

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:

CRIMSON LORD GAVE ME PINKEYE AND ALL I GOT WAS... WELL, THIS PINKEYE!
TEAM GRAPS HOUSE!
WHY IS AMETHYSTA SO FAMILIAR? I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT.
I WANT TO PUT MY FINGERS ON AMETHYSTA.
A JAY HARVEY!
SETH, DO YOU EVEN SIGN, BRO?
BURNS DOWN THE STEVENS DYNASTY!
GAME ON, FUSE BROS!
SOMETHING SOMETHING TOYBOX!!!
WRESTLEFRIENDS, ORGANIZE IN AN ORDERLY FASHION!

And to the Commentation Station we go with those two lovely rascals who will introduce themselves right...

About...

Now.

DDK:

Hello, everybody and welcome to the 111th edition of DEFtv! As always, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is our surly color commentator "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

I'm in Hell, Keebs. I live in a world where Scott Stevens STILL has the FIST. And we might be looking at McFuckass LITE, Kendrix, joining him. ... And what the hell do you mean SURLY!?

DDK:

What my partner is trying to say in his own unique way is tonight, we have a match with MAJOR implications for the main event of DEFCON! As it stands, Scott Stevens will defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against the man he took the belt from at Ascension last July, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! But tonight, Burns will face the man that attacked both champion and challenger last week, Ken-

Angus:

Mcfuckass LITE.

DDK:

-drix. As announced on defiancewrestling.com earlier this week, if Kendrix can defeat Oscar Burns, the DEFCON main event will become a triple threat!

Angus:

Jesus, Kiwi, don't let me down.

DDK:

Also announced for tonight is one half of the WrestleFriends, "Bantam" Ryan Batts, going one-on-one with the former DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champion, Bo Stevens. Both men will have Jack Mace and George Stevens in their

respective corners, so we can expect an all-out fight. But first, we've got the very own BRAZEN Champion in action! Reinhardt Hoffman, before he defends his title against the gutsy Levi Cole - will go one-on-one against Gage Blackwood!

Angus:

YASSS MY BOY OF ALL BOYS! Hoffman's gonna show Blackwood WHY he's still ruling the damn roost in BRAZEN and show Levi Cole what he's in for, come DEFCON. We're sure Gage is healthy this week, right? Like, he didn't get a boo-boo and he's gonna walk out here in more Kinesio tape?

DDK:

Hush, you! Let's go to ringside for our opening match!

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs TBA

GREETINGS 3.0

As the scene looks to close, someone appears inside the ring, waiting for Gage Blackwood to turn around and notice him.

The BRAZEN Champion's theme song continues to play as The Faithful are now only coming to understand who is standing there waiting.

Angus:

It's Shooter Landell!

And as Hoffman disappears behind the apron, Blackwood completely gets up off the mat and turns to see who's there.

It is Shooter Landell.

Blackwood snaps back, ready for a fight. But again, just like the last time and the time before that... Shooter Landell simply stands there, wearing his grey hoodie and black jeans.

The theme music has closed and the crowd is booing Shooter, waiting for him to do something.

Gage Blackwood:

Well?

This time Blackwood gets right into his face.

Gage Blackwood:

You want to fight?

Still, however, Shooter does nothing.

Gage Blackwood:

What do you want?

Shooter says nothing. It's clear Blackwood is hurting, but ready to go if needed. He just won't make the first move.

Angus:

Hit him, Shooter. Take his head off!

The fans continue to boo. Shooter stands there. Gage waits on him.

And then, after all that, Landell smirks and leaves the ring walking all the way up the ramp to boos.

Blackwood continues to stand in the middle of the ring, wonder what the hell is going on.

Angus:

Thataboy, Shooter! Don't even waste your breath on this dumbass! You can do better! Go find someone else!

DDK:

This Shooter, so strange...

As Gage Blackwood continues to recover in the ring and the boos reign in on Shooter, DEFtv goes elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFCON 2018



Don't miss the BIGGEST event of the year! DEFCON on DEFonDemand!

BATTLE LINES

To the backstage we go.

Lance Warner? Do your thing.

Lance Warner:

Hello, DEFIANCE Faithful. I'm Lance Warner and with me at this time are Oscar Burns, "Bantam" Ryan Batts, and "Manpower" Jack Mace... The League of Extraordinary Graps!

The Faithful ASPLODDDDDEE with cheers when the charismatic wrestling aficionados step into view. Burns nods at Warner while Batts greets him with a handshake.

Oscar Burns:

Thanks for having us, GC.

Mace goes to greet him with a hearty slap on the back again much like at DEFIANCE Road... once again, making Warner stumble from the impact! His glasses get knocked askew while Mace laughs.

Jack Mace:

Oy, mate, sorry about that! Still don't know my own strength.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah, bro. Sometimes we have to have him dial it back, like... way, way lots. Too hard out, yeah?

After adjusting himself a bit, Lance continues.

Lance Warner:

Well... be that as it may, I'm glad I'm not your opponent tonight. The League will both be in big matches tonight. Ryan, you have Bo Stevens of The Stevens Dynasty. What are your thoughts going into this match?

Ryan Batts:

Well, not much has changed, Lance. The Stevens Dynasty continue flapping their gums, but haven't done much else in the last few weeks.

Jack Mace:

Aye, mate, that's not very WrestleFriendly at all!

Ryan Batts:

So tonight, Jackie's gonna keep George at bay so I can contend with Bo. I'm gonna work him over, I'm gonna do some of that Extraordinary Graps we're named for, I might just suplex him out of his boots a few times. If he gets too cocky, I'm gonna make him pay for it. Sound like a plan, Jackie?

Jack Mace:

YEAH, MATE!

The two bump fists as he turns to Burns.

Lance Warner:

And Oscar... a HUGE match that can change the main event of DEFCON, should you lose to your opponent, Kendrix...

Burns holds up a hand to cut Lance off.

Oscar Burns:

GC... I know where you're going with this... but I have come back from too much and I have fought through pain like you wouldn't believe to come BACK and take back the FIST of DEFIANCE from the greedy clutches of that wank,

Scott Stevens. And I have let DEFIANCE down too many times to let that stardom-obsessed wanker, Kendrix, horn in on what doesn't belong to him. Tonight...

He looks to Lance.

Oscar Burns:

I am NOT losing.

Jack Mace:

You got this, Team Graps Cap!

Ryan Batts:

WrestleFriends... Organize in an orderly fashion!

Burns and The League all nod out of respect for one another and the three depart as Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

Gentlemen, good luck in your matches tonight.

BREATH OF THE WILD: COIN RUSH

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

DDK:

And now it looks like we may get some answers regarding the status of The Fuse Bros. and in particular Conor Fuse, for the Tag Team Championships and DEFCON.

Angus: *[sarcastic]*

Great, just great. *[/sarcasm]* I hope Conor Fuse has to retire.

Tyler walks out first, with his brother nowhere to be seen. But then, as Tyler waits at the top of the apron, Conor Fuse comes out on crutches and a walking boot, although his right foot remains elevated and never touching the ground. Tyler is carrying both titles as he heads down the ramp and Conor follows much slowly behind him.

Tyler slides into the ring. He sports his typical stoic look, yet it's even more focused than normal. Once Conor gets to the apron, he leans on the ring and slides the crutches to his brother. Player Two rolls in and Tyler helps him back up.

Tyler asks for a mic as their theme music ends.

Tyler Fuse:

Everyone, thank you for the welcome.

The Gamers cheer and a small "Save the day!" chant starts up.

Tyler Fuse:

It's been a tough two weeks for my brother and I, so we'll get right to the point.

Tyler puts his head down, almost insinuating something bad is going to be said but then Conor limps his way over and leans into the mic.

Conor Fuse:

GAME ON for the match at DEFCON.

There's a loud pop for this. Tyler looks over, at first showing he's surprised by the comments but then smiling and nodding himself.

Tyler Fuse:

If this is the obstacle to overcome [pointing at Conor's ankle], then we and specifically my brother, will overcome it. Two weeks ago The ToyBox made us a challenge. Tag Team Championship title match. DEFCON. We accepted.

"Save the day!"

"Save the day!"

"Save the day!"

DDK:

Great news! Conor will compete at DEFCON!

Angus:

You're delusional. His foot is getting cut off next week.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother has four weeks to recover from a high ankle sprain.

Conor leans into the mic again.

Conor Fuse:

I've been eating my mushrooms! I've been doing my pushups! I will be ready to fight!

Tyler Fuse:

We are not giving up these... uh, *Achievements*, so easily.

Conor smiles at his brother's attempt to appease him.

Tyler Fuse:

Even if it's on three-and-a-half good legs.

Tyler lowers the mic and allows the cheers to come in once again.

Tyler Fuse:

The ToyBox will come to understand once again, they picked the wrong two to mess with.

