

PARKING LOT

The parking lot.

Bottom corner of the screen is working one of those “EARLIER TODAY” gimmicks.

Cayle Murray is rummaging around in the boot of his rental car. He eventually pulls a large, black holdall out, along with the FIST of DEFIANCE belt. Both get slung over his shoulder, and up step Mascara De Muerte IV and Sho Nakazawa, who slams the boot shut after his Scottish training buddy.

Cayle Murray:

Ready lads? This is a big ‘un.

MDM4:

You know i--

The masked luchador can’t quite get the words out before Christie Zane scurries towards the group, microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Cayle!

The FIST, startled, turns to face the interviewer.

Christie Zane:

Can I trouble you for a few words on the Mikey Unlikely situation?

Cayle Murray:

Yup. “Mikey Unlikely is going to die.” How’s that?

Zane isn’t quite sure what to make of this response, but the FIST steps in.

Cayle Murray:

We’ll get to Mikey Unlikely in due course. After everything that guy has done to me, my brother, and this place in general, trust me when I say that I can’t wait to get my hands around his neck, even if I know he’ll have a trick or two up his sleeve. But I’m actually glad you came along, Christie: there’s something I’d like to address.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

A couple months ago, you may remember a FIST of DEFIANCE match between myself and Scott Stevens. I left with the belt, but I didn’t win, and I won’t be able to live with myself if this place closes down without shaking that monkey off my back...

He turns to the camera, now.

Cayle Murray:

Stevens, you’ve been talking a whole lotta shit lately, but tonight, you get your wish. Murray vs. Stevens. The rematch. FIST of DEFIANCE on the line.

The live crowd pop for Cayle’s pre-recorded words.

Cayle Murray:

This time, you’re getting Cayle Murray at 100%: no lurking injuries, no aches and pains, no excuses. Bring your A game, because you’ll get nothing but the best from me...

He nods.

Cayle Murray:

Thank you, Christie.

And with that, the faces take their leave.

Cut.

RUNDOWN



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

DONT LET DEFIANCE DIE!
ONE LAST STAND
IS THERE A GOFUNDME?
I MISS THE BUSS!
PERHAPS A KICKSTARTER?
UTAH BLOWS!

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

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

DDK:

Welcome, once again ... to DEFTv!! Number 98 as we trudge toward the FINAL DEFTv ... 100.

Angus:

Don't remind me.

DDK:

As I said last week, WrestleUTA has won the war ... but DEFIANCE will go out guns-a-blazing!

Angus:

YOU ARE GORRAM DAMN RIGHT! No QUATER GIVEN! NONE TAKEN!

DDK:

Keeping with tradition, Angus is fired up folks! And so am I we have some GREAT action here tonight! Oscar Burns is set to defend his WrestleUTA World Championship against *THE* Jay Harvey.

Angus:

For the love of GOD, Keebs ... drop all that *THE* nonsense and call the little prick what he is ... an annoying LITTLE PRICK!

DDK:

Well, ok .. and not just that but after the challenge was laid down LAST WEEK; "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas is set to defends BOTH the Southern Heritage and the Hollywood Heritage Title against Kendrix! You got involved in that a bit last week, partner ... what are your thoughts?

Angus:

You know my thoughts, Keebs! Scotty, a close personal friend of mine, is going to WIPE the floor with that gelled up Mikey Unlikely minime!

DDK:

Mini you?

Angus:

Minihim.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

DDK:

Just having a bit of fun with you, parnter. But more importantly as we learned earlier today, Cayle Murray will be defending the FIST against Scott Stevens, live here tonight!

Angus:

For the life of me, I can't understand why the Squid keeps giving the losers chances! That being said - Steven's ... ohhhh, I can't wait to see his foot get shoved directly into his mormon mouth!

DDK:

And it looks like it's time to get this whole thing going, partner! I'm being told we are jumping backstage for a moment ...

Cut to backstage.

ONE FOR ALL

We go to the backstage, right behind the curtain. There stands Gunther Adler, the hulking German is not looking happy. The fans cheer lightly, given his troubles with The Dibbins in recent weeks. Perhaps with DEFIANCE closing this will be his last chance to do something about it, too.

Gage Blackwood walks into focus. The Faithful cheer.

Silence.

...

...

He just stares at Adler. Adler stares back. It's pretty awkward. The two have had their differences and Gunther has always got the better of the Scot.

Blackwood looks to the ground before speaking.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye.

That's all he really says. He's clearly in pain. No need to rehash everything that's happened to him.

Gunther moves a little closer and places a hand on Blackwood's shoulder. He speaks in a thick German accent and almost broken English.

Gunther Adler:

Thank you for getting rid of Chris Ross.

Blackwood nods.

Gage Blackwood:

That bloke deserved worse.

Both of them are in agreement.

Gage Blackwood:

Now let's take care of The Dibbins.

Gunther smirks just a little.

Gunther Adler:

[mimicking Gage in support] Aye.

They exit the curtain.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, Adler and Blackwood team up to fight The Dibbins, NEXT!

Fade.

GAGE BLACKWOOD & MUSHIGIHARA VS. THE DIBBINS

DDK:

Well folks, it's a long time coming for Gunther Adler to seek revenge on The Dibbins. With DEFIANCE closing he demanded a rematch and none other than Gage Blackwood of all people, agreed to help.

Angus:

Not sure I'd want that beat up Scotsman helping out Adler, although then again, he's much smarter than the crazy German. Either way, hopefully team DEFIANCE can end these guys.

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This opening match is for one fall! Introducing first, the team of DEFIANCE, Gunther Adler and Gage Blackwood!

The fans cheer and out they come, looking like they'll be on the same page. Gunther Adler is all business but then again so is Gage Blackwood. It doesn't take long for them to enter the ring.

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

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, from the UTA, Luke and Duke... The Dibbins!

And out the hicks come. How they can be taken seriously is anyone's guess. It's only a matter of time before they clearly get theirs. Luke and Duke exchange toothless and golden grill smiles as they stumble their way down the ramp. Wearing unclean beaters and jeans, these two definitely can be smelled from the 10th row at least.

They enter the ring and Doyle calls for the bell, leaving Adler to start against Luke.

DING DING DING

Adler circles Luke and the two quickly tie up.

DDK:

But Luke slips away and runs to his corner!

Adler goes after him. He charges in hard but, SURPRISE, there's Duke with a boot to his face through the corner! Luke then capitalizes and connects with a running bulldog.

Luke Dibbins:

Stupid German! Gosh damn Duke, he's dumber than a bag of shit!

Duke Dibbins:

Dilly dilly!!

Gage is about to step in and take Luke's head off but he's slow to move into the ring so Benny Doyle beats him to it. Noticing this, Duke jumps into the squared circle and the two of them stomp the hell out of Gunther.

The Faithful are growing restless already.

Finally, Blackwood retreats and Benny goes back to restoring order. Not before Duke spits on Adler those and then shakes his crotch at him.

DDK:

Luke whips Adler into the ropes... BIG shoulder block by the German! Now a massive powerslam!

Adler hurries to the ropes and performs a splash. Luke is down and out but then Duke comes running back in.

DDK:

Hip toss to Duke! Clothesline to Duke! Irish whip into the ropes and a sidewalk slam to Duke! It's all Adler right now!

Angus:

Good stuff, keep it coming! Make quick work of these-

Just as Angus is about to finish, Luke gets a second wind and rolls Adler up.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

The BRAZEN wrestler breaths a sigh of relief and grabs Luke by his skull, completely picking him up off the ground in the process.

Another slam and then a tag to Blackwood who's perched on the top rope.

DDK:

Gage comes off with a leg drop! Now he takes an incoming Duke Dibbins and hurls him over the top rope and out of the ring. Blackwood goes back to Luke, but not before a rake to the eyes!

Next, Luke reenacts his brother. He spits on Blackwood and then shakes his crotch at him before bouncing off the ropes and landing a swinging neck breaker.

Angus:

I'm surprised these guys can perform a few moves...

DDK:

Oh, me too.

Luke looks to tag Duke but he's still collecting himself on the outside. This buys the beaten Gage a little time as Luke pulls the Scot to his feet-

DDK:

Snap suplex by Gage!

Blackwood screams and runs to the corner of the ring. He waits for Luke to get to one knee, then two...

DDK:

Gaelic Storm!

But Gage Blackwood doesn't cover. Instead, he looks up at Gunther, whom might not be saying it, but desperately wants to inflict more revenge. And this... this wasn't Gage's fight. Not like with Chris Ross.

Angus:

What's he doing!? Pin him, you have the match won!

DDK:

No I believe he's going to tag in Gunther!

The Faithful pop loudly as Blackwood tags Adler. The German wastes no time running into the ropes and annihilating

Luke with a boot to the head. This follows Adler putting Luke on his shoulder and bouncing off two sets of ropes...

BOOM.

DDK:

The ring almost broke from that powerslam!

Adler stands and screams, an echo that goes through the entire arena. He pulls Luke up by his hair, slowly, enjoying every second of this moment. But suddenly... Gunther's knee buckles just a little. It allows a battered Luke Dibbins to fumble his way to the corner of the ring where Duke has recovered and stands.

DDK:

Tag to Duke!

Angus:

Great, get him too Gunther! End these idiots!!

But Duke doesn't come in alone, although no one else has noticed just yet.

DDK:

Duke ducks a right hand from Adler, spins him around and-

THUD.

Adler falls in an immediate heap.

At first, Benny Doyle is confused but then he sees it and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING.

DDK:

What the hell happened?

Angus:

Keebs... Keebs, Duke has *brass knuckles* on his hand!

Adler is out. Completely out. And Duke is just standing there admiring his work.

