

EARLIER TODAY

“Earlier Today” appears in the lower third of the screen as it fades up from black. Terry “The Idol” Anderson crosses the open area of the parking lot as the camera pushes in, Lance Waner leading the way.

Lance Warner:

Terry! ... Mr. Anderson ...

Terry looks out of it. Possibly even more worse for the ware then normal ... He staggers a bit while trying to look for the source of his name being called.

Warner:

Idol ... ?

Lance isn't sure which name he'd prefer to go by or ... which he can comprehend at this moment in time. Each previous attempt seeming to be less effective as the other as they close in on the approaching “Idol.”

Terry looks up, as Lance and the following camera draw in close, with a startled look on his face.

Warner:

Terry ... are ... you alright?

Terry's flushed red face, soiled button up shirt and wavering stance answers the question. Lance turns back to the camera and runs his outstretched fingers under his chin and across his throat; signalling for the operator to stop recording.

The oversized, shoulder mounted television camera dips down and shows nothing more than the Warner and Anderson's jittery feet ...

CRACK

The camera snatches back up as Terry Anderson's feet disappear from the frame. The cameraman over shoots and adjust back toward Anderson's feet and to the left ... where “The Idol” now lays on the pavement, writhing in pain. Also ... in confusion. Very, very drunk confusion.

Lance Warner quickly gets out of the way and the camera operator follows; while still attempting to capture the situation; especially it's catalyst.

The shaken nature of the camera work makes it difficult to find one's bearings amongst the unfolding situation but within a matter of seconds the source of; both the loud sound as well as the perpetrator become abundantly apparent.

THE Jay Harvey:

You old drunk bastard!

Harvey turns the steel folding chair, he just blindsighted the veteran with, vertical and jabs down at Anderson with the backrest. Terry recoils in pain and tries to squirm away with each hit but his limited mobility, his drunkenness and the current attack of his physical being hampers such an escape.

Warner:

Jesus Christ!!

The camera pans to the right to capture Lance Warner excalmate his astonishment just before breaking off and running toward the Wrestle Plex back entrance. The camera turns back toward the mayhem as Lance can faintly be heard in the distance screaming for; help, security and/or Scott Douglas.

Back on Harvey. He lays in a kick of two to the torso of Anderson, with the steel chair still clutched tightly in one hand.

Harvey:

Where is your boy?! Where is he?!

Anderson is bleeding, either from the nose or mouth ... or both. It's tough to tell as Jay Harvey continues to assault the former pro-wrestler turned manager ... well into the twilight of his life. The angled top down view of "The Idol" makes every blow feel that much more devastating, on top of the fact ... he hasn't or ever had any chance of offense. This is a bad scene and with each kick it gets that much sicker.

Harvey:

See what I have to do **Scott!!** See what I had to do to your **IDOL?!**

The cameraman leans in for a tighter shot of the clearly injured Anderson but quickly reverses course and pans back up to find an irate ... nearly manic, Harvey staring down the lense.

Harvey:

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! GET BACK!

The hourly employee does just that as Harvey with one final kick to Anderson shoulder flips the ailing octogenarian to his back. Jay, stepping over the nearly lifeless body, straddles Anderson - one foot on either side of the downed "Idol."

Harvey:

I didn't want to have to do this old man...

Harvey cocks the steel chair up high above his head, each hand gripping the corresponding chair leg. The back rest facing down toward the helpless Anderson.

Harvey:

HE left me with no other choice...

In the background shuffling feet can be heard approaching and a hurry.

Harvey:

I told him I'd make his life a living ...

Harvey's villainous diatribe is abruptly interrupted as he look back over his shoulder. The camera follows the direction of his gaze to reveal a large garrison of DEFsec trucking toward this disgusting assault.

Harvey turns back toward Anderson and with no time for further quips or messages ...

OHHHHHHHHH

The cameraman lets out a gast of amazement which is nearly in unison with every member of the approaching DEFsec. As well as, the trialing, Lance Warner.

Harvey, having drilled that chair down across the throat of Anderson, drops his implement of destruction with a clang and moves quickly away from the crime. DEFsec rushes to Anderson checking and calling for medical.

Harvey, at a safe distance, walks backward ... still surveying his handy work.

Warner:

CALL 911!!!

Cut to the LIVE feed and the commentary booth.

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...

FOREVER DEFIANT!
JFK BANGED CATALINA
RECALL THE TOYBOX
THE FIRE STILL BURNS!!
STEVENS BLOWS
LIGHT THE FUSE!!!
WHERE IS SCOTT!?

And other such literary genius committed to dollar store poster board. We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and “The Motormouth of Malcontent” Angus Skaaland, seated behind the commentary booth. Angus wastes no time reacting to the cold open.

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST! Harvey has lost it ... he’s attacking the ELDERLY!

DDK:

Well ... that appears to be correct. Truly a sad sight, ladies and gentlemen ... we would like to welcome you back, live from the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex and in the same breath apologize for the disgusting attack perpetrated by *THE* Jay Harvey.

Angus:

Would you knock it off with that *THE* shit!? This pathetic little bastard ... doesn’t get his way and decides to wail on the oldest drunkest GORRAM son of a bitch limping around here! This is egregious!

DDK:

I cannot agree with you more, partner. Terry "The Idol" Anderson is a veteran in the industry ... who has had some demons in his past ...

Angus:

Yeah, hooch and that weird ass Redhead ...

DDK cuts his eyes at Angus, taking a pause and gets back to the matter at hand.

DDK:

We have been told that Terry Anderson has been transported to St Catherine Memorial Hospital and we will be standing by for an update throughout the night.

Angus:

I've got an update ... for Harvey Wallbanger there ... when Scott Douglas catches wind of this - curtains!

DDK:

That has yet to be seen but in the meantime ... folks, the show *must* go on and it's quite the show!

Graphics overtake the screen and display the matches up as Darren and Angus announce and discuss them.

DDK:

Here tonight The Stevens Dynasty will take on THE FIST of DEFIANCE and Angel Trinidad in tag team action!

Angus:

TEAM HOSScar!! That big HOSSish son of a GORRAM gun is going to BOWL over these Stevens inbreds. I can't wait!

DDK:

It should be quite the match up! We've got singles wrestlers in tag team matches and tag team wrestlers going one on one! You never know quite what to expect on DEFtv!

The graphic changes.

DDK:

Jestal of Toybox is set to go up against one half of the tag team champions ... Connor Fuse!

Angus:

These Toybox clowns are entertaining enough but to be honest I don't know what to make of a match like this! The clown verse the video game weirdo ... I'm expecting shenanigans of the highest order!

And the graphic switches once more. Showing all three members of PCP.

DDK:

... and if THAT wasn't enough, The Pop Culture Phenoms in a six man tag against Jack ...

Angus:

BAAAALLLDDD ...

DDK:

Harmen... and The Dibbins!

Angus burst out laughing. He struggles to speak through his glee.

Angus:

Are you serious!? The ... the DIBBINS!? Ohhh how the BALD have fallen! You know what ... that is so sad - I might not even key his car tonight.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Nah, I'm still gonna do it.

The graphics fade back to Darren and Angus in the booth.

DDK: *[sighs]*

... And ladies and gentlemen the ACTION starts now with a BRAZEN FIVEWAY! Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

REINHARDT HOFFMAN vs. LEVI COLE vs. HFIV vs. MARKUS ANDREWS vs. FLEX KRUGER

Darren Quimbey:

Our opening match, is a BRAZEN showcase fatal 5 way schedule for one fall and a ten minute time limit! Introducing first...

♪*Dvořák Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95 'From the New World' IV*♪

DDK:

Folks, you're in for a treat. Some of BRAZEN's top stars, and a few newer stars, are set to square off, and they're all going to be in a sixteen man tournament to crown the first ever BRAZEN Champion!

Angus:

It's been a long time coming Keebs, and this guy right here is my favorite to take it all. Reinhardt Hoffman is a face DEFIANCE is quite familiar with, and he's been at times an unstoppable juggernaut.

Reinhardt Hoffman exits the backstage area, dressed in his usual German attire. He stomps toward the ring, focused, ignoring the Faithful clamoring around him.

Darren Quimbey:

One of the very first men to be signed to a BRAZEN contract... he is REINHARDT HOFFMAN!

