

UNLEASHED

A shot of the WrestlePlex audience all directing their attention toward the tron. The chorus of jeers echo throughout the arena as Crimson Lord is seen on the monitor. The production switches to the backstage area. Crimson is in his wrestling attire, and appears to be in a conversation with himself.

Crimson:

A yellow crayon!

He looks upward and then back toward the wall still not acknowledging the Defiant Faithful.

Crimson:

He took what was mine! What!? Why would you do such a thing!?

Crimson looks off camera, continuing his conversation. He pulls out a piece of paper from his jacket. He waves it up and down toward whoever he is talking to.

Crimson:

Business all this talk of pieces of grinded up wood, into this menalngless thing called paper. Then of course there is the ink, and you scribbling your words all over it!

Crimson throws the paper in the air as sheets of the paper fall on top of him.

Crimson:

Why should I be happy I am a Defiant? I never wanted to come back to this place again! Why are you so happy about it?

Crimson:

Then there is still this matter of this yellow crayon.

Crimson shakes his head now while he turns from whoever he was talking to off camera.

Crimson:

Yellow crayon did not beat me twice, that was YOU!

He points in another direction then he was facing.

Crimson:

What just because this man made of wax beat peach....that doesn't make any sense!

Crimson puts his hand across his eyes for a moment.

Crimson:

Then there is the matter of this silver crayon hounding me.....something about a

Suddenly Iris Davine steps into the picture, Crimson looks toward her from under his hand. Seconds later he turns to her and fluster.

Crimson:

Aw shit! For the last time leave me alone silver!

Iris also has a piece of paper in her hand, and looks sternly at the seven footer who is clearly making absolutely no sense since the show started.

Iris Davine:

Mr. Lord, I don't know what it's going to take but I need you to sign this.

Crimson swings his head to the left looking off camera once more.

Crimson:

Don't tell me what to do Plague!

Iris adjust her glasses and shoves the forms in Crimson vicinity. Lord looks back at her and down at the papers.

Crimson:

Here she goes again, wanting me to sign shit! Look you silver crayon, Bloodwell signed your papers it's because of him I am stuck in this company for another three years!

Iris again continues to push for the signature.

Iris Davine:

This is not your contract, this is for that psych evaluation, required when you signed your DEFIANCE contract.

Crimson rolls his eyes and he once again looks away from her.

Crimson:

You see Bloodwell, I would of thought someone who was as business savvy as you would of read the fine print! Now this old lady wants me to take a piss test!

Iris tries to correct him, but he is too deep in conversation with clearly himself.

Crimson:

Its what? Now why would I need to sign something like that....I AM NOT CRAZY!

Davine tries to get the big mans attention.

Iris Davine:

Mr. Lord, it's not a fine print all potential Defiants have to undergo a psychiatric evaluation.

Lord looks back at her.

Crimson:

Your still here? Why is she still here?

She tries once more to hand Crimson the paper clicking the pen as she does it.

Crimson:

Ooooo look you can click a pen whooptie doo!

Crimson looks past Iris as she notices it and looks over her shoulder, but no one is there as the camera pans to that direction.

Crimson:

Sign it? Now why the hell should I sign it? I AM NOT CRAZY! Stop saying I am, to hell with the safety of people I hate!

The camera centers back on the two, Iris has had enough.

Iris Davine:

Crimson Lord by the medical offices of DEFIANCE I am telling you to sign this or face the consequences!

Crimson finally stops his bickering with himself and looks down at her.

Crimson:

Call me crazy one more time! I swear do it silver crayon!

Iris gives off a sigh.

Iris Davine:

I won't know if your crazy.....unless you undergo this psych evaluation!

Crimson snatches the paper and pen from her. He looks at the pen and tosses it over his shoulder and then proceeds to rip the forms up in front of her face.

Iris Davine:

Very well Mr. Lord, I will write up the paperwork if you prefer to do this the hard way.

Iris starts to walk away and Crimson stops her abruptly.

Crimson:

Oh lady one more thing...

Iris turns around and looks back at the seven footer. Crimson goes to strike Iris and she screams as she falls to the ground. She slowly opens her eyes and looks up as Gage Blackwood has blocked Crimson's attempt at striking her. Crimson clearly does not look to happy either.

Gage Blackwood:

So you are willing to hit a sweet woman like Iris now? How about you pick on someone your own size!

Crimson:

Big mistake Outer Space!

Gage releases Crimson's hand, Iris has scurried off. Blackwood looks at Crimson a bit confused.

Gage Blackwood:

Outer Sp...

Before Gage can even get off the sentence Lord grabs him by the back of the neck and throws him into a piles of chairs off camera. As the production shows Gage on his hands and knees, and Lord moving in with kicks to the gut, until Gage is on his stomach. Crimson gets on top of Gage with a chair and positions it into a camel clutch on Gage.

Crimson:

You thought Lime Green beat you up bad, what til you get a load me!

Gage is gasping for air. DEFSEC have arrived! They finally pull Crimson off Gage. Iris is once again on the scene with her medical staff. They rush to check on Gage who continues to cough. Crimson walks off camera, then suddenly comes back with a chair in hand! Gage has been positioned in a sitting position against the wall. Crimson pushes himself past security and officials. He jams the chair into the shoulder of Gage. While he holds the bottom of the chair he kicks the bottom of the chair, jamming the top end of the chair right into the shoulder of Gage! Eerie shouts of pain cry out from Gage as he holds his shoulder! Crimson slams the chair on the ground once again being restrained from getting to Gage.

Crimson:

See you in a couple minutes Outer Space!

Crimson glares at Iris Davine who clearly is a bit startled at him, but tries to hide it with a stern look toward him.

THE RUNDOWN

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



Lights, cameras, and once again ... action! The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory start of the broadcast hype. A variety of shots, of all your favourite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphic effects and overlays. The footage from previous events dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena as pyro explodes around the entrance ramp.

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

DEFIANCE LIVES!
HARVEY, CAN WE TRUST HIM?
FIST AND TURNS OSCAR BURNS!!
FUSE BRO'S LEVEL UP!
(SO) LONG LIVE THE SQUID!
DIBBINS ARE TO THE MAXX!
ANGUS FOR PRESIDENT!
CRIMSON NEEDS COLOR!!

And other such literary/smarmy genius committed to dollar store poster board. We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and an elated Angus Skaaland, seated behind the commentary booth. Angus grins from ear to ear and fidgets as Darren begins the broadcast.

Angus:

WHAT in the GORRAM ... **FUCK** was that!?!

DDK:

Eh ... Ladies and Gentlemen, we are back, **ONCE AGAIN!** Coming to you LIVE from the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex is good old New Orleans, Louisiana! We have a HELL of a show for you this evening, I can't even begin to explain ...

Angus:

What the fuck that was!?!? NEITHER can I! Crayons and colors and ...

Angus lets out a very defeated sigh.

Angus:

Really, though ... Keebs, what the hell did I just watch?

DDK:

... well - it seemss as if, Iris Davine ...

Angus:

Lovely women.

DDK:

... was attempting to, well how do I put this ... ?

Angus:

TEST that *WACKADOO* for *WACKADOO* tendencies!?

DDK:

Well ... for lack of a better, wait ... hold on -

Darren pauses while he is informed via headset.

Angus:

WHAT!? WHAT is it!?

DDK:

Well folks, we have a HELL of a SHOW coming up but ... more on THAT LATER, I've just been notified that Crimson Lord ...

Angus:

CooCoo *McFuck* Box.

DDK:

...will face Gage Blackwood ... well ... now!

CRIMSON LORD vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

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

As the newest monster to sign with DEFIANCE music hits Darren Keebler, and Angus direct their attention to the entranceway. A white spotlight shines on the backstage curtain, soon after the lights quickly flash off and on.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first...

Crimson ascends from under the stage, no jacket no hoodie. The camera is positioned just below him to give that ominous shot of the seven footer.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Crimson slowly looks over his shoulder as he has fully ascended from below the stage. Crimson turns around as the drums from his theme cut for a moment in the song. Crimson heads to the ring, shots of light show his emotionless look heading to the ring. Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up to the apron.

Darren Quimbey:

"THE MESSIAH OF PAIN" CRIMSON LORRDD!

♪ *"Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age* ♪

Darren Quimbly:

Making his way to the ring.....weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds....from Edinburgh, Scotland.....GAGE BLACKWOOD!!

DDK:

After the brutal assault backstage, Gage clearly is in no condition for this match tonight!

Angus:

Easy win for Crimson here.

Crimson paces in the ring waiting for Gage to make his way out. While he paces he starts to again talk to himself.

♪ *"Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age* ♪

Gage theme song plays for a few moments, with no Gage appearing.

Darren Quimbly:

Making his way to the ring.....GAGE BLACKWOOD!!

Crimson is now telling referee Benny Doyle to just raise his hand. Benny motions for Darren to step up to the ring he tells Darren something before the two go their separate ways.

Darren Quimbly:

I have just been informed by Referee Doyle that should Gage Blackwood not enter this ring by the count of ten ... Crimson Lord will be declared the winner by count-out.

ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR
FIVE

DDK:

Gage is here!

Angus:

What a moron, heart is only going to get you so far.

The Faithful erupt in cheers as the battered Blackwood makes his way from the back. He is heavily tapped. Crimson motions for Gage to bring it. Blackwood continues his power walk toward the ring. You can see the fire burning in his eyes. As he slides in the ring. Crimson attacks, keeping Gage from getting to his feet.

DDK:

Gage is trying his best to get to his feet, but this seven foot beast just will not let him!

