

RUNDOWN

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

♪ "Notorious Thugs" - The Notorious B.I.G and Bone Thugs-N-Harmony ♪



We scan the crowd of DEFIANCE Faithful, loud and boisterous as always, and with their typical collection of signs.

**ANDY MURRAY FAILED THIS COMPANY
THE SQUID WONT GIVE!
MIKEY GIVES OUT MONOPOLY MONEY
DEFIANT 'TILL THE END!
#GOAWAYSTEVENS
REAPER ARMY WANTS YOU!
HOLLYWOOD BRUVS = TAG CHAMPS.....TOTALY OBVS!
CAYLE MURRAY SURVIVES BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH!**

We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, in front of their commentation station.

DDK:

GOOD EVENING DEFIANCE FAITHFUL! My name is Darren Keebler and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland, and tonight we have a HUGE NIGHT in store for you!

Angus:

Huge is an understatement, Keebs.

DDK:

You may be right, partner. We have three title matches in store for all of you tonight.

Angus:

How many title matches tonight?

DDK:

THREE! As the dreaded ...

Angus:

... dreadful ...

DDK:

... Crimson Lord continues his series of open challenges for the WrestleUTA World Championship.

Angus:

For the love of god, why are we even letting this oversized clown bring that out here? DEFIANCE should only recognize DEFIANCE titles!

DDK:

Speaking of DEFIANCE titles - the Hollywood Bruvs defend the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles tonight against The Kabal!

Angus:

Reaper Co?

DDK:

The same indeed, partner! And finally in the Main Event tonight we have Cayle Murray ...

I'LL GO AWAY ALRIGHT!

Angus:

What's up?

Angus asks Darren but he doesn't say a word as he is listening to the voice in his ear.

DDK:

Do we have a camera back there?

Angus:

What's going on Keebs?!?

DDK:

Nothing good I'm afraid from the sounds of it.

As Darren finishes his statement the image cuts to the backstage area and we see UTA superstar, Scott Stevens, putting the boots to Cayle Murray. Stevens then backs up a few steps and delivers a vicious Remember the Alamo -- Superkick to the side of Cayle Murray's face leaving the champion hunch over on the cold, concrete floor. The Texan reaches down and picks up the Fist of Defiance championship off of the floor and stares at it drawing massive boos from the faithful. Stevens slings the championship over his shoulder as he takes a seat next to The Fist.

Scott Stevens:

Looks good on me, no?

Stevens asks as he stares at the championship on his shoulder before grabbing Murray by his cheeks.

Scott Stevens:

You think I forgot Murray?!? You think I would let what you said slide?

Stevens yells at the champion.

Scott Stevens:

You think you're a big shot now don't you? Mr. I'm the Fist of Shitty Wrestling and I want everyone to forget that UTA gave me my first break!

Stevens says as he leans in closer to the Fist's face.

Scott Stevens:

You may have fooled everyone to forgetting your past, but we haven't and we don't like traitors. You talked all that shit years ago on social media about me about how you're better than me, but look who's unconscious right now?

Stevens says with a chuckle.

Scott Stevens:

Collecting Mikey's bounty will be too easy, but taking this championship from you will be just too sweet for me.

Stevens says with a smile.

Scott Stevens:

You told me years ago to hashtag, "Go Away" and how poetic will it be when I go away with your championship tonight.

Stevens informs Cayle as he gets to his feet and takes one more look at the Fist of Defiance championship before

dropping it onto Cayle's body.

DDK:

Could we be seeing a new champion crowned tonight?

Angus:

I hope not.

JACK HARMEN VS. ANDY MURRAY

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, first up is a match I never thought we'd see. Andy Murray, Eldor Murray senior, the former WrestleUTA champ, battles against the former VIAGRA-ian, UTA Hall of Famer, Jack Harmen.

Angus:

His rental car is currently upside down, impaled on the flag pole with homeless people urinating on it.

DDK:

Murray and Harmen have had long and illustrious careers in this industry Angus, and we get a first as they square off, one on one!

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Let the boos wash over, as Jack Harmen emerges, parting the fog. He snarls as he makes his way to ringside, and wastes no time showboating. He enters the ring, cracks his knuckles, and stares up the ramp.

♪ "Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes ♪

The track runs through the usual drum & organ introduction, before kicking in with the rhythm in full flow. Andy Murray steps out from the backstage area, ready for a fight, and starts making his way down the ramp. Murray slaps hands as he goes, but looks a little grouchier than usual. He eventually reaches the bottom, rolls under the bottom rope, and throws a hand in the air.

Murray is on the apron, waving to the fans when Jack Harmen attacks from behind. A double ax-handle sends him crashing into the outside barricade. Harmen is quick to pounce, leaping over with a piscada that sends Murray back first back into the barricade. Harmen with a few rights and then he sends Andy sprawling into the steel steps. Benny Doyle yells at them from inside as Harmen hooks Murray from behind in a rear waist lock, and then just begins to slam him head and chest first into the outside exposed steel turnbuckle post. After five brutal shots, Harmen rolls Murray into the ring and climbs onto the apron. Benny Doyle checks on Andy, who tells him to ring the bell. When he does, Andy recovers to his feet, a blood trickle down his forehead and turns. He meets Jack, who's flying toward him.

DDK:

This isn't a match, it's a fight! Lou The-NO! SPINEBUSTER! Counter by Andy Murray and Harmen is SHOOK!

Harmen clutches the back of his head as Andy gathers his wearabouts. Andy is first to capitalize, hitting a body slam, a vertical suplex, and a big body press that gets the DEF crowd on their feet. Murray goes for a cover after each, but only gets a two count. Andy locks in a nerve hold on Harmen's neck, as Jack squirms. Benny Doyle is there to see Harmen refuse to give. Harmen rakes the eyes to break the hold, as Andy backs into the corner. Harmen goes for a stinger splash, but Murray moves, and Jack lands on the second rope to counter the counter. Harmen hits a second rope twisting hurraconrada, sending Andy across the ring.

Harmen slams his boot into the mat twice, sizing up Andy. As Murray gets to his feet, the crowd tries to warn him. Harmen charges, and Murray barely avoids it with a go behind into a full nelson. Harmen shakes his hands violently trying to break free, before Murray lifts him and SLAMS him with a full nelson slam. Murray then hits a gutwrench suplex, rolls into a second, and on the third, Harmen grabs the ropes on his upswing. Harmen uses this position to wrap his legs around Andy's head, and then spins his body, spiking Murray's head into the mat with a modified headscissors.

DDK:

This action is fast and furious Angus. Andy clearly has the strength advantage, but Harmen has the speed. If Jack was less unsavory, this would be a David and Goliath story.

Angus:

CRUSH HIM GOLIATH! Like how the fable SHOULD have gone!

Harmen laughs at the fallen Andy Murray. He begins to slap Andy across his head, taunting Big Murr, who gets to his feet and shoves Harmen clear across the ring into the far corner. Harmen's wind is knocked out, as Murray charges, shoulder lowered. Harmen barely moves, and Big Murr strikes the steel post with his shoulder and his head looked to at least graze it. Harmen from behind with a school boy.

One.

Two.

Murray kicks out, but is groggy on the rebound. Harmen criss crosses and returns with a flying elbow, only rocks the big man. A second takes him back a further step. A third try is a flying crescent kick, which takes Murr off his feet. Harmen lets loose with a few stomps to Andy's head and neck, before going to neutral corner and removing the turnbuckle pad, much to Benny Doyle's chagrin. This lets Murray recover, as he takes Harmen's head off with a LARIOT-to a large swell of cheers. Harmen 180°'s and lands face first on the mat. Murray dives on top for the pin.

Angus:

MURRIATOOOOO!

One.

Two.

Harmen gets a shoulder up. Murray locks in another rest hold, hitting a headlock. He wrenches the hold tight. Harmen fights to his feet, Big Murr having the advantage due to his size. After a few punches to the ribs, Harmen again rakes the eyes, blinding Andy. He charges, shoulder into Big Murr's gut and sending him back first into the exposed steel turnbuckle! Murray lets out a cry and falls to his knees. It's here Harmen rushes off the far ropes, and as Andy tries to stand back to his feet.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Andy Murray just got run over! Dear God! Harmen just falling into the count now, hooking the tights! Doyle look!

One.

Two.

THREE!

The boos begin to rain from the Faithful, as Harmen gets up from Andy and yells at Benny Doyle to raise his hand. Doyle reluctantly does. After, Harmen quickly rushes out of the ring, but oddly stays around ringside. He goes to Darren Quimbey, who's about to announce the results, only for Harmen to grab the steel chair he was sitting on.

DDK:

What is this?! The match is over!

Harmen slides back into the ring and watches the downed Murray struggle to get back to his feet. Harmen lets loose with three STIFF chair shots to Andy's back, sending him back down motionless. Benny tries to get involved, and Harmen shoves him away, raising the steel chair in his direction. Doyle slides out of the ring, calling for security and walking to Quimbey.

In the ring, Harmen lets out a devious smile. He looks down at the fallen Andy, and then proceeds to wrap the steel chair around both the head and neck. Harmen looks around to the booing DEF crowd, before he leaps at least five feet

off the ground, legs tucked, and then SLAMS his boots down onto the folding chair's legs, causing the upper half to turn Big Murr into the turkey in a turkey sandwich.

DDK:

What are you doing Jack!? You're gonna break his neck! What in God's name! First Cayle suffers the wrath earlier, and now Jack is making sure Andy Murray can never wrestle again!

Angus:

Shit for brains is climbing the top rope. Oh thank GOD! Security!

Indeed, DEFSec is charging out to the ring as Harmen looks down at the fallen Andy Murray in the center of the ring. As DEFSec slides in, Harmen LEAPS off, coming CRASHING down with a double foot stomp to the steel chair's legs, once AGAIN crushing Andy Murray's neck. Harmen quickly climbs to his feet after, letting loose a WILD chuckle, until DEFSec literally tackles him down to the mat. Harmen kicks and punches, wrestling just free enough to slip out of the ring under the bottom rope. As he rushes around ringside, he heads over to the man making the match results.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, via referee's reversal... ANDY... MURR---

Before he can finish, Jack Harmen had charged toward the time keeper's table. As Jack raises his leg for a locomotive, a DEFsec guard shoves Quimbey out of the way. He takes the shot for Darren, flipping over the timekeeper's table and sprawling to the guardrail. Harmen shrugs, laughs at Quimbey and Doyle, who seemed freaked. Harmen then backflips over the barricade and into the open area of the crowd, throwing his arm up in a Devil Horn taunt. He turns to a random fan who's shouting at him, and shouts "Want a broken neck?! CAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU GET A BROKEN NECK."

DDK:

Fans... There is no redemption for the evil that we've seen transpired tonight. We have EMT's being called to the scene and they've got a stretcher. That's never a good sign.

Angus:

God DAMNIT! Big Murr! NO!

DDK:

For the respect of Andy and his family, we're going to take care of this off camera. I'm sorry to our fans and our sponsors for having to have witnessed that.

The final shot is of Big Murr being loaded and strapped to the gurney, wearing a hastily improvised neck brace.

SCREWED

The camera opens up to just outside the doors of the locker room. The door suddenly bursts open and one by one, the members of No Justice, No Peace make their way out, all in a row.

“Brother” Lucius Owens standing next to Felton Bigsby.

The Neighborhoodlum.

Theo Baylor.

Big Roosevelt Owens bringing up the rear.

And before the group can get any further, Owens takes notice of the camera right in front of them.

Lucius Owens:

We told you all. We told all of you we'd defeat Team HOSS and what happened at the end of 2017?

The Neighborhoodlum grinned next to his boss.

Neighborhoodlum:

Big Felton and Theo? They BEAT Team HOSS!

Theo and Felton laughed and high-fived one another, very proud of their albeit tainted victory gained only from the numbers game. Owens raises a hand.

Lucius Owens:

But then those little nuisances, The Fuse Brothers, decided to make their DEFIANCE debut in the worst way possible...

Theo jumped in right next to Lucius.

Theo Baylor:

STICKING THEIR FUCKIN' NOSES WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG!

Big Rosey tries to calm down the always-angry Balor by putting a hand on his shoulder, but Theo knocks it away. Owens

Lucius Owens:

Easy, big man. Felton and Neighborhoodlum have their shot at revenge tonight when they take on the Fuse Bros. Nobody's heard from Team HOSS since we defeated them and tonight, we're going to help The Fuse Bros set a DEFIANCE record. Tyler, Conor, I hope the two of you feel proud for thinking that you did something heroic in helping Team HOSS. You pride yourselves on the influence of video games, but WE pride ourselves in dealing out truth... what record are we gonna set for them, Felton?

Felton and Neighborhoodlum grinned before Felton took his turn to speak...

Felton Bigsby:

This'll be your first AND last match in DEFIANCE.

Lucius Owens:

I don't believe I could've said that any better.

The group walk off and the camera fades out.

THE CABLE

The scene opens in the Hollywood Bruvs locker room. The DEFIANCE Tag Team champs (evident based on the championship titles around their waists), Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely, stand either side of Lance Warner, dressed in their ring gear and new super sexy and expensive Hollywood Bruv t-shirt merch (high demand, high prices, obv!). The interviewer wearily brings his mic to his mouth, looking first at Mikey and then over at Kendrix, before hesitantly getting to the job at hand.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I stand before you in between, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix and WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely...

He stops to hesitantly look over at both men, expecting an interruption, however, both men hold their hands out at him to continue his introduction. Surprised, Lance gets back to it.

Lance Warner:

...the DEFIANCE tag team champions, The Hollywood Bruvs. Gentlemen, coming up you will defend those belts wrapped around your waists against The Kebal. What's your strategy going into this one?

Kendrix and Mikey look at each other confused.

Mikey Unlikely:

Wait... who!?

JFK chimes in.

Kendrix:

Yea Lancelot, Who the hell is the Cable? I thought we were facing the Reapers!?