Conor Fuse:

And soon enough we will be becoming the longest reigning *Achievement* holders in the history of DEFIANCE. Fake coin or real coin, Tyler and I accept your challenge and we will prove you two are frauds-

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Music ♪

Conor snaps over immediately at the entrance.

Angus:

Thank god!

Dandelion and Jestal walk out, sporting wide smiles. Dandelion leans in and whispers something to Jestal, all the while pulling out... the coin that grants The ToyBox a title shot.

Tyler remains unimpressed. Conor, however, begins to fuse (pun intended?).

Dandelion knows this, too. She waves the coin about in Conor's direction.

Conor Fuse:

LET ME SEE THAT. Let me see that coin!

Angus:

I could kill Conor. Saying he's on the spectrum is an insult to anyone on the spectrum. Give it a rest, buddy.

Dandelion doesn't say anything. She simply keeps waving it around with an evil grin.

This time Conor speaks with more resentment than actual anger.

Conor Fuse:

That is not legit, I know it. You've coned your way into DEFCON. I know it. We'll show you!

Tyler walks over to stand in front of his brother. Conor tells him he's calm and is good to move on. But just then...

Angus:

Uh, what the hell is this!?

DDK:

They're coins! Coins are falling from the ceiling! They are showering the ring right now!

The Fuse Bros. are being bombarded with large, golden coins coming from the rafters. Neither of them take cover. Instead, they just let the coins hit them but Conor grows mad again and he starts shouting at The ToyBox.

DDK:

I've heard of a blood bath before but never a... coin bath!

Angus:

Make it rain, Dandelion! [proud of his own joke] Hahaha!

The coins stop falling down as The Faithful, along with The Fuse Bros. try to take in what's happened to them. Dandelion points at Conor and waves the coin around to the fans now as The ToyBox go behind the apron.

...Leaving Tyler and Conor just standing there. Tyler's hands are on his hips, looking around him and Conor hasn't taken his eyes off where The ToyBox were positioned, fuming at the seams.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this has been very odd to say the least but what I can tell you is this: as of right now, the match at DEFCON is on. Tag Team Championships, The Fuse Bros. defend against The ToyBox!

Tyler paces the ring while Conor starts to knock away the fallen coins with one of his crutches.

Angus:

You think those coins are made of chocolate?

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

BO STEVENS vs "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

We've got our next match coming up and this one has been brewing for the better part of a month since Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens picked up where they left off in their blood feud. WrestleFriends member "Bantam" Ryan Batts take on Stevens Dynasty member Bo Stevens.

Angus:

You got that right, Keebs. We're gonna see one half of the Derp Dynasty take on one half of the WrestleDorks. Don't get me wrong... Team WrestleDorks all the way.

DDK:

Oy... anyway, these two teams brawled all over the arena last week ending in Jack Mace actually throwing his partner, Ryan Batts, at Bo Stevens backstage over a wave of security. So tonight, the two more verbose members of each side fight for momentum heading into DEFCON, so let's take it to ringside with Darren Quimbey providing the intros.

And we do just that because wrestling reasons. Doy.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall!

The crowd pops and of course, throw in a "ONE FALL!" because they hate me apparently. Who's me, you ask?

Match. Shhhh.....

Voices are now heard over the PA as multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

BY OUR SKILLS COMBINED... WE ARE THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

Out from the back, the crowd cheer the BRAZEN cult sensations turned full-time members of the DEFIANCE roster! The lights appear and standing on the stage back to back are the members of the Oscar Burns-trained WrestleFriends!

The small, but deadly "Bantam" Ryan Batts in his "I'm The G** Damn Bantam!" shirt, along with the wild man, "Manpower" Jack Mace complete in a black body-length sleeveless singlet and a massive grey wolf pelt! Batts waves around a black and yellow rally towel with the WrestleFriends logo as Mace follows behind.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by "Manpower" Jack Mace... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 205 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

The 5'8" dynamo slides into the ring and does a front flip forward, landing on his feet before throwing the WrestleFriends rally towel into the crowd. He waits for The Stevens Dynasty members to arrive.

♪ "My Name Is Bocephus" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

The fans begin to shower the Stevens cousin with boos as Bo makes his way out onto the stage with the terrifying George who engulfs his cousin as he stands behind him..

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by George “The Big Crowdaddy” Stevens... from Waco, Texas, weighing in at 234 pounds... **BO! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEENS!!!**”

Bo stares at the ring and is seen trash talking a mile away before slapping big George on the chest and the two head down towards the ring. Bo and George circle the ring and Bo continues to mouth off towards WrestleFriends as he climbs the ring steps into the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go with the first confrontation of Bo Stevens and Ryan Batts. They try to lock up... What?!

The second the two try and lock up, Bo completely whiffs past Batts and poses for the crowd while against the ropes.

Bo Stevens:

Bo knows this short-shit is gonna get his ass kicked! Yeah!

Batts doesn't look amused, but Bo turns around with the same “cat ate the canary” grin and holds a hand to lock up a second time. Batts goes in to do so when Bo turns around a second time and runs to the ropes to prevent Bantam from doing anything. Knowing The WrestleFriends are goody-goods who wouldn't attack anybody in the ropes, Bo smiles.

Bo Stevens:

Bo knows you play by the rules because you're a bunch of pussies!

The obnoxious Stevens cousin then climbs out of the ropes and when Ryan tries to lock up a third time, he gets a boot to the stomach!

Angus:

Don't let him beat you, WrestleDorks!

Bo starts off the match with a high-impact assault and rams Ryan's face into the turnbuckle. The mouthy young cousin of the current FIST charges in and lands a huge Corner Clothesline right to the neck of the smaller Batts. As Batts reels from the attack, Stevens tosses Ryan Batts against the ropes and goes looking for a Running Back Elbow...

MISSED!

The Yellow and Black Attack keeps running off the ropes as Bo swings wildly for a Lariat, only to miss that. Off the third rebound, Batts smashes right into Bo with a Leaping Elbow Smash, knocking Bo off his feet!

DDK:

Ryan Batts is so quick and so dangerous in that ring when he gets an opening like that!

The crowd cheers Bantam as he gets back to his feet while Stevens tries to regroup in the corner. Ryan charges in with a Running Elbow Smash of his own and then gets taken out of the corner with a Japanese Arm Drag! Big George and Jack Mace watch their respective partners from the outside as Batts locks in a modified Armbar on Bo while cranking on the fingers!

Angus:

Ow ow ow! Bo's getting his fingers bent... and I love it!

DDK:

Bo was off to a hot start, but we see how fast Ryan Batts turned the tide! Now he's controlling the pace!

He continues to work the arm expertly, bending back the elbow while BENDING a finger! The crowd cheers as Bo is in pain and frantically tries to free himself. Bantam leads him back to his feet, but Bo fires off a right hand that catches

Batts, sending him stumbling back. He shakes the pain out of his arm and fingers and then tries for a German Sup... sorry, German Bo-Plex, but Batts QUICKLY goes behind him with a Rear Waistlock of his own. Bo tries to spin, but Batts is faster and goes back.

The two trade standing switches frantically!

DDK:

Look at them go! We've seen Batts just turn these waistlock exchanges around quickly before and he's doing it again!

Bo finally gives up and tries another back elbow, but Batts ducks and then SNAPS Bo up and over with a Backdrop Suplex... into a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Slow count, Slater! Get on that shit!

DDK:

Batts now looking for a big move... WAIT!

Batts runs the ropes, but George tries to swipe at him. Batts is too fast and jumps over his bear claw-like mitts, but the blow leaves him wide open for Bo to BLAST him in the back of the head with a Northern Lariat! The crowd groans from the impact of the shot, but things go from bad to worse for the smaller of the WrestleFriends. Jack Mace protests with Slater, but that leaves Bo wide open to DRILL Bantam into the mat with an Alabama Slam!

DDK:

He lands that Northern Lariat and Straight Outta Texas after the distraction! Will that be enough?

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Nope, not yet, Derp Dynasty!

Bo Stevens growls at the larger referee before teeing off on Batts with a series of hard kicks to the head each time the Yellow and Black Attack tries to sit up. Each time he gets stymied by Bo, who now switches up the attack and drops a pair of Knee Drops into the chest of Batts.

DDK:

Bo showing off some good aggression here. His best chance to keep Batts grounded is to stay on him and not give him an opening.

Angus:

Don't go telling this moron how to win, Keeps!

DDK:

Can't hear me up on the stage, partner.

Bo lifts Batts up, but he tries to fight back with a trio of hard Forearm Smashes to the jaw to reel the young Stevens cousin. He fires right back with a knee to the gut before driving Ryan into the ropes and driving him with a big knee! The blow doubles him over before Stevens elevates him and drives him down with a hard Snap Suplex. Bo rolls up with him and gets behind him to fire off a German...