Blackwood tries to fight back, he manages to get to his feet but stumbles into the corner. He tries to cover up as CL is just laying into him with blows to the head and stomach. He irish whips him out of the corner. Gage slams back first into the turnbuckle. Crimson charges in and Gage dives out of the way last minute! CL slams into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

ROLL UP!

Angus:

Crimson never saw it coming!!

ONE
TW...KICKOUT

Crimson quickly gets to his feet and kicks Gage right in the injured shoulder. Blackwood falls on the mat quickly favoring his shoulder. Lord zeros in on the injured shoulder and starts ripping at the bandages. Gage tries frantically to punch him with his free hand.

DDK:

Gage is trying his best but, it looks like their is not much force behind those punches.

Crimson picks up Gage and drives his elbow into the back of Blackwoods bad shoulder. He quickly twists his arm back into a armbar. Gage is in alot of pain as Doyle keeps asking him if he wants to quit. Gage refuses each time he is asked. Gage slowly gets to both feet but before he can amount a bit of offense. Crimson swings his leg over the top of Blackwoods shoulder and falls down with a leg drop onto his shoulder!

Angus:

Crimson really wants to make a point here, Gage better just give up if he knows what's best for him.

Crimson continues to pull back on Gage's arm shouting at him to tap. Gage continues to shout in pain, he begins to desperately try to pull himself to the ropes. He finally gets to the bottom rope. CL surprisingly lets him go right away. Crimson gets into the corner and looks at Gage trying to get to his feet. The seven footer glares at him like he is eyeing his prey. Gage struggles to his feet finally. Lord charges from the corner with a yakuza kick! Blackwood side steps and Crimson straddles the top rope. Gage starts to unload with punches. Crimson struggles to get his leg back over from the top rope.

DDK:

The faithful are exploding in here as Gage may be a one arm man but he is not going to give up here!

He manages it and slides into the corner. Gage continues to reign blows from his good arm. He climbs the second rope and starts to unload with blows across the head of the monster with the faithful chanting along.

DDK:

Crimson locks in his Vice Grip, right on the injured shoulder of Blackwood!

Angus:

Just give up Gage, you are not even in Crimson league the man is a monster!

Gage is struggling to free himself from Crimson's Vice Grip, but the clear pain in his face is hard to not pay attention to. Lord waves him back and forth until Gage looks to lose consciousness. The ref calls for the bell quickly but Crimson refuses to let go of the hold.

DDK:

Gage looks to have passed out here, the pain just was too unbearable for him.

Angus:

He should of not come out here, and now look at him who knows what kind of further damage Lord has done to his shoulder here.

Darren Quimbly:

The winner of the match via submission....CRIMSON LORD!

DDK:

Come on now break the damn hold, you won the match!

Angus:

Crimson is clearly sending a message to DEFIANCE.

Benny continues to try and get Crimson to release the hold, but no matter what he does Crimson continues to keep the hold on. Benny seems to had enough and shouts at Darren.

DDK:

Benny looks like he has had enough, he is talking to Darren.

Darren Quimbly:

Ladies and Gentlemen I have just been informed that due to failure to release the hold the referee has reversed the decision.....the winner of the match via DQ GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Angus:

What are you doing, Doyle! You can't do that! This match was over already!

DDK:

Doyle has every right if this psychopath refuses to break the hold.

Crimson continues to apply pressure, SUDDENLY....

DDK:

Come on break the damn hold Crimson! You made your point, what else are you trying to prove here!

Angus:

I don't know think anyone is safe, now that we got ourselves a real monster now.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

DDK:

IT'S THE GOD-BEAST!

Angus:

What the hell is he doing here!

The Faithful jump to their feet as Mushigihara power walks to the ring. As he enters Crimson releases the hold and exits the ring quickly laughing as Mushi points at Crimson outside the ring. Iris Davine with medical personal rush to the ring to check on Gage, soon flanked by Mushi's advocate, Eddie Dante. Mushi occasionally looks at his partner Blackwood and the host of people tending to him, but his focus is purely on Crimson.

DDK:

Mushigihara and Gage Blackwood have formed an alliance in recent months at the behest of Eddie Dante through out DEFIANCE's war with UTA, and I don't think the monster's too happy with Crimson Lord's assault on his partner! Crimson Lord just chuckles and nods at the God-Beast, who simply points at the big man, then himself before bellowing out his signature...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



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P-A-R-T-Y? BECAUSE I GOTTA!

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The fans jump to their feet as the NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE steps from behind the curtain! With a big grin on his face, the plucky technician twirls his fantastic moustache and gestures to the title around his waist. He has a brand new BRIGHT neon blue "Hi. I Like Graps." t-shirt with pink lettering and now unbuckles the title to raise it overhead to a HUGE pop!

Angus:

FINALLY THE STENCH OF THE UTA HAS BEEN PURGED! FANTASTIQUE! THEIR TITLE IS GONE AND ONLY OURS REMAINS!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're already off to some great action but now we switch gears to our BRAND NEW FIST of DEFIANCE in "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! He's going to make his first statement as champion in just a few moments.

Burns walks towards the ring and it takes him a little extra time than usual - he stops to almost literally try and slap as many hands on both sides of the ramp as quick as possible, stopping to make sure that he doesn't miss a beat.

Angus:

...All right, I'm really happy for this guy, Keebs, but we've got a show to go through and I have shit to do after, like fix my car.

DDK:

He's clearly soaking in the moment!

It takes a few more moments, but after his lengthy visit down the aisle... he continues by doing a lap around the ring, once again slapping as many hands as he possibly can while going around the way.

Angus:

All right, Gorram it, get in the ring and say things now!

DDK:

You can tell him being the top of DEFIANCE is something he really cares about and being a champion makes you the highest representation of your organization.

Angus:

Let the kids that don't get high-fives by a buy a t-shirt! Let's go!

And after the lap around the ringside area with more egregious hand-slapping, Burns walks up the steps, wipes his feet on the ring apron and enters the ring with the title in tow. Once he finally gets there and the adulation from the Faithful starts to die down just a little bit (see: it really doesn't, but Burns is polite and realizes the show must go on), The Technical Spectacle holds a microphone in hand now. The music dies down for him to finally talk.

And when he tries...

"BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!"

The ball of positive energy that is Oscar can't help but be taken aback by the overwhelming response. He waits for a moment before he continues, now trying to muster words.

Oscar Burns:

Thank you, GCs... thank you very much. This, uh... wow, okay, mates. I'm gonna need a sec.

Burns takes another moment to recollect himself, almost still in pure disbelief of where he is now. He finally nods and takes in a breath.

Oscar Burns:

All right, show on the road, then. So, uh... yeah. I won the FIST of DEFIANCE and now here we are, two weeks later. First off, I want to address the man I defeated for this title, Cayle Murray. [pauses for HUGE crowd pop]. Cayle, you embodied what it meant to be THE champion here in DEFIANCE and mate, I know bugger all about what you went through physically and mentally through your year holding this title... Kendrix, Mushigihara, the UTA invasion, Mikey Unlikely... and GC, you left some big shoes to fill for me, but after our banger - the American version of that word, not the Kiwi one - of a match we had two weeks ago, I think I can safely speak for everybody in the back when I say... thank you.

"THANK YOU, CAYLE!

THANK YOU, CAYLE!

THANK YOU, CAYLE!

THANK YOU, CAYLE!

THANK YOU, CAYLE!"

The Faithful clap and cheer for a few more moments before Burns presses on.

Oscar Burns:

So now what's next for Oscar Burns, eh? I won the WrestleUTA World Title. I defeated Crimson Lord twice and other guys callin' for me head. And I defeated Cayle Murray for this title... well... seeing as how you guys didn't pay to come see me run my mouth all night long... how about later tonight...

He holds the FIST of DEFIANCE outward.

Oscar Burns:

Mates... you know that thing I was doing with the WrestleUTA World Title? Ya know, fighting back everybody else for it? Well, how about this? With respect to Cayle Murray and a whole host of other legendary blokes that have held this title proudly, I want to put the "Twists and Turns" name up there with those champions and make MY name as somebody that DEFIANCE can be proud of!

The crowd pops hard for that statement.

Oscar Burns:

That when you strap this company on my shoulders, I can take it places, too. So with that mind... I am declaring that I will FIGHT anybody, anytime, anywhere for this championship!

DDK:

We've seen Cayle Murray on that grueling schedule and it does look like Burns wants to continue to honor that tradition!

Angus:

Hey, mad respect for the guy, but sure he doesn't want to take a break, either? Those fights with Cayle Murray, Crimson Lord and all the others he's faced recently may take a toll...

Burns holds up the title.

Oscar Burns:

If you want a shot at this title, all you gotta do is ask, GC. Man, woman, wrestling bear, you name it... and I once fought a wrestling bear. That was something, mates.

The crowd grows silent in anticipation as all eyes focus on the entrance. Although the pause is only a few seconds, it feels like minutes have passed before...

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

DDK:

Whoa! I didn't expect that!

Angus:

Oh, man! I'm torn between how potentially interesting this is and a sudden urge to key Jack Harmen's car!

DDK:

Wait... why?

Angus:

BE RIGHT BACK!

The capacity crowd jumps to their feet in approval, speaking out with a deafening roar. The pounding bass ushers in the Pop Culture Phenoms, who burst out from backstage as if they'd raced to beat everyone else to the punch. Klein comes out last with his hands behind his box breathing heavily while The D stands in front holding up his index finger as if telling Oscar Burns to wait just a minute. Elise Ares spins the microphone around behind him with her LED sunglasses up on top of her head flashing "ENJOY THE. SILENCE.", she came prepared to not answer Jack Harmen again, but instead found herself answering something else as the music cuts.