Mikey Unlikely:

They can't just change our opponents like that with no notice, this is egregious!

Lance brings the mic back, a look of confusion now across his own eyes.

Lance Warner:

Uh, guys, the Reapers are The Kebal. It's like you Kendrix. People call you Jesse, Kendrix, JFK

Mikey Unlikely:

The future of the business, the chosen one, The Tag Champ, The Frappe Gawd, The best damn intercontinental wrestler of all time!

Kendrix:

Super sexy god, stud muffin.

Lance wants this to stop. Unfortunately Mikey isn't done.

Mikey Unlikely:

The Duke of Defiance, The Sultan of the Segway...

Lance Warner:

Ok....Ok.... I get it, you get it, we all get it.

Mikey Unlikely:

First of all Lancey, You don't get nothing!

Kendrix nods in agreement with Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen, we're not afraid of the Reapers, or the Cable, or the Kabal, or anybody. Just because they give all you DEFIANCE dweebs the heebie jeebies, doesn't mean we're scared, Lance!

Kendrix affords himself a quick chuckle before grabbing Lance's attention.

Kendrix:

You see Lancey, Lance. Idiots like you are scared of the cable dudes because whenever they show up, the lighting in the arena always coincidentally fails.

He bends his fingers as quotation marks

Kendrix:

And because people like you don't like the dark you get scared and say how unexpected it is.

Jesse chuckles again at Mikey while holding his thumb out toward Lance.

Mikey Unlikely:

YEA! We're onto your tricks! We've figured it out.... First off, JFK and I here are going to be bringing an equalizer to the ring tonight Lance!

Lance Warner:

A weapon!? You can't do that!

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah! Calm down scaredy! We're bringing the brand new Hollywood Bruvs Tactical Flashlight to the ring tonight!

Mikey pulls a small flashlight out of the front of his ring gear. Lance leans away.

Mikey Unlikely:

Brand New from the Hollywood Bruvs shop! Get yours at WrestleUTA.com only \$29.99 + \$20 shipping and handling! What a steal!

Kendrix reacts in shock at the bargain price as Mikey holds the flashlight up to reveal the Hollywood Bruvs logo on it. Then turns it on, nearly blinding Lance Warner in the process.

Mikey Unlikely:

So when the lights go out.... Our flashlights come on! Hashtag [Onlyatwrestleuta.com](https://www.instagram.com/Onlyatwrestleuta.com) get yours today!

He slips the flashlight back into his tights, it's still on and shining on his leg.

Kendrix:

Wow! What a deal! Oi, and not only that Lancey, we figured out how they do it!

Lance Warner:

Do what!?

Kendrix:

How they turn out the lights, innit?

Kendrix stops and claps twice. Mikey nods. Nothing happens.

Kendrix:

Clap off! (He claps again) Clap On! Clap Off! It's the clapper!

When Kendrix finishes the jingle Lance Warner rolls his eyes.

Lance Warner:

You can't actually think....

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! If those Reaper bruv's aren't using the clapper then they are definitely just paying someone to turn out the lights whenever they tell them too.

Kendrix nods.

Mikey Unlikely:

Maybe they are sending signals!

Lance Warner:

Signals!?

Mikey Unlikely:

Hand signals, movement signals, fire signals... I don't know, but it's something dammit!

JFK takes over.

Kendrix:

It doesn't matter what they use Lancey, because when it comes to the Hollywood Bruvs, we don't need signals, we have Bruvikensis!

Lance can't hide his disdain.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right! We know what each other is thinking at allllll times! For example, 'Drix, what three things am I thinking right now!?

JFK puts his hand on his head, squints his eyes and looks at Mikey. He holds up a finger every time he guesses the next.

Kendrix:

ONE! We're going to beat the reapers and teach them a lesson for not joining our takeover of DEFIANCE. TWO! Oreo Frappes! THREE! You're the real and true SOHER, HOHER, and GOATHER!

Mikey winks at JFK.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nailed it!

They exchange a long lasting pound.

Mikey & Kendrix together:

GLUEFIST!

Mikey Unlikely

YAS! That's right Bruv, after we finish off these Reaper rejects, I can finally rid the WrestleUTA future of those idiots. Then I can deal with Scott Douglas, the man who STOLE my SOHER, and is TOTES JELLY of my new WrestleUTA

Hollywood Heritage championship! This is going to be great! Lance, how does it feel to know that in the coming weeks and months, you will soon be under my employ!

Lance goes wide eyed.

Lance Warner:

Well that's something I hadn't considered.

Kendrix:

Well Lancey, consider it done! Now get the hell out of our locker room!

The interview fades with JFK pushing him out of the room literally. Interview over.

THE PILLARS OF ETERNITY VS. THUGS 4 HIRE

♪"Put Em In Their Place" by Mobb Deep♪

Back in the arena Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt strut around the ring as their entrance music fades out.

DDK:

Tag team action up next as Thugz 4 Hire take on the latest clients of Charlie Ace, Dave Thompson and Leo Brown.

♪"Pillars of Eternity" by DOWN♪

From the back walk the aforementioned duo of Thompson and Brown. They're accompanied not only by their manager Charlie Ace, but fellow Aces Wild members Crisitano Caballero and Hoyt Williams.

DDK:

Now what are they doing out here?

Angus:

Well Hoyt is Charlie's personal bodyguard after all, so he's here to protect his employer, and I'm sure Caballero is out here to learn everything he can from these two ring veterans.

Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing Aces Wild, weighing in at a total combined weight of 495 pounds, The Pillars of Eternity, Thompson and Brown!

Thompson and Brown roll into the ring while the remaining members of Aces Wild take up position in their corner.

DING DING DING

Byrd and Brown start the match for their respective teams. They tie up and Brown quickly takes Byrd down to the mat. Rather than stay on him, Brown lets him up only to take him back down just as quickly. Brown lets Byrd up again and points towards Hurtlocker Holt, clearly telling the smaller man to tag in his much bigger partner. Byrd does so, and Holt comes in to tie up with Brown. Brown drops Holt with a drop toe hold and locks in a side headlock. He controls Holt into the corner and tags in Thompson.

Brown hold the side headlock as Thompson comes in with a chop block. Thompson follows up with a couple of knees to the same leg and then drops an elbow into Holt's knee joint. He cranks on the knee for a moment before reaching out to tag Brown back in. Thompson holds Holt's leg up as though for the single leg slingshot as Brown mule kicks his knee. Holt reaches out in vain for a tag, but Brown puts an immediate stop to that by pulling Holt up and taking him down with a German Suplex. Brown holds on to the waistlock and pulls Holt up for a second and then a third German.

After growing restless on the apron Emilio Byrd tries to enter the ring to help his partner, but he only serves to distract Benny Doyle. With the referee's attention elsewhere Brown drops a knee to the inside of Holt's thigh which looks suspiciously close to Hurtlocker's hurtlocker. Brown and Thompson tag again, this time Thompson ascends to the second rope as Brown picks up Holt and lifts him as though for a spinebuster. Thompson leaps and clotheslines Holt as Brown drops him with the spinebuster. Landing on his feet Thompson charges across the ring and nails Byrd with a forearm strike that knocks him off of the apron. Thompson turns and grabs a hold of Holt's legs, twists them up and cinches in a Texas Cloverleaf. Hurtlocker Holt reaches for the ropes in vain before tapping out!

DING DING DING

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, as a result of submission, Thompson and Brown, The Pillars of Eternity!

DOWN kicks back in as Thompson and Brown celebrate their victory. Emilio Byrd slides into the ring to check on his partner, but that immediately looks to be a bad decision as Hoyt Williams and Cristiano Caballero also enter the ring.

DDK:

Emilio needs to get out of there as quickly as possible.

Angus:

I think the pigeon is about to be cooked!

Byrd looks up from his partner to see that he's surrounded by Aces Wild. He stands up and squares up to all four men before lunging at Leo Brown. The wolves quickly descend though and soon knock Byrd to the mat where they all stomp away at him. Before they can do too much damage though the fans erupt as two blurs sprint down the ramp towards the ring.

DDK:

Wait a minute! It's Nicky Synz and Butcher Victorious!

Angus:

You want to talk about people that don't belong out here, Keebs? Those two right there have no business out here.

DDK:

Synz and Victorious have had their run ins with Aces Wild over the last few weeks. I think they're out here to even the odds for Thugz 4 Hire!

Nicky and Butcher slide into the ring, but before they can lay their hands on a member of Aces Wild, the four men bail from the ring. Nicky helps Hurtlocker Holt up while Butcher lends a hand to Emilio Byrd, and soon the quartet in the ring are all standing side by side, jaw jacking with Aces Wild as they back up the ramp.

DDK:

Aces Wild don't want anything to do with even numbers, Angus. That much is clear.

Angus:

Or they won the match and are heading off to celebrate.

DDK:

Oh come on, you know full well Aces Wild would have happily put Thugz 4 Hire on the shelf if Nicky Synz and Butcher Victorious hadn't intervened.

Charlie Ace applauds his clients' efforts as all four of them raise their right hands and extend their index fingers before we fade to black.

YOU CAN RUN YOU CAN HIDE BUT YOU CAN'T ESCAPE MY LOVE

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

The Faithful cheer as Gage Blackwood walks out, once again with a purpose. He has no interest in absorbing the cheers from the fans in attendance. Instead, he wants to get to the ring ASAP.

Blackwood slides in and asks for a microphone as his theme song closes.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, let's get to the point. I've been beaten and beaten and beaten again by Chris Ross. It's the same story every time. If I recapped it all for you, we'd be here for hours.

DDK:

Unfortunately, he's right about that.

Blackwood's voice is monotone, though it shows cracks of personality as the rage builds.

Blackwood:

But I *can* fight back. I've overcome a lot here in DEFIANCE. I can handle Chris Ross and if it wasn't for Gunther Adler, last time, I would have.

Angus:

He is right about that!

Blackwood:

Chris Ross is a coward. He can't stand up and fight me face-to-face. He's not like that. He thinks he's dangerous... but he's a little bitch.

Big pop.

Angus:

I like that, too!

Blackwood:

Anyone from Philadelphia is a little bitch.

Angus:

[confused] Isn't he from Morrisburg?

DDK:

Who cares.

Blackwood:

So I stand here, in the middle of the DEFIANCE ring... sick to my stomach that this UTA vs. DEFIANCE war continues, with the same shit happening time and time again.

Blackwood looks down at the canvas. At first, he struggles to find the words but then gets more confidence as the segment moves on.

Blackwood:

It's only a matter of time before the DEFIANCE Faithful lose hope if things continue down this path...

Blackwood takes a deep breath.

Blackwood:

So, Chris Ross. Here I am. COME OUT AND FIGHT ME YOU FILTHY BAW JUGGLER!

Blackwood paces around the ring, waiting to hear Chris Ross' theme or, at the very least, find him lurking somewhere outside the ring.

Gage waits and waits. The crowd fills the ring with boos.

Blackwood:

The past few times I had a chance to fight you fair and square, you ran away. You hide and then only come out when it suits you.

Angus:

Doubt he comes.

Blackwood:

You want to settle this? I have an idea that will settle this once and for all!! You call yourself ruthless... unpredictable... the most dangerous man in DEFIANCE!? I've got a solution where you can prove it!

Blackwood continues to walk around the ring. Finally, to his surprise, The Boss' theme song plays.

♪ *Badlands by Mayday* ♪

Ross does not come out, at least not yet. Instead, Blackwood stands in the center of the ring and quickly scans one side of the ring, then the next and so on.

DDK:

Gage is making sure there will be no sneak attack tonight...

"BBBBBBOOOOOO!!!"

Angus:

He's here!?

And as Angus says those words, Chris Ross does indeed walk out from behind the curtain. He's wearing his regular ring attire and the skull-smiling bandana around his mouth. He pulls the bandana down to reveal the exact same smile in its place. Ross has a mic in his hand and raises it slowly.

Chris Ross:

[cold and calculating] You rang?

Blackwood almost cuts Ross off instantly.

Blackwood:

Fuck you.

The crowd pops as Ross doesn't bat an eye.

Ross:

Looks like I've upset you.

Blackwood walks to the ropes closest to the entrance ramp. He leans on them and then points at the UTA star.

Blackwood:

I'm surprised to see you here, after you almost won the FIST last month. But hey, how did that work out? You even took me out to ensure yourself better odds...

Ross continues to smile, knowing he's psychologically gotten the better of Gage Blackwood. It doesn't matter what the Scot says back to him. Ross might not have the FIST, but he's clearly got the mental advantage here.

Blackwood:

I can see you don't care. So I have a proposition for you.

Ross kicks at the ground, showing disinterest. Then, almost forcefully, he looks up to take in Blackwood's "proposition".

Angus:

I hate this guy. I really do. I know we're uncensored on TV, but even the words I want to express towards Chris Ross shouldn't be said.

Gage collects his thoughts.

Blackwood:

Do you care about rules?

He stares at Ross, as if he's expecting a reply. Finally, Ross seems to say "fuck it" with his body language and slightly shakes his head no after a long period of silence.

Blackwood:

Do you care about structure?

Ross shrugs and shakes his head no again.

Blackwood:

Do you care wins and losses?

Another no.

Blackwood:

ACTS of DEFIANCE, Chris Ross versus Gage Blackwood in a street fight. No rules. No structure. No winner or loser. We beat the piss out of each other until one man can't get up anymore.

Ross' smile appears again. This time he slightly shakes his head yes.

The Boss' confidence and cockiness oozes out of him with every move. It's as if he's enjoying Gage Blackwood fuming and pouring his heart out in the ring, while Ross doesn't give a flying fuck.

Ross:

It's your funeral.

Blackwood:

Actually no, Chris, it's yours. You might think I'm an easy target, but I'm just as fucked up as you are. [pause] Minus the screwdrivers.

Blackwook points to the canvas.

