almost see the stress of winning the match leave her body as the arena continues to cheer. There is no bell. No music.

DDK:

This thing is over!

Angus:

Is it?! What's Carla doing?!

Carla Ferrari begins waving her arms, calling off the timekeeper. The crowd doesn't notice, continuing to celebrate. The D goes to get into the ring but Carla stands in his way. He looks back confused as she points towards the entrance, throwing him out of the match! His eyes grow wide and his mouth drops open. She screams back at him, ordering him to leave the ringside area as the crowd finally realizes what's going on. Elise reaches her feet in the ring, waiting to have her arm raised but sees this unfolding in front of her. Walking over to the argument, The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE holds up her left wrist and points to it, as if telling Carla she forgot to raise her hand. Ferrari shakes her head no and kicks the bottom rope. Ares throws her arms up into the air, beside herself.

DDK:

She caught The D pushing Jay Harvey's leg off the bottom rope!

Angus:

You HAVE to be kidding me!

DDK:

Catalina was the one who put it there in the first place! Ares had this match won!

Angus:

This is the biggest bunch of bullsh...

CRACK!

Somehow, the sound of snapping fingers echoes over the chaos in the arena. Jay Harvey is back up to his feet and grabbed the left hand of Ares and snapped her fingers once again. She screams out in pain as he grabs her arm and drops her to the ground. He pulls back on her arm and grabs her fingers with his free hand and pulls them back as hard as he can. A screech is let out across the arena as Ares kicks the bottom rope. Carla is out of position because of the argument with The D and doesn't see it. She asks Elise for a submission and she taps out with her right hand violently. The crowd immediately screams in frustration as the bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

Jay Harvey doesn't release the hold after the bell, causing Elise to continue to scream out in pain. The D rushes the ring, sliding under the bottom rope, causing Harvey to slide out under the bottom rope right into the arms of Catalina celebrating outside of the ring.

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via submission... THE Jaaaaaay Haaaaarvey!

Outside the ring, you can hear Jay and Catalina scream in jubilation as they make their way towards the aisle. Inside the ring, The D and medical are checking on the left hand of Elise Ares. She grinds her teeth as they begin to move her left hand and fingers around. She's beside herself, unable to process what just happened.

DDK:

Well... that's one way to win a match.

Angus:

The ways people find to continue to beat Elise Ares never cease to amaze me. She's decent. Not great... yet. She's improved a lot. A whole lot, but she's winning less now than she did when she was terrible, and it doesn't make a bit of goddamn sense.

DDK:

The cards just aren't falling her way, and because of it Jay Harvey picks up another win.

Angus:

Just can't catch a break, can we?

DDK:

Doesn't seem so... Let's take you back through the action, folks.

We get a replay of what transcribed throughout the match. The commentators let the match play out before interjecting.

DDK:

Early on Elise Ares was on fire, she came out strong and really took it to Harvey.

Angus:

She did, Keebs. Then Harvey slowed the pace down and sucked the momentum out of the match.

DDK:

Catalina was a major factor in this match, right here you see her causing the distraction which gave Harvey the advantage he took for a major part of this contest.

Angus:

Ares showed that "never say die" attitude, Keebs. Harvey threw everything at her and she continued to fight, kicking out after some devastating maneuvers.

DDK:

It looked like Elise had this match and then you see, Carla Ferrari seeing The D pushing Harvey's foot off the bottom rope... This is the turning point... While Ferrari had her eyes and mind elsewhere, Harvey capitalized and that was all she wrote.

Angus:

He did capitalize and as you see, Ares had no other choice but to tap out. This one is gonna leave a bad taste in my mouth for a long time.

Elise Ares rolls out of the ring with The D, holding her hand being escorted by the medical team as the scene fades to the next.

PEP TALK

Fade backstage into the WrestleUTA locker room, which draws instant jeers. Jack Harmen stands in front of a mirror, fastening the last of his wrist tape. We see only the reflection as Jack takes a moment before letting out a deep sigh. It's here when Mikey Unlikely, dressed himself ready to compete, steps behind Harmen and reveals himself, lightly massaging the shoulder of the challenger in tonight's main event.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now listen to me, we've come this far. We have them reeling! First it was the attack! Then it was War Games. Now, right here tonight, YOU finish this thing! You take our Cayle Murray and bring the FIST where it belongs. The entire WRESTLEUTA fan base is counting on you! Tonight is our night and there is nothing that's going to change that!"

Harmen stands stoic, listening on. Mikey slaps him on his, trying his best to fire him up.

Mikey Unlikely:

Jack Harmen, not only are you fighting for me and our cause. Not only are you fighting for every one of the UTA boys in that locker room, but you're fighting for \$100,000 CASH! This is a great opportunity for you and for us. You get this done tonight, and I promise you, you are a made man!"

Harmen's head tilts just so he can barely see Mikey over his shoulder. His expression is unamused. His nose upcurls in a sneer. He growls.

Jack Harmen:

I'm already a made man.

Mikey Unlikely:

Of course you are!

Jack Harmen:

I'm not going to just take the FIST tonight, I'm not going to just take Cayle's career, I'mma take his life.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yeah! Yeah! My man! My... BRUV!

Harmen turns, back to the mirror as he talks to the BOSS.

Jack Harmen:

I'm not doing this for the bounty. I'm not doing this for UTA. I'm not even doing it for you.

Harmen takes a step closer, obscuring Mikey's face in the mirror. We only see his trademark green hair and backside.

Jack Harmen:

I'm doing it for me.

Harmen nods, and shoulder bumps past a bewildered Mikey. Unlikely rubs the back of his head as Harmen exits the locker room, leaving the UTA owner to ponder, just how can he possibly control a mad man?

ACES WILD VS. NICKY SYNZ & THUGZ 4 HIRE

DDK:

Up next we've got a handicap match as Nicky Synz and Thugs 4 Hire take on Aces Wild in a 3 on 4 situation.

Angus:

You sound way less confident than you did early, Keebs. I thought they were gonna take the fight to Aces Wild?

DDK:

I'm sure they will, but the numbers are still in the favour of Aces Wild. Butcher Victorious should have been here tonight, but after a vicious assault two weeks ago he's unfortunately not been cleared for competition.

Angus:

What was so vicious about it?

DDK:

Aside from the whole stomping on a steel chair wrapped around a knee thing?

Angus:

Yeah.

DDK:

Oh nothing I guess.

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp ♪

From the back come Nicky Synz and Thugs 4 Hire. They make their way to the ring as one, and while Nicky smiles and slaps hands with the fans he seems a lot more subdued than normal.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first the team of Nicky Synz and Thugs 4 Hire!

DDK:

No headbanging and no singing from Nicky tonight, he's all focused on the task at hand.

Angus:

He knows this isn't a joke now. He's stepping in there with a well oiled machine.

♪ "Sad But True" by Metallica ♪

Angus:

Speaking of who!

Down the ramp, lead as always by Charlie Ace, come Hoyt Williams, Cristiano Caballero, Dave Thompson and Leo Brown. All four men look confident and walk with a cocksure swagger about them. They all stop at the bottom of the ramp as Charlie turns to face them.

Quimbey:

And their opponents, being led to the ring by Charlie Ace, Aces Wild!

DDK:

A last minute pep talk from the boss?

Angus:

Probably telling them where they're headed for celebratory drinks in five minutes time.

While Ace is talking Caballero steps away and hands off his rose to a blonde in the front row.

DDK:

I think Caballero needs to pay more attention.

Angus:

He's fine. Ace isn't gonna be going through a game plan this close to the start of the match, he's way too clever for that.

DDK:

Scratch that! They all need to pay more attention!

Hoyt Williams in the first to stop what's coming and he makes sure to push Charlie Ace out of harms way as Nicky Synz abd Emilio Byrd sail over the top rope and into the mass of humanity on the outside. The two take out Aces Wild in its entirety before popping back up to a raucous ovation from the capacity crowd!

Angus:

What the hell was that! They could have killed Charlie Ace with that stunt!

DDK:

Well it's a good job he had his bodyguard there to protect him.

Angus:

I know! Thank god for Hoyt Williams!

DDK:

Uhhh, Angus, if you thought that was bad then you might want to look away.

All four members of Aces wild get back to their feet as Nicky Synz and Emilio Byrd take a couple of pop shots at Cristiano Caballero and Leo Brown respectively. Hurtlocker Holt meanwhile decides he wants to fly as well and ascends to the top rope! Williams and Thompson can't help out their partners as Holt leaps into the sea of humanity below him with a clothesline that sends everyone tumbling to the arena floor!

DDK:

And they all fall down!

Angus:

I've got to get down there to check on Charlie Ace! He looks like he's having a heart attack!

DDK:

You stay right there!

Nicky Synz, who only seemed to catch a glancing blow from a flailing arm is the first to his feet. He grabs Cristiano Caballero and tosses him into the ring before hopping up on the apron. Charlie Ace rushes in and lunges for Ace's ankles, but Nicky jumps and avoids the contact. Synz wheels his leg back for a soccer kick to Ace's face, but Charlie covers his head and drops to the floor in the foetal position. Synz laughs to himself and turns back just in time to see Caballero charging at him. Nicky avoids the forearm and jumps with a kick to Caballero's face which stuns the Spaniard. Nicky then springboards off the top rope and takes Caballero down with a bulldog!

DDK:

We've got two men in the ring and Carla's calling for the bell!

Angus:

What the hell!? These guys jumped Aces Wild before the bell!

DDK:

They have a numbers advantage, Angus.

Angus:

Not is Ferrari is the 4th person on Synz's team!

Ding Ding Ding!

Nicky rolls Caballero over and covers him quickly!

One!

Two!!

Dave Thompson dives in with the save!

Closely following Thompson comes Hurtlocker Holt, who knocks Dave back with a couple of forearm strikes. He whips Thompson across the ring before elevating him with a flapjack on the return! Dave rolls out of the ring, only to be replaced by Leo Brown, but he gets cut off by Emilio Byrd who dropkicks him right in the mouth as he stands up. Synz, Holt and Byrd stand side by side poised for a fight as Hoyt Williams grabs the top rope and pulls himself up onto the apron, but before he can step into the ring Charlie Ace grabs him by the leg and yells at him to 'wait'.

DDK:

You were saying about a well oiled machine?

Angus:

They got jumped before the bell.

DDK:

And that's different to attacking Butcher Victorious how?

Angus:

You need to be careful, Keebs, or I'll let Charlie Ace know what you were saying about him before we went on the air.

With both Pillars of Eternity on the outside and Hoyt Williams being restrained from getting into the ring both members of Thugs 4 Hire step out to the apron and leave Nicky in the ring with Caballero. Nicky picks Cristiano up and pushes him back into the corner where he tags in Hurtlocker Holt. Holt steps in and drives a back elbow into the side of Caballero's head before bieling him out of the corner. Caballero looks for a tag, but Holt is right there with a waistlock and a German Suplex that sends him back towards the wrong part of town.

DDK:

Some damage is being done to Caballero right now!

Angus:

He's getting ragdolled around that ring!

DDK:

Looks like more damage is on its way!

Holt makes the tag to Byrd who climbs the turnbuckles and perches himself on the top rope. Holt lifts Caballero before dropping him with a backbreaker, then Byrd leaps from the top and drops a knee across the chest of Caballero. Cristiano is sent spinning from Holt's grasp before Byrd covers him!

One!

Two!!

Thr-Caballero kicks out!

Byrd puts a foot into Caballero's face and pushes him a couple of time with the sole of his shoe. He grabs a hold of one of Caballero's arms and pulls him up before positioning him in the corner. Emilio rushes from the corner towards the rest of Aces Wild, he flips all three of them the bird before running back at Caballero who he flips out of the corner with a monkey flip. Leo Brown meanwhile leaves his corner, which pulls Hurtlocker Holt from his, and they meet in the neutral corner. Carla turns from the action to try and separate the two who each throw strikes that miss. Emilio meanwhile runs for the ropes, but gets low bridged by Hoyt Williams, and spills to the outside!

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

What? What happened?

DDK:

You saw exactly what happened! Hoyt Williams pulled the top rope down!

Angus:

Did he? I was too busy making sure Hurtlocker Holt didn't cheapshot Leo Brown!

With a moments respite Caballero rolls towards his corner and tags in Dave Thompson. Thompson immediately drops to the arena floor and grabs onto Byrd to throw him into the ring. Dave follows quickly and drops an axe handle across Byrd's shoulder blades. He grabs Emilio by the waistband and throws him into the Aces Wild corner against the bottom rope where he lays in several stomps to the chest of the Pigeon. Carla reaches four on her count before he stops and backs off, but Dave makes sure to throw an insult the way of Hurtlocker Holt, which draws the ire of the big man. Carla's attention is drawn to Holt again, which allows Thompson and Brown to switch places. Thompson claps his own hands as he exits the ring while Brown starts stomping away at Byrd.

DDK:

Are you kidding me?

Angus:

They were close enough, Keebs. You don't have to actually tag if you're close enough.

DDK:

What are you talking about? Of course you do.

Carla turns back to see Brown in the ring and questions if there was a tag, which of course all of Aces Wild say there was. During the questioning Brown tags Thompson back in and together they take Byrd down with one leg each.

Angus:

Do pigeons have wishbones?

The Pillars of Eternity pull Byrd's legs apart! Thompson holds on to Emilio's leg and applies a heel hook. Byrd howls in pain and reaches towards his corner in vain for a tag.

Angus:

Byrd'll need about ten foot long arms to make that tag!

Caballero gets back to his feet on the apron and starts shouting across the ring at Synz and Holt about how they hit him in the face. He drops from the apron and stomps his way around ringside to confront the men, but Carla dives out of the ring to put herself in the way. Nicky also drops from the apron to square up to Caballero, but that just allows Brown to reach into the ring and grab a hold of Thompson's hand. With the extra leverage on the heel hook Byrd howls in more pain. Holt, who was also distracted by the confrontation on the outside, now sees the interference from Brown and steps into the ring. He rushes Aces Wild and nails Brown with a forearm strike, knocking him from the apron. He then turns to Thompson but can't get him as Ferrari jumps back in the ring and puts herself in the middle of them.

DDK:

This is getting ridiculous. Carla Ferrari just can't keep up with Aces Wild!

Angus:

She's an official, Keebs. She has to.

As Carla ushers Hurtlocker Holt out of the ring, Thompson reaches out and tags in Cristiano Caballero, who has returned from his argument with Synz. Caballero immediately sits Byrd up and spins him to face his corner before applying a rear chin lock. With one hand he rakes the eyes of Emilio Byrd while shouting at Synz and Holt 'Do you like it when I do it to him!?' Carla forces a break after the eye rake, but Caballero stays on Byrd with a couple of stomps. He reaches out and tags Brown in, who pulls Byrd up and lifts him for a spinebuster. Dave Thompson then reaches in, tags himself in and climbs up to the second rope. Thompson leaps and nails Byrd with a clothesline as Brown drops him with a spinebuster! Thompson covers Byrd!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE-Nicky Synz comes in with the save!

Carla backs Nicky out of the ring as Thompson makes the tag back to Caballero. Thompson pulls Byrd up and snapmares him over as Caballero hits the ropes. Cristiano comes back with a low dropkick to the face as Thompson lays a soccer kick into Byrd's spine. Caballero grabs a handful of Byrd's hair and picks his head up, but just drops back to the canvas like he's Tony from Die Hard. Caballero signals to the arena and to Synz and Holt that this is all over.

DDK:

Is he going to be looking for that rolling cutter he calls the Catalanian Crossover?

Angus:

He's getting him hooked up!

Caballero hooks Byrd in position for the rolling cutter, but Emilio comes alive and lifts a foot that connects with Caballero's jaw! Cristiano grabs at his face as though he's been shot, which allows Byrd to twist and take him over with a northern lights suplex!

DDK:

Byrd has a chance here!

Angus:

He hit Caballero in the face!

DDK:

And?

Angus:

We've been through this before! That should be an immediate disqualification!

Emilio stirs on the canvas as Caballero rolls around clutching at his face. He starts to laboriously crawl his way towards the outstretched hands of Nicky Synz and Hurtlocker Holt!

DDK:

Every single fan in this building is willing Emilio Byrd on to make the tag!

Angus:

Get up Cristiano!

Byrd inches closer and closer until he's a fingertip away!

DDK:

Oh damn it!

Until he gets dragged away by Leo Brown!

DDK:

He's got no business being in there!

The fans erupt as Nicky Synz decides he can't stand by any more and jumps into the ring. He leaps over Byrd and nails Brown with a forearm that knocks him back. Dave Thompson then joins the battle and fights back with a couple of right hands that rock Nicky. Together the Pillars of Eternity grab an arm of Synz's each and whip him across the ring. Brown positions himself in front of Thompson and elevates Synz above his head, but Nicky adjusts his position and nails Thompson with a dropkick! Dave rolls from the ring as Leo turns and charges at Synz. Nicky backtracks and backdrops Brown over the top rope before hitting the ropes and comes back with a tope suicida! He nails Thompson with the dive and lands on his feet, but Brown somehow manages to avoid it and rushes in with a clothesline that almost turns Synz inside out!

DDK:

This is chaos! Synz, Brown and Thompson are down on the outside and... LOOK! Emilio's stirring again! Come on Emilio!

Byrd starts crawling faster to the outstretched hand of Holt as Caballero crawls to his own corner. With a dive Byrd tags in Holt just as Caballero makes the tag to Williams!

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go!

Both big men stand on their respective sides of the ring and lock eyes. They both enter the ring and square up in the center.

DDK:

This is the first time we've seen Hoyt Williams in an official match!

Angus:

And he's about to hand Hurtlocker Holt his own ass!

The two big men start throwing bombs at each other as the crowd erupts again! After a couple of strikes though it's Hurtlocker Holt that seems to be getting the advantage as he backs Williams towards the ropes! Holt whips Williams across the ring and lifts him on the return for a spinebuster!

DDK:

He's down! Hoyt Williams is down!

Angus:

No!

Emilio Byrd pops up on the apron and shouts at Holt for the tag. Holt looks hesitant to tag his partner back in so soon, but he finally relents and makes the tag. Byrd heads up to the top rope and looks poised to jump but Cristiano Caballero comes back with a dropkick to the back of Holt, who stumbles forwards and hits Byrd, who gets crotched on the top turnbuckle. Holt turns and fixes Caballero with an 'I'm gonna kill you' stare, but his legs are taken out from under him by Leo Brown who pulls him back groin first into the ring post!

DDK:

Oh come on!

Brown hops up onto the apron and rolls Byrd forwards down into the ring before dropping back to the arena floor. As he makes his way back to his corner though...

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Angus:

What the hell is he doing here!

With a braced up knee and a severe limp Butcher Victorious emerges onto the stage and stares down at the carnage in the ring. Leo Brown stares up the ramp like he's seen a ghost and charges him. Butcher meets him halfway though and nails him with a clothesline that knocks him to the floor!

Angus:

That should be a disqualification!

DDK:

Why? He's supposed to be in this match!

Butcher rounds the ringpost and hops up onto the apron where he reaches over and tags himself in on Byrd's shoulder. Butcher climbs the turnbuckles and poises himself, waiting for Hoyt Williams to get to his feet. As he does so Butcher leaps and take Williams down with a blockbuster!

DDK:

The Violet Crown!

Angus:

He's not supposed to be here!

DDK:

But he is! And he's- NO!

As Butcher got to his feet after the blockbuster he had legs taken out from under him by Dave Thompson with a sickening chop block. Dave grabs Hoyt by the hand and drags him to his corner where he can tag himself in.

DDK:

Dammit NO!

Thompson grabs a hold of Butchers legs and wraps them up for a cloverleaf! He flips Butcher over and sits down as much as possible!

Angus:

Yes! The Cloverleaf!

Butcher tries to hang on, but the pain in his knee is far too great and it's not long before he's forced to tap out!

Ding Ding Ding

Quimbey:

Here are your winners the team of Dave Thompson, Leo Brown, Hoyt Williams and Cristiano Caballero, Aces Wild!

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me!

Angus:

I told you, Keebs! A well oiled machine!

DDK:

This just isn't right.

Angus:

What's not right? They had even numbers, the playing field was fair, what's not right? Butcher was injured? Oh boo hoo! He shouldn't have been out here if he was injured!

Dave Thompson raises his hands in the middle of the ring as Hoyt Williams, Cristiano Caballero and Leo Brown all come to join him. Charlie Ace meanwhile looks like he's about to have a heart attack on the outside of the ring.

Angus:

Those four just put on one hell of a showing and proved just why Ace means...

All four men raise a single finger into the air.

Angus:

Number one!

DDK:

This just does not feel right, Angus.

Angus:

Well you'd better get used to it, Keebs, because Aces Wild are here and they mean business!

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

♪"Cannonball" - SIRSY♪

DDK:

I'm not really sure what's in store next, Angus... as per UNCUT, Impulse and Cally had suggested that he was challenging Reaper Red tonight, but we know Red and Prime will be facing off with Kendrix and Scott Stevens later on.

Angus:

I wouldn't complain about the Reapers getting reaped more than once. I bet they're so disgusting they enjoy being Reaped. I bet they're all about Reap.

DDK:

...Stop.

As opposed to last DEFtv, while Impulse makes a beeline for the ring, Calico Rose stops at the top of the ramp, takes her typical bow, then walks to the commentary table.

Cally:

Fist bumps and butt touches all around, loves.

DDK:

Welcome back, Cally, we missed you!

She looks at Angus. He shrugs, and gives her a hug.

Angus:

Gorram right we did.

Cally smiles a large, cheesy grin, and catches up with Impulse. He takes her hand and helps her up the ring steps, while she turns right around and holds the ropes for him. The former FIST steps into the ring and returns the favor, all while the Faithful chant 'Welcome Back!' as loud as they can.

Impulse takes in the reaction for a few seconds, and asks Quimbey for a microphone.

DDK:

It hasn't been the same without him.

Angus:

You said it; a bunch'a fuckin' mormons are ruining things.

Impulse:

I don't care--

"WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!"

He has to stop again, and let the fans continue.

Impulse:

It's good to be back.

Huge pop.

Impulse:

I don't care if the marquee says Reaper CO vs Kendrix and Stoovins... REAPER. Jessica, Red, Orange, Green,

Fuscia, Zorro the Gay Blade... you and I have unfinished business and... one way or another, it ends tonight.

He drops his hands to his side but maintains hold of the microphone, and the fans buzz with anticipation.

Until the lightshow.

Angus:

Behind you, you idiot!

As the lights return to normal, the fans pop huge at the presence of a Reaper in the ring, standing behind where Impulse was a moment ago.

Except, Impulse is staring right at him.

DDK:

Impulse showing some genre savvy, he knew the lights meant he was due for a visitor!

Before Reaper can do more than pose, Impulse steps forward and kicks him in the stomach! DDT! He turns Reaper over, and locks eyes with another Reaper sprinting down the ramp! Without a moment's hesitation, he hooks a foot, wraps his leg around, and drops down in a modified... something!