Elise Ares:

Everybody! Welcome back to the PCP Open Tag Team Invitational, the bi-weekly introduction of a tag team from BRAZEN that none of you have ever heard of to come and get their asses kicked by the most beautiful tag team this world has ever see... wait. No. This feels backwards. Am I doing this right?

In the ring Oscar Burns just shakes his head in confusion.

Elise Ares:

Sorry, I'm just so used to doing this from the other side. What I meant to say... I ACCEPT, and thank you. Thank you, Mr. Burns. First for teaching me the move that shaved the hair off of Jack Harmen, and second for giving me the opportunity to become your next FIST of DEFIANCE. Actually, I fashion myself of more of a FACE of DEFIANCE, wouldn't you say, Big D?

The D:

Magic Mirror on the Fist, who's the fairest of them all?

There is a slight pause as Elise looks over at her former Champion-In-Crime.

The D:

Me. It's totes me, obvs. I thought that's why we came out here? I mean you got to beat Jack Harmen, it seems fair that I would get the shot at the shiny championship. That's fair right?

Elise Ares:

Whoa, hold on. I REALLY like shiny championships, too, and I'll be more than happy to allow you to beat the fast and furious out of Vin Diesel if you let me try and get the ultimate wrestling gear accessory. I mean look at me, my ring gear is partially gold already! I could wear it here (motions around waist and poses). Or here... (motions around shoulder and poses again).

The D:

You know Elise, as super-talented of a future Academy Award Winning Actress as you are, I think it's time you share some of that spotlight. There is only one way to settle the amounts of beef we are currently accumulating!

Elise Ares:

Getting totally wasted and going to a Brazilian Steakhouse?

The D:

No! Well... yes, after the show that sounds great, but we must settle our beef with a highly contested game of Rock, Paper, Scissors!

Klein throws his hands up over his box, beside himself that a beef between his two closest friends would ever become bad enough they'd have to resort to a game of Rock, Paper, Scissors! The two stare each other down, using a traditional one, two, three, SHOOT method (the only correct method) before both coming up paper on the first go. Klein paces back and forth as Oscar Burns watches curiously from the ring. As they go again, this time they both throw out rock. Klein falls to his knees as the crowd begins to chant sarcastically.

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!" clap clap clap-clap-clap

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!" clap clap clap-clap-clap

DDK:

I'd rather this end quicker than that, we have a lot of action here tonight...

The D and Elise Ares scowl, moving even closer together. Beef intensifies. Simultaneously the chant one, two, three, SHOOT. Elise Ares... rock again. The D... scissors. Klein gets up and raises Elise's arm in victory as she parades around in victory. The D hangs his head in disappointment before Elise comes over and pats him on the back, and raises his hand as a sign of respect.

Oscar Burns:

So... is this all figured out now? Are we good, GCs? Am I fighting Elise?

They stop in their tracks and look back towards the ring where the FIST of DEFIANCE stands glaring at them. Elise quickly puts the microphone back up to her lips as if she was never doing anything else in the first place.

Elise Ares:

That's right! We didn't forget about you for a second at all! Your championship reign may have just started Burnsie, but it ends tonight. The FIST of DEFIANCE will come to the Pop Culture Phenoms, where it'll join some of the most celebrated reigns in the history of this promotion. Or just that one REALLY good tag title reign we had. It'll sit around the waist of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, where I'll dethrone Cayle Murray as the all-time prettiest FIST of DEFIANCE. He's kind of good looking, not going to lie, but just like everything else it'll look even better on me. Watch out world, here comes Elise!

Burns smirks then holds up his title.

Oscar Burns:

Well, I'm kinda gutted I'm not fighting the box guy because that one would've been a CRACK-UP with the wrestling bear story I'll tell you all someday... but for your challenge, Elise, I accept! I will see you later tonight, love.

She makes a belt motion around her waist as "Live For The Night" by Krewella plays over the arena. Klein pats her on the back as The D can be seen practicing his Rock, Paper, Scissor technique. Oscar Burns simply shakes his head as the Pop Culture Phenoms stare him down for just a moment before heading backstage.

DDK:

Well that was unexpected, right Angus?

Angus:

...

DDK:

He didn't really leave to go key Harmen's car again, did he?

There is a pause.

DDK:

He'll be back soon, I'm sure. Let's just head to commercial and buy him a minute or two.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION



From the ashes of war ... DEFIANCE will RISE! July 3rd, 2018!

TO THE MAXX vs. THE DIBBINS BROUSINS

The Sound of Banjos can be heard in the distance.... Then the theme song kicks in!

♪ "99 Problems" by Hugo ♪

The bell is rung as the first set of teams make their way out.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is a tag team match! Coming to the ring first, at a total combined weight of 400 lbs. Hailing from Beaver, West Virginia, This is Duke, and Luke! The Dibbins Brouskins!

Through the curtain come Luke and Duke. The hillbilly tag team is wearing they're usually cut off shorts, and holding beers as they make their way to the ring. The pair slap hands, and generally get excited with the fans, as long as it doesn't spill their beer.

Finally as they climb in the ring. Our Ring announcer continues.

♪ "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, Coming to the ring being accompanied by their manager Jamie Sawyers.... This is the team of "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle! They are making their DEFIANCE IN RING DEBUT! TO THE MAXX!

Jamie Sawyers comes through the curtain first. He wears a lime green suit with matching fedora. Even using a wooden walking cane, he clearly doesn't need for medical reasons.

DDK:

Welcome back folks, and here we go Angus with a brand new tag team here in DEFIANCE. What do you think?

Angus:

Well Keeps anytime someone makes their debut in DEFIANCE it's a big deal, that said, Those damn Dibbins' have been getting quite the reputation down in BRAZEN for having some awfully bloody and violent matches, this one could step outside this new tag teams comfort zone, we will have to see.

Finally the tag team emerges from the curtain. Lance Mingle is wearing a flowing pink robe, tied off in front. Showing off a little bit of chest hair. Meanwhile Exclusive Eric Wilson, sports a leather jacket over his ring gear, a backwards trucker cap that says "RAD" on it, and a pair of tie dye retro sunglasses. The pair pose at the top of the ramp and the crowd boos unenthusiastically.

Angus:

You know, last week I thought, Ok maybe these guys just needed to get used to DEF, but now I see they really need to get used to the new millenium! Look at those outfits!

DDK:

Last week we heard from Jamie Sawyers. He let us know that this is the team of the future in DEFIANCE...

Angus:

He also said UTA was the future just a few months ago Keebs, and I don't see Mikey McFuckboi around here ANYWHERE anymore!

To The Maxx climb into the ring slowly. Lance Mingle removes the robe to a few groans in the audience when his love handles are exposed. He wears a pair of classic tights, vs his partner who wears long pants and a singlet top.

DING DING

The Bell rings and we're underway. "Lovely" Lance is in there with Luke Dibbins.

Angus:

Big man vs big man I like it! Time Machine vs Moonshine Machine!

After a quick feeling out process, Lance takes advantage with a side headlock. He wrenches the hold but Luke backs him into the ropes before sending him off the other side. On the return Lance goes for an axe handle smash, Luke ever the wise veteran hits him in the gut with a fist.

Lance doubles over and Luke drives the point of the elbow into the back of the neck. This sets up Luke to take early control. He hits a couple low impact moves, before holding Lance in a headlock and tagging in Duke. Off the top rope comes Duke Dibbins with a big elbow to the back. The crowd pops.

DDK:

This capacity crowd firmly behind the Dibbins here. Can you believe it? I don't know if they've ever got this kind of reaction!

Duke plays it up with the fans which gives Lance the opening he needs, as Duke turns Lance pokes the eyes of the Brousin. Duke stumbles, holding his face as Mingle tags in Eric Wilson.

Angus:

Great! If we can believe anything Jamie Swagnuts says, WHICH I HIGHLY DOUBT, this is the flippy-do of the group. I for one don't care to see it.

Eric Wilson does climb up top and Duke turns around just in time to see the boots about to smash his face. Eric Wilson with a missile dropkick. "Exclusive" gets up and looks to the fans for a reaction. Crickets. He gets flustered.

"Exclusive" Eric Wilson:

That was impressive dammit! C'Mon!

Wilson gets back to Duke and doesn't have a hard time taking him down with a series of leg sweeps, arm drags, and hip tosses. He whips Duke off the other side and lands a drop toe hold. He stands up putting his arms out to the side, once again waiting for the pop from the crowd for his great move.

"Exclusive" Eric Wilson:

Nothing? You can't put a price on perfection people!

A frustrated Wilson tags back in the bigger Lance Mingle, who runs (trots) across the ring and blindsides Luke Dibbins on the apron. Knocking him to the floor. Now both men have Duke, and they irish whip him off the ropes and when he comes back they try a double big boot. Duke slides through their legs, and pulls both their stationary legs to make them both land in a split situation. Both men reach for their groins and groan loudly. Jamie Sawyers loses his mind on the outside.

Jamie Sawyers:

You see this Ref!? That's cheating! He can't be doing that, that's a double low blow! Get those hillbillies outta here!

Much to his chagrin, Jamie is ignored. He decides to take action into his own hands. When Hector Novarro looks back to the ring action, Jamie Sawyers lifts the cane high into the air and brings it down across the back of the rising Luke Dibbins. Luke falls back to the floor, and Jamie places the curved part of the cane against Lukes neck choking him.

Finally Jamie relents. But back in the ring, Duke just right after right after right, to To The Maxx, and they keep getting right back up and feeding into it! The boys can't break the cycle but the fans are getting fired up. Duke lines both guys up for a move, then goes for the ropes. As he does Jamie slips the cane in and catches the ankle of Duke, tripping him and driving him face first into the mat. Navarro missed it! Lance Mingle takes advantage, walks over to him and puts on his finishing hold.