Blackwood:

Last time you were in the center of this ring, you ran your mouth about how crazy *you* are. Well, you want to know how fucked up *I* am? I will put us both through the announce table but leave the monitors **in**. I'll go to the top rope and hit you with my entire body, not an aerial maneuver that *barely* grazes you. I will litter the ring with tables and chairs and end up not even using any of them, but still fight to the death. And I, like you, don't care about rules... structure... or wins and losses. I continue to get beat up and I continue to come out here because I'm just as dangerous and messed

up as you.

Chris sarcastically applauds Blackwood's passionate speech.

Ross:

Very well said, Gage. Wow you really got my blood going.

DDK:

It's clear The Boss doesn't care...

Angus:

Oh he should. Young Blackwood has won me over!

Ross:

If you want a street fight at ACTS of DEFIANCE, I'm all for it. But let me ask *you* some questions now.

A wide, wide asshole grin crosses Chris' face. An even bigger one than before.

Ross:

How many times have you been hit with 'Welcome to Harrisburg'?

Ross pauses as if he wants Blackwood to answer him.

Gage, however, just stands there and does not reply.

The Boss continues, in a way that mimics Blackwood's speech to him, using the same kind of inflections as Gage just used.

Ross:

I mean... have the fans even *seen* your finisher? You've been here for, what, six months now and you haven't even hit it, have you?

Some fans boo, while Blackwood stays locked on Chris Ross.

Ross:

And a credit to you, I applaud you again for speaking up and getting on that microphone. God knows it's a struggle for you to say *anything* without sounding like a monotone special needs child.

DDK:

I really wish someone would cave this guy's head in.

Ross:

But hold on, just a few more questions, okay? How many times have I beat you down?

Blackwood grows more furious.

Ross:

How many stitches have you received from *my* screwdriver shots?

The fans keep booing.

Ross:

Do you really, really want to go down this road again?

Angus:

Blackwood is going to blow his lid.

Ross:

I'll take that as a yes. Like I said, it's your funeral.

Ross turns to go behind the curtain, before looking back once more.

Ross:

Oh, yeah. One more thing. Keep your head up. I'm always around... somewhere.

And with that, Chris Ross casually drops the mic and heads to the back, leaving Gage Blackwood a fuming mess in the ring.

DDK:

Well there you have it, folks! At ACTS of DEFIANCE, it will be a street fight between Gage Blackwood and Chris Ross!

Angus:

No winner or loser? These guys are insane.

The scene fades to commercial as Blackwood begins to exit the ring and "Badlands" by Mayday plays over the PA.

HEAD OF THE SNAKE

We find "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland once again, at the commentary booth.

DDK:

Last week viewers of Uncut were teased with an impromptu interview with Scott Douglas, moments after reclaiming his Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus:

Don't get me started on Uncut, Keebs.

DDK:

That would promptly be cut off by Mikey Unlikely and according the production department that particular video file has seen to have gone missing.

Angus:

If my scotch isn't behind that desk ... I'll f --

DDK:

LET'S GO now to the interview stage, where Lance Warner is standing by to speak once again with the Southern Heritage Champion ... "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

Cut to the interview stage.

Lance Warner stands, prim and proper in a suit, juxtaposed against Scott Douglas ... in what, at best could be described as a heroin addicts last outfit. The only thing setting Douglas apart from the hypothetical aforementioned avatar; GOLD.

The DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship Title draped across his shoulder. Cushioned by multiple layers of Douglas' choice of dress. Mutilated t-shirt: somewhat still vaguely expressing support for a the defunct, SUB POP, record label. Thin zip up gray hoodie peeking out from underneath a tattered and well worn leather jacket. Common for Douglas and given the recent cold snap - the additions aren't of any surprise.

Lance Warner:

Scott, when we spoke last week you expressed how much reclaiming the Southern Heritage Championship from Mikey Unlikely meant, both, to you AND to a DEFIANCE under siege. Since then, the leader of the rogue WrestleUTA contingent has declared himself the Hollywood Heritage Champion and painted the belt your currently holding as nothing more than a defunct relic.

Scott Douglas:

You got a question in there, Lance?

Lance:

In this ongoing war for DEFIANCE - and given that Mikey Unlikely currently held THAT very title for two hundred and forty four days what does this mean for DEFIANCE?

Scott Douglas:

Mikey Unlikely can pronounce himself the WrestleUTA Champion of whatever he wants ... but the fact remains ... THIS. IS. DEFIANCE.

The Faithful pop, of course.

Scott:

And in DEFIANCE ... this is the RECOGNIZED Southern Heritage Title ...

Douglas pauses.

Scott:

If Mikey Unlikely wants to have his lackey snatch up MY title ... parade around like HE'S the Champion - and once I TAKE BACK what IS mine ... up and create a new WrestleUTA belt. Fine. DEFIANCE won't recognize it. THE FAITHFULL WON'T RECOGNIZE IT!

Again they pop, because ... puppets.

Scott:

But ... I will.

Puppets no longer, the paying audience gasps in near unison. A few outliers scream expletives and, generally, disagreeing sentiments.

Scott:

If Mikey Unlikely wants to CALL himself a champion ... then the hell with it, he can be a champion ...

Boo's all around.

Scott turns his attention directly toward the camera grabbing the mic in Lance Warner's hands. Lance holds tight but Scott moves it directly in front of his mouth as he leans in.

Scott:

So ... it's paint by numbers, Mikey.

Scott leans back out of the intense close up and slaps the Southern Heritage Title. He pulls the mic and Lance Warner's arm with him.

Scott:

Champion versus Champion. You're TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR DAYS ... against my meer ... one thirty ... eight? While the FIST of DEFIANCE is busy with the mormon minions ... and AS the empire crumbles ...

Scott pauses momentarily and looks toward Lance. He quickly turns back to the camera and continues.

Scott:

... MY ACT of DEFIANCE ...

He pauses once more; after a boisterous outburst. He returns softer yet more deliberate, his intensity building with each word.

Scott:

I'll take the head of the SNAKE!

Scott lets loose of the microphone and Lance's arm by proxy and exits the camera's view.

Lance Warner:

Well ... there you have it Scott Douglas has issued a challenge for Mikey Unlikely for ACTS of DEFIANCE! I'll send it back to you, Darren.

Cut back to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

The Challenge has been laid out by Scott Douglas, now it's up to Mikey whether they will meet!

Angus:

Way to state the obvious, Keebs. I don't understand for a second why Douglas would even begin to humor McFuckass

or his made up make believe fuckass title!

DDK:

Well, Unlikely as it is ... he is the CEO of WrestleUTA. It's well within his purview.

Angus:

Don't get cute, Keebler ... it doesn't suit you.

Cut to elsewhere.

THE FUSE BROS VS. NJNP (BIGSBY/NEIGHBORHOODLUM)

DDK:

This next match is a request from No Justice, No Peace as they are pissed off The Fuse Bros. appeared to *save the day* and help Team HOSS during our last go-around.

Angus:

Game on, baby! I don't know a thing about video games but [I would like to play!](#)

DDK:

That's... surprising.

Angus:

What? That I don't know video games? I have a life, you know.

DDK:

...

Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall and it is a tag team match! Introducing first, accompanied by Brother Lucius Owens... they are, No Justice, No Peace!

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪

The hip-hop track plays as Brother Lucius Owens walks onto the rampway. Behind him follows all four men: a very angry Theo Baylor, a large and seemingly immobile Roosevelt Owens, the physically imposing Felton Bigsby and the erratic Neighborhoodlum.

They walk to the ring, none of them looking happy but Theo Baylor looking especially pissed off.

Angus:

That man is going to blow a gasket.

DDK:

Which one?

Angus:

Theo. Guy could be shooting lazors out of his eyes...

All five enter the ring as Brother Owens talks to them. Begrudgingly, Theo exits through the ropes and so does Roosevelt Owens, leaving Felton Bigsby and The Neighborhoodlum as the two men who will wrestle in this match.

Quimbey:

And their opponents...

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

The crowd lets out a big cheer as Tyler and Conor emerge. Tyler looks to be all business while Conor sports a friendly and way too energetic smile. He hits hands on his way down the ramp, while Tyler nudges him to hurry and catch up to him the entire way.

Upon entering the ring, Tyler acknowledges the support by raising both arms in the air. Conor also thanks the positive reaction he's received by clapping along and shouting "GAME ON" numerous times.

DDK:

So I'm told these guys wrestle by "video game rules" - whatever that means.

Angus:

I think it means Tyler starts the match first.

Indeed, Angus is right. As the permanent 'Second Player', Conor takes his rightful spot in the corner of the ring while Tyler stretches and gets ready to do battle against The Neighborhoodlum.

DING DING DING

Tyler Fuse circles his side of the ring, waiting for The Neighborhoodlum to come forward. Theo Baylor is still fuming outside, shouting at The Neighborhoodlum to get things started.

He finally does.

The Neighborhoodlum lunges forward but Tyler ducks and rolls underneath. The elder Fuse Bros. pops up and then clubs The Neighborhoodlum in the side of the face with a left hand. He bounces off the ropes and connects with a spinning heel kick.

Bigsby looks down at Theo Baylor and tries to calm him. Meanwhile, Tyler pulls The Neighborhoodlum up to his feet and then hits a pendulum backbreaker. Next, Tyler drops a leg onto The Neighborhoodlum's head. He does this once more. Then he spins to his feet, drags his opponent into his corner and tags Conor Fuse.

The fans cheer as the messy-haired dirty-blond leaps over the top rope and lands so many kicks it's hard to keep track. Conor is fast and furious for sure, it's almost so quick you wonder if he's making good contact. He whips The Neighborhoodlum into the ropes and upon return nails a great looking missile dropkick.

Conor shouts as he gets to his feet. He bounces off the ropes and performs a dropkick to the face. That's when Felton Bigsby enters, since he's had enough. He goes for Conor Fuse, but the younger brother ducks and Tyler comes in with a roundhouse kick!

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. are controlling everything right now!

Angus:

Very impressive from these... um... weirdos.

The referee restores order and Bigsby eventually makes his way back into the corner. Conor tosses The Neighborhoodlum across the ring with a northern lights suplex. He goes to the top rope.

DDK:

But hey, there's Theo Baylor! He's up on the apron, trying to distract Conor...

It doesn't work, however. Conor jumps off with a shoulder block on The Neighborhoodlum, who was in the process of getting up. This just angers Theo Baylor even more, as Brother Owens and Roosevelt Owens walk over to once again calm him down.

The three members of No Justice, No Peace watch on from the outside as Conor tags his brother back in.

DDK:

Inverted atomic drop, followed by a Russian leg sweep!

Three knee drops later and Tyler flies off the ropes, hitting an acrobatic corkscrew splash and hooks the leg for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Just barely!

Tyler nods and accepts the match hasn't been won just yet. He goes to grab The Neighborhoodlum but then looks up all wide-eyed.

DDK:

And Bigsby flattens Tyler with a clothesline!

Referee Mark Shields once again tries to restore order. Perhaps, he could have disqualified NJNP, but he wasn't sure if the rule book would allow it. Instead, he walks Bigsby back into his corner and that's when Theo Baylor rolls into the ring.

SMACK!

DDK:

Baylor with a big boot to the side of Tyler's head!!

All 6'5" of Theo crushes 'Player One'. to the ground, before he slides out the other side of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

CHEATER! CHEATER! He had no cheat code for that move! He's not a legal player right now! It's a 2 player game!!!

Conor's statement falls on deaf ears as Mark Shields would have no clue what he's jabbering on about, anyway.

The Neighborhoodlum, while beaten and bruised, struggles to make his way to Felton's outstretched arms.

Angus:

Bigsby's not even holding his tag rope, Keebs.

DDK:

Are you surprised?

Bigsby gets the tag and starts to steamroll all over his opponent. Clothesline. Bearhug. Belly to belly suplex. Tyler becomes a ragdoll after a good 2-minute beating.

Conor tries to get the crowd going. He's jumping up and down and biting his nails (literally), hoping for his brother to get a second wind.

DDK:

Bigsby hurls Tyler into the corner! Now charging after him...

WHAM!

DDK:

Right into a boot from Tyler!

Tyler stumbles out of the corner. He struggles to make it to the halfway mark of the ring... he can't quite see where Conor's hand is placed... but...

Angus:

TYLER TAGS CONOR!

The Gamers (Faithful) cheer as Conor once again jumps over the top rope. He lands right into Bigsby's waiting arms and reigns down a fury of left hands upon him. Fighting out of the hold, Conor runs up to the top rope and leaps off, hitting Bigsby with a flying forearm as he does.

Rolling thunder splash.

Lionsault.

Conor hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Conor looks up and, just like his brother, nods in polite agreement... even though Mark Shields' three count was really poor and it (probably) should have been over.

Theo Baylor jumps on the apron again, but Conor bodychecks him off. Then Roosevelt Owens gets on the apron, but Tyler superkicks him off. Brother Owens, however, is too scared to do anything but watch and shout.

Conor tags Tyler back in. A recharged older brother hip tosses The Neighborhoodlum upon entering and then performs a standing splash on Felton Bigsby.

DDK:

Conor's going to the top... BIG SPLASH!

Angus:

And there's Tyler, he's on the top rope as well...

DDK:

FROG SPLASH!! Tyler hooks the leg!

It's academic after the duo's finishing move, '2 Up'. The Gamers count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The crowd cheers as Conor jumps into Tyler's arms, almost knocking him over. But even before the announcement can be made on the winner, Theo Baylor's back in the ring.

WHAM!

Clothesline from hell to Conor.

OOF!!

Roosevelt Owens demolishes Tyler with a body block.

Commence the beat-down.

Angus:

[sarcastic] Great, here we go. Payback's a bitch...

All members of No Justice, No Peace (except Brother Owens) start to kick the hell out of The Fuse Bros. Even The Neighborhoodlum and Felton Bigsby, who took most of the damage have regained some sense of consciousness and start kicking the life bars out of the two new comers.

Theo Baylor:

We hope you brought *extra lives*!!!