As Hoffman hits ringside, his music fades away.

♪*"Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen*♪

DDK:

Another classic BRAZEN talent, Levi Cole and Reinhardt Hoffman actually faced off on DEFtv 83.

Angus:

How'd that end up for him?

Levi Cole rushes through the entrance ramp with a heart full of fire. He slaps the fans hands as he makes a beeline ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing second, he's BORN in the USA, the All American Levi Cole!

♪*"Dollywood" by Hail Mary Mallon*♪

DDK:

I don't actually know this music, is this a newer signing Angus?

Angus:

Ha! IT IS! AND I KEYED HIS DAD'S CAR!

DDK:

Wait, is this Jack Harmen's son? He's only 17!

Out from the back comes a masked luchador, wired body frame, and a bit skittish. He looks across the DEF-Plex and seems to be lost in the sea of chanting fans. He just quietly makes his way to ringside.

Angus:

I know. But when UTA did there thing, somehow that Mr. Clean troglodyte got his kid HFIV a contract with Brazen and

he's been training with us since April.

DDK:

Let's see what this kid has in store then!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing third, from Bethlehem Pennsylvania, he is H - F- FOUR!

HFIV's music dies down, but it is not replaced by anything... anything but the dulcet tones of a new voice to DEFIANCE.

Markus Andrews:

clearing his throat DEFIANCE!

Markus Andrews makes his DEF debut, holding a microphone and addressing the crowd as he walks down to the ring.

Markus Andrews:

Quimbey, I'll take it from here. My name is Markus Andrews, and if the fine folks here at DEF and BRAZEN, USE ME RIGHT... I will be your FIRST BRAZEN champion.

♪ "Flex" by Sip ♪

DDK:

And here comes another early signee to DEFIANCE, the current spokesman of the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Angus:

I never thought I'd hear Flex and PCP together, unless it might have been on a police report and the words "disrupted" "apprehended" and "drug bust" were also included.

Flex steps out of the backstage area showcasing extreme confidence. He still has a small cut on his lip from the last DEFtv where Harmen ran him over as he immediately hit the entrance ramp. The fans are much more eager to reach out and slap his hands as Flex makes his way as stoic as he can to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing last, weighing in at two hundred and seventy five pounds, he is the Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection... FLEX, KRUGER!

Darren quickly gets out of the ring as the last man arrives. Flex flexes, starring down Reinhardt. Reinhardt proceeds to flex himself, only for Kruger to start flexing his pecs up and down in response. Each man has a corner of the ring, except HFIV, who left his and is just between Flex and Levi on the far side.

Markus Andrews:

STOP! NO!

Andrews steps into the middle of the ring, looking at Flex and Reinhardt.

Markus Andrews:

This isn't right! !! I SHOULD BE THE FOCUS!

Andrews tosses his arms out to his side as the bell rings. He only has a moment to indulge before Reinhardt and Flex both charge, SANDWICHING him in the center of the ring. Andrews falls like a ton of bricks and rolls out of the ring. Then, Reinhardt and Flex start going after each other with clubbing blows as the Faithful cheer them on.

On the other side, Cole starts sizing up the smaller HFIV, trying to get him to engage in a grapple, but HFIV swats Cole's hands away. He goes for a takedown, but HFIV front sommersault rolls over Cole into the corner, climbs the

middle ropes, and dives with a cross body at Cole.

DDK:

The action is fast and furious here Angus! This is just a sample of what we're going to see the night before Ascension as BRAZEN takes center stage!

Angus:

I've always told you, BRAZEN just needs a chance to shine. Look at those HOSS FISTS! Flex and Reinhardt, BEAUTIFUL MY BOYS!

Flex and Reinhardt continue trading blows without much progress. Flex shoots off the ropes, shoulder block and neither man gives any ground. Flex tries it again, nothing. Flex shoots off a different rope, and TUMBLES over the top to the outside!

DDK:

That was HFIV! He pulled the top rope down!

Angus:

He's just as sneaky as his father! I'm going to go key his BIKE KEEBS!

DDK:

Will you stop!

HFIV looks at Reinhardt, eyes bulging through his luchador mask. He shakes head in fear, and as Levi Cole gets to his feet, HFIV shoves Cole into Reinhardt's German grasp. CHOKESLAM. But HFIV flees, flying over the top with a cross body onto Flex on the outside, but Flex CATCHES him, and then sends him like a LAWN dart into the steel post on the outside. Flex looks down at the fallen HFIV and shouts at him about his father, only to be a bit too close to the buckle. Markus Andrews comes out of nowhere and hits a running knee strike that posts Flex from the momentum. Both men are down.

In the ring, Reinhardt has Cole up for a powerbomb, but Cole slips out and lands behind in a rear waist lock. Cole trips Reinhardt to the mat and floats over, trying to lock in an arm bar. He almost has it locked in before he notices Markus on the top rope, and barely has time to disengage before Andrews flies with a flash inducing Phoenix Splash.

DDK:

What a move from Markus Andrews! I guess he's not all bluster!

Angus:

But look at Cole! Perfect positioning to jump on Andrews as he tries to taunt the crowd, and EATS a German Suplex for his troubles!

Cole keeps on the bridge for a pin.

One...

Two...

HFIV jumps off the top with a Lo-Down inspired frogsplash, breaking the pin. Cole clutches his ribs as HFIV grabs him and tosses him toward the corner. One kick, another, and then a spin kick catches Cole under the jaw. HFIV turns in a moment of adrenaline and his eyes go wide as Reinhardt Hoffman has recovered, and lifts the kid in a guerilla press. HFIV tries to kick wildly, as Flex Kruger enters the ring. Reinhardt tosses HFIV at Flex, who CATCHES him in a cross body position. Flex then lifts HFIV above his head, and TOSSES him back at Reinhardt, who ALSO catches him. This repeats, three times, as the two men just keep tossing HFIV back and forth.

DDK:

What are we witnessing here Angus?!

Angus:

FEATS OF HOSSDOM KEEBS!

On the final toss, Reinhardt throws HFIV at Flex who barely catches him, but Reinhardt closes the distance and shoulder blocks both Flex and HFIV so far back they land with a thud in the corner. Markus Andrews and Levi Cole time their attacks brilliantly as they both hit high angle hesitation dropkicks to both men in the corner. HFIV tumbles outside as Flex lands in a seated position. Reinhardt charges Cole and Andrews, who both barely duck the blow. Reinhardt keeps going, kneeling the down Flex, as he turns, Cole and Andrews dive in with rights and elbows in the corner, until Reinhardt shoves Andrews off. Cole hits Reinhardt with a snapmare and locks in a chin lock, before trying for a butterfly lock. Andrews off the ropes, and kicks both Reinhardt and Cole square in the jaw, before diving on top for the pin.

Markus Andrews:

I'M THE BEST!

One...

Two...

DDK:

Premature celebration Andrews!

Flex grabs Andrews boot and drags him off. Andrews is pleading, now dancing on one foot, before Flex grabs him and belly to belly's Andrews over the top and onto the recovering HFIV.

Angus:

HOSSSIAN BAYBAY!

As Kruger shouts down at Andrews and HFIV on the floor, Levi Cole rushes from behind and rolls him in a school boy.

One.

Two.

THREE!

Hoffman is just a split second too late, as Cole scrambles out of the ring and Hoffman dives on top of Kruger. Cole's hand is raised on the outside as Hoffman stomps his foot furiously inside.

DDK:

There you have it! The last DEFtv before Ascension and our BRAZEN special where we will crown the first ever BRAZEN champion, and Levi Cole is victorious!

Angus:

What a grab of momentum for Cole heading into this tourney Keeps. He's going to be one of the odds on favorites, you better believe it.

DDK:

Please check our website DEFIANCE wrestling dot com for additional details, and tickets will be going on sale this Friday! Until then, let's have a word with our sponsors!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION

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

INJURY UPDATE

We open on the commentary booth. Darren and Angus standing by.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! And it has already quite the night here in the Wrestle-Plex! During the commercial break we informed that Terry "The Idol" Anderson has been admitted to St Catherine Memorial Hospital's ICU unit.

Angus:

Skip the IV and mainline some whiskey in him... he'll be back up in no time.

Darren looks at Angus and shakes his head before turning back to the camera.