DDK:

He's looking for that trio called Bo Knows Suplexes.

Angus:

God, his puns are so damn stupid...

He then has Batts up for the Tiger Suplex, completing the combo! He holds on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

He just BARELY kicked out of that, but Ryan Batts needs to mount an offensive here and quickly.

An angered Bo looks out to George and shakes his head while Jack Mace cheers on his buddy, slamming a hand on the ring apron.

Jack Mace:

Come on, Battsy! Mess him up!

Bo yells at the big British outdoorsman to shut it before picking up Batts. He has him set up for the Game Changer, but before he can land the Rolling Cutter, Batts manages to twist his way out and THROW Bo over with a desperation Belly to Belly Suplex!

DDK:

These two are out there trading suplexes like nobody's business, but now one of them has to get up.

Ryan just barely manages to buy himself some time as Mace gets a "WrestleFriends!" chant going with the crowd. As slow as Ryan is to get up, that gives Bo a little more time to do so and he charges toward the corner, looking to stop Ryan. Instead, he holds up a boot. Bo catches one leg, but Batts brings the other leg up and cracks Bo with an Enzuigiri out from the corner to stun him. He then heads to the ring apron and goes up top...

DDK:

Big-time Missile Dropkick by Batts! Now he's got Bo reeling!

Both big men at ringside continue to egg on their respective partners as the fight continues. Bo takes a powder and holds his chest in pain from the Missile Dropkick, but nothing is safe when Ryan Batts looks for a big move...

DDK:

THE FLIPSIDE! The Somersault Suicide Dive connects!

Angus:

I LOVE it when flippy-doo crap is used against any of these Stevens dumbasses!

The crowd goes crazy as Batts stands back up and high-fives a few fans in the front row after such an amazing dive! He then turns his full attention to Bo Stevens and throws him back inside the ring. George thinks of doing something, but Jack Mace is there to meet him in a standoff between the two powerhouses.

Angus:

Dang it, almost had a HOSSFITE for a second!

Bo then starts to crawl away from The Yellow and Black Attack, but Ryan is there on him quickly and POPS the crowd grabbing Bo in a deadlift and THROWING him into a Bridging German Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

TH- NO!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE surprising strength by Batts there, but Bo kicks out at two!

Angus:

Dude, he's a mini-HOSS, Keeps! Come on, mini-HOSS! It's a little more cool to root for you now!

Ryan grabs Bo again and tries a Tiger Suplex of his own, but Bo reaches over and elbows him with his free arm. The shot stuns him while Bo spins around...

DDK:

BO-DAZZLED! The Discus Lariat connects and now Bo with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

These two are throwing everything they've got into this one! Now Bo has him set up one more time. He might be looking for the Bo-Dog!

He doesn't waste any time knowing he may have Batts on the ropes. He goes for the Bulldog out of the corner, but Ryan Batts holds onto the ropes and toss Stevens away. He lands on his feet and turns around, only to get spiked into the middle turnbuckle with a Reverse STO!

Angus:

And now more of the flippy crap...

Ryan scans the crowd and gets them to clap along with him slapping the turnbuckles before heading up top. He has Bo in his sights and looks to land the Diving Senton...

DDK:

NO! He misses with Let Gravity Do The Rest! George just pulled Bo out of the ring!

Ryan crash-lands on the mat while Bo is limping around on the outside, still groggy from the match...

RUNNING HEADBUTT BY JACK MACE!

Angus:

Manpower has seen enough! Go Jackie! HOSSFITE!!!!!!

DDK:

And fight they are! But look at Bo! He's back in the ring!

The two big men trade blows at ringside while Bo sneakily heads back inside with a wide open chance to end things for good. He measures up Batts and looks to end things with another Bo-Dazzled. He swings...

DDK:

NO! BATTS CATCHES HIM! KIDO CLUTCH, KIDO CLUTCH!

Out of nowhere, Batts catches him with the Kido Clutch pin and holds onto Bo for dear life!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

GOT HIM! BATTS JUST DEFEATED THE FORMER WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPION!

Batts hurriedly gets to a knee...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the ma...

KNEE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD BY BO!

Before Batts can even celebrate, Bo lands a Running Knee Strike to the back of Ryan's head! He then picks him up off the canvas and DRILLS him into the mat with the Game Changer!

DDK:

Bo Stevens just got beat fair and square, and now taking it out on Batts... but now Jack Mace is in the ring!

Mace comes to the aid of his partner and when Bo tries to deck him, Mace blocks the punch and fires back with a HUGE Headbutt that almost lays Bo out...

Angus:

No, Jackie, that derpier Stevens is back in!

George climbs into the ring and Mace cuts him off with a big series of Elbows to the head. He stuns George and runs off the ropes...

CAUGHT.

DDK:

OH, MAN! MACE JUST GOT SPIKED INTO THE MAT WITH THAT TEXAS-SIZED SLAM! HE MADE THAT LOOK EASY!

Mace tries landing the Piccadilly Press on George, but the Big Crawdaddy snatches the 325-pounder out of mid-air and planted him with his version of the World's Strongest Slam! Both WrestleFriends are out of it now as The Stevens Dynasty stand over them. Bo basks in the jeers while George lets out a loud roar.

DDK:

Ryan Batts got the win here tonight, but there's no way this over; especially not after these sneak attacks.

Bo makes sure to step over the fallen Ryan Batts by putting a boot in his face while walking on his way out of the ring.

George puts all his weight into the rib cage of Mace before the two step out of the ring and head to the back.

Angus:

I'm rooting for Burns tonight to kick the hell out of Kendrix, but I hope WrestleFriends end these two morons at DEFCON as well.

Bo and George head back up the ramp, looking on at the damage done to The WrestleFriends. Mace seethes in pain holding his ribs while Ryan is still out of it following The Game Changer. Clearly, nothing was truly settled tonight.

HOLLYWOOD MAYBE?

“We could always just make another movie. That’s always worked before.”

The D says from beneath arched eyebrows out of concern. Across from him is Elise Ares, suspiciously missing from DEFtv110 with arms crossed and boo-boo lip out like a toddler. Her dark brown eyes dark back at The D before looking off into the distance once more.

The D:

There’s plenty of Lake Placid ideas we haven’t even explored yet. Think of the crossover potential! Actually, I’ve got it, I think we’ve been thinking about this all wrong. You know what the biggest thing is on the market right now?

Elise Ares:

Super Hero movies?

The D:

Great idea, but no. Nostalgia Netflix Series! Hear me out. The year is 1984. Michael Jackson. Indiana Jones. Ghostbusters. You... a sexy valley girl trying her best to make it in a still male dominated society. Klein... a misunderstood man-eating croc who has left the bottom of his lake for the first time in ten years. ROOMMATES!

Elise’s grimace lightens up a bit.

The D:

I’ll even let you name it.

Elise Ares:

What A Croc?

Almost as if hitting a beat, the door opens behind them perfectly positioned in frame. They both turn to see who enters the room. Purple luchadora. Long dry hair. Little devil features. Surprisingly caucasian?

Elise Ares:

Who is this?

The D:

Oh, this? This is our new friend, Amethysta. A lot of people think you’re the same person, but you are in fact two different people.

The luchadora stops, smiles directly into the camera.

Amethysta:

Hola.

Elise squints really hard back at Amethysta and then looks over at The D.

Elise Ares:

I don’t think she looks like me at all.

The D:

That is because you are, in fact, two entirely different people who are not the same at all.

Elise Ares:

This makes sense. Klein, do you think we look alike?

Running out from behind the camera, Klein keeps his back to it in order to keep it from stealing his soul. He shakes his box in agreement with his PCP comrades. They do not in fact look alike at all. They must be different people.

The D:

Thank you, Klein. You see, Amethysta hates Jay Harvey as much as we do since she now has a shot at his title, so we have a concrete reason to align with her that isn't because she is secretly you. Also she doesn't speak English at all. You speak English very well. These are all reasons why you are not the same person.

Amethysta:

Si.

Amethysta looks around awkwardly. They all look back at the camera as Klein saves his soul by scampering off screen.

Elise Ares:

While I think it's obvious that Amethysta and I are two different people, I'm still very sad about Jay Harvey screwing me out of another title opportunity because he is a talentless dick. I like your idea about doing a television series. Perhaps I'll take a vacation from DEFIANCE for a while to go do things in Hollywood, because I'm a beautiful and talented actress who is very much in demand. Those types of things make me happy, and I'm very popular.

The D:

We will miss you very much, but this seems like it will be good for you. We'll be happy to let Amethysta use your locker and all of your things while you go be super famou...

The door bursts open jolting Amethysta in the back and almost knocking her over. Flex Kruger shoves his way into the room and looks around at the scene, who all stare back at him unexpectedly. There is a few seconds of silence before Flex finally speaks.