The Gamers boo. They boo loudly. Some even chant for what's about to happen next.

Team HOSS.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

Returning the favor, both Aleczander and Angel Trinidad burst out from the back, down the ramp and slide into the ring ready to fight... except there's one problem...

DDK:

And upon hearing their theme, No Justice, No Peace have already left the ring! Now they are dispersing through the crowd, like the little wimps they are!!

Angus:

Actually, they did stand up and fight last time. But that didn't work out for them too well, did it?

Aleczander and Angel Trinidad stand in the middle of the ring, calling anyone from NJNP back to fight. Meanwhile, Tyler and Conor Fuse begin collecting themselves and join beside their newfound players.

The Gamers don't stop cheering. Chants of "HOSS" can be heard throughout the Wrestle Plex. Conor pats Aleczander on the chest and Tyler stands right beside Angel Trinidad, thanking him.

Angus:

Something tells me this *war* is just beginning!

Darren Quimbey goes back to announcing the results of the match.

Quimbey:

The winners of this match, Tyler and Conor... the FUUUUUUUUSE BROS.!!!

"Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 plays over the PA as The Fuse Bros. and Team HOSS watch NJNP tuck their tails between their legs and vanish from ringside, leaving the online battle before it even started.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

GET THEM OUTTA HERE!

A DEFIANCE logo appears before your screen. It soon transitions to Lance Warner backstage at the Wrestle-Plex with a microphone already in hand. The lights are bright and the camera is rolling.

Lance Warner:

Thank you, folks, for joining us here LIVE at the Wrestle-Plex in lovely New Orleans. My guests at this time are "The Natural One" Jay Harvey and-

THE Jay Harvey:

No, no, no!

With that... Jay Harvey comes into view, followed by Catalina. Neither of them looks happy at this current time.

THE Jay Harvey:

First, it was that stooge over in WrestleUTA and now you... You have to say the WHOLE thing. Now we're gonna walk out and you're gonna get it right.

Warner looks aloof to what is going on. The Marvelous Duo walk off camera and Harvey still works Warner.

THE Jay Harvey:

Do your intro again, bozo.

Warner fixes his tie and restarts the segment.

Lance Warner:

Thank you for joining us, folks. We are live at the Wrestle-Plex in New Orleans... My guests at this time are "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth, The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey and the lovely Catalina.

Both begin clapping as they come back into the picture.

THE Jay Harvey:

See! That... that was great! That's how it should be every time, Lance.

Catalina:

He would have made you do it a third time.

THE Jay Harvey:

She is right... I would have made you keep going until you got it one hundred percent.

Warner shrugs them off and goes back to business.

Lance Warner:

Tonight, you face Gage Blackwood a match that was made just before we went on the air.

THE Jay Harvey:

I demanded this match against Gage Blackwood...

The camera cuts out that bozo Warner and goes right to the big money star, THE Jay Harvey. His nose is still slightly swollen and discolored from the last time he was on DEFIANCE programming.

THE Jay Harvey:

I've only been here a short time and already Gage Blackwood has been a thorn in my side. He's a repeat offender... he's repeatedly pissed me off. First, he RUINED my Brooks Brothers alligator leather shoes.

Catalina drops her head down, looking as if she is shedding tears.

THE Jay Harvey:

I asked around... you CAN'T get frappe out of leather. That was Blackwood's first strike. Then... when that little runt Elise ARES broke my nose, I wanted satisfaction. I wanted to break her neck in front of these heathens that go broke to fill up this dump.

We zoom out to get Lance Warner back into the mix.

THE Jay Harvey:

Gage Blackwood ran down to try and save her... that was strike two. Tonight, I'm going to end this before there even is a third strike. Blackwood is a third generation athlete much like myself. The main difference between his family and mine... The Harvey's have always and WILL ALWAYS be winners. He's is a great talent, no question.

Harvey looks right into the camera, his tone and demeanor growing more and more serious.

THE Jay Harvey:

But he will never, EVER be on the level that THE Jay Harvey is.

Harvey looks off camera and sees something he doesn't like.

THE Jay Harvey:

Get them outta here!

Into the room comes none other than the Pop Culture Phenoms. The D leads the way, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and Clark Kent glasses. He's pretending to navigate through the busy streets of New Orleans when in reality there were only three people in the entire room. He's imaginarily weaving through a crowd. Behind him, Elise Ares walks, waving herself with a folded up paper. Klein trails, holding up a sign behind her that reads "Next WrestleUTA Champ!" The bright lights hit the side of his box. He ducks down to hide in the shadow of the much smaller Elise Ares. The scene is quiet, Harvey and Catalina scowl as PCP are "shocked" to find themselves on camera.

The D:

Are we interrupting something?

THE Jay Harvey:

I was in the mid-

The D:

We were just on our way to go visit our best friend and we're just a little lost.

THE Jay Harvey:

Did he seriously just cut me off?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pulls out a giant, novelty-sized map and pretends to trace her finger around the streets. Harvey continues talking in the background as Ares keeps on keeping on.

Elise Ares:

Yeah, do any of you happen to know the way to... medical?

Harvey and Catalina are livid as Elise holds up the map in front of their faces. The D looks on questionably with Lance Warner. He pauses for a moment before pointing towards stage left.

Lance Warner:

Actually... it's right down that hallway to the right.

The D:

D-riffic! See, I knew all we had to do was ask a local!

A huge smile crosses Elise Ares' lips as she begins to fold up the novelty map before getting frustrated and tossing it aside, bouncing off Catalina on the way down. She looks into the face of pure hatred staring back at her. Her smile doesn't change.

Elise Ares:

Nice nose. Maybe you should be the one getting a check-up?

With those words and a princess wave, the Pop Culture Phenoms march off stage left leaving a snarling and insulted Jay Harvey and Catalina on camera.

THE Jay Harvey:

How dare they come in and take my precious TV time! And... how dare she talk about my nose!

Harvey paces around, he looks like he's about to lose it.

THE Jay Harvey:

Mark my words... she will never become WrestleUTA World Champion. Your job is done here... leave.

Lance Warner goes to speak but words never escape his open mouth. Instead, he slowly and cautiously backs off frame leaving Harvey scowling as the scene cuts away.

BREAK IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

Instead, we now find ourselves following the infinitely more interesting Pop Culture Phenoms as they head down the hallway. Elise goes to grab her novelty sized map from her back pocket, and immediately realizes that she left it back at the interview set. She looks over her shoulder back in that direction, but Klein gives her a good push to keep her from turning around and looking death into the eyes.

Elise Ares:

Dammit! I just realized I still need that!

The D:

I think he said it was just up here on the right. Or did he say left?

The D holds up his hands in front of his face, one palm down, one palm up. He frowns.

The D:

Neither of these are an L.

Elise Ares:

Ugh, now what can we do?! I guess we could go back and ask for directions again.

Meanwhile Klein grabs both of them by the shoulders and points them towards a big metal door in the frame behind them that reads "MEDICAL CENTER." They both take a moment to read before Elise shoots a thumbs up and a wink over to The D before he opens the door. They burst into the room to find Cayle Murray sitting on an observation table being evaluated by highly trained DEFIANCE medical personnel. In this case the doctor was one of the most trusted on the team's staff, Head Doctor Iris Davine.

The D:

We've come for your blood!

The D sticks out his arm revealing his veins interrupting the staff.

The D:

Transfusion. We've got the same blood type.

Iris Davine:

Excuse me, you need to leave the room, we're trying to get an evaluation of Mr. Murray ahead of his match and this is a very serious situat...

Elise Ares:

I was on Grey's Anatomy once. I think I could help.

The D:

You were a corpse. You corpsed.

The South Beach Starlet's face becomes very serious and she points a finger back at The D. Meanwhile Klein has wedged himself into the room blocking off the doctor from Cayle, who's thoroughly hacked-off after getting the shit kicked out of him by Scott Stevens.. She goes to call for DEFsec but Cayle shoots her a glance. He wasn't all that keen on going through all of those tests anyway. Maybe letting these two interrupt wouldn't be the worst thing that's happened to him today.

Iris Davine:

Three minutes. Okay?

A groggy, beaten down Cayle nods, as Iris shakes her head, as she turns into an argument by the D & Elise.

Elise Ares:

I was the best goddamn corpse this world has ever seen.

The D:

And there's no telling whether she was just a dead doctor.

Iris sighs, shoving past the two of them and out into the hallway.

The D:

Point, 8-5 Elise.

Cayle Murray: [through short, sharp breaths]

What is it? Kind of dead, here..

The D:

Duh, you're our bestest buddy. We're here to help. And like, do karate on people.

Elise Ares:

What D is trying to say here is... is that we've been seeing what's been going on to you around here, and while we're very aware of the fact that you have a lot of allies around here against these UTA dicks, it doesn't really seem to be working out for you. As a matter of fact, I'd say it's going bad. I mean poorly. Grammar police?

Klein gives a thumbs up and shuffles off camera.

The D:

Plus, the D and the Fist can have a lot in common, depending on the porno. Figured you could use more soldiers for the war. The D is gonna fist so many UTA people. Just, punch them right in the face with karate.

Cayle looks uneasily back at The D as Elise takes a seat on the medical evaluation table next to him. She scoots up close, in a terrible but probably convincing attempt to flirt.

Elise Ares:

You've been winning so far, and you've been pretty awesome, but I wouldn't expect that to last forever. Not against these odds. These assholes seem to be multiplying at rabbit-like levels. Eventually they're going to get you, and I don't want to sit around and let that happen. So why don't we form an alliance. Let us have your back, because we're pretty awesome, too! Let us tell you why...

Klein returns with a balloon tied around a small glass box. It's empty, but the balloon reads "Happy 6th Birthday, Kyle!" He hands it to The D, who sits it on the table next to Cayle, who simply shakes his head wondering how he got into this mess in the first place.

Elise Ares:

We're record-breaking tag team champions. We're the ones who sent Mikey packing in the first place, and we'd do it again if anyone ever answered our phone calls. We know him and Kendrix better than anyone, and Jack Harmen, too! That dick taught us everything he knows! We can be there for you at the drop of a hat, or in this case... a break of the glass. You break this and we'll be there as fast as we can. Promise.

Elise goes for a pinky promise but the mention of Jack Harmen stings Cayle just a bit, considering the events from earlier in the night when Jack Harmen brutally attacked his brother Andy after the match. Cayle saw his brother come and go fairly quickly, needing more thorough medical care. Trapped in his own thoughts, he leaves Elise awkwardly hanging who looks back at The D to save her.

The D:

Think of us as your emergency survival kit. Your big red button.

Elise Ares:

The biggest red button. It's bigger and more powerful than all the other red buttons.

Elise shoots Cayle a wink after that line before slowly getting up off the evaluation table. The D then steps in frame, and also winks to Cayle in the same way Elise did. Klein is last, and he hands Cayle an incredibly small hammer. He points to the small glass case, and gives a thumbs up as Cayle just examines the tiny miniscule hammer.

Cayle:

Uhh...

Elise Ares:

You don't have to give us an answer now just... think about it. When you decide you need our help, just break the glass. That's all you have to remember. Or we'll probably show up anyway because we'll be bored backstage and have nothing better to do than to wait until those assholes show up so we can hit them with things. But it'd be nice to be thought about and included.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE smiles before Iris Davine storms back into the room, totes ruining the mood.

Iris Davine:

Time's up! We have things to do around here! Everyone who isn't bleeding, attacked, or suffering some kind of ailment, leave!

The D:

But... my best buddy Cayle needs me. I also need to see if he smashes the glass cube. How else does this whole break in case of thing work?

Elise Ares:

He has a point! I didn't think about that part. Why don't the two of you keep an eye on Cayle until he's healthy and I'll go back and make sure I'm still pretty enough to win the UTA Championship tonight. When it's showtime, I'll meet you guys backstage, okay?

The D:

Caaaaaaan dooo!

Cayle Murray: [mumbling]

Whatthehellisgoingon...

The D nods in agreement, taking a seat next to Cayle. He reaches down to grab Cayle's arm to comfort him, but Cayle clears his throat and pulls his arm away. Behind them, Klein has found the cotton ball jar and is just sprinkling cotton balls onto The D.

Iris Davine:

Would you stop making it snow Klein? Honestly, my cotton ball budget has gone through the roof since you three joined DEFIANCE.

Iris reaches in and snags the cotton ball jar from Klein, who lowers his box in shame. Iris begins to check Cayle's vitals.

Iris Davine:

But serious, stay out of my way guys. And... try not to talk so much.

The D:

Hear that Klein? Shut your box hole.

Elise Ares:

I'll see you guys later. Next time you see me, I'll totes be minutes away from becoming a champion.

She flashes a smile and struts out of the room, leaving the three guys alone with Dr. Davine.

THE JAY HARVEY VS. GAGE BLACKWOOD

♪ "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.

Quimbey:

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.

DDK:

The Marvelous Duo coming down to the ring...

Angus:

Oh god. Don't make me puke.

Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

Harvey looks focused. He asked for this match after Blackwood, as he claims, ruined his Brooks Brothers shoes. This was shown on Uncut about a month ago when Gage was trying to hunt down Chris Ross.

Angus:

Overpriced garbage, Keebs. Not the strangest reason for someone to hate and want to beat up another person.

Quimbey:

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

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Blackwood marches out, looking like he's all business. He keeps his eyes locked on Harvey, currently unconcerned Chris Ross is (probably) looming somewhere to get the upper hand on him once again. Before the announcers can speak, Gage is in the ring and ready to fight. He nods to the referee to ring the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

And we're off! Another matchup between third generation athletes. Two storied families in the history of the sport going toe to toe here tonight.

Angus:

I wrestled with Harvey's father early on in my career. He too was a giant douche. Obviously it doesn't skip a generation.

Gage Blackwood and Jay Harvey circle each other immediately. Blackwood goes in for a collar and elbow tie up but Harvey slides back and out of the way. The crowd is not amused by Harvey at all, bringing on a round of boos. Harvey

smiles at Blackwood and the two go back to circling. Blackwood again goes in for a collar and elbow tie up. This time, however, Harvey ducks under Blackwood's arms, strolling toward the ropes.