DDK:

This is all of course at the hands of ...

Angus:

Don't you say it ...

Darren hesitates.

DDK:

At the hands of Jay Harvey, earlier today in what I can only describe as a despicably brutal attack!

Angus:

McPissant is doing everything he can to bait Scott Douglas in fighting him, and taking out an out drunk is desperation at its finest. I can't say I don't admire the creativity but ...

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

... hold on, hold on ... you didn't let me finish.

DDK:

...

Dead air. Darren glares at Angus.

Angus:

...eh, moments passed.

DDK: *[sighs]*

We hear Scott Douglas, who wasn't with us last week due to a family emergency got word as he landed back in New Orleans and has gone straight to Anderson's side.

Angus:

What it rains it pours, Keeps.

DDK:

We will keep you updated with more as it becomes available. For now, I'm being told we are going backstage with the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions ...

CHARACTERS UNLOCKED: THE TOY BOX

Conor Fuse:

This has not gone our way... this has not gone our way!

The scene shifts to a backstage area, one where Conor is pacing frantically around and Tyler, as always, remains calm and stoic in a corner.

Conor Fuse:

Why!? Why did this happen!?

Tyler looks up at his brother and shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

I am so sorry, dear brother. Why did I have to open that box?

Player Two stops marching and begins to rub his temples. It's like he's the most devastated he's ever been.

Conor Fuse:

We unlocked *them*... I unlocked **them**... and for the past month, nothing but misery! They knocked us out, they beat us up... they also took... [big gulp] our Tag Team Achievements!

Conor starts to breathe.

Conor Fuse:

Do they even *have* the abilities to do this!?! Dear brother, I know this DEFIANCE system was supposed to end... and then it didn't... and then it was going to... and then it didn't again. I know we are in uncharted development, I know this is THE breath of the wild, but brother, what did we unleash? What did we get ourselves into!?! If they have the power to take our Achievements without repercussion, if they have the skills to knock us out, beat us up and potentially even capture the Achievements legally and without a cheat code, what... what in Atari have we done?

After all that... Tyler still sits in silence. The Faithful, DDK and Angus do the same, as it was a lot to seemingly take in.

Conor, however, is done talking. He's just standing there. It's clear he is waiting on Tyler.

Tyler Fuse:

[sigh] Look. I know it seems crazy right now. I know it seems like the game has spiraled out of control. And I know you blame yourself... us... for opening that box and unlocking new characters-

Conor cuts him off.

Conor Fuse:

New characters *with* cheat codes, dear brother! Cheat codes that allowed them to steal our Achievements!

Tyler Fuse:

I know, I know.

The older brother finally stands. He walks towards Conor and puts a hand on his shoulder.

Tyler Fuse:

It seems like we screwed up and maybe we're out-matched. But do you remember what happened before? We beat the DEFIANCE system crash. We helped rid DEFIANCE of the UTA, of the *infected*. That **saved** the game! We helped save the day! Do you remember how hard that was?

Conor nods.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't know what level these guys are. I don't know what cheat codes they have. I don't know if they are mini bosses, henchmen (and women), or even THE boss. But what I do know is starting tonight... it's game on.

Tyler pats his brother just once, hard the back and walks off leaving Player Two. It takes him a moment but after he processes what his older brother told him, Conor frantically shakes his head yes.

Conor Fuse:

Game on. Yes, dear brother, game on...

Fade.

GO TEAM HARMEN

Backstage, The Dibbins are lacing up their boots, talking amongst themselves as the DEFIANT crowd jeers.

Duke Dibbins:

That's when I knew she was good to go...

Duke notices Luke's expression of confusion looking off to the side, as swivels his head to meet his brother's gaze. The camera pans out to reveal Jack Harmen, bald as the day he was born, standing beside them. Again, the crowd boos, this time louder, as Harmen nods to the Dibbins.

Jack Harmen:

Dibbins. It seems I've drawn you as my tag team partners against Elise and the other two later. I want to get on the same page. SOOOOOO... I come bearing gifts.

Harmen pulls out a large white bucket, and plops it down onto the bench. Duke leans in, takes a whiff and is taken aback by the pungent odor. Harmen narrows his eyes.

Jack Harmen:

What, you don't like a gallon of sardines?

Luke Dibbins:

Why would you think that?

Jack Harmen:

I don't know. They're gross. So are you...

Indeed, the cameraman quickly gets a shot of the sardines filling the bucket before Harmen shoves him away.

Jack Harmen:

They're not for you camera dude, step aside. Alright. So. Maybe this'll be a better response?

Harmen reaches off screen, and produces another bucket, and plops it down in front of the Dibbins. They both look at the bucket, and then back at Jack, confused.

Jack Harmen:

It's slop.

Duke Dibbins:

I know. We know what slop is.

Jack Harmen:

So, why aren't you smiling?

Duke and Luke look at each other, and then back at Harmen. Harmen rolls his eyes.

Jack Harmen:

Whatever. Enjoy my gifts, fight for my cause, and you can continue to be handsomely rewarded.

Harmen slaps the back of Duke as he wedges his way in between the two brothers.

Jack Harmen:

Team Harmen.

Harmen sticks out his hand.

Jack Harmen:

On three.

Harmen frowns as Duke and Luke look at him with a confused glare that hasn't changed since Jack entered the room.

Jack Harmen:

Oh right, counting. I'll just say go. Well, C'mon!

Duke and Luke reluctantly place their hands on top of Harmen's.

Jack Harmen:

Go! TEEEEAAAAM...

Luke and Duke don't follow suit as Harmen tries to raise his hand in a group cheer. He sighs, places his hand back on top of the duo, and looks them both in the eyes, back and forth.

Jack Harmen:

Either do this or I kick your faces off. GOOOOOOO TEAM HARMEN!

Luke and Duke reluctantly follow suit tossing their hands in the air with Jack. Harmen nods in appreciation. He dislodges himself from his compatriots and walks off toward the camera. As he does, you can hear him asking the nearest attendant for some hand sanitizer.

ACT III "SMILEY AWARDS"

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

The Fuse Bros. theme played as both men walked out without sporting their Tag Team "Achievements". Typically, Tyler looked intense but this time, too, so did his brother. They marched towards the ring, perhaps still feeling the effects of being knocked out last week at the hands of two new threats to the DEFIANCE system.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a singles match for one fall. Introducing first, being accompanied by his brother Tyler, one half of the Tag Team Champions... Conor Fuse!

The Faithful cheer as the champions wait in the squared circle, as the lights go out... Giant spotlight smiles wandered throughout the Wrestleplex. Both bros look around as some faithful reach for the spotlights some just look around in amazement.

DDK:

What in the world is this?

Angus:

This is what you call making a entrance.

Quimbly:

And...his opp...

A microphone with a screeching sound cuts out from Darren's introduction.

DDK:

Ow...that will leave a ringing in your ears.

Angus:

Keeps check out the entranceway!

A giant strobe light shines down on what looks to be a podium, behind the podium on the tron is a name written in gold. With two giant golden trophies in the shape of smiles. And spotlights moving back and forth over the letters "SMILEY AWARDS"

DDK:

What in the world is this all about...The Smiley Awards?

Angus:

Awesome Keeps, we are going to be the first to witness the first annual Smiley Awards!

DDK:

This is wrestling Angus...not Hollywood.

Angus:

Lighten up you stiff, you look as uptight as those two posers in the ring The Fuse Bros.

The Smiley spotlights continue to move throughout the Wrestleplex. As a woman, who was identified two weeks ago as WynLyn the daughter of Crimson Lord steps up to the podium. She is dressed in a flamboyant two piece suit with a variety of different colors. Both bros in the ring are looking at each other still baffled by this whole show. Tyler points at the podium which gets Conor's attention as well.

WynLyn:

Welcome everyone to the first annual SMILEY AWARDS!!

The Faithful give off a mix reaction but mostly are jeers toward her announcement. She smiles out at them, nodding her head.

WynLyn:

Thank you...thank you! For the award of greatest entertainer in 2018 your nominees are.....

FUSE BROS

A video shows Conor and Tyler Fuse, showing off their in ring talent and ending with them holding the Tag Team Championship at Acts of Defiance!