DDK:

Ooooh! That sounded painful!

While the leg lock may be indecipherable, the audible crack at the dislocated knee sounds all too familiar, and the fans give an equally audible groan as the first Reaper rolls out of the ring in pain! The second reaper slides under the bottom rope as Impulse kips up, and as soon as Reaper jumps to his feet...

Angus:

SUDDEN IMPACT! I'd say 'Cover 'im kiddo' but there's no referee. Is this even a match, or just an excuse to beat on the goth kids?

DDK:

Impulse looks around anxiously for the next arrival: remember, there were at least six Reapers that took him out at Maximum Defiance - Look out, Cally!

The hard camera catches movement under the ring near Calico Rose, and she steps back in time for a third Reaper to emerge! She does not wait and warn Impulse, however: she kicks Reaper in the back of the knees, dropping him to them, and she locks on a full nelson on the floor, with her knee in Reaper's back and Reaper's chest against the ring steps!

DDK:

Smart thinking by Cally!

Angus:

What a woman.

DDK:

That caught Impulse's attention but he takes a breath now, seeing that she's got it. BEHIND YOU!

Another Reaper enters from the crowd, and forearms Impulse from behind! The Marathon Man staggers forward for the first time so far, and he hits the ropes.

He stops for a minute, and we see his eyes flash red.

Angus:

Well, that answers that.

Reaper Red ignores his Reaper brothers both downed in the ring and outside, and he pulls Impulse up and sends him into the ropes, and a clothesline puts him down!

A roar comes from the fans again - this time it's directed at the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Hector Navarro on the way to ringside!

Angus:

Ya couldn't've done this in five minutes, once Impulse has the advantage again?

Legdrop by Red, and Impulse rolls over, holding his chest in pain. Cally holds onto the other Reaper outside the ring, though her gaze remains locked on the interior.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

I guess it is official! Red with both hands around the back of Impulse's neck, and he's forced to his feet! Shove into the corner - Impulse fires an elbow backwards! Another! Red with a fist! Impulse with a forearm! Red with a fist! Reaper with another--Impulse dodges! THE MESSAGE! THE MESSAGE!

Every fan in the building stands as Impulse twists Red around into the double wristlock, and he pulls hard. Red is inches from the ropes, but with his forehead driven into the mat, inches are like miles.

So...

Tap.

Tap.

Tap.

DDK:

IMPULSE WINS IT!

Angus:

...It wasn't really a match!

Impulse gives one final wrench of the arm before he lets go and leaves the ring - Cally does the same. He hugs her, and they leave, hand in hand.

TEAM HOSS/FUSE BROS VS. NO JUSTICE NO PEACE

DDK:

We had a crazy tag team match just a little bit ago and we're going to go right into our next one... a HUGE eight-man tag pitting Team HOSS joining forces with The Fuse Bros to take on the dangerous DEFIANCE defectors...

Angus:

DEFectors, if you will...

DDK:

No Justice No Peace. This started a few months back when Team HOSS made a surprise return to DEFIANCE. They promised to make a play for the DEF World Tag Team Titles held then by The Hollywood Bruvs, only to be sidetracked by the foursome after Theo Baylor brokered a deal to bring the rest of the group into the UTA. Their goal was to take out Team HOSS.

Angus:

Ugh! Traitors! What a waste of BRAZEN talent.

DDK:

Team HOSS scored the win at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE with help from their former mentor and partner, Capital Punishment, but NJNP didn't go away quietly... in fact, they not only injured Cappy in retaliation, but scored a big win over Team HOSS in tag action. After that, The Fuse Bros. then made a surprise debut and since then, these eight men have been embroiled in bitter battles over the last few weeks. Angel and The Fuse Bros. both have wins over NJNP members in recent shows, but NJNP savagely attacked them all on the last DEFtv. They WANT to win this.

Angus:

I don't care what the traitors want. This is gonna end tonight and it better end with OUR HOSS OVERLORD and The Fuse Bros. winning, gorram it. Now... Quimbey, intro this match and we can watch DEF beat these DEFector pricks once and for all.

With that cue, Darren Quimbey delivers the intro.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an eight-man tag set for one fall!

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by Brother Lucius Owens... they are the team of Felton Bigsby... Theo Baylor... Roosevelt Owens... and The Neighborhoodlum... **NO JUSTICE NO PEACE!**

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

DDK:

Team HOSS and The Fuse Bros. are phenomenal tag teams in their own right, but NJNP have more power on their side AND may work better as a cohesive unit overall.

Angus:

That's true... but Angel beat Roosevelt and before that, those gamer geeks beat them in their debut match. Trust me,

Keebs, they can do this!

The dangerous foursome absorb major jeers from the DEFIANCE Faithful before their opponent's music hits...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

The name may be borderline goofy, but there is NOTHING goofy about the 6'3" and 268-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great or the 6'10" and 315-pound Angel Trinidad heading toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. There's no fooling around from Aleczander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The two walk toward the ring, but stop short for their opponents to arrive.

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

Darren Quimbey:

Next, weighing in at a combined weight of 363 pounds, the team of Tyler and Conor, **The Fuuuuuuse Bros.!**

Tyler first emerges from behind the curtain, sporting a stoic, serious look which The Faithful are coming to know. Then Conor rushes out from the back, much more energetic and happy. He stills looks ready to go and less annoying than normal, but he buzzes with excitement as he and his brother meet up with their partners. Of notice is Tyler, who's carrying a small Adidas bag around his left shoulder. As The Fuse Bros. stand beside Team HOSS, they exchange pleasantries, enter the ring and wait in their corner.

Angus:

Lets go, lets go!

Referee Brian Slater first walks over to NJNP and goes over the way he plans to officiate. Meanwhile, Theo Baylor just stirs. He doesn't care what Brian is saying and will clearly let all hell break loose if he wants to.

On the other end of the ring, the two DEFIANCE teams wait. Only Conor is caught in a staring contest with Theo Baylor now and it's gotten him pretty worried. He's trying to get Tyler's attention, or Aleczander, or even Angel, but the three of them are quickly going over plans themselves.

Once Slater is done with NJNP he speaks to Team HOSS and The Fuse Bros. Again, only three of them are listening...

Tyler nods and Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

And we are going to get Tyler Fuse to square off first against Felton Bigsby.

Angus:

Alright! Game on!

The crowd takes no time coming alive in this one.

DDK:

Tyler locks into a grapple with Bigsby, dead in the center of the ring. And there's a clear power advantage here because it doesn't take long for Bigsby to knock the elder Fuse Bro down to the floor!

The Faithful boo but Tyler brushes himself off quickly and goes into another grapple.

Same result.

Angus:

Definitely, take out Trinidad and there is a huge size advantage for No Justice, No Peace.

Tyler pops back up and this time ducks a grapple attempt and rifles three left jabs into Bigsby's temple. Tyler bounces off the ropes and is caught with a powerslam! Felton leaps in the air after, while the rest of his team claps and slams their fists against their ring post. All except Theo, whom is still, believe it or not, staring a hole through Conor Fuse's head. (Conor has learned to ignore it now and trying to focus on other things, like the beautiful black tone of the barricade, or the wondrous position of the ring lights...)

Bigsby hits Tyler with a few right hands of his own and then walks over to Rosey Owens. A tag is made.

Elbow to the top of Player One's head. Irish whip into an empty corner and the Owens runs in with everything he has.

DDK:

Tyler gets the knees up! Now perched on the second rope and Tyler with a great missile dropkick! That blow staggers Owens!

Angus:

Tyler goes for a tag! He tags in Aleczander The Great! HOSSFITE!

Rosey Owens gets stunned and wobbles around for a moment just as Aleczander gets into the ring. He stands 6'3" and 268 pounds, but still seems somewhat smallish compared to the massive Rosey. Yet, the crowd is firmly behind Aleczander as he charges with a shoulder tackle...

Angus:

Well, that didn't do much.

Aleczander lets out a "WANKER!" before he charges off the ropes again and clips Rosey with another shoulder tackle, only for him to wobble back to the ropes, but Rosey remains on his feet. The largest member of NJNP decides to try his luck and lunge at Aleczander, but Aleczander ducks and runs off the ropes, coming back with another shoulder tackle but aimed at the legs this time, finally knocking him down!

Angus:

YUSSSSSS!

Weapon FLEX then spits at Theo Baylor on the ring apron! Baylor angrily tries to get into the ring, but the referee keeps him restrained just as Aleczander goes to the middle rope...

DDK:

POWER HITTER OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

When the official turns around, he sees Aleczander trying to cover the big man!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Big Rosey with the kickout!

The self-professed Tag Team LEGEND tries again, but Rosey shoves him away and strikes him with a blow to the throat that stuns one half of Team HOSS! Rosey rolls to tag in The Neighborhoodlum as he sees Aleczander lined up in a neutral corner. He clocks him with a shotgun dropkick knocking the Big Brit back into the corner!

DDK:

The Neighborhoodlum now picking up the pace! And he rolls up Aleczander!

ONE!

TWO!

He kicks out!

Aleczander The Great starts to stagger up slowly when the man from The A hits him with a back kick to the gut. With The Neighborhoodlum in control, he runs at the ropes, but when he comes back, Aleczander catches him over the shoulder and points toward the corner where Angel is waiting.

DDK:

OW! SNAKE EYES INTO ANGEL'S BOOT!

The N'Hoodlum gets lobbed right into the boot of Trinidad as he rests it on the corner before Aleczander tags him in. Angel leaps over the ropes into the ring and both big men now tower over The Neighborhoodlum. He looks up like he's in deep shit.

Angus:

Welp. He's in deep shit.

See?

A double headbutt from both men sends him into the corner. Aleczander then throws the NJNP member into the buckle and catches him with a huge splash. Right behind him, Angel Trinidad rushes and crushes him with a splash of his own.

DDK:

They call those tandem Splashes Operation Bulldozer! Now Angel takes him out of the corner with a short-arm clothesline and follows right into an elbow drop! Next, a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angel is about to punish him some more, not forgetting what they've done to their mentor, Cappy, but Tyler Fuse leans on the ropes and wants the tag. He wants it bad and the crowd wants to see it happen...

DDK:

And Angel tags in Tyler Fuse!

Tyler makes good of a second opportunity. He kicks The Neighborhoodlum in the side of the head. Again and again. The Neighborhoodlum is on both knees while Tyler does this.

DDK:

The crowd is really into the match now given those power moves by Team HOSS!

Tyler hurls The Neighborhoodlum into the ropes and with everything he has hip tosses him back down. There's less of a size disadvantage here for Tyler, whom pulls The Neighborhoodlum to his feet, nails a Russian leg sweep and then a pendulum backbreaker. Tyler covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Tyler is attempting a Northern lights suplex but The Neighborhoodlum pokes him in the eyes! Slater didn't see it. Now The Neighborhoodlum crushes Tyler with a Yakuza kick!

The brawl is on. The Neighborhoodlum reigns down a fury of right hands on Tyler. He shoots him into the buckle and upon return levels Player One with a clothesline. The Neighborhoodlum takes a second to walk over to taunt Team HOSS.

The Neighborhoodlum:

FUCK YOU!

He turns and bends down to get Tyler, but the taunt costs him...

DDK:

Small package!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

For a split second The Faithful thought it was over, simply by the shock value NJNP displayed in their corner. Despite the kickout, Theo Baylor was in the ring and he doesn't stop because The Neighborhoodlum saved himself.

DDK:

Baylor with a right hand to Tyler! Now a DDT!

Slater gets into Theo's face and orders him back to his buckle. The onslaught is just beginning though, as Aleczander The Great rushes in to get himself some of Baylor, but Slater stops him.

Cue all members of No Justice, No Peace getting into the ring and stomping away on Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

No cheat codes... they have no cheat codes!

Conor tries to get the attention of the referee, but Theo Baylor goes back to a death stare and Conor instantly shuts up. The Neighborhoodlum pulls Tyler into their corner and every member quickly scurries back to the apron, before Aleczander exits the ring and Brian Slater turns around.

Punch to the gut by The Neighborhoodlum. He tags Rosey Owens.

First, Owens walks right over to the DEFIANCE corner. This draws Slater's attention once more and although Team

HOSS and Conor Fuse are too smart to get involved in anything, the plan has worked. Slater's back is turned and NJNP are going to town on Tyler. He's choked, punched, maybe even bitten (Felton Bigsby looked hungry after all). All the while Team HOSS and Conor are trying to tell Slater to focus on the match at hand, they don't care about Rosey!

The boos flood the Wrestle Plex.

DDK:

And more cheap tactics by NJNP!

Angus:

I'm with Conor, these clowns didn't bring any cheat codes! Slater, get your shit together and watch the match!

Owens smiles and blows a kiss before turning around and running full steam at Tyler. He destroys him with a jumping splash! Tyler stumbles out of the corner, wobbles about in the middle of the ring... not going down just yet...

DDK:

That was 450+ pounds of Rosey Owens, coming in at full speed!!

Shoulder block by Rosey this time does the trick. Tyler goes down hard!

DDK:

Owens off the ropes... elbow drop!

The big move shakes the ring. Owens looks up at Team HOSS and covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

He kicked out! Tyler kicked out! I can't believe it!

Angus:

No Justice, No Peace can't believe it, either! What a fighting spirit by Tyler!

The crowd is rallying. They stomp the floor. Rosey is pissed but he takes Tyler's head and puts it into a sleeper hold. This doesn't slow The Faithful down, however. Instead they are rallying louder and louder. It also helps Conor is stirring like a pitbull in his corner, jumping up and down and shaking the ropes. Team HOSS, too, is getting the crowd hyped. Aleczander raises his hands in the air while Angel Trinidad keeps a serious composure on Tyler, mouthing "come on, come on".

And Tyler fights to one knee.

Then he gets on one foot.

DDK:

Elbow to the chest by Tyler! Another! Now he breaks the hold!

WHACK!

DDK:

Tyler with a superkick! Down goes Owens! Tyler collapses to the mat, too!

Each of them are struggling to make it to their corners. All hands are out on the DEFIANCE side, but just Theo Baylor's hand is far enough on the NJNP side.

The crowd is still rallying. It's getting very loud...

SMACK, Owens tags Baylor.

Tyler's almost there, just about to get Conor's hand when...

When Conor sees it's *Theo Baylor* getting into the ring.

There's just a split second of unsurety. It's not like Conor retracts his hand away from his brother. He would never! But it flinches back out of sheer shock for just a very small second, the exact same second where Tyler probably could have hit it.

DDK:

Baylor in with an elbow to Tyler! Now he pulls him back into the NJNP corner!

Angus:

Dammit!

DDK:

I don't know if Conor freaked out there! It looked like seeing Baylor in the ring might have taken his attention for a split second...

Baylor is murdering Tyler with right hands in their corner. He takes a second to look back at Conor and give him one final death stare and then changing his facial expression to say something like "you're pathetic". And Conor is really disappointed in himself. He looks down to the floor while Team HOSS try to console him briefly.

Theo throws Player One into the ropes and connects with a sidewalk slam!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

There is still life left in Tyler!

The Faithful try another rally. Theo keeps the attack on Tyler, making it seem like there is no hope. There are some right hands, a few boots, a DDT and even a suplex. The fans are cheering, but also growing cornered. That's when it happens.

DDK:

Baylor Irish whips Tyler into the corner and upon return he's calling for...

Angus:

[interrupting] WELCOME TO LA!

Elevated sitout spinebuster.

DDK:

It's academic now!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

WHAT!?

Everyone is beside themselves! How Tyler was able to do this is anyone's guess. Theo's anger comes back. This time, he has a death stare on Brian Slater.

Theo Baylor:

THAT WAS A THREE. GOD DAMMIT THAT WAS A THREE!

The Faithful are starting a "Ty-ler Ty-ler" chant.

Theo grabs Slater by the neck.

Theo Baylor:

You change that call right now! YOU HEAR ME!? YOU CHANGE THAT CALL-

Baylor notices Tyler is almost at his corner.

Theo Baylor:

Oh hell no!

DDK:

And Baylor comes in... he takes Tyler right back to the middle of the ring. Irish whip into the ropes and ANOTHER WELCOME TO L-

Angus:

NO!! NO HE DIDN'T!

Tyler jumps in midair, right overtop of Theo Baylor, right to his corner of the ring and straight into a...

Conor Fuse tag.

Conor leaps over the top rope. He knows who's there, waiting. At first, he's scared out of his mind, but The Faithful... the Gamers are supporting him. As a result, Player Two tilts his head back and with everything he has he screams into the rafters.

Conor Fuse:

GAME ON!!!!!!!

DDK:

Baylor charges at Conor, but the younger brother ducks it! Now he hits a missile dropkick to Baylor! Next he connects with a missile dropkick to Bigsby! The Neighborhoodlum is coming in now... and he's met with a missile dropkick!

The only one left to enter is Owens and Conor is waiting for him. Full of confidence now and even inviting him in.

Conor Fuse:

You want a dropkick too!?

Owens says no.

That's when Theo Baylor goes back at Conor with a clothesline from hell!

DDK:

Taking his head off right there, let me tell you!

Baylor laughs and spits on Conor. Then he runs right at Team HOSS and takes them both out with forearm shots. (Tyler is still recovering on the outside).

DDK:

Baylor looking for 'Welcome to LA' for a third time!

NO! This time Conor leaps over Baylor, jumps into the second rope and comes off with a springboard elbow smash!

DDK:

Rolling thunder splash by Conor! Pin, pin!!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY ROSEY!

Angus:

No!! So close!

DDK:

But Owens is given a tilt-a-whirl DDT for his troubles, otherwise known as 'PWN'd'!

And Conor jumps to his corner, tagging a returning Aleczander. Both Conor and Aleczander then double-team Rosey and go low with a dropkick and shoulder tackle to the legs to get him off his feet and then kick him out of the ring.

DDK:

Wait, Baylor's back up!

He strikes Aleczander from behind, but when he tries a whip...

DDK:

No! Full nelson slam by Aleczander! Conor's on the top rope... 450 SPLASH!! 450 FRAMES PER SECOND!

The crowd goes NUTS as Aleczander covers!

ONE!

TWO!

...

SAVED BY BIGSBY!

Queue all hell breaking loose in the ring!

DDK:

In comes *EVERYONE*!

Bigsby DROPS Conor with a headbutt, but Aleczander doubles him over with a knee. Houston Strong clocks The Big Brit and sends him back to the ropes, but when he runs, Aleczander elbows him in the side of the head. They both clothesline each other over and ropes and to the floor. Then Conor exits his corner, walks outside the ring to the NJNP side and grabs at The Neighborhoodlum.

Conor Fuse:

Where are your cheat codes!?

The Neighborhoodlum:

Go fuck yourself.

Conor and The Neighborhoodlum start brawling and Theo Baylor makes the tag to Felton Bigsby just as Aleczander gets back into the ring and tags Angel Trinidad. There's more action but it's too crazy to note and the cameras can't keep up, such as The Neighborhoodlum pulling Aleczander to the outside again and popping him with a right, but Tyler Fuse makes the save with a springboard hurricanrana.

DDK:

Trinidad is stirring... he's on one knee...

Angel elbows Felton in the head and sends him back to the ropes... and the crowd goes crazy when the near-seven footer unleashes a dropkick to take him down!

Angus:

MOAR HOSSFITES!

Angel roars and then points at Bigsby as he runs him off the ropes...

CRACK!

DDK:

NO! ROOSEVELT WITH A CHAIR!

Angus:

Slater is trying to restore order on the outside! Of course he didn't see a thing! Dammit, DAMMIT!

With Trinidad down on all fours, Felton Bigsby starts to get ready to charge with his gruesome football tackle...

DDK:

I don't believe this! It could be the end right here!

Angus:

Bloody hell!

DDK:

Bigsby measuring Trinidad...

SMACK!

As Bigsby runs, he sees Tyler Fuse enter the ring. Bigsby is ALMOST able to stop himself, but he eats a very sick superkick instead and goes flying!

DDK:

Tyler throws Bigsby into the ropes and a crazy spinning DDT to Felton! Now he's got him tied up in... what he calls... 'Achievement Unlocked'!!

Angus:

The Koji clutch is locked!! Or should I say UNlocked!!!

Bigsby starts screaming.

Angus:

He's tapping! Ref, Bigsby is tapping!

DDK:

Tyler's not the legal man!

Angus:

Who cares!? Bigsby is tapping and No Justice, No Peace are getting what they deserve!

Trinidad gets to his feet. He sees the helpless Bigsby and bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT! THE PUMP KICK RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

Tyler rolls out of the ring and goes back to the chaos. That's when Trinidad makes a pin attempt.

Angus:

Okay the legal man is NOW pinning. Slater get counting!! ONE. TWO THREE. FOUR. FIVE!! C'MON!

The Faithful count to three, too. Finally, Angel goes to get Slater but-

SLAM!

DDK:

Theo Baylor with a gutless attack on Angel! Sidewalk slam from hell!!! Next he throws Angel off the ropes... and another WELCOME TO LA!!! Theo puts Bigsby on top of Trinidad!

Angus:

He's even smart enough to GRAB Slater and direct him to the pin! IT'S OVER, KEEBS!!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

KICKOUT!**Angus:**

WHAT THE HELL!? YES!!! HOW MANY KICKOUTS FROM WELCOME TO LA TONIGHT!?!?

Baylor is going. To. Fucking. Blow.

DDK:

This is insane!!! The power of Angel Trinidad shines once again!!

For some reason, Conor Fuse slides into the ring. Then he notices his mistake.

Freezing dead in his tracks, Conor has nowhere to go. The fear is back in his eyes. This time Baylor looks even more mad than normal.

Conor Fuse:

Oh...

DDK:

Conor is DEAD TO RIGHTS!

Angus:

Baylor measuring him...

Tyler Fuse shouts to Player Two from the outside.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey brother, HEADS UP!

And in-between fighting with The Neighborhoodlum, Tyler digs into his Adidas bag and tosses a powder blue question mark box into the ring.

Angus:

Oh, I think I saw this once...

With all the madness in and around the ring, The Faithful are rabid. But now they are strictly feeding off Conor Fuse, while he opes the blue box and feeds off what's inside.

DDK:

MUSHROOMS!

Yes, inside the box are a bunch of mushrooms and Conor tilts the box back, throwing most of them inside his mouth (some hit the floor). This actually leaves Theo in a WTF mode for just enough time...

Angus:

Are those legal!?

DDK:

CONOR IS TWITCHING WITH ENERGY!!!

No longer scared of Theo Baylor, he charges at him.

DDK:

Ducks a Baylor clothesline, left, left, left!

Conor screams into the air, does the splits while avoiding Theo's attack again and then hip tosses him with everything he has to the center of the ring.

Conor jumps to the top rope. It's so quick Keebs can't even call what's happening...

Phoenix splash!

Angus:

I can't hear myself think!

DDK:

More left hands by Conor... Irish whip and they both go over the top rope to the floor!

On the canvas, Felton Bigsby starts to rise. Unsure of his surroundings... until the crowd clues him in.