Harvey seems to be laughing but no one else is... well Catalina finds it entertaining. The crowd is not liking this display or lack of action from Harvey. Harvey turns around and gets clipped in the chin from a Blackwood forearm shot. Gage lands another and another, turning the crowd to cheers.

Harvey is thrown off the ring ropes and upon return Blackwood hits the deck causing Harvey to leap over him. Blackwood gets back to his feet and lands a well placed dropkick to Harvey's face. Harvey's momentum sends him back stumbling. Blackwood himself hits the ropes and comes back at Harvey, clotheslining 'The Natural One' over the top rope and to the floor.

DDK:

This crowd is getting loud, Angus!

Angus:

Blackwood needs to keep this pace up. Keep hitting that bald moron!

Catalina rushes over to Harvey to see if his healing nose has been re-injured. Both have their back to Blackwood who is by the ring ropes far away from the duo. Blackwood's just waiting for his moment...

Then he speeds across the ring and goes for a baseball slide but Harvey evades the attack. Blackwood slides out of the ring and gets a closed fist to the face from Harvey. Catalina gets to a safe distance while Harvey goes on the offensive. Harvey has Blackwood by the hair and goes to slam Gage's head into the side of the ring but Blackwood blocks it. Blackwood lands a chop to Harvey's mid section and follows it with slamming his face into the ring apron. Harvey grabs at his nose, showing signs of pain. Blackwood tosses Harvey into the ring, as Harvey rolls across the mat.

Blackwood moves quickly, going up the ring steps. Gage shows signs that he's going to the top rope but as he makes his way up the turnbuckles he doesn't see Harvey on his feet coming over to him. Blackwood stands atop the ring ropes and gets crotched. The crowd lets out a loud moan, feeling the pain Gage is now in. Harvey comes in fast and cracks Blackwood in the skull with an step up enzuigiri.

DDK:

Unfortunately a well placed enzuigiri from Harvey!

Angus:

Little lax on going to the top from Gage Blackwood. He should have been moving faster.

Blackwood falls down off the turn buckle and hits the floor. The crowd boos as Harvey gloats, strutting around the ring. Cameras get a close up on Blackwood on the outside and it doesn't look good. We cut back to Harvey in the ring, who makes a home in the corner, propping his feet and body up across the top ropes.

Benny Doyle has already started his ten count on the fallen Blackwood. We move to a camera following Catalina, for obvious reasons. She gets up on the apron and her and Harvey are shooting the shit while Blackwood is still down on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Adding insult to injury, Catalina and Harvey look like they are on top of the world.

"FOUR!"

Angus:

Come on Blackwood, you can't get counted out! I hate Jay Harvey!

"FIVE!"

DDK:

I feel like if Harvey had no affiliation to WrestleUTA you would be his number one fan.

"SIX!"

Angus:

Pipe down, Keebs.

"SEVEN!"

The crowd is doing their best to power Blackwood back to his feet. Referee Doyle is at eight and Gage finally shows signs of life. Doyle is at nine...

DDK:

Blackwood just makes it back in the ring!

Angus:

Thank God!

Harvey doesn't look shocked by Blackwood making it in before ten. The crowd is back into this match and Harvey will focus to stop that. Jay moves in slowly, pointing at Blackwood. Gage still appears to be frazzled by the the actions that sent him crashing to the concrete floor minutes ago.

Harvey puts his hand under Blackwood's chin and raises it up to look him in the eyes. Harvey says something that microphones and cameras can't quite pick up. Blackwood snaps back into the match, grabbing Harvey by the head and going for a Small Package.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Harvey's eyes go wide. The crowd can't believe Blackwood almost defeated Harvey in such a manner. Harvey jolts upward, back to a vertical stance. He yells at Blackwood to get to his feet. He calls for him to stand up. Blackwood gets on his knees and gets beamed in the forehead from a right fist from Harvey. Blackwood shoots Harvey a look of death but Harvey doesn't waiver. Blackwood is getting to his feet, fighting through the attacks.

Blackwood gets vertical and blocks a right. The Scot returns with a stiff looking right elbow. The crowd is really going now as Blackwood lands another blow. He grabs Harvey by the back of the head and lands repeated elbow shots. Blackwood is like a man possessed. He finally drops Harvey down to the mat.

Blackwood lets out a roar and the fans are loving it. Blackwood keeps the action moving, bringing Harvey backup and Irish whipping him across the ring. He meets Harvey halfway and sends a spinning heel kick to Harvey's chops.

DDK:

The momentum has shifted in Gage Blackwood's corner!

Angus:

Blackwood could be looking to end it here!

Harvey crawls over to the nearby corner while Blackwood waits in his corner for Harvey to get in proper position. Blackwood is getting fired up and looks to have Harvey right where he wants him. Blackwood shoots across the ring...

but so does Harvey.

DDK:

Harvey with 'The Wake Up Call'! Harvey could tell Blackwood was looking to end the match and put a stop to it!

Angus:

Son of a bitch...

The brutal running right knee from Harvey puts Blackwood and his comeback out cold. Harvey sits on top of Gage and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell sounds bringing an end to the hard fought match.

DING DING DING

Quimbey:

The winner by pinfall... 'The Naturaaaaal One' THE Jaaay Haaaaarvey!

Harvey's music begins playing as Benny Doyle makes an attempt to raise the victorious hand of Jay Harvey but Harvey wants no part of it. Catalina makes her way into the ring, all smiles. She brings Harvey's left hand up into the air as the DEFIANCE Faithful boo them as a whole. Harvey pulls Catalina in close as the hard cam zooms in closer on the two.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood was a step away from closing this match out, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, Blackwood almost got him... but almost only counts in hand-grenades and horseshoes.

A camera man gets inside the ring and up close to Catalina and Harvey. Harvey locks eyes with the camera.

THE Jay Harvey:

If I've said it once, I've said it a million times! I don't care if you like it or not... you just gotta live with it! I'm the BEST in the business!

Harvey lets out a laugh as he and Catalina still stand in the ring. We stay on them for a short time more before fading to black.

PREP WORK

Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFIANCE flag, holding a microphone. She smiles, but seems annoyed by her charge tonight.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentleman... my guest right now... Jack Harmen.

Her nose upticks with a large hint of annoyance, as Jack Harmen saunters into frame. He looks over his shoulder, frowns.

Christie Zane:

Jack... earlier tonight.

Jack raises one finger to her, and walks off frame. When he returns, he has an incredibly large UTA sign that he places just in front of the DEFIANCE flag to large jeers. Harmen nods to Zane to continue.

Christie Zane:

Seriously?

Jack Harmen:

You're lucky I'm not talking to Bobby Dean's daughter right now. Go blonde muppet, talk. YAP YAP quick before I get bored of you tiny girl.

Christie Zane:

Earlier tonight, you took a steel chair and attempted to end the career of the Big Scotsman, Andy Murray. Andy is currently in intensive care at a local New Orleans hospital...

Jack Harmen:

Had to be done.

Christie Zane:

What do you mean it had to be done?

Jack Harmen:

Andy Murray is a shell of the man he once was. Only way I was able to crack him open quite so easily.

Christie Zane:

Weren't you two friends? I remember in --

Jack Harmen:

We said all of two words to one another. Just because we're in the same room and have mutual acquaintances, doesn't make us friends. I have no regrets Christie. I'd make sure the job is done if I could get through ICU's security.

Christie Zane:

It's still despicable.

Jack Harmen:

THE MURRAYS' DESERVE IT! Mikey Unlikely has shown me the light Christie, and he knows who deserves to feel pain. You wouldn't understand. I mean... You're just a pair of makeshift bouys with an ugly face.

Harmen looks down at her chest as he says bouys, and then snarls up to her face to finish his statement. Zane's nose tweaks in anger.

Jack Harmen:

HURRY UP ALREADY and GET to your POINT.

Christie Zane:

You go outside of the lines of the law when fighting Andy, but you won't even give Elise Ares the time of day? What's the deal?

Jack Harmen:

I already moved on Christie. I'm not gonna sit around and watch the same movie six times in a row. Been there, done that, NEXT. And NEXT, was one of the Murrays.

Christie Zane:

Some people say you might be afraid of Elise.

Jack Harmen doesn't say anything. He just takes steps to get incredibly close to Christie Zane, and stares her directly in the eyes. The tension is awkward.

Jack Harmen:

You wanna ask that question to me again?

Harmen's nose twitches as his eyes bulge out of their sockets. Zane takes a step back, and shakes her head no. Harmen scoffs.

Jack Harmen:

Knew it.

Harmen turns, and goes to walk off set, bumping into the cameraman as he does. Harmen shoves him down to the ground and wanders off.

Jack Harmen:

OUTTA MY WAY FILM SCHOOL REJECT!

Christie helps the cameraman back to his feet, before turning to the large UTA sign Harmen propped up. She punches it so it tumbles and falls, revealing the DEFIANCE flag behind it to cheers from the audience.

CHOICES

Quimbey:

The following contest scheduled for one fall, and it is for the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship!!

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

DDK:

Fans you may want to turn your kids eyes from this match.

Angus:

Ares, the girl has a lot of guts challenging this seven foot goof. Who would've thought a year ago that we'd see one of the Pop Culture Phenoms showing some backbone!

DDK:

And to a seven foot monster? Elise Ares is either very brave, very stupid, very arrogant, or possibly all three. She's certainly going to have her work cut out for her tonight. It's either going to be a wake up call to the UTA and DEFIANCE rosters, or it's going to be a funeral.

The crowd cheers as the curtain bursts open and Elise Ares swags into the arena. She is wearing her long high fashion white faux fur lined coat, her signature LED sunglasses flash the words "NEXT" and "CHAMP" in gold lights as she stops and poses on the stage.

Quimbey:

First, the challenger! She weighs in at one hundred and twenty-two pounds...from Beverly Hills, California..

Looking over her shoulder, she pauses before reluctant heading forward with her trademark swagger.

Quimbey:

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE....ELISSEE AREESS!!!

DDK:

Didn't she tell Klein and The D she'd meet back up with them later for this match? Something doesn't feel right here, Elise is always escorted to the ring by her fellow PCP members.

Angus:

With these scatterbrains, who knows Keebs. I only gave Elise a snowball's chance in hell to begin with, and that was with interference from Klein and The D. Without them? Not a chance. We're doomed. She's doomed. Why is she trying to make this match even harder than it already is?

Elise sits on the apron before seductively rising to her feet and slowly stepping into the ring. Once inside, she drops her jacket to the ground to reveal a gold and black themed wrestling attire, obviously the South Beach Starlet has championship aspirations tonight. The word champ still written across her face as she drops her sunglasses to the ground and delivers a wink to the camera.

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

Jon steps from behind the curtain in a brown suit with a yellow dress shirt with a brown and orange striped tie. He has the WrestleUTA Championship folded up and carrying under his arm. Crimson Lord steps from behind the curtain not dressed in his normal entrance attire, in fact he looks to be in street clothes.

Quimbey:

Now making his way to the ring weighing in at three hundred and forty-eight pounds.

DDK:

Well, this continues to get interesting now WrestleUTA World Champion does not look dressed to compete here tonight.

Angus:

What is he up to?

The two make their way to the ring. CL is dressed in black leather pants, with black boots. He has a dark brown leather jacket on without a shirt. A pair of yellow C ' Decor Sunglasses on, Crimson looks to be growing his hair out, but his beard is neatly trimmed just a few inches from his face.

Quimbey:

He is the current WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion.....from Chicago, Illinois...

Elise warms up in her corner, but can't help but wonder what this is all about. The champion looks into the ring from the floor. Instead of his tradition grab the top rope he walks toward the steel steps following Jon into the ring.

Quimbey:

"The Messiah of Pain" CRIIIIMMSSSOOONNN LORD!

DDK:

Man, it's hard to get over the size of this man. Elise looks like a child in front of him.

Angus:

Screw all that, what is his deal here tonight?

Jon stops Darren from leaving the ring and gets Quimbey's microphone from him. Jon walks over to Lord and hands him the microphone. He looks out into the sea of hatred for him. A slight chuckle under his breath as he glances over at Elise ready for a fight. Crimson puts his hand out in a stopping motion for a moment.

Angus:

Really? Can't we go through one show without this man running his damn mouth!

DDK:

Well, you did want to know what he was up too, didn't you?

Angus:

...Hmpf I guess I did say that..

Crimson:

{Weapon} Well...

Crimson looks out into the booing fans and then back at Elise, he chuckles for a moment again.

DDK:

Crimson's voice sounds different, what is that all about?

Angus:

Who knows, this goof was talking about harmony last time we saw him.

Crimson:

{Weapon} You have reached the big time chickadee..

Elise can be heard off microphone shouting "BOOOOOOORING!" The crowd cheers but Crimson again puts his hand out as he tries to calm her down.

Crimson:

{Weapon} Look I am not a bad guy..

That quickly gets a quick response from the fans clearly they do not believe that for one minute. Lord looks out at them stunned they don't believe him. He turns his look back at her continues.

Crimson:

{Weapon} Like I said I am not a bad guy...

Fans continue to get louder Lord looks quickly out into the sea of Defiant Faithful.

Crimson:

{Plague} SHUT UP!

DDK:

What the, his voice changed again. Are we having production issues?

Angus:

Did it suddenly get colder in here? What's this business all about.

With a glaring menacing look at the fans which only gives a more resonating reaction of hatred for him. Crimson grits his teeth for a moment then looks back at Elise who continues to get these fans under the champions skin. A "BOOOOORING" chant has now erupted around the arena, trying to silence UTA's Champion from getting a word in.

Crimson:

{Plague} You think egging all these piss ants on is going to help your situation?