Then Adler starts convulsing and it looks very serious. Benny Doyle jumps to Adler's attention and Gage Blackwood does, too. The DEFIANCE talent was going to beat the piss out of Duke for the brass knuckles shot, but there are more pressing things to attend to.

DDK:

[very serious] Oh my god.

Angus:

Um... someone please help! Hurry!!

Benny Doyle calls for EMT's and they come down instantly. Duke walks over to his corner and pulls his dazed and confused brother to his feet. At first, they look worried too. But as Adler continues to seizure in the middle of the ring, Duke and Luke walk over to the chaos. Again, they look concerned... until Luke regains full consciousness and starts to wave his crotch at Adler again.

Luke Dibbins:

Ahahahah dilly dilly!!

Duke starts shooting snot in Adler's general direction.

DDK:

This is fuc- disgusting.

DDK catches himself before swearing, something he rarely (if ever) does and Angus has already dropped his headset and starting cursing in the direction of the ring.

DDK:

This wasn't needed, folks. We're not even going to show the replays because that was a gutless shot straight to the temple. Yes, we are in a war here with the UTA. Yes, UTA has technically won this war with DEFIANCE closing but this... this is too far.

By now the ring is full of about 5-7 EMT's, Benny Doyle, another referee and Gage Blackwood. The Dibbins continue to dance and parade around the ring like the dickheads they are.

Angus:

[shouting] GET THEM BLACKWOOD. GET THEM NOW!

But Gage has other worries. By now The Dibbins have marched outside the ring and rile up The Faithful in the front row.

There is no announcement of the winners. There's really no need. Just concern for Gunther Adler as DEFtv goes to a commercial break.

THE FUSE BROS VS. PCP

DDK:

Two weeks ago, a hell of a lot of controversy surrounding the number one contenders to the Tag Team Championships! None other than Aces Wild got involved in the triple threat match between Team HOSS, The Fuse Bros. and PCP!

Angus:

And while you could make the case for Aces Wild needing to be involved in that tag match, it technically *did* lead to Team HOSS scoring the pinfall and becoming the number one contenders for a match on DEFtv 99!!

DDK:

Yes, but tonight we will also have Aces Wild vs. Team HOSS for what they say, is a right to the number one contendership and then PCP and The Fuse Bros. battling here for another shot, maybe at DEFtv 100, as well.

Angus:

Yeah it's a little messed up at the moment, all these teams jockeying for position, but this match should burn our monitors down!

DDK:

Definitely.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match for one fall... introducing first, Tyler and Conor, The Fuse Bros.!

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

Out comes Tyler, followed by Conor pumping up The Gamers as normal. They get into the ring, looking to get this battle going so they can move on to the actual Tag Team Achievements.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, Klein and The D... PCP!

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

As always, Klein walks behind The D. He's reluctant and scared.

Angus:

You know, I wonder what he was going to do in the ring, during the triple threat... with all of them down... before, well, Aces Wild got in the way.

DDK:

Things we will never know, sadly.

The D gets into the ring and meets Tyler Fuse in the middle of the canvas, while Conor and Klein take their respective sides. Conor shouts over to Klein.

Conor Fuse:

Always Player Two, too, eh?

Klein nods.

DING DING DING

DDK:

What the hell!?!?

Angus:

THOSE GOD DAMN DIBBINS!

Smack, a chair shot to Tyler Fuse.

Smack, a chair shot to The D.

Conor Fuse runs into the ring but he's met with a double (*SMACK*, *SMACK*) chair shot.

This just leaves Klein. Trembling.

DDK:

ARE YOU SERIOUS!?

Luke, for what has to be a Guinness World Record, is dancing around again and waving his crotch at Klein.

Duke Dibbins:

Come get some, boy.

Klein was about to enter the ring, but it doesn't matter. Both of The Dibbins rush him and nail him off the apron with chair shots.

SMACK, *SMACK*.

DDK:

And down goes Klein!

Angus:

I hate these guys! I bloody *hate* these guys!!!

The Faithful are furious. Not only did The Dibbins take out Gunther Adler moments ago, they ruined a potential dream match. And on top of all of this... they took out The Fuse Bros. and PCP, too.

Angus:

This is the second time on back-to-back shows we have no idea what tag team is "the top" one!

The Dibbins know their time might be up and maybe, somewhere, Gage Blackwood or another DEFIANCE wrestler is lurking so they drop the chairs and run behind the rampway completely out of sight.

DDK:

[disappointed] Yes, this solves nothing.

Benny Doyle looks confused and checks on Tyler, then The D and so forth as all four men recover from what's happened.

CALLING IT DOWN THE MIDDLE

As we come back from commercial we see Downtown Darren Keebler and the one and only Angus Skaaland discussing what just transpired before the match in the last match up between the Fuse Brothers and PCP.

Angus:

I HATE THESE BUMS FROM UTAH!

DDK:

For those just tuning in and trying to wonder what my partner is alluding to, and that's a great tag team exhibition put on my PCP and the Fuse Bros that got ruined by The Dibbins.

Angus:

Them damn Dibbins! Someone needs to put those inbred hicks out of their misery. UTA is already and life support and someone needs to pull the damn cord already. I hate them.

Someone say hate?????

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area as the vile war cry of a certain Texan is heard throughout the arena.

"FUCK DEFIANCE!"

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

Angus:

Not this asshole.....

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred as they know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters.....SCOTT STEVENS as "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play.

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of a staircase in the arena and a group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and Scott Stevens appears at the top. The faithful continue their expletives towards the Texan who simply smirks as the Texan shows off his hardware which consists of the All or Nothing Trophy aka the Fuck DEFIANCE Cup, both the Wrestle UTA and DEFIANCE Wrestling tag team championships.

DDK:

Last show we were all informed by the Texan himself, that Kendrix had forfeited his championship to his partner and Stevens is now the sole owner of both tag titles.

Angus:

That's not the only thing this idiot did.

DDK:

What my partner is alluding to is.....

Angus:

That hick disrespected our championships! He called our tag titles second class and said they are only good for wiping his ass with as he presented those piece of shit UTA titles on our program!

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 because his golden armor shields him from the attack. The FUCK DEFIANCE Security push the more rabid fans out of the way to insure the Texans safety as he makes his way through the DEFIANCE filth until he reaches the barricade.

DDK:

Whether you like him or despise him, but the fact remains that Scott Stevens has been the most consistent member of the UTA wrestlers as he is undefeated in singles....

Angus:

He didn't beat THE FIST!

DDK:

It was a draw, but he hasn't tasted a singles defeat here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Well he will tonight!

Stevens slowly hops the barricade making his way around the ring to the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes looking out amongst the crowd before letting them know he is better than them as he raises his gold high into the air drawing more hatred from the faithful before dropping to the canvas and calling for a microphone.

Scott Stevens:

Is that anyway to treat your champion Filth?

Stevens asks as he looks towards the crowd.

Scott Stevens:

I mean just look at me!

Stevens says as he stretches out his arms to show all of his glorious championships.

Scott Stevens:

I know ya'll can't comprehend what greatness looks like because you'll never attain it in your pathetic little lives, but I am the definition of it because I am simply the best, period.

The crowd boos Texan and he simply shrugs it off.

Scott Stevens:

If I'm not the best than you tell me who is then?

Stevens asks and the fans let him know.

CAYLE

CAYLE

CAYLE

DDK:

The crowd letting Stevens know that they believe Cayle Murray is better than him.

Angus:

And he is because he won and that hick didn't. Plain and simple!

Stevens shakes his head in disgust.

Scott Stevens:

The only thing Cayle Murray is better than me at is having the referee in his back pocket. The only thing Cayle Murray is better than me at is having his having his buddy the referee use a loophole to try and save face after getting his ass kicked from pillar to post! I mean how can you call yourself the true champion Cayle when you were laid out and looking up at the lights while the ref counts three?

Stevens asks bluntly.

Scott Stevens:

I mean it doesn't matter if the time expired at the same time his hand hit the mat because the fact remains he counted three and I should have another piece of gold around this sexy waist, but that didn't happen. Corruption and back stabbing has always been the DEFIANCE way it seems.

Stevens says as he slowly shakes his head drawing more ire from the faithful.

Scott Stevens:

This is why tonight I made sure there isn't going to be any shenanigans.

Angus:

What is this idiot blabbing about?

Stevens says as he points towards the entrance.

♪ "Zero" by The Smashing Pumpkins ♪

Angus:

Is that?!?

It is who you think it is as the Ego Buster saunters his way out towards the top of the stage and he's wearing a referee's shirt.

DDK:

You don't think.....

Angus:

That Benedict Arnold is the special guest referee for tonight's Main Event? I'd say he is.

Stevens smiles wide as he introduces the special guest ref.

Scott Stevens:

DEFIANCE Filth I'd like you to meet your special guest referee for tonight's Main Event.

The crowd boos as Dan Ryan holds up three fingers and acts like he's counting.

Scott Stevens:

Tonight, I won't be the uncrowned champion or the disputed champion, but simply *THE CHAMPION* as I defeat your hero, Cayle Murray, once again and prove to everyone here why I am your Golden Standard as I add another championship to my already impressive resume.

The crowd boos nearly drowning Stevens out.

Scott Stevens:

When the dust settles later tonight and Cayle Murray is beaten, bloody, and broken in the center of this ring not only will you know that I'm the best ever, but you'll have to start referring to me as Mr. DEFIANCE as I'll be running this bitch!

Stevens says as the drops the microphone as he holds his championships high in the air.

DDK:

Strong words from the challenger. Will we see Stevens claim the championship or will it slip through his fingers once again?

CRIMSON LORD VS. MUSHIGIHARA

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

♪Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

The familiar Terminator-esque salvo of industrial drums and shattering glass fills the hallowed WrestlePlex as the DEFIANCE Faithful respond with thunderous cheers. The arena entrance glows in golden light and smog as the familiar figures of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara materialize into view.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds, he is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Dante saunters to the ring with a grin flanked by the God-Beast, who slowly makes his way down the aisle and raises his arms and bellows out a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

The Faithful are jubilant, something that is very obvious from the way the God-Beast smiles.