DDK:

The DEAL SEALER! There it is! The Cloverleaf is applied! DUKE IS TAPPING!

Angus:

Nooooo! Damn, I thought the Dibbs had em!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

AND YOUR WINNERS..... "Exclusive" Eric Wilson, "Lovely" Lance Mingle..... TO THE MAXX!

Jamie Sawyers celebrates like his team just won the titles. He's jumping up and down on the ring apron his suit jacket flapping in the air.

Lance grabs his manager and pulls him over the top rope with a hug! The celebration begins!

Angus:

Ugh... I think I'm going to throw up in my mouth a bit.... I thought when Mikey left he had to take all these loonies with him?

DDK:

Unfortunately that's not the case Angus, Kelly Evans ultimately did the smart thing in securing these top stars, in the process she kept some of the "less than desirables".

Angus:

I'll say!

The scene fades with the trio hugging in the ring. Eric Wilson gives some finger guns to the crowd before blowing them out.

MYSTERY BOX FOUND!

The numbers...

2-1

Appears on the tron before fading out and showing the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions The Fuse Bros on the monitor. The fans erupt in cheers as they see the champions walking backstage talking to each other. They turn the corner and stop suddenly and both look down.

Conor Fuse:

Brother, do you see this?

Tyler's sighs and then nods, before looking back at his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Perhaps this is what we've been searching for?

Conor Fuse:

Yes, yes exactly! It could be anything... a new power-up, a new code or even... a new quest! We were so lost but now we are found! Yes! Finally!

Tyler just stares blankly at his brother.

Finally, the two bend down in a catcher stance, and look at a box wrapped in some sort of wrapping paper. It has a giant question mark on top of the box. There is a lock on the front, but it is unlocked.

Conor Fuse:

Does this have more mushrooms? I'm kinda getting hungry.

The brothers are a bit cautious as Tyler reaches for the lock and pulls it off the latch. Conor flips the latch up. The two stand straight up and give each other a glance before both lift the lid...

A rubber chicken squeal blares out!

The brothers step back as Dandelion and Jestal pop from the box as cardboard copies. Player One and Two look at each other clearly having no idea what to make of this. Conor walks up to the Dandelion cut out takes a look at Tyler with a smirk, but as he looks at the cardboard cutout a purple smoke comes from her mouth. Conor coughs a bit as Tyler quickly moves to his aid while he looks over his shoulder about to call for some help. He glances at the Jestal cardboard cutout for a second and the same purple smoke comes out of that cardboard copy. Suddenly both tag champs collapse out cold. Their title belts lying next to them.

DDK:

The tag champs are out cold here, by this mystery box. Why would The Toybox do such a thing?

The production team moves to a hallway where the possible culprits are walking. It's The Toybox, Jestal is watching the recent Uncut last week. They both turn the corner and Jestal suddenly trips, and falls off camera view. Dandelion stops and puts her hand over her mouth looking like she is laughing. Jestal quickly gets up embarrassed he yells at Dandelion.

Jestal:

Why didn't you stop me!

Dandelion is slapping her hand over her knee absolutely ecstatic at his fall. She looks like she is laughing

uncontrollably.

Jestal:

Geez, it was not that funny. Now what the hell did I trip over.

Dandelion stands straight wiping the tears from her eyes. As Jestal looks down on the floor where the tag champions appear to be knocked out.

Jestal:

Well, the janitor crew here sucks. What?

Dandelion points at the championships on the ground.

Jestal:

Oh so these are those DEFIANCE tag team champions...what the Flux Sisters.

Dandelion looks at him with her hand slightly from the right of her cheek with her palm facing upward.

Jestal:

Fuse Bros? Blah whatever.....

Jestal looks at the box with the cardboard cutouts of them.

Jestal:

Well, I guess our little gift to DEFIANCE caught us a couple of dum-dums.

Jestal bends down and takes the championship lying next to Conor, Dandelion takes the one next to Tyler.

Jestal:

The belt looks good on you sis.

Dandy seems excited about holding a championship. Jestal looks back at the champions and seems a bit let down by them.

Jestal:

Uncle Jingles always told us to turn every moment in life as if it were the greatest day in our lives.

Dandelion puts the belt around her waist delighted at the shimmer coming off it. She looks at Jestal.

Jestal:

That's ok I rather hold the title in my hand then cover my stylish red and green polka shirt.

Dandelion, makes a few conversation gestures toward Jestal.

Jestal:

How dare you say my favorite shirt is tacky!

Dandelion shrugs, but rubs the championship she has around her waist.

Jestal:

Well, you seem happy but even with this treasure I still am not happy.

Dandelion, has more conversational gestures toward Jestal.

Jestal:

Your easily, pleased me however am not.

Jestal puts his finger up in the air, clearly with a bright idea. He hands his championship to her, and reaches in his coat and pulls out two items. He takes a knee next to the fallen players. He puts something in their mouths and stands up brushing his hands and takes his championship from Dandy.

Jestal:

There we go, You know I feel much better now. See I told you we should have come sooner! But no you had to go see Auntie Dinkie in Florida!

Dandelion waves her hand up a bit.

Jestal:

Who cares if she was on her deathbed!

The two begin to walk off from the two champions still asleep on the floor. You can still hear Jestal arguing with his sister off camera.

Jestal:

Well, she should of not been on that unicycle on top of that truck...

The production team show the champs still unconscious in front of the box. They both now have plastic smiles in each one of their mouths, and to add even more of a insult now with no championships.

DDK:

These two troublemakers, are making a mockery of our champions!

Angus:

These two are really starting to make me love them every time their on my monitor. They are just what DEFIANCE needs after such a dismal period in this company's history.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

THE JAY HARVEY vs. "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEF" KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! It has already been quite a night and up next, as we learned last week we have THE Jay Harvey going one on one with 'The Pacific Blitzkrieg' Kerry Kuroyama! Let's go down to the ring, with Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first ...

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... from Seattle, Washington ... weighing in at two hundred and twenty nine pounds! ... "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRRRRY KUROYAAAAAMMAAAAAA!

Kerry appears from behind the curtain with an eager smile on his face. His return to in ring action draws a moderate pop from the Faithful and after a quick pose, he heads to the ring. "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" catches a few hands with a welcoming high five on his way down.

DDK:

This will be Kerry Kuroyama's first in ring appearance since ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Yeah, when he sided with those Reaper freaks!

DDK:

That is correct, but if ... of all people, Scott Douglas can forgive and forget I'm sure that the DEFIANCE Faithful can look past a brief lapse in judgment. I think we've all made mistakes, partner.

Angus:

Boy, have we! '88: a swimming pool, a golf cart and a puter bust of Satchel Paige ...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion♪

DDK:

Should I even ask?

Angus:

You should NOT!

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.

Darren 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:

Let's take you back to two weeks ago...

A replay hits your screen showing the events that took place between Jay Harvey and Scott Douglas.

DDK:

Jay Harvey made a surprise reappearance here in DEFIANCE, last week on DEFtv, under the Reaper mask. Harvey attacked and maimed Scott Douglas and told the world: he wants the SOHER.

Angus:

Bitch move. Grade A fuckery. If he wants some of Scotty, he should have faced him one on one!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Angus:

God, I hate this asshole.

DING DING!

The bell sounds and the combatants circle each other in the center of the ring. There is an electricity in the WrestlePlex as the fans intently watch, what serves as a return for both competitors. Kuroyama and Harvey look to go in for a Collar and Elbow Tie Up but Harvey backs out causing the crowd to grow raucous. Harvey smirks and motions for Kerry to calm down.

Harvey slaps at his shoulders and circles, which gets Kuroyama doing the same. Kuroyama goes in for another Tie Up but Harvey backs toward the ring ropes, ducking between the middle and top rope. Referee Benny Doyle steps between Jay Harvey and Kerry Kuroyama, which gets the crowd on their feet and the boos out of their mouths.

Harvey screams for Doyle to get Kuroyama away from him. Kuroyama is frustrated by the antics of Harvey, which pleases both "The Natural One" and Catalina, but backs away as instructed. Harvey jolts at Kuroyama but "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" catches him with a back elbow, dropping him to the mat. Harvey gets right back to his feet and is once again dropped to the mat by a Kuroyama strike. Harvey again bounces to his feet and this time is sent over the top rope via a Kuroyama Running Palm Strike.

DDK:

Harvey on the outside.

Angus:

Kerry Klaus smacking Harvey around brings a smile to my face.

Harvey slams his hands on the mat as Catalina makes her way to him. Kuroyama approaches the ring ropes and sits down on the middle rope inviting Harvey back into the ring which seems to agitate "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth." Catalina does her best to focus Harvey as Kuroyama gets a big cheer from the Faithful.

Benny Doyle yells for Harvey to get back in the ring before starting his Ten Count. Harvey grabs the middle rope and gets on the ring apron, locking eyes with Kuroyama before dropping back down and walking around the outside of the ring. The fans along ringside give THE Jay Harvey an earful.

In the ring, Kuroyama walks toward Harvey's position but Benny Doyle gets in his way. Harvey capitalizes on the distraction and pulls Kuroyama's legs out from under him, dragging him to the outside. Harvey goes for a wide

swinging right but it's blocked. As Doyle starts the count, Kuroyama lands a forearm shot to the side of Harvey's head. The strike rocks Harvey and gets his wheels moving. Kuroyama continues behind Harvey, landing another forearm shot this time to Harvey's back.

DDK:

Kuroyama not letting Harvey get away from him on the outside, you've got to admire his drive but this could likely get them both counted out!