OSCAR BURNS

Another video plays of this time, of Oscar Burns and his accession to the top of the wrestling world. It ends with him with the new FIST shaking hands with Cayle Murray.

And finally....

THE TOYBOX

A video plays of The ToyBox.....putting a plastic smile on Lance Warner. Then weeks after Acts of Defiance the champions lying unconscious with plastic smiles in both their mouths and the ToyBox standing over them. Then Dandelion nailing Tyler Fuse with the Stake your Life a couple weeks ago, leaving Conor in the ring with a stunned look on his face as they escape through the crowd.

DDK:

What kind of mockery is this?

Angus:

Mockery its called entertainment, but look at those haters in the ring...especially Conor such a hater!

Conor is clearly frustrated and is shouting from the ring along with Tyler.

WynLyn:

And the winner is....

She opens the envelope....

WynLyn:

Oh my God it's unbelievable.....THE TOYBOX!

DDK:

Wow...such a shock there. This was supposed to be a match seems like to me all this is a stalling tactic by Jestal.

Angus:

Lighten up Keeps...sheesh.

♪"Kefka's Theme (Zenji Remix) by the Dub Dealer♪

Jestal and Dandelion walk from behind the curtain waving to the jeering fans. Smiles all over their faces, as Jestal steps up to the podium. WynLyn hands him and Dandelion the trophy she hugs both before stepping down and clapping for them. Jestal pulls out a handkerchief and dries his eyes a moment. The ToyBox still sporting those stolen DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships. Jestal tries to get his composure, taking a look at the trophy just really taken back by this moment along with his sister.

Jestal:

Wow...I don't know what to say...this is incredible. First we like to thank the kind folks of DEFIANCE for giving me and

my sister the chance to inject this company with the much needed medicine of joy and happiness. All these nominees are horrible people....

The Faithful jeer at that remark by the jester.

Jestal:

...but that's besides the point. The one bright spot out of all these nominees is US.

Even more jeers toward the mischievous siblings. The Fuse Bros clearly are not happy with any of this. Conor is arguing with Carla about something, most likely starting the match.

Jestal:

Now ...where did I put that list?

Jestal begins to pat his coat for a minute trying to find his list...the longer he stalls the more irate The Fuse Bros continue to get in the ring. He finally finds it and flips it open revealing the list looking like a list Santa Claus would have. The scroll rolls down off the steps of the podium and to the floor.

Angus:

Look at that Keeps. Look at all the people Jestal and Dandelion have to thank.

DDK:

Give me a break...I don't know how much longer Conor and Tyler are going to put up with this.

Jestal reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a monocle. While he looks down at the list through the circular shaped glass.

Jestal:

First I like to thank our mother Vahze. If it were for you mom we would not be injecting this world with the joys of life.

Dandelion nods in agreement.

Jestal:

We also like to thank The Fuse Bros.

Both bros in the ring look at each other then back at Jestal at the podium a bit baffled. Even the crowd gives the ToyBox a bit of a pop for just saying their name.

Jestal:

If it weren't for you two....well we would not be standing here YOUR DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

Jestal raises the title....AND that was the straw that broke the camel's back as the rightful champions quickly exit the ring and start making their way up the ramp with the faithful firmly behind them.

DDK:

Here comes Conor! He clearly is tired of this little game the ToyBox is playing at their expense!

Jestal:

Uh.. Ya and I like to than...

Angus:

Player Two is red hot there goes the podium! Come on you sore loser just because you did not win a Smiley!

Jestal can clearly can be heard shouting "Oh Shit" before the microphone flies from his mouth. Tyler is right there behind his brother and quickly intercepts Dandelion!

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. are finally getting some redemption. They clearly have had it with this game the ToyBox has played with them the past couple of months!

Angus:

Come on, just because they are not as "elite" as they thought they were at the game, now they show how much of a poor sport they are?

Dandelion tries to get away from Tyler by exiting to the backstage area. Tyler is not far behind her. He follows her to the back. They leave Jestal and Conor to continue to fight down the ramp...well for Jestal to seem more of a punching bag than a actual fight!

Conor throws Jestal into the ring as the bell quickly sounds.

JESTAL vs. CONNOR FUSE

DING DING

DDK:

Conor hurls Jestal into the ropes and then crushes him with a spinning heel kick!

Conor Fuse:

I WANT MY ACHIEVEMENT BACK!! I played very hard for that thing!

DDK:

Conor is HOT. He better not let his emotions get the better of him here...

And as DDK says these words, Jestal is hammered into the corner of the ring. But Conor doesn't notice he's shifted away just a little and when Player Two flies in with a big splash, he misses. Jestal ducks and Conor goes headfirst into the ring post!

DDK:

A dazed and confused Jestal bounces off the ropes and telegraphs the champion with a swinging neck breaker!

Using the time to recover, Jestal cracks an ever small smile as if to say he knows they are winning the mental war with the champions.

Kick, kick, kick. Jestal gets up and starts laying the boots to Conor. They aren't strong shots. Instead, they are allowing Jestal to still recuperate from the initial attack.

Jestal lifts Conor to his feet. He looks him dead in the eyes and smiles again.

DDK:

Jawbreaker by Conor!

The Faithful pop as one half of the Tag Team Champions bounces off the ropes and comes flying across again.

Angus:

Caught! Jestal caught Conor!

DDK:

Fallaway slam!!!

However, in an amazing acrobatic display, Conor spins his body in mid-air and hits the top rope, spinning around on it and somehow, somehow, landing on his feet.

He screams. He propels himself up to the top rope and launches halfway across the ring with a flying forearm. Then come a fury of left hands, so much the referee, Carla Ferrari has to pull Conor away from Jestal or risk giving him a DQ.

Conor is seething. Hands on his hips, he grabs Jestal by his hair and asks him where his achievements are.

Conor Fuse:

You don't have the codes to take them from us!!!

Belly to belly suplex.

Conor still screams in Jestal's ear.

Conor Fuse:

How did you jump to the end level? Huh? Huh!? Answer me!!

Jestal gives another weak smile. Even though this battle might be lost... the war was on his side.

Conor's facial expressions suggest a "forget it" reply, as he nails a diving DDT and then scoop slams Jestal in the center of the ring. In mere seconds, Conor is perched on the top rope.

'450 Frames Per Second'.

The Faithful cheer and the referee counts.

ONE.

Dandelion rushes out from the back with what appears to be a good lead on Tyler...who is nowhere to be seen at the moment.

TWO.

THR!!!!

DDK:

Dandelion is back and she just pulled Carla Ferrari out of the ring before she could count the three!

Angus:

Whew that was close...oh come on what is Tyler doing out here now.

Tyler is not far behind his continual pursuit of Dandelion as he charges from the the back. He has a bit of a limp in his step.

DDK:

Carla points at her referee shirt repeatedly as she warns Dandelion for her interference. Dandelion just noticed Tyler she has quickly got behind Carla what a cowardly move by this young woman!

Conor is now shouting from inside the ring. Jestal rolls over on his stomach and notices the Smiley award left on the apron. Which was not there before and only could of been left there by his sister. His anguish turns quickly into delight. Conor quickly shouts a few times at the disturbance outside, he turns around..

CRACK!!

The Smiley explodes into two pieces, as it makes contact with Conor's forehead. Conveniently both pieces fall to the outside of the ring. Conor falls in a heap, Jestal goes for the cover. Dandy notices it from the corner of her eye. She steps from Carla leaving her alone and unstraps the title belt from her waist and waves it side to side at Tyler. The taunt makes him even more furious he gives chase to her once more. Carla on the other hand notices the pinfall and quickly gets in the ring.

DDK:

No not like this!

ONE

TWO

Tyler stops noticing what Dandelion is doing and what is happening in the ring. He quickly slides in the ring.....but....

THREE!

The bell rings

Quimbly:

The winner of the match...."THE MAD PRINCE" JESTAL!!

Before Carla can raise Jestal's hand, Tyler pulls Jestal off of his bro! He begins to throw wildfire of punches across the exhausted clown's skull. Until finally a low blow stops Tyler cold in his tracks.

DDK:

The ToyBox have stole another victory from the Fuse Bros! This is unbelievable...how in the world did the champions fail at their game again?

Angus:

Simple they are not as good as they thought they were at it.

DDK:

Look out Dandelion is perched on the top rope...and that dastardly clown behind Tyler!