Flex Kruger:

Elise, did you hear the good news? I'm getting an opportunity at the Southern Heritage Championship tonight.

Elise Ares:

I... did hear that. We're very proud of you.

A big grin crosses Flex Kruger's face.

Flex Kruger:

I'm going to get my hands on Jay Harvey and make him pay for the crap he's put you through, Elise. I'm going to tear off his arm and beat him into submission with it. He's going to regret everything he's done to the PCP.

There is an awkward silence as Elise Ares and The D make panicked facial expressions back at each other. Flex walks into the room and makes himself at home, trying to grab a spot on the bench between Elise and The D. After he passes, Amethysta tries to sneak back to the door and grabs the handle. Quietly she turns the handle and attempts to open the door when Flex Kruger turns his head and sees her. She's a deer in headlights.

Flex Kruger:

....YOU. What are YOU doing here?

Amethysta silently screams.

The D:

Uhhhh, Flex, she was just here to have a document translated. She knows that Elise speaks English so well and she does not, so Elise and I were teaching her about the details of her contract before she signed it.

Flex Kruger:

That bitch screwed us out of a title shot.

Elise Ares:

It's okay, Flex, you got it anyway! Everything is fine now!

Flex Kruger:

But the point is that she can't be trusted, and you guys are being so nice to her! Can't you all see that she's using you to further her own agenda? As soon as she wins the title she's not going to throw a party for you guys like I would! She's not going to give you guys the first title shot like I would!

In a panic Amethysta shakes her head yes as she opens the door.

The D:

Look she's shaking out of fear, Flex! You need to calm down!

Elise Ares:

Right, she definitely wasn't saying she would do those things because she doesn't speak English and has no idea what you're saying.

Amethysta shrugs in the background before hurrying out of the room.

Flex Kruger:

Look, after tonight... none of that will matter. I'll beat Jay Harvey. Then I'll beat Amethysta. Then the Southern Heritage Championship will be with the Pop Culture Phenoms where it belongs. Just don't fall for her "help me, I'm foreign" crap, okay? You're better than that.

Flex gives Elise and The D a big slap on each shoulder before getting up and leaving the room. As the door closes, the tense expressions on their faces ease and The D jumps up to his feet.

The D:

CUT PLEASE!

The scene cuts to a commercial for LIVE upcoming DEFIANCE house shows..

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

ADAMS RIBS

As the broadcast returns from commercial we open up on a familiar site. Scott Douglas in Iris Davine's exam room. It's hard to tell if he is dressed to wrestle or for leisure, given it's the same get up. The only difference is his shirt is only half on; with his right arm out of it's sleeve and stretched toward the ceiling exposing his ribs.

Iris applies pressure to the exposed area with two fingers, asking each time:

Iris Davine:

Does that hurt?

Followed by another.

Davine:

How about that?

Douglas winces in response.

Scott Douglas:

A little ...

Davine:

... scale from one to ten?

Davine questions with her two fingers lingering over the spot.

Douglas:

Uh ... a one I guess.

Davine's not buying it. She reapplies pressure with a little extra force this time. Douglas attempts to muffle a pain filled grunt through clenched teeth before he must acquiesce.

Douglas:

... five!

Davine glares at Douglas in disbelief.

The former SoHer remains resolute in his estimation.

Davine raises her eyebrows questioning his bluff just before he shoulder raises indicating she is going back in.

Douglas is quick to cut her off; inching away and replying with haste.

Douglas:

Ok, ok ... six! Six!

Davine backs off and Douglas settles back in as she goes over his medical chart. She doesn't look at it long before she turns her attention back to Scott.

Davine:

You already know what I'm going to say.

Douglas cocks his head and gives Iris a playful look. Glutton for punishment.

Douglas:

Let's hear it again. For old time sake.

In lieu of a violent outburst born of frustration and constant disregard for her professional medical opinion; Iris inhales deeply and let's it out in a overly dramatic sigh. She is serious but she's also playing it up a bit.

Davine:

You aren't healing at the pace, I'd expect to see from someone who isn't constantly injuring themselves. The ribs are --

Douglas interrupts.

Douglas:

... skip to the good part.

Davine:

... you are NOT one hundred percent but ...

Davine glares at Douglas, clearly frustrated but somehow still not actually mad at him.

Davine:

... You aren't bad enough for me to pull your clearance.

Douglas lights up, as much as a sullen introvert can.

Douglas:

That's it! I like that ...

Douglas grunts through his sentence while slipping his arm back in his t-shirt sleeve.

Douglas:

... part.

Davine:

If you go out there tonight against that monster ... I don't think we'll be having the same conversation next time.

Scott continues to wince as he starts to put on the zip up hoodie, laying behind him.

Douglas:

... I've got to put an ... end to this now. Before it gets out of hand. I've seen this too many times before ... I know where it can lead.

Davine:

It can lead right next to Kerry! In a hospital bed! I can't stop you, on medical - and I know you wouldn't listen otherwise but I really don't think this is hill worth dying on.

Douglas now with his hooded sweatshirt on begins fiddling with the zipper.

Douglas:

You're probably right, Iris.

With the to sides joined, he pulls the zipper up to the neckline and looks up at Dr. Davine.

Douglas:

... but I don't know I've found one that wasn't.

Iris shakes her head at Douglas and he pushes himself off the exam table.

Cut to the commentary booth.

DDK:

Well folks, it looks like Scott Douglas doesn't ... NOT have medical clearance and will face off against Crimson Lord ...

Angus:

Pinky without the Brain.

DDK:

After what we just saw and the events of last week - one might question if it's Scott Douglas lacking the brain.

Angus:

How dare you! That is the LONGEST reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE History! That is the LEAD singer of the Russian Leg Sweeps! That is the man that ousted McFuckass!

Darren shakes his head with a chuckle at Angus, well being Angus.

DDK:

We'll see how all this pans out later tonight folks! But right now ... SPEAKING of the Southern Heritage Championship! Flex Kruger is vying for a chance to take that title from --

Angus:

Don't ... you ... dare.

DDK: *[sighing]*

THE ... reigning champion, Jay Harvey!

SOHER: THE JAY HARVEY Â© vs FLEX KRUGER

We come back from commercial break to see Flex Krueger making his way down the ring aisle. He is slapping the hands of fans as he continues toward the ring.

DDK:

Flex Krueger making his way to the ring, Angus. He has his shot at destiny...

Angus:

Indeed... Jay Harvey!

Flex is taken out from behind by the Southern Heritage Champion. Harvey drops Krueger and picks him back up just to slam him into the guardrail along ringside. The fans near the rail are loving the closeness of the action. Harvey rains down stiff rights as Catalina cheers him on.

Harvey continues to wail on Krueger now bringing him by the hair closer to the ring. Harvey whips Flex into the steel steps which sends them flying. Krueger can't even mount a defense to heed the attack from the champion. Catalina pops in and out of the picture, and is heard yelling at Harvey to keep the brutally going.

Hector Navarro calls for Harvey to bring the action inside the ring but Harvey pays him no mind. Harvey grabs at Krueger getting him vertical but not for long before putting Flex back first across one of the pieces of the steel steps via a vicious looking Spinebuster.

Harvey stops for a moment to take in what destruction he has caused. Catalina is loving what she is seeing and the fans in the sold-out WrestlePlex are getting sick to their stomachs. Harvey grabs Krueger again by the hair, then puts him in a Headlock only to drag Krueger face first across the ring apron.

DDK:

What the hell has gotten into Jay Harvey?!

Angus:

Seems just like his normal asshole self to me, Keeps.

DDK:

Is this how a champion should act?!

Angus:

He's trying to send a message, Keeps.

Harvey sends Krueger into the ring finally and Navarro calls for the bell to officially start the match.

DING DING

DDK:

Fans, Flex Krueger is not looking good. He could be hurt.

Angus:

Jay Harvey plays by his rules and I respect that... I still hate him though.

Flex Krueger has no idea where he even is at this point. Jay Harvey is stalking his prey, waiting with great anticipation by the ring ropes for Krueger to get in a perfect position. Flex Krueger being all balls and no brains is muscling his way back to his feet.

Harvey is licking his chops for Krueger to get right where he wants him. Krueger pushes himself up, leaving his head up at the exact spot Harvey wanted.

DDK:

Wake Up Call! What a devastating knee!

Angus:

I think Harvey was trying to send Krueger's head into the nose bleeds!

Krueger is knocked out cold and Harvey puts an end to his misery by nonchalantly placing his left foot on the chest of his opponent. Hector Navarro doesn't want to count it but he has no choice.

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

The bell sounds, Harvey's music plays and Catalina brings the champion his title. The fans fill the arena with boos and Harvey doesn't even process it. Harvey wants blood and keeps the violence coming. Harvey begins choking Krueger as Navarro tries to get between the two.