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

AND his opponent...

A shot of The God Beast staring toward the entranceway 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:

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

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

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

PINK

GREEN

WHITE

RED

PURPLE

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

WHITE

The one light now shown on top of the seven footer. Crimson slowly raises his head as he grits his teeth at The God Beast. Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up to the apron.

Darren Quimbey:

"THE MESSIAH OF PAIN" CRIMSON LORRDD!

Ding ding!

The two big man stare at each other before locking up. Each man struggles to get the advantage. First Mushi pushes Crimson upper back toward the mat but his legs stay firmly planted on the mat. Lord fights the power of DEFIANCE's monster, soon he pushes Mushigihara back to a vertical base, then begins to push Mushi back in the same pose as he once was.

DDK:

Mushigihara isn't letting a sixty-pound weight disadvantage stop him from overpowering Crimson Lord in the early going!

Angus:

It's almost like that mask Mushi wore until Acts of DEFIANCE was holding back his power!

Mushi struggles a bit and finally starts to power his way up. The display from both behemoths is clearly put on display here. Mushi pushes up from the lock up and both men stand at a vertical base once more. A few moments later they forcefully release the collar arm tie up!

DDK:

And neither man was able to get the advantage, but nonetheless why an impressive display of power by DEFIANCE's God-Beast!

Angus:

He's not afraid of ANYTHING here tonight!

The two stare at each other neither man showing fear, or any sign of backing down. They circle each other once more. They go to lock up and just as they do Crimson knee lifts Mushigihara! The brute backs up and Crimson pushes him off the ropes and irish whips him to the opposite ropes! Mushi returns with a full head of steam, and Crimson tries to body block him but Crimson is plowed down to the ground by the force of Mushi!

DDK:

And down goes Crimson!

Angus:

Get that Mormon's punk-ass! OSU!

Crimson quickly stares up at Mushi who gives off a roar of "OSU" with a double bicep pose as he says it. Crimson slowly picks himself off the mat and walks right up into Mushigihara's face pressing his forehead against Mushi's! The two shout at each other before Crimson strikes Mushi across the head only to be returned as the two behemoths brawl back and forth.

DDK:

The monsters are still on even footing, but OH a massive right to Crimson Lord's jaw and he's knocked loopy!

Angus:

Which is good for the God-Beast, because he knows how to pile on punishment!

Crimson is now against the ropes and The God Beast wastes no time and clotheslines the seven footer over the top rope, only for him to land on his feet promptly slamming his hands on the apron in frustration.

DDK:

Crimson manages to avoid a nasty fall, but he's still not happy...

Angus:

And his punk ass is avoiding the ring and fighting Mushi!

Crimson soaks up the count as the referee reaches a nine count before the WrestleUTA monster enters the ring again. The two circle once more and lock up once more. Crimson this time pushes The God Beast in the corner and quickly starts to deliver knee lifts to the cornered big man, into a few knife hand chops!

Crimson sends Mushi from the corner to the opposite corner and quickly dashes toward the prone God Beast! Mushi quickly moves out of the way and Lord is met with a chest full of turnbuckle backing into Mushigiara who quickly back suplex the seven foot monster to the mat. Eddie shouting for Mushi to cover.

ONE

TW..

CL kicks out, Mushi stays on Crimson helping him to his feet. Crimson quickly swats Mushigihara's arms off his shoulders and swiftly delivers a fingers extended uppercut to the throat of the God Beast. He quickly grabs his throat as Crimson locks in a full nelson into a face buster! Crimson rolls Mushi on his back and mounts him and starts to unload with punches.

DDK:

Oof. Crimson Lord is on a tear!

Angus:

Oh, please.

The referee tries to pull Crimson off as he starts to count at his defiance to stop his flurry. After a four count CL gets off Mushi and picks him up and lifts him up into a sidewalk slam! He hooks the leg covering the Beast.

ONE

TW..

Mushi rolls the shoulder Crimson gets up and starts to kick at mushi trying to get to his feet. Mushi gets to his feet and staggers against the ropes. Crimson starts shouting to himself, almost like he is arguing with himself. While Crimson seems to be arguing with himself Mushi is able to catch his breath.

DDK:

Crimson Lord seems to be having a spirited discussion among himself, which gives the God-Beast a chance to recover!

Angus:

Eddie Dante is just staring at Crimson like he doesn't know what to think!

Mushi interrupts the seven footer argument with himself and body slams the big man to the mat he goes off the ropes and leaps over Crimson's prone body into a senton splash! Crimson grabs his ribs and tries to roll out of the ring. The God Beast quickly crawls toward him before he can get to the ropes and covers!

ONE

TWO

TH..

Crimson gets his foot on the ropes, Mushi and eddie look toward the referee for the three count. He motions toward Lord's foot on the ropes. Crimson rolls out of the ring as Mushi quickly follows.

Crimson slides in the ring after being chased by Mushi. As Mushigihara enters the ring Crimson delivers a few stomps followed by a few punches as Mushi gets to his feet. Lord pushes him off the ropes and irish whips him off the ropes! Crimson swings with a clothesline toward the oncoming God Beast, he ducks and gets behind Crimson.

DDK:

Mushigihara going for the Atlas Cutter! He has Crimson up!

Before Mushi can finish the move, Crimson escapes and shoves The God Beast into the turnbuckle sending him to the mat in a crash. Crimson quickly flips over the top rope, and once again begins to argue with himself as he walks around the ring toward the entrance ramp. Eddie is trying to motivate Mushigihara to get to his feet. The referee begins his count. Crimson just continues to argue with himself outside the ring.

DDK:

There he goes again, CL is talking to himself.

Angus:

The man clearly wants nothing to do with Mushigihara, look at him he can't even make up his mind whether he wants to get back in the ring or not.

Crimson continues to take a step forward toward the ring only to take a step back from it. Mushi has gotten to his knee with his right arm on the second rope looking out toward Lord. The count has reached seven.

DDK:

What could Crimson Lord be doing now?

Crimson seems to finally make his mind up and waves his hand at the referee, Mushigihara and begins to walk up the rampway.

DDK:

Well, this is... confusing. Has he had enough?

Angus:

Just like his boys in WrestleUTA; they always try to run when the chips are down.

The God Beast gets to his feet and starts to make his way toward Crimson, but he is too slow as the referee hits TEN! The referee calls for the bell. As Mushigihara stares at CL stepping behind the curtain.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by countout! "THE GOD BEAST" MUSHIGIHARA!!!

The referee raises The God Beast's hand, but Mushi does not look happy at all. Dante climbs into the ring to celebrate with his monster, but he too looks non-plussed by the result.

DDK:

Mushigihara takes the win here, though he's clearly not happy at how he got it!

Angus:

Normally I'd say a win is a win for DEF, but what the fuck is going on with Crimson Lord?!

IN THE HAIR TONIGHT (OH LORD)

Backstage, a DEFIANCE flag waves cheerfully in the background. Christie Zane is in the foreground, wearing her best and brightest formal attire. She looks off frame, and sighs.

Christie Zane:

My guest at this time... Jack Harmen.

Boos start to reign down from the DEF crowd. After a moment, Christie looks off camera and rolls her eyes.

Christie Zane:

Wrestle UTA star... Jack Harmen.

Jack Harmen saunters into frame, chewing loudly on some bubble gum. He eyes Christie up and down, sizing her up like a slab of meat. He shrugs his shoulders to her elegant attire, and continues to chew, now refusing to look her in the eye.

Christie Zane:

Last episode of DEFtv, you attacked Elise Ares and said, if she wants her match, she can put what she most prizes on the line... her hair. We haven't heard from Elise yet in response...

Jack Harmen:

Of course you haven't.

Christie Zane:

Excuse me?

Jack Harmen:

You think you'd give up your long luxurious locks on a long shot? On a fight with the best in the business? A man who's done just about everything you can do...

Christie Zane:

Except win the FIST.

Jack Harmen stops, and now finally pays attention to Zane. He crowds her space, and stares down at her.

Jack Harmen:

What did you say? Say it again. Say it to my face.

Before Christie can respond, the DEF crowd cheers as the D and Klein walk into frame. Klein is hiding behind the D, who stands confidently.

The D:

I think they lady's tryin' to say, Cayle Murray whooped you silly. Oh what? You think I'm gonna back down against you because you've taught me everything I know? Screw that Jack. I'm standing right here. Whattya gonna do about a man stating facts to your face?

Jack Harmen seethes, as he stands inches away from the D. His sarcastic chewing has stopped as he stands motionless. Just long enough for the D to unwrap his own bubble gum, place it in his mouth, and confidently chew it in Harmen's face. He even has the time to blow a bubble...

WHACK!

With the intensity of a car crash, Jack Harmen falls violently to the concrete floor. Christie Zane steps back with her jaw open as a boot steps into frame. The camera pans up to show the usually smirking Elise Ares snarling from the

right corner of her glossed pink lips. Arrogance has morphed into laser focus as she raises the chair above her head and smacks it down onto Jack Harmen again, then again, then again, until even Christie Zane feels the need to go and get somebody. She motions for The D to roll him over onto his back, and he does so. Harmen's eyes try to focus but they keep trying to roll into the back of his skull as she puts her boot down across his neck. Behind her, Klein picks Zane's live microphone up off the ground and hands it to The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. She tosses the chair, skittering down the hallway before taking it.

Elise Ares:

Is this thing still on?

Her beautiful slightly Asian eyes, normally focused directly into the camera at all times never leave Jack Harmen's face.