DDK:

Bigsby is up...

Angus:

BUT SO IS TRINIDAD!! FLYING HOSSBODY!

When Bigsby turns around, he gets taken down with a massive running crossbody by Trinidad! The crowd roars as Angel gets to his feet and then makes a tag over to Aleczander...

Angus:

Aaawwwwwwww, he dead.

Aleczander slashes a thumb across his throat just as he and Angel surround Bigsby. Aleczander hooks him in a full nelson and lifts him up into a powerbomb for Angel...

Angus:

THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSSTORY OF OUR SPORT!

The Killer Bomb combination SHAKES the ring! Aleczander The Great and Angel get back on their feet while they notice Rosey Owens and Theo Baylor tossing Tyler and Conor around. They both start to get into the ring, but Team HOSS knock them off the ropes and back out to the floor! Angel looks around to the cheering crowd and starts to climb to the top rope...

DDK:

Oh... no...

Angel then looks out to the legions of cheering DEFIANCE Faithful and Angel gestures before he takes a HUGE dive...

DDK:

FLYING HOSSBODY TO THEO BAYLOR AND ROSEY OWENS ON THE OUTSIDE!

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS TO SAVE DEFIANCE FROM THESE DUMBASS DEFECTORS!

"HOLY SHIT!"

HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!"

The Faithful roar and cheer on as The Neighborhoodlum runs into the ring, trying to stop Angel from a cover on Bigbsy. He elbows Angel in the head and tries to finish him off when Tyler and Conor both re-enter the squared circle...

Angus:

DOUBLE SUPERKICK!

They both STRIKE down The Neighborhoodlum with the move and Aleczander picks him up to DUMP him to the floor with The HOSS Toss! Tyler and Conor go back to their corner only for Aleczander to make the tag to Conor. Conor then tags Tyler...

Angus:

What's the quick tag for?

DDK:

They're both going to the top rope...2UP! 2UP ON BIGSBY!

The double frog splash connects on Bigsby and the crowd goes wild! Tyler with the cover as Angel and Aleczander regroup in the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Faithful go crazy! Conor and Tyler embrace in mid-ring to celebrate a HARD fought victory while Angel raises a fist and Aleczander flexes his guns behind them!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... TEAM HOSS AND THE FUSE BROS!

Angus:

That's right! Hahahahaha! Suck ALL the dicks, DEFectors!

DDK:

No Justice, No Peace tried whatever they could to get this victory, but tonight, the forces of DEFIANCE stand tall!

Lucius Owens is beside himself on the outside, in complete disbelief that despite having the power advantage, the

teams of Team HOSS and The Fuse Bros. survived and came through with the win! The members of the group start to limp back up the ramp in defeat while inside the ring, Angel and Aleczander look satisfied with not only getting payback for their mentor, but for also aiding Conor and Tyler with the victory.

DDK:

What a match between these eight men! We may need some time to breathe after that one, but Tyler and Conor Fuse work together with Team HOSS to secure a much needed victory for DEFIANCE!

Angus:

GO BACK TO THE MORMON LOCKER ROOM, YOU ASSHOLES!

Angel, Aleczander, Tyler and Conor all take a turnbuckle and bask in the cheers of the fans with this momentous win tonight!

CRIMSON LORD Â© VS. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

We're here to one of our biggest matches of the evening, Keebs, and that's the WrestleUTA World Title match between defending champion Crimson Lord and the man that has been hunting him down for weeks to get this shot... DEFIANCE's Oscar Burns!

Angus:

I'm gonna say this... Burns has been on a roll. He scored big victories over Reinhardt Hoffman and David Hightower. He even survived the five minutes against Crimson Lord to get this title shot... only for that psycho to turn this into a Last Man Standing match. With all that... I don't know that Burns can beat him at his own game.

DDK:

We've seen Oscar pull out some big victories, but outside of his match at DEFCON against Danny Diggs, we don't know what he can do in the realm of No DQ. His in-ring IQ may be among the highest in DEFIANCE, but he's gonna need every submission and every trick he can muster if he's going to have a chance of wrestling the WrestleUTA World Title away from this psycho.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the LAST MAN STANDING MATCH!

The fans erupt in cheers as for the championship matchup.

Darren Quimbey:

The rules of the match are as follows:

The camera switches to the rules for the Last Man Standing Match. Darren reads off the rules as they appear on the screen.

There are No Disqualifications

No Count-Outs

No Submissions

No Pin-falls

The only way to win the match is to have your opponent not answer the ten count.

If both men should happen to not respond to the ten count, the match is a draw and Crimson Lord will retain the championship.

♪"Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger... from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The fans cheer in ameration for DEFIANCE'S soldier as he walks out... but far from his normal yellow-themed shirt and orange attire. Tonight, he's dressed a little more traditional in black trunks, kneepads, and boots. And of course, a black DEFIANCE fist logo with "WE LIKE GRAPS" on the back!

Angus:

He's... dressed like a WRESTLER. For this FIGHT? Against that MONSTER?

DDK:

I talked to Oscar earlier and he said he was going to take the fight to Crimson Lord as best he can, with the skills that brought him to the dance, hence the traditional attire tonight! He says he'll look for an opening and break a body part down. Barring that, he'll bust out weapons if he has to. He can't have any aversions to doing what it takes to win tonight.

Angus:

If he wants to win, he best not! And he needs to guard that shoulder of his!

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! The tape on his shoulder still remains evident over repeated attacks by Crimson Lord, but still with that in mind, Burns keeps his DEFIANCE branded shirt on and waits for his opponent. With that all out of the way, the lights turnout as...

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

The Wrestleplex quickly changes from the exciting uproar from Oscar's entrance, to that of a hate filled arena for the WrestleUTA's Heavyweight Champion! A white spotlight shines on the backstage curtain, as Jon Larver steps from behind the curtain dressed in a gray pinstripe suit with white dress shirt and purple striped tie. The spotlight follows him, while he steps a few feet from the backstage area to the edge of the rampway. He raises the championship in the air as the lights now quickly flash off and on.

Darren Quimbey:

AND his opponent...

The fans cheers quickly turn to resounding vibration of boos.

A shot of Oscar staring down at Jon from the ring. A few moment later Crimson ascends from under the stage, no jacket no hoodie. In fact in new ring attire, His black boots have what looks to be a muscle tear type design. It's really hard to tell given the lighting at the moment. He has black tights on, with some sort of writing on the sides. 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 champion.

Darren Quimbey:

He...

Larver quickly interrupts Darren in the middle of his introduction. He appears to have a microphone attached to his lapel.

Jon Larver:

You Defiant pukes have disrespected your superiors long enough! So I will give the proper introduction to the Crown Jewel of the Wrestling Industry!

Crimson slowly looks over his shoulder as he has fully ascended from below the stage. A shot of Oscar with determination planted all over his face, trying his best to brave the unknown. Crimson turns around as the drums from his theme cut for a moment in the song. Jon heads down the ramp way a lone spotlight follows him, while Crimson follows and shots of light show his emotionless look toward Oscar.

Darren lowers the microphone with a look at Oscar for a second as he watches CL make his way down the aisle.

Crimson reaches the bottom of the stage as Jon walks up the steps and walks on the apron to stand in front of Crimson facing him and raising the championship high in the air. They stand for a moment and Jon steps into the ring, and gets in Oscar's face with the championship high above him. Oscar glares at Jon for a moment before looking up at the championship. The camera quickly switches to Crimson as the lights are no longer flashing and now a assortment of colors flash over him. Jon steps aside with the belt held by his side as Oscar gets a look at the light show.

PINK

GREEN

WHITE

RED

PURPLE

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

PURPLE

The one light now shown on top of the seven footer. Crimson slowly raises his head as he grits his teeth at Oscar. It appears he has fangs, Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up to the apron. Oscar seems a bit taken back, as the champion steps over the top rope and faces Oscar with a demonic demeanor. Jon stands by Crimson Lord.

Darren tries to make the introduction again, but Jon snatches the microphone from him and hands the championship to Crimson. He holds it to his side, as Jon motions for Darren to beat it.

Angus:

Ugh. What a twat.

Jon Larver:

Standing before this pile of wet laundry is the one TRUE champion of this industry! He stands a unimaginable SEVEN FOOT AND ONE INCH! HE weighs in AT THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT POUNDS of PURE DEVASTATION!...from CHICAGO, ILLINOIS...THE WRESTLEUTA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.....

He stares at Oscar who has not taken his eyes off Crimson.

Jon Larver:

THE..."PLAGUE OF DARKNESS" CRRRRRIIIIIIMMMMSSSSOOOONNN LORD!!!!

Oscar seems a bit taken back as Crimson raises the championship high in the air with his right hand to a chorus of boos. Oscar glances at the championship high in the air then back at Crimson who clear appears to not be the same man he has encounter over the past couple of months. His eyes look like their is nothing but a pit of emptiness in them.

Oscar walks up to the seven footer and stares up at him. As Referee Carla Ferrari is handed the championship from Crimson. The bell rings upon motioned from Ferrari.

DING DING DING!

Larver makes his way outside to CL's corner. The two have not broke their stare, the tension can clearly be cut with a knife.

Crimson finally makes the first move and steps back from Burnsie. He out stretches his arms and then suddenly turns around and drops to his knees.

DDK:

What sort of mind game is Crimson playing with Oscar here.

Angus:

Well, Oscar hit him this is war who gives a shit about honor!

Oscar looks out into the crowd and then back at Crimson. He's clearly trying to formulate some sort of plan, but he clearly hasn't prepare for this iteration of the WrestleUTA World Champion.

To the surprise of DDK and Angus, Jon Larver has joined them on headset.

Larver:

Well, well so this is the illustrious announce team for DEFIANCE.

Angus:

What the hell are you doing here!

Larver:

I am here to call a fair match unlike you two.

DDK:

Give me a break we are professionals!

Larver:

That's a joke right?

Crimson looks over his shoulder just provoking Oscar to hit him. Burns refuses and walks in front of Crimson shouts at him to get to his feet as he gets his fist up ready for a fight. CL laughs in a very sadistic manner. Burns is backtracking a bit, totally taken off his game plan at this incarnation of Crimson Lord. Lord slowly gets to his feet with a sadistic grin toward the challenger. The champ makes the first move by inching his way toward Burns, but the Kiwi ducks and fires off a HUGE European Uppercut to stun the monster! When the first blow reels him back, Burns fires back with a second one...

But Lord is NOT amused.

He grabs Burns and CHUCKS him right into the corner with relative ease before trying to charge in. Burns get his feet up and stops him cold with a few well-placed boots to the jaw. Burns then goes to the second rope and comes off with a Diving European Uppercut that catches him on the jaw again!

DDK:

This is great strategy by Burns! He needs to stick and move quickly against Crimson...

Angus:

Shit...

That dour comment from Angus happens when Burns gets back to his feet, only for Crimson Lord to KICK his head almost clean off his shoulders with a massive Big Boot! Jon Larver finally opens up on commentary some more.

Larver:

Told you! He is the Crown Jewel of The UTA and Professional Wrestling! It doesn't matter how many fancy holds Burns can do... it takes one move and he's already on his back.

No pinfalls or submissions, of course, so Crimson Lord simply opts to end this quickly. He grabs Burns and holds him in a Military Press. He then walks forward and simply throws him over the top rope and out to the floor!

DDK:

NO WAY! ALREADY... I don't like his chances now, not after that!

Angus:

Shit...

Not even a few moments into the match and the first counting situation happens as Burns is laid out on floor. All the while Crimson Lord takes a quick breather, and paces around the ring like an animal stalking his territory. Carla begins the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

The crowd tries to will Burns to get up, but he's clearly hurting from what Crimson Lord has done to him at the onset of the match.

FOUR...

FIVE...

Burns starts to finally pull himself up a little, using the ring skirt to try and gain some footing.

SIX...

SEV...

The count stops as Burns is on his feet, leaning up against the ring apron! The crowd cheers, but those go away quickly when Crimson Lord tries to kick Burns through the ropes...

DDK:

NO! Burns grabs the leg and SNAPS it over the middle rope!

Angus:

CHOP THAT PSYCHO THE HELL DOWN, YOU CRAZY KIWI!

Larver:

That's slander and we could sue your ass, Angus!

The crowd rallies behind Burns while Crimson Lord starts to show the first signs of weakness since the match started, slightly limping to the corner. Burns locks onto his knee and charges, but Lord is quick to get a foot up, trying to stop Burns from making his next attack... but Burns not only ducked the kick, but now he has Lord's leg over his shoulder. He suddenly drops down hard dropping the knee right over his shoulder in a stunner-esque fashion, making the giant limp!

Larver:

No! No!

Angus:

How you like that, Crimson Lord's dick holster?!

DDK:

If there's a man that can break down a body part to keep you from standing at all, it's Oscar Burns! Perhaps DEFIANCE's best pure grappler!

With the knee now showing signs of wear and tear, Crimson Lord stumbles around, only to get a huge dropkick by Burns! The blow doesn't knock him down fully, but he stumbles over in a corner now with Burns ready to fire...

DDK:

What's he thinking here?!

Crimson is in the corner and Oscar with a head of speed trying to score with another big move in the corner. Just as he is about to hit, CL sidesteps and helps Oscar's momentum... right into the steel post!

DDK:

Oscar bad shoulder first into the steel post!

Angus:

Damn it, what did I say, Kiwi? PROTECT THE SHOULDER!

Larver:

I'll give Oscar Burns this... talented guy. But man, he could have had a bright future if he only kissed the UTA rings and stopped picking fights with those better than him!

CL quickly falls to his back and holds his own knee for a second before lowering himself to the floor. Oscar can be heard in tremendous pain, holding the chair. Crimson reaches over by the timekeeper and SHOVES him right of out his chair so he can use it as a weapon. He brings the chair up and without much hesitation slams the chair to the top of Oscar's head sticking out from the ring with a sickening thud!

DDK:

NO! COME ON! 2018! CHAIR SHOTS TO THE HEAD!

Angus:

That sick bastard...

Larver:

It's Last Man Standing, gentlemen, not Last Man Standing Except For Headshots. You do what you can to win. That's why the UTA is gonna have all of your jobs!

Oscar tumbles onto the mat holding the top of his head riving in even more pain. Crimson tosses the chair on the outside and slides in the ring and stands over Oscar who appears to be busted wide open. Crimson motions for Carla to count and with that, she does...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

Oscar crawling to the ropes as his blonde hair begins to start turning red.

FIVE...

SIX...

"BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!"

Oscar gets to the ropes and slowly drags himself up rope by rope.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Oscar makes it to the top rope but clearly his equilibrium is messed up. Crimson shoves Carla out of the way and throws Oscar into the corner and quickly sticks his behemoth boot across Oscar's throat!

DDK:

Oscar needs to get out of there!

Angus:

Burns is in trouble here that cut on his head is starting to move to his eyes.

Larver:

Choke him out boss!

Oscar, starts to turn into Crimson's foot choke. CL notices it and tries to apply more pressure. Oscar's head jerks backward for a second. Burns thinks quick he has his body turned about right. He throws a uppercut like swing chop blocking Crimson's knee! Lord's eyes widen for a second. Its enough for Oscar to reverse the choke into a ankle lock!

DDK:

Ankle Lock! What a reversal by Burnsie!

Angus:

Break that foot Oscar!

Larver:

Child's play Crimson is above such a petty submission move!

Oscar is able to get CL on the mat as he twists the ankle lock in. CL is gritting his teeth in obvious pain. Oscar quickly changes from a ankle lock right into a STF!

DDK:

What about now Larver!

Angus:

Ya, and he can't use the ropes to break it either.

Larver:

....Crimson will break this...he has too!

Burnsie pulls back on Crimson's neck as the champion has a hold of the ropes, unfortunately for CL the rules do not apply to a break up now. Burns knowing this continues to pull back on the champion! Crimson reaches up with his free arm. He pulls Oscar back on him and manages to dig his hands into the cut on Burns head.

DDK:

Crimson just might of found a way to break the hold...crude.

Angus:

Argh but it seems to be effective.

Larver:

Rip that cut open boss!

Burns is losing his grip on the STF as Crimson is now trying to dig his fingers into the laceration on top of Oscar's head.

DDK:

The champion manages to break it but the damage has been done as Crimson is favoring his knee.

Angus:

Stay on him Oscar don't let that bastard breathe!

Burns staggers around with his hand over his laceration. Crimson slowly gets to his feet, Oscar shakes it off and charges toward the champion. Crimson catches a airborne Oscar and slams him down with a spinebuster!

DDK:

OWWW what a spinebuster by the champion!

Angus:

Burns you idiot you jumped right into that!

Larver:

Do it again boss!

Crimson holds onto Oscars legs and lifts him off the mat and spins him into wheelbarrow spinebuster! Crimson backtracks into the corner and orders Carla to count!

DDK:

Oscar is down yet again!

Angus:

Two spinebusters and a bloody Oscar and this match has barely started.

Larver:

Does that sound like doubt Angus...[chuckles]

Angus:

Shut up you lackey, why has no one shut this guy's headset off? What are you guys doing in the back?

ONE

TWO

THREE

DDK:

Oscar is moving here, come on Kiwi get up!

Angus:

Get up you fool don't let this seven foot neandertal win.

Larver:

See right there is why I am here to call a no biased match, you two are so pro Burns its disgusting!

DDK:

Please, and you're not Pro Crimson Lord?

FOUR

Oscar moves to his side and begins to try and push himself up.

FIVE

SIX

Oscar gets to a knee.

SEVEN!

DDK:

Crimson looks to be ready to pounce on Oscar.

Angus:

Oscar is almost to his feet...watch out!

EIGHT!

Crimson moves in he lifts Oscar on top his shoulder and into a Yokosuka Cutter! Again Crimson moves back into his corner taking a breather as he demands a count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

DDK:

Burns has spent the majority of this match fighting the ten count, he needs to get on the offensive if he plans on winning this thing.

Angus:

Lord has proven week after week how he has Oscar's number. He is trying to make this academic.

Larver:

Like a true fighting champion does.

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN!

Angus:

When want your opinion then will ask for it.

EIGHT!

DDK:

Good luck on that Jon.

NINE!

Angus:

I hear ya Keebs.

Larver:

I honestly don't care what you two think of my thoughts on this match.

Oscar gets to a vertical base, just in time. Crimson looks to be growing a bit agitated. The champ moves in deliver a few stiff rights and lefts to the skull of the challenger. He pushes him into the corner and lifts his knees into the gut of Burns. Before Irish whipping him to the opposite corner.

DDK:

The power of this man is monstrous.

Angus:

I hate to agree with that but you have a point there.

Burns back slams into the turnbuckles and he falls to his face. Crimson exits the ring as Oscar slowly gets to his hands and knees. CL begins searching for something under the ring. He finally finds what he is looking for under the ring in front of the entranceway. The crowd cheers as the seven footer pulls out a table.

DDK:

Here comes the tables and these fans are excited here in the Wrestleplex.

Angus:

This is not looking too good for Burns here.

Larver:

Time for little Burnsie to get some wood.

He continues to set the table up, and does not appear to be done. He goes under the ring again and pulls out another table getting more of a reaction from the fans. Oscar has been taking a breather on one knee in the corner. CL sets the second table next to the other, both set up next to the apron.

DDK:

I have no idea what is percolating in that twisted brain of the champion but it can't be anything good.

Larver:

Crimson is going to end this right now.

Crimson turns around after setting up the second table..

DDK:

BURNS WITH A SUICIDE DIVE!

Both men lay in a heap on the end of the rampway. Carla begins the count for both men.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Both men are starting to move here.

THREE

Angus:

Come on Oscar get your ass up!

FOUR

FIVE

Larver:

Boss...come on don't let this twig beat you.

SIX

Oscar is the first to get to his feet but Crimson is not far behind him. The two begin to exchange blows on the rampway. Oscar starts to push the champion back toward the ring. Stunned the champ tumbles back and Oscar throws a kick caught by POD, but Burns quickly swings his other leg to the back of CL's head with a...

DDK:

Enziguri by TnT!

Angus:

He got him down...hell yea!

Crimson falls face first to the floor. Oscar staggers to his feet and motions for the referee to count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

Larver:

Come on boss, get up!

Crimson manages to get to his feet, bent over, Oscar wastes no time and charges with a knee lift right into the face of the champion sending him back first onto the ramp!

DDK:

The champ is down again!

Angus:

Count Ferrari..COUNT!

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

Larver:

Keep coming boss, your almost to your feet!

FIVE

SIX

Crimson is up yet again, Oscar trying to catch his breath, slides back in the ring. Crimson stumbles around clearly disoriented he staggers to the apron resting his arms and face on the apron.

Angus:

BASEBALL SLIDE! Right in that ugly goof's face!

Crimson falls back down on the floor holding his mouth. Burns again motioning for a count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

DDK:

Lord is clearly shaken up here.

Angus:

Well, he did get a mouth full of two boots.

Larver:

This damn bimbo with these fast counts, why is she officiating this match she already screwed Crimson two weeks ago.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Crimson is up with help from the barricade. Oscar shakes his head in disappointment. The two men clearly are starting to wear down.

DDK:

Give me a break, is that all you UTA guys do is cry if you lose a match.

Angus:

Want a tissue?

Larver:

Shut up, as you can see your Crown Jewel of the Wrestling Industry is back on his feet.

Crimson gets to the apron and starts to pull himself up on it. Oscar moves in and the two start to fight while Crimson is on the apron and Oscar inside the ring. Burns again is getting the advantage and CL is not in a good position on the apron. The tables sit behind him, and with every blow Lord looks to be about to crash through them. The fans have not left their chairs waiting for the inevitable table breakage. Crimson quickly catches Oscar before he can land another blow with his hand across his throat!

Larver:

TILT A WHIRL CHOKESLAM! Hell ya Boss!

DDK:

Impressive move, but Crimson went with him and now both men lie in the wreckage of the two tables!

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

DDK:

Both men are barely moving here.

Angus:

Get up Oscar if you both get counted out then he retains.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!!

DDK:

My God these two are back on their feet, with help of some furniture at ringside. What is it going to take?

Oscar crawls up the steel steps to the apron and slides under the bottom rope and slowly pulls himself to his feet. Chants of "This is Awesome" echo throughout the Wrestleplex!

DDK:

This match has taken a lot out of both men.

Angus:

The only way it can end is with a...

Larver finishes Angus sentence, and Angus clearly does not like it.

Larver:

Ten count.

Angus:

Get out of here, we don't need you to call this match!

Larver:

..Um let me think about it...NO.

The two men clearly are trying to catch their breath as Crimson leans on the barricade outside. And Oscar in a corner inside the ring. Crimson looks to be moving back toward the ring throwing the pieces of table out of his way. Oscar moves to the ropes and goes off them and flips over the top rope toward the champion

DDK:

GOOD GOD! Crimson caught him in mid flight with a Modified STO!

Angus:

Thats it Oscar is done...DAMN IT!

Larver:

Lovely, the sound of someone heads smacking against the floor...such a delightful sound.