Elise puts a thumb up into the air to a chorus of cheers. She wears a smirk on her face, but her eyes tell a different story. They keep moving past Crimson Lord to the stage area. Searching. Crimson looks ready to pounce but stops himself and tries to calm himself down.

Crimson:

Here it is..

His voice seems to return to the same voice we normally here from the champion once more. The fans are now chanting "P-C-P!", presumably for the popular faction but they could all be very confused drug addicts. Here in DEFIANCE, anything is possible. Crimson just shakes his head for a moment takes a hold of the top rope and looks over at Jon who shares his displeasure at the fans. He glance back over at Elise.

Crimson:

I am willing out of the kindness of my heart..

Again the fans get louder with a triumph chorus of boos. The "BOOOOORING!" chant comes back louder. Lord paces a moment trying to wait patiently for the fans to become quiet.

Crimson:

I am willing to give you a choice here Ares..

She looks on curious at what the champion has to say, tilting her head to the side much like a small dog.

Crimson:

I will give you the choice to steps through these ropes and walk out of here..unharmmed.

The former Tag Team Champion scrunches up her nose. Doesn't really seem all that interested in that choice.

Crimson:

Think about it chickadee, I am allowing you to leave unharmed. If you choose to stay then you will not leave on your own two feet you will be stretcher out of here!

Elise looks back towards the entrance for a moment, then back to Crimson. She shakes her head "NO" and shrugs her shoulders in confusion, which gets a great reaction from the fans. Lord however is not amused at her stubbornness.

Crimson:

Ok..ok I get it you have something to prove out here. Think about your wrestling career, who do you think will stop me from ending your career here tonight?

Elise yells "Why does he get a microphone and I don't?!" across the ring, causing to the crowd to respond. However, quickly that response turns from cheers to boos as she steps over to grab the mic from Crimson Lord and he raises it high above her head, having a chuckle at the height difference. Frustrated for a moment, she gathers herself before pointing to a sign in the audience that reads "I RODE THE D, AND ALL I GOT WAS CHLAMYDIA".

Crimson:

Really? So you think Klein and The D will help you...now that I think about it don't they always come out with you?

Elise's look quickly changes from annoyance to worry. Her eyes dart past Lord back to the entrance once again. Crimson answers her question and points to the tron. Elise eyes widen as both The D and Klein are laid out in the back unconscious. Elise is in shock for a moment and then her eyes narrow at Crimson. Who snickers a bit as he paces for a moment. Uneasiness in the crowd begins to stir.

DDK:

We need to get medical back there now! The PCP have been taken out! Damn you Crimson, what you already didn't have a big enough advantage!

Angus:

Ehhhh, I hate to say it but I might take him up on that deal.

Crimson:

Oh...if you think I had something to do with that well...It wasn't me.

Elise screams "Was it Jack?!" her questions are met with a sickening chuckle. "No wait... Jay?! Was it Jay?!" She's screaming into the void. There is no point.

DDK:

Once again the WrestleUTA with the upper hand, something's gotta give!

Angus:

I'm still not sure if this is bravery or stupidity, Elise, but this may be career suicide.

Crimson:

Now I will give you another chance walk out of this ring on your own accord and nothing bad will happen to you.

This clearly has Elise thinking hard about the choice. She starts to make her way toward the ropes, but then stops and looks back at Crimson. He slowly removes his C Decor glasses handing them to Jon.

Crimson:

You're overthinking your situation here...come on you know you have absolutely no chance of beating me.

Crimson tosses his microphone to the ground for Elise to pick up, attempting to humiliate her before removing his jacket and handing it to Jon. Larver heads out of the ring, as Elise looks out into the sea of fans. For the first time in her career, they're on her side. They believe in her. They need her.

Elise Ares:

You're right Crimson, you are seven foot tall.

Crimson puts his hand over his head.

Elise Ares:

You're over twice my weight.

Crimson pats his stomach.

Elise Ares:

You're so much stronger than I am...

Crimson makes a bicep curl with his arm.

Elise Ares:

But I already told you once, dummy, that I have something to prove! Not only to Jack... to you, Jay, and these fans!

She points and the fans erupt in cheers for her.

Elise Ares:

I'm bringing that gold to DEFIANCE.

"DE-FI-ANCE!"

"DE-FI-ANCE!"

DDK:

You tell em, Elise!

Larver motions for another microphone from the ring crew outside. He approaches the champion with it, but before he can hand it to him CL snatches it from him.

Crimson:

Let me stop you right there. DEFIANCE? This company is so disorganized, they can't even get their own shit together. Mikey brought us into this place, and ever since he has had your so called DEFIANCE brethren wrapped around his little finger.

The crowd clearly shows their dislike for the champions remarks.

Crimson:

These fans? Seriously? These people are so deluded to what you...

Points at Elise and then toward the back.

Crimson:

And they represent! You people are like lemmings willing to follow a sinking ship regardless if there is another option. Now enough of this crap chickadee, because my patience is all but gone with you.

Elise steps back from the now flustered seven footer, this time she raises her hand in a calming motion calling for an imaginary timeout.

Elise:

You have a lot of things going for you tonight, birdwatcher. I'll give you that. I have something that you'll never have through.

She points at her heart.

Crimson:

Heart? HA! It's about to be ripped out!

Elise:

Heart? No. Are you kidding me? I meant boobs. I have boobs, mister. And boobs gets you a lot of favors. Like this...

She points to the entranceway.

♪ "Red In Tooth And Claw" by Rosetta ♪

The crowd quickly jump to their feet! This music could only mean one thing. The lights turn to usher in the entrance of the Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE. Everyone including Crimson Lord's attention is directed toward the entrance way.

Angus:

She really pulled it off!

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE COULD IT BE!?

Angus:

She has backup after all, and it's THE FIST!

Crimson Lord stands at the ropes facing the entrance way, screaming at Cayle Murray to bring it on. The suspense builds, causing Lord to step back away from the ropes right into Elise Ares springboarding off the adjacent ropes and slamming a microphone into the side of Crimson's head with an audible pop. The crowd roars and the lights return to normal. Chaos has broken out.

WRESTLEUTA WORLD: CRIMSON LORD Â© VS. ELISE ARES

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

What a cheap shot!

Angus:

I can't believe she just pulled that off!! SHE MIGHT PULL THIS OFF, KEEBS!!!

Lord is staggering heavily and Elise takes advantage! She hops on the top rope next to Crimson. The champion does not have enough time to react before he gets a mouth full of Amethystation! CL wobbles back holding his jaw, and Elise follows with a basement dropkick! The seven footer falls down across the top rope! The crowd is on their feet screaming as Ares rushes to him in a panic!

DDK:

QUICK! FINISH HIM!

Angus:

ELISE ARES IS JUST ABOUT TO HELP TURN THE TIDE IN THIS WAR!

Elise runs past him and grabs his massive head, and hops out of the ring, whiplashing the champ's neck across the top rope as she lands on the apron with the Cuban Necktie! Typically she'd take the photo opportunity, but Crimson is rocked and Jon can't believe it. Elise goes to the top rope! The crowd is in a fever pitch as she takes an imaginary selfie before leaping off the rope into a double-knee phoenix splash she calls Your Feature Presentation! SHE CONNECTS!

DDK:

COVER ELISE! COVER!!!!

Angus:

OH MY GOD!

Elise looks around at the audience jumping up and down around her. Screaming. Pleading. She leaps onto the downed Crimson Lord and Carla Ferrari counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...

Crimson Lord powers out, heaving the tiny challenger into the air with authority. The power of his escape is so intense that Elise actually lands on her feet after being launched high into the air. Lord shambles back onto his, trying to figure out where he is and what just happened to him. Meanwhile Ares is back on the top rope! She flies into a Hurricanrana! As she tries to execute the move Crimson gets his barings and quickly reverses it into a tiger bomb!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Elise is holding her back in pain, as Crimson rubs his mouth. He grabs Elise by the hair and pulls her to her feet. With ease he lifts her up into a gorilla press, carrying her around the ring until he dumps her to the floor outside!

DDK:

Well that was a nice little run while it lasted, wouldn't you say?

Angus:

I can't believe she almost won that match. Can you believe she almost won this match?!

Elise's face bounces off the floor outside the ring she appears to be out. Crimson is being told to stay in the ring by Carla as the medical team runs out to check on her. The champ however just pushes by her and steps over the top rope. CL mouths off at a fan for a moment before staring down at Elise as the medics begin to ask her a few questions.

DDK:

That was a bit of a rough landing there! She might be out!

Angus:

I'm not sure we're going to get the chance to find out what shape she's in, she's already done pissed this big nutjob off!

"Yeah, if Cayle did come out here, this is what I would do to him!" Crimson says off microphone, He picks up Elise and throws her with so much force she knocks the top of the steel steps off. The fans look on in horror, as this relentless UTA monster continues to ravage this young woman who lays prone, face down across the steps. Lord kicks the top of the steps out of the way from their leaning position on the bottom set. He then picks up Elise who can barely stand and tosses her into the ring. Carla is checking on Elise, but again Crimson shoves her aside before she can get the chance and picks up the challenger once more. He lifts her up into a ten foot drop of a chokeslam!

DDK:

Carla might have to call this match just so the team can get a good look at Elise here. The medical team is still here at ringside but who can stop this monster?

Angus:

Someone a little bigger than your average EMT may have to step in here.

DDK:

But who? Klein and The D are out. Cayle's music hit but he was back in medical earlier, he has his own wounds to lick. We're slowly getting decimated out here.

Crimson stares out into the sea of concerned fans for Elise. A sickening smirk crosses his lips and he gets on top of Elise, before grabbing her by the hair and shouting into her face.

"I gave you a choice! This is what 'heart' has gotten you!" CL picks her up again. She can no longer stand on her feet. The champion just ragdolls her to her feet and throws her in between his legs. He lifts her with terrifying ease into that vicious high angle powerbomb that he has been making famous. Ares' arms are dangling to the sides, she looks practically lifeless in the air.

DDK:

This is just a mercy killing at this point.

Crimson slams her hard to the mat as Carla and the rest of the fans look on in horror. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE is spread eagle on the mat. The seven footer looks down at her, lifeless, on the mat then out to the fans. They boo him with all their might. He looks down at her once more and then takes a knee by her. He puts his hand on her chest. Carla is quickly down there for the count, it may even be a tad quicker than normal.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Thank the Gods this one is finally finished.

THRE..

Elise kicks her foot onto the bottom rope and Crimson's eyes widen in shock. The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and groans as the camera catches Jon outside with the same look as Crimson. Even Carla Ferrari is shocked. CL shouts at Carla for a slow count before kicking Elise's leg back off of the rope. "STAY DOWN!" He screams then covers Elise once more this time with his forearm dug across her face.

Angus:

You got your point across, kid. Stay down.

ONE

TWO

THRE..

Ares tries to get her leg on the ropes again but Crimson sees it coming and grabs the leg, but breaks his own pinfall. He stares coldly at Carla who holds up two fingers. The monster jerks up Ares and slaps his hand across her throat, before lifting her up high in the air. He spins her in a one-eighty then slams her down on his knee. She screams in pain and holds her lower back. Crimson rolls her onto her back, then again stiff forearms her in the face before covering.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

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

DDK:

And that's it.

Angus:

Started so good. Ended so bad.

Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Finally the medics out here are going to get a good look at Elise to make sure there's no permanent damage here to her head, neck, or back area. She took quite a few shots to those areas and we need to make sure to keep the health of our competitors in mind. So be patient with us here if our break is a little longer than normal, it's all for the safety of our...

Angus:

I... wouldn't be so sure about that.

As Crimson stands up and pulls his arm from Carla, Larver enters the ring with the title and Crimson lets Jon raises his arm in victory. Crimson brushes him off quickly before glaring down at Elise. Fixated. Infuriated. He quickly picks her up and throws her outside the ring. Jon is now distracting Carla in the corner. The seven footer clearly with bad intentions on his mind exits the ring. He grabs Elise by the hair and drags her to her feet. He picks her up and body slams her onto the steel steps that were separated earlier.

DDK:

For God's sake somebody do something about this!

Elise again holds her lower back in extreme pain, she can barely move. As she is lies on the steps Crimson mouths off at fans once more. The medics scramble to stand between Elise at her attacker. He sees nothing but Crimson. He hops on the apron and walks across it looking down at her.

Angus:

There isn't ANYONE in DEFIANCE who has the balls to...

The crowd erupts as Crimson is about to jump off the apron to Elise, Burns rushes the ring! Crimson hops off the apron, and the two began to brawl on the rampway. Oscar beings to rally, forcing the champion back to the ring apron. CL starts to cover up as Oscar lays into him. Suddenly Crimson knee lifts Oscar quickly taking him off guard. He quickly picks him up by his shoulder and drives him shoulder first into the steel post.

DDK:

He just drove Oscar Burns' injured shoulder right into the unforgiving steel ring post! This guy is just unstoppable! He's just maiming the entire BRAZEN and DEFIANCE rosters!

Angus:

We need more! Send down some more help to get this under control!

Crimson stares down at Oscar holding his shoulder in pain. His sadistic gaze slowly moves over to Elise still not moving on the steps surrounded by the medical team. He hops the apron and Carla has had enough. She tries to order Crimson Lord to leave, but Jon grabs her attention once more. Crimson just smirks at her while quickly walking on the apron toward Elise. He jumps off with a knee drop and the medical team scrambles...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Oscar quickly pulls Elise from the steel steps at the last second Crimson slams, knee first into the steel steps. Crimson Lord is down, holding his knee in pain as Oscar, fighting through his pain, tries to check on Elise Ares. She seems completely out of it and he waves the medical team back over. They're reluctant as CL has tried to walk off the knee drop. Oscar Burns starts to run at CL, but Jon warns his boss and Crimson turns around and quickly slides in the ring. Burns follows the hobbled Crimson Lord and begins to kick at the injured leg of his much larger adversary. CL stumbles in the corner and Oscar lays into Crimson's injured leg. After a few blows to the injured leg, Oscar dragon leg whips Crimson out of the corner. CL tries to get to his feet again to gain advantage but is struggling, clearly favoring his knee. Elise is seen moving outside and looking in the ring. Oscar climbs the top rope ready to launch himself.