As Tyler tries to pull himself to a vertical base Dandelion flies off as Jestal is in his back knees in the air.

DDK:

BROKEN ARROW ON TYLER FUSE! The champions are once again laid out by the mischievous ToyBox!

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

The ToyBox raise their championships in the air as they stand over the downed real champions The Fuse Bros.

DDK:

This is absolutely absurd, Conor was robbed here tonight. Those championships do not belong to The ToyBox but to The Fuse Bros! At Accession I hope that Player One and Two reclaim their achievements once more.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SCORE TO SETTLE

We open on Scott Douglas hastily walking through the backstage area, near the rear exit. His head is on the swivel and his face says nothing but rage. His duffle bag slung over his shoulder as the airline baggage tag bounces with each deliberate yet hurried step.

His travel clothes, much like his casual clothes, seem to be exactly the same as his ring gear. Tattered jeans shorts, black combat boots and a black t-shirt. Although rather than his normally sleeveless "Sub Pop" record label logo; he dons a Green River band t-shirt.

Lance Warner enters the frame in hopes of stopping Douglas for a word but instead, after a stutter step, ends up walking with the Southern Heritage Champion.

Lance Warner:

Scott, let me be the first to say I was terribly sorry to hear and well, see - what happened to Terry. Is there any news of his current condition?

Scott says nothing continues to walk. Clearly he has a destination in mind.

Warner pauses, in hopes of getting an answer, but once it is clear he isn't ... he presses on.

Warner:

Scott, first Kerry Kuroyama and now Terry Anderson ... It seems -

Warner is interrupted by nearly walking into a set of equipment boxes that line the hallway. He quickly catches up and resets.

Warner:

It seems as if Jay Harvey will go to ANY lengths to get your attention and ... to get a shot at the Southern Heritage title.

Scott stops on dime and turns toward a surprised Warner.

Scott Douglas:

I said I have nothing to prove to Harvey... and I don't. But now ... I've got a score to settle.

Scott continues on exiting the frame as the stunned Warner holds his position.

Cut to the arena.

AMUBULANCES P1

Catering.

Eddie Dante casually saunters about the place, stopping at the beverage table just to prepare a nice, soothing cup of tea. Whistling all the way, he looks around and raises an eyebrow, as if something is off.

Eddie Dante:

Hmmm... awfully quiet...

With a shrug, he grabs his finished beverage and takes a sip, walking away for a bit. The camera follows him as he rounds the corner, only to drop his tea and run to someone laid out on the floor.

DDK:

What the... one of the DEF production staff is unconscious!

Dante rushes over to the fallen staffer and lightly taps his cheek to check for consciousness.

Dante:

MAN DOWN! THERE'S A MAN DOWN!

No reaction, anywhere. Dante is getting visibly frustrated, before calling out again.

Dante:

MAN DOWN. COME ON! Is there even anyone around here?

He shakes his head and groans in frustration. The frustration quickly becomes fear as a hand reaches down and grabs his shoulder.

"There is someone around here."

Dante turns his head back, only to see Crimson Lord tower over him, grinning. With a yank, he forces Dante to his feet and SHOVES him in the direction of the cameraman, which knocks the camera to the ground and leaves the sounds and sights occurring now to the imagination.

PCP (ELISE ARES, THE D, KLEIN) vs. JACK HARMEN & THE DIBBINS**DDK:**

I'm not entirely sure what we just saw Angus.

Angus:

Whatever it was, it wasn't a good time for Eddie Dante, I know that.

DDK:

The show must go on Angus, and we know one thing for sure, it's not going to be a good time for either Elise Ares or Jack Harmen...

An on screen graphic for Ascension is shown, Elise on the left, Jack on the right, with the logo and stipulation as a lower third.

DDK:

As at Ascension, it'll be a last man standing match between the two. Elise Ares wants Jack's respect, and she has yet another opportunity to earn it.

Angus:

Whatever Keebs, that's two weeks away. Tonight, Elise teams up with the rest of PCP to battle Jack Harmen and the Dibbins! Man. I don't like Jack, but even I think he might have gotten the short straw.

DDK:

Did you fix the straws?

Angus:

Who? Me?

DDK:

Let's head to the ring.

♪*"Live for the Night (MIA Remix)" by Krewella*♪

The lights in the arena flicker to darkness as a single spotlight illuminates the stage. Standing there with flashing #YOURBALD glasses is Elise Ares, long legs stretched in an alluring pose. The D and Klein flank her behind each shoulder, as the D adjusts his raisable monocle glasses. Klein puts up his fists in a fighting stance.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms, the strangest yet possibly most successful tag team in DEFIANCE hist-

Before KEEBS can finish, out from the back rush the Dibbins, carrying the two white buckets that were given to them earlier in the evening by Jack Harmen. They proceed to SLOP and DUMP these buckets over top Elise, before the D and Klein can even react.

DDK:

What in sam hell! What are the Dibbins doing out here!?

In shock, she screeches and turns, as the D and Klein now intercede. D hammers Duke with rights and lefts sending him backpeddling into the entrance area. Klein just reaches out and PALMS the hand of Luke, before lifting him just slightly off the ground and then SHOVING him flying off the stage, right in front of Angus and DDK.

DDK:

Oh Luke is a dead man.

Angus:

That was like a special power Keeps.

Luke hit the ground hard but is stumbling and trying to reach the guardrail to pull himself back to his feet. Elise turns to face Luke, covered and drenched, eyes wide. She leaps at the crawling Luke.

DDK:

Extreme Makeover onto the prone Dibbin! (Double foot stomp) The Dibbins may be regretting their life choices as Duke gets rammed into the steel entrance posts by the D.

Klein lifts Duke to his feet and he gets sized up by the D and Klein. Drive-by at the Whisky-A-Go-Go (Total elimination) takes him off his feet to cheers.

Elise gets up from her dive and, while she usually would shout "Que Tal Eso!?" she had a few other choice words.

Elise Ares:

KLEIN! GET THE TOWELS!

Klein quickly rushes backstage. After a few moments, he doesn't come out. The D becomes concerned and proceeds to walk backstage as the camera follows him.

Only to be blindsided by a HEAVY haymaker from "Lovely" Lance Mingle. Jamie Sawyers is directing traffic as "Exclusive" Eric Wilson takes a bent steel chair and continues to slam it across the back of Klein.

DDK:

What the! That's To The Maxx! What are they doing?!

Angus:

They said they were going to target the Pop Culture Phenoms. I guess this is the first blow Keeps!

Lance grabs The D to his feet and then takes a fresh chair, as Eric Wilson climbs the nearest vending machine. Lance places the D's head into the chair legs and holds it tight. Wilson smiles to the crowd, and leaps with an ax handle smash into the chair, crushing the D's neck!

The two proceed to pose, as Jamie Sawyers spits hot fire. From around the corner...

Jack Harmen appears, game face on. He walks toward the commotion and walks OVER Klein by stepping on him. He doesn't pay To the Maxx a single moment of attention as he walks through the entrance curtain.

As the camera returns to the ringside area, Jack Harmen steps out onto the entrance ramp, as Elise Ares has somehow procured a towel from a nearby stagehand. As she finishes drying off her hair, she turns and sees Harmen just feet from her. Elise preps for a fight, as Harmen just gives her a stare, and shakes his head no. He makes his way down the entrance rampway, glaring at the jeering DEFIANT Faithful, before sliding in the ring. He then lays down back first on the ring canvas, and stares up at the lights.

DDK:

That... That was weird.

Angus:

As weird as if I didn't already key Jack's car like I said earlier tonight.

DDK:

Jack Harmen is all kinds of crazy sauce, we've known that for years, but... did he orchestrate all this pre-match mayhem? Or was this calamity of mistimed proportions for the PCP?

Angus:

Doesn't mater Keebs, I think we might be getting Ascension early! WHOO-BOY GO GIT 'IM ELISE!

Elise's eyes are wide, seeing the beating that To the Maxx have put on her fellow PCP members on the DEFiatron. She storms past the mostly unconscious Duke Dibbins and points toward the ring at Jack, spewing venom. The Faithful rise to their feet as Elise makes her way up the ring steps and onto the apron.

DDK:

Elise is ready for a fight Angus... but... Jack Harmen isn't moving?