Both men lie on the floor motionless. The camera catches Oscar eyes who look hazy with that look of no one is home stare. Chants from the Defiant Faithful of "HOLY SHIT" echo throughout the WrestlePlex.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

Crimson gets to a knee, with a noticeable gasping of air. The camera catches him looking down at Oscar with a crimson mask holding his head while rolling to his side.

DDK:

What a battle!

Angus:

Get up Oscar!

Larver:

Stay down you loser!

Angus:

No one wants your wanker ass here!

Larver:

Too bad, you two are too biased.

DDK:

Why wouldn't we be, you and your merry band of misfits invaded our company not the other way around!

SIX

SEVEN!

Crimson finally gets to his feet, falling back into the barricade. Oscar has managed to get to his hands and knees with

his head resting on the floor. The blood starts to form a puddle from his face underneath him on the floor.

EIGHT!

Burns manages to get to a knee. Now Crimson is yelling at him to "STAY DOWN!"

DDK:

Burnsie is on the rise here fans the determination of this man is astonishing!

Angus:

Determination he better pull deeper, and he BETTER GET UP!

NINE!!

TE..

DDK:

Burns is up! Unbelievable!

Angus:

No kidding, and look at Crimson it looks like he is in shock as well!

Crimson grabs Oscar and slides him in the ring, he follows. Burns crawls on the mat as Crimson nonchalantly kicks him while he is down. Oscar starts to use the ropes to pull himself up, but just as he gets to his feet Crimson levels him with a nasty right hook sending him through the ropes to the apron.

DDK:

Burns looks exhausted and is trying to get a second wind it looks.

Larver:

If he would stay down then he can have all the air he wants.

Angus:

You know damn well Oscar is not going to give up you poof!

Crimson grabs the blood soaked blonde hair of Oscar and pulls him up. Oscar makes a quick decision and neck snaps Crimson's neck over the top rope! Crimson turns around and drops to a knee and then back only to fall again while holding his throat.

DDK:

Burnsie gets the advantage back and he is outside the ring, he has that chair that cut him earlier.

Larver:

Thats illegal!

Angus:

No it's not your dimwitted boss used it earlier....why is his headset still on?

Oscar slides back into the ring chair in hand.

DDK:

Oscar with the chair! Crimson does not realize it yet!

Angus:

Hit him!

Larver:

Boss behind you!

Crimson slowly turns around and a sickening slam of steel on flesh echoes throughout the WrestlePlex!

WHACK!

Crimson falls back into the ropes, and gets back to his footing only for Oscar to slam the chair into the injured knee of Crimson! This blow quickly knocks Crimson to a knee!

DDK:

Crimson is bleeding! Oscar setting up for another shot!

Crimson drops his other knee to the mat and now is begging for Oscar to strike him.

Angus:

If he wants it then give it to him!

Burns swings with a vile shot to the skull of Crimson, who drops like a sack of rocks to the mat. Carla begins her count once more as Burns drops the chair and falls into the corner trying to catch his breath.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE!

DDK:

CL is moving finally, after that sickening shot by Oscar.

Angus:

Stay down you seven foot goof!

Larver:

Get up boss!

SIX

SEVEN!

Crimson is on his hands and knees, and looks to be struggling to get to a vertical base.

EIGHT!

Crimson quickly looks up and toward Larver at the announce table.

DDK:

Oscar might have this.

Larver:

Got to go!

DDK:

Wait a minute!

Jon drops the headset as the Carla hits..

Angus:

Finally this idiot is gone.

NINE!

DDK:

No...don't you dare Larver!

TE..

Before the Carla can say the "Ten" count Larver grabs her by the leg and pulls her out of the ring!

DDK:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME! OSCAR HAD THIS WON!

Angus:

Here comes your boy Keebs! Take a look at that chickenshit Crimson Lord leaving the ring now!

DDK:

Fans Crimson is leaving! Oscar has just laid out Larver right in front of us!

Angus:

Behind you! He is getting away!

Crimson slowly but determined limps up the rampway. Oscar slides into the ring and just as he is about to exit the side of the ring next to the rampway...

DDK:

Its DEFIANCE! The locker room has emptied! Crimson can't escape!

Angus:

It's about damn time DEFIANCE stood united!

Crimson with a choleric look on his face, stops midway up the ramp shouting at the DEFIANCE roster. He is unaware Burns has gotten behind him.

DDK:

Burns with a back suplex on the steel rampway!

Angus:

Both men are down and here comes Carla for the count!

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE!

DDK:

Both men are clearly exhausted, bleeding and who knows what kind of internal injuries!

Angus:

Get up for the love of God get up Burns!

Both men start to stir and get to their hands and knees.

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT!

Crimson gets up to his feet, but stumbles back unable to put weight on his knee. He falls back into the apron.

NINE!

Burns is able to get to his feet, but clearly disorientated. The Defiant wall splits and the crowd roar in excitement as Elise pushes a cart of weapons down the ramp toward Oscar. Her left hand wrapped up from her battle with Jay earlier. He stops the cart as she looks on from the rest of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Elise with a bit of payback for the assault this maniac committed against her a few weeks ago!

Angus:

She forgot the kitchen sink.

Oscar runs at Crimson with the cart and rams it into his gut! Crimson clenches his teeth and then quickly shoves the cart to the ground. A assortment of weapons and a DVD of Lake Placid VI" spill out onto the floor. CL is holding his gut bent over.

DDK:

Crimson looks to be out of gas here fans, there is no time like the present Oscar!

Oscar holding his shoulder, blood has covered most of his forehead, his hair is half blonde and half red. He picks up a kendo stick and swings wildly at the prone CL.

WHACK

Into the champs knee.

WHACK

Into the gut of the champ.

WHACK

A strike across the forehead of the champ!

DDK:

Crimson is struggling to stay on a vertical base.

Angus:

Keep hitting him!

Crimson continues to teeter, but still managing to stay on his feet. The kendo stick has splintered from the shots. Oscar throws the kendo stick on the ground. He walks over to the tipped over cart and pulls out a stop sign. He raises it to a huge cheer from the Faithful. Crimson's face is covered in his own blood, as he tries to see through it.

CLANG

The New Zealander with a shot across the skull of the champion. The sign is bent and with a huge stain of Crimson's blood on it.

DDK:

HE IS DOWN TO A KNEE!

Angus:

HIT HIM AGAIN!

Oscar goes for another swing and Crimson is able to get his arms up and block the shot. However some of the sign makes contact. Oscar drops the sign, gasping for air as Crimson puts his right hand on the ground trying to catch his breath as well.

DDK:

Crimson just won't go down, Carla is there right in the thick of things.

Angus:

DEFIANCE are shouting at Oscar to hit him again, I agree AGAIN!

Oscar is in disbelief at the UTA's monster still on his knees. The camera catches CL's as he slowly raises his head up with a crazed look on his face. His eyes rolled into the back of his head his mouth opened with saliva and blood dripping from his lips and fangs.

DDK:

Oscar looking into the face of pure evil, even he is taken back by the champions stare.

Angus:

He is begging you to hit him, DO IT! FINISH IT FOR FUCKS SAKE!

Oscar grabs a cricket bat from the pile of weapons. Crimson spits out a stream of blood from his mouth, like it was a mouth full of water. Oscar swings right into the chest of Crimson with a sickening thud!

WHACK!

Crimson holds his chest, and drops to his hands and knees, Oscar looks out into the fans cheering him on with shouts of "One More Time". Oscar lifts the bat over his head and slams it so hard that it breaks over Crimson's back slamming the champion face first into the ground. Burns drops the bat and stumbles into the barricade completely exhausted.

DDK:

CRIMSON IS DOWN!

Angus:

COUNT YOU BIMBO!

Carla starts the count.

ONE

The Wrestleplex echos Carla's count!

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE!

DDK:

Crimson is moving how in the world is he still able to move!

Angus:

This monster should be working for us!

Crimson arms are shaking as he tries to push himself to his hands and knees.

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT!

Crimson is having a hard time holding his weight up.

NINE!

DDK:

Crimson is not getting up.....could it be!

TEN!!

Carla motions for the bell!

♪"Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota♪

Angus:

OSCAR HAS BEATEN CRIMSON LORD!

DDK:

OSCAR HAS DEFIED ALL THE ODDS HE IS THE NEW WRESTLEUTA WORLD CHAMPION!!!!

The DEFIANCE wall cheers with their arms raised up as Oscar falls on the barricade completely spent. Carla has the title and walks over to Oscar and hands it down to him. Crimson is face first on the floor.

Quimbly:

The winner of the match....AND THE NEW WRESTLEUTA WORLD CHAMPION.....TWISTS AND TURNS....OSCAR BURRRNNSSSS!!!

Carla raises Oscar's hand while he takes the title with his other hand.

DDK:

Oscar has done it, he has overcome all the odds and can call himself a champion now!

Angus:

I may not like Oscar but I can't help but be excited that Crimson Lord is no longer a champion!

Oscar pulls himself up with help from the barricade and raises the championship in his right hand in, while the DEFIANCE wall clap for the new champion. Oscar gets in the ring and climbs the turnbuckle and raises the championship to a continued huge ovation from the capacity crowd in the WrestlePlex!

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS, MATES!

DDK:

The tides of war have changed, and WE are on the offensive finally!

The final shot is Oscar celebrating with the DEFIANCE blockade before running up right next to DDK and Angus.

Oscar Burns:

This one's for DEFIANCE, mates! I didn't do this tonight... *DEFIANCE* did this!

Angus:

Way to go, Burns! And when you go back and watch this, Larver... EAT ALL THE DICKS, LARVER! AWWWWW
SKEET SKEET SKEET SKEET!

DDK:

BURNS HAS DONE THE UNTHINKABLE! NEW WRESTLEUTA CHAMPION!

Burns runs off and celebrates with the DEFIANCE stars, now rejoicing over perhaps the biggest blow dealt to the UTA yet

THE FUTURE

DDK:

As I understand it, Lance Warner is currently with Impulse backstage! Lance?

We cut backstage, with Lance Warner indeed standing in front of an ACTS of DEFIANCE banner with Impulse, the Marathon Man - who made his "official" return to the ring earlier.

Lance Warner:

Welcome back, Impulse - it's been too long.

Impulse:

Thank you, sir. I've missed it.

Lance Warner:

You just managed to take out four members of Reaper Co, a group that has been a thorn in your side for just about a year now. We aren't finished with the Reapers tonight, however, as they will be defending the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship against two members of the WrestleUTA contingent, Kendrix and Scott Stevens. Given the tension amongst everyone, who are you looking at to take it there?

Impulse:

Kendrix and Stevens are arrogant, obnoxious pains in the ass, Lance... but at the end of the day, they're wrestlers. They're athletes. I don't like them, but that's just a personality thing: at the end of the day I'd rather see the belts with the WrestleUTA group than the Reapers.

Lance Warner:

Wow! That's a bit of a revelation. Any particular reason?

Impulse:

Like I said - they're wrestlers. We might need to look over the shoulders all the time... but I'll take a wrestler over a wannabe cult any day'a the week. For the rest, though?

He looks into the camera.

Impulse:

Scotty? Make Mikey pay for it.

Lance Warner:

Back to you in the arena!

MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© VS. "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS Â©

We cut to the arena. Inside the ring Benny Doyle stands waiting for the combatants. A large hook hangs from the ceiling and dangles towards the center of the ring. The referee has a hold of it, ready to affix the championship titles to it. A number of ladders are scattered around the ringside area.

DDK:

Well folks, moments ago we learned, along with Scott Douglas that the chosen stipulation for this match is that it will be contested under Ladder match rules. What does that mean for Douglas; who is going into this blind? It means No Disqualifications, it means the match cannot be ended by pinfall or submission. The match will only end when one man climbs the ladder and retrieves BOTH the WrestleUTA HOHER and the DEFIANCE SOHER!

Angus:

It means the lead singer of the Spinning Neckbreakers, has to change his entire gameplan. He knew something was coming, but a ladder match is certainly an extreme choice, Keebs. I hate to say it but without time to prepare for this, McFuckBoi might hold a significant advantage.

DDK:

That he does partner, and of course *HE* designed it that way. He *knew* Scott would do whatever it took to get to him, and then proceeded to manipulate Douglas in a way only Mikey Unlikely can. Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentleman, the following matchup is a LADDER MATCH, and is for both the WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Championship, and the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship! Coming to the ring first...

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The red carpet unfurls from the entrance way and rolls towards the ring. The lights die down as the fans began to jeer one of the most despised in all of DEFIANCE. Mikey steps through the curtain. He wears his normal ring gear which has a brand new Mikey Money logo on it. Mikey also wears his signature Aviators, a grey bubble vest, and his new Hollywood Heritage Championship.

Darren Quimbey:

He is the "Self Proclaimed" WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Champion, The Owner of WrestleUTA, and The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer.... MIKEY UNLIKELYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

Mikey cuts through the boos and walks straight down to the ring. He gets in slowly, looking at all the ladders thrown about. He eyes up a few specifically before looking to the hook where the referee waits for his title. Mikey steps in, alone, and walks to the middle of the ring. He unstraps his title and warns the referee not to scratch the brand new championship..

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

As the low guitar swell rises, the camera swoops in toward the entrance way, angling up to avoid the red carpet still in place. The drum beat drops and is quickly followed by droning vocals cueing Scott Douglas to emerge from behind the curtain. His hair dripping and covering most of his low bearded face. Drops land on his leather jacketed shoulder and roll down as the camera pans to the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship, firmly strapped around his waist.

Darren Quimbey:

... the DEFIANCE Southern HERITAGE CHAMPION ... Seattle's Favorite Son ... "SUB POP"
SCOTTTTTT DOUGGLASSSS!

Douglas takes his mark at the center of the stage just before the rampway decline begins, flinging his hair back out of his face. He looks around and soaks in the Faithfuls admiration for a moment as the grunge theme plays on.

Reaching behind and unlatching the title from his waist, he raises it to an added pop from the paying audience before placing it over his shoulder and heading toward the ring. The man of people amongst who embraced the crowd only weeks before when reclaiming his title is no more. There is no time for hand slaps or signage as he makes a deliberate walk across Mikey's leftover red carpet.

Douglas pauses on the ring steps for a moment taking stock of the ladders around ring side and Mikey's current position before entering and handing over the title to Benny Doyle.

DDK:

What an interesting matchup this is! Scott Douglas is a championed grappler and a very smart technician. However; where Mikey Unlikely lacks in ring skills, he's proved time and time again, his intelligence and gameplan building are just as effective, as he's left countless DEFIANCE matches victorious... Including, the second longest SOHER run, DEF has ever seen.

With Douglas already nearby, Doyle calls for Mikey to join the pair in the center of the ring. A camera operator joins the conclave. Doyle adds the SoHer to the hook and latches it to it self. He addresses the competitors with boths hands firmly on the hook as the titles hang.

Benny Doyle:

Scott ... Mikey ... This is no disqualification ...

Doyle turns his head back and forth to Douglas and Mikey Unlikely as the pair stare holes into one another.

Benny Doyle:

No pinfall. No submission ...

Doyle holds for a second, unsure if either man is listening at all. The silent intensity builds between the SoHer and the HoHer.

Benny Doyle:

The first man to retrieve BOTH the Southern Heritage Championship belt AND the Hollywood Heritage Champion -

Mikey breaks from the intense stare down and jerks his attention toward Benny Doyle.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's the WreslteUTA Hollywood Heritage, Stripes!

Benny Doyle:

... AND the WreslteUTA Hollywood Heritage Championship will be declared the winner. Understood?

Doyle turns to Douglas, who simply grunts.

Doyle turns to Unlikely, who imitates Douglas' grunt.

Doyle looks to the hard camera and nods, giving the signal for the titles to be raised. The titles ascend as the production cuts to a wide shot of the arena. Doyle and the camera operator exit the ring as the HoHer and the SoHer slowly back away from one another, toward their respective corners.

DDK:

As the Southern and Hollywood Heritage titles rise slowly toward the rafters, we prepare ourselves for - dare I say ... a defining moment for DEFIANCE in this WAR against Mikey Unlikely and his WreslteUTA contingent.

Angus:

Douglas Houser MD said he was going to cut the McHead off of the Fuckass snake. I pray for once in his life he'll actually come through.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

And there is the bell!

Unlikely and Douglas exit their corners and slowly approach the center of the ring.

DDK:

Mikey pointing up to those belts but Douglas remains steadfast --

Angus:

... In what he **MUST** think is a staring contest! **HIT HIM!**

The HoHer follows up his taunting point by getting nearly chest to chest with Douglas and jaw jacking the DEFIANCE champion. The content of this furious tongue lashing is completely inaudible to the broadcast audience.

Angus:

GORRAM HIT HIM!

Douglas has heard enough and parts his lips to respond but Mikey delivers a knee to the gut mid sentence.

Angus:

That is *NOT* what I meant!

Douglas is stunned and Mikey begins laying in the punches and kicks.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely, with a solid advantage to kick things off. He already has Scott Douglas reeling!

Mikey continues to lay them in, working the body as Douglas finds himself against the ropes opposite the hard camera. The HoHer leans in and sends Douglas to the other side.

DDK:

Irish whip from Mikey Unlikely. **NO!**

Douglas reverses the attempt; sending Unlikely into the ropes and on the return Douglas meets the self appointed champion head on.

DDK:

Flying forearm smash from Douglas!

Mikey hits the matt but pops back up instantly. With his hand on his face, he can't seem to find his footing as rapidly as he got up. The Owner of WrestleUTA stammers toward the neutral corner as Douglas follows. Mikey tries to bow between the ropes but Douglas grabs him by the head. Mikey, frantically looks toward Benny Doyle at ringside, waiting for the five count that would normally save him in this instance but he is quickly reminded ... this is a ladder match.

Douglas pulls the opposing champion back into the ring but Mikey uses the opportunity to fire an elbow into Scott's midsection. Scott loses his grip of Unlikely and stumbles back a step. He regains his composure and steps back toward Mikey as the HoHer stands up straight just in time to thumb Sub Pop in the eye. He then drops to his knees and low blows the SOHER blatantly.

Angus:

What that hell was that?

DDK:

Perfectly legal, unfortunately. Unlikely is no stranger to the more dastardly approach to professional wrestling. A reality that I'm sure affected his choice of match, here tonight.

Douglas stumbles away from the strike, selling his groin area. Mikey takes a moment to soak in the negative response from the DEFIANCE Faithful. He is all smiles until the paying crowd begins to chant.

YOU CAN'T WRESTLE! Clapclap clapclapclap

YOU CAN'T WRESTLE! Clapclap clapclapclap

YOU CAN'T WRESTLE! Clapclap clapclapclap

Mikey shouts and begins to seethe as his insistence they stop goes unheard. His anger turns to spite as Douglas attempts to find his composure, and the look in the HoHer's eye says "I'll show you." Mikey heads toward Douglas and leaps at the recovering DEFIANT, knees first.

DDK:

Lung Blower alre....wait!

Douglas catches Mikey then drops him to the mat, and immediately hits the ropes. He comes back on the rebound and catches Mikey with a wicked shining wizard.

Angus:

FUCK YEA! There we go! Did you see his head bounce? Can we see that again?

The screen splits into two, on the right is the live feed of Douglas getting back up. On the right we see, in super slow motion, the knee of Douglas bounce off the face of Mikey Unlikely multiple times. You can nearly hear the smile in Angus' voice.

Angus:

We really have the best production team... Always on top of things!

Douglas looks out to the ladders that surround the ring, but thinks better of heading for them just yet. He pulls Mikey to his feet, who is already trying to get there himself. Douglas has Mikey by the short pointy hair on his head but as Mikey rises up Douglas is caught by surprise and the HoHer shakes off his hold.

He hits Douglas with a quick forearm to the face before swinging harder a second time. The second volley, Douglas ducks and grabs Mikey as he spins and lays out with a backdrop suplex. Mikey clutches the back of his head after connecting with the mat.

DDK:

Douglas takes what seems to be a firm advantage. He waits for Mikey to sit up and Douglas with the basement dropkick!

Scott hops right back up and finally decides it's time.

Angus:

Scoot McGee is headed for the ladders!

Indeed, it's true. Douglas rolls out of the ring, finds a big ladder that he likes, and folds it closed. He clutches it at his side and starts to turn towards the ring. That's where he finds Mikey poised and ready on the ring apron. Douglas turns and Mikey is already in the air with a cross body block. Douglas goes down hard, the ladder clangs loudly off the concrete floor, Mikey's knees land on the ladder and he bounces around hurt a bit. The crowd lets out an audible

“oohhh”.

DDK:

Mikey saw that ladder coming his way and wanted to take it out before Douglas could use it! In the process he may have hurt himself!

Angus:

One can only hope!

Unlikely writhes in pain before getting up gingerly using the guardrail for assistance. Douglas is on his hands and knees next to the ladder. Scooped up by the head, Douglas offers little resistance after the big move. Mikey takes the opportunity to whip him into the ring steps.

DDK:

What impact! Did you hear the back of Scott's head hit those steps?

Angus:

You sure that was his head hitting the steps? Or the contents rattling around in there?

Reaching now under the ring, Mikey brings out a steel chair. He lifts it high into the air and brings it down with a vengeance across the back of Scott Douglas. Douglas rolls away from the stairs in pain, but he doesn't have much room to move before Mikey brings it down on him again.

Mikey Unlikely:

You wanna take my title? Embarrass me? You little pissant!

Mikey strikes a third time with the chair before slamming it onto the ground in frustration. Douglas arches his back now, clearly in a lot of pain. Mikey starts a back and forth verbal exchange with a fan in the front row.

Angus:

This right here... is why McFuckBoi will never win this war! He's ALWAYS concerned with public perception! I hope it costs him this match, and more so I hope it costs him this battle and his title!

DDK:

I would have to agree, partner. Douglas may not be in the best position currently but - this is hardly the man you want to underestimate.

Angus:

No shit, he takes ass whoopin's like it's his job.

DDK:

It ... sort of is ...

After Mikey decides he got the better of the exchange he starts going for Douglas again. Unfortunately for Mikey; Douglas has had a chance to regain his bearings and as Mikey goes to lift him, Douglas grabs Mikey's tights and pulls him down to the ground, in the process bouncing his face off the ring apron.

DDK:

Referee, Benny Doyle checking on the competitors and it looks like ... yes, he deems the match can continue.

Angus:

You GORRAM right it can! The lead singer of the Russian Leg Sweeps here promised us the GORRAM HEAD of the SNAKE! I plan to hold him to it!

Both men slowly get up, one using the ring, the other the barricade and both start swinging at the same time. Finally,

Mikey ducks one of the blows and just like in the beginning of the match...

DDK:

Mikey delivering a BIG knee to the gut of Douglas!

Mikey rolls Scott back into the ring.

DDK:

...and looks to have his eyes sat on a ladder!

Mikey smiles and points to the tall ladder. The fans boo back in response. With a nod, he picks up the ladder and turns it around. He lifts it up and gets one end on the ring apron so he can slide it underneath the ropes.