Elise Ares:

Do I have your attention now? Pick him up. I want to make sure he's paying attention.

The D and Klein lift Jack up by his arms, dead weight as he hangs helplessly between them. He may not know where he is, but he has no choice but to notice Elise Ares, who gets down onto one knee to make sure she's directly in his face. She doesn't start until he acknowledges the fact that he sees her face.

Elise Ares:

I've been chasing your ghost around this place for MONTHS. You come in here, you break our hearts and stab us in the back... you end everything we had. You give me the closest thing to a father and a mentor that I've ever had in my life just so you can take it from me, and show me why I never trusted anyone in this world but myself in the first place. Then poof, you disappear. You don't even acknowledge the fact that we exist. I come out to that ring, EVERY night... SCREAMING for you to come out and face me and you blow me off. And people think I'm arrogant. I better have your attention now.

Elise's eyes grow just a tad wider as The D and Klein give him another lift.

Elise Ares:

You chase your little golden goose and push us to the side until you realize that you're not good enough to get the job done. Force us to move on with our lives then stroll back in to stab us in the back again. Hold me down and cut my hair because YOU KNOW I care about it so much. You didn't cut me deep enough the first time did you? You HAD to cut deeper. You HAD to make this more personal because there was something in this world that you hadn't taken away from me yet, so you had to do it to make yourself feel better for FAILING. AGAIN.

The camera zooms in as she gets closer into his face. He struggles to break free but he can't, the attack took too much out of him. He has no choice but to sit back and watch.

Elise Ares:

That's fine, Jack. You can have it. You want my hair on the line... you got it. It's yours, but it's not free. I'm waaaay beyond begging you for a chance to beat you one last time. I want to cut you deeper, too. I want to take the thing YOU care about the most. The thing you care about more than your friends. Your students. Your family. Remember your son, Jack? He's running around BRAZEN trying to make a name for himself while you completely ignore he exists. I want to end it, Jack. I want your career.

Finally that smirk crosses the face of Elise Ares, but it doesn't feel the same. The fun-loving, jovial, laid back feeling is gone. Something has taken its place. It's a tad uneasy.

Elise Ares:

I'm going to put you on the sidelines. I'm not going to give you the choice to chase championships while we wait for a 5 o'clock seminar you're going to pass on to get one last sparring session in for yourself. I'm going to force you to be a goddamn father for the first time in your life. You're going to be home to help your son understand how to properly put on a collar and elbow. This business is not going to be your entire life any more. It's over. You're done... and later, you

can thank me for it.

She drops the microphone on the ground as DEFsec begins to circle around the area. Klein and The D drop Jack Harmen with a thud onto the floor as Elise puts her hands up in the air and begins to walk away backwards. The D joins her. Klein pauses for a moment, looking down at Jack Harmen crawling across the floor in front of him. As DEFsec pushes him away, Klein scurries away from the camera he'd almost forgotten was there. Leaving Jack Harmen alone.

OSCAR BURNS Â© VS. THE JAY HARVEY

DDK:

We've got a HUGE match coming up next, Angus. Oscar Burns looks to make his third successful defense of the WrestleUTA World Championship against none other than perhaps one of UTA's best and a former champ himself, THE Jay Harvey.

Angus:

I know, Keebs, and Burns better win if he still wants to be in MY good graces.

DDK:

I'm sure THAT'S what he's worried about, partner. Anyhow, Burns issued an open challenge on UNCUT and retained against his former rival, Danny Diggs. After that match, he was jumped by THE Jay Harvey who issued a challenge for the title which brings us to right now. Can THE Jay Harvey bring the belt back to the WrestleUTA or is Burns' run as the champ have more steam left?

Angus:

The DEFIANCE Domination Train cannot be stopped so close to us closing up shop for good! Burns needs to retire that title as the champion!

And the camera pans to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and will be for the WreslteUTA World Championship!

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

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

Angus:

Ugh. Smug bastards.

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. Harvey then makes the all-too-known universal "I'm taking the belt" gesture around his waist and waits for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

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

DDK:

Burns was very disappointed to hear the news about DEFIANCE closing - understandably so, of course - but he has made a vow to retire the WreslteUTA World Title as its final wearer by DEFtv 100. We've seen him overcome a LOT, but THE Jay Harvey's won-loss record dare I say is a bit more impeccable than Burns himself.

Angus:

Pfft, don't compliment the tool!

Burns rocks the FIFTEEN (maybe) pounds of gold around his waist and heads toward the ring, undoing the title. He stops on the turnbuckle and holds it up high before heading to the ring where THE Jay Harvey looks primed and ready to be the champion again. Burns hands the title over to Hector Navarro and the match begins.

DING DING DING

The bell sounds and we begin. Oscar Burns has more intent in his steps as he and Jay Harvey begin circling each other. Harvey looks to be sizing up his opponent and neither man has taken their eyes off of the other. Harvey flicks at his nose as he continues to circle the ring. Burns goes to shoot into for a takedown causing Harvey to quickly move to the side. The men go back to circling for a moment and Harvey sweeps in attempting to grab at Burns' left hand, but to no avail.

The slow pace continues as both men keep feeling out each other. Burns and Harvey meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up which has both men at a stalemate in trying to gain control. Burns tries to take Harvey down but Harvey fights it, both men getting lower in stance, closer to the mat. Burns is on his knees, using the mat to keep him up and added leverage in the Tie Up. Burns is able to push up off the mat, nudging Harvey backward and now gaining control when he takes Harvey's back.

Harvey makes every effort to break Burns' grip around his waist, making a move to gain Burns' back but Burns locks in sort of Wristlock on Harvey. Harvey shows signs of pain and Burns transitions the Wristlock into a Hammerlock now locked in behind Harvey. Harvey slaps at his shoulder to alleviate some pressure from the hold. Harvey doesn't stay in the hold for long, switching out of the hold and putting Burns into a Hammerlock of his own.

DDK:

Both men still trying to figure the other out.

Angus:

Burns able to escape the clutches of Jay Harvey.

Burns backs into the corner and Harvey puts on that classic smile. Harvey knows Burns got the best of him in that interaction. Burns walks along the ring ropes, adjusting his wrist tape and then his elbow pad. The two meet back in the middle of the ring and in one more Collar and Elbow Tie Up. They battle for a second or two and Burns sweeps Harvey's legs out from him. Burns acts quickly and latches onto Harvey's left leg in a Ankle Lock styled submission.

Burns brings Harvey's free leg over, locking it behind his knee but Harvey is able to free himself and executes a modified Figure Four Leglock. Burns is nowhere near the ropes and tries to smack at Harvey to break the hold. Burns is able to roll over, causing Harvey to stand back up but not for long because of a sweep of the legs from Burns. Oscar is able to get out of dodge.

The Faithful are cheering as Burns stands tall in the corner, far from Jay Harvey. Harvey sits on his backside laughing. Harvey gets back to a vertical position and the two do the dance one more time in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Oscar Burns seems to be getting into the head of Jay Harvey here in the early stages of this match.

Angus:

It's a change of pace because Harvey seems to be the one playing the mind games. I'm happy to see it.

Harvey and Burns meet back up in the middle of the ring and lock hands in a test of strength. Burns drops himself backward resting on his head for a second before wiggling his body around Harvey's locking in another Hammerlock. Burns hooks his right leg between Harvey's legs while keeping the Hammerlock on but now twists Harvey's head upward with his left hand.

Harvey grabs at Burns' hands to free himself which makes Burns unhook his leg from Harvey's getting both men into vertical stances. Harvey grabs Burns by the back of the head and Snapmares him over and to the mat. Harvey slides over and goes for a Rear Chinlock but Burns is able to escape it. Burns is so quick with his transitions as he already has a Wristlock cinched. Burns brings Harvey's arm over but Harvey once again Snapmares Burns to the mat. Harvey goes in for the Rear Chinlock and once again Burns is able to escape.

Burns takes Harvey's wrist and you guessed it, another Wristlock. Harvey grimaces as Burns appears to have the Wristlock in deep. The two men dance around the ring and Harvey is able to move under Burns' arm and locks in a

Wristlock of his own before getting snapped down to the mat by Burns via a Headlock Takedown.

Harvey lifts his right leg up and down across Burns' neck executing a Head Scissor Leg Lock. Burns struggles to break loose from Harvey's powerful legs. Burns rolls the two around and frees himself getting back to his feet and getting applause from the sold out DEFIANCE crowd.

DDK:

A technical showcase going on here inside the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

Harvey looks pissed and I love it!

Harvey and Burns both take a second to take a blow before getting back into things. They just stand across from each other, eyes locked on the other. They lock up in another Collar and Elbow Tie Up this time ending with Burns putting Harvey in a Side Headlock. Burns digs in deeper and deeper as Harvey tries his best to get out of the hold.

Burns has a solid grip and isn't letting go of his opponent. Harvey pushes the two back toward the ropes, then sending Burns across the ring running. Burns comes back toward Harvey and shoulders him to the mat. Burns pauses for a second before hitting the ropes as Harvey rolls over and stays down on the mat. Burns hops over Harvey who then bounces to his feet. Harvey Leap Frogs the ducking Oscar Burns but Burns at the last second grabs at Harvey's left ankle.

The two stay down on the mat as the crowd is shocked by the maneuver from Burns. Burns gets back to his feet and turns Harvey over only to get caught in a Small Package.

ONE!

TWO!

Burns kicks out and keeps his WrestleUTA World title for the time being. Burns is back up but dropped back down by way of a Drop Toe Hold. Harvey moves with lightning speed and executes a Crossface submission on Oscar Burns. Burns starts turning red as his pain is quite evident. Burns somehow is able to turn Harvey over into a pinning predicament.

ONE!

TWO!

Harvey kicks out just before three. The two are back on their feet when Burns shoots in for a takedown.