DDK:

Elise needs to take this distraction and get the hell out of here!

Angus:

DEFsec has been dispatched! They're on their way but before they come it looks like DEFIANCE is going to get a little payback on this giant asshole!

He waits for Crimson to turn around, pressing his luck it feels like a lifetime. As he does he leaps off in a double axe handle. CL quickly retaliates and catches Burns in mid air with a lifted shoulder clutch known as his Vice Grip! It's locked in on Burns' injured shoulder! Oscar screams out in pain while Crimson drags him to the corner, trying to take the weight off the leg he leans back into the corner turnbuckle while squeezing the hold. Burns is fading, leaving Elise with no choice but to turn around and slide into the ring. The crowd is amazed she is still on her feet she kicks Crimson in the corner, forcing him to drop Burns. Elise tries to back away, but Crimson favoring his knee is now walking toward her. She underestimates his reach and can't escape! Lord grabs her by the throat, lifts her off the mat, and slams her into chokeslam! He staggers back with the ropes holding him up.

DDK:

FINALLY! Good grief!

Angus:

Here comes the cavalry!

Waves of DEFsec, medics, and officials rush toward the ring as Jon checks on him and Crimson waves him off he gingerly walks toward the two laid out. They shove their way past the waves of people and exit the ring as the crew tends to Elise favoring her back, and Oscar favoring his shoulder. Larver hands him the title as he raises it up with one arm as he walks away from the ring. Impact made. There was no music, only casualties as he disappears into the backstage area.

GROUNDHOG DAY

The scene goes backstage as Gage Blackwood limps throughout the locker room area.

Angus:

This is becoming a trademark segment, I tell you. The Gage Blackwood beaten-the-hell-up-and-can-barely-move part of the program. [sigh]

Blackwood turns a corner and runs right into what looks to be a brick wall.

Then, on a second viewing... it's Gunther Adler.

Blackwood rubs his head.

Blackwood:

Get out of my way.

Surprisingly, Blackwood shows some fire towards the BRAZEN wrestler. However, given their short history - that Gunther is now 3-0 against him AND was the reason Blackwood got hit with numerous curb stomps from Chris Ross during DEFtv 94 - he could be justified in his actions.

Gunther Adler:

You're not well.

Adler speaks slowly, in almost broken English. Spending the majority of his life in Germany, he does have an understanding of the english language but his thick Bremen accent also makes it difficult for him to be completely understood.

Blackwood:

Aye. And who do I have to thank for that?

Gage insinuates this is Adler's fault.

Adler:

You could barely handle Jay Harvey out there...

Blackwood:

Aye. [long pause] I have no interest speaking to you after you fed me to Chris Ross.

Surprisingly, Adler nods. Then he points to his forehead, revealing a small scar from the stitches that were recently removed. He, too, was hit with a Chris Ross screwdriver... even if he initially did get in Gage Blackwood's way.

Blackwood nods and mutters "aye" again.

Adler:

I want another shot at him, too...

"Don't have to wait too long..."

SMASH~!!!

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Glass shatters everywhere. It's a mess of bodies and broken pieces of glass until the camera comes back into view.

Angus:

That god damn prick!

There, Chris Ross stands. Same asshole grin. Same asshole beating.

DDK:

Chris Ross just blindsided both Gunther Adler AND Gage Blackwood with a plate of glass!!

Both men lay out on the floor. Blackwood, who's not moving and Adler, who is and rolling around once again with both hands on the top of his head, shouting in pain.

Ross:

I told you, Gage, I'm always around.

Security quickly comes in to pull Ross away before he can do more damage.

Angus:

This is honestly cringe-worthy. Ross, Ross, Ross. The bloody Chris Ross show.

DDK:

If there's anything to take from this... we know Gage will get back up once again. And it looks as though The Boss has made himself another enemy now in Gunther Adler...

Angus:

Same old story. Can't wait until Chris Ross wins again on DEFtv 96...

TAG TITLES: THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS Â© VS. REAPER CO.

Cut back to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following matchup is for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships!

The crowd cheers a bit before remembering who is in the match.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, the challengers...

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 Kabal standing in the middle of the ring. At full strength Reaper Blue and Reaper Green stand in front of The Reaper Army.

Looking on from the outside Darren Quimbey has all but given up the introductions of challengers for the tag team titles.

DDK:

The challengers yet again skip the usual entrance via music, and elect for the more awkward approach.

Angus:

At this point I don't care what type of entrance they make as long as they take the --

Angus is interrupted by The Hollywood Bruvs entrance music.

♪*"Fucking in the Bushes" by Oasis*♪

DDK:

Here they come, like it or not, the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions!

The red carpet flows down from the entrance way as the crowds begin their negativity. The boos cascade down towards the ring as they appear from the back. Mikey has on two titles, the DEFIANCE Tag of course, and the WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Championship he recently debuted on UNCUT. Kendrix wears his Tag title proudly around his waist. The pair take in the scene, the opponents, and the crowd before continuing down the ramp and into the ring. They talk strategy and warm up as they stretch the ropes. Mikey is cautious to keep his eyes on Reaper Co.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a total combined weight of 275 lbs. The reigning and defending DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions.... Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix.... The HOLLYWOODOOOOOD BRUVVVS!

The crowd boos. Was worth a shot.

The election of which Reapers would participate in the title bout is made clear when all but Reaper Blue and Reaper Green exit the ring. Navarro gives some last minute attempted instructions with the Bruvs brush off and Reaper's stay silent to. Reaper Green stays in the ring while Reaper Blue takes her spot in the corner.

DDK:

Looks like we're going to see Jesse Kendrix vs Reaper Green to start things off...

With JFK in for the Bruvs, Navarro rings the bell and Reaper Green immediately charges Kendrix, who ducks out of a grapple attempt and secures one of his own on Reaper Green. The two struggle to get leverage but Kendrix wins out after slamming a few knees into the gut of Green.

Pushing him towards his corner Kendrix gets Reaper Green pressed against the turnbuckle and Navarro steps in with a count to three, Jesse lets go at the last second, his hands held innocently up by the side of his head to satisfy the ref's stern words, however, he quickly throws a right hand toward Reaper Green but the Kebab member ducks under and out of the corner.

From behind Reaper Green spins Kendrix around into a stiff kick to the gut, doubling him over, Reaper Green quickly hooks him into a suplex. Unphased, Kendrix is onto one knee by the time Reaper Green is on his feet. He charges towards the recovering JFK, but Kendrix rolls out of the way and when Reaper turns around he catches a stiff slap directly to the face by the self proclaimed future of the business

Angus:

Ohhhhhhhh! LIGHT HIM UP REAPER!

Kendrix:

Should have disappeared, innit, bruv?!

The action comes fast and furious as JFK and Reaper Green exchange blows whilst gaining velocity with each one. Green forces Kendrix back on his heels, further and further towards the ropes before whipping him through to the other side, it's there that Mikey makes the blind tag, slapping the back of his partner who hops back towards Reaper Green, Reap sends JFK up and over slamming down backfirst to the canvas.

Angus:

Quick, turnaround you weirdo!

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely with a right forearm to the back of Reaper Green's neck! He caught him by surprise!

Mikey laughs as he drops another stinging forearm to the back of the head of Reaper. JFK rolls out of the ring and to the floor, trying to recover and get back to his corner as Mikey hits a third forearm. This time it wakes up Reaper Green, whose head turns quickly towards Mikey, The mood on the "World's Greatest Entertainer" Changes quick and he begins to beg off and apologize. Reaper's having none of it and begins to unload in a fury on the Hollywood Bruv. The crowd is eating it up and cheering on Reapers.

DDK:

I never thought I would hear this crowd behind the Reaper team, but you put them in there with the Bruvs and they are fan favorites!

Angus:

GO REAPERS GO! Oh sorry Darren....

Mikey is irish whipped into the Reaper corner where he hits the turnbuckle pads hard. Reaper Green tags in Reaper Blue who is eager to get in on the action. Reaper Blue starts kicking and punching Mikey into the corner until he's in a seated position. Reaper walks to the center of the ring, looks at Kendrix and runs back at Mikey before hitting the dropkick into the corner flush against his face and chest.

Reaper Blue pulls Mikey out of the corner, and desperately he throws a low blow between the legs. Reaper Blue just stops and looks down at him. The crowd laughs loudly.

Angus:

That's not gonna work on her McFucker! Ha!

Mikey's head drops to his chest with quick disappointment. Reaper drops the point of her elbow across the crown of his head. She then lifts Mikey to his feet, he pushes her arms away and tries to make it to his corner but he's caught from behind by the waist of his pants. Reaper Blue pulls him toward her backward, catches him and with a large effort she German Suplexes Mikey over her head and onto the back of his neck, folding him in half.

The crowd jumps to their feet.

DDK:

Reaper Blue just put everything she had into that german suplex! Sending Mikey flying! Wow what surprising power!

Kendrix looks on, mouth open wide momentarily in shock before he decides to enter the ring but he's met with a hip toss before he rolls back out of the ring by the rampway, pulling his hair back in frustration as Reaper Blue stands, watching him lose his shit, perfectly still in domineering fashion.

Angus:

Haha! I'm loving these two get schooled, listen to this place Keebs!

However, the noise in the arena dies down very quickly as Mikey sends Blue face first to the mat courtesy of a running bulldog from behind. Jesse jogs back to his corner as Mikey drags Jessica toward his tag partner, the two slap hands.

DDK:

Mikey laying the boots in, now Kendrix joins in. The Hollywood Bruvs wearing down Reaper Blue here.

Mikey laughs in the face of the ref before finally making his way out of the ring. Having hauled Blue up to a standing position Jesse talks back to the ref marching him back to the centre of the ring while Mikey wraps his hands around Blue's neck, choking her from behind the turnbuckle. As soon as Kendrix turns around, Mikey lets go of the hold as his partner surges forward, meeting Blue with a jumping running knee to the side of the jaw.

DDK:

Bulldog to the centre of the ring and he's got it locked in, Kendrix Kross, Angus!

Angus:

Nooooo, dammit!

Kendrix pulls back hard after Blue tries to wrip his hands away from her jaw, but it's no use. She reaches out, drops her hand but not all the way. However, in another surprising show of strength, she pushes herself backwards and with JFK's shoulders on the mat, the ref drops to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Jesse releases the hold and gets the shoulder up but he's met with a jumping roundhouse kick, flush on the temple and we have both competitors down!

The crowd begins it's chant for the Reapers but JFK is the first to move! He slowly edges towards Mikey who is patiently waiting in the corner with arm outstretched. Reaper stands Stoic on the apron, but also knows that the other Reaper is in need of a break.

DDK:

Both teams crawling for their partners! JFK gets there first! BUT WAIT here comes REAPER GREEN!

Mikey starts across the ring, but when the tag is made he begs off a bit. Reaper doesn't even slow down. Reaper Green runs at Mikey, and catches him in the corner as he tries to make his escape. Mikey is inbetween the second and third rope but Reaper has him by the hair. The referee begins his 5 count but it's broken up at two when Mikey swings his leg between the legs of Reaper green with the low blow.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Reaper falls to the mat, and Mikey is pleased, he smiles to the crowd and points to his head. Suddenly....

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

The crowd erupts as the music for the "actual" SOHER hits in the arena. Scott Douglas comes out to the top of the ramp with the SOHER draped over his shoulder. Mikey is incensed and demands that Scott Douglas get to the ring and "Hand back" his title.

Douglas holds the belt high into the air and the crowd cheers again. Mikey waves Douglas on from the ring.

Angus:

Wait....Reaper green is getting up! McMikey doesn't see him! YAS could this be...

Reaper Green is standing now and directly behind Mikey. Unlikely pays him no mind, on the outside Kendrix is still trying to catch his breath and is unaware of the predicament.

Reaper from behind forces Mikey over, and flips him up.

DDK:

OH MY! Kuroyama driver!! What a move!

Angus:

Are we still calling it that? Or the Green Reap Driver? EITHER WAY HERE COMES THE PIN!

ONE....

TWO....

Kendrix dives in to break it up.... But he's too late.

THREE!

The bell rings and JFK can't believe it. He looks up at the referee from the mat and goes wide eyed. Reaper rolls from the ring to the outside where he meets up with Reaper Blue once more. Here is where the referee hands them the straps.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and NEWWWWWW DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS..... REAPER
COOOOOOOOOOO~!

The crowd burst into applause. Finally Mikey is coming to. On top of the stage Scott Douglas looks pleased. Mikey finally realizes whats going on and shoots daggers up at Douglas as he holds the back of his head.