Douglas is ready for him and come sprinting across the ring.

DDK:

Baseball slide from Scott Douglas!

Douglas sends the ladder into Mikey's chest. Unlikely goes down hard on the outside and the ladder lands on top of him.

DDK:

What an impact!

Angus:

That, Keebs ... That was like GORRAM Christmas!

In the ring, Douglas looks very excited, he looks to the turnbuckle and the fans around the arena start getting to their feet as he climbs up. He faces away from Mikey, but looks back, lining up the shot, then he leaps...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

With a crash of steel on flesh; Douglas lands a beautiful Moonsault from the top rope to the arena floor, on top of the ladder that Mikey sits under. The arena explodes.

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

DDK:

Both men are down!

Angus:

Correction, One man is down, one bitchy little twit is down as well!

It takes several minutes for either of the guys to move. Finally, Scott Douglas comes too and slowly makes his way up to the delight of the crowd. The chants of "Holy shit!" finally die down and Douglas looks around the floor and the twisted mess of steel for Mikey Unlikely.

Douglas grabs the ladder first, he picks it up and notices the legs are bent heavily so it's unusable for its intended purpose, but would still make a great weapon. Douglas walks it over to another side of the ring away from the ramp, and positions the ladder, almost as a bridge, setting one end on the ring apron and the other on the fan barricade.

DDK:

With all of these ladders at ringside - Douglas really should be attempting to win this match rather than ...

Angus: *[interrupting]*

Well, let's not jump the gun, Keebs. Let's see where he is going with this.

Douglas, now content with his set up, turns around to find Mikey, but he's already on his way. Unlikely is running towards Douglas and goes for a forearm shot. Scott moves and instead uses Mikey's forward momentum to crash him into the ladder already set up. It moves and is then readjusted by Douglas who scoops Mikey up and places him onto the ladder, leaving him suspended between the ring and the barrier.

Angus:

Oh yea! This is great! What's he going to do to him now?

Douglas hops up onto the ring apron, he goes over to the turnbuckle but doesn't climb into the ring. He turns, runs and DIVES at Mikey!

Angus:

OH NOOOOOOOOOO!

Mikey Unlikely moves, and Scott Douglas' running senton attempt finds nothing but air and steel. The ladder doesn't collapse but it nearly does as it bends heavily. Mikey Unlikely pulls Douglas off the ladder and puts him onto the ring apron once more.

Angus:

See, Keebs!? I told you Douglas should be focusing on the victory rather than vengeance!

Both standing now, Mikey stands next to Douglas and looks back at the ladder, now lining up his own move. Mikey steps through the second rope but only with his feet, and then tucks them under the first step so that he's locked onto the rope. He grabs Douglas around the shoulder....

DDK:

RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP FROM THE APRON TO THE BRIDGED LADDER! Scott Douglas' body just broke that ladder into two! Someone call this thing off!

Angus:

NO! NO ONE DO ANYTHING OF THE SORT. DOUGIE FRESH HAS THIS! HE JUST NEEDS TO PERSEVERE!

Mikey dangles upside down, his feet wrapped in the ropes, he smiles and waves to the fans in the front row before doing a vertical sit up and untangling himself. He climbs into the ring and walks to the turnbuckle and takes a minute to catch his breath.

DDK:

Scott Douglas still isn't moving on the outside but ... Benny Doyle has not called for the bell.

The HOHER and Owner of WrestleUTA gets in between the official and Scott Douglas and helps Douglas to his feet. He then rolls him into the ring as best he can. Rolling in himself, Unlikely stands up, and grabs the feet of the DEFIANCE SOHER. Mikey rolls him over to a giant boo from the crowd.

Angus:

What the hell is this? This is a ladder match, what's he locking in submissions for? HEY IDIOT! YOU CAN'T WIN THIS WAY!

DDK:

You may be right Angus, a submission means nothing here, but he's certainly putting a lot of pressure on the small of the back of Scott Douglas! Not to mention it's a move that Mikey has perfected, the Backstory is one he's used to put

multiple opponents away the last few years, and he owes a lot of his title success to this move as well!

Indeed, the arched boston crab is locked in as Mikey sits back on it and pulls the legs under his arms. He's really exerting himself, and meanwhile Scott Douglas is brought almost right back to life but the sudden surge of pain in his back. He yells out loudly and reaches for the ropes.

It takes a few seconds but he gets to them, unfortunately Mikey knew this wouldn't break the hold so he just sits back and arches the hold further.

DDK:

No DQ's in this one folks, no rope breaks either, Mikey found that out earlier when he tried to call timeout on Douglas only for it to be used to his advantage here. Douglas has no way out of this move.

So Mikey sits...

And he sits...

And he wrenches....

And he sits...

The fans boo loudly but it's nearly five minutes before Mikey released the hold. Scott Douglas reaches for his lower back but can barely get his arm back there.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I don't know if I've ever seen someone take that hold for that long. There's no telling what kind of tissue, or muscle damage Scott Douglas is sustaining here. I can't say whether or not.... Oh thankfully Mikey releases the hold!

Walking around the ring now strutting confidentially, Mikey mocks Scott Douglas by reaching for his back and feigning injury. The crowd doesn't like it. With two hands on the ropes and two boots on Douglas he shoves the SoHer's battered body off the apron and down to the ringside floor.

After a little more celebration and mockery, Mikey drops to the mat and rolls himself out of the ring on the opposite side in search of a ladder.

Angus:

If this little shit is a legit Champion again ...

He folds up one staged nearby and attempts again to slide it in the ring. This time with Scott Douglas writhing in pain and somewhere on the ringside floor, Mikey easily succeeds. With the majority of the ladder inside, Mikey slides back into the ring and drags it up right.

DDK:

I hate to say it but this could be it, folks. Douglas is in a bad way ... I don't know that he can ...

Mikey takes his time setting the ladder up and placing it in position.

Angus:

Don't count him out yet, Keebs! Just don't!

He starts up the ladder and with both feet on the bottom step, he looks up toward the dangling titles and decides it's not quite in position.

DDK:

Given your seesaw like disdain and respect for Scott Douglas and your intense undying hatred of Mikey Unlikely, this is quite the roller coaster for you, isn't it partner?

He steps back down and readjusts and begins to step back on the ladder again before deciding against it.

Angus:

Well, Keebs ... it's - OH WHAT, in the GORRAM HELL, is this asshole doing now?

Mikey steps back from the ladder, toward the corner and mimes as if he is in deep concentration. He strokes his face and tilts his head from side to side as if he is considering the proper placement for this ladder to secure his victory. Math seems to be involved. In his antics, Mikey doesn't seem to notice Scott Douglas' hand on the apron as he attempts to pull himself to his feet.

Angus:

This is why I can't stand **this cunt!**

FUCK YOU MIKEY

FUCK YOU MIKEY

FUCK YOU MIKEY

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Faithful have seen quite enough of Mikey Unlikely's antics as it would seem. I can't quite make out what they are saying though.

Angus:

You can't? It's ... pretty clear, Keebs. FUCK YOU MIKEY!

Angus continues to chant along with the audiences as The HoHer has finally found the optimal ladder placement to retrieve, what in his estimation would be, both of his titles. He starts up the ladder and really milks it. Grabbing at his back once again mocking Douglas.

DDK:

It seems like he has all the time in the world, partner. This may be the beginning of the end.

Mikey makes it within the last three rungs of the ladder and plays with the emotion of the Faithful, swatting at the belts before he is high enough to actually reach them. The smirk spread across his face makes it clear he is enjoying every second.

Angus:

LOOK!

As Angus shouts, Douglas slides back into the ring. As he comes to his feet, it's clearly a extremely labored task.

DDK:

Scott Douglas back in the ring!

Douglas grabs the ladder and leans in. Mikey is taken by complete surprise and his smile turns to confused fear in an instant as he feels his balance shifting. As the ladder tips, somehow Mikey is able to land on his feet. He is briefly surprised but then instantly proud of himself as he looks out toward the crowd looking for everyone to notice his amazing feat.

Angus:

YES!

Douglas, with a head of steam charges blindsides Mikey with a huge clothesline that sends the self appointed HoHer flipping up and over the top rope.

DDK:

Oh, he never saw it coming!

Mikey crashes down to the floor amidst the rubble of what once was a ladder and in the ring Douglas stumbles back from the recoil and drops to a knee. His right hand instantly placed to his back as if it were it's natural resting position.

Angus:

For the love of Cobain! Climb the ladder you greasey fuck!

Mikey recovers on the outside, pulling himself up on the guardrail as the front row Faithful let loose their vitrol. In the ring, Douglas has one hand on the top rope but is failing to get himself vertical.

DDK:

The effects of the Backstory are rearing their ugly head right here, folks!

Douglas pulls himself up but doesn't look steady.

Angus:

Rear? Back? Really, Keebs? You're better than that.

Mikey, on his feet and perturbed, approaches the apron. He grabs Scott by the ankles and causes Douglas to go flat; just before yanking him to the outside. Douglas lands feet first with his back against the apron, his right shoulder slightly draped over the edge. Mikey lays in a few strikes to maintain the advantage before looking back toward the padded ring side floor. He finds the previously used and well dented steel chair and snatches it up; in the same motion he turns and charges toward Douglas - who lifts the leg.

Angus:

OH! RIGHT in the McFuckASS MUSH!!

Mikey's money maker takes the money shot and he goes down. Douglas proves the raised foot was nothing more than desperation as he continues to reel against the apron.

Angus:

Ok ... now, for FUCK SAKE - END HIM!

Mikey twists and turns on the floor with his hands over his Hollywood face.

DDK:

...or get back in the ring and climb the ladder.

Douglas uses a hand to push himself off of the apron. That same hand instantly finds its place on his lower back; the second he is aloft.

Angus:

NO! That time is done! HEAD OF THE SNAKE, Keebs... you don't take the Head of the SNAKE's title! YOU GORRAM cut that SHIT OFFFFFFF!!!

Douglas staggers toward the ailing Unlikely.

DDK:

Medical, please stand by.

Angus:

For what? Dig Dug's back? Ehhhh He'll survive!

Douglas approaches likely and with a hand full of product and hair, mostly product, Douglas begins to pull the leader of the WrestleUTA contingent to this feet.

DDK:

... no, for your impending heart attack!

One handed and in pain himself, it's as if this is happening in slow motion. Mikey's neck twists a bit, as if the tinge of pain from hair pulling has overtaken the pain in his face and his body is now complying involuntarily to relieve said tinge.

Angus:

If Doctor Houser, here ... would hurry up and END this plague on professional wrestling ... I'd be JUST GORRAM FINE!

Almost as if Angus punctuated it with his extremely partisan commentary; Unlikely reaches up grabs a hold of Douglas' head and drops to his knees.

DDK:

JAWBREAKER! Douglas might have lost a TOOTH!

At the point of contact, Douglas snaps back up and flies backwards with some well tinted pink saliva flying from his non-Hollywood face. He lands flat on the ringside mat and again finds himself writhing ... the back of one hand on his lower back and the palm of another over his mouth.

Mikey, on his knees, clearly felt the brunt of the maneuver, as he wobbles in a near circular motion. Again, Benny Doyle approaches the competitors.

DDK:

This may be NO DQ, ladies and gentlemen ... but that doesn't mean the Official ... couldn't stop this match.

Angus:

I'll be **DAMNED** IF I LET *THAT HAPPEN*!

Mikey shoves Doyle away and lumber back to his feet with the help of the apron. Douglas takes notice and the two share a brief look before Mikey makes a break for it, sliding back into the ring. He rushes toward the downed ladder and snatches it up. Douglas follows him into the ring just in time for Mikey to spin around and slam the large ladder into Douglas.

Angus:

Holy shit!

Mikey places the ladder into the corner of the ring and heads toward the downed Scott Douglas. Mikey grabs him by the hair...ironically there's no product.

DDK:

Unlikely has Douglas in that corner, and it looks like he's setting him up here! Irish whip towards the ladder! No! Scott Douglas reverses and whips Mikey into the ladder!

Mikey jumps onto the leaning ladder and stops himself from crashing headfirst. He takes a minute to try to steady himself, the ladder is very unbalanced. It's all the time Douglas needs.

Angus:

Oh keep your eyes on Dou-Bain!

The SOHER sprints for his opponent, takes two steps up the ladder, grabs Mikey by the waist and pulls backwards.

The fans erupt!

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! He folded him in half!

It's true, the german suplex off the ladder sends Mikey landing back on his head and shoulders. His body follows closely behind and Mikey rolls over himself so to speak and ends up face down on the mat.

DDK:

Mikey is down! Douglas is down!

Angus:

Benny Doyle can still win this thing!?

DDK:

What!?

Angus:

Wut?

Douglas begins to move first. Almost as if a electrical surge goes threw his body, Scott rises to his feet quickly and full of energy.

Angus:

The SOHER is up! And he looks PIIIISSSSSEEEEEED!

Scott Douglas goes to the outside, and he throws in a ladder. Instead of following it, he goes for another ladder, and a third. He sticks them all inside the ring.

DDK:

Scott Douglass won't lose for lack of ladders, that's for sure!

Angus:

It's like *DEF DEPOT* out there!

Douglas climbs inside just as Mikey is standing. Douglas kicks a ladder aside and guns for the HOHER. With a devastating clothesline he blindsides the WrestleUTA owner and sends him to the ring apron hard through the ropes. Unlikely holds onto the second rope, it's all he can muster to stop from falling to the arena floor. Douglas goes back to the middle of the ring and picks up a ladder. He looks over to where Mikey is pulling himself up. Douglas holds the ladder horizontally in his hands and runs at Mikey with the ladder over his head.

DDK:

NO NO NOOOOOOO!

The arena goes silent for half a breath as Douglas heaves the ladder with all he has right at the face of Mikey. Mikey ducks at the last possible millisecond and the ladder goes over the top rope to the floor with a loud clang.

DDK:

My god, can you imagine the damage to Mikey's face if that would have connected?

Angus:

Shhhh.... I'm still trying to picture it, Keebs!

Mikey looks out to the ladder with wide eyes, then looks back to Douglas and every fan in the arena can read his mouth.

"You're fucking crazy!"

Douglas runs at Unlikely again, Mikey is ready and shifts his ever effective knee through the second rope and into the gut of the SOHER. Douglas bends over and Mikey uses the opportunity to flip over the ropes and roll off Douglas' back. He continues on with the momentum and hits the opposite ropes. Mikey comes back and Douglas tries to reverse it, but in the end the WrestleUTA owner drives him down with a tornado DDT.

Angus:

AGH! Why couldn't that ladder hit that annoying face! I WANNA **SMASH IT!**

Mikey sits up and uses his arms to prop him up, clearly exhausted he asks the referee to lower the belts to him. Benny Doyle quickly shakes his head and says "you picked this match".

Frustrated, he slaps the mat and stands up. He grabs one of the ladders thrown in earlier by Scott Douglas and sets it up below the swinging championships. He starts to climb the ladder. Mikey tries to move as quick as he can but it isn't long before Scott Douglas is setting up another ladder next to him. As soon as Unlikely sees the new ladder, he puts a little pep in his step and moves faster. Mikey reaches the top of the ladder, and looks up, before looking to see where Scott Douglas is.

DDK:

Douglas is trying to climb that second ladder but he's having a very hard time after what may have been a back injury earlier. Scott Douglas is two rungs up, but Mikey is going to win this thing!

Angus:

C'mon! C'mon! Not like this!

Douglas reaches the third rung as Mikey's fingertips touch the titles before they swing slightly out of his reach. Mikey looks back down and see's Douglas gaining on him. Mikey reaches out to his right, nearly losing his balance in the process, and he kicks at the second Ladder that Douglas climbs.

DDK:

Douglas is trying to hold on but if Mikey gets a good kick....OH! The ladder is going down!

Just before the ladder tips over, possibly sending Douglas to the outside of the ring, he hops off the ladder to his left and lands on the opposite side of the ladder Mikey is on! The ladder crashes to the mat, but both men are left climbing the remaining ladder. Douglas' addition causes the ladder to shake and slow Mikey's ascent momentarily.

Angus:

YAS! Get up there Seattle!

Douglas climbs with one hand, the other hand reaching for his back but he's determined. He gets within a step of Mikey as the HoHer reaches for the titles, his arm and hand outstretched but merely tipping them with his middle finger.

Angus:

That's TOO close for COMFORT, Keebs!

Douglas takes the final step and finds himself face to face with Mikey, who abandons his pursuit of the gold and swings at Douglas. Douglas takes the first one and is rocked back but holds onto the ladder. Mikey fires a second and again Douglas sways backwards but manages to keep one hand on the ladder.

Mikey goes back to well and it proves to be one time too many. Douglas blocks the shot with one hand and takes a chance letting go of the ladder to fire back with the other. And another. The third causes Mikey to stumble or retreat and he goes down a rung.

Douglas looks up toward the titles to gage the distance and before he can turn his attention back to Unlikely.

DDK:

OHHHH! LOW BLOW!

Mikey extends his arm between the rungs and through the A frame of the ladder and punches Douglas square in the groin. Both of Douglas' hands instinctively go to the area and he falls backwards off the ladder and back to the mat.

Angus:

NO NO NO NO!!

Mikey reaches for the belts once again but the ladder is rocking from side to side in the aftershock of Douglas' fall from grace.

DDK:

Unlikely finds himself in a good position here but I'm not sure if he can capitalize.

Mikey attempts to correct the balance of the ladder only making matters worse, forcing him to descend several rungs to find a center of gravity. Half way down he abandons the pursuit and returns to the mat to sure up the ladders footing.

He does so and with one foot on the ladder he takes notice of Douglas, nearly hobbled dragging himself up by the ropes. Frustrated he pulls his foot back off of the ladder and begins folding it up.

Angus:

For the love of everything DEFIANT ...

DDK:

This might be Unlikely's undoing in this matchup. There is no reason NOT to retrieve the titles at this point.

Mikey hoists the ladder up, the top facing down and aimed squarely at the kneeling Douglas.

Angus: *[defeated]*

Douglas rallied the Faithful while Cayle Murray was bogged down in mormon challengers ... McFuckass wants to destroy all hope... And he is about to.

Mikey swings the ladder down toward Douglas in a stabbing motion but Douglas is able to get his hand up and grabs the ladder top, from on knee. Mikey is taken by surprise but holds tight on the ladder and exerts the force to shove it back toward Douglas once again. With the ladder firmly in his grip, Douglas is pushed back against the ropes rather than struck. Off the slight bounce of the ropes Douglas returns the force and puts a little extra behind it as he pushes to his feet.

Angus:

What is this a GORRAM tug of war!?

DDK:

It'd would appear so, partner.

Douglas now on his feet struggles against Mikey Unlikely at the other end. The pair tussle for control of the ladder for several seconds before; in an instant Douglas drops his end and immediately starts to scale up the ladder in as full of a sprint as one can achieve while running up a ladder.

Angus:

GORRAM PARKOUR?

Mikey still holds the other end, having been taken by complete surprise. A few steps in, Douglas shifts his weight

throwing his legs forward and smacks Mikey in the face with both boots.

DDK:

Diving Front Dropkick from Douglas on the LADDER!?!

The WrestleUTA impresario collapses backward from the impact and his right leg gets pinned underneath the ladder. Douglas though falls with the ladder and takes the recoiling impact of it, bouncing slightly after first contact only to wind up slightly askew but still on top of the ladder.

Benny Doyle slides into the ring to check on the competitors, once again. Both are stirring but heavily damaged to say the least.

Angus:

I will **END DOYLE** - if he *ends* this match!

DDK:

Honestly, Angus ... there is fair competition and there is - well, this.

Mikey struggles to free his leg from under the ladder, pinned down by Douglas' weight. Douglas struggles to move with his clearly injured back.

Angus:

Competition be DAMNED! This isn't about competition! This the GOOD versus the FUCKASS! GET UP DOUGLAS! GET UP!!

The Faithful clearly feel the same way as both Scott and Unlikely struggle to get to recover.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Even Angus chimes in under his breath with the syncopated chant.

DDK:

What was that, 'Gus?

Angus:

Wut? Nothing ... **GET UP YOU SON OF A BITCH!**

Douglas, in an attempt to stand slides off the ladder but remains on the canvas. With the SoHer's weight lifted from the ladder - Mikey is able to pull free but not able to shoot back to his feet. Instead he scoots back to a corner and reaching up to the top ropes plies himself back to a vertical position.

Angus:

GET UP, MAN!

Douglas turns over and wills himself up to knees and elbows first and then a little more quickly to hands and knees. Mikey, in the corner, is on his feet but is by no means sure footed. He steps lightly - testing the affected knee before putting full pressure on it.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, much like the months following the introduction of WrestleUTA ... this has been less and wrestling match and MORE; A BATTLE!

Angus:

A battle that we need to win! The Hollywood army is full steam ahead and we need to cut off their momentum, right here! RIGHT NOW!

Scott Douglas is responding to the will of the crowd. He looks at Mikey, Unlikely looks back. They both go for it and as fast as they can muster they push toward one another. Mikey kicks high but Scott Douglas guessed to go low, and got lucky. His baseball slide dropkick to Mikey's balancing leg forces it out from underneath him. Mikey falls and when he does...

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHA

Unlikely lands in a split with his eyes wide, his mouth exactly the same and a very high pitched scream comes out. The crowd follows Angus' lead, they laugh at the WrestleUTA owner.

DDK:

Scott Douglas isn't laughing, Scott Douglas is on the hunt. He grabs Unlikely and yanks em ;) to his feet... **SUB POP SUPLEX!!!**

Angus:

FIINNALLLY!

Douglas struggles back to his feet after dropping the HoHer on his head.

Angus:

NOW GET A LADDER!

Douglas turns back toward the rampway and dumps out of the ring.

Angus:

I mean, there was one in there ... but ok ... *[heavy breathing]* a fresh ladder is a good ladder.

DDK:

Do we need to get you a paper bag ... or maybe ... a MEDIC?

Douglas takes to the end of the ramp; where Mikey's Red Carpet still covers the normally steel laden walkway. He starts feverishly grabbing at the plush red flooring, yanking and snatching at it like a ill educated dentist. After some elbow grease - the carpeting starts to give way and he begins to pull it up in a large section. He walks it up the ramp until he hits the end of that particular section and it pulls away from the rest. Now, armed with ten or so feet of Red Carpeting; Douglas turns back to the ring.

Angus:

This is it, Keebs...

DDK:

This is where Douglas gets the win?

Angus:

No, This is where we lose the war... Douglas can win right now, and he's out here playing carpenter.

Douglas tosses the carpet section through the ropes before sliding in himself. He looks down at Mikey, who still is nearly out cold. Douglas puts the plush red carpet down next to the self proclaimed "HOHER". With a swift boot to the midsection, Unlikely turns enough for Douglas to place a boot on his mid back and further the roll onto the edge of the red carpet remnant.

Angus:

Ok ... hold on. I'm not sure where he is going with this ... but I may be in LOVE!