Catalina intervenes and sends Navarro through the ropes and to the ground. Krueger is all alone and Harvey isn't done with him. Harvey calls for Catalina to go to the outside and she obliges. Catalina pushes Darren Quimbey from his chair and folds it up.

She slides it into the ring and Harvey sees his new weapon. Harvey picks the chair up and gives it a smile. He looks down at Krueger's beaten body. Catalina isn't done either as she grabs another metal folding chair and brings it to the ring.

DDK:

What the hell is Harvey gonna do?!

Angus:

The fuck if I know...

Harvey tosses the steel chair onto the mat and kneels to force Flex Krueger's right arm into a precarious position. With Krueger's arm situated through the steel chair, Catalina hands Harvey another weapon.

Harvey is booed loudly as he looks up at the folding chair in his hands. Catalina takes a few steps back and awaits the carnage.

Harvey:

You made me do this Ares!

Harvey goes to finish off the arm of Flex Krueger when a roar comes over the crowd.

DDK:

It's the rest of the PCP! Klein and The D are on the scene!

Angus:

Just in the nick of time, wonder what they were doing back there... trimming each other's pubes?

DDK:

Whaaa?

Catalina and Harvey snake out of the ring and away from the coming threat. The crowd is cheering as Klein tends to Krueger and D has some words for the duo outside the ring.

Catalina holds onto the Southern Heritage title as she and Harvey get into a verbal war with The D.

DDK:

Jay Harvey showed once again what a beast, deep down that he can be.

Angus:

I said it before and I'll say it again, Harvey did all this to send a message and I am going to guess it was heard loud and clear.

Cameras are still getting the interaction between foes, switching between the PCP members and then Harvey and Catalina. We stay on this for a few more moments before fading out.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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BREAKOUT

Backstage.

Christie Zane stands beside the swarthy gentleman known as Cristiano Caballero, who made a big impact on our last episode of DEFtv. Caballero is grinning while holding a single rose in Christie's direction, which makes her visibly uncomfortable.

Christie Zane:

I'm here with Cristiano Caballero, BRAZEN's resident sophisticate and gentleman, and we need to know; two weeks ago here on DEFtv, you ran into the ring before the match between Mushigihara and Levi Cole, and assaulted Mushi, leaving him flat on his back!

As she says this, a picture-within-a-picture appears, replaying Caballero's attack on the God-Beast, to the jeers of the crowd in the arena proper.

Zane:

So the question is... why? What was your reason for attacking him, despite having no history wi..

This seems to get on Caballero's nerves IMMEDIATELY, as he snatches the microphone from her hand!

Cristiano Caballero:

Questions like THAT are why I made my impact on DEFtv, cariña! You see, Christie, quite some time ago, in a place called BRAZEN, I was the FIRST of many opponents for your precious... "God-Beast," and while I was riding momentum in that territory, this hideous, obese UPSTART shows up and takes that all away!

He begins to visibly seethe between his teeth.

Caballero:

/should have been the hot new thing in BRAZEN, not... that THING. And while HE would headline shows there, and compete for the championship, it was / that was left to twist in the wind, and waste my PRIME!

He snaps a glance at us behind the camera.

Caballero:

...so two weeks ago, I decided to take restitution, and crush that Beast in the middle of the WrestlePlex.

The not-so-sophisticated sophisticate chuckles and grins.

Caballero:

I understand he's not in the WrestlePlex tonight... so clearly, my actions have taught him a lesson he will not soon forget.

He turns again to Christie.

Caballero:

And now, cariña... I will be the star of DEFIANCE. Until then...

He blows a kiss to her and hands her the rose before walking away. Looking visibly weirded out, she signs out.

Zane:

Back to you at the commentary booth.

JACK HARMEN vs HFIV

DDK:

Welcome back Faithful. As you can see, we have some BRAZEN talent in the ring for our next match up, which is going to be quite the unique one.

Angus:

HF IV, aka Jack Harmen's son, takes on the jackass next here on DEFtv! It's father versus son Keeps! Not sure what I want to happen here except a fractured family!

Carla Ferrari checks the masked luchador HF IV, who's wearing a Thanksgiving inspired mask that has a turkey's gullet under his neck.

DDK:

Jack Harmen has been very vocal recently on twitter...

Angus:

What the fuck, who gives a shit about twitter.

DDK:

He's been campaigning to get the person who attacked him to admit to their deeds.

Angus:

Whoever did it, they're getting a gift card for DEFonDEMAND I'll tell you that much!

-♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne -♪

Cue the boos from the Faithful as a light fog slowly rises from the entrance stage. As the song crescendo's, Jack Harmen parts the smoke and stands at the top of the entrance ramp, raising his devil horn taunt to the crowd. He sneers, lowers his hands, and stomps his way to the ring, ignoring the fan's outstretched hands.

DDK:

Jack Harmen hasn't had much time in the wrestling ring since his chaotic feud with Elise Ares...

Angus:

BALD! YOU BALD FUCK! YOU BALD FUCK!

A few of the Faithful pick up Angus' chant. It's hard not to, considering he's shouting at an obscene level.

Harmen makes it to ringside and slides in with no pomp and circumstance. He keeps his head on a swivel, looking around the arena as Carla goes to check him for weapons. He's mind is elsewhere.

DDK:

Harmen must be expecting another attack at any moment Angus, and who knows where it could come from.

Angus:

I hope it's from a sniper who's in a tree five hundred feet away.

The opening bell rings, as Harmen and HF IV begin to circle. Harmen looks over his shoulder, and then extends a hand to his opponent. HF IV looks at it, and then at Harmen.

DDK:

Jack Harmen... being a polite competitor Angus?

Angus:

I mean, it is his son.

HF IV looks to the Faithful, who shout for him not to accept the handshake. But, it's his father, so he relents and shakes his hand. Harmen yanks HF IV close and wraps one hand around him in a hug, whispering something into his ear before releasing. The two continue circling, before they lock up, collar and elbow. Harmen uses his experience and size to pull HF IV into a side headlock. HF IV leans back to the ropes and shoots Harmen off the other side. Harmen comes back with a shoulder block which takes the youngster off his feet. Jack runs across the perpendicular ropes and comes back, as HF IV leap frogs over him. Harmen keeps running, and eats a dropkick under the chin to cheers.

DDK:

I didn't expect this match to go like this Angus. The veteran, the mentor down, the student and child surpassing his father's legacy.

Angus:

You're rushing into things a bit there Keebs, it's the first minute. Who knows what -- Oh there it is!

As Harmen recovered, HF IV charges and Harmen pulls the top rope down, causing his son to tumble to the outside hard into the outside barricade. Harmen takes his time to clutch his lips, making sure nothing was busted open from that drop kick.

Harmen starts toward the ropes when suddenly the arena goes dark.

DDK:

Whoa!

Angus:

Somebody forgot to pay the light bill again!

DDK:

The lights have gone out obviously. We have no idea what's going on here right now...

Angus:

I don't know but someone just ran past us from the stage....

DDK:

I thought I saw something too.

A few more moments pass as the crowd grows restless. Suddenly there's a loud crash in the ring, then another...

Angus:

What the hell's going on! Someone just ran into the ring! Is it the attacker??

DDK:

I don't know! I can't see a thing.

Another loud crash, then the lights come up.

AND the faithful absolutely LOSE THEIR MINDS.

Standing in the middle of the ring in street clothes, looking down at an unmoving Jack Harmen is...

Angus:

HOLY BUTTFUCKING CHRIST!!!

DDK:

I'm speechless!!

WHAT! WHAT WHAT WHAT?!

DAN RYAN.

The roof blows off the place as Dan Ryan looks up, surveying the crowd, but keeping the same snarling expression on his face.

Angus:

This... is the greatest day of my LIFE!

DDK:

This is unbelievable! Dan Ryan has attacked Jack Harmen, but WHY?

Angus:

I don't know, but THIS...IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

Ryan soaks in the moment as the faithful rain noise down on the ring, then reaches down and in a quick motion jerks Harmen to his feet and sets him up in the standing headscissors. With a yell he lifts him up overhead and charges to the ropes, DRIVING him to the floor outside with a powerbomb.

Harmen lands with a thud at the base of the ramp, practically broken in half.

DDK:

Dear God...

Angus:

He's dead! This... is the greatest...

DDK:

Enough already!

Ryan climbs through after Harmen and stands over him. He looks to his left, where HF IV is stirring. HF IV looks up and locks eyes with Dan Ryan, and even through the mask we can see his eyes go as wide as saucers. Ryan takes a step in his direction and HF IV crawls back a few feet --- but Dan Ryan stops, simply sneering at him, then turns back to Harmen.

DDK:

I don't know why Dan Ryan is here, and I don't know why he's been attacking Jack Harmen, but it looks like he trying to decide if he wants to do something to Harmen's son here.