Harmen then raises a hand skyward, with a single index finger pointing to the rafters. After a moment, he points two fingers, and then three.

Angus:

Is... is he counting to ten on his back?

DDK:

I believe he is Angus. Elise, much like myself and the Faithful, are kind of confused here.

Angus:

Are we gonna have a match or just fuck around?!

Harmen gets up to six, before Elise cautiously enters the ring. She looks around, seeing official Carla Ferrari in the ring. Carla just shrugs her shoulders as Elise stares at Harmen, continuing to count all the way up to nine.

It's here when he knips up, and then rushes Elise, throwing elbow after elbow into her face and sending her reeling into the corner. Harmen then starts putting the boots to Elise's chest, sending her to a seated position before stomping the ever loving beejesus out of her. Harmen turns toward Carla.

Jack Harmen:

RING THE BELL!

Carla laughs at him. Harmen's eyes go wide, as he pulls away from Elise and steps so close to Carla he's breathing on her. He even chest bumps her back a step, but Carla is firm and stands her ground. She points to the DEFiatron, where the PCP are now being attended to by EMTs.

DDK:

Our crack medical team is checking out the PCP's after that hellacious assault by To The Maxx, who's laughter is just echoing down that hallway Angus.

Angus:

And it looks like even the Dibbins think their night is over, they're just leaving Keebs. This is great! We get Elise vs. Jack tonight!

DDK:

But Carla is having none of it. This was meant to be a six man tag Angus. She must be under strict instructions.

Angus:

Just let these two fight Keebs!

Harmen has spent the entire time DDK and Angus were commentating shouting violent insults at Carla Ferrari, who continues to stand her ground.

When a sudden rush of cheers is heard. Out from the crowd and sliding into the ring behind the arguing Harmen is none other than Flex Kruger. Kruger stealths in and hooks Harmen's arms behind his head from behind.

DDK:

FLEX PLEX! THE FLEX SUPLEX!

Angus:

Payback from Kruger for what happened at 103! I love this Keeps!

DDK:

Carla finally turns to the time keeper and shouts something, I'm pretty sure this match will be labeled a no contest.

Angus:

It never even begun!

Harmen is crumpled up like an accordion, and just stays face down in the corner of the ring. Flex walks over to Elise and helps her to her feet, as Elise looks down at the fallen Harmen. With a rush, Elise tries to charge toward Jack but Kruger wraps his big goliath arms around her waist and pulls her off her feet. Elise kicks her feet, trying to gain her balance and screaming to pull herself free, until Kruger tosses her a few feet away from Jack. Elise lands on her feet, snarls, and then walks back, trying to bypass Flex. Flex just SLAPS the taste out of her mouth.

DDK:

Ooooooh, WOW.

Angus:

Oooooowwwwww you mean.

Elise hits the ground, mouth agape looking at her former mouthpiece. Before the First Lady could retaliate Flex shouts and points to the DEFIatron, where the D in particular is having a neck brace put on as a precautionary measure. He tries to sit up but can't. In the ring, Flex nods at Elise, who proceeds to slide out of the ring and rush backstage.

DDK:

Folks, as we get a handle on this chaos at ringside, we're going to head to a message from our sponsor.

Angus:

Yeah! Us!

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.

LET'S PLAY

Cut to the arena.

DDK:

Well ... I don't even know where to begin.

Angus:

I do, we are clearly already over budget for Ambulance rides!

DDK:

That could likely be true ... but what we do know is Crimson Lord, a former World Champion and overall ... strange fellow, has laid out the challenge to Mushigihara!

Angus:

YEAH ... in an AMBULANCE match. I hope we at least hit our premium!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" by Green River ♪

The Faithful erupt as Scott Douglas steps out from the curtain. He's traded the duffle he was carrying earlier for the Southern Heritage Title, firmly place across his shoulder.

DDK:

I can't imagine this can mean anything good for Jay Harvey!

Douglas doesn't spend anytime on fanfare or posing he heads straight to the ring.

Angus:

Your GORRAM right, Keebs! I can't wait to see that little McPissant get his face stomped in!

Inside the ring, Douglas calls for a mic and receives one as the music dies down. He doesn't begin speaking right away and rather lets the tension build. The paying audiences quiets down and waits with anticipation.

Scott Douglas:

... Harvey!

The Faithful erupt once more. Whether it be for Kuroyama, Anderson ... or simply because they don't like Harvey; they want blood.

Douglas:

You interjected yourself in a situation that didn't concern you ... You put that mask on and attacked me personally and I said I had nothing to prove to you.

He pauses for a dramatic effect.

Douglas:

You went overboard with Kerry ... and I wasn't surprised. Acts of cowardice are clearly in your nature. Still I remained steadfast. Nothing to prove to likes of someone like you.

Scott paces a bit.

Douglas:

You call me out, call me and my reputation into question - knowing good and god damn well I'm not even in the state ... par for the course.

Again, he takes a beat.

Douglas:

And still ... nothing to prove.

And again.

Douglas:

But earlier today ... you crossed the line, Harvey. You took your little game a step too far ... so, if it's games you want to play - LETS FUCKING PLAY!

The Faithful ignite, the volumes swells nearly drowning out Angus in agreement.

Angus:

YUSSSS!!!!

Scott holds the Southern Heritage Title up high with his freehand, microphone in the other.

Douglas: *[yelling over the crowd]*

COME ON!!

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The Faithful and Douglas alike take the music cue to mean this is happening. He heads toward the corner, nearest the time keeper and deposits the belt and the live microphone beneath the turnbuckle. Off mic, but close enough he can be heard muffled.

Douglas:

... get a ref' out here.

The "Natural One" continues to play abit longer than normal and suspicion begin to rise. Douglas readies himself in the corner, stretching and the like. The audiences' previous vigor slowly begins to fade as it sets it ... this may not happen.

But the music continues.

Douglas, catching a clue, approaches the ropes facing the stage and beckons Harvey to come out. Just then the curtain part and the Faithful erupt again only to be quickly deflated by the appearance of Benny Doyle. The strange crowd reaction, or reaction at all, has Doyle confused and he looks around as he heads to the ring.

Abruptly the music stops. *THE* Jay Harvey appears on the large screen above the entrance ramp.

THE Jay Harvey:

You can go back under whatever rock you came from, Doyle.

Doyle stops in his tracks, turning back toward the screen - mid ramp. In the ring, Douglas is irate and continues to motion for Harvey to come out. The capacity crowd filling the Wrestle-plex grown and disapprove fervently.

Harvey:

Scotty...

The Faithful continue to boo as Douglas screams off mic from the ring but can't really be heard.

Harvey:

Scott, I'm glad you've finally come to your senses and want to play the game ... as you called it. It's been quite the entertaining so far. I told you I was going to make your life hell and I think I did just that. I'm in your head and I love it!

The crowd dies down and keeps their ears open.

Harvey:

First, I came back in dramatic fashion and beat you bloody. Next, I came after your best friend and nearly broke his arm right off! When none of that worked, I knew what I had to do... Go after that drunk bastard you call your *idol*!

Angus:

Jesus, someone seal the exits and cut this clown off ...

Scott stares up at the screen stone faced.

Harvey:

You think now you are in control? Haa! I hold all the cards and I call the shots!

DDK:

Here it comes, partner. He's been gunning for that title shot since before the Invasion!

Harvey:

Give me what I rightfully deserve! However you want to rationalize it, avenging your fallen hero, being the people's champion that you are... I don't really care.

Scott throws his hands up signalling for Harvey to come to the ring and the Faithful pop with anticipation.

Harvey:

I'm not done! But it's not gonna happen tonight...

The crowd dies down a bit.

Harvey:

Not here.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Harvey:

I always perform best on the big stages, Scott. When the lights are at their brightest, when the dollar amount is at its highest... that's when "The Natural One" puts on a show.

YOU'RE A PUSSY
YOU'RE A PUSSY
YOU'RE A PUSSY

Harvey:

That's why we will do this... at ASCENSION! It's going to be ironic that there, the world will see MY ascension, *THE* Jay Harvey's coronation as *THE* Southern Heritage Champion!!

Scott hesitates for a moment, clearly mulling over the crooked offer.

Angus:

Doesn't he know Scott Douglas DOESN'T NEGOTIATE with terrorists OR morons!