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

It's 2018, Keebs ... **don't question my love!**

Scott Douglas puts Mikey where he wants him and begins to roll the carpet with his opponent inside.

DDK:

Oh! It seems the Southern Heritage Champion has an idea for keeping Mikey down!

Douglas rolls it completely up.

Angus:

Hey Keebs, what's in a Hollywood Burrito?

DDK:

....*Ok* I'll bite, what?

Angus:

Refried beans, tomato paste, chopped onions, and posser sauce over douche meat!

DDK:

Honestly, as dumb as that is, Angus ... I've got to agree; Scott Douglas has *ROLLED UP* the Hollywood Heritage Champion in ... a ... *BURRITO!!*

Angus:

It's that Mexican influence, Douglas has ... I've *ALWAYS* loved that about him!

DDK:

You most certainly ... **HAVE NOT!**

Angus:

Have you heard his band's new hit? It's pretty catchy! I think it's called Crust Bucket of Tacos.

DDK:

There he is! Folks, Mikey is coming too and realizing he doesn't exactly have use of extremities. In a non-traditional sense.

The WrestleUTA owner's eyes are wide, as he starts to struggle against trappings of his own device. As the panic sets in, he struggles more and more only to see a eight foot, all black ladder - stretched out and being set over his burrito'd body. The legs of the ladder slam down on the mat, on either side of the Hollywood Heritage Champion. The sound of Douglas' dusty and busted ass combat boot slamming down on the aluminum of the first rung snaps his attention toward that direction.

Angus:

THIS IS IT, KEEBS!

Douglas climbs slowly up the ladder, still favoring his back. Each clang of rung to well worn boot infruitates Unlikely that much more.

Angus:

PICK UP THE PACE!!

Douglas stomps his way up the ladder, each step more labored the next. At the top of OSHA standards - he tips the belts much like Mikey had earlier in the night. He bears down on the top of the ladder; mustering the strength before hoisting himself up and grabbing hold of both belts. The SoHer comes easy but the HoHer ... much like it's previous owner, puts up a little more of a fight. Finally, off balance and juggling one belt while attempting to free the second ... the snaps of the newly minted Hollywood Heritage Championship give way.

Angus:

YASSSS! YAASSS! YASSS!!!! The UNDISPUTED CHAMPION of ... uh, HERITAGE!!! SCOTT FUCKING DOUGLAS!!!

And with both belts, somewhat in hand - Douglas falls from his perch, down to the matt. As he lands, one belt bounces free and Mikey Unlikely struggles even more at the sight. The level of frustration and anger suffered by the former champion shows in his face. Especially once Douglas reaches out and scoops in the belt that got away.

DING DING DING

The Faithful ignite at the victory and the entire WrestlePlex is up on their feet.

DDK:

It would seem ...

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Angus:

SHUT UP, KEEBS! Let's just soak this in! Shitty GRUNGE MUSIC and ALL!

Darren Quimbey:

... AND YOU WINNNNNER!!!! STILL THE DEFIANCE Southern HERITAGE CHAMPION ... and your NEW WrestleUTA Hollywood HERITAGE CHAMPION ... SEEEAAATTTLLLLLE'S Favorite Son ... "SUB POPPPPPP" SCOTTTTTT DOOUGGLASSSSS!

DDK:

Well, to be fair, Angus - Douglas, although victorious ... he did NOT cut off the head of the snake.

Angus:

Look down in that ring, Keebs! THAT'S ALL I SEE! The HEAD OF A MCFUCKASS SNAKE!

YOU DESERVE IT!

YOU DESERVE IT!

YOU DESERVE IT!

Angus:

I don't know if they are talking to Douglas or McFUCKASS! *[laughing]* Either WAY ... they're RIGHT, KEEBS!

Scott Douglas makes it to his feet, beaten and battered. He struggles to keep hold of both titles in hand. Benny Doyle approaches and raises Douglas' arm, which causes him to drop on of the titles again. Doyle lets loose of Douglas and the newly crowned "dual" champ retrieves the second belt once again.

Doyle begins moving the ladder and checking on Mikey Unlikely as Scott Douglas ascends the turnbuckle and holds both championship belts up high.

After some copious celebration and few smirking, yet still hurting glances at Mikey; who is spitting and cursing through the entire celebration as Benny Doyle attempts to unroll him, Douglas exits the ring and makes his way up the ramp.

DDK:

Well, folks ... MARK this ONE down in a devastating BLOW to the WrestleUTA contingent! Scott Douglas not only defeated the leader of this ROUGE HORDE ... but he ALSO is walking away with Mikey Unlikely coveted Hollywood Heritage Championship! No one ... and I mean NO one could possibly be happier ... right now than Angus! Right ...?

The sound of a head set smacking a desk can be heard as the camera following Douglas up the ramp, smacking hands and favoring his back.

DDK:

... Angus??

Douglas makes it to the top of the rampway, over what's left of the plush red carpet. He is taken by surprise when he is met by a glad handing Angus Skaaland. The angle cuts to a camera already on the stage and it draws in close on the two as they shake - after some considerable hesitation on Douglas' part. The off mic audio is muffled but picked up well enough by the camera audio.

Angus:

Always knew you had it in you, bud.

Scott Douglas:

The fuck you did. I just beat your whipping boy. That's it ...

The two pull away all smile as if know one has heard the exchange. The Faithful in attendance tonight, certainly have not. Douglas turns his back to the curtain and looks out on the Wrestleplex and Angus follows suit. Keeping up aires, Angus grabs Douglas by the wrist and raises his hand in victory one more time. Angus pointing at Douglas with his free hand while holding his opposing up with Douglas'.

DDK:

Well, there you have it folks! Douglas is a dual champion? OR the Unified Champion? I don't know ... the bigger story here is Angus Skaaland just RAISED the HAND of Scott DOUGLAS!

Angus and Douglas share a quick look as they lower their hands and Douglas retreats behind th entrance curtain and Angus returns to the booth. Darren waist NO time busting his balls, as Angus is getting settled ...

DDK:

And ... so ... that, huh?

Angus:

DEFIANCE wins! DEFIANCE wins! That - uh, what that was! Should I translate it into SPANISH, KEEBS!? Miguel El BURRITTTTTTTO - DEFIANCE GOOOOOOOAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLL!

DDK:

Albeit, some of those words are in fact spanish ...

Angus:

I ALWAYS said Douglas had what it took ... HELL, he broke into DEFIANCE IN BRAZEN! WHO ... WHO, Keebs - do YOU think greenlit that transfer so quickly!? You know what ... don't answer - THIS is a GOOD night! What's next!?

Cut to what is next.

CHARACTER UNLOCKED: CLYDE FOX

Tension is high in the backstage area of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex as the war between WrestleUTA and DEFIANCE seems like it could end tonight. WrestleUTA had gotten the better of most DEFIANCE talent over the last bit so everyone was understandably on edge. It seems a little too late to balance the playing field as The Fuse Bros. stroll around backstage.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

A fist pounds the inside of the hallway broom closet door. It's loud at first and gradually fades with time. Whoever or whatever is in there is clearly running out of oxygen and energy.

DEFstaff 1:

Did you hear that?

DEFstaff 2:

Hear what?

A few staff members pass by but are oblivious to the knocking sound. However, the certain colorful tandem hears it and decides to investigate.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, good brother! Did you hear that?

Tyler Fuse:

[sigh] Will you stop being on edge, we're not going to get jumped back here, okay?

Conor Fuse:

No really, I think I heard a sound coming from this way!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Tyler Fuse:

I hear it now, but it's definitely coming from THAT way!

The two sprites bicker over where they thought they heard the sound and create a conundrum of their own. They continue to bark at each other until, finally, one last time...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Conor and Tyler stop. They are literally standing in front of the broom closet where the noise is coming from. Their heads turn in unison. They both grab the shiny gold doorknob and turn it in sync. The broom closet door swings open. Out wobbles a tall, lanky, dazed fellow.

?:

Heto... wh-where am I?

His voice is as high-pitched as a foreign exchange student on the verge of spelling the championship clinching word in a spelling bee.

Conor Fuse:

You're here!

Tyler nearly face-palms at the idiotic comment.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't listen to him. What's your name? Do you remember your name?

The young man crinkles his face, clearly showing he's experiencing some difficulty with his memory.

?:

My... my name... ? My name is... Kyde Fox!

Tyler Fuse:

Okay. Well, Clyde, I'm Tyler and this is my brother Conor and we're The Fuse Bros. We're professional players with DEFIANCE, in the two-player system. In fact, you're at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex as we speak! I'll give you a heads up though, because you look new around here. We're kind of at *war* right now against a faction known as the UTA Fireflies, so it's probably best you lay low. They've *infected* everything.

Clyde Fox:

Wessow... UTAH? No one knows how to wessow in Utah. Besides, I'm twained in 'Kitty Fox Fu,' so I am more dan pwepared to defend myself, buddays!

Conor looks at Tyler. Tyler looks at Conor.

Conor Fuse:

You... know... how to... wrestle?

Clyde nods his head emphatically. His grin is infectious. The Fuse Bros. see an opportunity that it's not too late to balance the playing field.

Conor Fuse:

Well this is great! Seeing as we unlocked you, you should totally join our side! You can keep watch with us for any dastardly UTA baddies, mini bosses, or even main bosses!

Clyde Fox:

Otay, dat sounds wondrous, buddays!

Clyde cuts the air with a vicious karate chop, showing The Fuse Bros. his immense skill. Conor looks at Tyler with a big grin across his face. Tyler just shakes his head and lowers his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

I can show you our players' lounge. We're new here too, but I would say stick to our level for now! Parts of the UTA level are far too advanced. You would get a game over for sure and DEFIANCE is running low on continues!

Conor pulls Clyde away from the broom closet and they skip down the hall together. Tyler continues to shake his head before following behind like a normal person.

REAPER CO. & VS. KENDRIX & SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

What a night it's been so far for the DEFIANCE faithful and now, we're just moments away from our DEFIANCE tag team titles match up between the champs, Reaper Co defending their titles against Kendrix and honorary Bruv, Scott Stevens!

Angus:

Keebs, there is literally no honour in being a Bruv. Stevens just downgraded his already low levels of Angus respect.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by 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 Hollywood Bruv holds both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky before turning to face the arena with that trademark smirk before making 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 and point towards the entrance way.

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

The slow bellow of the guitar hits and the boos that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred as a spotlight slowly illuminates a staircase. A group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and Scott Stevens appears at the top. Stevens appears focus and like a champion and the t-shirt says it all, "The Real Fist of DEFIANCE Champion!" on the front and, "Stevens = 1 Cayle = 0!" on the back. As Stevens makes his way down the steps soda and food are thrown his way, but Stevens doesn't lose his focus as the garbage hits him as he continues to tell the faithful how he is the true DEFIANCE Wrestling champion and about to become a double champion.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The bell rings.

Quimbey's mic cuts out just as the lights go completely out. The usual routine of the Faithful lighting up the arena commences with cell phones being the only source of illumination in the ring. About thirty seconds pass and the lights come back on to The DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, standing in the middle of the ring, belts around their waists. Reaper Prime and Reaper Green stand tall as Kendrix and Stevens back off, slowly out of the ring as the ref retrieves the Tag Titles off of the champs.

DDK:

The Champs yet again decide to skip the usual entrance via music, and elect for the more awkward approach.

Angus:

These guys have got to play the game. Now that their champs, they should at least have some entrance music.

The ref implores the challengers to get back into the ring so he can start the match, instead, Kendrix whispers something inaudible to Stevens. Scott walks slowly to the other side of the ring as Kendrix smiles at the Keval who haven't moved a muscle in the centre of the ring, just eerily staring back at the Hollywood Bruv. Jesse, blows a kiss Reaper Prime's way before holding his hands above his head and clapping them together twice in quick succession.

Angus::

What the, again?!

DDK:

The lights are out once more, there's something going on in the ring for sure but we can't see anything.

The camera phones go off around the arena, there's certainly some movement in the ring but it's not clear. What is clear though is the sound of hard steel crashing twice against flesh.

Angus::

That didn't sound too healthy, Keebs.

The lights hit to reveal both Reapers sprawled out cold in the middle of the canvas, Scott Stevens holding his ribs but stumbling gingerly back up to his feet and Jesse Fredericks Kendrix with steel chair in hand and a pair of night vision goggles over his eyes. The ref tries to get in his face and demands Jesse hands the chair and goggles to him, but Stevens gets in between the two and menacingly marches the ref to the corner.

DDK:

I don't believe this. Looks like Stevens acted as bait and Kendrix, using night vision goggles, has taken the tag team champions out before the match has even started!

Angus::

Fucking Mcfuckass Junior!

Having retrieved a mic from ringside, Jesse stands in the middle of the ring and looks at the ref in the corner.

Kendrix::

What? You like my new giant bug eye shades, ref?!

Stevens laughs in the refs face as Kendrix looks out to the crowd and brings the mic back up.

Kendrix::

Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jesse laughs off the expected reaction, obvs!

Kendrix::

Reaper Prime, Reaper Curry Korma Dude....

Angus::

Curry Korma?!

Kuroyama begins to stir slowly on the mat but he's instantly met with a chair shot to the back from JFK.

DDK:

My God, did you hear that impact?! That chair's bent!

Throwing the chair down to the mat, Kendrix removes the mic from the top of his pants and addresses the crowd once more.

Kendrix::

Now, JFK knows you guys all paid good money to be here tonight. JFK knows you came to see the same old tired stick of Reaper Co, the Cable guys, Jessica, Reaper Prime and the Reaper Rainbow club do the whole lights on lights

off thing, to distract and cheat Scott Stevens and JFK in their quest to become Tag Team Champions here tonight...

The crowd finally cheer for something that JFK has said. Jesse, looks out at them with a less than impressed look on his face before rolling his eyes and dismissing their cheers.

Kendrix::

...but unfortunately for them and every single one of you...JFK knows that the lighting guy in this building is a horrendously underpaid individual...I mean, JFK knew Eric Dane was tight, but seriously, how can anybody turn lights on and off in this day and age and live on a measly five figure annual salary?

He shakes his head in mock disappointment.

Kendrix::

Tut tut Eric. So JFK got talking to Jerry the lighting guy.

DDK:

Jerry?

Angus::

His names definitely not Jerry, Keebs.

Kendrix::

And it turns out that this whole time, Reaper Co have been paying Jerry in hotdogs to turn the lights on and off for them whenever they please. So, JFK took it upon himself to bribe Jerry for one night only...the best bribe that money can buy...Jerry is now the proud owner of a whole pile of Mikey Money!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Jesse notices Reaper Prime begin to stir, puts the mic at the top of his pants, shakes his head, and swings the chair down hard on her back.

Angus::

Jesus, that's gotta hurt!

Kendrix::

That's right, Mikey Money beats hot dogs, OBVS!

A large section of the crowd chant back "Totally Obvs"

Angus::

God, people are actually chanting that stupid catchphrase now?!

Jesse looks momentarily impressed by the reaction, but that's quickly shook off and turns into familiar disdain.

Kendrix::

Scotty, let mr referee here do his job. Ring the bell, bruv! Let's get this match underway!

The ref looks at the mess in the middle of the ring, both Reapers, hardly moving. However, he reluctantly signals to the timekeeper after Jesse removes his goggles, chucks the chair out of the ring and Stevens removes Kerry Kuryama out under the bottom rope.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

This is ridiculous, this match can't go ahead.

Angus::

It is Keebs. Stevens is in his corner and that Hollywood McFuckass junior is making the most disrespectfl pin.

With his foot planted on Prime's chest, Kendrix shouts at the reluctant ref to get on with his job.

ONE

TWO

THREE...

The crowd erupts!

DDK:

NO, PRIME GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

The camera focuses on Kendrix, his mouth open wide in shock. Stevens slams his fist against the turnbuckle in frustration.

DDK:

SHE KICKED OUT?!?!?! MY GOD REAPER PRIME KICKED OUT!.

Angus::

Reapers aren't going to be easy to defeat.

As Kendrix gets up and gets into the official's face saying how it should have been a three count, Everyone's favorite Texan, Scott Stevens, takes advantage of the situation and slithers into the ring and drills Reaper Prime in the face with a running knee covered with a metal brace.

Angus::

REF! WHAT THE HELL?!?!?!?

DDK:

Stevens with the Don't Mess with Texas running knee and Reaper Prime could be concussed.

Angus::

No shit Sherlock! He did crack her skull with that metal brace around his knee! He should be disqualified!

DDK:

Can't disqualify what you don't see.

Angus::

You on the Mikey Money payroll now?!?!?

Once the damage has been done, Kendrix turns around and acts shocked as Reaper Prime is still on the ground and slowly makes his way over to Stevens and tags the Texan in drawing hatred from the faithful. Stevens helps Kendrix to pick up Reaper Prime before hitting the ropes to deliver the nail in the coffin.

DDK:

A-List! Stevens and Kendrix deliver their version of the Hollywood Bruvs' finisher and that has to be it.

Instead of going for the pin, Stevens has a devilish smile on his face as he makes his way to Reaper Prime's legs.

DDK:

What is Stevens doing?

Angus::

Dropping dead I hope.

Stevens puts his left leg through before crossing Prime's leg and turning her onto her stomach.

DDK:

Stevens adding insult to injury as he locks in the Arachnophobia.

The official checks on the unconscious Prime and has no choice but to call for the bell, and once the bell sounds the two wrestlers from UTAH begin to celebrate in over the top fashion it makes the faithful and everyone watching wanting to puke.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... aaaand NEW! DEFIANCE WRESTLING TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX! AND...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

Kendrix does his best Rocky impression as he climbs the turnbuckle and shouts out towards the filth in the audience.

Kendrix::

Yo Mikey! I did it Bruv!

Stevens, on the other hand, yanks his newly won tag title from the ref and makes his way to the nearest camera and has a few choice words for a certain individual.

Scott Stevens::

Hi Cayle.

Stevens says with a wave.

Scott Stevens::

Don't you wish you were a double champion like me Cayle?

Stevens asks as he holds up his newly won championship.

Scott Stevens::

See you soon Cayle.

Stevens says with a bye wave before continuing his victory celebration with Kendrix.

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen we have new Tag Team Champions unfortunately.

Angus::

I think I'm going to throw up. These two were obnoxious before and now they'll be even more deplorable.

TALE OF THE TAPE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, let's take this back to where it all started...

The Acts of DEFIANCE logo flashes on screen, before we reveal...

Cayle Murray, desperate, tired, swats at the dangling FIST championship at DEFIANCE Road. His hand slips from the championship grasp, but he's able to just barely grip the strap, and yanks the belt down to thunderous applause.

DDK:

CAYLE MURRAY IS THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Angus:

THE SQUID DONE DID IT!

The new FIST falls forward almost immediately, but leans on the top rope. Adrenaline kicks in, and he throws both arms in the air, letting out a huge, cathartic roar, before falling to his knees.

DISSOLVE: to Cayle Murray in the ring at DEFtv 85, raising the championship high.

Cayle Murray:

... I promise I won't let you down.

A montage of Cayle being decimated by some of DEFIANCE's finest. Starting with Mushigihara at DEFtv 85 moments after the previous statement.

Voice over from a backstage interview plays with a shot of Kendrix smashing a chair over Cayle Murray during his match at DEFtv 86 with Mushi

Kendrix:

The simple answer, Lance, is that Cayle Murray is simply dodging JFK.

Mushigihara tosses Cayle Murray off the stage at DEFtv 87 as we hear this voice over.

Mushigihara:

OSUUUU!

From DEFtv 88, Kendrix smashes a chair over the skull of Cayle Murray, as Mushi holds him in place.

Footage from DEFIANCE Road, as Mushi hits Cayle with the Atlas Cutter and Kendrix with a spinning powerbomb. Kendrix hits the bellend. Mushi wallops Cayle from behind. He goes for a urange slam, but Cayle reverses it into a DDT. Cayle somehow lifts the God-Beast up, and hits a spike brainbuster.

DDK:

CAYLE RETAINS! CAYLE RETAINS!

Cayle Murray gets the pin, and his hand is raised in victory.

That's when the image turns to static, black and white, distorted and scratched. We hear "Blunt Blowin'" take over the video package, as Mikey Unlikely stands center stage. The UTA locker room hits the ring, taking out both Cayle and Mushi as Kendrix instigates. The color returns to the picture as Harmen and Kendrix hold Murray up, and Mikey drives the FIST into his face.

DDK:

These men are mauling the FIST!

Dan Ryan rushes the ring and makes the save, clearing the ring.

Angus:

See! You can always count on Dan Ryan to do --

The image on screen turns blood red, as Dan kicks Cayle and hits a Humility Bomb.

Angus:

-- the right thing...

The last image before a fade out is the devilish Mikey Unlikely smile.

We see the UTA roster out in the ring at DEFtv 89, as Dan Ryan sneers toward the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cayle Murray, you are --

"The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller replaces Mikey's blunt blowin' as Cayle and Andy stand at the top of the ramp, defiant. But the following clips show UTA as a united force. Cayle is tossed into the barricade. Andy Murray is hit with the Locomotive, charging yakuza kick from Jack Harmen. We see Crimson Lord pinning Andy Murray and raising the UTA World Championship high.

We see David Hightower jumping the guardrail and charging him into the turnbuckle post outside. Hightower then hits the KO 5am the Next Morning and stands tall. Cayle springboards at Hightower, who headbutts and knocks out Cayle at DEFtv 90.

DDK:

The FIST is down!

At DEFtv 91, we see David Hightower dives off the top rope with the King Kong Knee Drop, and subsequently pins the champ. We see a shot from DEFtv 92 where Kendrix and Mikey are stomping on Cayle, until we go back to DEFtv 91 where the UTA roster circles Cayle like vultures, until... Scott Douglas, Impulse, Oscar Burns, charge out, followed by Eric Dane. Mikey gathers his troops and prepares for a fight.

Angus:

THE BOSS IS HERE!

Eric Dane:

Bring your five best... Face to face with DEFIANCE... WAR GAMES!

It's Maximum DEFIANCE now, as Cayle Murray struggles against David Hightower, before overcoming the odds and somehow brainbusters Hightower to wild cheers from the Faithful.

DDK:

INCREDIBLE! SIMPLY INCREDIBLE! CAYLE MURRAY RETAINS, THE FIST BELONGS TO DEFIANCE, AND THE STAGE IS WELL AND TRULY SET FOR WAR GAMES!

We see a quick flurry of montage from War Games. First, DEFIANCE in charge, Box hitting european clotheslines, Reinhardt Hoffman tosses THE Jay Harvey into the cage wall.

DDK:

Team DEFIANCE is out here defending our very names!

We see Dan Ryan jump the gun, entering the match early and decimating the competition. We see Jack Harmen taking a battery and electrocuting one of the side cage walls, as Crimson Lord tosses Bronson Box into the cage wall.

We linger on that shot of Eric Dane looking around the ring at his charges, down, broken, beaten, as he solemnly looks to Brian Slater on the outside and nods. The bell rings, echoing in the background as Mikey and Team UTA celebrate.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is the greatest day in my life!