Angus:

Only drive ol' KK needs, is to drive Harvey's skull into the floor!

Kuroyama turns Harvey around and picks him up, Body Slamming Harvey to the protective mat covering the concrete floor. Harvey grabs at his back in obvious pain. The fans along ringside are loving every second of it as Kuroyama slaps a fan five. Catalina takes a few steps toward Kerry and he shoots her a look.

Kuroyama lifts Harvey up from under his armpit and gets him to a vertical base, landing a stiff headbutt. Harvey is seeing stars and Kerry Kuroyama is in full control at the moment. He tosses Harvey back into the ring and follows as Doyle stops the ten count.

With Kerry on the apron, Catalina gets into the picture and grabs him by the leg keeping him from entering the ring. The resistance turns his his attention toward Catalina, who releases and backs away. Kuroyama gives her a look and just as his attention back toward the ring; out of nowhere he is sent crashing to the floor.

DDK:

That witch!

Angus:

It's okay, Keebs... you can call her a bitch.

DDK:

Catalina giving Jay Harvey some help. Giving him an opening which he has taken full advantage of! Hardly makes for a fair fight!

A replay of Harvey hitting a Running Dropkick that turned the match in his favor hits your screen. We go back to live action with cameras on Kuroyama, holding the back of his head. Harvey is seen now on the outside of the ring, arguing with Referee Benny Doyle on the inside.

Harvey turns his attention to Kuroyama, bringing Kerry to his feet. Harvey Irish Whips Kuroyama into the steel steps, which on impact split apart and bounce in different directions.

DDK:

Kuroyama looks hurt here, partner. Favoring that left shoulder.

Harvey takes his time, stalking his prey before grabbing Kuroyama by the hair and shorts and shoving him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Harvey basks in the hate and boos from the DEFIANCE Faithful and begins blowing them kisses, before taking back to ring.

Inside, Kerry is struggling to pull himself to his feet, his right hand grasping the top rope near the turnbuckle, his left arm tucked tightly against his side and midsection. Harvey uses his hands to "eye up" Kuroyama and rushes; landing a vicious boot stomp to the back of Kuroyama's skull. Harvey holds onto the top rope and yells out to the sold out crowd.

Harvey turns back to face his opponent and leans back into the ropes going back on the offensive. He almost takes Kuroyama's head off with a brutal Clothesline before going for the cover. Kuroyama is able to kick before Doyle can get the one count.

DDK:

Kuroyama kicks out!

Angus:

Kerry Klondike has got some fight in him!

Harvey rises to his feet and latches onto Kuroyama's left arm. Time after time Harvey lifts Kerry's arm and tries his best to rip it out of the socket. Kuroyama grimaces in agony as Harvey taunts him. Harvey is done playing games and wraps his leg around the injured arm of Kerry Kuroyama. It's Cross Armbreaker time.

Kuroyama has nowhere to go and the fans are on their feet in an attempt to will him out of the submission. Benny Doyle is right there asking Kuroyama if he wants to end the match and of course he declines. Doyle checks Kuroyama's shoulders to make sure they are off the mat. Harvey begins antagonizing his opponent.

THE Jay Harvey:

This is gonna be you, Douglas!

DDK:

Harvey calling out Scott Douglas. You have to assume, Douglas is in the back watching this match, partner!

Angus:

Harvey doesn't deserves a shot at the SOHER. Scotty is smart enough to know that!

Kuroyama is struggling to get his arm free as Harvey keeps the submission held tight. The sold out WrestlePlex is stirring, clapping trying to give Kuroyama the extra push. He kicks his feet wildly, swinging his body to get into a position to relieve the pressure on his arm and shoulder.

Kerry gets to his knees and puts all his weight forward pinning Harvey to the mat.

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!**

Harvey kicks out and as a result releases the hold. Harvey bounces right back up and swings at Kuroyama but Kerry ducks.

DDK:**TIGER SUPLEX! THE PIN!****ONE!****TWO!****THR-KICKOUT!****DDK:**

Harvey just able to kick out!

Angus:

That was close, Keebs! GORRAM close!

The crowd can't believe it and the winged Kerry is surprised himself. Kuroyama is on his feet and backs into the ropes. Harvey looks to be coming to after narrowly escaping defeat. Kuroyama is lying in wait for THE Jay Harvey.

DDK:

Kuroyama is looking to end this right here, Angus!

Angus:

I hope he takes that pricks head CLEAN off!

Harvey on his feet, Kuroyama bounces off the ropes and races toward him. "The Natural One" ducks the Kuroyama Clothesline and it's off to the races, bouncing off the ring ropes.

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL FROM HARVEY!

Angus:

I think I saw a tooth fly into the third row!

Harvey connects with a Wake Up Call/Running Knee Strike that knocks Kuroyama down to the mat. Harvey follows up quickly, snatching up Kerry in a familiar hold.

DDK:

I think... I think that's ... No, NO!

Angus:

The balls on this one! SUP POP SUPLEX!!

The Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster is successful. Kuroyama is out cold and Harvey goes for the pin with not even an attempt to hook the leg.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****DING DING DING**

The bell sounds and the match is officially over. Catalina is all smiles as she gets up on the ring apron to enter the ring. Harvey is breathing heavy with a big devilish smile on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match via pinfall... "The Natural One" THE Jaay Haaarvey!

Benny Doyle goes to check on Kuroyama as Harvey is up and celebrates with Catalina. The crowd erupts in a large boo but victorious pair could care less.

I TOLD YOU...

DDK:

Jay Harvey, with what I can only call ... an impressive win; marking his official return to the ring.

Angus:

I'll give Kerry Keurig his due, hell of a fight! He can make my coffee anytime!

A replay of match highlights hit your TV screen before we transition back to live action where Jay Harvey doesn't seem to be finished with Kuroyama. Benny Doyle tries to keep Harvey away but is shoved to the mat causing the DEFIANCE Faithful to voice their displeasure.

Angus:

There's no need for that.

Jay Harvey beckons toward Darren Quimbey, calling for a microphone.

Angus:

Not again...

THE Jay Harvey:

Scott Douglas! I told you... I would make your life a living hell until you gave me what I wanted.

Harvey paces around the ring as the Faithful continue to boo.

THE Jay Harvey:

You wanna brush me off? Do you think I'm not worthy of the title you wear around your waist?

Harvey chuckles as he wipes sweat away from his eyes. The boys in the back go to a hard camera shot of Harvey on the mic.

THE Jay Harvey:

I know, you know ... I'm worthy. You're just a scared little bitch who knows I'll take that Southern Heritage title away from you!

The crowd erupts. Popcorn is seen coming into the picture, scattering across the ring.

THE Jay Harvey:

Maybe...

Harvey lands some boot stomps to Kuroyama as he tries to get back to his feet.

THE Jay Harvey:

... maybe when I break your friend's arm... Maybe you will stop hiding and put your title on the line!

Harvey goes back on the attack, landing some more boots. He grabs Kuroyama's left arm and sets up a Grounded Hammerlock Inverted Armbreaker.

DDK:

This is not good for Kerry Kuroyama! He has known issues with that left arm and Jay Harvey is simply taking advantage of an injured man!

Angus:

I'm all for brutality, as much as the next man, but for fuck's sake - let's keep it between the *GORRAM BELLS!*

With the hold locked in, Harvey wrenches the injured arm of Kuroyama relentlessly. An evil smile spread across his

face while Catalina cheers him on in the corner. Benny Doyle insists he let go of the hold but Harvey isn't listening.

DDK:

We are going to need security!

Doyle signals to the back for help as Harvey continues wrenching this injured arm. Hector Navarro and Carla Ferrari head to the ring in a hurry.

Angus:

Now, he is just holding the show up!

As the officials do everything they can to get Harvey off of the agonized Kerry Kuroyama, Catalina's expression changes instantly. She drops down and starts to shuffle out of the ring as the Faithful takes notice and erupt.

DDK:

Douglas! Douglas!

The production crew scrambles to adjust and Scott Douglas is seen sprinting down the entrance ramp. Jay Harvey releases the hold and heads for the ropes, bailing out next to Catalina. Douglas slides in and makes chase but he narrowly misses Harvey dumping out on the far side of the ring. Scott attempts to grab at Harvey from over the top rope but he quickly turns back to check on Kerry.

DDK:

Bout time! Scott Douglas putting a stop to Jay Harvey before anything more can happen to Kerry Kuroyama.

Angus:

If Harvey wasn't in Douglas' head before he is now.

While Douglas tends to Kerry, Harvey and Catalina shuffle around the ring and make it back to the ramp. The camera gets a close up of the pair as the back their way up the ramp. Camera audio picks up Harvey screaming toward the ring as medical personnel pass the pair heading to the ring.

THE Jay Harvey:

I haven't even started, Douglas!

Harvey's eyes are locked on Douglas and we switch view to Douglas in the ring on one knee, a hand on Kerry but his eyes on Harvey. He doesn't respond.

DDK:

I'd love to know what is going through his mind right now!

Angus:

It ain't roses and lollipops, that's for sure!

DDK:

We've got to clear this ring and get ready for the next match, but ... in the meantime ... hold on folks, I'm being told we are going backstage ...? YES! We are going backstage where Christy Zane is standing by!!

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

The scene opens up backstage and Jamie Sawyers is with his recently victorious team. You can tell the mood is celebratory based on the smiles all around.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ha! That was awesome! I told we had this in the bag! I'm telling you guys, with my guidance there's no way we're not the top tag team in the business just MONTHS from now! I love when a plan comes together!

Jamie slaps "Lovely" Lance Mingle on the back which elicits a smile from the blonde wrestler.