Just then, medical personnel start down the ramp to where Harmen is still lying, barely moving. This gets Ryan's attention just enough that he forgets about HF IV and he steps back to Harmen, looking down expressionless as Harmen is placed on a stretcher by EMTs. Ryan gives one last look, then stalks past and back up the ramp

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN



*This YEAR ... DEFCON Night **IS** CLASH of the BRAZEN - LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!*

CROSSED THE WRONG WOMAN!

As DEFtv returns from break, we see Kelly Evans in her office. She is on her phone behind her desk, with her free hand she appears to be taking notes from her conversation.

BAM!

Kelly startled as her door flies open, and it's the two ladies who for the last couple of months have been at each other's throats. This time Gin has speared Wyn through Kelly's door. Kelly quickly hangs her phone up and stares at the two Defiants very irritated by the two. Wyn pushes Gin off her and pulls herself up with help from Kelly's desk. Gin moves in and Wyn grabs Kelly's cell phone.

Kelly Evans:

HEY!

CRACK!!

Wyn slams the phone into the skull of Virginia! Gin staggers away and Wyn throws her across the desk of Kelly who quickly gets the way out of dodge. She bends down and notices her phone with a huge crack going down the center of the screen. Wyn climbs on her desk and Gin quickly retaliates and gets Kelly's chair in the air high enough to knock Wyn off the desk and falling on top of Kelly! Gin climbs on the desk as Kelly pulls herself away from Wyn clearly shaken up. Gin jumps off the desk as Wyn gets to her feet!

SNAP POWERSLAM!

Wyn quickly executes the powerslam, she stumbles back into Kelly's desk.

Kelly Evans:

SECURITY!!

Gin holding her lower back crawls toward the couch in Kelly's office, security arrives. Wyn with a head of steam charges at Gin she side steps and uses Wyn's momentum and tips the couch over and sends her into the wall behind the couch. The head of DEFSEC quickly checks on Kelly, while the rest of his team pull the two women apart. It's easier said than done though, Kelly gets to her feet and shouts at the two.

Kelly Evans:

ENOUGH! I have had it with you two! You two are going to settle this at DEFCON!

Gin and Wyn both smile toward each other agreeing to that match.

Kelly Evans:

That is not all wipe those damn grins from your faces, until DEFCON if one of you so much as touch each other, I will fire both of you!

DDK:

Whoa! Ms. Evans laying down the law here and we have ourselves another match for DEFCON! WynLyn Vs Virginia Quell!

Angus:

Nothing like two women who hate each other to get in that ring and get it on to settle it!

Wyn and Gin are not happy about the no contact clause, as they are ushered out of the room both shouting profanities at each other on the way out.

The show moves to the ringside and the highly anticipated grudge match up which is next as The Faithful cheer when

they see the promo image on the DEFIatron of Crimson Lord Vs Scott Douglas!

CRIMSON LORD vs "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS

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 sauntering grunge guitar kicks in and elicits a large reaction from The Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The main beat drops in as Scott Douglas takes the stage from behind the curtain. His head down and his hair covering his face and nearly obscuring his "Sub Pop" graphic t shirt. As the verse kicks in Scott snaps his head up, flinging his hair back.

DDK:

Scott Douglas, as we learned earlier tonight, intent on putting this issue with Crimson Lord to bed before it goes any further!

Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a from atop the stage. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, same cut off jeans, same scuffed boots. He doesn't hesitate long, heading to the ring and slapping a few hands on the way.

Angus:

This is exactly what this big pink bastard wants! It's a trap to infect Scotty with pink eye!

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

The lights turnout, and a white spotlight shines down on top of the seven foot Crimson Lord. He stands in the light for a moment. He quickly raises his hands above his head leaning his head back staring into the light. The spotlight slowly fade into a blacklight. Crimson lowers his arms to his side and then slowly lowers his head eyes closed exposing the glowing pink eyes.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Chicago, Illinois...

Crimson slowly heads toward the ring as Darren continues with his introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at three hundred and forty eight pounds...

Crimson reaches the end of the isle way, the black lights fade and the WrestlePlex's lights turn on once more. The seven footer walks toward the steel steps. Darren finishing the introduction as he ascends.

Darren Quimbey:

THE...MAJEEESSTTIICC CRIMMMSSSOONNN LORRDD!!

The Faithful continue their loud jeers of hatred toward this man as he steps through the ropes and walks to the corner. Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell.

The opposed pair lock up, collar and elbow.

Angus:

Stellar observation, Keeps ...

Crimson Lord easily overpowers and shoves the smaller Scott Douglas back. Douglas catches himself on the ropes and quickly regroups. New plan, Douglas shoots in once again and the pair lock up. Douglas, quickly applies an arm ringer and with Lord under his control, lays in a couple of shoulder blocks. Scott ducks under, twisting the arm once more for greater leverage and effect. But as he makes the full rotation he walks into a lariat.

The former SoHer hits the matt but scrambles back to his feet with the assistance of Crimson Lord. Once upright, Lord muscles his opponent against the ropes and sends him for the ride. Following close he meets Douglas; fresh off the bounce and hooks him for a hip toss.

DDK:

Blocked!

Douglas spins around attempts one of is own but is blocked as well. Slight adjustment and Douglas whips around with a spinning neckbreaker!

DDK:

Cover!

Angus: *[sarcastic]*

Killing it, Keeps!

The Faithful roar.

ONE

KICK OUT

Their excitement is short lived.

Angus:

It's WAY too early to try to put down a big pink bastard like that!

Crimson and Douglas both return to their feet, Douglas is a slight step ahead and as Lord makes it vertical, Douglas chops him back down with a dropkick to the knee. Lord, now on one knee, struggles to stand as Douglas hits the ropes and returns with momentum.

DDK:

Basement dropkick!

Angus:

There you go, Scotty! Chop that pink tree down!

Again Douglas and Lord pull themselves from the matt and Scott remains a slight step ahead. He lays in a shot leaving Lord stunned and against the ropes before taking off the other side of the ring. Douglas hits the ropes and charges toward the big man, he leaps swinging a forearm and connects. The blow staggers Lord but he doesn't go down. Instead he instinctively moves away from the attack and finds himself in the corner.

Scott approaches and reaches out for Lord but the big man is able to turn the tables and deposit Douglas into the

same corner. Lord quickly lays in a few closed fists which brings Benny Doyle in closer for the warning. Lord backs off for a moment, just enough to appease Doyle but returns with a huge foot across Douglas' throat. Doyle rushes back in demanding he release the pressure but this time Lord does not abide. Doyle struggles against the towering frame of Crimson Lord in attempt to pull him off, to no avail and beings the five count.

At four and half Crimson lets loose. Douglas all but collapses with one hand gripping the top rope as Crimson backs off from the finger wagging Doyle.

Crimson returns to Douglas in the corner and takes control once again. He moves the dazed Douglas from the corner to the ropes and sends him for the ride. Douglas ricochets off the opposite ropes and Crimson swings for the fences.

DDK:

Douglas ducks!

Scott follows through and hits the ropes once again in an attempt to regain control of the match but Lord quickly cuts him off. Scott tries to squirm free from the grasp of Lord's hand around his throat. Lord lifts him up but Douglas, to a pop from the Faithful, is able to get free and lands behind Crimson Lord.

DDK:

3RD Eye! That just took the air out of The Faithful.

Angus:

What are they tires?

That turnabout lariat turns Douglas inside out! Lord, however, staggers back into the ropes favoring his right knee. After catching a few seconds of breath, he moves in on the attack.

DDK:

Lord is a bit slow here! Douglas had a sound game plan working on that knee of the seven footer earlier but it doesn't seemed to have gotten the job done.

Lord picks Scott up to his feet and scoops him up and slams him down over his good knee with a Rib Breaker. Scott immediately grabs his side as he writes in pain on the mat. Crimson drops to one knee once again.

DDK:

Although dastardly, a smart move by to exploit Douglas's damaged ribs but on a bad wheel - one would have to question that decision.

Angus:

When it comes to this big pink bastard; there - sure as hell - more to question that that, Keeps!

Lord hobbles to his feet clearly feeling the effects and gingerly moves toward Scott. The Faithful try to encourage Douglas to get up but the pain proves to be too much. Lord pulls Douglas up by his hair as Scott still clutches his midsection. Lord positions himself and prys Scott's arm from his side and senchs in an Abdominal Stretch.

DDK:

Crimson Lord, cleverly, brings this match to a screeching halt.

Angus:

Clever? You really think there is anything swirling around that giant pink head? Other than conjunctivitis!?

Lord wrenches back stretching Douglas and straining the injured ribs. Scott screams out in agony as Benny Doyle asks the question.