Angus:

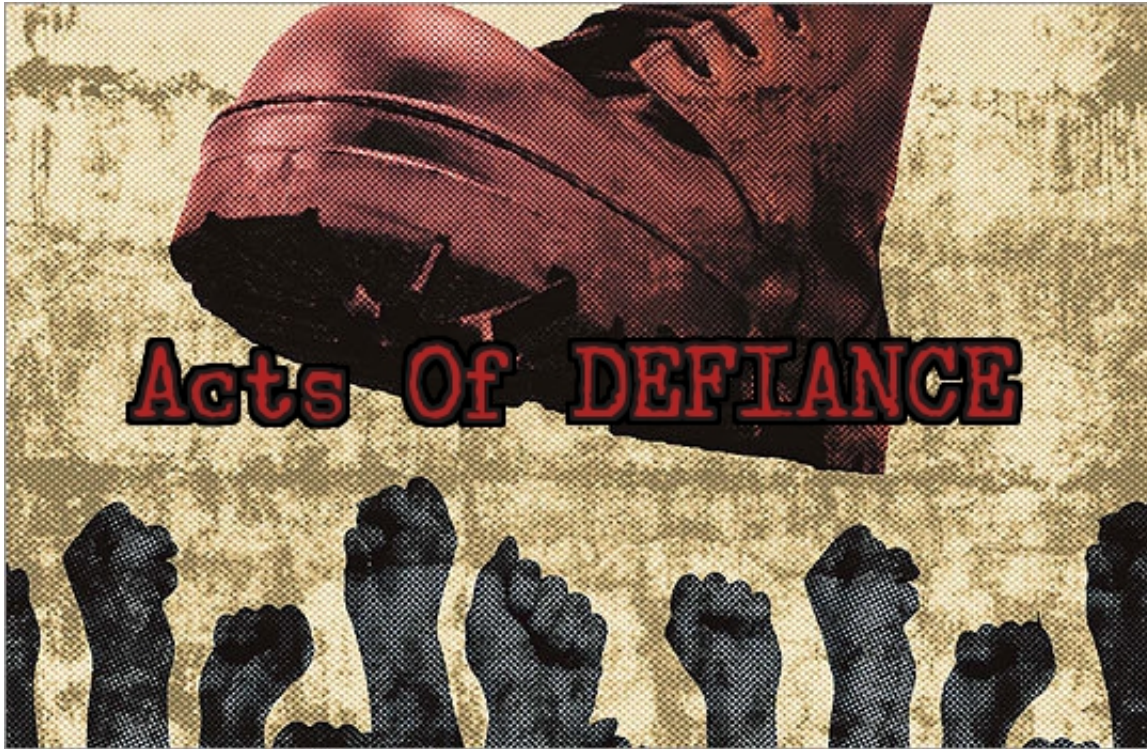
The Reapers did it! They beat the McFuckstick and co! The Blunder Twins! The Hoellywood Bruvs.! Ahahahahahaha!

As Angus celebrates, we end the match with Reapers walking up the ramp as Douglas heads for the back himself. Mikey and Kendrix are pissed together in the ring, kicking the ring ropes in frustration.

Fade.

ACTS OF DEFIANCE

FEBRUARY 6 2018



FIST OF DEFIANCE: CAYLE MURRAY Â© VS. SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

Welcome back folks. It's main event time, and boy, this one's troubling...

Angus:

We didn't see everything that happened between Cayle Murray and Scott Stevens earlier tonight, but we know the mormon cunt laid the FIST out. This isn't good, Keebs. Cayle's already a wounded animal, and it's hard to see him prospering after Stevens heaped even more punishment on him earlier.

DDK:

This may be the FIST's biggest challenge yet, Angus, you're right. Stevens made short work of his brother, Andy, the other week, and now holds all the advantages.

Angus:

Once again, all of our assholes are gonna be tighter than a nun's youknowwhat for the duration Fuck Mikey Unlikely. Fuck this bounty. Fuck WrestleUTA.

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

The slow bellow of the guitar hits and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred. A group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and Scott Stevens appears at the top, looking a little more pleased with himself than usual. 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.

♪ "Red In Tooth And Claw" by Rosetta ♪

The FIST's entrance theme erupts throughout the building, and the fans are in raptures as he appears against the perfect white backdrop. Decked out in championship attire, Cayle Murray walks down to the ring, full of bile. He's all banged up from earlier on, with several strategically-placed bandages adorning his body. 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! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

Stevens jaws at Murray, mouthing off about what happened earlier. 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 hands it over to Brian Slater. He knows he has one hell of a task on his hands.

DDK:

Here we go!

Angus:

Pleasedontlose, pleasedontlose, pleasedontlose...

The bell rings. Afterwards, the opening 4-5 minutes play out in typical fashion. There's some cicling, some jostling,

some poking & prodding, some grappling exchanges. Stevens wins most of these, given his size, power, and not-being-completely-beaten-the-fuck-up advantages, but Cayle uses his technique to slip and slide out of a couple.

Things pick up when Stevens breaks the pattern by tossing Cayle into the corner following one lock-up, then beating down on his midsection. Mudhole stomps send Cayle to his ass. Stevens chokes him with a boot, then gets called away by Slater, before taking Murray into the middle and working over his body.

Cayle eventually fights back, stinging the larger man with some trademark strikes. The first flurry goes to the body, then he goes upstairs. Stevens dodges a running Yakuza Kick, and attempts to boot Murray in the gut, but Cayle catches his leg and Dragon Screws him down. He starts working a kneelock, adopting a similar strategy to that used against Felton Bigsby and Chris Ross. Stevens, however, brute forces his way out of it.

DDK:

Stevens is all brawn here, and he's looking good. He busted his way out of Cayle's first big control period, and with the champion adopting a "grind 'em down" approach, it'll be interesting to see how this styles clash progresses.

The next couple of minutes see Stevens bludgeoning Cayle, much like he'd done to his brother a few weeks ago. Cayle gets a few licks in, though. He slips a couple of right and left hands, then blasts his challenger with a leaping Enzuigiri. A shotgun dropkick follows. With Stevens down in the corner, Cayle runs, hits him with a low dropkick to the face, then pulls him into the middle of the ring. He climbs for the Moonsault, but Stevens takes a powder.

Fans jeer as Scott takes a breather on the outside. Cayle's not waiting, though. He dashes over to a different corner, climbs up, then dives all the way to the outside! A risky move given his physical condition, but it comes off.

Murray knows that this isn't his environment. He goes back inside, taking his opponent with him. The FIST resumes working the leg first by booting it a couple of times, then trapping Scott in a Kneebar. Stevens gets to the ropes and rises to his feet, a little angered, and Cayle catches him with a couple of quickfire roll-ups for a set of near-falls. He gets a little over-enthusiastic, however, and Stevens catches him with the Double S Spinebuster on a rebound.

Angus:

Squid's playing it smart, dive aside. A slow, focused assault on Stoovins, but the challenger just smashed him.

DDK:

A powerful Spinebuster, crippling the torso as we had the 10-minute mark. Let's see what's next!

The Texan is in full control. He tosses Cayle around the ring with reckless abandon. Mudhole stomps, mounted punches, boots, chokes, chops: we get 'em all. Cayle catches him with another sneak roll-up for a two-count, but this only enrages Stevens further, prompting him to increase the intensity.

Murray gets thrown to the outside, where the bullying continues. The FIST is, in succession, whipped into the steps, tossed into the barricade, then slammed against the apron. Stevens rolls inside, rolls out to restart the 10-count, then DDT Cayle for good measure. He rolls back inside, arms outstretched, mocking the champ to a chorus of boos, calling for him to get inside. A broken, battered Murray does, breaking the count-out at eight.

Stevens continues working him over with a mix of strikes, transitional moves, then into a Sharpshooter. Cayle gets to the ropes. Scott laughs at this, seemingly enjoying himself, and slaps the FIST around before blasting him with a discus clothesline, then drilling him with the Scorpion Driver (sit-out Tombstone).

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!****Angus:**

Shitting hell, that was close! Scott Stevens may be a complete bastard, but he's all over the FIST here! Squidlord needs to get his shit together, sharpen up, and remember what he's fighting for, because this ain't going his way!

The challenger keeps it coming. The champ gets a few hope spots in that ignite the crowd, stunning Stevens with some strikes, but he's still under pressure. Stevens whips him into a corner then follows with a Stinger Splash. Whips him again, Stinger. AGAIN, clothesline. This time Stevens lets Cayle stumble out then drives him into the mat with a bulldog.

Scott takes the champion in a headlock then pushes his fist into his bandaged forehead. Murray roars in pain, and is helpless as Stevens tears the bandages away, then stands up, booting him with a soccer kick to the skull. The challenger kicks the FIST with mocking softness, then turns around, mocking the hateful fans.

DDK:

He's in complete control, but this may not be Stevens' smartest move! You don't want to give a competitor of Cayle's heart, soul, and guts time to recover, because his track record shows he'll almost certainly punish you for it!

A cutthroat gesture follows. Stevens is looking to end it. He lifts Cayle up then goes for the Toxic Sting, but Murray pushes his way out of it, skips behind, then lands a snap dragon suplex!

DDK:

SNAPDRAGON!

Angus:

There's the momentum-shifter! C'mon, Cayle! Put this fucker in the dirt!

The match is dragging on. Cayle is exhausted. He can't cover, but he's up first. The seated Stevens gets hit with a sliding lariat. Murray then seizes his throat, locking in the Granite City Cross, before heading to the top rope for his trademark low-arcing Moonsault!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Murray keeps the pressure. Stevens gets thrown to the ropes, then hit with a Shutthefuckuppercut! Penalty Kick! Back to the feet, Supernova Elbow! Cayle takes him in a front facelock, lifts, hangs...

DDK:

A SPOT OF BOTH--

Stevens counters out! DDT! Both men are down!

Angus:

Fuckin' HELL, Keebs! What a goddamn match! The building his hot as hell!

The Faithful will Cayle to his feet, but Stevens is up first. He gets rolled into a flash small package but kicks out at two. Cayle then catches his boot with another Dragon Screw and rolls through into a Kneebar, but Stevens, after a prolonged struggle (and much damage) fights his way to his feet.

A wayward right hand reopens Cayle's forehead wound. Still, the trade strikes back and forth. Stevens, forearm. Cayle, forearm. Stevens. Cayle. Stevens. Cayle. STEVENS. STEVENS. STEVENS>

Murray responds, but his blows are becoming increasingly weak. Stevens takes full advantage of this. After a big boot, the challenger nails three rolling suplexes, then switches it up with a German. Another follows. Having dealt serious

damage, he takes Murray to the corner, throws his shoulder through the 'buckles and into the ringpost, then drags him back to the middle, planting him with a Full Nelson Slam.

Cayle, dazed, crawls across the ring, but can't escape. Stevens pulls him from the mat then blasts him with a monstrous Powerbomb!

Angus:

C'MON, CAYLE! FIGHT BACK! FIGHT THE FUCK BACK!

DDK:

I don't think he CAN, Angus! It's too much! The beatdowns, the injuries, the constant matches, week after week! No man can withstand such pressure!

Scott's on his feet. He hits Cayle with a couple of European Uppercuts, then goes for the Toxic Sting again... Murray counters out! Headbutt! Forearm! European Uppercut! Stevens blasts back, rocking the fatigued champion, but Murray ducks a clothesline then sweeps the legs!

He hurriedly pulls Stevens up, going for GITB - the Ganso Bomb that broke Eric Dane's neck! The crowd are MOLTEN!

NO. STEVENS GETS OUT OF IT.

TOXIC STING.

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

HE HIT IT! STEVENS HIT THE STING!

ONE!

TWO!

... THREE?!?

The bell rings simultaneously with Brian's hand hitting the mat.

Angus:

What the FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

DDK:

... ohmygod. Scott Stevens just pi--

Angus:

HE BEAT THE FUCKIN' CHAMP! HE'S THE FIST! SCOTT STEVENS IS THE GORRAM FIST!

Shock.

Dismay.

Anger.

Fury.

They all buzz through the building.

DDK:

I can't believe what we've just seen, Angus!

Stevens rushes over to the technical area, snatching the belt away from the staff.

Angus:

WHAT. THE ACTUAL. FU--

DDK:

HOLD ON...

Angus:

What, Keebs?! WHAT?!

Stevens is jubilant. Brian Slater, after conversing with the timekeeper, rushes back inside. He makes a b-line for the WrestleUTA man.

DDK:

I'm getting word from backstage... Angus, the time limit expired! IT'S A DRAW!

Angus:

... what?!

DDK:

JUST before Slater's hand hit the mat for the third time, the limit hit 30 minutes! IT'S A TIE! CAYLE MURRAY REMAINS THE FIST!

Angus:

THANK THE FUCKIN' HEAVENS ABOVE! YAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Slater relays the news to Stevens, interrupting his celebration. He ain't fuckin' happy, that's for sure, but Cayle's able to summon the last drop of adrenaline left in his tank, snatch the belt away from him, then roll to safety outside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, this match has been ruled a TIME LIMIT DRAW. Therefore, STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE... CAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYY!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

The Texan is raging. He's screaming bloody murder at the referee, then turns around, booting out at the turnbuckles, but there's nothing he can do.

DDK:

Cayle Murray SURVIVES! Beaten from pillar to post throat, he nonetheless leaves with his awesome FIST reign in tract!

Angus:

Look at that fuckin' dork, Stevens! He's livid!

DDK:

He thought he was the champion, but no! Never underestimate Cayle Murray's survivability! He didn't WIN, and he took one hell of a beating, but THIS is why he's the champ!

THIS WILL ALL BE OVER SOON.

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

Angus:

What is this troll doing out here?!

DDK:

Jay Harvey making his way out onto the entrance ramp.

Jay Harvey and Catalina stand under the DEFiatron. The crowd turns their attention away from the victorious Cayle Murray, who has left the ring, and the pissed-off Scott Stevens, and they begin booing Harvey's presence. Harvey smiles down the aisle with his eyes glued on Murray. Murray too has his eyes on Harvey.

THE Jay Harvey:

Well congratulations, CHAMP! I hope you didn't think that tonight was the last of it... No, no, no. I assure you... this will ALL be over soon.

Murray looks perplexed as he stands by the ring, staring up at Harvey. The boys in the trailer cut to a shot behind the back of Murray and his view of Harvey. In a blink of an eye, we are back to Harvey on under the DEFiatron.

THE Jay Harvey:

In two weeks, I, THE Jay Harvey challenge you for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The crowd does not like what they just heard and neither does Murray.

THE Jay Harvey:

You have fought so... valiantly, Cayle. Let me do you a favor and take that burden off your waist. I don't even need your answer because... I already know it. You are a fighting champion, Cayle. I respect that. But THIS fight will be too much for you.

The crowd roars making Harvey chuckle.

THE Jay Harvey:

Take a good look you animals! You are looking at the NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Harvey's music kicks back in and the two stare each other down once more. Harvey mouths something that can't be picked up by microphones around him. We go back to the exhausted, battered Murray who is yelling at Harvey. We stay on Murray as credits hit your screen.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE

WRESTLEUTA