Lance Mingle:

No, You're exactly right, we put em in position, and you just simply did what needed to be done... no one can fault you for that!

Jamie nods knowingly.

Eric Wilson:

That was AWESOME Jamie! One and zero! The beginning of a long radical run! This has started exactly like I planned it! 106 miles to Chicago, we got a full tank of gas, half a pack of cigarettes, it's dark, and we have our sunglasses on! SWEETNESS!

Jamie is in the moment and loving it. He's about to say something else, when someone off screen catches his attention, Jamie's smile fades faster than the facial beauty of a 35 year old woman.

Jamie stops, pulls his guys together as the screen moves to the right to include our intruders.

The D:

Well lookie here Klein. It's the Saved by the Bell dudes.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hey, hey, hey! What is going on....here!?

The D saunters into frame, wearing the sunglasses Elise wore at DEFtv100, #SaveTheSWAG and his wrestling attire. Klein shadows him, hovering just behind The D's shoulder, and waves enthusiastically toward To the Maxx. The D leans in, and you can tell he's squinting behind his shades, trying to measure Mingle and Wilson. Particularly, the D is eying Wilson, and tilts his head to the side.

Wilson steps towards the D aggressively, The D reciprocates but it's almost as if they mirror one another motions. Eric Wilson and The D both cock back their fists, then they both get the same surprised look on their faces seeing the other person do the same thing.

Jamie Sawyers goes eyes wide.

Jamie Sawyers:

The the hell are you two doing?

Jamie pulls Eric Wilson back into his influence.

Jamie Sawyers:

Guys, guys, guys!

He says to his own tag team.

Jamie Sawyers:

Don't you even worry about these two...never weres. Back a while ago they were Mikey's underlings, that's the only play they've ever gotten on TV...

The D:

Woah woah woah there girls name. We're just here heading to the ring for my match, but wanted to congratulate you two on an impressive victory... I hear... we didn't watch it. But you wanna start shit with the longest reigning Tag Team Champions in the history of wrestling...

Klein tugs at the D's shoulder, and D swats him away.

The D:

I know what I said! Then, here we are. Sock it to me, Hym-ai!

Jamie Sawyers:

Well good luck out there tonight, I'm sure YOU'LL need it more than my team!

Klein elbows D in the ribs and nods his head in a chuckling fashion.

The D:

Luck? LUCK!? Well thanks! You guys certainly don't need the luck!

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you!

The D:

Because this guy is out there winning your matches for you!

Jamie Sawyers goes after The D, but he's held back by Eric Wilson and his enormous black sunglasses.

The D:

Again, I hear. I don't watch boring.

Jamie Sawyers face goes bright red.

Jamie Sawyers:

Boring!? More like classic! Listen here you....

The D shrugs and cuts him off.

The D:

HOOOLD up, I've got a match next, but it wasn't nice meeting you.... Boys. C'mon Klein.

The two wander off toward the ring, as the D bickers with Klein.

The D:

What were you doing? Were you trying to laugh? Seriously, just like, use words.

Meanwhile To The Maxx is left looking after the former DEFIANCE tag team champions with what appears to be a high level of contempt. Jamie Sawyers needs to be held back from getting himself beat up.

Scene fades.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

The words appear one at a time as the DEF Fist fades into view behind them. The red and white paint begin to splatter the image and the bumper music comes to end. Coming Soon, appears last just before a burst of static end the commercial spot.

THE D vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv 102. Later tonight, Elise Ares challenges Oscar Burns for the FIST, but right now, the man she defeated and shaved bald takes on her tag team partner!

Angus:

Elise refuses to give Jack Harmen a rematch, but her tag team partner the D is ready to give Jack, well, the D!

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

As in defeat. Get your mind outta the gutter Keebs.

♪“Live for the Night” by Krewella♪

Cue the spotlights, the strobe lights, a sea of photographers shining their flashbulbs toward the entranceway as The D emerges, Klein, as always, shadowing him. The D wears Elise’s #SavetheSWAG sunglasses from DEFtv100, and shouts about GOOD LUCK while pointing to his shades. He tosses his hand in the air as the photographers follow him and Klein down the ramp. Klein in particular, looks apprehensive, looking over his shoulder to the backstage area.

DDK:

The D without a care in the world, but Klein is on the lookout for Harmen. You never know when he’ll strike Angus.

Angus:

Oh, I do. It’s always after I key his car. Maybe not directly, but always after.

The D climbs up the steps and raises a peace sign, while Klein sits on the middle rope to allow The D easy access to the ring. The D penetrates the ring, and smiles as he thinks the same thoughts I just typed.

♪“Crazy Train” by Ozzy Osbourne♪

Cue the boos as a light fog rises from the entrance curtain. Jack Harmen parts the smoke, and quickly stomps his way to ringside. He ignores the fans outstretched hands and catcalls. Once at ringside, he grabs the steel turnbuckle post and swings around to catch a distracted Klein square in his box face with a charging Yakuza kick.

DDK:

Oh that’s just uncalled for!

Angus:

Big lug wouldn’t hurt a fly! Even if that fly was a dickhead who looks like Mr. Clean.

Harmen seethes at the fallen Klein as the D has had enough. He takes to the skies, sending Harmen down with a piscada to the floor.

DDK:

This match hasn’t even started yet Angus and we’ve already lost control!

The D grabs Harmen and tosses him back first into the barricade. He then starts laying into Harmen with stomp after stomp after stomp, his variation of the Black List. The D showboats for a moment to raucous cheers, before trying to lift Harmen up by his nonexistent hair. He laughs, shrugs his shoulders, and then hooks Harmen by underneath his arm pits. The D tosses Harmen into the - NO! Harmen reverses, sending the D SMACKING head first into the steel guardrail. Harmen clutches his jaw and then grabs the ring apron, using it for leverage before he lays in a bevy of kicks to the D’s gut and back. Harmen tosses the D into the ring, and climbs onto the apron.

Angus:

I don't trust him. I don't like him. I want the D to take this man Keebs, and just skull fu--

DDK:

Jeez Angus. Calm down just a bit.

Angus:

His skull... must be...

DDK:

STOP!

The D gets up and Harmen springboards into the ring, catching him with a Lou Thesz press before laying in with rights and lefts. Carla Ferrari is there with the count, as Harmen gets up and shouts

Jack Harmen:

THE MATCH HASN'T STARTED! SHADDUP!

Carla sighs in frustration, turns and rings the bell. She turns back, and the D has Harmen in a roll up! She slides into position.

One...

Two.

Thr-KICKOUT! Harmen powers out as the D looks to Carla and holds his fingers an inch apart. Both men to their feet, Harmen with a wild clothesline that the D ducks. The D keeps running, ducks around a back elbow from Jack, and then springboards off the far side with a back elbow of his own. The D crawls on his stomach to the far corner, and then lines up his shot as if he were a photographer. As Harmen gets to his feet, The D charges.

DDK:

The D looking to end this match with Harmen's own move!

Angus:

Oh God!

Harmen avoids the charging kick by ducking behind the D, wrapping him in a German suplex, and sending him crashing to the canvas head first, pin hook cinched in with a bridge.

One.

Two.

The D gets a shoulder up at the last moment. Harmen charges and soccer kicks the disorientated D's head clean off. Harmen then spits down on him.

DDK:

That's just uncalled for Angus!

Angus:

The D's Hollywood face has been contaminated! Fluffers! Get him a rag and wipe him down!

Harmen hooks the D to his feet and slams him back first into the corner turnbuckle. It's here where he just milks in the boos, slapping the D once across the jaw, and then punching him repeatedly until Carla threatens disqualification.

Harmen turns to Carla and gets into her face, screaming and shouting, before returning to the D in the corner and just brawling with straight rights and lefts. Carla does another count, but Harmen does not relent at the count of five. After a few more moments of generosity, Carla turns to the corner and calls for the bell.

DDK:

Jack Harmen is a man possessed Angus, I don't think he even knows he lost this match via Disqualification!

Harmen hears the cheers from the crowd as he's just laying into the D in the corner and looks up confused. He turns, and sees Klein has entered the ring, his box severely dented. Jack smiles, licking his lips and charges, looking for a Locomotive, but Klein is able to close the distance first and gorilla presses Harmen HIGH into the air. So high, flashbulbs go off. On his way down, Klein CATCHES Harmen on his shoulders, and then begins to spin, and spin, and spin.

DDK:

Klein to the rescue!

Angus:

Go box man! Toss that crazy psychopath into next year!

Klein stops after four rotations, and gets his eyes raked for his troubles. Harmen slips off Klein's shoulders, and then dizzily falls through the top and middle rope and to the outside. Once here, with "Live for the Night" playing, Harmen stumbles to his feet and backflips over the guardrail into the sea of DEFIANCE Faithful. You can see the wave of his exit as numerous DEFIANCE Faithful try to get their own licks in on the Lunatic, before he disappears for good.

Meanwhile, Klein helps the D to his feet, as they're cheered as the conquering heroes.

The D falls to his knees, throwing up his arms.

The D:

YO ADRIENNE! I DID IT!

The D, bloody lip and swollen black eye, face plants onto the canvas.

DDK:

While it'll go into the record books as the D defeating Jack Harmen, the D looks anything but the victor. We'll be right back, stay with us!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION



From the ashes of war ... DEFIANCE will RISE! July 3rd, 2018!

BLOKES AND BLOKETTES

Back from commercial and the camera is focused on the backstage interview area and looking lovely as ever (or as classless men may say, quote, “doable”), Christie Zane has a bright smile on her face.

Christie Zane:

Hi, everybody! My name is Christie Zane and right now, I’ve got a special guest with me! He’s the FIST of DEFIANCE... “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns!