DDK:

Well, if you have the size and strength advantage you'll want to slow Douglas down. If you can hardly walk ... slow it down some more. It's a solid strategy.

Angus:

You're a solid strategy.

Doyle gets no answer but while he remains focused on Douglas he is blind to Crimson Lord's other hand gripping the top rope for added leverage. The Faithful's quiet concern slowly turns to vitral as the boo's and discontent ramp up.

DDK:

What ... ?

Doyle senses something is a miss and looks up from Douglas' pain torn face to find Crimson Lord breaking no rules at all. Crimson calls out.

Crimson Lord:

Ask him!

Doyle turns back to Douglas and Crimson goes back to the ropes. This continues for another sequence or so before Doyle finally takes notice to the ropes bouncing up and down from Lord's quick release. And finally he is caught and Doyle immediately orders Lord to break the hold. The Majestic One, however, is refusing.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIV --

Lord breaks the hold and backs away favoring the knee with his hands up. Douglas collapses on release and out of desperation rolls to the outside. Doyle starts the count but quickly stops when Lord exits the ring. He walks over toward Douglas and pulls him to his feet before Irish whipping him, shoulder first, into the steps!

CLANG!!

The steps separate, and Scott is in really bad shape. Lord poses for a moment...

FIVE

Lord steps over the heap of Sub Pop and heads toward the time keeper; slowed by a limp.

SIX

Douglas struggles to pull himself up by the ring apron as Faithful urge him on. Around the corner, Crimson Lord pulls the timekeeper from his chair and takes the chair.

SEVEN

As Douglas clings to the apron, Crimson folds the chair up and sets it on the apron.

EIGHT

The Faithful begin chanting as Crimson realizes he can't make it back to Douglas before the ten on a bad leg and rolls in the ring.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

NINE

Douglas manages to slides in the ring at the cusp of ten to the delight of the crowd. Crimson's plan A and B both now thwarted; clearly is not happy. He picks up Scott and Irish whips him off the ropes. On the return Lord throws a lariat but Scott ducks under. He hits the ropes again and returns Lord quickly turns and leap frogs the oncoming Douglas..

Angus:

What the hell?

DDK:

Crimson landed wrong!

Crimson favoring his knee as he turns around...

DDK:

FLYING CROSSBODY!

Doyle down for the pinfall!

ONE

TWO!!

KICKOUT!

Lord presses the smaller Douglas off of him and rolls to his side clutching his bad knee. Douglas lands on his feet and with a quick hand to the mat for balance is able to stabilize before falling back to the corner, his arm pinned tightly to his side.

Angus:

What are you waiting for?!

Scott bides his time recovering in the corner as Crimson Lord struggles just to make it to his knees. Crimson painstakingly pivots, one small movement at a time until he facing Douglas. The pair's eyes meet and Crimson beckons Douglas with both hands.

Angus:

What's this freak doing now?

Douglas, leaned in the corner, motions in a similar for Crimson to get up. Crimson waves him off and closes his eyes, his arms outstretched in a crucifix manner.

DDK:

This ... this is unprecedented!

Douglas, still clutching his side, screams at Crimson Lord.

Scott Douglas:

GET UP AND FIGHT!

Crimson has no reaction. He remains on his knees and outstretched with eyes closed.

Scott Douglas:

COME ON!

Angus:

This feels like a trap.

Still nothing. Official Benny Doyle comes in close to see if Lord can continue. Camera audio picks up his repeated questioning of The Majestic One.

DDK:

It is possible, Crimson Lord ... cannot continue this -- OH MY! NO!

Suddenly, Crimson swings in his outstretched hand and grabs Benny Doyle by the throat. Scott's eyes widen as he attempts to stand up off of the turnbuckle. The sharp pain quickly reminds him of his limitations as he falls to a knee.

Angus:

This pink son of a pink bitch!

Lord lifts up and plants one foot on the mat and then the other. Now standing at all seven feet, he hoists Benny Doyle up. The Faithful gasp just before a downpour of booes and hatred are unleashed on Crimson Lord.

Angus:

Is he calling for the bell or suffocating? Honestly, a man in throes of death aren't that different from most referee signalling.

Douglas, still in the corner, looks down to realize the steel chair at his side. He snatches it and with his brow furrowed and his teeth clenched - wills himself to his feet.

DDK:

Oh no...

Douglas moves toward Benny and Lord, he painstakingly raises the chair as far over his head as he can. He draws in close, ready to swing and catch Crimson from the side. His eyes filled with rage.

With the chair in motion, Crimson drops Benny Doyle to the mat and turns directly into the chair shot.

CLANG

Angus:

... And that ONE IS *GORRAM* OUT OF HERE!!

Crimson crumbles to the canvas. Douglas, still clutching the chair by his side with his right arm and his left pinned to his side - stands over Lord.

Angus:

WHAT A SHOT!?! Did you hear that, Keeps!?

Doyle, with one hand nursing his neck, scoots away from Douglas with haste. Once in the far corner, he motions for the bell just before rolling out of the ring.

DING DING DING

DDK:

This ... CLEARLY is a no contest.

Doyle stumbles toward the time keeper's area and is, mostly caught, and held aloft by Darren Quimbey. Darren's mic picks up his questioning of Doyle.

Darren Quimbey:

No Contest ... ?

Doyle looks back toward the ring at Douglas, fuming - in pain but with a death grip on the chair in his hand.

Benny Doyle:

Double DQ!

Darren looks at Doyle questionably as the time keeper swoops in to aide Doyle in remaining upright as Darren makes the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

This match has been deemed a DOUBLE ... *DISQUALIFICATION!*

The Faithful can't believe their ears. In the ring, neither can Douglas. He looks less angry and more confused.

Angus:

WHAT the *GORRAM* HELL is DOYLE thinking!?! Scott just saved your sorry ass!

DDK:

I'm not sure he saw it that way, partner. From his perspective - a wild eye'd Scott Douglas just swung a chair at them both!

Crimson Lord:

You see my children ...

Douglas turns around and Crimson Lord is out of the ring and half way up the ramp. Facing the ring with one hand on his forehead, trickling blood, and his other clutching a microphone.

Angus:

Where the hell did he get that from!?

Crimson Lord:

The Spider has shown his true colors. Each strand of the wicked web will eventually show.

Angus:

Someone SHUT HIM UP!

Crimson Lord:

Retribution has turned to Righteous Indignation.

Douglas, chair still in hand, approaches the ropes nearest the ramp.

Crimson Lord:

For every strand that is exposed ... another will unravel and ... SNAP!

LIGHTS OUT.

A few cell phone lights click on but it's too late to see anything of note. The lights return and Crimson Lord is gone and

Scott Douglas once again stands alone in the center of a wrestling ring wondering what the hell just happened.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFCON 2018



Don't miss the BIGGEST event of the year! DEFCON on DEFonDemand!

OSCAR BURNS vs KENDRIX

DDK:

After what's no doubt been a crazy night, we're finally at the end where we've got the former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns going one-on-one with the man that attacked him on The Bruv Show - the returning Kendrix. And as first announced earlier this week, this is a BIG match for Kendrix. If he wins, he'll be added to the FIST of DEFIANCE title match at DEFCON.

Angus:

Dear God, a match where that dumbass Stevens AND the bigger Dumbass, Hollywood McFuckass Lite compete for our biggest prize? Ugh, I'm gonna be il...

DDK:

Burns is 2-0 since returning to active duty, but Kendrix doesn't have any scruples cutting corners or taking shortcuts. If he is given an opening, he'll take it so Burns best be on his guard. He's a former UTA World Champ, two-time DEFIANCE World Tag Champ and DOC Champion for a reason. Burns has wanted Stevens one-on-one for the better part of four months now and Kendrix winning puts that goal in even more jeopardy.

Angus:

Unlike Mikey McFuckballs, he has SOME talent... and that's about as much as I'm willing to compliment that tool...

DDK:

We now go to ringside for our main event of the evening! Big stakes ahead for both men tonight!

And to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening set for one fall! If Kendrix wins this match and defeats Oscar Burns, he will be added to the main event of DEFCON for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead, looking to make Kendrix pay for his sneak attack upon his return to active duty.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Angus:

Burns is the better wrestler, period. But like you said, sometimes the fact he's such a goody-good works against him, especially when people like Stevens and Kendrix are involved.

DDK:

Oscar may have ring time on his side, meaning we don't know just how Kendrix will perform yet since it will be his first match in some time.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd. He takes off his shirt and gauges the crowd reaction on each side, getting a bigger pop than the last before throwing his shirt into the crowd. After that, he leans back in the corner and waits for his opponent.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing an official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK dark green and

gold ring tights, his index fingers point to the sky before he turns to face the arena with that smirk.

DDK:

He fooled them both. He suckered them in and made his statement clear for all to see two weeks ago. Now Kendrix has the opportunity tonight to cement himself in the main event at DEFCON.

