

RUNDOWN



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:

BUILD A WALL AROUND UTAH
LIGHT THE FUSE!
IT'S NOT ON YAHOO THANK GOD
LAPTOP FOR SALE!
FATE1897234@AOL.COM
KERRY COFFEE MAKER!
"MR. CLEAN" JACK HARMON
A JAY HARVEY
THE NEXT FIST: JESTAL
WE WANT OSCAR!
I LOVE PCP. KLEIN & THE D ARE OK TOO!

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.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentleman! Welcome back ... once AGAIN to the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex AND ... DEFtv!! We have a hell of a show lined up for you tonight!

Angus:

You say that every week.

DDK:

And I always mean it, partner! Tonight is no exception! Kerry Kuroyama ...

Angus:

Kurieg.

DDK:

... has demanded a rematch against that boheamouth ... David Hightower!

Angus:

HOSSIPHUS!

DDK:

Not to mention, one half of the TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS is set to face off with George Stevens of the ...

Angus:

... Fuck Dynasty!

DDK:

Jesus, Angus! It's just so ... early for that.

Angus:

Early, my tattooed ass! The truth shall set you free, Keebs! And the truth from where I'm sitting is FUCK those inbred Stevens'. Coincidentally, following that motto is how they BECAME inbred!

DDK:

Oh, thank god ... I'm being told we have a camera backstage with ... who?

Cut to backstage.

NEED

We find ourselves backstage at the WrestlePlex. The rolling camera is at a distant view, almost hiding out of sight. Our picture is off the locker room to Jay Harvey and Jack Harmen. Harmen is seen sitting in a metal folding chair as Harvey paces in front of him. We are getting an uncensored conversation between the two.

Jack Harmen:

I just want to exercise caution Jay. We've made it so that Scott Stevens has become one of the most dominant FISTs in DEFIANCE history. People know if they wanna get the FIST, they gotta come through us. And, vicariously, they know if they want to take your SoHer belt, they're gonna have to answer to myself and the Stevens Clan...

THE Jay Harvey:

I have no plans on letting that belt go. We run this place and that isn't going to change anytime soon. Scott... I just don't know. I don't think he can be trusted. I've never liked him and I never will. He's more of a wildcard than you are.

Jack Harmen:

But just... when Stevens gets to the point where he thinks he doesn't need us anymore, when he thinks he can do this on his own... We may not have the opportunity to react before he strikes us down. When that happens, I want to make sure we have each other's back. Not only just for tonight's tag match with Doggie Howser and Miley Cyrus tonight, yeah?

Harvey stops and blocks our view of Harmen.

THE Jay Harvey:

You and me have known each other for a while and I know I can count on you when things get crazy. You should know the same. You know what I'm capable of in and out of the ring. You know who and what I am.

Jack Harmen:

We both know this is a partnership of convenience... let's just make sure things stay convenient for as long as possible, yeah? And if something were to happen...

Harmen pats Harvey on the shoulder as he says his next line, trying to make a physical connection as he does. He leans in, almost whispering into Harvey's ear.

Jack Harmen:

I'm team Harvs, obvs.

Harmen lets go, stands up and walks off. This leaves Harvey to contemplate, stuck in his own thoughts. The cameraman scampers off without being detected.

Cut back to Angus and Darren.

LEVI COLE vs THEO BAYLOR

DDK:

What do you make of that?

Angus:

Looks like the fuck ship has already start to capsize in the fuck ocean.

Darren cuts his eye at Angus.

DDK:

Now you're just doing it on purpose.

Angus:

Yes, I am.

DDK:

Anyway... Angus, are you ready to see some more BRAZEN action? No need to awnser! We've got Theo Baylor finally taking on "American Made" Levi Cole one on one in tonight's opener...

Angus:

A BRAZEN HOSSFITE? Yes'm. Baylor's been singling out Levi Cole since Cole originally tapped him out from the inaugural BRAZEN Championship tournament. Cole made it to the VERY end, only to come up short against Hoffman and since then... Damn, Theo's been on the warpath.

DDK:

And after Theo Baylor made quick work of Sho Nakazawa last week, Cole confronted him and gained the upper hand after a sneak attack went sideways. Now Cole and Baylor are gonna try and settle this tonight. Let's go to the ring for our next match.

Cue good ol' Darren Quimbey mid-ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska... weighing in at 265 pounds... **"AMERICAN MADE" LEVI COLE!**

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

The massive, corn-fed young grappler bursts from backstage with all the power and forward momentum of a freight engine. He and his star spangled singlet and wrestling headgear are down the ramp and about to roll under the ring...

LARIAT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD BY THEO BAYLOR!

DDK:

WHOA! WHAT'S GOING ON?

Angus:

Are you BLIND, Keebs? Pearl Harbor job! Come on now!

Sure enough, Theo Baylor apparently doesn't want to wait for his entrance to get to this fight! Cole is stunned from the Double Sledge to the back of the head and before Cole can even defend himself, Baylor hoists him over the shoulder and RAMS him back-first into the steel ring post!

Cole writhes about in pain as Lucius Owens comes causally sauntering down the ramp, watching Theo Baylor take the Nebraska native to task. The crowd jeers Baylor as the big bastard from LA grabs Cole by the hair... Cole tries to fight back!

Angus:

Cole's trying to fight him off! The kid has gumption!

Cole tries to fight through the pain and unleashes a few good forearm smashes to the head of Baylor. He tries to wrap his arms around his body for another suplex, but this time Baylor is ready and SMACKS him with a huge Back Elbow to the jaw! The blow disorients him and sends Cole stumbling back a few steps when Baylor turns around...

RUNNING SHOULDER TACKLE!

The crowd gasps as once again, Baylor sends a poor person FLYING hard into the barricade with what has become a signature move - unfortunately, it's Cole that has the dubious distinction of being the move's next victim.

Theo Baylor:

I TOLD YO' ASS THIS WAS MY RING NOW, COLE!

Cole can barely muster a defense now as Theo grabs him by the head and repeatedly SMACKS the back of his head into the barricade!

Again...

And again...

And again...

And again...

And again!

DDK:

I get why Theo Baylor is wanting to make a statement, but I'd never condone this.

Angus:

Since he can do that to me, I will happily condone it to NOT have that happen to me.

Cole barely moves by this point as he remains slumped over the guardrail, writhing about in pain, but Theo STILL isn't done. He picks him up off the ground...

THUD!

And head-first into the steel steps he goes!

By now, the crowd jeers while Theo now rolls inside the ring and tells the official to start the match. Navarro does no such thing and climbs to the outside alongside a ringside attendant to check on Cole.

DDK:

We might not be even having a match at this rate... Baylor clearly hasn't forgotten getting humiliated by Cole last week and this feud is quickly becoming personal between these two.

Angus:

Opie over there needs to learn and fight another da... crap.

The trainer tries to help Cole, but Cole fights him off and tries using the guardrail to stand under his own power. He's clearly disoriented and has trouble trying to stand, but Cole takes a moment to shake out the cobwebs and tries to get back in the ring.

DDK:

I... I think Cole WANTS to fight. We heard him two weeks ago. He's tired of feeling pushed over for being too nice, but I don't know if this is smart...

The crowd is in full support of a man considered to one of the best BRAZEN standouts as he tries to stand, but he can barely do so after the exhaustive beating given to him by Theo Baylor. Baylor froths at the mouth, ready to fight while Navarro checks on Cole, now wobbling in the corner and maybe fighting off a head injury of some sort after those head slams into the guardrail.

Hector Navarro:

Do you want to continue? Do you want to try?

Cole nods.

Levi Cole:

...Ring the bell...

Navarro shakes his head as Baylor now smiles. Lucius Owens looks on in disbelief at Cole's guts...

DING DING DING!

Angus:

Here comes the B-Train...

DDK:

NO! COLE MOVED! SCHOOLBOY!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Baylor just BARELY escapes the surprise cover by a wounded Cole, but as Cole gets up, Baylor swings for the fences and CRACKS him across the side of his head with another Double Sledge! The blow stuns him, but then he walks straight into a STIFF Big Boot that knocks him down! The crowd boos Theo as he now stands over the wounded Cole, but he pulls him up...

WESTERN LARIAT!

DDK:

Cole just got LEVELED with that Lariat! He shouldn't have taken this!

Angus:

He's taking this ass-kicking because he tried to fight.

Theo pulls him up yet again...

WESTERN LARIAT!

Cole once again spins head over heels from the impact of the move, dropping him almost on his head and neck! He can't even fight back when Theo picks him up a third time... it's dead weight at this point, but he manages to get Cole just up off his feet...

DDK:

WELCOME TO LA! This one's done!

Theo holds down Cole by the legs after the Elevated Sitout Spinebuster. The count is academic at this point.

One.

Two.

Three.

The big man from LA rolls right off of him and nonchalantly rolls out of the ring, getting a pat on the back by Lucius Owens as the crowd jeers. He barely stays for Darren Quimbey's announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **THEO BAYLOR!**

DDK:

What a heinous attack by Theo Baylor on Levi Cole... all because he beat him in the BRAZEN Championship tournament. This is completely uncalled for.

Angus:

Keebs, shut up, he's heading this way.

Theo Baylor stops at the entrance ramp, looks up at the damage caused to an unconscious Levi Cole and grins. He then turns his attention to Angus and DDK... particularly, Angus, the head booker of BRAZEN. Theo and Lucius inch closer toward the announce team, then he points a finger at Angus.

Theo Baylor:

THAT... is on your goddamn hands, Skaaland. Y'all should've given ME the spotlight and not that dumbshit redneck.

Lucius mouths "let's go" to his client and the two men depart the ringside area without incident while Angus and Keebler breathe a sigh of relief.

Angus:

Jesus, that guy has a fuse.

DDK:

No doubt that Levi Cole isn't going to just take this lying down... hopefully, we'll have an update on Levi Cole, but sadly the show has to go on.

RED DEAD REDEMPTION: HONOR

The scene goes to Conor Fuse in a locker room area getting ready for his match later on with George Stevens. He's wrapping his left arm up in tape while Tyler sits on the bench behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

Are you ready?

Conor nods slightly.

Conor Fuse:

Of course! Those two are going to get what's coming to them, let me tell you, dear brother!

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

The *two* of them are going to get what's coming to them?

Conor doesn't seem to understand what Tyler is insinuating.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, the *two* of them.

Tyler gets to his feet.

Tyler Fuse:

Why don't you just worry about George. I can handle Bo. He's not the legal man in the match. Focus on one thing. Focus on George. Beat George. The rest will take care of itself.

Conor tries to take in his brother's words. At first, it sounds like he is. Then... after a long pause he goes back to wrapping his left arm and shaking his head no.

Conor Fuse:

How dare they jump us two weeks ago! Also... how dare George Stevens become a playable character! We didn't even *unlock* him, brother. We *unlocked* The Toy Box. We *unlocked* them and we deserved what was coming to us... but this Stevens Family, they all need to get theirs! I can't just focus on Bo when Goerge is even a bigger cheater than he is!

Tyler Fuse:

If you can't focus on one guy... then you're not going to beat him. You're ultimately not going to beat them.

Tyler goes back to the bench and picks up the Tag Team Achievements.

Tyler Fuse:

Do you see these? These are proof we belong here. These are proof that, no matter who cheats or what happens... we have honor. We stick to the rules of the game. And when we do... we win. The Stevens Family is out for "redemption" because they think these championships belong to them. They don't. They belong to us. Let them use whatever self righteous thinking they want to. They're wrong and everyone knows it.

Conor slightly nods again. His brother is making some sense, although it's not exactly what we wants to hear.

Conor Fuse:

Fine. I'll just focus on George. Play things the right way. No cheating. No distractions. Gamers honor.

Tyler slaps his brother on the back before he walks off.

Tyler Fuse:

Good. See you out there.

Conor finishes taping his arm.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



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RETRIBUTION OF A QUEEN

DDK:

Were, back! I must say we have had a interesting night tonight, Angus.

Angus:

Ya, we sure have but look who is coming down the entranceway now.

While Angus said his line Virginia Quell has started to make her way to the ring no music but a look that her eyes alone could melt metal.

DDK:

Well, it appears Miss Quell has something to say. This could only be about the cowardly assault by ToyBox member WynLyn a couple weeks ago. Let's take you back to the footage.

As the show starts to roll the footage it is abruptly stopped by the screams of Virginia.

Ginny:

WYNLYN GET YOUR ARSE OUT HERE RIGHT NOW!

Angus:

So much for the footage Gin is hot here!

Ginny:

WYNLYN!

DDK:

This young woman has every right to be.

Ginny:

I swear to bloody hell if you don't bring your lopsided arse out here right now I will come back there and drag you out here!

"ALL HAIL THE...QUEEN BEE!"

♪ Siren by Red Delicious ♪

Ginny drops the microphone pacing like a rabid dog.

DDK:

It looks like she is going to get her wish.

The music continues to play and Virginia can already sense she is not coming out. She reaches back down for the microphone. Just as she has it in her grasp the music cuts and the tron shows what looks to be a penthouse. The camera walks through the expensive housing unit. Until it reaches the outdoor inground pool.

Angus:

Look at this Keebs, what a paradise!

The camera continues to pan around until it catches Dandelion in a yellow bikini with golden sunglasses on she has another female in a light blue bikini feeding her grapes. Next to her on another lawn chair is WynLyn in a leopard style bikini. With a pair of black rim gold lenses glasses on. She is being served by a fitness model some form of alcoholic beverage.

Angus:

Good god, man I wish I was right there look at those girls Keebs!

DDK:

Calm down Angus, I am more concerned by the young lady in the ring at the moment. She looks like she is ready to pop a blood vessel.

WynLyn:

Thank you darling....mmmm ...mmm I could just eat you up.

Back in the ring.

Ginny:

WYNLYN!

WynLyn looks at Dandy.

WynLyn:

Eck you feel those bad vibes. Its ruining my mood.

Dandy nods as she takes a bite of another grape. WynLyn pushes her glasses a bit down her nose.

WynLyn:

Hey sexy dance for me.

Seems someone off camera has started to dance and WynLyn licks her lips a few times even bites her hand for a moment.

Ginny:

Listen you little bitch sooner or later me and you are going t...

WynLyn interrupts Virginia mid sentence.

WynLyn:

WHAT..what do you want? I swear you are like a nat just buzzing around!

Ginny:

I'll show you just what this "nat" is going to do to you when she gets her hands on you!

WynLyn seems to have not heard a word Virginia has said as she shouts at her dancer.

WynLyn:

WORK IT BOY! Give momma what she likes!

She takes another sip of her drink and has completely forgot Quell is still there.

"CANNONBALL" Jestal yells off camera. A big splash hits the pavement. Both Dandy and Wyn look at the pool. Dandy points at Jestal off camera with a few hand gestures toward Wyn.

WynLyn:

Ya that looked like a belly flop to me too.

She looks back at Dandy.

WynLyn:

Maybe trying to mess with Mushigihara was a bad idea, I think he knocked a screw loose.

Dandy again motions with her hands.

WynLyn:

Your right I don't think he is suppose to be floating like that.

The girls quickly get up from their chairs, you hear one splash a few moments later Wyn looks into the camera.

WynLyn:

Oh, and since you're looking for a fight, and since I am clearly not there. I took it upon myself to get you one of my fathers students...chow.

She gives her devilish smirk at the camera, which quickly gets a reaction from Gin as she inaudible mouths some obsenties. Before she catches a look at just who WynLyn set up for her who now stands at the entranceway. A dark skinned woman, built like a amazon and looking to be around six foot nine inches. The camera catches Virginia quickly removing her coat and motioning for the woman to bring it.

"THE RED QUEEN" VIRGINIA QUELL vs KALENA

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring at this time from Atlanta, Georgia....KALENA!

DDK:

It appears WynLyn and The ToyBox are on a savical...and brought this goliath woman to keep Gin busy.

Angus:

I never knew they grew women that tall in Georgia

As Kalena enters the ring Quell is quick to jump on her with a flurry of forearm shots to the back of Kalena.

DING DING

DDK:

Ginny is wasting no time she is quickly on the attack here Angus.

Angus:

Ya, a smart move by Ginny, keep this girl on her hands and knees.

Gin pulls her in the ring and tosses her into the corner. She lets loose with some stiff elbow shots across the jaw of the amazonian woman. She grabs her arm and tries to Irish whip her to the corner post behind her.

Kalena blocks

She tries again

Blocked....reversed!

Virginia is tossed into the same corner she had Kalena into.

DDK:

Gin is in trouble here, this Kalena showing her power here

Angus:

She is on the move Keebs, Virginia better think fast!

Knee lift

Knee lift!

Collar toss!

Quell gets some height on the throw by this massive woman. She quickly holds her back and exits the ring quickly. The ref starts their count, and Ginny soaks it up favoring her back.

DDK:

The girl clearly has some strength, she threw Quell like she was light as a feather!

Angus:

Stay out there Gin, catch your breath.

She jaws at a fan in the front row unaware that this amazonian woman is reaching down from the ring. A few moments

later she has a hand full of the luxurious red locks of Virginia.

She pulls her up on the apron..

DDK:

Uh..Oh a rookie mistake by Mis Quell here!

Angus:

Kalena is breaking the rules no hair pulling!

HANGMAN!

DDK:

I don't think you have to worry about Miss. Quell being a victim of rule breaking. She took advantage of this amazon's attempt to get her back in the ring.

Angus:

Very smart move, now stay on her Gin!

Gin thinks quick on her feet driving the throat of Kalena across the top rope while she hops to the outside. Kalena holds her throat coughing as she walks away from the ropes. Quell slides into the ring and quickly runs toward her and leaps into the air with a bulldog driving the amazonian woman's face into the mat.

Ginny quickly gets up and goes for a cover!

DDK:

We got our first cover here!

ONE

TWO!

Quell is launched a few feet into the air by the kick out by the bigger girl.

Angus:

Virginia looks like she could of hit the lights above the ring from that toss. Sheesh the freakish strength of this accomplice of WynLyn's!

Gin quickly gets to her feet stunned but quickly moves back in throwing everything she can to keep this woman down.

STF!

Ginny in a attempt to keep the bigger of the two down locks it in. Kalena however seems to be ignoring the pain. She begins to pull Virginia off the mat. Ginny tries desperately to apply more pressure, but proves to have no effect as the Kalena lifts her up and cradles her.

DDK:

Virginia is in trouble here Faithful!

Angus:

Gin looks like she is running out of ideas of what to do here.

Sidewalk Slam!

DDK:

Another cover here could we see Kalena take it here?

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TWO AND ½!

Gin barely gets the shoulder up. Kalena picks her up but Ginny reacts and drops the jaw of the Amazon on her shoulder! Kalena turns around holding her jaw as she turns around Virginia jumps up burying her knees into the chest of the six nine female and driving her down into varied reverse backbreaker(codebreaker). She goes for the cover.

Angus:

Ginny might have her here!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Ginny quickly slides out of the ring as the ref has to follow her to raise her hand in victory.

DDK:

Virginia got it! Kalena seems to be still favoring her jaw in the ring but Miss. Quell squeaks by this woman.

Angus:

Ya, but she is not who Virginia really wanted to get her hands on.

♪Seven Devils by Florence and The Machine♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match "The Red Queen" Virginia Quell!!!

DDK:

You got that right partner, and I have to believe sooner or later she is going to get her hands on WynLyn.

The shows moves from the ring to the backstage area.

WANT

As the scene switches to the backstage area once again we see THE Jay Harvey and Jack Harmen walking down a corridor when they over hear a loud thud and once they get closer they see that The FIST of DEFIANCE is not in a good mood.

Scott Stevens:

No. NO. NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stevens yells as he flips over a table and some DEFIANCE workers look on with fear.

Scott Stevens:

Where are my eight lions and my eight tigers I wanted for the Main Event tonight for my boys Harvey and Harmen?!?!?!?

Stevens shouts as he gets closer and closer to a worker and eventually corners him.

Scott Stevens:

Well? I'm waiting.....

Stevens checks his name tag.

Scott Stevens:

....Robert?

Robert:

Please.....Mister Stevens sir.....don't hurt me.

Stevens slams his hand against the wall.

Scott Stevens:

Where is my stuff?!?!?!?!?!?

Stevens yells again and Robert finally mumbles out the answer the FIST has been waiting for.

Robert:

Ms. Evans didn't order it because it was an expense we couldn't afford.

Scott Stevens:

You mean I didn't get my confetti of one hundred dollar bills to drop from the sky either?

Robert shakes his head no.

Scott Stevens:

Or my twenty-four karat throne with the Avengers carrying me to the ring while Kate Upton and Ashley Graham fan me and feed me grapes as i'm being carried on my throne???

Robert again shakes his head no.

Scott Stevens:

What the fuck man!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stevens hits the wall again and Robert cowers into the corner more.

Scott Stevens:

Stand up.

Stevens says but Robert continues to cower.

Scott Stevens:

Your FIST said stand up!

Stevens orders and Robert slowly rises to his feet and looks him sternly in his eyes.

Scott Stevens:

I want you to deliver a message to your boss for me. Can you do that?

Robert shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

I want you to tell Ms. Evans that when I order lions and tigers from Siegfried and Roy she better take out a fourth mortgage on her house to make it happen. When I want to make it rain in the Big Sleazy she better go pimp herself out with the rest of the filth and fill up that g-string so she can make them Benjamins fall. When your FIST wants a throne fit for a King and models to feed him and fan him because I am Wrestling Royalty than it shall be done because if the disrespect continues the head rolling and bloodshed will continue and I doubt she wants that. Now go!

Stevens says as he points and Robert scampers away as Harvey and Harmen get closer and speaks when he sees them.

Scott Stevens:

About fucking time! Where have you been?

THE Jay Harvey:

We were going over some strategies, you know. Tag Team stuff.

Jack Harmen:

We were here for like fifteen minutes listening to you scream at idiots for not having all that awesome stuff you deserve.

THE Jay Harvey:

Yeah, we're cool. We are all good.

Harmen looks sad for a moment. He turns to Harvey.

Jack Harmen:

I was gonna name one of them Tony and feed him frosted flakes...

Scott Stevens:

Riiiiiiight.

Stevens says as he looks at Harmen.

Scott Stevens:

Anyways, you think I was doing this craziness for me?

Harmen and Harvey both nod.

Scott Stevens:

Gentlemen, you don't understand, I ordered this elaborate entrance for us since we are the Elite of this shithole. Only the best should be considered when you are at such an elite level like us.

Jack Harmen:

I appreciate it Scotty, but, uhm, let's let me be the crazy one, kay? You just worry about keeping that FIST away from the filth of DEFIANCE, yeah?

Harmen nods to Harvey, who sneers and reluctantly agrees. Stevens turns away from both, nose turned in the air, and adjusts the FIST on his shoulder.

Scott Stevens:

That's right. I am the FIST. I define DEFIANCE...

Stevens turns back to Harvey and Harmen, with a large grin on his face.

Scott Stevens:

No one, shall defy us.

Stevens puts out a fist above his head. Harmen immediately touches knuckles, as Harvey looks at Stevens and adjusts his SoHer belt. He then presses his knuckles up. The three remain unified, as the camera slips down from their touched knuckles to reveal their cautious faces.

A REINTRODUCTION

The scene goes to Lance Warner... as the camera pans to find none other than Gage Blackwood standing beside him. The Faithful give a cheer.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with Gage Blackwood, who really hasn't been seen in some time, until last week that is. Gage, good to have you back!

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, good to be back, Lance.

Lance Warner:

Two weeks ago you were seen coming to the aid of Mushigihara and fighting off The Toy Box. So I'm sure we and The Faithful want to know, are you back for good?

Gage nods.

Gage Blackwood:

I am back for good. When I was taken out over three months ago at the hands of Crimson Lord... that was a tough time for me. David Hightower. Lisil Jackson. Chris Ross. The 6-way Hell in a Cell match. There's been a lot of shit I've been through since I joined DEFIANCE over one year ago.

Blackwood pauses. He can't believe it's been over a year.

Gage Blackwood:

But aye, the injuries surmounted and I was finally put out of my misery when Crimson Lord took me apart.

Blackwood takes a deep breath and looks straight into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

But I vowed to come back. And I vowed to come back to help The God-Beast, my friend. He finished off Crimson Lord for me when I was down and now this Toy Box... well they want to take Mushi down. But I will have none of it!

Blackwood looks at Lance and pats him on the back.

Gage Blackwood:

I might have fallen down the ladder, but I can get right back up. I'm back to prove I'm crazy and there's nothing that can get in my way. The Toy Box be warned... you're dealing with a crazy SOB.

The Faithful cheer.

Gage Blackwood:

And next week, I'll prove it. I'm issuing an open challenge to anyone out there.

Blackwood thanks Lance for his time and walks off.

Lance Warner:

Well there you have it... Gage Blackwood is back!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

A PEACE OFFERING

We return from commercial backstage, near DEFMed.

In the doorway of her examination room, Dr. Davine leans against the door jam. Nearly obstructing the view is Scott Douglas. The two seemingly in the midst of a extremely casual medical consultation or simply shooting the shit.

Scott Douglas:

You haven't seen him?

Iris Davine:

No, I was supposed to see him much earlier today.

Douglas:

I --

"We come in peace!"

Douglas' mouth stays agape, as if the previous line replaced the thought he'd currently had. Iris and Sub Pop both look just off screen as the camera pans to reveal the Pop Culture Phenoms. Elise Ares leads the way, wearing her signature LED sunglasses flashing "QUEEN" and "BEE" in sequence. She holds a glass bottle in the air as if waving off enemy fire while The D and Klein slightly slink behind. Klein in particular has handcuffed himself to show his submission. The D waves a white flag.

Douglas' eyes go from wide and questioning, to narrow and confused as the famed trio approaches. Iris seems equally as confounded but even more cautious. She nudges Scott and motions for the former SoHer to call her as she retreats into her office and closes the door.

Now with his back against the proverbial wall and the literal door ... Scott is a fixed awaiting what may come. And to his surprise ...

Elise presents the bottle to Douglas like a cherished sword.

Elise Ares:

We bring to you this bottle of Canadian Club as a pea...

The D stops her and whispers into her ear.

Elise Ares:

Apparently, it's called E&J Brandy. I've never seen this stuff before in my life. We had to waller in a goddamn Wal-Mart for this shit. It's a sight I can't unsee, and rest assured our lives will never be the same, but these are the depths we're willing to go to for the sake of a potential friendship. I have to sanitize again just thinking about it.

The D:

It's the fourth quarter and we're your star receiver. The getaway driver who shows up at the last minute to make the big heist. We're the soldier that comes to make sure you don't get left behind. We're all holed up in the same bunker and all we have are each other now. We, are your Tom Hanks.

Scott Douglas just stares blankly as Elise finishes sanitizing.

Elise Ares:

Forget it D, this is Chinatown.

She hands the booze over to Douglas and begins to walk away...

Scott, still completely confounded by this interaction and transaction, takes the bottle ... if for no other reason - Terry

taught him well. Gripping the bottle by the neck, he turns it upside down for a moment before returning it to its upright position and lowering it by his side.

Douglas:

Thirteen, ninety nine. If I couldn't be bought for less ... well ...

Elise and company pause in anticipation. The D pockets a receipt in his hands that shows he actually only paid 10.99 for the bottle.

Douglas:

I suppose, I wouldn't be here.

Elise Ares:

I think we just saved Private Ryan.

The D:

What you do with his privates are between you and him.

Douglas:

Say wha ...

Elise looks side-eyed at The D. Then to Scott Douglas. Then to Iris Davine, who has long since shut her door. Awkwardly, as if trying to cover her lack of awareness, Elise then looks at Klein, who waves back at her enthusiastically. Elise forces a smile and waves back, confused.

Elise Ares:

Yeah, that one was kind of lame. I have higher expectations for you.

The D:

Fucking Matt Damon'd it.

Douglas:

What the hell is going on here?

Elise Ares:

Let's just be real, I'mma keep it one hunnit. Jack Harman and us? We're never going to be friends again... and Jay Harvey? He's near the top of the list of people I'd like to see blown up in a Michael Bay movie... or get killed horribly in a Sharknado. I hardly know who Scott Stevens is, but after DEFtv... he's on the list now. He just isn't star material. We know at the end of the day who the stars of this show are. It's me, it's The D, it's you, it's me again... and then it's me a third time. We're not the hero you want, Scott Douglas, we're the hero you need.

Douglas:

Isn't that Christopher Nolan? Not Michael ...

Elise puts her finger against Scott's lips and goes "Shhhhhh." Klein steps forward and proceeds, after great struggle, to RIP and tear the handcuffs in two. He then raises both now free fists to Douglas in a "I've got your back" sort of way.

Elise Ares:

And Klein is like, 42 on that list, but he's also like 56 and 71. So he's legit. With you on our side, there is totes no way that we could lose.

Klein flexes as he shows off behind the OG PCP duo.

The D:

That's like, one hundred and forty-one and two thirds awesome. But then you take that amount of awesome and divide

it by three, for the three of us, and then multiply it by the circumference of my penis, 3.4139482 while eating an apple pie, divided again by a negative number for our negative feelings toward those scum, and invert it to make the world right again, and it becomes the exact right amount of awesomeness we are. And then you take your amount of awesomeness, which is probably eighty four, two percent less than us, and add that to our awesome and you get a lot of awesome. Like. A lot.

Elise Ares:

See Scott, the numbers don't lie, and at the end that spells disaster for those three. We'll see you out in the ring!

Elise goes to fist bump Scott Douglas, who just stares back at her, but The D blows it up so she isn't left hanging. Elise slaps Sub Pop on the arm and pulls her glasses down to wink before she turns and walks away. The D and Klein follow, Klein showing the D a small clipboard that has all his math worked out.

As confused as Scott may be about what the fuck just happened, he can't help but enjoy the view as she leaves.

Suddenly the door behind Scott opens and he nearly falls backward into the opening. Iris Davine, startled but stern as ever, looks to Douglas suspiciously. She seems to have something to say but before she can Kerry Kuroyama enters the frame.

Kerry Kuroyama:

... is that?

Douglas: *[nodding]*

Yup.

Kuroyama: *[confused]*

I have a match in...

Before Kerry can finish his sentence, Scott shoves the free bottle of booze into his chest. Kerry takes hold of it with both hands as Scott exits with parting words.

Douglas:

I think I have a tag match?

The camera trails Douglas but in the fading distance; it's clear Iris Davine isn't happy with what just happened, Kerry Kuroyama ... and/or both.

Davine:

It's about time ...

Kerry hands the bottle to Iris in a rush and darts off - out of frame. She is left standing in her door way cheap bottle of booze in hand.

Cut to the ring. Darren Quimbey standing on the ready, Carla Ferrari entering the ring.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs DAVID HIGHTOWER

DDK:

Indeed he does, partner! I'm being told Scott Douglas with team with Elise Ares against Jack Harmen and The Sothern Heritage Champion - here tonight!

Angus:

I'm not sure I like Scotty's odds ... but those little bastards need the shit kicked out of them for last week!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

David Hightower lumbers through the curtain and takes the stage just as imposing as he had last week.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from West Memphis, Arkansas! Weighing in at two hundred and seventy five pounds ... DAVIDDD HIGHTOOOOOOOWERRRR!

Hightower adjusts that unforgiving chain around his neck and he begins his descent of the ramp, heading toward the ring. The Faithful aren't any happier with him this week than they were last. Likely ... less.

DDK:

Speaking of last week - we saw Kerry Kuroyama, in a valiant effort, come up just shy of toppling this ... this ...

Angus:

HOSSPECIMAN! HOSSALLMIGHTY! HOSSALMADINGDONG!

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Admittedly, I ran out steam on that last one ...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Kerry appears from behind the curtain sans his normal eager smile ... determination is the order of the day. Blue, green, and white lights fill up the stage as Kerry descends the ramp moments before the moderate pyrotechnic display lights off. He has no time for fanfare - he has a one track mind.

DDK:

Kerry certainly looks determined to make right what once went wrong.

Angus:

Quantum Leap. Now that was a GOOD show! BUT ... Keurig is NO Sam Beckett, Keeps!

Cut to the reply of last week's spot. Hightower power slamming Kuroyama on the foot of the rampway as Darren tries to get things back on track.

DDK:

I'm told Kerry Kuroyama was adamant earlier today that he receive this rematch, even as DEFIANCE officials called his medical clearance into question. Kuroyama, of course suffered a devastating blow last week at the hands of David Hightower.

Cut back to the ring, where Kerry is already inside.

DDK:

I'm still uncertain if he is indeed in ANY condition to compete here tonight but ... one can only assume --

Angus:

KEEBS! Ziggi says there is a 80 percent chance Keurig gets his ass kicked, coughs up a lung and dies on the canvas tonight!

DDK:

...

Angus:

Remember that, Keebs? Man ... That Dean Stockwell sure could dress.

DING DING

Kerry wastes no time and charges straight for Hightower. The larger man easily side steps and with a, surprisingly gentle, hand redirects Kerry's momentum toward the turnbuckle. Kerry stops short grabbing the ropes on either side. As he turns back around, it's clear, he's nowhere near as enthused as David Hightower.

DDK:

Hightower, possibly overconfident here ... just toying with Kerry Kuroyama.

Kerry, still determined, shoots in once more. In what may have been an attempted spear ... ends up with Kerry's head locked in tight against Hightower's torso. Hightower drags him around the ring and laughing at Kerry's expense.

DDK:

This is simply insult to last week's injury.

Angus:

If your order and ass whipping, Keebs ... don't ask for a manager when they bring that ass whippin' to your table!

The Faithfull voice their discontent with Hightower, who seems like he has had his fun ... and is now ready to put this nonsense to bed.

DDK:

Is that a cigar!?

Angus:

Just like Al Calavicci!

DDK:

WHO!?

Angus:

Dean Stockwell!

The a large portion of the booing subsides as David Hightower's attention is turned toward the rampway.

DDK:

You can't smoke in here.

Angus:

Zigi says there is a 30 percent chance I'll get away with it.

DDK:

What is he doing out here! Hightower seemed to make it PRETTY CLEAR last week he wanted nothing to do with ...

Cut to the ramp way.

Angus:

Jamie Sawyers... talk about a case of "what once went wrong."

Indeed it is, Sawyers. His hands palm to palm and outstretched, pleading for David Hightower to hear him out, take him back - something. His audio isn't picked up right away but it's clear he has been reduced to groveling. Hightower turns Kerry loose and approaches the ramp side ropes. Kerry drops to the mat, gasping for air, but with the wherewithal to backslide into the far corner.

DDK:

He has no reason to be out here, interpreting this match!

Sawyers, now at ringside and staring up at Hightower in the ring is picked up on the camera audio.

Hightower, gripping and twisting the top rope, looks as if his limited amount of patience is ready to boil over.

Jamie Sawyers:

Come on, David! It's me and you, brother! We make a --

And just that quick. It did. Hightower reaches over the top rope and grabs a handful of Sawyer's hair - hoisting him up to the ring apron. Sawyers reluctantly assists in an attempt to relieve the pain being inflicted.

Sawyers:

AHH! Davey! Davey! Come on!

Angus:

God damn, Keebs! This is getting good! Ziggy says ...

DDK:

KERRY! KERRY with the ROLL UP!

Seemingly out of nowhere, Kerry Kuroyama slips in and school boys the gargantuan Hightower. Caught off guard, Hightower lets loose of Jamie Sawyers. Sawyers quickly drops back to the ring side floor but judging by the look on his face he clearly understands the ramifications of what has transpired.

ONE!

Angus:

He was gonna maim 'em! Now he'll kill 'em!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama has upset David Hightower!

Angus:

Oh, he's *GORRAM* upset alright!

And he is. Kerry pops up from the pin and takes to the outside. Carla follows and raises his hand on the outside of the ring. Hightower sits up from the pinfall, slapping the mat in frustration as his eyes focus on Jamie Sawyers beginning to slowly back his way up the ramp. His hands up and palms out pleading with his eyes and it's Sawyers ... so of course he is running his mouth as well.

DDK:

Certainly ... NOT the way ... Kerry Kuroyama would have liked to taken this victory but ... just goes to show you can not underestimate your opponent!

The camera remains focused on Hightower and his death stare toward his former manager as Kerry Kuroyama slides past the petrified Sawyers and makes his way up the ramp. At the top of the stage as Kerry flips the curtain aside - for a brief second - Iris Davine can be seen and she doesn't look happy.

DDK:

Was that Dr. Davine?

Angus:

Ziggy says their is 100 percent chance, Keurig never got medical clearance...

DDK:

I don't know if that is the case ... but that wouldn't certainly be unpresidented and extremely unusual ... and SPEAKING of which! I'm being told we are going now to some footage of Crimson Lord ... and get an update on his ... well condition.

Angus: *[puffing the cigar]*

Nice segway, Keebs.

DDK:

Put that out!

A CURE FOR THE MADNESS

As promised, the video shows Crimson standing in a large room. He is struggling to free himself from the straight jacket he has been put in. In front of him and behind him are more doctors in white coats. But they are not the main focus of this test, it appears a young girl holding tightly to a teddy bear and staring petrified in fear at Crimson Lord.

Doctor:

I still think this is a bad idea.

Lady Doctor:

The test is to see if we can find some sort of innocence in him.

Doctor:

Its funny how you were able to find someone as close to WynLyn as you did.

Lady Doctor:

Well, hopefully this works surely something in his daughters past could give us what we need to treat him.

Crimson and the girl continue to stare at each other, Crimson clearly still is struggling with the jacket.

Crimson:

Free me! Free me! Or I'll torch this place to the ground!

The child continues to stare at Crimson just froze in utter fear at the deranged man in front of her. Crimson looks at the child he squints his eyes for a moment.

Doctor:

Look maybe he recognizes her?

Crimson shakes his head and again stares at the fear entranced child.

Lady Doctor:

Come on find the connection Mr. Lord.

Crimson:

What are you staring at!

Both doctors sigh, but the child eyes twitch...just before the tears start pouring and a loud wailing scream from the child echo in the large room. Crimson tightly shuts his eyes and shakes his head back and forth.

Crimson:

Stop that hideous noise! You want to scream!? ARGH I'll give you something to scream about!!

POP

Doctor:

Did he just?

Crimson screams in pain for a second and soon after he is able to free himself from the straight jacket. His left arm dangling to its side. He charges at the child and quickly is overwhelmed by doctors as the child runs off.

Crimson:

GET OFF ME! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

Crimson passes out with a shot of both doctors disappointed.

A few moments later Crimson's eyes open, he sits up from his bed he rotates his arm which appears to be perfectly fine. The room is pitch black for a moment until a door opens with a white light shining in. The door closes and the room turns pitch black once more.

Crimson:

Who's there? Show yourself!

SNAP

The room illuminates, Crimson stares out into a ripple of events in his past. First the Ambulance match with Musigihara, then to the Invasion of DEFIANCE, then to WrestleUTA under Mikey Unlikely's leadership, then to a courtroom with the judge slamming his gavel, and finally to the hospital and the deranged Crimson assaulting the poor janitor.

Crimson:

What is this?

???:

I guess you can say this is your life....well as far back as 2015. I could go back further but let's just say that hospital moment in your life was pretty much how you were from the early 90s to then.

Crimson:

Who said that?

???:

Where are my manners...[chuckles for a bit] I am....your CREATOR!

Crimson:

Impossible!

Creator:

Everything in your life has been all part of my design. From Gaze, to Seth..

Crimson:

How dare you say that name!

Creator:

Oh now all the sudden you care, well I guess you should after all it was my decision to kill him!

Crimson gets off the bed in fester.

Crimson:

Where are you! I'll kill you!

Creator:

No you won't.

Crimson:

No I won't....What the?

Creator:

I created every person in your life....hell I even expanded to those you despise.

Crimson:

This is a dream...it has to be?

Creator:

No, this is your evolution.

Crimson:

Evolution?

Creator:

I grew tired of you and your personalities. I guess it was something to relish in sort of a nostalgic feeling.

The history of Crimson Lord disappears, and the first inception of Crimson Lord appears....the sadistic Plague of Darkness Crimson Lord. The Creator snaps his finger and the image shatters, Crimson quickly grabs his head in pain.

Creator:

Then there was The Perfect Weapon Crimson Lord, where I first introduced WynLyn into the wrestling industry. I humored the whole concept of a trigger word for a while. Sadly I got bored of playing the hero.

SNAP

Crimson grabs his head in pain once more as The Perfect Weapon vanishes.

Creator:

Then there was The Messiah of Pain Crimson Lord. Truly a favorite of mine, a mixture of your Plague of Darkness persona and The Perfect Weapon...the PERFECT Villain....alas I eventually got bored!

SNAP

Crimson:

ARGH...STOP IT!

Creator:

Then that leaves two more persona's Mr. Bloodwell and the innocence of your very being Lucy. I pondered exploring the business side of the business, but realizing this was a side that was oversaturated in today's world.

SNAP!

Crimson screams in pain, while Bloodwell disappears.

Creator:

Well, then I decided to try out Lucy....although the thought of a man acting like a female child seemed a bit unorthodox....I mean look what happened to that pop star.

SNAP!

Crimson drops to his knees in extreme pain.

Crimson:

What do you want from me?

Creator:

I said it before.....your...EVOLUTION!

A hand in black presses against Crimson's chest, immediately Lord screams in pain light erupts from his mouth and eyes. He collapses to the ground, the door opens once more.

Creator:

The Purge

The door closes....Suddenly the scene switches and Crimson has never left the hospital in New Orleans. The shot shows Crimson's eyes moving back and forth under his eyelids....before the scene fades just as he is about to open them....

The End?

DDK:

I am speechless here, Angus? Was he dreaming all this?

Angus:

I have no GORRAM idea, that...that is something I have never seen before.

DDK:

What exactly is ... The Purge?

Angus:

Fuck, if I know what that looney toon is talking about!

DDK:

Well, either way ... Will be right back - I hope.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

CONOR FUSE vs GEORGE STEVENS

We return from commercial with a swooping shot of the arena. Settling on Daren Quimbey in the middle of the ring.

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The Faithful boo as George Stevens emerges from behind the curtain. Bo Stevens follows, shouting to the crowd and telling them the Tag Team Championships are soon to be theirs.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, George Stevens!

DDK:

A match which developed two weeks ago when this George Stevens came through the crowd and attacked the Fuse Bros.!

Angus:

What an attack, too. Left those idiot brothers DOA in the middle of the ring. If this Stevens Family ends up getting what they want... they will own DEFIANCE! They will own DEFIANCE more than UTA ever did!

DDK:

I shutter to think...

Bo continues to convey a tag title is around his waist as George enters the ring and raises both hands in the air.

Angus:

That is a big, big man. He's about to swing that idiot Fuse Bros. around like a rag doll.

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

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, one half of the Tag Team Champions... Conor Fuse!

Out comes the younger brother, marching full steam. In a way, his stoic posture resembles that of his older brother, Tyler, whom follows closely behind with both tag titles around his shoulder.

DDK:

Conor is all business!

Angus:

About time. I'm tired of him running his mouth. A good sight to see. Come, fight, lose, go home. Haha.

Conor slides right into the ring and nods at the referee he's ready to go.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Conor is quick to get things going here, he rushes at George Stevens, but is sidestepped right away. Conor goes face-first into the turnbuckle!

Angus:

Something tells me if George plays his cards right, this OCD-fool is going to be easy pickens.

As Angus speaks, the action in the ring confirms what he says. Conor rushes at George again, irate and looking for payback but the newest Stevens member just sidesteps and one half of the Tag Team Champions goes into the ropes. Upon turning around, Stevens crushes Player Two with a hard clothesline. A number of boots to the side of Conor's

face follow.

DDK:

Stevens hurls the younger Fuse into the turnbuckle again. He charges in with a big splash and then another clothesline sending him to the ground.

On the outside, Tyler Fuse just shakes his head. He slams the mat, hoping to get Conor's attention.

Meanwhile Bo looks on at Tyler and smiles mouthing something along the lines of "those titles are mine".

Tyler Fuse:

C'mon, get it together, brother!

George gives Conor a pendulum backbreaker, similar to the move Tyler would perform. He acknowledges Player One with a cocky grin before grabbing the side of Conor's head and twisting it into a hard headlock.

Tyler slams the mat. He does it again. Now the crowd is starting to come-to and they begin stomping their feet.

This, slowly, wakes Conor up. He fights to one knee, then two feet. Now he feeds elbow into George's side. Finally, the hold is broken and Conor bounces off the ropes. He doesn't see George get his knee up, though, and goes full-blast into it.

Conor falls head-over-heels back to the canvas.

Angus:

Like I said, not focused.

DDK:

Bo shouts at Conor, while George applies a sleeper hold.

Tyler slams the mat, the crowd wakes up and stomps their feet... and once again, Conor fights to a vertical base. Elbows, elbows, elbows into the side of George's chest. Conor breaks free, this time he leaps over top of the Stevens member after bouncing off the ropes, turns George around and executes a perfectly placed tilt-a-whirl DDT!

DDK:

Impressive to get the much bigger man down!

But Bo, knowing the momentum could change, jumps on the apron.

Conor snaps instantly.

Conor Fuse:

GET OFF THE APRON! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED THERE!!

DDK:

Conor rushes at Bo, but Bo gets off the apron. Tyler is telling his brother to turn around... right into a missile dropkick from George!

Angus:

Conor is an idiot. Jesus, Keebs. You'd think he's never seen a distraction before.

DDK:

Inside-out clothesline by George!

Instead of looking for a pin, George goes for a second inside-out clothesline, but this time Conor slips out and

connects with a super kick! The Faithful cheer and Bo gets on the apron again.

Tyler Fuse:

[to his brother] No, don't focus on him! Get George, get George!

But Conor can't even hear his brother. He has tunnel vision. Player Two yells at the top of his lungs and runs at Bo.

Conor Fuse:

GET OUTTA HERE YOU'RE NOT A LEGAL PLAYER!!!

Conor levels Bo off the apron with a left hand! Bo goes flying into the guardrail and grabs his jaw in pain after hitting it.

DDK:

George is getting back up...

The referee doesn't see George hit Conor with a low blow.

Next, George lifts Conor up by the neck and throws him back to the mat.

DDK:

George goes off the ropes... big splash!

Tyler watches on, helpless and shaking his head.

DDK:

And now what George calls... the Texas Size Slam!

All the air is knocked out of Conor with the powerful running slam. The pin is academic.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Tyler drops both titles and quickly slides into the ring to check on his brother, but as he does, he's met with a George Stevens boot to the face.

DDK:

Hey now, this match was over!

George doesn't allow Tyler to breathe as he picks up the dazed brother and turns him inside out with a lariat as Bo slides in a couple of chairs and tables into the ring.

DDK:

This isn't going to be good.

Bo picks up one of the chairs and begins to lay into both Fuse Bros. who cry out in agony every time steel connects to flesh.

Angus:

This is all Conor's fault, Keebs. If he just would've listened this would not be happening.

Bo sets up the steel chairs in the middle of the middle and throws Conor towards his cousin who delivers another Texas Size Slam.

DDK:

Texas Size Slam on the steel chairs! And Conor is rolling around in pain.

Conor's eyes glaze over as he sees Bo settling up one of the tables. George picks up Tyler in the electric chair position as Bo climbs up the turnbuckle and jumps off driving Tyler's face-first into the table with a bulldog.

DDK:

Top Rope BO-Dog!! Tyler may be concussed! We need medical attention out here now.

Bo walks over to Conor and yells at him this is all his fault. He tells George to pick him up as he sets up the other table.

DDK:

Come on no need to continue this! You've made your point dammit!

Bo grabs Conor by the face and screams.

Bo Stevens:

Those titles are mine! You hear me!?!?!? Mine!!!

Bo says before slapping him across the face and taking a few steps back to gain some momentum.

DDK:

Texas Tornado!

The Faithful boo the Texans as they admire their handiwork before leaving.

Angus:

Chalk up another "victory" for The Stevens Family! Man let me tell you... that Conor Fuse... he's got the attention span of a 2-year-old... and that's putting down the 2-year-old! They're going to be in trouble if the Stevens get a Tag Team Championships match!

DDK:

I think you may be right. Unless things change... you may be right.

Angus:

Oh I *AM* right!

Cut to backstage.

DESERVE

Stevens is admiring himself in the mirror with the FIST draped over his shoulder. Cary Stevens is next to him, and places his hands on Stevens' shoulders when there's a knock on the door.

Jack Harmen:

'Cuse me Scotty, got a second?

Jack Harmen makes himself at home, plopping onto a nearby leather couch. Harmen realizes he's not sitting on a wooden bench, and begins to gently stroke the leather as The Fist watches Harmen admire the couch.

Jack Harmen:

Wow, if this leather could talk, imagine the stories of fluids it would tell...

Scott Stevens:

What do you want Harmen? Can't you see I'm quite busy dealing with the disrespect of Kelly Evans and the idiocy of her grunts she employs.

Stevens says as he continues to admire his own reflection.

Jack Harmen:

Yeah, I get that, she is, well, Kelly. But... I wanted to talk to you about Harvs... we've got that tag match up next... and I just... I got this feeling, I can't chase it. I can't stop thinking that Harvey's in this alliance to further his own gains. And I worry my goal won't align with his tonight.

Stevens dismisses his point with a raised head, nose aimed toward the heavens.

Jack Harmen:

I'm just asking, if Harvs pulls something... if you've got my back. I'm not expecting it, but... I just... there's something I can't put my finger on, and I'm exercising all the caution in the world here. I didn't want to come to you with this, but I just can't shake this feeling.

Stevens raises a brow as he turns his full attention to Harmen.

Scott Stevens:

And you don't think I have that same feeling? .

Jack Harmen:

You and I both know this is an alliance of convenience. I'm just saying, we should be on the look out when this partnership stops being convenient for one of us. We should be prepared for the worst. No? While hoping for the best.

Scott Stevens:

Oh I am because Harvey's ego can and has gotten the best of him before and it's only a matter of time before he will want to move on to bigger and better things but that doesn't mean you aren't in that same mind frame either Jack. Or have you forgotten about our little tiff back in UTA?

Stevens says as he clutches the FIST a little tighter.

Jack Harmen:

I always respected you because of our fights over there. I wouldn't be here without our shared bloodshed, yeah? I said my piece. I got your back Scott. Alright? My goal isn't fame or championships, it's to disrupt the status quo, to make DEFIANCE realize that they are utterly and truly fucked in all ways and orifices possible. Yeah? They took my kid and turned him into a bland generic cruiserweight. They took my hair. They own me, my contract is iron clad, and I intend on making them regret signing me on the bottom line. I think I can do the best chaos alongside you and Harvey, but if worst comes to worse...

Harmen reaches out, placing his hand on the opposite shoulder where Cary's hand lies. He leans in, whispering into his ear.

Jack Harmen:

I'm team Stevens.

Harmen pats the champ on the back and walks out of the room.

Scott Stevens:

You better be for your sake.

Stevens mutters as the door closes.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE ROAD



It's a long hard road ... Sept, 25th 2018!

SCOTT DOUGLAS & ELISE ARES vs JACK HARMEN & JAY HARVEY

We return from commercial with another swooping shot of the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex as Darren begins to speak.

DDK:

Folks, it's time for our MAIN EVENT! As we announced earlier tonight the unlikely team of Elise Ares and Scott Douglas will face off here with Jack Harmen and The Southern Heritage Champion - Jay Harvey.

Cut to a shot of the rampway and curtain.

Angus:

Scott took quite the ass whooping last week and two of five morons who perpetuated it will be in this ring! I can't wait, Keebs!

♪ *Smiling and Dyin' - Green River* ♪

DDK:

You won't have to wait much longer!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... from Seattle, Washington ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT ... DOOOOUUGGGLLLAAAASSS!!!

As the grunge tune kicks into full gear, Scott Douglas comes through the curtain and The Faithful ignite and jump to their feet. Scott holds up a hand but over extends and has to bring it back now a little lower. Obviously his ribs are still an issue. Rather than head to the ring, the former SoHer holds tight on the side of the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, accompanied to the ring by the POP CULTURE PHEENOMMS!

All I wanna do is...
♪ *"Problem" by Natalia Kills* ♪

The sounds of sirens keep the crowd on their feet as pink and purple lights tilt at the entrance in all directions. Immediately the silhouette of a woman appears in the lights, walking out into the arena with trademark swag and her left hand being held inside of her right.

Darren Quimbey:

... weighing in at one hundred and twenty two pounds, she is a former DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champion... The South Beach Starlet... The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE... ELISE ARES!

She is followed closely by The D and the boxed Klein. After some posing and labored fanfare, Scott joins the trio center stage. After an exchange of nods and semi-trusting looks, the four head to the ring.

DDK:

Quite the unlikely alliance has been formed here tonight, partner!

Angus:

Unlikely is the key word! They all hate McFuckass ... and now Jack Harmen! What more do you need! Speaking of keys ...

DDK:

Jesus, Angus.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ...

ALL ABOARD~!

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as Jack Harmen walks out from behind the curtain amidst a smoke laden stage. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey is only a few steps behind with the SoHer title strapped around his waist. Harvey raises his arms into the air and mocks Douglas' previous attempt to do the same. He shoots a glance over to Harmen who is all smiles. The Faithful boo and jeer as the two walk down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

... at a combined weight of four hundred and fifty-eight pounds...

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. Jack Harmen still walks around the outside of the ring, glaring at fans in the front row. He begins to yell at the time keeper with a menacing stare.

DDK:

This is the unholy alliance verses ... the unlikely team!

Angus:

They need a good tag team name ... like Too the Wax! You know, Keebs! Like dome wax!

Angus nearly chokes laughing at his own joke.

Darren Quimbey:

... "The Lunatic" Jaaaack Harrmen and "The Most Marvelous Man to Grace God's Green Earth" ... THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! ... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey comes to a halt in his corner. Jack Harmen leaps up to the ring apron in grand fashion before entering the ring. "The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as the Faithful continue to voice their distaste.

DDK:

One has to bare in mind, if you are seeing these two in the ring ... there is no doubt the rest of this Occupation aren't far behind.

Angus:

They all need to go find a *NEW* Occupation, *amirite*?

Harmen and Harvey discuss strategy as Douglas assures Elise he's ready in their corner. Harvey nods to Harmen and exits to ringside.

DING DING

The bell sounds and the match is off. Jack Harmen and Scott Douglas look to start. Harmen and Douglas circle one another, as Harmen just laughs and slaps his ribs. He points to Douglas' taped up midsection, laughing again, before quickly tagging into his corner. Harvey looks at Harmen weirdly, as Harmen holds the ropes open for Jay. Jay reluctantly enters taking one last look back at Harmen who's encouraging him.

DDK:

Harmen playing mind games here, feigning his intention to start the match.

Angus:

Don't look the gift horse in the mouth, Keebs! Douglas kicking the shit out of Harvey? Count me in!

Douglas holds his arms out, palms up, questioning Harmen's cowardice. Harmen yawns back. Douglas motions at Harvey and points to Harmen, signalling for the two to make a tag and bring Harmen back in.

DDK:

Scott Douglas seems to be hell bent on getting his hands on Jack Harmen!

Angus:

Of course! Do you really think any of these other MORMONS could have pulled this all together? Harmen has to be the architect.

Harvey shakes off Douglas request as Harmen, mockingly, acts if he is afraid of entering the ring. His hands make a spooky finger twitching motion and his mouth cusps into a eerie "Wooooooooo" like a ghost would.

At Benny Doyle's instance Douglas gives up his attempts and the match gets properly underway with Jay Harvey and Scott circling each other. Douglas shoots in for what would be a take down but Harvey quickly evades. The crowd is on their feet as this matchup of two heated foes finally starts off this contest. Yet, just as it looks like it's going to get going ... Harvey raises his hands.

Angus:

Is he calling for a *GORRAM* TIME OUT!?!

He is and he retreats to his corner, leaning into Harmen. He might possibly be getting some last second advice or a joke from Jack Harmen. The capacity crowd in the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex is raining down the boos as Scott Douglas questions the referee; insisting he get Harvey into the action. Harvey waves at Douglas and mouths for him to "calm down".

Harmen and Harvey slap hands and that's Harmen's cue to enter the match. Douglas is enthralled with this but the crowd continues to boo. Jack Harmen enters the ring and the crowd begins a very unique chant in his honor.

BALD ASS-HOLE!**BALD ASS-HOLE!****BALD ASS-HOLE!****DDK:**

The Faithful... as colorful as ever here tonight!

Angus:

I don't know if they are talking about Harmen or Harvey. They should really be chanting bald assholes!

Jack Harmen basques in the Faithful's hate for a moment, rubbing his bald head and then gets down to business. He and Douglas, tie up in the center of the ring with Harmen getting the upper hand and landing a series of hard elbows to Douglas' chin. Harmen pushes Douglas into the ropes and sends him off via an Irish Whip.

Harmen hits the deck as Douglas steps over him and continues to the opposite set of ropes. Harmen springs back to his feet and connects with a beautiful Dropkick that drops the returning Douglas to the mat. In the midst of returning to a vertical base, Harmen stops on one knee and takes a bow in front of the sold out DEFIANCE crowd. Their discontent booms in the bassy boo's throughout the arena.

Jack Harmen:

I LOVE YOU TOO!

Harmen is quick to stay on the attack, landing stiff boots to Douglas as he tries to stand. Harmen pushes Douglas into the corner and unloads a cracking Knife Edge Chop on Scott Douglas' chest. The recoil sends Scott staggering out of harm's way, briefly, as he tries to turn his aimless and pain induced path into a successful tag to Elise Ares.

DDK:

Douglas is cut off before he can make the tag!

Harmen catches eyes with Ares and blows her a kiss before picking Douglas up and executing a high elevation Shin-breaker. Scott collapses to the mat, writhing in pain and reaching for the impaired appendage. Harmon, showing no signs of letting up, quickly reaches for the same left leg.

DDK:

Jack Harmen going for a Figure Four!

Angus:

Scotty is broken and bruised. This is NOTHING more than beating up a crippled!

Douglas fights the good fight but Harmen is able to turn it over and it looks like all is lost - very early in this match.

DDK:

Hold on!

Before Harmen sinch in the hold and possibly the victory ... Scott is able to use his free leg to push Jack away. Harmen stumbles forward and tries to race back, getting tripped up in the process by the fallen Douglas. Douglas quickly transitions into a Cross Face styled submission but Harmen is close enough to the ropes to put an end to it before it can be of any use.

Douglas releases at the call of Benny Doyle and steps back. Doyle puts himself in between Douglas and Harmen, trying to give Jack some space. Harmen slowly gets to his feet and as Scott attempts to advise Benny Doyle of what is happening just behind his back ...

DDK:

OHH!! Jack Harmen with the sucker punch to Elise Ares! And referee Benny Doyle is NONE the wiser!

The crowd and Douglas don't like it at all. The shot sends Elise off the apron and The D rushes to protest. Klein rushes as well, pulling off his shirt to reveal his referee's attire, but of no use to the distracted Benny Doyle.

Douglas gets passed Doyle and perseus Harmon but before he can blink - The Lunatic comes out of nowhere with a lungblower. Douglas bounces off of Harmen's knees from the impact and clutches at his ribs, face down on the canvas. Harmen refuses to relent, dragging a dazed and breathless Douglas to his feet, before tossing him face first into the top turnbuckle pad right next to THE Jay Harvey. Harvey spits in his face as Harmen lets loose with a quick stiff right hand, only to tag Harvey in. The crowd is absolutely blowing their lungs out, which is pretty much what Harmen just did to Douglas.

DDK:

Jay Harvey back in this match. Obviously, these two have a history! Scott Douglas was *THE* longest reigning Southern Heritage Champions in DEFIANCE history and ...

Angus:

... Harvey is the McPissant who stole his title!

Harvey smirks at Douglas, who is still feeling the effects of the lungblower on his injured ribs. Harvey lands some stiff fists to Douglas' chin which gets Benny Doyle involved. Doyle and Harvey share some words but while Doyle fins himself preoccupied ...

DDK:

JACK HARMEN! WITH THE BLATANT CHOKE!

Elise Ares is coming to on the outside with Klein looming over her - fanning her. She is holding her head and holding onto the middle rope. Benny Doyle turns around from Harvey, only to find Harmen whistling dixie. Harvey goes back on the offense and hits Douglas with a round of elbow shots.

Douglas hits the mat and begins crawling in the direction of his corner. He is extending his arm but is still miles away from salvation. Ares is back up on the apron and eager to get into the fray.

DDK:

Harvey, simply toying with Douglas here!

He slaps the former champion in the back of the head several times like he is wringing out a paint brush. Solidly in control, Harvey points over at Elise and says something that incites her into taking the ring.

Doyle rushes to stop Ares from entering the ring, which allows Jack Harmen an opportunity to get into the match for some two-on-one behind Benny Doyle's back. Harvey looks at Harmen who is off to the races. Harvey lifts Douglas up in a Spinebuster like position as Harmen bounces off the ropes and the two combine for a Spinebuster and flying leg crescent kick double team.

Angus:

COME ON, DOYLE! WHAT THE FUCK?!

DDK:

Benny Doyle had his back turned and these two sharks smelt the blood in the water.

Harvey goes for the pin and yells for Doyle as Harmen slides out the ring. Benny finally gets his head out of his ass and turns about but it's too late. No evidence of wrongdoing and he has no choice but to count the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Scott Douglas kicks out!

The previously deflated crowd is back on their feet. Harvey is hot and goes back to the drawing board. With a handful of hair he drags Douglas back to his feet. He places a second hand on Douglas and all looks lost.

DDK:

Scott Douglas fighting back!

As Darren, suggested ... Scott throws both arms up parting Harvey's grip. Out of desperation he lays in a few forearm shots, driving Harvey back into the ropes. Douglas grabs a hold and sends his Ascension opponent for the ride. The two meet again in the middle of the ring and a flying forearm catches the reigning SoHer directly in the forehead. Both men collapse to the mat.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is stunned! ... Possibly concussed!

Angus:

From your lips to ...

DDK:

... but it appears Scott Douglas is just plain OUT of GAS!!

Angus:

GET *GORRAM* UP, GOD DAMNIT!

DDK:

Angus!

Harvey is, as suggested, dazed but he begins stirring before Scott who may actually be overworked and under rehabilitated to continue. In The Occupation corner, Jack Harmon is slapping the turnbuckle screaming for Harvey to make the tag. He turns to the Faithful and demands they stop cheering for Elise as she conversely bounces on the bottom rope, leaned into the ring as far as she can - while keeping hold of the tag rope. Doyle begins the standing ten.

ONE!

DDK:

This is *THE* --

Angus:

Don't you do it ...

TWO!

DDK:

PIVOTAL MOMENT for this MATCH! Whoever can make this tag ... TAKES THIS ONE HOME!

THREE!

Harvey, with his right hand firmly placed on his ailing head, crawls toward his corner and Jack Harmen.

Angus:

I thought you were gonna Jay Harvey it.

DDK:

WHAT!?

FOUR!!

Scott Douglas, finds himself much closer to his partner than Harvey to his but only just now begins to move.

Angus:

Huh? Oh, it's just this thing everyone's saying around the WrestlePlex. Whenever someone really fucks the dog...

DDK:

That is not how that expression goes.

FIVE!!!

Angus:

Irregardless. Everyone says *'oh you really Jay Harvey'd it! Naturally!'*

DDK:

No, they don't.

SIX!!

Angus:

I know but it's something I'm trying to get going! Work with me here, KEEBS!!

Douglas manages to turn over and nearly gets to a knee - reaching out to the beckoning Elise. On the other side of the ring, Harvey is inches from a tag.

SEVEN!!!

DDK:

TAG!! TAG!!! TAG!!!! BOTH OF 'EM MAKE THE TAG! ELISE HITS THE RING HOT... and...

The Faithful boo as Harmen just drops off the apron, and pulls THE Jay Harvey outside. Harmen keeps Harvey upright, and the two converse as Harmen throws his arms up and waves off the ring. The two of them start heading around the ring back toward the entrance ramp as the crowd jeers.

DDK:

What is this! These...

Angus:

COWARDS KEEBS! COWARDS!

As Harmen and Harvey turn the corner toward the entrance ramp, Elise charges in the ring and dives over the top turnbuckle onto both men with a huge plancha. The Faithful erupt in cheers as Elise grabs Harmen by his (stupid) bald head and tosses him back into the ring.

Once inside, Harmen is on his knees, backpedaling and begging off. He tries to raise his hands for a time out, as Elise just looks toward the cheering fans for direction. She charges forward, catching Harmen with a rising knee, and in the same motion falls and drives both of her knees into Harmen's face. Jack's back bounces off the ring canvas. Elise Ares climbs to the top rope after, and dives with a double stomp to Harmen's gut. She rolls off.

"QUE TAL ESO!" from the Faithful.

But Elise wastes no time and dives on top, hooking the legs for a pin.

One.

DDK:

Elise all business here!

Two.

THE Jay Harvey dives in with a double ax-handle, breaking the count. Benny Doyle yells at Harvey to get out of the ring, as Elise lifts Harmen up by his bald head, Doyle doesn't notice...

DDK:

OH GOD!

Harmen spits a large red cloud of mist directly into Elise's eyes. She begins to swing wildly, passionately swinging at air. Harmen dives to his corner and tags in Harvey, who rushes into the ring.

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL! DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY! Elise Ares' is OUT Angus!

Angus:

I'm doing the cross symbol over my chest to make sure she didn't just die.

Harvey licks his lips as he looks down at the unconscious Elise Ares. He rolls her onto her back, and places a boot on her chest.

One.

Two.

ELISE WITH A SHOULDER UP.

Harvey can't believe it, tugging at his hair. He leans down to pick up Elise, but Elise into a small package!

One.

Two.

Harvey barely kicks out. The two raise to a standing position,

This is when Klein jumps onto the ring apron. Benny Doyle is quick to shout at him to get down, but Klein tugs at his referee's shirt. Harvey just looks perplexed at Klein and Doyle.

That's when Elise Ares hits the mat with a thud. Tumbling to her side by a toss from the D, are some...

DDK:

Are. Are those brass knucks Angus?

Angus:

I believe they are Keebs.

DDK:

Elise is making that red mist look like blood, and who's standing across from Elise Ares?

Angus:

A mother fucking Jay Harvey.

Klein hops off the apron as Doyle turns around. Elise clutches her red misted face, writhing in pain. Doyle begins to accost Harvey, who denies any wrong doing. Doyleis turns to the time keeper's corner, tempted to ring the bell...

... but Jack Harmen is at the time keeper's station, holding the ring bell in his hands. Doyle shouts at Harmen to drop the bell, return it to the time keeper. Harmen then takes the bell and discus shot puts it up the entrance ramp.

Everything is so distracting, enough so Harvey doesn't realize...

DDK:

SUB-POP SUPLEX! Douglas just laid out Harvey center of the ring. Elise dives on top! Doyle in position!

One.

Two.

Harmen slides in and BARELY breaks up the pin at the last moment. Doyle has lost all control as all four competitors are in the ring, and just backs off into a neutral corner.

As Douglas gets to his feet, Jack Harmen RUSHES forward.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Scott Douglas gets taken up and over the top rope, and to the outside! That man is like a human pin cushion at this point Angus!

Angus:

Never give up, never surrender Keebs! That's the DEFIANCE way.

Douglas tumbles into the guardrail as The D and Klein rush to his side, trying to help him recover.

Meanwhile, in the ring, Harmen sneers toward Elise Ares, who's only beginning to stir to her feet. He licks his lips, and charges.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!

Angus:

ELISE DUCKS! JAY HARVEY EATS THE BOOT! Harmen can't believe it, he's stunned!

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION! ELISE ARES KNOCKS HARMEN UP AND OUT OF THE RING! She turns to Harvey, and leaps to the top. YOUR FUTURE PRESENTATION PEOPLE! The twisting of the phoenix splash with the double knees to the gut! She dives on top, hooks the legs, and the TIGHTS!?! Angus! Really?!

One.

Angus:

Is it Christmas?

Two.

DDK:

Not like this.

THREE!

The Faithful ERUPT as Elise Ares raises both of her hands skyward and falls backward from the momentum. Benny Doyle is quick to raise her hand as she lies back first on the canvas.

The D and Klein quickly enter the ring after tending to Scott Douglas, and rush to Elise's side.

DDK:

Elise Ares has just defeated THE Jay Harvey... but she may have had a little help from her former mentor, the Lunatic, the Wildcard, Jack Harmen, but the hook on his tights was the icing on the cake.

Angus:

Wait. Are you saying McFuckass Junior did that on purpose? To A Jay Harvey?! No way!

DDK:

No matter the lead up Angus, Elise Ares has defeated the SoHer champion, and if that doesn't amount to a match for the championship, nothing will.

Angus:

Harvey said she could never beat him! HAHAAAAHA. All it took was a train, a hit movie, and a hook of the tights!

As Harvey comes to in the ring, Harmen begins to pull him and drag him out of the bottom rope. Harvey is wide eyed, furious, staring at Elise, before he turns to Harmen and SHOVES him backward. Harmen leans in after and shouts.

Jack Harmen:

It was an accident Harvs!

Harvey sneers, and begins to walk up back the rampway as Harmen pleads his case behind him.

Inside the ring, Douglas re-enters, and watches Elise being carried around the ring by Klein and the D as if she just won the superbowl. The three turn and meet Douglas, and Elise becomes somber for a moment. The D and Klein

lower her to her own feet, as Douglas extends his hand.

Elise Ares shakes it in response, and the two raise each other's hands to the cheering faithful.

DDK:

Tonight, DEFIANCE realized, that like always... WE. CAN. FIGHT. BACK!

Angus:

Fuck those guys.

DDK:

For Angus, I'm Darren, join us next time, and until then...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.