The crowd ROARS with the loudest of approval for the new FIST of DEFIANCE. Dressed to compete in some fancy new bright blue gear, Burns looks more than ready for the fight tonight. Oscar reaches over and shake’s Christie’s hand.

Oscar Burns:

GC, thanks for having me here.

Christie Zane:

No, thank you, Oscar! Tonight, you’ve set up your first match against none other than The PCP’s Elise Ares, somebody you’ve not only teamed with in the past, but also taught some submission holds.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah, she’s a scrapper, all right. I haven’t beaten that ponce, Harmen, but she sure did and I gotta say... mate’s head is all weird-looking now that he’s got a bare dome!

The FIST of DEFIANCE giggles while Zane continues.

Christie Zane:

So, whatcha thinking about heading into this match?

Burns nods his head.

Oscar Burns:

I said when I won this title earlier tonight that I would defend against any man, woman, or wrestling animal and thankfully, it wasn’t a bear. But in all seriousness, Elise is a lovely young lady, but more importantly she can go hard out in the ring when it matters. Like I said, she defeated her former mentor Jack Harmen when I haven’t and she’s proven quite adept with that Sunset Stretch hold I taught her.

Burns then hoists the title over one shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

Could she win? Don’t count her out, ever. She stood up to Crimson Lord for his WrestleUTA title and she’s clearly shown when she’s got her squinters focused on something, she’ll get it. But if the question you’re about to ask, Christie is WILL she win? I’m afraid that’s a hard NO, love.

He flexes the title out a little more to show it off for the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

I fought for this title with all my heart and I’ll suck the kumura before I relinquish this title to anybody. I need this to prove I’m worthy of holding this title and I will welcome Elise or anybody else that wants to try and take it from me.

Christie Zane:

Well, thank you for your time, Os...

Christie gets interrupted when the LARGE form of another man appears in front of Oscar, glaring down at him. One figures he'd be used to it after the gruesome battles with Crimson Lord and Burns looks unmoved.

Oscar Burns:

Angel. How goes, GC?

The 6'10" Angel Trinidad glances downward at the FIST of DEFIANCE and then turns over to the man holding said title.

Angel Trinidad:

Oscar... I just want to say two things to you. The first... congrats. That was a fucking great match last week between you and Cayle and you proved you earned that title. You deserve all the praise you've received for that match.

Angel extends his hand and Oscar quickly takes it, almost a bit overwhelmed by the grip before taking his hand back.

Oscar Burns:

...My, that's a large bloke's handshake. And let me guess... the other has to do with this strap, yeah?

Trinidad nods.

Angel Trinidad:

Specifically that I'm pulling for you tonight, with all respect to Elise. Because if you beat her tonight... [tapping the title with a finger] ...You're looking at your challenger for the next DEFtv.

Burns looks up.

Oscar Burns:

I'll promise you this then, mate... I'll give it my all against Elise and after tonight if I'm still holding this title, you've got your match, Great Overlord of all HOSSseses.

Angel chuckles.

Angel Trinidad:

Good luck tonight.

Oscar Burns:

I know you'll make your boy proud, GC. But I don't plan on letting ANY bloke or blokette take this title from me anytime soon.

Angel nods and the two men part ways before the we cut to DEFmed.

PLAYING THE GAME

The door swings open wildly and Scott Douglas exits with a determined look on his face. Through the open door, Kerry Kuroyama is laid out on the examination table, Iris Davine tending his injured arm.

Terry Anderson:

Scott ...

Terry approaches from off frame. He stops Douglas in his tracks. Iris can be heard in the brief silence from inside the room.

Iris Davine:

I don't like the look of this ...

Outside, though halted, Terry doesn't have Douglas attention.

Anderson:

Scott! Hey, I know that look ... this is exactly what Harvey wants. He's trying to bait you... Kerry has been around the block, Scott ... he knew the risks when he stepped through those ropes.

Scott stares through Anderson, his gears turning.

Anderson:

Don't play his game! Damnit, I thought you were smarter than this ...

Scott remains silent for a moment, still thinking. Just as he looks ready to respond, Iris steps outside of her office.

Davine:

His shoulder was already in pretty bad shape to be honest. He's had a lot of wear and tear over the year but my main concern is he could have several hairline fractures. There is a substantial amount of swelling and I'd really like him to go get an MRI.

The rage and determination in his eyes fades in an instant and Scott finally speaks.

Scott Douglas:

I'll take him.

Anderson looks toward Scott unsure of where he is at mentally, emotionally. Douglas turns from Iris back to Terry.

Douglas:

Bring the car around?

Anderson: *[surprised]*

... sure.

Terry walks away confused but feeling a better about the situation.

Through the door over Iris' shoulder, Kerry is sitting up from a prone position on the exam table. Arm, wrapped and iced once again, now outfitted in a sling held.

Davine:

Scotty, we all play the game. You just have to decide who's making the rules.

Iris caps off her dime store philosophy with a knowing look as she turns back into her office. Scott follows and the two meet Kerry as he is attempting to get to his feet, and the feed cuts back to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, ready

for the main event.

Angus:

Gotta be conflicting emotions a little. This is his friend, Elise Ares... but then again, this is the FIST of DEFIANCE Keeps. And knowing how hard Elise fought to get back at that shitbag Harmen, he's gonna HAVE to break a limb to keep her from that title.

DDK:

Well put, Angus. But all the same, Oscar isn't the type of guy to give less than 100% in that ring.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd as he lifts the title over his head. He hands it over to referee Benny Doyle who raises the title to show what's on the line. Both Elise and Oscar look at the title and then to one another. Burns puts the hand out first and Elise takes it!

DING DING DING!

The two break off and Burns is the first to try something when he gets his arms up in a defensive stance, looking for the chance to go for a lock. She starts to raise up thinking about trying something and when she does... it's a Small Package!

...Only Burns' weight advantage allows him to hold her in place instead of being pinned.

DDK:

Elise trying to pull a fast one on Burns, but he isn't falling for it!

The Technical Spectacle turns her up and over into a Vertical Suplex attempt, but quickly Elise slips out. From there, she catches him off-guard completely with a School Girl!

ONE!

TW...

But before the two-count comes down, Burns shifts his weight quickly into a Cross Armbreaker attempt! Elise gets elusive and slips her way out of it and retreats to the ring apron!

Angus:

That may be her best bet to beat Burns, Keebs. Do that quick flippy- doo shit she's good at.

DDK:

Elise now on the floor, but she's gonna have to get back in there with Burns if she wants to be FIST of DEFIANCE.

Burns leans towards the ropes and sits down on the middle rope, offering her the chance to get back in the ring when she's ready. Being the gentleman that he is, he waves and Elise enters the ring without incident. Burnsie tries to go behind Elise for a waist-lock takedown now and gets her down to the mat before working over with an Armbar attempt. He starts to crank back once again on the arms of Elise, but Elise tries to fight her way out.

DDK:

Burns won't let her get away!

The Technical Spectacle then grabs the arm in an arm wringer before he twists the arm and then DROPS it over his shoulder! Elise then finds herself in a very bad position right at the start of the match as Burns has clearly chosen a body part to work over as he continues to ground her in another arm lock to try and keep the FIST of DEFIANCE for himself. Burns then looks out to the cheering crowd and somewhat hesitates, but then goes right to a tight hammerlock!

Angus:

Don't go taking it easy on her, Burns! You know better!

DDK:

I hate to say, but you're right! He can't take it easy on Elise and he may not like it, but he won't because he knows she won't hesitate to win either.

Elise tries to get away from Burns in the hold, but with his size and technical ability, she has a hard time. She tries to shake his arm away, but she then jumps and goes for a Flying Snapmare... but no dice!

Burns then holds her by the waist and looks like a German Suplex is coming, but Elise flips back out! When Burnsie makes his first turn, Elise tries a back elbow and catches him, but he quickly grabs her by the neck...

DDK:

And now a Cravate! He used this a lot in his match against Cayle Murray and makes a comeback use tonight against Elise!

Now with the tight necklock on, Elise frantically tries to free herself, but no matter what she tries so far, Burns has an answer for. She then tries to get back up slowly, but surely but Burns trips a leg out from under her and places a foot on the back of her knee and cranks the hold back.

Oscar Burns:

Sorry, love.

Burns grinds her down and the crowd watches the match continuing. Elise then tries to go for the leg and elbows Burns in his knee to get him to let go and eventually, chops the bigger Kiwi until he breaks the hold. Elise holds her neck in pain and tries a moment to breath, but when she looks over, she sees Burns sprinting at her. She flips through the ropes and Burns crashes into the buckle!

DDK:

There we go! Elise now trying to make Oscar wrestle her kind of match!

Burns still wobbles around, but to his surprise gets tossed up and over with a Headscissors Takedown slinging him head-first to the top turnbuckle. From there, Elise goes right at him with a Running Enzuigiri that stuns Burns, now sending him to the outside.

Angus:

See, what'd I tell you, Keebs? Much as I can't stand the flips, Elise is like an 11 on the 10 scale. Them flips might win her the title.

Elise then waits for her one-time submissions guru before she points at the ropes. She executes a run and FLIES at Burns with a Somersault Suicide Dive through the middle and bottom rope!

Angus:

TOPE CON HELLO, NURSE!

DDK:

I can't believe Elise is already taking this one to the skies, but she's almost got Burns right where she wants him. Now has to get him back in the ring!

It takes Elise some doing, but when the disoriented Burns starts to roll back to his feet, she moves him back into the ring before slinging back into the ring with a second rope Springboard Moonsault right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Burns with the kickout!

Angus:

Look at her go already!