We transition directly into DEFTv 93, where Mikey Unlikely is again in the ring with the UTA roster.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cayle Murray?! You're gonna need a fucking MIRACLE! IF ANY MAN can defeat Cayle Murray, \$100,000 cash! I WILL NOT REST UNTIL IT... ALONG WITH THE REST OF DEFIANCE, BELONGS TO ME!

We see images of backstage, where Cayle is jumped by Scott Stevens, with a voice over overtop.

Cayle Murray:

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

Cayle hitting the Chainbreaker on Felton Bigsby and defeating him.

Iris Davine:

After WarGames, you're apparently the last bastion between them and complete domination of DEFIANCE.

Cayle backslide pins Chris Ross to defeat him. Ross gets up and clobbers and takes vengeance on Cayle after the match.

DDK:

Just how longer can Cayle Murray hold onto the FIST for? His grasp is weakening...

We see Cayle somehow retain his title against THE Jay Harvey, ribs heavily taped up. He has his hand raised but asks where his FIST title is, until Jack Harmen strikes him from behind with the belt. A highly stylized shot of Harmen, jump cuts and dutch tilts of his cheshire like smile and cackle. He slams the FIST of DEFIANCE into the champions back and ribs over and over, with each strike turning the picture into this distorted blood red shade.

DDK:

Game over man!

We see an image flash of Harmen leaping off the top rope and stomping on a steel chair around Andy Murray's head.

Jack Harmen:

WILDCARD!

Jack Harmen and Harvey spray painting the FIST with the letters "UTA."

A quick shot of Andy Murray taken out on a stretcher.

DDK:

We hope, the DEFIANT crew can remain...

Jack Harmen spits down on Cayle Murray. The camera lingers on Cayle, beaten, broken, the FIST desecrated on his chest...

DDK:

DEFIANT TO THE END...

Fade back to an overhead jib shot of the screaming New Orleans Faithful. The time keeper rings the bell twice, as

there's a swell of cheers.

DDK:

Here we go...

CAYLE MURRAY Â© VS. JACK HARMEN

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time... FOR YOUR MAIN EVENT!

There's a rush of cheers, and a small "MURRRRR-RRRAYYYY" chant begins to swell.

DDK:

Cayle Murray is a beaten and broken man, and he's going into a dangerous environment defending his FIST against a rabid Lunatic in a no disqualification match.

Angus:

Look, we all know the stakes here. WrestleUTA have been chasing the FIST from the moment they walked in. Five of their number have fallen to Cayle since then: David Hightower, Chris Ross, Scott Stevens, Jay Harvey, and Felton Bigsby. Now, after 10 weeks of constant bombardment, he faces a fucking maniac...

DDK:

A 'Lunatic,' if you will. Look, Murray is battered, bruised, and broken. His body's barely holding together, and his grip may just be slipping. Roll-ups, backslides, a time-limit draw: *that's* how he's been winning lately, but will that be enough against a certified wrestling legend and full-on crazy person like Jack Harmen?

Angus:

Well shit, Keebs, I don't know... but what I *DO* know is not to bet against the house. The Squid is in the midst of an outstanding reign. It looks dire tonight, I'm not gonna lie, but this fucker has been proving me dead wrong for over two years now...

DDK:

Absolutely, but given all that's gone down over the past few months, I don't think we can say this is anything other than the greatest challenge this young man has faced since becoming champion. Let's take it away...

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Angus:

FUCK THIS GUY!

A plethora of boos echo and fill the arena, as two small boxes shoot steam out from either side of the rampway. Jack Harmen parts the smoke, cracks his neck from side to side, and throws up his trademark devil horns taunt.

There's a record scratch over the pa, and Crazy Train stops playing.

DDK:

What... what's this?

♪ "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley ♪

Harmen's eyes bulge as the DEFIANCE fans cheer the challenger literally being rick rolled. Harmen turns on a dime and rushes toward the announce booth, shouting.

Jack Harmen:

YOU DID THIS!

Harmen points to Angus, who gets to his feet and begins to protest his innocence. From this shot, we now realize that Elise Ares has taken on the titular roll of Rick Astley, and is lip syncing a shot for shot remake of the original music video.

Angus:

I didn't do anything! But it's hilar-

Harmen reaches out and face palms Angus, shoving him back down onto his commentator's chair. His headset goes flying. Harmen then reaches down to his announce booth and angrily rips the small video screen from his desk, tossing wires as he does.

Angus: (picked up over Keeb's mic)

Hey! That's mine!

Harmen sneers, turning back to the DEFIatron, and sees Elise Ares dancing as Rick Astley, with Klein appearing as the blonde girl who dances in a similar rhythm. Harmen looks down at his hands, where he holds the TV monitor, and then spins and DISCUS throws the tv monitor at the DEFIatron. The screen SHATTERS, flickers, and turns BLACK, but the music continues to play over the pa system. Harmen turns toward the ring, and angrily stomps down ringside, as the Faithful chant at him.

"YOU GOT RICK-ROLLED *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP*"

There's a bit of thuds as Angus puts his headset back on.

DDK:

I didn't expect that Angus.

Angus:

Neither did I Keebs, but I'm so glad we got it!

DDK:

Even after getting shoved by Harmen?

Angus:

Especially after! You see how pissed he is?!

Harmen stomps up the steel stairs outside the ring, and jeers as the DEFIANCE crowd continues to chant at him. Harmen slips in through the middle rope.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger...

SMACK!

DDK:

WHAT!?

Jack Harmen charges and RUNS over Darren Quimbey with his Locomotive. The Yakuza kick sends Quimbey flying out of the ring through the bottom and middle ropes.

Angus:

You can't do that! Darren has a family!

DDK:

Disgusting though it may be, Jack Harmen will attack anyone if it fancies him Angus. You saw that first hand.

Angus:

Someone needs to fine and fire this guy! He's a loose cannon!

The DEFIANCE crowd stops their chant and just goes into a tirade of boos, as Harmen stands in the ring, seething. He

turns toward the entranceway, and SHOUTS.

Jack Harmen:

GET OUT HERE! YOU'RE DEAD!

Harmen turns, spinning around shouting at the Faithful.

Jack Harmen:

YOU'RE ALL DEAD!

Harmen drops to a knee facing to the entrance ramp, leaning forward, ready to pounce.

♪ *"Red In Tooth & Claw" by Rosetta* ♪

Fortunately, The Faithful's reprieve is on the way.

The gargantuan post-metal track rips through the PA. The lights cut, before a perfect wall of white light burns out from the DEFTron, illuminating Cayle Murray's silhouette. He stands tall, one arm held high, a long, straight weapon raised into the air.

Angus:

What a fuckin' *NOISE!*

Cayle starts his slow, deliberate swagger down to the ring. The house lights eventually come back on. Murray is, of course, decked out in white and gold championship attire, only without the ring jacket tonight. His ribs are taped tightly, the FIST of DEFIANCE is fastened around his waist, and in his right hand is an old, battered implement of destruction familiar to anyone who's followed his elder brother's career.

Angus:

It's a gorram cricket bat!

DDK:

The FIST came prepared, and he's going old school!

Angus:

I remember the days when this scamp wouldn't even *look* at a weapon, Keebs! Boy, doesn't it just warm your cockles?!

Murray makes his way to ringside, pointing the bat at Jack, who's barely being restrained by Brian Slater. He eventually slides into the ring then unbuckles the strap, staring his opponent dead in the eye.

DDK:

"Whatever it takes." That's what Cayle Murray reckons he's willing to do tonight. I don't know about you, Angus, but something tells me this may not be the 'Starbreaker' we're used to...

Angus:

Good! You can't approach a match like this all softly-softly, nicely-nicely. This is fuckin' DEFIANCE! I wanna see Squidley use that bat to knock Harmen's head clean off his damn shoulders!

Cayle steps forward and raises the FIST title high to the cheering crowd. Harmen sneers, using the top turnbuckle as a brace to spring off. He takes a moment and admires the title.

DDK:

And that's what it's all about Angus. The FIST of DEFIANCE is on the line, Cayle Murray, the fighting champion, Jack Harmen, the rogue challenger. It's going to be one hell of a battle.

Angus:

I'll have Jack Harmen's rental car towed every evening we're in the same city and even I gotta admit...

Angus doesn't say anything.

DDK:

Admit what?

Angus:

I still hate him.

Harmen swings with a wild mid kick that Cayle just inches away from. Harmen gives him a sly laugh as Cayle hands the FIST over to Brian Slater, never taking his eyes off the challenger. Slater takes the FIST and raises it once more to the Faithful.

Angus:

Guy's goin' after Squid Boys ribs already, and the bell hasn't even rung yet Keebs!

DDK:

The bells only there tonight to keep track of how long the match goes Angus. There's no disqualifications, so that and so much more is as fair as a chinlock. Even a submission hold doesn't need to be broken because there's no consequence the officials can make. I'm sure they'll make their counts out of habit Angus.

Angus:

But pinfalls? What happens there?

DDK:

Referees will break the fall if they see it. Count outs are also a possibility, but beyond that, it's the wild west.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And we're off!

Harmen saunters back toward the center of the ring, and raises his right hand high for a test of strength. Cayle's left hand was already bracing his ribs, heavily taped and bandaged. Cayle steps to the side, and uses his right hand to match Harmen's right hand in a test of strength. Harmen blinks, confused, as Murray twists his arm behind his back in a hammerlock. Harmen hits the ropes, hooking the top as Murray backrolls out of the hammerlock.

DDK:

Textbook start, here, as the two warriors jostle for position, control, and momentum.

Angus:

Something tells me this shit ain't gonna last long...

Murray runs off the far ropes, Harmen uses his position to bounce off the ropes and return himself. Murray ducks a clothesline and the two keep running. On the return, Harmen leaps for double knees as Cayle goes for a single leg takedown. The two basically do a running leap frog / duck under combo from their attempts. They also keep charge, as Harmen stops on a dime to avoid the Shutthefuckuppercut.

Angus:

Oh, SHIT! Squiddo throwing the big bombs super early here!

It narrowly misses, as Harmen steps through and hooks Cayles head. He goes for a neckbreaker but Cayle slips loose and Harmen crashes back first to the mat. Cayle tries for an immediate elbow, but Jack rolls out of the way as both

men get to a kneeling position. Cayle is a step quicker, and charges for...

DDK:

PK! NO!

Harmen back bridges to avoid it. Cayle whiffs and stumbles as Jack tries to recover. Cayle turns after a moment and goes for another PK to Jack's back, but Harmen front rolls out of the way and into the corner. He then charges toward Cayle.

Angus:

Duck, Murray!!

DDK:

Loco-no! Cayle with a go behind...

Cayle quickly tosses Harmen back and neck first with a snap german suplex. Harmen clutches the back of his head as he rolls to the apron. As Cayle gets to his feet and stomps toward him, Jack decides to roll completely out of the ring.

Angus:

Well, that escalated quickly!

DDK:

That it did! The tentative start soon gave way, and with both men pulling out potential kill-shots within the first few minutes, we now know what to expect...

Cayle raises his arm to cheers, but braces his side as he does. Slater checks on him and tells him to keep it in the ring. Cayle nods, as Harmen stands on the outside, rubbing his neck. A small ten year old boy is screening at Jack from the front row, so Harmen raises a fist threatenly and the kid freaks out, hopping off the guardrail and hiding behind his dad. Harmen shrugs, before turning back to the ring to eat a baseball slide dropkick from the charging Murray. Harmen bounces and lands back first into the guardrail, clutching his jaw.

Angus:

Thanks kid! You're one in a million!

DDK:

Cayle in control here in the early going. That fan certainly did help take Harmen's eye off the game. It seems like Jack is easily distracted, and that might be something Cayle can take further advantage of as this match goes on.

Brian Slater starts his count on the inside, but Cayle shakes it off and steps out of the ring. He grabs Harmen by his hair, but Jack reaches up and rakes the eyes. As Cayle tries to regain eyesight, Harmen grabs him from behind and rushes toward the exposed steel turnpost. Cayle slips out at the last moment, and Jack charges himself shoulder first into the post. He slumps, his right arm slumped over the bottom turnbuckle bracer, almost knocked out and yet kept upright by the very thing keeping the ring standing. Cayle raises his hands in innocence, not having pushed Harmen. So he grabs Jack, tosses him back into the ring, and follows in himself.

DDK:

Harmen has always had this... kamikaze esq side to him. This, desire to cause harm to others no matter how much harm it might do to himself. It definitely caught up with him there!

Cayle rolls Harmen over and covers him, hooking the leg.

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Easy kickout from the Lunatic. Cayle transitions into a side headlock. Harmen fights to his feet, and goes for a belly to back suplex, but Cayle flips out and lands on his feet. As Jack gets to his and turns...

SMACK

Cayle comes crashing down with a loud open palm slap to the side of Jack Harmen's head and neck. The sound echoes out in the building.

DDK:

Ohhhhh, what a shot!

Harmen clutches his neck and winces in pain, before turning and delivering his own elbow. Cayle takes it like a champ, but it does rock him a small bit. Cayle fires back with one of his own, which sends Harmen stumbling back a step. Jack takes this chance to use the distance to build momentum and hits a double overhead palm slap to Cayle's now beat red chest.

Angus:

My god, they're beating the hell out of each other!

DDK:

And The Faithful are all kinds of fired up!

Cayle braces himself for a moment, and then leans in, driving four quick forearms into the side of Jack's face. That is, until Harmen just gut punches him once in the ribs. Harmen then leans forward, shoulder tackling Cayle by his injured ribs into the corner turnbuckle. Once there, Harmen drives his shoulder three more times into Cayle's gut. With Cayle hunched over, Harmen steps back and just CLOCKS Cayle across the face with a stiff closed fist hook. Brian Slater is there to yell at Jack for the closed fist.

Jack Harmen:

SHUT UP! YOU'RE IMPOTENT!

DDK:

Instinctive move from Slater there, but Jack is technically correct: closed fists are perfectly legal in a bout like this.

Angus:

But still unwise, Keebs. The hand is full of tiny little bones, all of which are quick to snap. David Hightower broke his hand because he got too punch-happy against Cayle last time...

DDK:

But a well-placed hook is a knockout blow, Angus. It's a double-edged sword.

Harmen then clocks Cayle again with another right hand across the jaw. He then leans in and grabs the tag rope, wrapping it around Cayle's throat and choking him directly in front of the official.

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST!

Brian Slater starts counting as Harmen laughs. Slater gets to five, and Harmen keeps the ropes around Cayle's neck. Slater now gets in there, trying to break the hold himself, as Harmen's eyes go wide. He lets go of Cayle and stomps toward Slater, forehead to forehead, yelling at him trying to get him to back down. Slater stands his ground, as Harmen just stands there jaw jacking.

DDK:

That might work against any other official, but not 'Buffalo' Brian!

Angus:

Heellllll fuckin' nahhh!

He turns back to Cayle looking for another right, but Cayle ducks behind, grabbing Harmen's other hand and sending him with an irish whip into the far side turnbuckle. Harmen's crashes chest first into the buckle posts and stumbles backwards out of the corner. As he turns, he's met by a charging Cayle who hooks Harmen's shoulders and leg trips him in a leg hook STO. Cayle right on top with the cover, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

A two, but Murray's going to need to throw a lot more at Harmen if he's gonna put him away.

Cayle then floats behind Jack and locks him in a rear chinlock. He pressures Harmen's back with a knee as he pulls on Jack's head.

DDK:

Now this is an area in which we've really seen Murray excel lately! As his body's wear and tear increases, he has become extremely efficient in taking a form of offence that isn't detrimental to his own wellbeing: grinding opponents down with snug holds.

Angus:

I've seen this fella rip Hightower and Bigsby's knees to shreds lately, and I want *moooooooooore*, baby!

Jack reaches up trying to claw at Cayle's eyes, but Cayle leans back to avoid that and it actually puts additional pressure onto Harmen's spine. Slater is right there, asking Jack if he submits, but Jack just swats at him with a free hand. Brian takes a step back and watches as Cayle continues to put pressure on Harmen.

There's a bit of commotion coming from the entrance ramp, as Angus stands up at the announce booth. He's yelling and pointing for DEFSec, as two men are walking to commentary. They're Jason Blackfront & Tommy Ace, the UTA commentary team.

Angus:

Get the hell out of here you hollow imposters!

DDK:

Honestly, what are you doing here. You aren't part of the broadcast... tonight or any night!

Blackfront:

Jack asked us to relieve you of your duties and provide good and true UTA commentary.

Angus:

Get the fuck outta here.

Ace:

I dunno, I kinda like Angus.

DEFSec comes out from the back and escorts the two UTA announcers away.

Back to the ring, Harmen is fighting to his feet, as Cayle has transitioned into a side headlock. Harmen with a punch to Cayle's injured ribs causes Cayle to break the hold immediately. Harmen drops face and elbows first onto the mat, and

mule kicks Cayle straight under the jaw, sending the FIST stumbling into the corner. He's held upright by the top ropes. Harmen CHARGES, trying to throw his entire body shoulder first through Cayle, but Murray dodges and the challenger's shoulder strikes the ring post.

DDK:

Cayle able to move, and I think Harmen just moved the ring with that shoulder thrust!

Angus:

This is the opening Cayle needed. This evens the playing field. Go Squiddy! Now is not the time for morality!

DDK:

It's always the time for morality Angus. You can't fight evil with evil.

Angus:

I do it all the time! GO CAYLE!

Harmen pulls himself out of the wedge in the corner, shaking his shoulder loose, but bracing it in pain after he tries. This doesn't go too well for him. Cayle grabs his challenger from behind, traps his arms, and throws him overhead with a straightjacket German suplex!

Angus:

Right on his fuckin' neck!

DDK:

No cover from Cayle, though.

The FIST sits upright on the mat, catching his breath, feeling barbs of pain shoot through his ribs with every heave of the chest. Still, he has a job to do. He rolls over to Harmen, grabs the arm, and wrenches back on it.

DDK:

Grapevine! Murray continues to target the shoulder!

The hold is tight, but Harmen has enough nous to grapple his way out of it. Cayle stays attached like a limpet, though! He rolls over onto his back, maintains control of Harmen's arm, and locks in a sharp modified Kimura!

Angus:

Rip the bloody limb off then beat that fool unconscious with it!

This appears to be the plan, but Cayle's gotta be careful...

ONE!

SHOULDER ROLL.

His back's on the mat, and his shoulders keep getting caught.

ONE!

TWO!

ROLL!

Too risky to continue. Cayle opts to loosen the grip, then bring his elbow down on Jack's skull from a grounded position. The Lunatic falls out of the hold and stumbles backwards, so Murray rises to his feet, before throwing a wild, disdainful kick. It catches Harmen in the chest, sending him to the corner. Cayle follows up with a leaping forearm,

before whipping his opponent across the ring. The FIST charges in return, but Harmen ducks low, bundling him over the top!

Fortunately, Cayle lands on the apron. He elbows Harmen from behind then climbs the turnbuckles as he stumbles away, before coming off the top with a high cross!

DDK:

Incredible athleticism from our champion, who is now firmly in control here!

Angus:

Looks like Harmen's mania got the better of him!

DDK:

But how long can Murray keep this up? Harmen's durability and tenacity are legendary. Cayle's gonna need a prolonged period of dominance, but can his own body even sustain such a thing?

Angus:

Sure am looking forward to finding out, partner...

The move's impact hurt the FIST too, but he's first to his feet regardless. He seizes Harmen from behind, applies the full nelson, then pulls him up... only to snap him back down with a swift Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

Snapdragon!

Angus:

Harmen's head, neck, and shoulders are taking a beating!

The FIST is full of piss and vinegar tonight. There isn't a single drop of showmanship in him as he boots the downed man in the gut, then pushes him out of the ring. Cayle slides out himself, before grabbed the battered old cricket bat...

Angus:

Here we fuckin' go!

The crowd pop instantly. They've not seen this side of Murray since he fought Bronson Box, so *of course* they're fired up. He raises the bat high above his head, waiting for Jack to rise. Harmen's getting up, but relatively slowly, and his footing is unstable. He gets there eventually, though, and that's when Cayle swings...

FRESH AIR.

The Lunatic ducks. Cayle swings again...

MISS!

The FIST loses his footing. Harmen takes advantage, blasting him in the face with a Superkick! The bat falls from Murray's grasp and Jack is quick to grab hold of it, then crack it down on his opponent's back!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

A spine-rattling shot from Harmen! Cayle spent a little too long playing with fire, and got burned for it.

Harmen uses his foot to roll Murray onto his back, then pushes the end of the bat down into his taped ribs. Cayle roars in pain, and attempts to dislodge his opponent, but it's no use. Eventually, Harmen goes for something else. He pulls

the bat away, but stomps down on the FIST's head a couple of times, before lifting him up...

DDK:

Uh-oh, what's he gonna do here?!

Jack lays Murray face up on the ring steps, then slaps him across the chops for good measure. Slowly, he raises the bat above his head...

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Fuuuuuuu---

DDK:

NO, NO, NOOOOOOOOOOO!

... then brings it crashing down on his ribs!

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

Jack Harmen may have just crushed Cayle's ribs! Those bats aren't light!

Angus:

If they weren't broken before...

DDK:

Folks, that could be the momentum shifter...

The FIST convulses of impact. He falls to the floor as a cackling Harmen tosses the bat away, then rolls Murray onto his back, digging in with a few mounted punches. Jack then rises to his feet as distaste pours from every corner of the building...

DDK:

I don't know how Cayle can even come back from that, Angus! Cold, heartless brutality from the challenger!

As if that wasn't enough, Harmen grabs Murray off the ground, then slams his face down into the apron. He rolls Cayle onto said "hardest part of the ring," then pulls away the ring curtain, before dropping the FIST into the gap, leaving him stranded. Several shots to the face follow, as Jack makes sure the champion isn't about to fight back.

Angus:

The hell is he doing?

DDK:

Locking Murray down, by the looks of it...

Satisfied that his opponent is immobilised, Harmen pulls the cricket bat from the ground...

DDK:

Oh no...

He pulls back.

Angus:

What?! That'll kill him!

SWINGS.

Cayle ducks. The solid wood misses his skull by a matter of millimetres, and Harmen had swung with such force that it comes free of his hands, then goes flying across the ring!

DDK:

Thank GOD for that!

Murray slides down under the curtain. Free of the elastic that binds it to the ring, he charges from beneath, tackling Harmen to the ground. The challenger's head takes a nasty bump on the floor, which is luck for Cayle - his ribs are in complete and utter agony. He rolls onto his back on the outside, fans leaning over the barricade, screaming encouragement at the fallen champion... but is it enough?

Angus:

I don't know if these two legitimately hate each other, but they're certainly fighting like they do!

DDK:

Cayle Murray understands what this means. WrestleUTA invaded *his* turf, and he's going to do everything in his power to prevent a complete takeover. Harmen may say he's in this for himself - and there's probably some truth to that - but we all know who he represents.