Scott turns from the screen and heads back toward the corner where he left the belt and the microphone. Retrieving each, he returns to the screen side of the ring and hold each up in their respective manors.

Douglas:

DONE!

The Faithful pop once again. And on the screen Harvey is all teeth.

Angus:

Damnit. Little McPissant gets what we wants ...

DDK:

Well, there you have it. Scott Douglas will defend the Southern Heritage Championship against JAY Harvey at ASCENSION in two weeks!

Douglas drops to the mat and roles out of the ring, the mic thuds against the mic and is left behind. At the bottom of the ramp he drops the SoHer title into the hands of Benny Doyle and breaks out into a full sprint.

Angus:

OHHH!! Hope he wants an asswhooping!!

Douglas disappears behind the curtain and Harvey on the screen looks confused and his eyes keep darting off screen to a monitor or line producers. He is told something off mic, presumably that Douglas is headed that way.

Harvey:

What!?

Angus: *[laughing]*

GET 'EM! GET THAT LITTLE SHIT!

The voice off mic clarifies with the confused Harvey who makes no haste in exiting the interview area to the left of frame.

DDK:

If security isn't on there way ... I would highly suggest they do so!

Angus:

The hell with that, send them to lock the doors!

Just then Douglas appears on the screen in a blur, rushing past where Harvey had been speaking from. He exits in the same direction as Harvey while knocking down a light stand in the process.

Angus:

Holy shit! Get 'em!

DDK:

Stay with us, we'll be right back!

AMBULANCES P2

WHAM!

Eddie Dante's head has just been rammed into that locker for the fifth or sixth time, his face covered in blood.

DDK:

Fans, we don't know where Eddie Dante has been since his encounter with Crimson Lord, but we're just getting this feed now from the DEFIANCE locker room, and...

The camera pans away from him, showing Crimson Lord, once again, standing over his prey with a grin.

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs, Crimson just went HAM on poor Eddo, it looks like.

Crimson Lord:

Noooooow, then... time to send the little Mushi-Man a message.

He stoops down to lay Dante's carcass up in a seated position against the locker, before pulling out a wadded-up piece of paper and sticking it onto his suit jacket.

Crimson Lord:

You'll let him know just what I want, won't you?

Crimson smiles as he rises to his feet...

THUD

...then plants one last parting boot to Dante's face before walking away. The camera manages to get a look at the paper, with has words written in what appears to be blood.

MUSHIGIHARA

ASCENSION

AMBULANCE MATCH

THIS ENDS AND SO DO YOU.

-CL

We cut back to the commentary booth, where Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland look absolutely terrified.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION

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

COMMENTARY

DDK:

Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen. And during our commercial break our camera caught up with Scott Douglas.

Cut to footage of Douglas, blown up - huffing and puffing. He appears to have lost the trail of Harvey as he looks around frantic and frustrated.

Douglas:

Damnit!!

Cut back to commentary.

DDK:

We'll stay with that situation as it unravels as well as ... we are STILL awaiting an update on Terry Anderson's condition. We hope Terry is going to make a quick recovery after that brutal attack he received at the hands of Jay Harvey.

Angus:

I hope Douglas rings that little McPissant's neck! There's really no place for that. Handle things like a man. Harvey's like a - a - a BALD Mikey Unlikely! That's it. He's all the fuck boy with half the hair gel!!

DDK:

I heard Mikey is big on the hair clays ... nevermind. Folks, it is TIME for our BIG MAIN EVENT!

Angus:

I don't want to know how you know that, Keeps.

ANGEL TRINIDAD & OSCAR BURNS vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a tag match between two men who are hell bent on destroying each other and an individual looking to prove he HOSSmely worthy of the FIST of DEFIANCE, as The Stevens Dynasty take on the reluctant team of Angel Trinidad and our champion, Team HOSScar.

Angus:

The Stevens Idiots bit off more than they can chew here tonight as they take on arguably one-half of the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE HOSSStory and our champion. I like Squiddley's power play here. He knows he is riding a wave of momentum as he pinned that idiot BO in his last title defense and that has to be eating away at them.

DDK:

You are correct partner as Oscar had the deck stacked against him in the triple threat and he managed to come out victorious and proving to everyone why he is the FIST.

Angus:

Keeps, you're absolutely right, and that's precisely why I admire it. Oscar wants to continue the legacy and honor that Cayle Murray set as the FIST of DEFIANCE and Burns knows that until he gets the monkey off of his back there will always be that, "what if?" And with ASCENSION looming, you knows the Stevens fuckboys are gonna try and get some momentum heading into the PPV.

Darren Quimbey: Ladies and Gentlemen. Tonight's MAIN EVENT THIS EVENING IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FALL WITH A THIRTY MINUTE TIME LIMIT!!!

♪ "When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack ♪

The slow bellow of the guitar hits and the arena rain down jeers of pure hatred as they know who is about to walk out and they are letting them know it by chanting a certain favorite chant.

DDK:

You know who is about to come out and the faithful are letting them know what they think of them.

Angus:

And why wouldn't they? These hicks are about to get a HOSS sized ASS WHOOPING!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of a staircase in the arena and a group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and The Stevens Dynasty appear at the top as the patriarch leads the way. The faithful continue their expletives towards the Texans who simply smirk.

DDK:

They better be glad they have extra security around them or the faithful is going to rip them apart..

As they make their way down the steps soda and food are thrown their way, but they don't lose focus as the garbage hits them.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! From The Great State of Texas, at a combined weight of 490 pounds...and they are the former DEFIANCE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.....**THE! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!**
DYYYYYYNNNAAAASSSTTTYYYYY!

The FUCK DEFIANCE Security push the more rabid fans out of the way to insure the Texans safety as they make their way through the faithful until they reach the barricade. They slowly hop the barricade making their way around the ring and make their way to the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Scott Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes looking out amongst the crowd before letting them know what he thinks of them as he delivers the double bird of Texas to the masses while BO Stevens tells the filth to BO-Lieve in the Stevens

Dynasty...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing their opponents... first, from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 309 pounds... "THE HOSS OVERLORD" ANGEL TRINIDAD!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The crowd roars in approval as smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp. Stepping into the arena through a cloud of smoke is the former leader of Team HOSS and the now solo Angel Trinidad. The HOSS Overlord pounds on his chest and lets out a howl for The Faithful before heading to the ring.

DDK:

Angel Trinidad came within an eyelash of being the FIST of DEFIANCE on a couple of occasions two weeks ago, but right now he's Burns' ally. Don't think you could ask for anybody bigger or better than that!

Angus:

These Stevenses done pissed off the wrong man.

The former Team HOSS member watches the crowd and waits at ringside for his partner.

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, this time in his bright yellow gear! Burns turns around, he raises the FIST of DEFIANCE championship overhead to a HUGE pop from the crowd... flashing the TEAM HOSS-Car shirt that he had made just an hour or so ago!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his partner... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... he is the Technical Spectacle! He is the Guru of the Graps! He is the The Joint Chief of Jointlocks! This is the FIST of DEFIANCE... "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

Angus:

Twist these two up, Burnsie! Then feed them to Angel when you're done!

DDK:

I'm not blind to what Scott Stevens was a part of with the UTA invasion, but, Angus... you COULD be a little more unbiased.

Angus:

Nope. Mind's made up. Stevenses can suck my scrotes.

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 Hector Navarro and throws off his custom TEAM HOSS-Car shirt into the crowd.

The referee, Hector Navarro, signals for the bell and the match is underway.

DING DING

DDK:

And we are underway ladies and gentlemen as we have Scott Stevens and The FIST, Oscar Burns, starting it off for their respective teams. They aren't waiting until Ascension!

Stevens and Burns circle one another as the Texan does a lot of jawing before giving the FIST the bird and tagging in his cousin to a chorus of boos. Burns frowns, but expects nothing less from the man that has been playing mind games and misdirections with him for weeks.

Angus:

I knew Stevens had no balls hopefully his cousin's will drop for him to be man enough long enough to wrestle.

BO and Burns lock up in the center of the ring and The Technical Spectacle is off to his usual start as he grabs the arm of the Texan and begins to wring it out.

Angus:

Technical Wrestling 101, and BO is gonna get a crash course test right now!