Elise knows she'll have to bust out whatever move she can in order to take the FIST of DEFIANCE, hence her quick opening salvo. She measures up Burns as he tries to get back to his feet and lands a Superkick as he tries to kick out!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Burns dominated the opening and with some quick feet, Elise is now upping the tempo just like she did against Harmen!

The crowd is on the edge of their seats now watching as Elise waits for the perfect opportunity...

Angus:

She's gonna try it, Keebs! The Sunset Stretch! The very move that Oscar Burns taught her that beat Harmen! She wants that title already!

She continues to try for the Sunset Stretch and tries to maneuver Burns to the mat... and maybe Burns taught her that hold, but Burns did NOT teach her all the counters for the move! Burns quickly slips low to the ground, grabs her leg and before she knows it, Burns throws her right off! Elise looks shocked!

DDK:

Burns escapes the Sunset Stretch and... NO! Elise ducks the Clothesline by falling to the mat and kipping up!

But when Elise turns around, Burns is already right behind her and catches her HARD with a Low Dropkick to the chest, almost like he avoids trying to catch her in the face! The blow knocks her inside out!

DDK:

And Burns finally knocked Elise out of mid-air! Can he follow up?

Angus:

He better! Elise just turned this match up to 11!

Burns takes a moment to catch his breath from all of the offense that was thrown his way before he goes to pick up Elise and whip her across the ring. He takes a moment before he charges into the corner, connecting with a High (Low) Knee aimed at the breadbasket and not the face. He then takes her down with a Snap Suplex...

But holds on and picks her up, this time in a Gutwrench before he throws her up and over again...

Once more and Burns finally picks her up again, this time taking her down with a Double Arm Suplex and bridging right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

We've also seen Burns recently taking a liking to more suplex variations and had to uncork a whole lot to take the FIST from Cayle Murray. Will it come to that to keep the title from Elise?

The crowd continues buzzing as Burns starts to think over his next strategy. He goes for broke and then tries to roll Elise up into a German Suplex this time... NO!

DDK:

NO! ELISE WITH THE FORWARD HEADSCISSORS INTO THE ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

But Burns shifts his weight and rolls THAT back!

ONE!

TWO!

But somehow, Elise rolls it right back!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

A pair of close ones right there, but Elise is still fighting!

Elise then waits as Burns tries to get back to his knees before leaping off his back...

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER! She just caught Burns with that Double Foot Curb Stomp!

Hurriedly, she tries to roll Burns over onto his back and then sits on top, pulling the legs back into as tight of a cover as she can muster!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

She surprised Burns with that Extreme Makeover, but Burns still kicks out!

Elise now is feeling it though and starts to get back to her feet while Burns is still groggy from the Curb Stomp variation. Elise then starts to yell with the crowd...

Elise Ares (and the crowd):

QUE TAL ESO?!

She looks like she might actually spit on her one-time submissions mentor, but decides to not do it out of respect (because he was really nice to her once) and instead waits for Burns to get back up. She then waits for Burns to head back to his feet before trying to unleash another Super...NO!

Angus:

BACKBREAKERWACKYKIWIMOVE!

DDK:

No, that's the Back-Crack-A-Ma-Jig!

And after he connects with the Belly to Back Backbreaker, he holds Elise by the side!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

NO! Elise kicks out again! Burns nearly turned her inside out with the Back-Crack-A-Ma-Jig, but we've seen Elise kick out of Harmen's deadly Locomotive recently!

Burns decides then to go simple and slams Elise on the mat in front of the turnbuckles before heading up top. He's looking for the Top Rope Knee Drop known as...

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS!

Burns climbs up and takes flight...

Angus:

OW, NO WATER IN THE POOL!

Elise moves out of the drop zone and Burns fumbles around on the mat after missing his big move. Unfortunately for him, Elise Ares doesn't miss hers...

Angus:

Cuban Necktie, son! Elise drops his neck on the ropes!

Burns gets his neck dropped on the top rope with the modified Ace Crusher and goes right down, holding his neck in pain while Elise finally has her friend right in her sights. Laying down on the apron now, she poses on her side on the mat, sending a wink and a finger gun to the camera man. She gets back to her feet, perhaps looking for Amethystation or another springboard move. She starts to leap...

DDK:

Wait, no! What's he doing here?!

Angus:

Blinding me with the spotlights bouncing off his Mr. Clean-looking bald ass!

Burns is still kneeling and holding his throat, he and the ref oblivious to Jack Harmen! The Lunatic grabbed Elise's leg with the springboard move and DROPPED her back on the ring apron! The crowd jeers, but Harmen snickers after pulling off her feet and retreating back into the crowd!

When Elise crashes, Burns is unaware of anything happening and sees Elise on the ground, unsure of what's

happening.

Angus:

Burns doesn't know that son of a bitch just interfered!

DDK:

Yeah, he didn't see him!

The Technical Spectacle tries to pick up Elise and though she's groggy, she tries one last gas with a Hurricanrana, going into a pin, but Burns quickly shifts THAT by DROPPING her with a mat slam...

DDK:

THE GRAPS OF WRATH III! THE SCISSORED ARMBAR IS LOCKED IN NOW!

Angus:

He's worked that arm before and now Elise has nowhere to go!

Burns keeps the hold locked in tightly, despite the quick proverbial hit and run by Jack Harmen that he was oblivious to. The Technical Spectacle has the hold in and she can't escape... she shuts her eyes...

TAP TAP TAP.

Burns lets go of the hold the very second the bell rings and collapses to the ground, retrieving his FIST of DEFIANCE.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH AND STILL FIST OF DEFIANCE.... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks is handed the title and even though her shoulder was just stretched to oblivion, Burns does the gentlemanly thing and walks over to her, offering her a hand to help her up.

Elise looks at the hand and looks out angrily to where the distraction happened... then runs out of the ring angrily to go after Harmen!

DDK:

Harmen ruined this match CLEARLY to get at Elise Ares. Now she's got payback on her mind! Burns still doesn't know what's going on!

The Technical Spectacle shrugs and sighs at the goings-on, not sure of Elise's reaction, but decides to enjoy the occasion regardless and raises the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

You know Burns won't be happy with this shit. He's like the ultimate goody-good!

DDK:

He prides himself on honor, sportsmanship and hard work in the face of all that is deemed negative in our sport, but Burns with a successful first defense nonetheless! Burns now celebrates the moment with the crowd.

Angus:

I'm gonna go find his car again after the show. I sharpened my keys for just such an occasion.

DDK:

From my felonious broadcast colleague, Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler and thanks for joining us tonight! Thanks for watching and we'll see you for UNCUT!

The final shot of the show is Burns standing on the second turnbuckle, raising the FIST of DEFIANCE after a successful first defense.

Good fight and good night.....

DDK:

WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!?!?!?

A masked individual wearing all black hops the barricade and slides into the ring unbeknown to the champion and when Oscar turns around his blasted with a thunderous clothesline!

DDK:

Security! Security!

Keebler's cries for help have fallen on deaf ears as the masked assailant continues his assault of the champion with boots to the face before mounting and raining down right hands to the FIST's face.

Angus:

Who the hell is this guy?!

The masked person picks up Oscar and German suplexes him into the turnbuckle behind him before taking a few steps back and rushes towards the corner to deliver a knee to Oscar's face. The masked stranger looks down towards the canvas and picks up the FIST of DEFIANCE World Championship and holds it tightly as the faithful boo loudly.

Angus:

That's not yours, you bastard!

The masked individual regains his focus and motions for Oscar to get up and waits like a shark smelling blood in the water until the champion staggers from the corner only to get blasted in the face with The FIST and sent to the canvas.

DDK:

OSCAR'S BLEEDING! THE CHAMP IS BLEEDING!

The masked assailant holds the championship up high and reaches towards the mask and slowly pulls it off.

DDK:

That's... that's Stevens! Scott Stevens is the masked man!

Angus:

I should've known Keebs! I smelled pussy in the air but couldn't identify his scent.

The Texan shows no emotion as he looks down at his handiwork. Stevens calls for a microphone and is quickly tossed one.

Scott Stevens:

In case you haven't noticed, Oscar, I'm back.

Angus:

No shit Sherlock!

Stevens continues to hover over the fallen champion.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar, apparently management isn't happy with you as their champion as they threw so many zeros at me in the eleventh hour that I couldn't say no. I mean they like you, but they don't believe you are the long term solution they had in mind or at least that's how I took it when they were throwing money at me that you'll never see to sign the dotted line in our meeting while the show was going on.

Stevens informs everyone about his negotiations earlier in the show.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar, you have something I want and that management so desperately wants me to have that I'm giving you two options; the first option is the easy way and you can forfeit that championship over to me and it will save everyone, namely you, bruised egos and broken bones. Or, you can choose the second option and that's the hard way.

Stevens kneels down and gets close to Oscar's face.

Scott Stevens:

And we both know what happened the last time you tried the hard way, it didn't end well for you.

Stevens says as he gets back to his feet and takes one last look at the FIST of DEFIANCE before tossing it onto Oscar's chest.

Scott Stevens:

The choice is yours and I hope for your sake you make the smart decision.

Stevens says before dropping the microphone and slithering out of the ring and hoping the barricade and vanishing into the crowd like a thief in the night.

DDK:

Stevens returns and has made his intentions clear that he wants the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

That inbred hick may have fooled our champion tonight but I'm confident in him because that Texas queer has lost every time when the FIST was on the line.

DDK:

I hope you're right partner. We'll get this all sorted out hopefully soon, but... good night everyone.

The scene fades on the fallen and beaten form of Oscar Burns, prone with the FIST of DEFIANCE slung over his body thanks to his old enemy making a shocking return.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE