

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:

**OCCUPY DEEZ NUTS
LIGHT THE FUSE!
JUST DO IT
LAPTOP FOR SALE!
WHERE'S THE BUS!?
KEURIG FOR THE WIN
A JAY HARVEY
ELISE - THE TITLE IS SOHER
STEVENS NEEDS A NEW OCCUPATION**

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!!

Darren shoots a glance at Angus, calling back to last week.

DDK:

And as always ... we have quite the show!

Angus:

You are *GORRAM* right! Scott Douglas is going to get revenge and beat the turtle wax off of Jack Harmen!

DDK:

Well, editorial aside - we do have the former Southern Heritage champion scheduled to face off with Jack Harmen and after last weeks brutal attack, I'm sure Scott is more than ready for that bell!

Angus:

Bells be damned. This is no match this is REVENGE!

DDK:

From what we have seen in the past I'm not so sure Douglas is quite the vengeful type but he certainly can be pushed to the edge. But moving on - we also have some incredible tag team action planned here tonight! Involving some of your beloved ...

Angus:

BRAZEN STRONG! The Barrio Boys back up on the main show! You know as often as you amateurs up here seem to need *MY* talent ... you'd think I'd be in charge up here as well!

DDK:

God, help us if it ever came to that.

Angus:

WHAT!?

DDK:

And let us not forget - some tag team related action also scheduled for tonight, Tyler Fuse - one half of the tag team champions is set to take on George Stevens - the newly arrived Steven's Dynasty member both in alliance and blood.

Angus:

This big useless pile of -

DDK:

Angus! Jesus ... it's two minutes into the show. Dial it back a little bit --

HERE COMES A NEW CHALLENGER

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Keebs and Angus' usual prematch banter is cut off prematurely, as the Faithful stand and look toward the entrance ramp with a swelling anticipation. Bursting into the WrestlePlex is The D and Klein, hyping up the Faithful before pointing back at the entrance where Elise Ares swags out to a huge ovation. She acts as if she's shocked by this development before smirking and heading down to the ring three-wide.

DDK:

A big win on DEFtv 107 for the Pop Culture Phenoms and Scott Douglas, taking a pinfall from this so-called Occupation.

Angus:

Elise Ares proved she can defeat A Jay Harvey, and believe that would make her the number one contender to the SoHer belt, don't you think Keebs?

DDK:

Absolutely. Perhaps she's out here now to stake her claim?

Jumping up onto the apron, Elise holds the ropes open for The D and Klein to enter before swinging in behind them. Microphone in hand, Elise stares back into the Faithful, spinning the mic around her fingers confidently while the music cuts. From behind a pair of LED sunglasses, flashing "NEXT" "SOHER" "CHAMP", she looks around before bringing the microphone up to her lips.

Elise Ares:

I'll look TOTES rad with a championship belt around my waist.

The crowd cheers while The D and Klein hold up little hand made signs that read "APPLAUSE."

Elise Ares:

Jay Harvey had to break my fingers and use Catalina to run distraction on me to defeat me the last time we had it out. My friend D here did his best to counter-distract, but we all know at the end of the day... it's hard for a good D to keep it up when a lady is involved.

The D:

Hey! That match was a SOLID fifteen minutes. A lot of people would be very satisfied with that time.

Klein holds up his sign that says "APPLAUSE" again and Elise follows along for the effort. The Faithful? Eh...

Elise Ares:

He wrote me off as a victory and tried to dodge me the best he could, and that's fine... seems to be the "cool thing to do" these days here in DEFIANCE. I love ducking a good challenge or rule book as much as the next person, but sometimes things are just meant to be. Sometimes, things are just so OBVS that you can't avoid them anymore... like getting pinned right here in the middle of this ring.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment style shrugs with a big smirk on her face, again the "APPLAUSE" signs wave in the air.

Elise Ares:

Normally this is the kind of thing that I'd do by myself. My friends here have better things to do than stand here and look good, as AMAZING as we are at it, like post-production on Klein's latest music video, "Boxanne." It's about this lady of the night, yours truly, who has someone madly in love with her, but she has a job to do and she's doing the best damn job she can, you know? The D directed it, it's fantastic, it'll be out soon on YouTube Red and wherever else you can find Klein's music.

Klein holds up an cassette tape and a bag for Tower Records back at Elise. She stares blankly back at Klein and The D, who she runs and whispers something into her ear, causing her face to light up.

Elise Ares:

OH, but I can't because there is a certain "Occupation" going on around here and we all need to have backup so we don't get jumped for speaking our minds. As someone who has had a lot of occupations in her life, this is TOTES the dumbest one I've ever seen. There was that one time I was a waitress at the crab shack down the street from the beach and these dudes came in and...

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

Followed by THE biggest eye roll you've ever seen in your life. Speaking of THE, Jay Harvey struts out into the WrestlePlex to a chorus of jeers. A very arrogant smile crosses his lips while he adjusts the Southern Heritage Championship on his shoulder. He calls for a techie to run him a microphone, which is done with haste before he checks it by slamming his palm down on the mic.

THE Jay Harvey:

You can all shut your mouths cuz I got something to say...

The crowd roars with a massive boo but Harvey doesn't really care.

THE Jay Harvey:

I just couldn't allow you to continue to lessen the intelligence of this crowd of mouth breathers any longer!

BOO!

THE Jay Harvey:

Here's a reality check lil girl... just because you got the pin in a TAG TEAM match doesn't give you any chance of getting a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship that is rightfully mine.

Harvey paces along the entrance ramp.

THE Jay Harvey:

You need to stop living in the past, Ares. We already did that twice and the WORLD saw that you can't hang with the Champ. The only reason you lasted as long as you did in those matches is due to those stooges you run with kept distracting me and getting in my sight.

Elise holds her finger up in the air, which is quickly mirrored by The D and Klein.

Elise Ares:

ACTUALLY, that's what I came out here to tell you... and presumably everyone else who can hear my voice. I was just informed upon entering the WrestlePlex today that my victory over you earned me a SO HER Championship match at DEFIANCE Road. So yours truly, and these stooges here, will see you at DEFIANCE Road. Where I'll be more than happy to take that burden of a championship off of your waist so you don't have to worry about squirming out of title defense anymore. You know, like I should've last time.

The crowd erupts into cheers as Harvey throws his arms up into the air before laughing to himself.

THE Jay Harvey:

In no world will YOU go one on one with THE Jay Harvey and pin my shoulders to the mat or make me tap out! That type of shit only happens in the dreams of you and the little turds that wear your discounted t-shirts! You've done nothing to show this crowd, the morons at home, and most importantly... ME that you deserve a title shot.

BOO!

Elise Ares:

I mean, I can show the replay if you want, you totes lost to me. I pinned you. One. Two. Three. Afterwards the stooges here and I went out to share drinks, we got wasted and told stories about that one time I beat you that had just happened a few hours ago. I don't have a replay of that, but if you want us to start drinking right now and do it again I'm sure we could.

The D quickly produces a flask and Elise does the same.

Elise Ares:

Hell, I'd even beat you for it right now, but I see you're alone so there's no way you'd ever agree to it.

THE Jay Harvey:

As you can clearly see... Catalina isn't here and I didn't need her when I defeated the HERO OF DEFIANCE SCOTT DOUGLAS! No one will forget that I'm the guy who defeated the guy. I took this title from the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champions in this company's history.

We get a quick shot of the crowd in the sold out WrestlePlex before going back to Harvey.

THE Jay Harvey:

I didn't beat the guy who beat the guy like some other champions around here... No, I defeated the Champion. I earned my shot at the belt by being the best wrestler in this company... what have you done? Pinned me in a TAG TEAM match? Stop making me laugh.

The D:

Klein and I TAG TEAM'd your mom last night. Does that count?

Elise Ares:

It sounds to me like The D also has earned a second championship opportunity! Cheers to that!

Klein holds up the "APPLAUSE" sign and the crowd cheers before Jay Harvey fumes in disgust.

THE Jay Harvey:

That's bullshit! That's fu- (harvey stops himself and gathers his thoughts) Alright... you kn- you know what, fine!

The crowd is really buzzing now.

THE Jay Harvey:

You want this? *(Harvey raises the Southern Heritage title in the air)* I have a way to see if you are worthy enough... I know I'm better than you and I'll prove it. I can beat anyone in this company and do it quicker than you! As long as those two clowns aren't getting in my way.

Elise Ares:

You would be the kind of guy to go around bragging about his quickness. You face me one-on-one without your He-Man Womanhater's Club of occupational wasteoids and I'll put you down so fast your mom will be having flashbacks to that one time she had PCP, if you know what I mean.

The crowd roars with approval, causing The D and Klein to quickly waive "APPLAUSE" signs in the air in a rushed attempt to pretend it was them.

THE Jay Harvey:

You up for the challenge, Ares? Yes or no?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE hesitates, consulting her stablemates behind her before answering the call.

Elise Ares:

Sure Jay. I'll play your little game. What's in it for me?

THE Jay Harvey:

Also... since I am in the power seat... I pick your opponent and... since I'm a fair guy I'll beat some piss ant of your choosing! Come on! You want a shot at this? That's how it's gonna happen! The winner can dictate whose crew is barred from ringside at the Pay Per View. I'm tired of those bozos you run with dancing and acting like morons while real wrestling is going on.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style shrugs.

Elise Ares:

Yeah, sure, whatever. I got this. Just keep in mind when I beat you at your own little game, Jay, you'll be all out of excuses. You'll have to go back home to Catalina and explain how that Elise girl beat your ass... and then she'll be just as disappointed in you as we here in DEFIANCE have been in your championship reign.

With those words she tosses her microphone into the air, triggering "Problem" by Natalia Kills to play over the arena. Up on the entrance, THE Jay Harvey smirks and blows her off, gripping his championship as he disappears backstage. Inside the ring, Klein picks the microphone back up and then does a standard "mic drop" before following The D and Elise out of the ring.

Angus:

So is this some kind of time challenge?

DDK:

Get with the times, Angus, it's a Beat The Clock Challenge! Right here! Tonight!

Angus:

Is that like the cinnamon challenge? Or that pods challenge? Or whatever those stupid teenagers are doing to kill themselves on the internet these days?

DDK:

Not at all, Elise and Jay Harvey will go one-on-one with an opponent of the other's choosing, and whoever can win their match the fastest... or at all, will be able to bar whoever they'd like from ringside during the SOHER Championship Match at DEFIANCE Road!

Angus:

What if they both lose?

DDK:

Well, I mean... what are the chances of that happening?

Angus:

I mean, I don't know, I thought it was a good question. Maybe everyone is barred from ringside? Could you imagine if everyone in the WrestlePlex had to get up and leave? It'd be so awkward if everyone was around when I keyed Jack Harmen's car.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN RISE

DEFIANCE continues to bring you incredible tag team action with the first-ever BRAZEN RISE Tag League!

TOTES MCGLOATS

DDK:

Well, we're back from break and right now, we've got Lucius Owens and his charge, Theo Baylor out here. No doubt wanting to run their mouths over Theo's "victory" over Levi Cole.

Angus:

That's what Cole gets for barking up that tree... that mofo took him to the woodshed. Nobody's heard from Cole since then and I can't imagine after that quick loss, he wants to be seen.

DDK:

That quick "victory" was tainted. A vicious pre-match attack let that happen.

Angus:

Well, they're gonna say things now, so to the ring we go, I guess.

And to the ring where "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex starts to slowly fade out, the crowd boos as Theo Baylor and his manager look on.

Lucius Owens:

We. Told. You.

The crowd jeered as Theo Baylor continued.

Lucius Owens:

Did I not tell you what was going to happen? That redneck piece of garbage stuck his nose in our business for the last time and that beating he got two weeks ago is veritable proof to those who get in our way. THAT is what happens when you try and get involved in our business. THAT is what happens when you deny us our future and THAT is what's going to happen to somebody else...

Theo Baylor growls as he takes the microphone.

Theo Baylor:

Levi Cole was a piece of shit on the bottom of my fuckin' shoe and y'all saw me scrape him on the sidewalk. Since that bitch is licking his wounds somewhere, I want you to listen to me, Reinhardt Hoffman... at the next Clash of the BRAZEN, I want...

But whatever he wants - a BRAZEN Championship match, presumably - the Faithful never hear it.

Sans music is "American Made" Levi Cole.

And the crowd cheers from the crowd tell him that he's where he needs to be.

DDK:

Well, we haven't seen hide or hair of Cole in the last couple of weeks, but he's back now and he looks ready for a fight.

Angus:

These two have been full of bad blood since they've crossed paths, but I don't know if Cole should keep doing this or not.

Cole has a microphone in hand as he looks right at Baylor.

Levi Cole:

You're a tough guy, right, Theo? You're a REAL tough guy, jumpin' me when my back was turned for one second.

Theo growls.

Theo Baylor:

Fuck outta here, Cole. I beat your red, white and blue-striped ass already.

It's Cole's turn to growl now as he inches closer toward the ring.

Levi Cole:

No, you didn't... not like you think you did. See.. y'all like to huff and puff and act like you're super-tough, but all you did last week was prove me right... you're a gutless coward who can't get anything done without resortin' to cheap garbage. You're hardly a wrestler, Theo... heck, after that display last week, you proved you're hardly a MAN.

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

Does he have a death wish or what?

Theo now growls louder and tries to leave the ring to handle business when Lucius Owens stops him. It takes Theo a great deal of restraint, but he stops while Lucius turns to Levi.

Lucius Owens:

It's YOU who doesn't get it, Levi. It don't matter if Theo's facing you from behind, in front of you, to the side... it don't matter! He'd beat you tonight in less than five minutes and make what happened to you last time look like a relaxing massage.

Cole manages a smile at an angry Theo.

Levi Cole:

Well, that sounds like a challenge to me. Don't that sound like a challenge to y'all?

The Faithful erupt in cheers as Cole smirks.

Levi Cole:

You want me to go away, Theo? Here's your chance. If you beat me tonight, then I'm outta your hair for good and we end this tonight. How's that sound?

Theo turns over to Lucius Owens, who nods. He stares back at Cole.

Theo Baylor:

Boy, I'ma bust your fuckin' ass.

Theo then gets ready to lock up while Cole looks more than happy to have the chance to redeem his loss from just a couple weeks ago. Cole then starts to climb into the ring just as referee Carla Ferrari approached the ring to officiate.

DDK:

Carla Ferrari's coming to ringside, so I guess we're getting our impromptu match!

Angus:

Awwwww, shit, another HOSSFITE...

LEVI COLE vs. THEO BAYLOR II

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And Cole comes out the gate swinging with Forearms!

Indeed he does as he lays right into Cole with a pair of hard Forearm Smashes that rock the LA native! He tries to go for an amateur-style ankle pick, but Theo quickly brings a pair of Clubbing Forearms across his back in order to stun him. Theo maneuvers Cole into the nearest corner and starts to lay into him with a pair of hard Turnbuckle Shoulder Thrusts to the stomach.

Angus:

Holy crap, I told Cole this was stupid!

Theo indeed keeps attacking Cole with a few more blows to stun him before getting into his face and talking trash.

Theo Baylor:

You gonna learn the hard way not to fuck with me!

Brother Lucius Owens looks proud of his charge as he uses his strength to Irish Whip the amateur star to the other side of the ring. He charges full-speed, only to catch him in the face with his wrestling shoe. The blow stuns Baylor for just a second, but Theo shakes it off and tries again. This time, Cole catches him with a back elbow to stun him again. That gives Cole the chance to charge at him...

DDK:

BAM! That Double Leg Takedown and now Theo's off his feet!

Cole aggressively shoots on Theo with a tight Front Facelock and then turns him over repeatedly into a hard Gator Roll! He continues to roll him around the ring and tries to lock in the submission, however Theo quickly has a chance to use his size to reach out and catch the bottom rope with his foot. When he does, Cole has no choice but to let go.

DDK:

Cole's working on some new skills in the ring and he has the mat prowess. He's gotta stick to that if he wants to beat Theo tonight.

Theo heads out to the floor but Cole follows him outside that may not be smart. The LA native turns around and tries to catch Cole off-guard with a swing, but Cole ducks underneath the shot and tackles him, sending Theo back-first into the ring post!

Angus:

Dang, Opie's trying to play his game. I'm impressed!

Theo is now reeling and Levi goes to throw him back into the ring after the slam. American Made tries to get in when Brother Lucius Owens tries to stop him. Cole moves out of the way and tries to climb back into the ring, but that distraction is all Theo needs...

Angus:

WHAM! BIG BOOT! TOOK YOUR EYE OF THE BALL, OPIE!

The amateur star tumbles over to the side when Theo pulls him away from the ropes before wailing on Levi Cole with a few body shots! He rains down the blows and when Carla Ferrari tries to count him down, Theo yells back at her. He pulls him up from the canvas and buries a few knees into the chest of Cole before whipping him to the corner. He charges in and CRACKS Cole with a huge Running Corner Clothesline! The blow sends shivers throughout Cole's body and the Short-Arm Clothesline that follows isn't much better...

Nor the vicious Elbow Drop!

And certainly not the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Wow! Cole had this in hand, but Owens is at ringside playing the distraction.

Angus:

That'll teach Cole to take his eye off the ball... already did it once last week and it cost him.

Cole kicks out, but Theo Baylor picks him up and wails on him with a few hard body shots to the ribs and chest. The LA native then rolls him forward with a Snapmare and then runs off the ropes before connecting with a low angled variant of another Big Boot! Cole was now laid out on the canvas a second time as Theo goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Cole kicks out again!

Angus:

Ugh, Opie, you friggin' dope!

Cole won't stay down and The Faithful cheer him on some more as he stumbles upwards, actually DARING Theo to hit him some more. Theo looks a little surprised, but he delivers and fires a few more shots into the head of Cole. He then pulls him up and tries for another Front Powerslam... Cole slips out!

Cole tries to go for a German Suplex of some sort, but Theo has too much raw power to let it happen and STRIKES him viciously with a back elbow that stuns Cole. American Made shakes in the ring as Theo shouts and lets out a roar before trying for the Western Lariat that has served him well since returning to the main roster...

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN! He dodged the Western Lariat and dropped Baylor on his back!

Cole is in a daze from the elbow, but American Made feeds off the crowd and they lend their support to him as he waits for Baylor to get up. He throws a pair of well-placed European Uppercuts that double him before he throws him into the corner. A Running Shoulder Tackle catches Baylor in the corner and then he follows it up with a HUGE Northern Lights Suplex with a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

That move hasn't beat anybody since the Cretaceous Period, Opie! Gotta come out with more than that!

Cole almost hears Angus (not really but he isn't a dummy) and tries to pick up Theo again, only for the powerbrawler to catch him in the eye with an eye rake. He backs him up and NAILS him in the back of the head with another vicious shot! Cole doesn't go down, but he's out on his feet leaving him wide open...

Angus:

Opie's head going into the first row...

DDK:

Here we go! He's going for... NO, REVERSAL BY COLE!

Cole catches Theo by surprise with a Fireman's Carry into a Package pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Theo kicks out, but way too late! Cole heads out of the ring and raises an arm, almost a little surprised that he got the win... but he did and the Faithful cheer!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match...**LEVI COLE!**

Cole heads back up the ramp and laughs, happy with redeeming himself. Levi smiles as Theo remains in the ring, LIVID as all hell! Carla has already left the ring and now Brother Lucius Owens looks to try and calm his charge down.

DDK:

Cole did it! He just defeated Theo Baylor in the middle of the ring with that Fireman's Carry Package pin... HEY!

But Cole doesn't get a chance to celebrate because The Neighborhoodlum and Roosevelt Owens sneak up behind him and lay into him on the ramp!

Angus:

Jesus, I don't know how that big bastard Rosey snuck up on me. My water didn't shake!

The 6'6" and 460-pound Rosey, along with The Neighborhoodlum continue stomping on Cole. Theo's stablemates in No Justice, No Peace had been MIA for a bit, but tonight they were here to help Baylor. They kicked Cole back into the ring where Theo was already waiting. Now, the members of No Justice, No Peace head into the ring.

DDK:

No Justice, No Peace are already out here to try and get a drop on Cole. This isn't good.

Angus:

Damn it, Opie, should have stayed down! Baylor has friends!

Now all three men appear to have bad intentions as they surround Levi Cole... however, the crowd cheers...

DDK:

Wait, wait, wait! That's Thugs 4 Hire!

Angus:

T4H are out here!

The crowd CHEERS as the reformed brawlers for hire head into the ring, both with chairs! Emilio "Pigeon" Boyd and

Hurtlocker Holt both charge toward the ring, but Lucius yells for the men to clear! All three of his men leave the ring in a hurry just as T4H hit the ring, now appearing to be helping Cole!

DDK:

We've seen Thugs 4 Hire say they're done with people running their mouths. I'm guessing they don't like what Theo Baylor has been spewing.

Boyd extends a hand and Cole does look slightly unsure if he should take it, but Holt puts his chair down to also offer a hand. Levi nods then takes it over to him as he turns his attention to NJNP on the ramp. Cole motions for a microphone and Holt takes it.

Hurtlocker Holt:

We got your back, Cole.

Boyd then takes the microphone.

Emilio Boyd:

We done told everybody in that locker room we're sick of all dat bullshit and whining and that's ALL we've heard your bitch-ass do, Baylor!

He turns to Cole.

Emilio Boyd:

You don't owe us a thing except a match... DEFIANCE, y'all wanna see us take out these fools?

A cheer erupts from the crowd as Cole takes the microphone.

Levi Cole:

Fellas... consider it done... long as Baylor and the rest of y'all want a fight? No Justice, No Peace against myself... and Thugs 4 Hire at DEFIANCE Road!

Brother Lucius Owens tries to yell over the noise. Big Rosey holds back an irate Theo while Neighborhoodlum growls behind Owens.

Lucius Owens:

We accept! We'll destroy ALL of you!

The members of NJNP vanish from sight while Cole and the Thugs 4 Hire shake hands, happy for the help.

Angus:

Good on Thugs 4 Hire for doing the right thing tonight and Cole's gotta be happy about this.

DDK:

Yeah. Thugs 4 Hire and Levi Cole against No Justice No Peace at DEFIANCE Road! Cole got the win tonight, but you know that Theo Baylor and the rest of the group aren't taking this lightly at all.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

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HIGH HOPES

DDK:

I understand we are going now to Lance Warner with Kerry Kuroyama!

Cut backstage to Lance, microphone in hand, standing next to a plain clothes Kerry K.

Angus:

It's Keurig the Tower Killer!

Lance Warner:

Kerry, you pulled out quite the upset against David Hightower last week on DEFtv... although some would say you couldn't have that without the help of Jamie Sawyers. Inadvertently or not.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To be honest, until I saw the tape I had no clue what was going on. I was out on my feet and just going on instinct. And taking victories in that way - that is not how I was trained and not how I operate. So I want to take this opportunity to offer David Hightower ...

Voice:

NOPE ... NOPE ... NOPE!

Lance and Kerry begin looking around for the disembodied voice interrupting. They both look the wrong way and by the time they turn back from seeing nothing, Jamie Sawyers appears in the frame.

DDK:

What is he doing here!?

Jamie Sawyers:

I am here on behalf of my client David Hightower and ...

Kerry:

Since when?

Lance looks to Kerry in acknowledgement quickly before turning to Jamie.

Lance:

He has a point Jamie. For all the begging and grovelling - we haven't actually seen any evidence of a reconciliation between you and your supposed client.

Jamie:

Lance Warner, mind your own business. Now, Kerry Kokomo...

Angus:

Damnit! How'd I miss that one...

Jamie:

I am here to offer YOU the chance to do the RIGHT thing and give MY client the rematch he deserves at DEFIANCE ROAD!

Lance turns the mic toward Kerry for a response.

Kerry:

... Jimmy, that is what I was trying to do before you --

Jamie:

NOPE! It's Jamie and I brought this offer to YOU! Not the other way around. Now are you truly the honorable man you claim to be OR ... are you going to deny David Hightower what he rightfully deserves!

Kerry can't help but to chuckle, whether it be nervously at this insanity unfolding before him or just because stupid things make him giggle.

Kerry:

... yeah, sure - Jimmy. At your request -- I'll face David Hightower at DEFIANCE ROAD

Jamie: [under his breath]

YES!

Kerry and Lance look at one another a little confused but also a little amused.

Jamie:

It's a deal! See you at DEFIANCE ROAD - Cure yo mama!

Angus:

That son of a ...

Kerry pats Lance on the shoulder.

Kerry:

Lance.

And exits the frame.

Lance:

Well there you have it folks ... it appears we'll see David Hightower face off with "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama on DEFIANCE Road in TWO WEEKS! Back to Darren and Angus in the booth!

DDK:

It seems like Jamie Sawyers has found a way to weasel his way back into employment.

Angus:

I don't know, Keebs. Something smells fishy here - I'm thinking that was a unilateral decision on Jamie Sawyers' part.

DDK:

Really? Actual analysis? No, jokes ... cursing or outlandish behavior?

Angus:

Sawyers won this segment, Keebs. You gotta know when to hold 'em and however the rest of that song goes. I'm holding tight.

ALECZANDER vs. ELISE ARES

DDK:

Now we head to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Quimbey:

The following contest is a BEAT THE CLOCK challenge match, and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

The Faithful cheer before the crowd grows silent with anticipation.

DDK:

I have it on good authority that Elise Ares is going to be facing an opponent of Jay Harvey's choosing here first, but what we don't know is who that could be.

Angus:

I mean it shouldn't be too difficult to figure out. Scott Stevens? Jack Harmen? Someone else named Stevens? Steven Stevens? Is that a real one? There's too many of 'em.

DDK:

Harmen would be a very interesting choice here given his prior relationship... and struggles recently with Elise. You'd have to think Scott Stevens has too much on his plate already. You really have to wonder what kind of thought goes into picking an opponent for a match like thi...

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

An audible gasp comes from the crowd as a familiar tune rings true. Six foot three. Two-hundred and sixty-eight pounds of sculpted steel and flex appeal, Aleczander The Great steps out into the arena. A mixed reaction rains down, a conflict between his HOSS appeal during the recent UTA conflict and his dude bro attitude. He takes this opportunity, of course, to show off his superior physique.

Angus:

WHAT A PICK!

DDK:

It's The Mancunian Muscle! What a HOSStacle Elise Ares has in her way tonight!

Angus:

Maybe Jay Harvey isn't as stupid as I thought! I mean, he's definitely stupid. REALLY stupid, but this is a great pick! It almost makes me not want to kill myself after that terrible pun you just used, Keebs.

DDK:

You'd have to think maybe Harvey didn't want to put any of his allies in harm's way tonight so he picked someone from the roster who he knew would be a big problem for Elise Ares.

Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle, he is the challenger! Hailing from Tampa, Florida by way of Manchester, England... weighing in at 268 pounds... THE MANCUNIAN MUSCLE, ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLECAAAAAAAAAAANDER!

Aleczander poses on the top rope for the faithful as his theme fades, but it doesn't stop him from soaking up the spotlight. That is, until it spins dramatically towards the entry.

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

Bright lights silhouette the body of a beautiful woman before Elise Ares bursts into the WrestlePlex. She wears a black high fashion trench coat, open, showing off her black and tiffany blue ring gear under. Flanked by The D and Klein,

Elise does a suggested pose herself on the entrance, moving her LED sunglasses down her nose and looking out across the faithful with her stunning brown eyes. The D rubs her black before they head to the ring while the sunglasses continue to blink "NEXT" "SOHER" "CHAMP."

DDK:

While Elise Ares has shown great improvement over her DEFIANCE career, going against all-time greats like Jack Harmen, she has always struggled against big men. Tonight she's standing across from a man that could literally rip her in half.

Angus:

She struggled against Crimson Lord, but this is her first time going against a HOSS. She may not make any time at all! Also Keebs, do you remember if I keyed Harmen's car or not?

DDK:

I think you have enough time there isn't any paint left.

Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle, she is the beat the clock competitor! Hailing from Beverly Hills, California... weighing in at 122 pounds... she is known as THE QUEEN OF SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT STYLE, ELISSSSSSSE
AAAAAAARESS!

The D and Klein open the ropes for Elise, who suggestively slips through the ropes and into the ring where she drops her coat to the floor and looks out at the faithful from under her sunglasses once more. Tossing them out of the ring she looks back at Alecander a bit startled. She smirks and fans herself before taking a deep breath. Alecander makes his pecs bounce, Elise winks back at him as the music fades.

DING! DING! DING!

Alecander moves to the center of the ring and taunts Elise Ares with a flex, who appears to want nothing of it. Elise reluctantly moves in, but avoids the grapple from the HOSS and hits a swift kick to the right leg. He shakes it off as Ares stays on the move. Another shot to the leg. A third. A fourth. A fifth is caught by the Tag Team LEGEND and he pulls Elise to him before hurling her across the ring. The impact sends Elise skidding across the mat and to the outside. Alecander takes this opportunity to pose, but Elise comes flying off the ropes and lands a springboard missile dropkick to the back of the noggin that sends Alecander unexpectedly forward and to the outside himself. Elise does a little dance herself in the ring before he slides back into the ring giving chase.

DDK:

This might devolve into more of a pose-off than a wrestling match.

Angus:

There is a ticking clock up there, Keebs. If Elise wants to ban Catalina, Stevens, Harmen, and a whole clan of Stevens' from ringside, she needs to get her head out of her own ass!

DDK:

But if she was capable of that, wouldn't she have done it by now?

Elise dives out of the ring and Alecander follows. She runs around the ring post and is given chase before The D jumps out to stop him, but instead The Mancunian Muscle launches The D into the barricade as Elise slides into the ring. The HOSS climbs up onto the apron and Elise lands a huge running dropkick that sends him into the barricade next to her tag partner. The crowd gets into a frenzy as The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE gets them ready for a photo op. Ares goes sprinting into a Tope Con Hilo, soaring over the top rope. But she gets caught by Alecander and she's spiked onto the concrete floor in a bone-cracking powerbomb! The entire audience groans in unison before breaking out into a "HOLY SHIT!" chant. Alecander makes his pecs dance and steps over the former tag team champion and gets into the ring.

Angus:

He did it! He killed her.

DDK:

Our medical team is checking Elise Ares out after that shot, Aleczander might've just beaten the clock himself! Good lord.

Angus:

That's what happens when you bring a luchagirl to a HOSS FIGHT.

Aleczander holds his arms out in the air as Klein and The D tend to Elise outside of the ring. Elise refuses medical attention and shoves them aside to get back into the ring. Mancunian Muscle grabs her immediately and whips her hard into the turnbuckle where the impact takes her off her feet and onto the ground. Elise attempts to get back up, but Aleczander is there again to toss her into the opposite corner with the same result. The impacts become harder and harder to watch. As Aleczander goes to follow up once more, Elise Ares sneaks in a rake of the eyes sending him stumbling away. She takes the small window of opportunity to go up to the top rope and land a huge, sailing cross body which knocks Aleczander to the floor, but he rolls through holding her in his arms. She struggles to break free but he's just too strong and goes to throw her onto his shoulders, but Elise manages to wiggle into position to lock him into the SUNSET STRETCH! The crowd roars as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style desperately pulls on the hold.

DDK:

She might have a shot with this! If there is one thing this HOSS has been known to struggle with in his career, it's scrappy submission specialists! Elise is far from a specialist, but she does have a move or two up her sleeve courtesy of Oscar Burns!

Angus:

I can't believe he fell for that!

Aleczander refuses to call it quits, screaming through the pain as Elise wrenches harder attempting to get the big man off of his feet. She succeeds, but not in a way she intended as he drops Elise HARD to the mat right on her skull. He goes for a lazy cover and gets a two count. Ares wiggles out from under the big man and tries to retreat to a corner. However, Weapon FLEX recovers just in time, giving chase once more as Elise desperately reaches out for the ropes. Aleczander tries to break Elise's grip on the bottom ropes but is stopped by Carla Ferrari, who demands he breaks the hold. He does so, but lets Carla know how he feels about it as he takes a few steps backward. As he does, The D runs over and slides a chair into the ring. Ares grabs the chair in her hands and the crowd cheers before Klein jumps up onto the apron. Carla and Aleczander both look at the boxed wonder as he attempts to make his pecs dance, surprisingly well. Elise raises the chair and Aleczander sees the shot coming out of the corner of his eyes and swings his forearm, knocking the chair out of Elise's grasp. Her eyes grow wide before she immediately falls to the floor, spread out, and seemingly unconscious.

Angus:

There is NO WAY this will work twice, right?!

DDK:

I'd yell for Carla but she can't hear us!

Carla Ferrari turns around and sees Aleczander grabbing the chair off the mat in an effort to toss the object from the ring. She looks at it in his grasp and he immediately drops it and explains the situation. Elise Ares doesn't budge, face down into the mat. Carla hesitates because of the people involved and Aleczander drops to his knees, pleading that nothing went wrong. Meanwhile behind her, The D has begun a "LIAR! LIAR! PANTS ON FIRE!" chant with the members of the faithful in the front row that begins to spread around the arena. It only takes a few seconds for Ferrari to call for the bell and Aleczander is OUTRAGED! Klein sneaks in and shoves Elise out of the ring into the arms of The D, waiting.

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd erupts into cheers as "Problem" by Natalia Kills plays over the speakers.

Quimbey:

YOUR winner with a time of 6:38, "The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style" EEEEELISSSE AAAAAARES!

It doesn't take long for THE Jay Harvey to show up and run down to the ring. Elise's music plays as the PCP escape through the crowd. Harvey and Carla Ferrari have an argument in the middle of the ring, but she refuses to budge. Wrong or not, her decision is her decision and she's sticking to it. Aleczander is in a rage storming up the aisle towards the locker room while Jay Harvey kicks the ropes in disbelief. He falls to his knees in frustration before rolling out of the ring and heading to the back himself.

DDK:

A win is a win?

Angus:

I... I just don't understand how they continue to do that.

DDK:

Some people are strong. Some people are fast. Some people are smart. The Pop Culture Phenoms have turned bending the rules into an artform to the extent that even the faithful have become impressed with their masterworks.

Angus:

I don't know if this is a world I want to continue to be in. I'm going to go key Jack Harmer's car again to make myself feel better.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

Don't miss the second EVER CLASH of the BRAZEN - LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!

THE TOYBOX vs. BARRIO BOYS

We return to the ring where the Barrio Boys, are already stretching as their music fades out. They await their challengers. The sounds of lights turning off and a drum solo plays as all three members of The ToyBox stand in certain poses on the entranceway.

The boys look toward the entranceway two spotlights shine down on Dandelion and one on Jestal. All three members of The ToyBox are perfectly still like wax figures. Dandelion is standing with her arms to the side and her head tilted to the right side, next to her is WynLyn in a glute pose from the right side while looking over her shoulder, and finally next to her is Jestal who has a comic style bubble that looks like smoke and its attached to his butt. His right hand is over his mouth as he is bent over.

The spotlights moves too each member it stops on one and its Dandelion! She jumps up and down excited. The light then continues to go between WynLyn and Jestal until it finally lands on....WynLyn! She comes to life extending her arms out and breathing in the Faithful's jeers.

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

The two ladies walk down the aisle. Jestal comes to life and follows behind them.

DDK:

So it appears the ladies will be front and center against the Barrio Boys.

Angus:

I do love the ladies.

Corey starts out with Dandelion who just stares at him with her head cocked to the right side. Corey moves in and the two lock up. Corey backs Dandy up into the ropes and throws her off.

Drop down, step over
Leapfrog
Hip toss into a armbar!

Dandelion slowly gets to a vertical base. She quickly reverses the armbar. Corey flips onto his back. He quickly kips up and hip tosses Dandy across the ring. She quickly looks back at him while he returns the look.

DDK:

Great succession of moves there! These two are starting out with a bang!

Angus:

The Faithful approve of that succession of moves between the two. They lock up once more and Corey is quick to take the advantage

Body slam
Elbow drop....missed
Dandy kips up
Standing dropkick!
Corey hits the mat!

DDK:

Dandy returns the favor to Corey, with her own succession of moves.

Angus:

This girl may not speak, but man she clearly has the potential to go far here in DEFIANCE.

Again the Faithful show their approval. Corey smiles at Dandelion while still on the mat. Dandy is very excited as she is all smiles. Wyn seems not very enthused by the showcase and wants a tag. Dandy is a bit down but tags in WynLyn. Jestal says a few thinks to Dandy outside. Wyn circles Corey...

DDK:

Now we get to see the newest member of The ToyBox...WynLyn.

Angus:

That nutcases daughter, wonder if she is just as psychotic as Crimson?

Lockup..quick knee lift into the gut of Corey!

WynLyn throws Corey into the corner and starts to drive knees into the midsection of Nunez.

Knee Lift!

Knee Lift!

Knee Lift!

Snapmare!

NERVE HOLD!

The faithful clearly not entertained, as Wyn pinches on Corey's trapezius. Huge stomps his foot on the apron, along with Geraldo slapping his hands on the mat trying to get Corey some help. Nunez slowly gets to his feet, Wyn quickly retaliates and grabs his waist..

Release German Suplex into the buckles!

DDK:

Well, what do you have to say so far Angus?

Angus:

Wow, never expected her to have that kind of strength. That release German was nailed with perfection. I hate to say it but she has promise.

Wyn gets up to her feet and extends her arms outward and embrace's the negative reaction from the Faithful. She turns around and picks up Corey and drags him to her corner and tags Dandelion in. Wyn pulls Corey's arm upward exposing his midsection as Dandelion throws a swift kick into the ribs of Corey sending him back to the mat. Corey while holding his ribs tries to reach for Hugo who is reaching. Dandy picks up Corey and pushes him against the ropes she goes off Wyn blind tags herself in. Corey jumps over Dandelion as she drops to the mat..

Spinebuster!

WynLyn catches Corey incoming. Dandy exits the ring and Wyn quickly locks in a chin lock on the mat. Just grinding the rest hold into Nunez. Jestal is pointing and laughing at Corey while he is in the chin lock. The ToyBox have clearly taken The Faithful out of this match.

DDK:

Wyn and Dandy have just sucker punch the Faithful in the gut taken whatever motivation they were trying to give ACX out of this match.

Angus:

Ring psychology they clearly are masters of it.

Corey starts to manage to get to his hands and knee...then to a vertical base, but Wyn keeps him hunched over...

REVERSAL!...Back Suplex!

Both competitors are down. Wyn holds the back of her head, Corey in a lot of pain begins to crawl to Hugo, while Geraldo and Hugo trying to get The Faithful into motivating Corey more to get the tag!

DDK:

This is Nunez's chance Hugo is right there just waiting for the tag!

Angus:

Stop him Wyn turn around grab his foot something!

Almost there...

Almost...

DOUBLE TAG!

Hugo comes in with a flurry knocking Dandelion down, then Wyn Lyn and one for Jestal who found himself on the ring apron only to be knocked down.. Hugo goes off the ropes and flies in the air with a flying forearm knocking WynLyn out of the ring. He turns around and Dandy kicks him in the gut. Corey gets in the ring and stops Dandy from doing any other offense. Corey and Hugo double team Dandelion sending her off the ropes and

FLAPJACK!

Dandelion hits face first, Doyle orders Corey out of the ring. Jestal hands what looks to be a blackjack to WynLyn. Hugo does not see it he turns around...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Angus:

Whose side are you on your suppose to be impartial?

WHACK!

Hugo drops quick, Doyle has finally gotten Corey out of the ring but now is being distracted by Geraldo now on the apron yelling at the ref about the weapon. Wyn puts Dandy's arm on a unconscious Hugo. Doyle turns around after he finally gets Geraldo off the apron she notices the cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

Darren Quimbly:

The winners of the match...THE TOYBOX!!!

DDK:

Unbelievable, this ToyBox are truly something else.

Angus:

Ya, they should STILL be the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions!

Wyn pulls Dandelion out of the ring as Jestal tucks the blackjack into his jacket. ACX check on Hugo. The ToyBox look into the ring from the entrance ramp raising their hands in victory.

DEFIANCE ROAD MATCH?

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The ToyBox begin to retreat towards the ring again, as none other than The God-Beast and Gage Blackwood appear behind the curtain.

Mushigihara:
OSU!!!

Next Eddie Dante emerges. He pats Mushi on the back as The God-Beast gives the microphone to Gage Blackwood.

Gage Blackwood:
Aye, you two have had quite the little run over these past few months.

Jestal and Dandelion look at each other with body language suggesting they agree.

Gage Blackwood:
And aye, you two think you have the right to attack both Mushigihara and I.

Again, Jestal and Dandelion agree with the statement.

Gage Blackwood:
And on top of all that... you think you two are the rightful Tag Team Champions?

Angus:
I don't get what Gage is trying to say. He's right on all accounts.

DDK:
Shut up.

Gage Blackwood:
Well before my injury, there was no crazier tag team... no more unpredictable tag team than the two men you see standing right here. We *took apart* the 6-pack tag team challenge on DEFtv 100. We put bodies through the cell, above, below and within. And now that we're back together... we're going to take apart the group of you.

WynLyn looks on, unimpressed.

WynLyn:
So you two want a match at DEFIANCE Road? Fine with us. We will take a handicap match.

The Toybox look at each other all smiles... until...

♪ "Seven Devils" by Florence and The Machine ♪

The Faithful look back at Mushigihara and Gage Blackwood as they look to their right. Virginia Quell steps from the curtain. WynLyn clearly does not look very happy to see her, as she points toward her saying something to the rest of The ToyBox.

Quell:
We may not agree on anything. The one thing we can agree on is we each want a piece of the bad drama show in that ring. So how about you let me join you?

Blackwood looks at Mushi with a nod. Mushi, for his part, nods swiftly, before calling out to the ToyBox...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

Virginia looks at Wyn who is clearly not amused.

Virginia Quell:

So I can get my hands on little miss self privilege WynLyn!

Gage, Mushi and Eddie discuss. Meanwhile Wyn is shaking her head. Blackwood raises the microphone with their response.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, you're on the team.

The Faithful cheer.

Wyn is beside herself, Dandy is discouraged and Jestal has a look that he may have if he just shit himself.

Cut back to Darren and Angus in the booth.

DDK:

They accepted, at DEFIANCE Road it's going to be 'The God-Beast' Mushigihara, Gage Blackwood and The Red Queen Virginia Quell taking on The ToyBox. That should be one hell of a match!

Angus:

This show is STACKING UP! Funny how that always happens two weeks before, eh Keebs?

RED DEAD REDEMPTION: OUTLAW RULES

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

DDK:

Folks, we are getting ready for George Stevens vs. Tyler Fuse! Two weeks ago, George beat Conor -obviously due to help from Bo Stevens- but now it's Tyler's turn to get revenge.

Angus:

I've said it before and I'll say it again, if Conor Fuse can't just focus on one guy and not let the other Stevens distract him, well I wonder how long those *Achievements* stay on the brothers.

George and Bo march down the ramp with smiles on their faces. It's like they know they've won already and the rest is academic. Both men get into the ring but soon their music is cut off.

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

Tyler Fuse walks out with his brother right behind him. Conor has both Tag Team Achievements on his shoulders and is wearing black and green track pants and a "SAVE THE DAY" Fuse Bros. t-shirt. Tyler, whom is ready for battle, has a mic in his hands. The theme music quiets down as the champions make their way to the squared-circle. Tyler speaks.

Tyler Fuse:

So you two really believe you're the rightful owners of these?

Tyler says, looking back and pointing to the titles. Of course Conor is running his mouth, over-excited as he is.

Conor Fuse:

[in the background] But they aren't your Achievements! They belong to us! You didn't earn them! No you didn't! No you didn't!

Tyler tries to hush his brother as he continues. He doesn't seem as annoyed as normal by him.

Tyler Fuse:

But we'll give you this... the two of you... you've beaten the hell out of us over these past few weeks. That's for sure. No doubt about that.

The camera pans to The Stevens who stand in the ring pleased with the comment.

Tyler Fuse:

And my brother and I are never willing to backdown from a fight!

Conor Fuse:

[in the background] Never willing to backdown! Never!

Tyler Fuse:

But it's also clear the two of you like to...

Tyler pauses. He's doing this deliberately. However, one to never have patience... Conor pipes up.

Conor Fuse:

Cheat! CHEATERS! Right there, both of you... sick and tired of it myself!

Angus:

Bloody hell, Keeps. I can handle the older one but Conor just needs to get his skull crushed in.

DDK:

He's overly passionate... and can you blame him? Bo and George have done nothing to deserve those titles. They lost fair and square back at DEFtv 100.

Angus:

You wanna tell them that?

DDK:

[cautious] No, I'm good.

Tyler calms his brother down. They reach the end of the ramp and look on at The Stevens inside the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, cheaters. Distractors. But I give you both credit... you found a weakness. If you're cheating, well, you found a cheat *code*, if you will.

Bo and George look at each other and then back at Tyler Fuse with a "get on with it" glance.

Tyler Fuse:

The weakness that Conor, my dear brother has, well he just can't seem to stand either of you. Plus he can't handle cheaters. He may be a little messed up... annoying even...

All the while Conor kind of agrees, while still trying to process if his brother is taking a shot at him or not.

Tyler Fuse:

But he fights with *honor*. All you two have done is cheat to get a victory out of us... and a disqualification, too.

Conor Fuse:

[under his breath, directed at George] We didn't even unlock you, man.

Tyler Fuse:

But I'll get on with it. DEFIANCE Road. My brother and I will put our championships on the line.

Conor Fuse:

[to Tyler] *Achievements, Achievements.*

Tyler Fuse:

Yet because you don't really deserve the match... we're going to play by our rules, which in some ways... oddly enough... *are* your rules. Outlaw rules.

Conor can't handle it anymore and snatches the microphone from Tyler. At first, Tyler's a little surprised but he goes along with it and smiles.

Conor Fuse:

Tag Team Tornado Match! Anything goes! No tags, no cheating... because at the end of the day the two of you need to get in each other's business in order to win. So let's do it, huh? Huh? You want a shot at these!? Come step up and TAKE IT!

Conor throws the microphone back down the rampway while Bo and George smile and wave at Conor.

Bo Stevens:

Kiss those titles goodbye, moron.

DDK:

A huge announcement just made here! And in a few short moments, Tyler will take on George in a singles match!

Angus:

Great Fuse Bros. In two weeks, you're no longer the champions!

DDK:

We'll be back right after this!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

TYLER FUSE vs. GEORGE STEVENS

Cut back from commercial.

Tyler and George are in the ring, as The Faithful begin to chant loudly waiting for the bell.

But as Tyler circles around the canvas, waiting for for George to strike and Benny Doyle to tell the time keeper they're good...

DDK:

Not this shit again!

DDK shouts as the match ends before it even starts as Bo crushes Conor on the outside with a steel chair to the face. This causes George to level Tyler Fuse with a lariat to the back of the head sending him barreling out of the ring and to the floor. Next, Bo puts the boots to both Fuse Bros.

Referee Benny Doyle is trying to get George and Tyler back in the ring so the match can officially begin. There's no chance of that happening though as Bo is going bloody insane with the boots to both brothers.

Bo looks over at George and laughs, saying something sarcastically along the lines of "wasn't this match a tornado tag too?"

DDK:

Bo taking his frustration of not being a tag team champion out on both the Fuse Bros.

Angus:

This is brilliant, I love it! The Stevens GOT what they wanted. They will GET a title match in 2 week's time... now just send *another* message! Send *another* beating!

Bo tees off on the Tag Team Champions with the steel chair. Bo slams the chair one last time into the back of Conor before letting out a scream of rage.

DDK:

Bo is like a man possessed.

Angus:

He needs to be arrested for assault on a pair of virgins. Ahahaha! [pondering] Well, Conor's definitely a virgin.

Bo turns towards his cousin who motions for him to roll the Fuse Bros. inside the ring. As both Tyler and Conor are rolled inside, George moves them towards the nearest corner before slowly climbing and hitting a pair of 10.0s.

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. may have broken ribs after that!

Bo lifts the ring apron and slides a couple of tables in before setting them up. Bo lifts up Conor and puts him between his legs as George mirrors this with Tyler. The Texans lift the champions into the air and deliver two ring shaking powerbombs as the Fuse Bros. crash through the wooden tables.

Angus:

I believe we are going to see brand new Tag Team Champions crowned at DEFROAD!

DDK:

It's been all Stevens over these few weeks. If it keeps going that way, I'm afraid you may be right.

Bo and George pick up the championships off of the canvas and hold them into the air as The Faithful boo. The camera pans back to Tyler and Conor, completely motionless.

Bo Stevens:

How's that for a tornado tag, boys? Next Tag Team Champions right here... their rightful holders!

Bo kicks Conor in the side of the face before exiting the ring. The Stevens drop the belts behind them as the scene fades and a chorus of boos follow them out.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. JACK HARMEN

Cut to ringside, Darren Quimbey stands ready to announce the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite at the sound of grunge once again playing over the Wrestle-Plex PA system.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas appears from behind the black curtain and takes the stage.

DDK:

This Wrestle-Plex audience is on their feet for DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son!

Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a from atop the stage. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, same cut off jeans, same scuffed boots ...

DDK:

As we mentioned earlier tonight Scott Douglas, a former champion here in DEFIANCE, is likely looking to take the head of Jack Har --

Angus:

AS I WAS SAYING earlier tonight ... Scotty is gonna FUCK HIM UP!! Vengeance!!

Douglas reaches the ring taking the stairs up and wiping his feet on the apron. He enters the ring and takes his place in the corner.

♪ "Crazy Town" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

A light fog rises from the entrance ramp as the DEFIANCE Faithful jeer. Jack Harmen parts the smoke, shoulders stood sturdy. His nose upturns in disgust as he stomps down to the ring.

DDK:

Just a few weeks prior, as Scott attempted to recover from a rib injury, Jack Harmen brutally and viciously attacked Douglas, no doubt at the behest of Scott Stevens.

Angus:

It was a tragedy, Keebs. Until, Douglas showed more heart than anyone I know and somehow pulled out the win!

DDK:

Maybe more of an even playing field tonight, Angus ... but Harmen's guard is gonna be up. This could turn into a classic!

Harmen climbs the steel steps on the outside of the ring and yells to keep Douglas away from attacking him before the bell. Douglas, of course, had no plans to but Harmen jumps off the apron; feigning worry of an assault. He starts jaw jacking with the fans in the front row.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, he weighs in tonight at two hundred and four pounds, a member of the Occupation... the Lunatic, Jack HAAAAARMEEEEEN!

Harmen sneers one last time at the front row, and slides into the ring under the bottom rope. He remains kneeled, ready for Douglas. Douglas remains across the ring, stretching out his joints trying to not let the injured ribs show, as he waits.

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell and neither man looks eager to jump.

As Darren suggests both are slow and deliberate in their approach, moving slowly toward the center of the ring. They circle a bit, before finally locking up, ending in a stalemate. Both men shove one another back, picking up where the left off - circling, slowly.

Angus:

For fucks sake! Get to it!

The pair return to the center in unison, locking up once more. This time; Harmen comes out on top, muscling Douglas into a standing headlock. Douglas drops back; using the ropes to escape and sending the Lunatic off to other side of the ring. Harmen returns, Scott drops down laying flat as Jack leaps over hitting the ropes yet again. Scott hops to his feet...

DDK:

LOCOMOT -- NO!!

Douglas narrowly ducks and baseball slides underneath the vicious kick. He spins around on one knee, just in time to look up and see Harmen turning from the attempt. The smirk on his face suggesting; it was less an attempt and more of a warning. Douglas gets back to his feet, a little more leary now than before. And we're back to circling as they measure each other up.

Angus:

That was too close for comfort, Keebs!

DDK:

It goes to show that one slight miscalculation and it could all be over it the blink of an eye.

Angus:

Expert analysis, Keebs.

The lock up once again although commentary can't be bothered.

DDK:

Really? Thanks, An --

Douglas finds himself once again in a side standing headlock, but he is able to reverse, floating behind grabbing an armbar before stepping forward and grabbing his own head lock.

Angus:

No, you sound like a tool.

Much like Douglas before him, Harmen drops back to the ropes and shoots Douglas off. The Lunatic wastes no time in charging toward Sub Pop Scott; who rather than ricochet off the ropes, catches them and holds his position. Harmen remains steadfast and meets Scott with a clothesline that send the former SoHer up and over the top rope - flipping down to the apron. Proud of himself, Jack turns to crowd to gloat. Benny Doyle beings the count.

DDK:

Douglas is on his feet!

Scott manages to land on his feet on the outside and reaches in, tripping Harmen and causing the Occupation's elder statesmen to fall flat on his face. Harmen immediately flips over to defend himself as Scott snatches him by the ankle pulling him out of the ring. Scott stumbles back with the applied force and steps back up to find Harmen to have landed on his feet and firing a forearm toward him. Douglas is rocked, stumbling back toward the landing of the rampway. Harmen pursues striking Douglas again. Referee Benny Doyle's count is getting into the range worth paying attention to.

FOUR!!

DDK:

I think Scott is simply playing right into Harmen's will here, Angus!

Angus:

Oh, No! Scotty has him RIGHT were he want him! And you can take that to the bank!

Harmen, in full control whips Scott from a few steps up the ramp now - back to the ring apron. Douglas crashes into the aproned steel girder absorbing the brunt of the force with the width of this shoulders. The impact clearly reverberates through the injured ribs as Scott clutches his midsection and crumbles to the floor.

FIVE!!

Jack returns to ringside and attempts to lift Douglas by the hair. Benny Doyle, pausing the count calls from ring demanding the action return to where it belongs. Harmen ignores his commands and continues to attempt to hoist Douglas to his feet but it's all dead weight. Doyle resumes the count.

SIX!!

Harmen soaks in the Faithful's disdain and prodding from ringside, gesturing at Douglas' limp body. Almost as if to ask, is this your hero?

SEVEN!!

Harmen makes a second attempt to lift Douglas up but decides to add insult to injury and drops Douglas back to the ringside floor once again and takes the long way around. Up the stairs and back into the ring.

EIGHT!!

Harmen leans back in his corner as Doyle looks like he has something to say. The Lunatic rolls his index finger signalling for Doyle to speed this up. Jack looks confident in the outcome as Doyle let's out ...

NINE!!

But accompanied with it comes a hand slamming and gripping the apron. Harmen doesn't see it, he is already resigned to the fact this one is over and there was never a true challenge to be had here. Commentary echo's the feeling.

DDK:

This one, sadly ... is all over, Angus.

Angus:

The *GORRAM* hell it is!!

Like a bolt of lightening Douglas pulls himself up and flings himself in the ring on ...

TE --

Harmen turns around at the sound of his reentrance and eyes up the situation. Confusion turns to understanding and understanding becomes curiosity. Benny Doyle rushes to The Lunatic to urge him to take his corner and with hands up he is found to be agreeable. Harmen knowingly nods his head as he slowly steps back and give Douglas the chance to stand and fight or fall to the standing ten count.

Angus:

This son of a bitch never ceases to amaze!

DDK:

The real question here, Angus ... is what does Jack Harmen have up HIS sleeve!?

Angus:

Game recognize game, Keebs.

DDK:

You have no earthly idea what that means ...

Angus:

Accurate!

While commentary has bemused us with witty banter, Doyle has checked with Douglas to see if he is able to continue and made it to nearly five in the standing ten. Scott, now on his feet and leaned against his corner - pulls his sleeveless t-shirt off revealing the tapped ribs. Doyle checks with both competitors quickly before signaling for the match to continue, post haste. The Faithful rally behind the injured Sub Pop.

LETS GO SCOTTY! *clapclap-clapclapclapclap*

LETS GO SCOTTY! *clapclap-clapclapclapclap*

LETS GO SCOTTY! *clapclap-clapclapclapclap*

DDK:

The WrestlePLEX is ELECTRIC! The Faithful WANT this FIGHT!

And if the tension couldn't build any more Douglas hobbles toward the center of the ring, Jack Harmen with much great ease matching him step for step ... and the pair once again lock up as the crowd ignites.

DDK:

Listen to that crowd, Angus!

The struggle begins again. One more time, Harmen wins out and grabs the headlock and again Douglas escapes with the ropes and shooting Harmen to the other side.

Angus:

ARE we WATCHING a *GORRAM* REPLAY!?

Harmen returns and Douglas drops down, Harmen steps over and continues to the other side. Douglas is up a little quicker this time and leap frogs Harmen - who continues once more to the ropes. Douglas leaps looking for a high altitude basement dropkick or something of the like but finds no one there as Harmen is the on this time grinding to a halt by hooking the ropes. Douglas somehow turns that momentum over and rather than fall directly to the mat, cuts a backflip landing on his feet - barely. He clutches his ribs on the impact and nearly crumbles to the mat. His attempt to absorb that recoil and shake off the pain is short lived as The Lunatic leaps with an impressible high dropkick of his own that Douglas is narrowly able to side step.

Harmen hits the mat and instantly begins to get back to his feet. Douglas swoops in and catches Jack on all fours,

flipping him and rolling him up for a quick pin. Benny Doyle follows them to the mat and raises his hand ...

DDK:

... NOT even a one count!

Harmen quickly kicks and flips from his shoulders to his feet and Douglas rolls backward. The position of the pin attempt leaves Douglas pushing up and ascending from his knees as Harmen raises in a three point stance. Harmen lunges for Douglas and again Sub Pop is able to leap above the attempt. Douglas lands, Harmen turns and Scott throws a stiff lariat but

DDK:

Harmen ducks! Harmen DUCKS! GERMAN SUPLEX!!

With a bridge, as it were. Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Scott manages to thrust his legs just enough to facilitate a twisting of his beaten and battered torso - raising a shoulder and breaking the pin.

Angus:

WE'VE GOT A *GORRAM* MATCH, FOLKS!

Harmen is done giving Douglas any respite and "assists" him back to his feet, only to grab a head lock and twist the ailing torso once more while driving Douglas to the ground with simple yet effective headlock take over. Harmen grind in the grip once Douglas is once again prone as Benny Doyle checks for submission. Rather then respond Douglas raises a forearm and attempts to leverage it against the Lunatic's face in hopes of breaking the hold. Yet it is to no avail. After a few moments and a rowdy crowd false starting another chant - only to be interrupted by a quick pin attempt. Harmen rolls his weight to side and Douglas' shoulders are down.

ONE!

With a grimace stretched across and already haggard face - Douglas rolls back the other way lifting the shoulder. He uses the momentum to raise Harmen up slight and manages to get to his knees. From the knees, he gets a foot underneath him and in attempts to keep the hold Harmen follows. The pair make to a nearly mutual upright position and Douglas is able to slip from the grip - but doesn't have much in him other than the drive Jack back into the turnbuckle.

Harmen's back make contact with the buckle at the exact moment he throws a shot to Douglas' taped ribs. Douglas is stunned and before he can recover - Harmen turns grabs the three fourth front face lock and ...

DDK:

SLICED BREAD #3!

Angus:

Are your fucking ordering food!?

Stepping up the ropes and cutting a complete flip - Harmen lands on his knees after driving Douglas' head into the matt. He springs from his kneeled position and grabs Douglas' flailing legs before gravity can catch up to them.

Angus:

For starters I'm hungry - more importantly we have a --

ONE!

TWO!!

KICK OUT!!!

Angus:

Holy shit! He's *STILL* in this!

Harmen, though seemingly impressed with the resilience, looks to be questioning the mental capacity of his opponent. Regardless, he is ready to finish this. Pulling Douglas back to his feet, The Lunatic pushes Scott back into the same corner he just stepped up for Sliced Bread #3. The second Douglas makes contact he sends him, via an irish whip the opposite corner and comes in hot.

DDK:

This might be it ...

Douglas reacts too early and Harmen clocks him. Rather than throw the big viscous boot that would be the locomotive - he leaps with his forearm out and ready. Douglas goes low and catches enough of Harmen's leg to send him up and over to the apron. Harmen lands on his feet and before Douglas can turn Jack has a hold of his hair. Benny Doyle calls for a release of the hair but and starts the five count. Harmen shouts at Doyle.

Jack Harmen:

HOW DARE HE HAVE HAIR!

This serves as a distraction if anything as Douglas is able to use the slack his greasy locks grant him to spin around while Harmen maintains a grip.

DDK:

Shot to the midsection!

Douglas lays on in and Harmen releases his hold. One more for good measure before he bends down, grabs a hold of the middle rope and lunges forward with a shoulder block.

Angus:

GUT CHECK, HARMO!

Harmen recoils and lowers his head between the top and middle rope. Douglas brings his elbow in toward his tapped ribs and tries to refocus himself before he grabs the top rope and flings himself over - flipping Jack and grabbing the waste.

DDK:

SUNSET POWER... WAIT!

Douglas' combat boots dangle mere inches from the ringside floor, his hands still held tightly around Harmen's waist. The Lunatic refuses to leave the apron however with a handful of ropes and his heel's dug into the canvas covered steel girder. Douglas grip loosens as his ribs become more and more of an issue in this less than desirable position.

Angus:

SKIN the LUNATIC! Flip back and DO IT AGAIN!

DDK:

I don't think Scott Douglas has the core strength left to STAND on his own at this point, MUCH less do something a

ridiculous as what you've just suggested!

Angus:

He cut the HEAD off the McFUCKASS snake! This dirty kid can do ANYTHING, Keebs!

Except hold onto Harmen. Douglas is toeing the ring side floor as Jack gets his center of gravity and begins stomping behind himself to strike Douglas. With no choice physically or situationally - Scott lets go. He stumbles but quickly turns in hopes of staying on the offense. Or whatever he has managed to muster that could be considered an offensive.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

But before he can do any of that nonsense - The Lunatic has decided to live up to that moniker as well as some previous ones.

DDK:

Springboard Moonsault Plancha!

Harmen crashes down on Douglas and the two crumble at ringside. Benny Doyle once again starts the count.

ONE!

Harmen is the first to stir, crawling off of Douglas and pulling himself to his feet by the apron he just used as staging ground for his lift off.

TWO!!

Harmen's eyes roll into the back of his head as he looks down at a stirring Scott Douglas. Harmen starts climbing up onto the apron, and then realizes what he just saw, Douglas stirring.

DDK:

My God Angus! Scott Douglas has no quit!

THREE!!

Jack's eyes go wide in disbelief, before he hops off the apron. Harmen lifts Douglas up by his greasy hair and goes to Irish whip, but a desperation last minute reversal sends Harmen back first into the barricade.

Angus:

Nice! I mean, I'm definitely biased.

DDK:

We already knew that.

Angus:

GO DOUGLAS!

FOUR!!

Douglas charges toward Harmen for a huge body splash, but Harmen is able to catch Douglas and drop him rib first against the barricade. Douglas bounces off it as Harmen grabs him around his waist and slams him back first into the steel turnbuckle post.

FIVE!

Douglas falls to his knees and then faceplants on the outside mats. Harmen smiles, smirks as he watches Douglas' motionless body. Harmen quickly slips into the ring.

SIX!

Harmen falls onto his back in the middle of the ring, and just starts making some snow angels. The DEF Faithful boo.

DDK:

This is just a show of utter disrespect and contempt!

SEVEN!

Angus:

Don't worry. I even key'd his son's car tonight.

DDK:

High Flyer IV doesn't have a car....

Angus:

Then who's car did I key? Oh well.

Harmen continues making snow angels. The Faithful start to swell in cheers as Kerry Kuroyama rushes out from the backstage area.

Angus:

Dick.

EIGHT!

Kerry shouts at Scott, demanding he rise and defy. Scott Douglas pulls himself up on the outside, desperately yanking at the ring canvas, eyes rolling into the back of his head. Harmen stops making snow angels and stands, looking down at the inhuman Scott Douglas rising to his feet.

DDK:

Kerry is out here to support Scott, but even Douglas has limits Angus!

Angus:

No! GET UP! DEFY!

Scott Douglas' grip on the ring apron loosens, and Douglas collapses onto the mats on the outside, clutching his ribs.

NINE!

Harmen looks around the ring, but doesn't soak in the jeers as the Faithful believe Jack Harmen may just win this match by countout. Harmen looks to Doyle and sneers at his general direction. As Doyle starts to raise his hands, Jack Harmen slips outside of the ring. Doyle stops mid-raise for what would have been a count out victory.

DDK:

Wait... what?!

Angus:

Oh God. Something worse is planned Keebs.

Harmen lifts Douglas off his feet, and stares directly at a glossey eyed Scott. Without a word, Harmen throws Scott back into the ring, underneath the bottom rope.

DDK:

I think Jack Harmen wants to prove his dominance Angus. It must be it.

Angus:

Harmen's not one to forgo an easy victory, Keebs. I don't think it's just that.

As Douglas slowly, and groggily pushes to his feet, Harmen climbs onto the ring apron. Benny Doyle is aghast. There's a bit of confusion from the Faithful, as Harmen begs and taunts Douglas to get to his feet. He does, using Doyle's referee shirt to pull himself up, before he turns to Jack Harmen.

DDK:

Springboard Lou The-

Angus:

KICK TO THE GUT! DOUGLAS! HE HAS HIM! HE HAS HIM!

DDK & ANGUS:

SUB-POP SUPLEX!

DDK:

CENTER OF THE RING! THIS COULD BE IT ANGUS!

Harmen's head bounces off the canvas, as Douglas just falls onto his back, clutching his ribs. Just lifting the Lunatic took it out of him, as Douglas begins to crawl over to Harmen. Kerry Kuroyama is cheering him on the outside.

DDK:

WAIT NO!

Blindsiding Kerry are Bo and George Stevens, the larger Stevens clan member sending Kerry sprawling face first into the unprotected corner turnbuckle post. Douglas stands, staring slackjaw'd at the Stevens Bros, which is just enough time...

Angus:

WATCH OU-

Scott Stevens spins Scott Douglas around, and hits him with a Toxic Sting. Benny Doyle rushes toward the corner timekeeper's table, and shouts to ring the bell.

DDK:

THAT DASTARDLY STEVENS! Someone get him out of here! He just ruined a CLASSIC!

Angus:

You don't think that was their plan all along, Keebs?!

Stevens looks down at the fallen Scott Douglas, and then begins to lift Harmen off the mat. As a dazed Harmen comes to, he immediately becomes defensive, shoving Stevens off and moving to a lowered stance to prepare for a fight. He notices it's Stevens, looks at a fallen Douglas, and just rolls out of the ring. He passes by George and Bo, and shakes his head as he walks up the rampway.

Scott Stevens stands in the ring, awaiting a thank you. When he gets none, Stevens rolls out of the ring and the trio of Stevens clamor up the rampway after a sneering Lunatic.

AFTERMATH

The Occupation, sans Harvey, have made it to the top of the ramp, rabble rousing and rejoicing in their furthered attempts to put Scott Douglas out for good. All but Jack Harmen, who looks less than enthused and more like a kid who just lost his favorite toy, or a cat who no longer can bat a ball of string. He stays solemn in the background.

Douglas; bloodied, beaten and barely upright, sits against the turnbuckle. With that last ounce of energy or will still held within his previously tattooed and more recently battered body, he reaches out between the ropes. His hand dangling behind him and toward the time keepers table. His zombie like movements take a moment to set in before anyone realizes what he is motioning for but when they do - a microphone is promptly deposited in his hand.

He drags it back between the ropes and toward his mouth but collapsing onto his chest is about as far as the amplification device can make it.

Still, it does what it is intended to do. The Faithful's bellowing boo's fall silent to hear what ... if anything he might be able to say.

Scott Douglas:

I get it ...

His voice is heavy and labored. He's winded and each hefty gasp for oxygen expands his torso and the pain reflects in his damaged rib cage.

The Occupation takes notice. Jack Harmen especially.

Douglas:

Harmen... [coughs] Harmen was nothing more ...

A second cough sends him into an all out coughing fit. A quick reaction cut back to the stage shows Iris Davine rushing from behind the curtain only to be stopped by George and Bo Stevens. She pleads her case for a moment before just trying to muscle her way through - which bares no results.

Harmen shoots a glance toward the situation unfolding behind him but quickly is drawn back to gravelled voice of his most recent opponent in the ring.

Douglas:

Harmen was a distraction. I see that now...

He pauses again, anticipating another coughing fit coming ... but it seems to have been stayed off. On the ramp Bo and George still hold Iris at bay ... and she is beginning to boil over.

Douglas:

That's ... that's my mistake. I seem to make a lot of them.

With a freehand, the one not currently holding the microphone to his chest, Scott reaches for the top rope while lifting himself up slightly. With a hand firmly place, he pulls himself upward and nearly gets his feet underneath him, but reluctantly requires the reassurance of the turnbuckle to rest on.

Douglas:

But it's clear now ... much like it was then.

With that familiar grimace spread across his stubbled face, Scott muscles himself to firm footing, now unassisted by the turnbuckle. His legs looks weak and but he is upright.

Douglas:

You've GOT to GO FOR THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE!

The Faithful erupt and the noise is deafening. Rather then give it time to breathe or let the ambient cacophony die down - Douglas continues only getting louder to combat it.

Douglas:

DEFIANCE ROAD!!

He staggers forward slightly.

Douglas:

It's PUT UP OR SHUT UP, SCOTT!

Angus:

This is riveting but he is delirious ... talking to himself! KEEBS! This is where you say CAN'T WE GET SOME MEDICAL STAFF OUT HERE!

Douglas:

TITLE or NOT! I WANT YOU!

And if the paying audiences, the loyal loving fans, the Faithful couldn't get any louder ... they do. Angus realizes Douglas wasn't talking to himself yet, the other Scott in attendance but his exact wordage is fuzzy. The sold out DEFIANCE arena is drowning out any and everything that is being broadcasted other then themselves. Douglas even raises the microphone once more but between camera cuts and the drowned audio; there is no telling if he said anything or not.

In the confusion, the visual settles on the reactions on the stage. Scott Stevens is fuming, seemingly pre-fit ... and storms off behind the curtain. He leaves Bo and George wild eyed and wondering what to do; as they still blockade Iris Davine from passing. Harmen appears less than pleased and after holding amount taking in this oddity in the ring before him ... turns to leave himself. On his exit he shoves Bo and George apart, granting himself enough room to navigate between the two - but also, whether on purpose or not, allows Iris Davine to head to the ring. The Stevens Brothers confusion doubles as we cut back to the ring.

Scott Douglas has collapsed to one knee and lowered the microphone to the mat. Iris Davine slides in and rushes to check on him.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, at the risk of coming off biased or editorializing here ... I have to say this is one of the most visceral and awe inspiring moments I think I have been party to during my tenure in DEFIANCE. If you do not believe in Scott Douglas ... there is simply - nothing left to believe in.

Angus:

There you go, Keebs! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! GET SOME!

DDK:

That being said, we are going to have to go to commercial - and make sure - grand gestures aside, that Scott Douglas gets the proper medical attention he requires. Stay with us.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE ROAD

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

THE ANSWER

Cut back from Commercial.

Backstage, Scott Stevens and Jack Harmen are in the midst of sharing a hearty chuckle. Bo and George are nowhere to be seen and likely still confused on what just went down.

Scott Stevens:

Douglas, I don't know if it's all the chairshots or the corresponding concussions that have made you SO stupid ... or if you were simply born this way. Honestly, why ... no. WHO!? Who wouldn't want a shot at this TITLE?

Stevens slaps the center plate of the FIST of DEFIANCE draped over his shoulder. It's sound reverberating through the echo-prone locker room.

Stevens:

I get that YOU think, you figured out our game... You cracked the code, eh!? You think my pal, Jack here ...

Stevens slaps Jack on the shoulder and grips the point of impact, cause Jack's right eye to twitch, showing how close and bonded they are.

Stevens:

... was a distraction!? No, no, no - you poor unwashed simpleton. This was always the plan... I knew full well you wanted to get your hands on me and tear me apart. So why not soften you up first, right?

Stevens makes himself laugh and shoots a glance toward Harmon, almost to say "right, right?"

Stevens:

All that went perfectly to plan. Not one hiccup ... But what I'm lost on here is ... why wouldn't you want the FIST of DEFIANCE around your waist? Why wouldn't you want to prove to the world you are better than me AND take MY title?

Stevens asks as he points to himself before slowly continuing.

Stevens:

And I already know the answer ... Scott. It's so incredibly simple, like your concussion ridden brain ... the answer is you simply can't beat me!

Stevens says bluntly.

Stevens:

Every one of these charlatans who claimed they were going to TAKE this championship during the Invasion ... FAILED! Well, except me ... and that scares you doesn't it?

He poses the question and waits for a second as if Douglas could rebut. Harmen looks out of the corner of his eye toward Scott.

Stevens:

The Mikey Unlikeys, the Crimson Lords ... and everyone else that tried to pry this away from these DYED in the WOOL DEFIANCE DO GOODERS ... and prove they were better. Well they ALL ... failed, except me.

He reiterates his point as his devilish grin finds its way back from the precipice of fury.

Stevens:

Scotty boy, I'll be happy to accept your challenge in a non-title bout; so that when you lose - just like EVERYONE ELSE ...

Stevens leans in and nearly whispers.

Stevens:

You can go home to your wife and kids ... and tell them the good news. Even though you lost ... at least ... it wasn't for the championship!

Stevens says with a smirk and a wink as Harmen leans in and whispers something into his ear which causes the Texan to shoot him a look. Harmen nods his head and Stevens' expression goes from amused to elated.

Stevens:

On second thought I've changed my mind and I'm going to throw you a bone, Douglas ...

The FIST pauses for a moment, incredibly pleased with his cruel intentions.

Stevens:

Because; I'm such a nice guy and my good buddy Jack Harmen here - reminded me that you have been down on your luck lately ...

Stevens clears his throat a bit to build the anticipation of the announcement.

Stevens:

Not ONLY will I give you your match at DEFIANCE ROAD ... BUT it will ALSO be for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The faithful erupt once again, the muffled live audience can be heard backstage. Stevens nods delusionally as if it is in appreciation for himself.

Stevens:

But I must warn you Scotty Boy ... don't mistake compassion for weakness! I may have allowed you to challenge for MY FIST of DEFIANCE championship, but the result will be the same....

Stevens again finds humor in his own sinnenment.

Stevens:

When you make that long trip home and kiss your wife on the lips and tell your kids that their daddy is a loser and SIMPLY can't measure up to THE FIST!

Stevens says as he holds the FIST high into the air.

Stevens:

Oh, and once you tuck in the kids and cry yourself to sleep I'll swing by and measure up to Mrs. Douglas, all night long.

Stevens says with a chuckle but comes to slow halt as Harmen whispers something else into his ear.

Stevens:

...doesn't have a wife? ...or kids?

Stevens asks confused and Harmen shakes his head with an enfadict no.

Stevens:

Damn it! Why wouldn't you tell me the bitch divorced him and took the kids with her?

Harmen hold up a finger and tries to correct Stevens before his foot can find it's way any further into his mouth but The FIST cuts him off.

Stevens:

Well Scott, as I see it ... your run of bad luck doesn't have any end in sight. Just like your wife, who took everything from you, I'm going to crush the remains of your heart and soul ... and watch them wither and die at DEFIANCE ROAD!

Stevens shouts before turning to exit the frame before stopping to say one final thing. Harmen facepalms at the mention of a wife.

Scott Stevens:

Almost forgot, Jack Harmen ... my buddy here, is going to be our special guest referee!

Stevens smirks before leaving as Harmen drags his facepalm down his face, revealing a sly grin on Harmen's face. The muted audience can still be heard in a resounding chorus of boo from beyond the backstage walls as we cut back to the arena.

ELISE ARES vs. THE JAY HARVEY

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as Jay Harvey walks through the curtain, with a big smile on his face. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he brandishes the Southern Heritage Championship off. The crowd boos as he walks down the aisle.

Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

When he finally gets to the ring, Jay Harvey points at a fan fakes a smack of the man. Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron.

DDK:

Now it's Harvey's turn to put his money where his mouth is in so many words.

Angus:

The champ loves to talk and he likes to think his shit don't stink.

Quimbey:

He has informed me to refer to him as "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth, the BEST Southern Heritage Champion is DEFIANCE history"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Harvey gets into it with referee Carla Ferrari for a moment or two. Jay Harvey comes to a halt in his corner as the crowd rains boos down upon him. "The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as he awaits his opponent.

DDK:

Jay Harvey was informed earlier in the night that he had to, in fact, put his Southern Heritage Champion on the line at DEFIANCE Road Pay Per View. It's not what Harvey had planned but-

Angus quickly interjects.

Angus:

Tough shit! He has to beat Elise Ares' time of six minutes and thirty-eight seconds to ensure that PCP is nowhere near the ring in that match.

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Elise Ares' music hits and the bruised Pop Culture Phenom makes her way out to the top of the entrance ramp. She has a microphone in hand and begins walking down to the ring.

Ares:

I know you've been sweating this backstage baldie but the wait is over! I've found the best person in the back to put you in your place!

Ares gets about halfway down the ramp and looks back to the curtain and points at it.

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The crowd goes wild!

Ares:

OH SHIT! THAT'S ME! I don't care if I just had a match... you're mine!

Ares makes her way into the ring. Ferrari is game and calls for the bell.

DING! DING!

The bell sounds and we are on our way. Jay Harvey and Elise Ares meet each other in the center of the ring. Harvey towers over Ares, who isn't backing down one bit. Jay Harvey breaks the tension with a knee to Ares' midsection. Harvey pushes Elise into the ring ropes and Irish Whips her across the ring. Harvey himself hits the ropes and comes back sending Ares to the mat with a high knee to the face. Harvey stands over Ares and claps his hands as she holds onto her jaw.

Harvey wastes no time in picking Ares up off the mat. Elise deflects Harvey's hands and lands some quick right fists to Harvey's chin. Harvey grabs at his mouth as Elise races into the ropes. After she bounces off the ropes she is met with a devastating Spinebuster from Harvey. Ares grabs at her back, in obvious pain. Jay Harvey gets to his feet and starts laying the boots to her. Jay lands an Elbow Drop, getting back to his feet quickly and hitting another Elbow Drop. Jay Harvey locks in a Figure Four Headlock on Elise. The referee is in perfect position and asks Elise if she wants to give up.

DDK:

Elise Ares is in a bad place here, Angus.

Angus:

Come on, kid! Stay in this!

Ares keeps struggling to make his way closer to the bottom rope. Her face is a bright red and her eyes seem like they are glazing over. Harvey squeezes his legs tighter and tighter around Elise's head. The fans inside the WrestlePlex are doing their best to cheer Ares on. The clock on the big tron continues to tick.

Harvey:

Tap out!

Ares is finally able to reach the bottom rope and the fans are getting loud. Harvey still hasn't let the hold go causing the referee to give him to the count of five to let it go. Harvey finally let's go and stands over Ares landing Boot Stomps to her head and arms. Harvey grabs at Ares' head, lifting her up just enough to push her through the ropes and onto the apron.

DDK:

What's Harvey gonna do here?

Harvey points at a fan in the front row.

Harvey:

Shut up, you stupid pothead!

The fans along ringside boo with joy as Harvey steps through the ropes. He grabs Elise before she can go back into the ring. Harvey throws Elise's right arm up and behind his head. Harvey has Ares' head under his right armpit. He stands for a moment looking into the crowd.

Harvey goes for a would-be Brainbuster but Ares is able to block it. The crowd is turning back to Ares' side as she once again blocks the offensive maneuver. Harvey lifts Ares up and she swings her body over the top rope and into the ring. She shocks Harvey and hits an Ace Crusher across the top rope.

The crowd is on fire as Harvey drops down to the ring floor. He's holding his throat and gasping for air. Ares has a look on her face of pure rage. She's feeling the tides turning in her favor.

Angus:

Ares is feeling it! She's going to win this thing!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is on the outside of the ring and his windpipe might be broken, Angus!

Angus:

I don't want to but you sick fucks at home are gonna want to see that again!

A replay of the Cutter across the top rope plays. It plays again but in slow motion. Harvey agonizes on the arena floor in pain. Elise Ares is waiting it out while the Ten Count grows on Harvey. Ares is beaten and broken and will take a win any way she can tonight.

The count is almost to Ten and Harvey just slides into the ring to avoid the loss. Ares is beside herself, giggling trying to deal with Harvey still being in the match. Ares gets back to her feet and goes closer to the corner behind her. She braces herself waiting for Harvey to get to his feet.

Harvey struggles to get to the ropes to try to get himself vertical. Ares takes off and Harvey pulls the waistband of Ferrari's pants putting her in the line of fire. Ares takes out the referee and the crowd isn't liking the dirty tactic from Harvey.

DDK:

What a piece of garbage!

Angus:

I was thinking shit but close enough!

Ares drops down to tend to Carla Ferrari as Harvey gets back to his feet. Harvey digs into his tights and pulls out a pair of brass knuckles. The crowd is booing and trying to get Ares' attention. Harvey comes up behind Ares and swings her around and she ducks Harvey's strike.

She goes on the attack landing forearm shots to Harvey's chin. She pushes him into the ropes and sends him off. Harvey is met with a Double Leg Dropkick that knocks him to the mat and the knuckles off his hand.

Elise starts screaming at Harvey and bends over to pick up the knuckles.

Ares:

Brass knuckles?! How'd that work out for ya?!

Ares is still letting Harvey have it as finally Referee Carla Ferrari comes to. Her eyes can clearly see Elise standing over the fallen Harvey with those brass knuckles in her hand. Ferrari puts two and two together and calls for the bell. The crowd erupts and Ares is in shock.

Quimbey:

Your winner of the match by... DISQUALIFICATION IN... SIX MINUTES... The DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... "The Natural One" THEEE JAAAAY HAAAARVEY!

DDK:

Elise Ares has been disqualified?!

Angus:

Jay Harvey played Elise Ares at her own game. He must have a four-leaf clover up his ass.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... Jay Harvey is your winner and he has beaten Elise Ares' time by a full thirty-eight seconds. Jay Harvey is calling the shots at DEFIANCE Road.

Angus:

Elise Ares is pleading her case to Carla Ferrari but it doesn't matter. Harvey outsmarted ya, kid.

Harvey is seen walking up the entrance ramp as Ares and Ferrari continue to converse in the ring. Harvey holds his Southern Heritage title over his shoulder as that evil smile returns to his face.

THIS

IS

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