Oscar begins to toy with the inexperienced grappler from Texas as he wrings the arm out some more before driving a couple of shoulders into BO's arm. Oscar whips BO down to the canvas and locks in an armbar.

DDK:

A showing of technical superiority is on display here tonight.

Angus:

RIP HIS FUCKING ARM OFF!

Burns continues to apply pressure to the arm and BO tells the official no when asked if he quits which causes the FIST to drive the point of his knee into the socket of BO which causes the Texan to yell out in pain.

Angus:

I wonder if BO Knows pain?

Angus busts out laughing.

Oscar tightens his grip on the arm and lays backwards and extends his hand and tags in the HOSSome One, Angel Trinidad.

DDK:

Oscar tags in Angel.

As the tag was made BO was able to free himself from the vice like grip of the FIST and slither his way towards his corner and tag in everyone's favorite Texan.

DDK:

BO is able to escape and make the tag and that arm maybe seriously injured the way Oscar was working it over.

Angus:

Boo hoo.

Stevens and Angel stand toe to toe in the center of the ring talking trash.

DDK:

Look at these two behemoths in the ring and Angel is the taller of the two.

Angus:

I guess everything isn't bigger in that shit hole of a state.

Stevens rears back and delivers a cheap shot to Trinidad and the HOSS Overlord simply smiles. Stevens tags him this time with a jab but Angel shakes it off like he didn't feel anything which causes Stevens to hit the ropes and

attempts a shoulder block but the BIGGEST and the Best stands his ground and yells for Scott to do it again.

DDK:

Stevens is known worldwide for his strength and power and not to many can match him and he may have found someone who maybe even stronger than he is.

Angus:

It isn't a maybe, the HOSSome One is.

Stevens feigns like he's going to run the ropes again but delivers a thumb to the eye instead.

DDK:

Well, that's one way to get the advantage over the big man.

Angus:

DQ! DQ!

Stevens continues his attack as he delivers a boot to the gut of Angel and delivers a snap suplex and goes for the quick pin.

ONE.

TWO.

Shoulder up with authority as Angel presses Scott off of him, but Stevens stays on the attack as he grabs Angel and locks in a reverse chinlock.

DDK:

Stevens is wearing down the big man as he's probably trying to figure out how to deal with someone like Angel Trinidad since is usual bread and butter tactics aren't working.

The official asks if HOSSest with the Mostest quits and he says no which causes Scott to deliver very stiff crossfaces to each side of Angel's face before mixing in some elbows to the neck and shoulder area.

DDK:

Stevens softening up the neck and shoulder area and even though it's no on display a lot Stevens does have a great technical and submission game.

Angus:

Sure he does Keeps. Sure he does.

Stevens drives one final elbow to the neck area of The HOSS Overlord before delivering a kick to the spine and making the quick tag to his cousin. BO comes in with a head of steam and delivers a running boot to the chest of Angel Trinidad causing the big man to hit the canvas.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Angel kicks out with authority as he bench presses BO off of him.

DDK:

Angel still has life as he easily kicks out at two.

BO stomps away on Trinidad before lifting him and whips him towards the ropes.

DDK:

BO looking for a back body drop.

However, the HOSSome One has other ideas as he easily leapfrogs over cousin BO and hits the ropes and gains more momentum and connects with a crossbody as BO turns around and the expression on his face says it all as he was just hit by a Runaway HOSS Train.

DDK:

Running HOSS-body!

Angus:

Welcome to the big leagues kid!

BO is gasping for air as Angel pops to his feet and delivers a big boot to Scott Stevens face causing the Texan to fall to the floor. Angel makes his way back to cousin BO and quickly put his head between his legs and tells the faithful the end is near as he lifts him high into the air.

DDK:

BDB! BDB! BIG DAMN BOMB! THAT'S IT!

Angus:

FUCK YOU STEVENS!

Trinidad delivers the exclamation point and hooks the leg as the referee drops down to make his count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Foot on the ropes.

DDK:

BO's foot is on the bottom rope and Angel is still celebrating thinking is still won.

Angus:

FUCK! Lucky bastard!

The referee and Oscar finally get Angel's attention and the big man picks up BO once again but this time BO pushes himself free and staggers backwards into his corner and once he touches his cousin swings wildly which Scott barely ducks in time as he's still dazed from the Big Damn Bomb.

DDK:

BO's still out of it....Look out!

Angel runs full speed and delivers a jumping pump kick to BO and the force from the impact sends Scott to the outside again as the referee is yelling something to Scott.

DDK:

BO just got Trampled Under Angel's Foot and the big man isn't done yet.

Angel tags in the Burns and yells what he's about to do. DDK:
Are we going to see it?

Angel applies a fully nelson and lifts BO high into the air and Burns grabs him to deliver.....

Angus:

The Greatest Move In The HOSStory of Our Sport!

As Burns goes for the pin Cary pops up on the apron and as Angel rushes toward the patriarch of the Stevens family, Scott pulls down the top rope causes the Angel to crash and burn to the outside while the referee isn't counting and telling something to the FIST.

Angus:

Why isn't this stupid ref counting?

DDK:

Don't know Angus.

Burns is arguing with the ref and as the ref goes to tend to BO, Stevens slithers into the ring and turns a confused Burns around and delivers a punt between the family jewels and quickly grabs him before he can fall to deliver a Toxic Sting.

DDK:

Toxic Sting!

Stevens yells at the ref who turns around to see the pin and drops to count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

The referee calls for the bell.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners by pinfall.....SCOTT! AND BO! THE! STEEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!
DYYYYYYNNNAAAASSSTTTYYYYYY!

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!?!?!?!?

DDK:

I think Scott was declared the legal man when he touch BO while he was slumped in the corner.

Angus:

Shitty ass call!

The Faithful boo the announcement and Scott snatches his arm away as the official tries to raise his hand as Cary rolls into the ring and tells his kin to finish off the FIST.

DDK:

Cary's directing traffic and this isn't going to end well for Burns.

Scott picks up Burns and puts him between his legs as BO goes towards the nearest corner and begins to climb. Scott reaches down down to lift Burns up but tosses him to the mat as the HOSS Overlord rolls back into the ring and makes a beeline towards Scott.

DDK:

Angel with the save and the Stevens Dynasty head for safety through the crowd.

Angus:

I hope the Faithful rip them apart!

The personal security of the Stevens Dynasty swarm them and lead them through the rabid crowd as Angel checks on Burns who's coming to in the ring. Saving him from potential danger ahead of the PPV, Oscar grimaces. Once again, left laying at the hands of the Dynasty.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty may have stolen one a victory here tonight, but it's a win regardless and how is our champion and Angel going to respond?

Angus:

Violence. Lots and lots of violence.

The Stevens Dynasty pose to celebrate their victory at the top of the stairs before disappearing behind the curtain.

Cut to Angus and Darren in the booth.

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DDK:

Hold on, folks ... I'm being told Scott Douglas has found ... yes, let's go backstage now! Folks, we will stay with this as long as possible!

Cut to backstage. Specifically the loading area leading to the parking lot. As we pick up the feed the drivers side door of a Cadillac slams shut. The camera work is shaky as the operator is running to keep pace with Scott Douglas.

As they get closer, on the passenger side of the car; Catalina looks up in fear as she tosses a bag in the car. A muffled voice, sounding like Harvey, can be heard screaming at her from inside. She gets in and pulls the door shut as Douglas makes it to the trunk. He slams his hands down on the trunk lid as the glowing red parking lights flash off and the break lights appear ...

Douglas, in desperation looks around for something. The first of which is a outdoor metal trash can sitting conveniently just outside of the parking lot entrance of the Wrestle-Plex.

The camera zooms in thru the back window to find Jay Harvey and Catalina bickering in panic while Harvey fumbles to get the car in gear.

Suddenly, the camera operator jolts back and as he corrects his focal point, Scott Douglas launches the trash can at the back windshield of the Cadillac. Its shatters and almost as if that was a required operation to put the car in gear ... the breaks lights disappear and the rear tires spin a bit and squeal on the smooth concrete of the loading dock area, before speeding off into the New Orleans night.

Scott Douglas, clearly still frustrated, turns toward the camera with his hands on his hips as the copyright appears on the screen.

**THIS
IS
DEFIANCE.**