DDK:

What a knee! Jay Harvey might have broken Oscar Burns' jaw with that knee!

Angus:

That's the dangerous thing about going in for a takedown especially when you are in the ring with someone with the striking ability that Harvey possesses.

DDK:

Did you just compliment Jay Harvey?

Angus:

Oh god... I did. I must be sick.

Burns rolls toward the ropes while Harvey gets the attention of the referee. Catalina gets into view and begins choking Oscar Burns by pulling the back of his head down across the bottom rope. The crowd lets out a massive boo as the

referee is unaware of what is going on behind him. Catalina finishes off her assault by land several stiff looking elbows to Burns' jaw.

Harvey is up to his feet and wearing that shit eating grin we have grown so accustomed to since his debut in DEFIANCE. Harvey makes his way over to Burns who is gasping for air. Catalina exits our view and the referee is none the wiser. Harvey grabs the top rope with both hands and slingshots himself over, landing a Leg Drop to Burns' while his neck is still across the bottom rope.

Harvey rests on the edge of the ring, smiling to the crowd and the camera right in his face. Burns clutches at his throat, barely able to breathe. Harvey grabs at Burns' head again draping him over the bottom rope. The referee starts his Ten Count on Harvey but "The Natural One" doesn't seem to care. Harvey lands some vicious right fists on Burns.

DDK:

What's Harvey have planned?

Angus:

I'm sure it's not gonna be good...

Harvey walks down to the ring post close to the Time Keeper's table. He "eyes" up Burns and takes off. He perfectly lands a Running Dropkick that knocks Oscar out cold. After the very impressive feat of athleticism from The Natural One, Harvey blows a kiss at Catalina and then goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

#MarvelousDropkick there by Harvey, but we've seen Burns show how good he is absorbing punishment, only to come back from it.

Angus:

Now he's gotta be good at grapplefucking this moron into oblivion!

But THE Jay Harvey doesn't give him a chance. Before Burns can even sit up, he takes another Seated Dropkick to the face and now Harvey with another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Burns kicks ou... no!

When the shoulder goes up, Harvey immediately takes a page from the book of Burns and grabs his arm for a Cross Arm Breaker, but Burns frantically fights his way out. He locks his arms together and tries to keep the hold from being completed, but when Harvey tries to slap the hands in two, Burns suddenly shifts his weight into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Harvey lets go and when both men try to get back up, The Natural One cracks him in the chest with a knee strike before a whip to the ropes. He tries taking his head off with a Superkick, but Burns rolls underneath at the last second

and goes for a Dropkick of his own. Harvey instinctively covers up, only to leave himself wide open for a Dropkick to the knee!

Angus:

There we go! Suckered him in right there!

With the crowd rallying behind the champion, Burns grabs Harvey's left leg and slams a few elbows into the joint, possibly looking to take away the Wake Up Call out of his arsenal. He whips Harvey into the ropes and follows up with a Running European Uppercut before running cross-corner and coming back with a second shot! Burns then follows that up by grabbing the leg and snapping him over with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip!

DDK:

Burns now mounting a comeback after most of this match has been controlled by Harvey!

The Technical Spectacle hooks the legs and locks in an Inverted Indian Deathlock now, looking to soften up the knee of Harvey! The Natural One tries fighting the hold and tries to claw his way towards the ropes while The Faithful call for one of WrestleUTA's most talented and most hated to tap...

But then they JEER as Catalina starts to shove the ropes a little closer for Harvey to grab them!

DDK:

Catalina paying dividends right there!

The crowd jeers as Hector Navarro didn't see the interference probably because he's an idiot or something. But Burns lets go regardless of why and then tries to pull the leg again. Harvey hangs onto the ring skirt when Burns tries to drag him back, so Harvey goes low and nails him with a quick kick to the knee! That leaves him wide open...

Angus:

SHOT OF REALITY!

The Single Knee Facebreaker (using his right knee) connects and Harvey rolls right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

DDK:

So close! But Harvey is following up!

Rather than waste time arguing with the official, THE Jay Harvey hooks the head and legs, perhaps looking for the Fisherman's Buster he calls The Cold Hard Truth. But instead, Burns elbows his way free. He tries for a German Suplex, but this time The Natural One kicks out. He runs off the ropes, only to get caught... BACKCRACKAMAJIG!

DDK:

Backcrackamajig! Could that be all?

ONE!

TWO!

THR... HARVEY KICKS OUT!

The crowd is coming alive from the sheer action with both men throwing their best shots at one another, but now Burns

tries to close the gap with another hard European Uppercut. He then tries to connect with his Rolling Heel Hook - The Graps of Wrath III- but amazingly Harvey rolls through and makes it back to his feet. He slightly limps and when Burns tries to hook him for a Full Nelson, Harvey elbows his way loose. Burns turns his head...

Angus:
SUPERKICK!

Indeed, Harvey lands the Superkick underneath the jaw and Burns staggers into the ropes, right back into his grip...

DDK:
COLD HARD TRUTH! HE GOT IT THAT TIME!

THE Jay Harvey follows the Superkick by DRILLING the WrestleUTA World Champion with The Cold Hard Truth! He hangs on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Unlike earlier, NOW Harvey is IRATE with Hector Navarro and both he and Catalina take turns reading him the riot act for what they call a slow count.

DDK:
I don't know how Burns kicked out of all that, but Harvey needs to focus on Burns while he can!

Harvey actually does just that after jabbing a finger into the chest of Navarro, yelling at him to count faster next time. Burns isn't moving when THE Jay Harvey goes to pull him back up to his feet, only to deck him with a solid right hand and another knee to double him over. He shakes the pain out of his knee and preps himself to deliver the kill shot that has fallen many DEFIANCE stars before him.

Angus:
He's gearing up for it... that damn Wake Up Call!

Harvey runs at the ropes and when Burns is leaning near, he's going for broke...

DDK:
NO! BURNS SIDE STEPS!

Burns just BARELY moves out of the way! Harvey also quickly stops himself but when he turns around, Burns hooks his head and body...

DDK:
Fruit Roll-up!

Burns turns the Octopus Stretch into a sideways roll-up, restraining his shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE..KICKOUT!

Harvey just manages to kick out... but **AFTER THE THREE!**

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Was that it? Was that it?!

Angus:

Was it ...? IT WAS!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match and STILL WrestleUTA World Champion... OSCAR BURNS!

Burns jumps around the mat in triumph while an OUTRAGED Catalina yells at the official, arguing that Harvey got his shoulder up first, but that wasn't the case! His decision stands as Burns is awarded the title... to a mass chorus of jeers.

Harvey still in shock makes his way to the referee, absolutely livid. Harvey and Navarro are nose to nose and Navarro isn't backing down. Harvey shoves Hector to the mat getting a major rise from the Faithful. Harvey now turns his attention to the WrestleUTA World Champion.

DDK:

There's absolutely no need for that!

Angus:

Come on, Harvey, your ass got beat fair and square! Sore fuckin' loser!

DDK:

Burns may have JUST escaped defeat when THE Jay Harvey had him down, but Harvey taking it out! He lands the Wake Up Call!

The outraged Harvey grabs Burns and picks up where he left off on UNCUT, attacking the champion after the match and wailing on him with a series of vicious right hands! Navarro calls for the bell, but no matter how many times it gets rung the beatdown continues.

Angus:

You son of a bitch! You...

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

DDK:

...Oh, no...

Harvey only stops the assault momentarily when he sees a very unstable and very dangerous Crimson Lord walking out from the back, clutching his head and mumbling to himself...

Angus:

God, what does THIS crazy bastard want?

THE Jay Harvey watches as Crimson Lord makes to the ring and steps on the ring apron. He stops and motions for the fallen Burns to sit there and wait while he rolls out of the ring.

THE Jay Harvey:

All yours!

Don't get it twisted - Harvey's a bit pissed off that he lost... but he's laid out Burns and now he's at the mercy of an unstable giant. He and Catalina cautiously watch him before they head up the ramp. Crimson Lord eyes them briefly

before holding his head.

Crimson Lord:

Don't worry... *[voice changing]* NO, I WANT WHAT'S MINE!

He goes nuts and then picks up Burns...

DDK:

HOLLOW POINT! BURNS CAN'T DEFEND HIMSELF!

Burns gets SPIKED into the mat and now The Crown Jewel of the Wrestling Industry holds his head and then grabs the WrestleUTA World Title in hand, staring at it longingly.

Crimson Lord:

I won't let them take yMINE! MINE! THIS BELONGS TO ME AND I DON'T CARE WHAT ANY STIPULATION SAYS!

He throws the title down and lets out another roar before leaving the ring...

DDK:

Crimson Lord wants that title... and he clearly doesn't care what the rules are... he'll do it or he'll take out Burns trying to get it back.

SCOTT DOUGLAS Â© VS. KENDRIX

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights in the arena go out momentarily before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly twists around to face the crowd, Bug Eye shades as well as his trademark smirk etched across his face

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

DDK:

Kendrix called out Douglas last week...

Angus:

After rudely interrupting my wonderful interviewing skills, Keebs!

DDK:

An interesting way of looking at it, that's for sure, Angus, but Scott Douglas has accepted JFK's challenge and defends both the SOHER and HOHER titles in this matchup.

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

He is JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY..... KEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX!

Hopping off the turnbuckle and back to the mat, Jesse discards his shades and "JFK" t-shirt to a ringside hand. As referee Benny Doyle approaches him and checks for any illegal wear.

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

As the low guitar swell rises, the camera swoops over an electric crowd toward the entrance way, angling up as Scott Douglas emerges from behind the curtain. His hair dripping and covering most of his low bearded face. The camera zooms in tight as drops of water or sweat ... whichever it is, land on his jacket; the camera follows the drops down the leather 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
DOOUGGLASSSSS!

The camera then zooms out, quickly, revealing the WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Title gripped in his right hand. Douglas takes his mark at the center of the stage, just before the ramp decline begins, flinging his hair back out of his face. He looks around and soaks in the Faithful's admiration for a moment as the grunge theme plays on.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

He reaches around to unlatch the SoHer from his waist and raises it to an added pop from the paying audience while leaving the HoHer hanging by his side. The broadcast quickly cuts to a reaction shot from an agitated JFK.

Angus:

McFuckass Junior doesn't like that shit! The hell with Hollywood!!

Benny Doyle attempts to back up the enscensed Kendrix as Douglas pauses on the ring steps; soaking in the Faithfuls exuberant reaction.

DDK:

I think it goes without saying, Scott Douglas is clearly the fan favorite here tonight!

Angus:

Yet ... you still said it, Keebs.

DING DING

The pair circle for a moment, measuring one another up. Douglas starts to shoot for a leg but quickly reconsiders and the two continue to make their rounds. Kendrix, then, begins to mock Douglas' with facetious sudden movements only to pull back again. Douglas' temper gets the best of him and he goes in and the pair lock up.

Kendrix drives Douglas into the corner and Benny Doyle begins the count, calling for the break. Kendrix, rather than exhaust the count, begins to cautiously let loose of his opponent. Jesse slowly raises his hands and in fair play; Douglas does the same. Doyle stops the count early on the account of such fine sportsmanship but just as he backs away; Kendrix cheap shots Douglas.

DDK:

Douglas blocks it!

He does and he returns fire.

Angus:

Get 'em, SCOTTY!

Douglas fights out of the corner and puts Kendrix on his heels, or so he thought. Douglas grabs a standing side headlock but Kendrix, head trapped and all, is able to force the pair back into the ropes and use the momentum to shoot Scott off. On the return, Douglas lays Jesse down with a shoulder block, but Kendrix pops to his feet. Douglas hits the opposite ropes and Kendrix drops low. Douglas steps over and follows to the other side. Again on the return, Kendrix leaps and Douglas ducks.

Angus:

McFuckass LITE looks awful pleased with himself! OHHHH SHIT!

He is and doesn't realize the SoHer/HoHer has stopped short and turned. Kendrix turns around to be met with a strike that sends him to the matt.

DDK:

Hell of a blow from Scott Douglas!

It was but Kendrix, once again pops back to his feet. Douglas meets him before he can regain composure and the former tag team champion finds himself against the ropes as Douglas approaches.

DDK:

Big clothesline!! AND Kendrix goes over the top!

Kendrix lands on the outside of the ring and attempts to recover. Douglas hits the opposite ropes and attempts a baseball slide but Kendrix moves out of the way and Douglas slides straight to the outside. He lands on his feet but is instantly met with a barrage of strikes from Jesse. Dazed, Douglas is scooped up and dropped throat first across the guard rail as Benny Doyle counts on the inside.

Douglas, somehow, lands on his feet gripping his neck and coughing as Kendrix takes him by the belt and collar and sends him sailing into the ring stairs. Kendrix rolls in and breaks the count and heads right back to the outside. He pulls Douglas up by his hair and takes him in a standing leg scissors.

Angus:

No... no ...

DDK:

... OHHHH!

Kendrix hoists Douglas up and drives him into the ringside floor with a stiff piledriver. Doyle's count is interrupted by his cringing reaction.

DDK:

OH MY!

Angus:

DOUGLAS IS DEAD!

Kendrix looks down at Scott, a little shocked at his handy work before raising his head and slowly smiling as he wipes a loose strand of hair away from his face. He looks up at the ref, eyes widened.

Kendrix:

FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, C'MON, YOU KNOW HOW TO COUNT, BRUV!

The ref, rather hurriedly, gets back to the count as Jesse grabs Douglas by the top of his head and manages to roll his seemingly lifeless body back into the ring.

DDK:

Kendrix down for the cover, late kick out on two from Douglas! We almost had a new champion.

Angus:

CHAMPIONS! Or is it Dual Champion? I don't know but that WAS TOO CLOSE!

DDK:

Douglas has done well to kick out of that but, honestly, partner ... he looks out of it.

LETS GO DOUGLAS, Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap

LETS GO DOUGLAS, Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap

DDK:

The crowd getting right behind the champ here. But Kendrix drops a jumping knee back down onto his temple.

Kendrix helps Scott up to his feet, Douglas knocks his hands away from his head and throws a laboured forearm that Kendrix easily ducks under, through and pulls the champ down hard, neck first onto the canvas.

DDK:

Did you hear the impact following that perfectly timed neckbreaker from JFK?

Angus:

This looks bad, Keebs! Really bad ... Douglas is holding his neck.

Benny Doyle has got in between Kendrix and Douglas, ordering JFK to wait in the corner while he checks on him. The camera tries to focus in on Douglas but the view is blocked off by Doyle, however, switching back to hard cam, Douglas' respite is short lived.

DDK:

Kendrix isn't staying back, he's stomping at Douglas' neck, wait a minute! ANKLE LOCK!

Douglas grabs the boot on the last stomp from JFK and drops him to the floor, twisting away at his ankle! Kendrix screams in agony, holding his hands to his eyes before reaching out and grabbing the ropes.

Angus:

Dammit, an inch or two away from the ropes and McFuckass Junior was done for!

DDK:

Both men down now as the refs count reaches three.

The crowd are right behind Douglas as he and Kendrix, on opposite sides of the ring now, reach up to pull themselves up by the ropes. The claps, encouraging Douglas gradually to his feet, get louder and louder. The ref checks on Douglas to see if he's ok to continue, Douglas nods, but tries to shove the ref out of harm's way as he clocks JFK running full pelt. Unfortunately for the ref, the running front kick catches him on the back of the head

DDK:

We got our official down and out here.

Angus:

Wake up and disqualify him, dammit!

Douglas squares up to Kendrix pointing down at the ref, questioning why Jesse did that? Kendrix mouths off back to Scotty and the two trade forearm. The Faithful ohh and aww along with each shot. Kendrix lands the last blow and it sends Douglas stumbling back on his heels toward the ropes. As the SoHer finds the ropes and grabs a hold with one hand, holding his head with the other, Jesse attempts to shake off the damage dealt before coming after Douglas. He grabs Douglas' head ailing wrist while leaning in and the end result he shoots Scott across the ring. On the return, Jesse ducks down.

DDK:

Back body ...

Douglas grabs a front headlock.

Angus: *[excited]*

NOPE! Sub POP SUPLEX!!

Douglas sets up Jesse who is struggling as, Official Benny Doyle begins to stir. Scott attempts to lift Jesse but is forced to set him back down. Scott let's go of his lift point and starts laying in punches to Kendrix's midsection. After a few, Douglas attempts again.

Angus:

He's UP!

DDK:

Hold on ...

Douglas stumbles and rather than executing the Sub Pop Suplex, he fights to maintain advantage. The SoHer holds in a stalling Fisherman's Suplex; while Kendrix struggles to reverse direction. This causes; Douglas to stumble towards the turnbuckle and JFK's attempts bare fruit long enough for his feet to meet the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

SUB POP SU ...

Kendrix pushes off of the turnbuckle - but Douglas is able to use the boost to his advantage and finally gets Jesse over up AND over. Rather than driving his opponents head down into the matt via Fisherman's Suplex Brainbuster(Sub Pop Suplex); Jesse's momentum forces Douglas to make the full rotation of the perfect move.

Angus:

Someone has to wake up, DOYLE!

DDK:

Angus! NO!

The clatter of a mic'd headset crashing down amongst Monster Energy drink cans, monitors and newly stained notes can be heard as Darren Keebler exclaims his disapproval. Douglas maintains the bridged pin attempt but is clearly waning as the crowd's attention is drawn toward a tuxedo shirt'd blur sprinting down the ramp.

DDK:

For the love of DEFIANCE, can we get another OFFICIAL out here!?

Douglas let's go of the bridge realizing no count is being made. Meanwhile, the crowd, once again, reacts to something on the stage and the camera cuts to the rampway just before we catch a glimpse of Angus smacking around Benny Doyle - in attempts to snap him too. Douglas gets back to Kendrix and goes for the pin, but JFK rolls him through and clasps his hands around his face.

DDK:

Kendrix Kross, and Mark Shields is in position at the perfect time for Kendrix!

Douglas struggles, grabs at Jesse's hands but the hold is locked in tight. He raises his hand but instead of tapping like a madman he manages to roll Kendrix onto his back and, with his shoulders pinned to the canvas, the Kross still locked in. Shields begins the count.

ONE!

DDK:

Doyle is back in position

Angus makes his way back to commentary, quite pleased with himself.

TWO!

THREE!!!

DDK:

DOUGLAS TAPPED!

DING DING DING

THE DECISION

Angus:

The HELL YOU SAY!!?!

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner ...

Quimbey stops dead in his tracks as Mark Shields attempts to hold up the limp arm of Douglas. While, a still seated, Benny Doyle points toward Kendrix with his opposite hand covering his head.

DDK:

There seems to be some confusion as to who the winner is here. We've got two refs in the ring declaring two different winners for the titles!

Angus:

This is bullshit, I was there! Douglas has this!

Kendrix makes a bee line for the belts but Douglas meets him at the time keeper area, stopping him in his tracks. Meanwhile the mics pick up both refs arguing their cases to Quimbey. The screen splits in two, showing a replay of the ending to the match.

DDK:

There's the pinfall but Douglas definitely tapped on three as well. Which way is this going to go?

The screen comes back to the live feed and all eyes are focused on Quimbey who's ready with the announcement. Kendrix has his arm raised and points his thumb back onto his chest in anticipation of the result.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been informed by Mark Shields that Scott Douglas scored the pinfall victory in this contest.

Angus:

Yes! Take that McFuckass Junior! Mark Shields coming through in the pinch ... who woulda thought, Keebs!? I've gotta say he is one hell of a ...

The crowd cheer at the announcement as Kendrix looks on incensed, tapping the palm of his hand on top of his other hand.

Darren Quimbey:

However, I have also been informed by senior referee Benny Doyle that Kendrix scored the submission victory in this contest.

Angus:

SON OF A BITCH!!? That GORRAM SHIELDS! Jesus Christ! You can't have two winners, Darren!

The mood in the arena drops amongst the confusion. Quimbey looks back at both referees, who are in discussion. Doyle covers his mouth, whispering instructions in Quimby's ear.

Darren Quimbey:

Therefore, this match has ended in a draw!

The realisation hits both competitors and a flurry of boos echo around the arena at the confirmed conclusion to the match.

Darren Quimbey:

As a result, both the SOHER and HOHER titles have been retained by Scott Douglas!

The fans pick up their cheers as Kendrix remonstrates with Quimbey and Mark Shields. Douglas falls back into a turnbuckle as a limping Benny Doyle hands him the pair of titles.

DDK:

This is ... well, quite the outcome, folks. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas retains both the UTA Hollywood Heritage Title as well as the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Title. Although he tapped ... he scored a pinfall?

Douglas politely questions Doyle as Kendrix reads Shields the riot act on his way out of the ring.

Angus:

That damn Mark Shields ... His count was SLOW!! The CHAMP couldn't hold out to the count of seven, MARRRRRK! We should have fired that son of a bitch MONTHS AGO. You know ... I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't the reason for the the closure ...

DDK:

Well, that might be grasping for straws, partner.

Angus:

Straws? Straws? This ISN'T about straws!!! This is about DEFIANCE and upholding everything ... you know what - DAMN this!

Angus' headset can heard slamming down on the desk once again as the camera cuts to catch him leaving commentary and heading toward the ring. On his way down the ramp he passes a pissed off Kendrix, who he holds a cartoonish back hand up to; Jesse breaks momentarily finding Angus' attempt as comical as it looked cartoonish. JFK continues to the back as Angus makes his way to the ring. Douglas has bailed out and is collecting himself to head to the back as Angus approaches Mark Shields.

Angus jaw jacks Shields for a moment before suddenly ...

DDK:

Oh my!

Angus kicks Shields in the gut and folds him over.

DDK:

He wouldn't ...

Angus grabs the head of Shields.

DDK:

I'm sure he wouldn't ...

Angus plays it up for the Faithful for a split second and the place ignites as ...

DDK:

STARDRIVER! OH MY!!! Angus Skaaland JUST LAID OUT MARK SHIELDS!! HOLY SH ... COW!!!

Angus pops up from the maneuver favoring his leg like he didn't land right. Shields lays motionless as Doyle and Quimbey quickly bail out of the ring. The Faithful love it and begin to chant as Angus, limping, basks in the glow... one last time.

ANG - US!

ANG - US!

ANG - US!

DDK:

Well, folks ... With only TWO DEFIANCE shows to go ... I guess it is SAFE to say ... ALL BETS ARE OFF!!! Stay with us!

Darren chuckles a bit with his plea to hold tight and we cut to elsewhere.

CAYLE MURRAY Â© VS. SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen. It's time for our big main event - a rematch for the FIST of DEFIANCE, with Cayle Murray defending against Scott Stevens.

Angus:

I like Squiddley's power play here. He knows that the last match didn't exactly end in a favourable manner, and he's out to scrub it from history. Ballsy. Now, let's see if it pays off.

DDK:

This is a massive risk. Stevens had Cayle on the verge of defeat last time around, and Murray's reign was only saved when the time limit expires. Does he stand a better chance tonight, now that he's at 100%, and doesn't have the weight of Mikey Unlikely's bounty around his neck anymore? Absolutely, but he didn't *WIN* that last match.

Angus:

Keebs, you're absolutely right, and that's precisely why I admire it. Cayle wants DEFIANCE to go out on a high, but DEFIANCE cannot do that with these Stevens cunt bleating on and on about a win that never was. He needs to undo it, and I wouldn't bet against him doing so.

DDK:

Even with Dan Ryan as referee?

Angus:

Well, that's another matter...

Darren Quimbey: Ladies and Gentlemen. Tonight's special guest referee for our MAIN EVENT THIS EVENING FOR FIST OF DEFIANCE IS NONE OTHER THAN.....DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

♪ "Zero" by The Smashing Pumpkins ♪

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.

♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪

♪ There's no connection to myself ♪

♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪

♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪

♪ So save your prayers ♪

♪ For when we're really gonna need 'em ♪

♪ Throw out your cares and fly ♪

♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪

DDK:

Dan Ryan has assured everyone that has talked to him he is going to be fair and call it straight down the middle.

Angus:

Sure he is, and if he does I'll invest in Mikey Unlikey's next rap album.

Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope as he shows holds three fingers high into the air before making a cutting image with the side of his hand and mouthing, "right down the middle" towards the camera as the music fades.

DDK:

Dan Ryan telling everyone it's going to be down the middle and we shall see in just a few moments.

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

When you look up hatred in the dictionary there is only one man's picture next to it and it's everyone's favorite Texan as the faithful are letting him know how much they hate him as they chant his favorite chant, but hatred is something he thrives on as there is no #FUCKDEFIANCE security, not today. Perhaps showing just how cocky Scott Stevens is, he comes out by himself dripping in gold as he channels his inner King Midas, both sets of Tag Team Championships cover his body like golden armor. The UTA tag titles around his waist and the DEFIANCE tag titles over each arm with the FUCK DEFIANCE CUP held high above his head.

DDK:

Stevens claims to be the best wrestler not only in DEFIANCE but in the world and by looking at the hardware strapped to his body it's hard to argue.

Angus:

I'm three seconds from slapping you.

DDK:

Make sure it's down the middle like Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Grrrrrrr.....

Flipping off fans, pointing to his hashtag t-shirt, it's the typical Stevens response as he climbs into the ring and climbs the nearest turnbuckle and shows off the gold as he breathes in the hatred from the faithful.

♪ "Red In Tooth And Claw" by Rosetta ♪

The FIST's entrance theme erupts throughout the building, and the fans are in raptures as he appears against the perfect white backdrop. Decked out in championship attire, Cayle Murray walks down to the ring, full of confidence. Nonetheless, he bumps fists on his way, then rolls under the bottom rope.

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

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, to my right, the challenger, from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

Stevens jaws at Murray, mouthing off about their last match. Cayle stays stoic.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Cayle throws the title in the air defiantly, then glares at Dan Ryan - a man who has cost his side so much. He hands

over the belt regardless.

DDK:

Murray's ready to go, but is he fighting two men tonight?

The bell rings. The two wrestlers start circling. Stevens is a little more animated and agitated than Cayle, and he's talking all kinds of shit, but the FIST doesn't bite. For his part, Murray keeps a close eye on Dan Ryan, whom he doesn't trust one bit.

The opening few minutes are typical, with both men trying a few grapples, most of which end in rope breaks. One sees Cayle slip around the back but his attempted rear waistlock gets shoved off. The fourth and final comes to an end when Stevens forcibly breaks, then slaps the taste out of his opponents mouth, before pushing him against the ropes and hammering away. Ryan, fairly, calls for the break on five. Scott offers him a wry smile.

The next exchange passes with greater pace. Murray starts using his speed in ways that weren't possibly in the first match, dashing around and beyond the bigger man, peppering him with running strikes. A dropkick sends Stevens to the ropes. Cayle charges, gets bundled over, but lands inside, elbowing Scott in the back of the head. He flies back in with a leaping cutter then goes for the cover.

ONE!

NO. KICKOUT

DDK:

A solid start from Cayle here, five minutes in, and a fair count from Dan Ryan.

Angus:

That fucker DEFINITELY has something up his sleeve, though. It's just a matter of finding out what.

The shine continues. For a few minutes, Stevens struggles to cope with Cayle's blend of athleticism and technicality, and after downing his big foe with a Dragon Screw, Murray keeps him on the mat with a series of leg-based submissions - a tactic consistent with his recent matches. The aim isn't to submit, but to harm.

Scott eventually brute forces his way to the bottom rope, kicking Cayle away for the break. He gets to his feet and is immediately set upon by the FIST, who kicks at his damaged leg. A low dropkick to the back of the knee connects, before Cayle ties the limb up again, going for a kneebar this time.

Again, Stevens eventually makes the ropes, but damage has been done. Cayle is in fine form by this point. He's fired up, in control, and has the crowd in the palm of his hand. He lets Stevens up from the mat and immediately tries to out-pace him again, but Scott sees it coming and drives him into the mat with a Spinebuster on the rebound.

DDK:

A potential momentum-shifter there from Stevens, who hasn't had much luck thus far, and may already have a hurt knee, but now has a chance to pile on the pressure!

Angus:

Classic tactics from the Squid, but now he must weather the storm. Remember, this is the period when Stevens started turning the screw the first time they wrestled.

After some mounted punches on the mat, Stevens starts working some trademark offence. Cayle gets a boot up as he tries to charge him in the corner, but an eye gouge kills the comeback. Much to Scott's surprise, Ryan briefly admonishes him for this.

He keeps going regardless. Cayle gets thrown all across the ring, and downed with a DDT. Stevens stomps away for a few moments before turning to the crowd, yelling "FUCK DEFIANCE," and going back to work. Murray has since rolled

out of the ring but Stevens goes after him. He stifles the FIST with clubbering blows then goes for a double-arm suplex, but Cayle counters, hooking his boot behind the challenger's. This forces Stevens to change pace, and he instead whips Murray into the ring steps!

Cayle's back collides with steel, and Scott takes another moment to goad the crowd. He then turns back around, charging at the FIST, but Murray dodges out of the way and Stevens' knee crashes into the steps. They sell for a few moments, before Cayle recovers, rolling his opponent back inside to break the 10 count.

DDK:

Smart move by Cayle getting it back inside, and great evasive tactics to dodge what could've been a concussive blow!

Murray works over Stevens for a solid minute, before Scott counters one of his dashing attacks into a takedown switched into a crossface. He has Murray on the mat, but Cayle works to his feet, before Stevens puts him in the dirt with a back drop. More methodical groundwork follows, with less resistance from Cayle this time, but he does eventually get a rope break. Again, Ryan plays it straight.

Angus:

Fuck is this snake bastard doing, Keebs? This has been shockingly fair from Big Dan so far...

Stevens takes a moment to let Ryan know he ain't too happy about what's going on. He goes back to Cayle afterwards, but gets rolled up!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!**

Both men spring up, but Stevens is moving more gingerly than the FIST. He eats a few body kicks but damn near takes Murray's head off with a brutal Lariat when he runs the ropes. He then scoops him from the mat, hoists him in the air, and drives him back down with a powerbomb!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! SHOULDER UP!****DDK:**

Folks, we are now deep into main event time here, and with the clock ticking away, I'm deeply surprised that we haven't seen more shenanigans from Scott Stevens and his handpicked referee.

Angus:

Fuckboy Stoovins is trying, Keebs, and he *does* have control at the moment...

A solid few minutes of control pass. Stevens slaps Cayle around, throws him into corners, strikes him, bundles him to the outside: all the good stuff. He eventually drags him towards the ring apron by the hair then slams his face down. Following this, Stevens lifts him high onto his shoulders, then brings him down back-first with a sickening powerbomb on the edge.

A count-out win means no title, however, so he takes Cayle back inside. A Texas Cloverleaf gets locked in, but Cayle struggles to the ropes. Boston Crab? Same result. Stevens eventually puts Murray's head between his thighs and goes for another powerbomb, this time into the corner, but Cayle counters out with a 'rana!

The comeback is as brief as it gets, though. Stevens fights back, then gets Murray in the corner, hammering away with

stiff blows then following up with a stinger splash! Out stumbles the FIST, right into a big boot, before he's deadlifted off the mat and driven back down again with a German suplex.

Dan Ryan paces the ring like a drill sergeant, something simmering behind his eyes. He watches as Stevens continues grinding down on the hyper athletic FIST, before eventually running a thumb across his throat, calling for the end. He leaps for the Toxic Sting... no! Cayle pushes him away, but his Lariat misses, and Stevens hits him with a huge Superkick!

DDK:

Remember The Alamo! He hit it!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOO! KICKOUT!

Now, Stevens' frustration is boiling over. He scowls at Ryan, who holds his hands up, then tells Stevens to get on with the job.

Angus:

I don't think this fucker is too happy about this, Keebs! Ryan is playing this extremely fair!

DDK:

But time is ticking away! We just passed the 25 minute mark! Remember, all DEF matches come with a 30-minute time limit...

Angus:

God, can you imagine the shit this cunt's gonna kick up if he draws again?!

Scott spent a little too much time distracted for his own good. Cayle fights to his feet, then gets an adrenaline rush, peppering the bigger man with stiff kicks, specifically going after the same knee from earlier in the match. He gets hit with a discus clothesline, but answer with a roaring elbow, and both men hit the deck simultaneously!

The arena fills with encouragement for Cayle. Chants, clapping, cheering - all that. He's first to his feet, while Stevens uses the ropes to aid his own rise. The Texan eventually comes lumbering towards Murray, and tries to fight, but gets taken down with a Busaiku Knee Kick! Cayle to the ropes... Penalty Kick! To the ropes again... ANOTHER, but Stevens rolls out of the ring before he can cover!

DDK:

Right in the mouth, but great strategy from Stevens! Has Cayle's moment just passed him by? Can he still win this thing?!

Angus:

For our sake, Keebs, I sure hope so...

Cayle looks aghast, but he, unlike Stevens, doesn't have the time to get distracted by the surprisingly fair referee. He readies himself for a big dive. Scott eventually gets up, but he catches Cayle as he soars over the top rope, then drives him down onto the floor with a modified tilt-a-whirl slam!

Now limping, an increasingly pissed off Stevens puts Murray back inside the ring. He goes for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!**DDK:**

Another kickout... but we just passed 28 minutes! Folks, this is heading to another draw!

The atmosphere hits fever pitch. Nobody in the building wants another inconclusive outcome, particularly Stevens, who's desperate to put his opponent away. But he's hindered by the knee work. Cayle's earlier holds are paying off, and hindering the aggressor, despite his control.

Stevens goes for a piledriver, but Cayle drops to his knees, making himself dead weight. He then pushes with all he's got, forcing Stevens back into the ropes, but Scott blasts away from the ropes with a Lariat.

Angus:

SHITTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

DDK:

29 minutes!

Scott grabs the head...

DDK:

TOXIC STI--

Angus:

COUNTERED!

Murray blocks. Body kick. Head kick!

STRAIGHT HEADBUTT FROM STEVENS.

Cayle down!

DDK:

Can Stevens put him away!?

Stevens falls to one knee, exhausted and sore. He powers back up, then grabs a handful of hair, yanking Cayle off the mat...

STRAIGHT HEADBUTT FROM CAYLE!

A trickle of blood immediately leaks down his face, but he can't stop. Won't stop.

Boot to the gut. European Uppercut. ANOTHER HEADBUTT.

Front facelock. Head under the arm. Stevens gets lifted up.

Leaping, Spike Brainbuster.

DDK:

A SPOT OF BOTHER!

ONE!**TWO!**

... THREEE?!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

CAYLE WINS! CAYLE WINS! WITH JUST TWO SECONDS TO GO, CAYLE MURRAY BARELY SCRAPES PAST SCOTT STEVENS!

The music blasts. The crowd pop, and Dan Ryan, fair as fair gets, hands the FIST over to its rightful owner.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and *STILL* FIST of DEFIANCE... CAAAAAYLE MURRRAY!

Once the commotion has died down a bit about the unclear ending and Cayle Murray is declared winner, the cheers are quickly cut off by the sound of boos as none other than Mikey Unlikely marches from the backstage area, down the ramp, and to the ring.

Mikey in his full suit is power walking, the tails of his jacket pick up behind him. He doesn't look pleased. Halfway down the ramp he begins to point and shake his finger at Dan Ryan. The WrestleUTA owner slides into the ring.

DDK:

Well it looks like Mikey is clearly not happy that his "insurance policy" fell through once again.

Angus:

Get over it Mikey, we got the fist, you will never get it, please go home.

DDK:

Doesn't look like he's so eager!

Mikey gets in the face of Dan Ryan and begins yelling at him. Dan Ryan's calm demeanor doesn't change. Unfortunately, the microphones on the camera cannot pick up what he's saying. Finally, Mikey begins to point to Cayle angrily.

Dan Ryan visibly rolls his eyes and begins to head for the ropes. He steps one foot out of the ring but is stopped by Mikey who pulls him by the referee shirt back into the middle of the squared circle.

Angus:

Oooohhhh You don't want to do that to Dan Ryan!

DDK:

You're not kidding partner, Dan Ryan doesn't like to be directed where to go.... That said Mikey looks fearless in there.

Angus:

Good, Dan Ryan should keep status quo here and knock his face off for it! Dooooooo IT!

Mikey is visibly upset and points once more to Cayle Murray who's finally recovering from the match and climbing to his feet.

Mikey Unlikely:

DO IT NOW! DO WHAT I TELL YOU! PROVE WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM!

Dan Ryan looks out to the crowd who pop quickly for him, but that stops quickly when Dan Ryan does walk over to

Cayle Murray.

Angus:

No! Hit Mikey!

Dan Ryan waits till Cayle pulls himself up, then turns him around. With a kick to the gut Cayle is doubled over. Dan tucks Cayle's head between his legs. The fans boo loudly now. Mikey seems to relax.

With a lift and a spin and a slam...

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB ON THE FIST OF DEFIANCE....Cayle Murray just survived what was basically a time limit match with Scott Stevens, he doesn't have enough left to Defend himself from a fresh Mikey and Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Unfortunately Mikey knows that, and that's why he's here now, notice we didn't see him when Cayle Murray was still fresh...

DDK:

This is unfair! We need help out here!

Almost as if on cue, a handful of DEF bodies come from the back, hurtling towards the ring.

DDK:

That's ANDY MURRAY! The elder brother of the FIST OF DEFIANCE is here! We haven't seen him since Jack Harmen sent him to the hospital!

Angus:

AND HE'S NOT ALONE KEEBS!

In fact he's got two other gentlemen with him. Both MDM4 and Sho Nakazawa are right behind him. As the three men hit the ring, the roof on the place nearly blows off. Mikey and Dan Ryan see them coming at the last second. Dan Ryan is out quickly. Mikey too but his Jacket gets caught just long enough that MDM4 can get a hand on it from the ring. Mikey rips himself loose and backs far away from the ring.

Andy Murray moves to check on Cayle, while the other two hold off Mikey and Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Andy came out here to stop this, but it's too little too late as Cayle has already taken the ride! At least this didn't go any further!

DDK:

You're not kidding partner, is there dissention amongst the UTA ranks... Mikey was pushing pretty hard for Dan Ryan to do the deed there... Either way folks Cayle Murray retains his title AGAIN going one on one with Scott Stevens for the second time! The good news, Dan Ryan called this right down the middle, the bad news, after the match Cayle Murray was simply laid to waste. We're out of time folks, catch us next week here on DEFTv. Where hopefully Cayle Murray can be there to continue this ongoing war with WrestleUTA!

Fade.