Angus:

Precisely. I don't think *ANYONE* has stood for for DEF in the same was as old Squiddy, even as his body slowly falls apart...

The FIST is first up. He's not in good condition at all, but the awkward landing appears to have knocked Harmen loopy. Murray takes hold of him then rolls him under the bottom rope, before following him inside. When he gets there, however, Cayle finds that Jack is already on his feet...

DDK:

Harmen's up!

Cayle swings a forearm.

Connects.

Harmen answers with one of his own!

Cayle, forearm!

Harmen, elbow!

Cayle!

Harmen!

CAYLE!

HARMEN!

Adrenaline takes over. The pace quickens. Soon, both men have a hand behind each other's head as they unleash rapid-fire blows.

Angus:

HOCKEYYYYY FIIIIIIIIIIIIITE!

DDK:

Now this is what the fans paid to see!

The bloodthirsty Faithful are all the way into it as the limbs become a blur.

But the pace slows.

Both men fall away.

Ripples of appreciative applause build around the arena.

Angus:

How to blow out your gas tank it one easy step...

DDK:

They're both spent, but you've got to imagine that Harmen is in better physical shape here! Sure, that shoulder has taken significant punishment, but Cayle's taken a cricket bat to his already injured ribs.

Murray's on one knee. He rises to his feet then glares over at Harmen, screaming for him to come forward. Jack chuckles as he rises, nodding toward Cayle and marches across. The FIST taps his jaw, calling for Harmen to give him his best shot, but although the challenger pulls back for a forearm, he goes lower, kicking Cayle in the gut. He then pulls him down and lands a couple of stiff knees to the ribs, before running the ropes and coming back with a scissor kick!

Angus:

Heh, so much for strike exchanges...

Instead of going for the cover, Harmen rolls Murray onto his back, jumps up, then brings both knees crashing down across his ribs. He wastes no time in following up by dashing to the corner, scaling the turnbuckle, then leaping off...

DDK:

DOUBLE STO--

Angus:

NO! MISSED!

Murray rolled out of the way, but Harmen adjusted midair, landed on his feet, then rolled through. He pops to his feet first, then counters Murray's running clothesline, immediately applying a rear waistlock...

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Angus:

INTO THE GORRAM TURNBUCKLES!

Cayle's head and neck crumple into the corner, and his body goes limp upon landing. The impact was such that the middle and bottom 'buckles have actually come loose, slackening those ropes.

DDK:

My god, Angus! Have you ever seen anything like that?!

Angus:

Not in a long time, Keebs! Squiddley may be out!

The Lunatic decides to test that theory.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Close one, but we may need some technicians out here! It's gonna be very, very tough to continue with such loose ropes.

Not yet frustrated by the FIST's fight, Harmen gets back to his feet, then stomps down upon Murray, targeting the ribs. He then kneels down, ripping and pulling at the tight bandages until one ream comes loose, then another, and another. Soon, Murray's battered, bruised chest is out in the open, and there's nothing to protect him from the coming assault.

Angus:

Oh god, this isn't good...

Jack pulls Cayle to his feet then stands him up against the loosened turnbuckles. He chops him once, twice, thrice...

DDK:

Not to the exposed ribs!

Each is infinitely more punishing than it would be under normal circumstances, but this isn't enough for Harmen. Not satisfied, he turns around, grabbing the discarded cricket bat, raising it in the middle of the ring. He then charges forward, ready to crush Cayle's ribs one more time, but while Murray's able to partly dodge the strike, the tip still catches the right side of his chest.

The FIST's head falls conveniently into Harmen's grasp, and he plants him into the mat with a DDT!

DDK:

Jack Harmen is now in complete control of this bout, as the cumulative damage done to Cayle's ribs takes a toll on the FIST!

Angus:

Don't forget Jack's shoulder, though. Murray did a fair bit of damage to it earlier on, and if he has the chance to target it again, he will.

DDK:

Getting that chance might be the issue, Angus.

Harmen has gone outside. He's rummaging under the ring, looking for toys, and eventually starts indiscriminately tossing objects into the ring. Primarily steel chairs, but there's also an oil canvas painting of Eric Dane, an old Nintendo Entertainment System, a broom, and a tool box that comes dramatically close to smacking Brian Slater in the face. Slater shouts at Harmen to take it back into the ring, and Harmen blows him a raspberry before sliding in.

DDK:

More weapons?!

But of course, Mr. Keebler.

The Lunatic goes back after the ribs, cracking one of the chairs down upon Murray's chest. He then pulls him towards

the middle of the ring, sliding one chair beneath his body, before placing the Nintendo on his chest.

Angus:

The hell is he doing?!

Though tiring, Harmen's able to get over to the corner relatively quickly by using a steel chair as a brace. He carefully negotiates the two loose 'buckle's before reaching the top one, which is still pretty stable. Gazing out across the packed out DEFArena, he raises the steel chair high to the jeering crowd. He bends his knees, then flies off...

DDK:

FROG SPLASH! FROG SPLASH!

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

CHAIR ASSISTED SANDWICH FROGSPLASH! HE NAILED IT! FIVE AND A HALF STARS!

Harmen fell with a CRUNCH, but the move nailed *HIM*, too. The landing was awkward, with a steel chair shooting up towards Jack's mouth on impact. Pained, he rolls away clutching his jaw, before running a thumb across the inside of his mouth.

Angus:

Ha! Fucko chipped a tooth!

DDK:

That's the risk you take every time you head to the top rope, particularly when there are chairs involved... but Cayle might be out here!

Angus:

Oh shit, yeah... SQUIDDDDDOOOOO!

Sure enough, Cayle is motionless. He's lucky that Harmen is a little shaken up by the impact of what just happened, though Jack eventually regains his composure, tosses the nintendo across the ring and rolls into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--- NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

These are getting a little too close for comfort, Keebs!

Harmen sits up, running his hands through his hair. His eyes bulge out of their socket as he looks wildly around the ring.

DDK:

Harmen may be wondering what it'll take to put Cayle Murray down for the three count Angus. And if history is any indicator, the answer is... a lot!

Angus:

Guy's got more fight than anyone. Sometimes, all you need is a little heart.

Jack pushes himself to his feet and notices the toolbox in the corner of the ring. He walks over and begins to dig

inside, only to pull out a steel wrench. He raises it to the jeering crowd as a devilish smile overtakes his face.

DDK:

Oh come on! At what point is this just too far Angus?

Angus:

It's never too far for a mad man Keebs!

Instead of walking directly back to Cayle and attacking, Harmen walks over to a neutral corner. He reaches past the buckle, and places the wrench in the brace between the buckle and the steel post. It's here when he starts twisting the wrench, loosening the screws.

DDK:

What is he doing! Get in there Brian!

Official Brian Slater is there, shouting at Jack to stop. Harmen takes a moment to turn over his shoulder and shout.

Jack Harmen:

SHADDUP!

As he continues to unscrew, and finally, free the top turnbuckle from the steel post. All that's left is a metal peg sticking out of the steel, along with loosened middle ropes.

DEFIANCE's ring crew hits the ring, and begin to assess the ring's condition. Harmen threatens them as they get near to the turnbuckle he just freed, forcing them to check on the other two buckles catty corner to this one.

DDK:

Finally, the DEF Ring crew is here to repair what these two gladiators have destroyed, the very arena of their own punishment!

Harmen grabs the buckle and wrench and stomps to Cayle, who's trying to push himself up to his knees. Harmen hits an overhead chop with the wrench targeted specifically to the small of Murray's back. The crowd umphs as Cayle tumbles back to the mat. Harmen then takes the ropes dangling in his other hand, and wraps them around Cayle's neck. He places his knee into Cayle's back and just TUGS backward. Cayle's eyes go wide, the air being ripped from him, as he scratches and claws, kicks and struggles.

DDK:

He's... This is despicable Angus!

Angus:

He's using the ring ropes to choke out the champion! This is just straight up murder Keebs!

DDK:

Harmen did say he wouldn't just take the title, Cayle's career, he's coming for his livelihood!

Harmen looks over at an unamused Brian Slater, and shouts.

Jack Harmen:

ASK HIM! ... OH! YOU CAN'T!

Harmen proceeds to wrap the ropes around Murray's shoulders, keeping it taut around his neck. The Lunatic lifts him up using the turnbuckle ropes, and CHARGES toward the opposite side of the ring.

SPLAT! CRACK!

Harmen slams Cayle Murray, exposed ribs and all, into the intact corner turnbuckle. The force is so impactful, two of the remaining three turnbuckle posts, the ones the DEF Ring Crew were working on, jar themselves free and go FLYING across the ring. Cayle's just hung up there, seated on the second turnbuckle, as Harmen begins to take the loose ends of the ring cable and WRAPS it around the last standing intact turnbuckle.

DDK:

I've never seen anything like this in my life Angus. Harmen is just tying Cayle up, he's got nowhere to go!

Angus:

C'mon Squiddley! Pull something out of your keester!

Jack Harmen takes a few steps to admire his handiwork. It's here he notices the large oil painting of Eric Dane. Jack lifts the portrait up, tilts his head in confusion, and then SPITS onto the boss.

Angus:

OH HELL NO!

The Faithful are relentless in their jeers, but Harmen doesn't care as he charges toward the tied up Cayle...

SMASH!

DDK:

Harmen just tore that painting a new one! He slammed it over the head of the FIST!

Angus:

Well, we all knew Dane would be Cayle's undoing... didn't we?

Harmen tilts his head back and lets out a maniacal laugh. As Brian Slater reaches over to Cayle and pulls the painting off, Harmen falls backwards onto the canvas and starts making snow angels.

DDK:

What... the...

Angus:

Balls...

DDK:

Is... is he?

Angus:

Yes. He's very crazy.

Harmen back rolls out of his snow angel taunt, and lands just beside the toolbox. He begins to dig through it yet again.

Brian Slater unties Cayle in the corner, who falls in a heap onto the canvas. The DEF Ring crew begin grabbing at the loose turnbuckle, attempting to reset it by dragging it across the ring.

The challenger notices the ring crew doing their thing, and decides to pull out a more permanent solution.

DDK:

BOLT CUTTERS?! WHAT IS THIS!

Harmen reaches down to the original corner where he first removed the top buckle, and takes the bolt cutters. He wraps 'em around the middle rope.

SNIP.

He then does the same on the other side, and then proceeds to do the same to the bottom rope. The ropes snap and fall like a pile of dead snakes, hanging from their catty corner counterparts.

As the ring crew get back to the far buckle to reset the ring, Harmen raises the bolt cutters threateningly. Defeated, they drop the buckle and back off back up the ramp.

Harmen turns back to the champion, who's slowly recovered. With a BURST of energy, invigorating the Faithful, Cayle charges...

Angus:

Go Cayle!

And gets clotheslined with the wooden end of the bolt cutters across his throat. Spit flies in the air as Cayle lies on top of a pile of loose ring ropes.

Angus:

No! Not like that!

Harmen reaches down and grabs a steel chair. He takes a step back, and then rushes toward the down Cayle. He tucks his legs so the chair cradles his backside as he lands with a running chair assisted senton. Cayle didn't even try to brace, knocked unconscious from Harmen's throat chopping bolt cutter clothesline.

DDK:

Oh God! This is too much! Slater may have to think about stopping this to save Cayle's career!

Angus:

No way! This is a fight to the death Keeps! This is where we make our last stand!

DDK:

That didn't go so well for Custard.

Angus:

I DON'T KNOW HISTORY!

The Lunatic tosses the broken chair out of the ring. He then places one boot on top of the challenger, laughing as Slater reluctantly drops down for the count.

One.

Two.

DDK:

CAYLE BARELY GETS HIS WIND BACK! SHOULDER UP! WE'RE ALIVE ANGUS! WE'RE ALIVE!

Jack Harmen's eyes bulge wide. He reaches down and picks up the last steel chair, and then just brings it CRASHING down onto Cayle's midsection. He does it again. And again. And again.

DDK:

Dear God! He's... stop this!

And again. And again. And again.

DDK:

Shades of his post match attack on Elise Ares from Maximum Defiance! Jack Harmen is unrelenting with those chair shots!

And again. And again. And again.

To the point the steel chair is mangled, dented and broken. The seat itself loose, dangling, as Harmen then rips it completely out. Just having the metal bars from the chair in his hand, Harmen slams this bar into Cayle's ribs. As Cayle rolls over, Harmen places the chair's legs over his chest, so the bottom bar puts even more pressure on Cayle's ribs.

DDK:

At any moment, Cayle Murray could have a punctured lung from those bruised and battered ribs.

Angus:

He's actually trying to kill him! I thought that was... was....

DDK:

Metaphorical?!

Angus:

This is just too crazy. I can't think Keebs! What are words?!

Harmen leans on the top of the steel chair, putting his entire body weight's worth of pressure onto the bottom bar wedged on top of Cayle's chest. Jack nonchalantly turns to Brian Slater.

Jack Harmen:

His shoulders down.

Harmen nods down to Cayle, who's wincing in pain. Slater dives into position.

One.

Two.

NO! Kickout!

DDK:

Murray's got the fight in him Angus. He'll fight through whatever pain the Lunatic can dish until his body can take no more!

Angus:

That's what I'm worried about.

The challenger gets off the chair, relieving pressure on Cayle's chest. Cayle rolls to his knees and clutches his ribs, trying to brace and check for the impact. As Harmen stalks toward him, Cayle instinctively rolls his way out of the ring.

Jack Harmen wants to give chase, but he's stopped by Brian Slater, who's going to yell off his ear.

Angus:

Yeah! LET 'IM HAVE IT!

As Brian Slater yells at the Lunatic in the ring, we see an image of Cayle Murray taking the DEFIANCE ring apron, and tearing it. He does so there's a large patch, and then he begins to tear it into long thin shards. He takes the large portion of the cloth and places it over his bruised ribs. He then takes the long strands, and begins to wrap them around his chest, tying them together. He starts at the top, then the bottom, and works his way to the middle.

DDK:

Look at that ingenuity! Cayle Murray is fascenig himself a new rib brace!

Murray winces with each final tug on each strand. Once he's got about five tied in, Slater can no longer hold back Jack, and Harmen reaches over the middle rope (that's only complete on two sides of the ring, and grabs Murray by his hair. Cayle ROCKS the Lunatic with a STIFF elbow as he sits on the apron's edge. Harmen stumbles back, as this allows Cayle to roll himself back into the ring.

Right into a charging Lunatic's knee to the side of the head. Harmen shakes his head, clutching his jaw before reaching down and lifting Cayle up by his hastily fashioned DEFIANCE draped rib tape. Harmen then grabs Cayle and Irish whips him with extreme force. Harmen falls onto his stomach from the momentum, and Cayle flies into the corner with the exposed post. Cayle's back crashes against it and he can't stay upright due to the lack of a top rope to grab onto. Harmen rushes over on his stomach, slithering like a snake and stares down at the fallen and beaten Cayle.

Jack Harmen:

Had enough?

Harmen doesn't give Cayle time to answer, grabbing him and lifting him, slamming him face first into the bottom buckle, then up to the middle buckle, which again, is only the padded buckle without ring ropes attached on either side. Harmen lifts Cayle to his feet and SLAMS him face first into the exposed top turnbuckle. Cayle would have fallen down if not for Jack keeping him upright.

DDK:

Cayle is out on his feet Angus. And look at Jack, he's just setting him up, trying to keep him standing in the corner.

Angus:

This isn't good Keebs. I don't think Cayle knows where he is.

Backing off from the corner, Harmen never takes his eyes off of the drowsy Cayle. It's here where he charges.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!

Angus:

NO! CAYLE MOVES! CAYLE MOVES!

The FIST is able to basically fall out of the way, as Harmen twists his body at the last moment to not fall out of the ring and CRASHES almost head first into the metal PEG of a top turnbuckle. The primarily portion of the impact was distributed through the middle and bottom buckles onto his body, but Harmen looks to really smack his head and neck onto the exposed buckle. Harmen backs off, coughing. He falls to his knees, clutching his neck, desperate for air.

DDK:

C'mon Cayle! This is your chance! It's the opening we've all been waiting for!

Though clearly out on his feet, Cayle's eyes widen in shock as he sees Harmen clutching at his throat. Barely able to steady himself as he eyes Harmen, the FIST of DEFIANCE tries to catch his breath and his wits.

Angus:

Come on! Put an end to him!

DDK:

I don't think Jack knows where he is! He can't breath! What goes around comes around!

Cayle takes a stumble, landing into Harmen's back to remain upright. Harmen can't react.

Suddenly, Cayle throws his arm in front of the challenger and CLAMPS it around his throat!

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

He's going for it!

Jack's eyes go wide. He still doesn't have his breath. He writhes. Struggles. Shakes his head. Thrashes.

Murray holds on with all he's got.

He seizes the arm!

DDK:

GRANITE CITY CROSS!

Cayle wrenches.

And wrenches.

And *WRENCHES*.

Jack Harmen lets out a blood curdling and echoing scream.

Angus:

DRAG HIM DOWN!

He pulls all the way back, falling to the mat...

Angus:

... huh?!

... but he can't complete the bodyscissors!

Harmen curls his own legs to avoid the Cross' final form!

Angus:

GORRAMIT!

DDK:

HARMEN ISN'T DEAD YET!

Angus:

But he still has the neck... and the arm!

The Faithful are fired up. Jack's struggle continues on the ground, with the lack of bodyscissors giving him more wiggle room. Cayle's like a limpet, though. Brian Slater is smiling from ear to ear and shouting, asking Harmen if he submits. Harmen's thrashing continues to mess with his ribs, but there's only one thing running through the FIST's mind.

DON'T.

LET.

GO.

Angus:

HARMEN'S FADING!

Jack stops for a brief moment. Judders back to life.

Stops. Judders, but with a lot less zest...

Angus:

C'MON, SQUID!

DDK:

THE LUNATIC MIGHT PASS OUT IN THAT HOLD!

Angus:

Sure don't look like he's tappin'!

A glob of froth spits from Harmen's lips.

His face is the colour of beetroot.

His eyes roll back into his head as his eye lids close.

Angus:

HE'S DONE!

Slater hits the deck. Lifts the arm.

Down it goes. As Slater raises his hand to count, the Faithful and Keebs count along.

DDK:

ONE...

Grabs the arm again...

DDK:

TWO-- no!

Harmen's back! A sudden jolt of adrenaline takes control and stuns the crowd. He even stuns Cayle, who may have loosened the hold ever so slightly. Jack's able to roll onto his front side, trying to push himself up. Cayle's still attached, but the challenger now has the grip needed to plant one foot in the ground...

Angus:

What the?! HOW IS THIS GUY NOT OUT?!

DDK:

Jack's getting up!

... then another. Soon, The Lunatic is back on his feet!

DDK:

Incredible fight from both men! Harmen should be unconscious right now, but no! He lives!

Angus:

This isn't good for my cardiovascular health, Keebs! This fucker should be dead already!

The hold's *STILL* in. Cayle, at this point, is showing just as much strain as Harmen. He's in *AGONY*, but at least he doesn't have an arm wrapped around his throat.

Jack tries to elbow his sides a couple of times, but doesn't have the right angle. Feeling his consciousness dripping away, Harmen desperately, instinctively, reaches out for the ropes... but they're gone. They're *loooooonnnng* gone!

DDK:

Harmen grabs for safety... but he's already torn the ropes away!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSS! EAT SHIT, LOONEY!

His reaches causes Harmen to stumble, his equilibrium off. Murray again pulls Harmen to the mat...

This time, the bodyscissors are *IN*.

DDK:

GRANITE CITY CROSS! HE COMPLETED IT!

Angus:

FIGHT OUT OF THIS ONE, HARMEN!

DDK:

WILL HE TAP OUT?! IS JACK HARMEN ON THE VERGE OF DEFEAT HERE?!

The Lunatic is fuckin' *DESPERATE*.

He claws at Cayle's grip, looking for an opening.

No dice.

He tries to roll over again.

No dice - the bodyscissors prevent it.

Slater kneels down again, asking for the submission.

A purple-faced Harmen spits "DIE."

DDK:

HARMEN REFUSES TO DIE!

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST?! What does Cayle have to do to beat this nutjob?!

Murray frees the arm.

Reaches into his boot.

Angus:

What the hell is he *DOING*?!

Pulls something out.

Jack Harmen:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH MY GOD...

Angus:

WAIT... IS THAT...?!

Yes.

Yes it is.

Angus:

IT'S ERIC DANE'S FORK!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

The crooked, rusted implement stays lodged in Jack Harmen's shoulder. Cayle grabs the arm once more, his face splattered with his opponent's blood...

Harmen *TRIES* to fight.

But there's nothing left.

Nothing at all.

TAP.

A single slap of Cayle's forearm is all it takes.

DING! DING! DING!

The FIST releases his hold immediately, but falls back through complete and utter exhaustion.

DDK:

CAYLE WINS! CAYLE WINS! CAYLE WINS!

Angus:

HE DID IT, KEEBS! HE FUCKIN' DID IT!

Darren Quimbey's still out. There's nobody to call the FIST's victory. All that fills the arena is the crowd's disbelief, followed by an almighty roar when the reality of the situation kicks in.

DDK:

HE SAID "WHATEVER IT TAKES," AND HE WASN'T LYING! MURRAY SKEWERED JACK HARMEN WITH ERIC DANE'S FORK, AND HE'S STILL THE FIST OF DEFIANCE BECAUSE OF IT!

Angus:

LOVE IT! ABSOLUTELY LOVE IT! A WEAPON PASSED DONE FROM *THE BAW*S HIMSELF PREVENTS WRESTLEUTA'S COMPLETE CONTROL! A WEAPON WIELDED BY A MAN WHO WOULD'VE QUIVERED AT THE IDEA OF SUCH AN ACT TWO YEARS AGO!

Rosetta starts pumping through the PA system. Brian Slater helps Murray to his feet, but it isn't easy, and the FIST stumbles a couple of times before his hand's raised in the air.

DDK:

I can't believe what we've just witnessed, Angus! And I don't think Cayle can either...

Sure enough, the FIST looks more than a little conflicted as he stares down upon Harmen, who has just had the fork pulled from his shoulder by the medics.

Angus:

Good on ya, Squiddo! Good fuckin' on ya!

DDK:

Look at the conflict in his eyes, Angus!

Angus:

I get it, Keebs! I really do... but you can't have qualms about doing these things in war. Cayle understands the importance of not letting the FIST pass to UTA. That was a gorram heroic performance, if you ask me...

Though clearly a little shaken by his own actions, Murray hoists the belt in the air nonetheless, drawing a huge roar from the masses.

DDK:

Take nothing away from Harmen, either! That was an ageless performance, and he only gave up when his body could continue no longer!

Angus:

He dominated the champ for long, long periods tonight. He's a **MUTAnt**, so fuck him... but that was one helluva showing. Fair play.

DDK:

But there could only be one winner! 245 days, eight defences... Cayle Murray's *EPIC* FIST of DEFIANCE reign...

CONTINUES.

Boom.

Hit the credits.

THIS
IS
DEFIANCE.