Angus:

I honestly thought ten episodes of his stupid show was the worst thing on earth...but now I'm not so sure if he pulls it off tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds and standing at six feet, two inches tall,...JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX!

Jesse hops down from the turnbuckle, having rudely waved his closed fist at his less than adoring welcome from the DEFIANCE faithful he readies himself in his corner before throwing another closed fist right at Burns.

DING DING**DDK:**

The crowd are going nuts for this one, Angus!

Angus:

They love Burns and hate Kendrix and he's about to get his clock cleaned. What's not to like?

Kendrix has a confident smirk on his face for somebody that hasn't wrestled in months while Burns - still somewhat fresh himself - has been baptized by fire in his return with fighting giants like Crimson Lord and Angel Trinidad in his first two matches back. The two lock up and Burns immediately goes for the legs, but amazingly, Kendrix has him scouted and takes control with a Headlock.

DDK:

Kendrix has... nope! Burns turns it around on him!

Burns uses his superior technical skills to counter the Headlock quickly by locking up Kendrix in a tight arm wringer into a Hammerlock. He quickly transitions that into a Headlock of his own and then rolls Kendrix into a downward cradle quickly...

ONE!

Kendrix frantically kicks out, but Burns still has him. He tries to maneuver for another Headlock when JFK turns THAT around and now has a Hammerlock of his own! He grins to the jeering crowd and has Burns, but The Team Graps Cap quickly goes under the bottom rope to the apron, comes back in through the middle, and reverses positions so now Burns has the hold back on! Kendrix uses his feet quickly to grab the ropes and makes Twists And Turns break it off.

DDK:

Kendrix was hanging with Burns for a little bit, but when Burns' pure wrestling skills are matched up against anybody, I truly think he can beat anyone in that manner.

Angus:

Burns can't look past McFuckass LITE for a minute. He looks rusty, Keebs but the douchebag can worm his way through anything!

Angered by being shown up, Kendrix goes for something, but we never find out what that is because Burns already buries a shoulder into his gut! Burns then BLASTS him with a stiff European Uppercut, sending Kendrix to the mat and

then Burns stacks him up!

ONE!

TW...

DDK:

What a surprising shot by Burns so early... he wants to end this one quickly and shut Kendrix out of DEFCON.

Angus:

And that Schoolboy, tho!

Indeed, Burns runs at Kendrix, does a side roll and goes right into a Schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kendrix quickly kicks out and then regroups to the outside, angered at the fact that Burns has had his number thus far. He points up at his opponent and yells something inaudible (it probably wasn't nice) as the ref begins his count.

DDK:

Jesse doesn't look too keen to get back in the ring right now. Preferring to walk around it instead.

Angus:

He knows Burns has got his number here. He's just trying to slow the pace of the match down. GET IN THE RING SO YOU CAN LOSE!

DDK:

Easy partner.

Burns steps back presenting a clear path for Kendrix to make his way back in. JFK finally hops up onto the apron at the count of five before hesitantly making his way back into the ring, holding onto the top rope by the turnbuckles. The ref implors him to let go and get the match going again. The two circle each other and lock in. Burns swivels round for the waist lock but Jesse is on his toes and forces Burns back hard into the corner, the impact releasing the hold.

DDK:

Kendrix now on the offensive, right hands connecting but Oscar ducks under and returns fire of his own.

Angus:

God that must feel good. I'd love to do that, Keebs, I really would.

Jesse stumbles out of the corner toward the centre of the ring, as he turns he's met by a running clothesline from Burns. He immediately pops back up and is sent crashing down with another before popping up again, JFK tries for a clothesline of his own but Burns ducks through and around dropping Jesse with the neckbreaker.

DDK:

Cover from Burns, it could be over, KICKOUT AT TWO.

Burns feeling the energy from the crowd claps along with them, sensing this one is close to being over. Jesse crawls to the bottom rope, Burns stalks him, waiting for him to get to his feet, as Kendrix turns to face his waiting opponent, Oscar charges but Kendrix pulls down the ropes as Burns falls over and down to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

OH! Burns crashed hard on the outside.

Angus:

Pure desperation tactics from Kendrix!

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks is now on the outside trying to recover from the nasty spill he just took while Kendrix now has a grin on his face, happy with the opening he has now. He positions himself on the ring apron and when Burns turns, he gets a running start and leaps off with a Running Knee right to the face!

DDK:

Kendrix caught him flush with that Knee Strike off the apron and now he's down!

Angus:

Grrr... Good Lord, Burns, school this fool!

But the only schooling going on right now is that of Kendrix picking up Oscar and smirking at the crowd like an asshole before he picks Burns up and DRIVES him down with a hard Swinging Neckbreaker right on the floor! The impact takes a slight toll on Kendrix's back as he writhes, but it's even worse for the former FIST as Burns is sprawled out. Kendrix then quickly gets back into the ring as Mark Shields begins a count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

DDK:

Kendrix has to win to get into the DEFCON main event and a countout win is just as good as any!

FIVE!

SIX!

Angus:

That's... damn it, can't hate on that strategy, but I can hate on him. MCFUCKASS LITE, I SAY!

Burns starts to get up slowly while Kendrix counts along with Shields.

SEVEN!

The Team Graps Cap starts to finally rise to a knee.

EIGHT!

He's crawled back up on the apron.

NINE!

And he's back in just in time!

DDK:

Burns stays alive!

Angus:

And there goes Kendrix to capitalize!

Oscar's efforts to stay in the match are rewarded dubiously by Kendrix with a hard Jumping Elbow Drop just as he enters the ring! He stands up and lands a second Elbow Drop to the heart. And when he goes for a third, he stops... delightfully tells The Faithful what he thinks (via signalling they are tremendous wankers) and lands a third Jumping Elbow Drop right to the throat! Kendrix pulls him away from the ropes and goes for what could be the biggest singles victory of his career.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

I know you hate to hear this, but now Kendrix has the advantage and seems focused on that neck of Burns!

Angus:

Shut it!

Kendrix throws Burns into the nearest corner and opts to pound away on him with a flurry of right hands until he's left in a seated position. He stops to make sure Mark Shields isn't on him (he isn't) and then puts a boot into his throat! Kendrix holds it there, trying to rob him of precious air. Shields - known for being DEF's most lackadaisical ref in regards to the rules - finally starts to give Kendrix a half-hearted warning.

DDK:

Sometimes, I wonder why we even have a guy like that on our referee staff.

Angus:

Variety, I guess?

When he's done choking the life out of Burns, he backs up a few steps only to run in and clobber Burns with another Running Knee to the chest before pulling him out of the corner with a Face Breaker DDT! Now seeing that he's down, Kendrix goes for the cover once again.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Burns not letting Kendrix take the win! He's made it no secret how bad he wants Scott Stevens all to himself to avenge previous losses... but Kendrix in that main event makes that goal all the more difficult.

Angus:

Yeah, those chances go way down, says a guy that does math I won't even get into...

He tries to hook Burns up now as he pulls him back on his feet in a Front Facelock, but when he tries for his patented Bell-End, Burns SUDDENLY shoots him down by the arm and locks him mid-ring into a Fujiwara Armbar on the same arm he worked earlier!

Angus:

YES! HERE WE GO! TAP YOU ASSHOLE!

Kendrix writhes in agony and reaches out for the ropes out in front of him but Burns has the hold locked in tight. With his free arm, Jesse drags himself forward, desperately reaching out but Oscar pulls back sharply.

DDK:

Kendrix can't hold out for much longer, surely?!

Kendrix grabs his face in agony before holding his hand out toward the rope once more. He pulls himself forward again but it's too much, he raises his hand, not for the ropes but above high above his head.

Angus:

He's gonna tap, Oscar has got this!

Jesee screams out in pain but with every last inch of him he manages one last surge toward the bottom rope and manages to grab it with his finger tips.

DDK:

Tremendous effort by Kendrix to get to the ropes, whether you love him or hate him you have to admire his guts.

Angus:

Hate him, OBVS!...Oh good God, no! Why did I say that?!

Kendrix pulls himself up by the ropes, gingerly holding his damaged arm as he turns to face the centre of the ring once more where Burns lunges, but Jesse ducks through and grabs the midrift before pulling Oscar up, over and down hard to the canvas with a beautifully timed German Suplex.

DDK:

Burns' neck just crashed off the canvas. JFK still has the grip in tight and there's the second suplex on Burns. These usually come in threes!

Angus:

NOT THIS TIME!

JFK's grip loosened, the effects of the Fujiwara armbar have taken its toll on the former tag champ.

Both men are down, momentarily nursing their respective injuries, but the ref's count is short lived as both men meet each other in the centre of the ring and begin to trade blows!

YES!

BOOO!

YES!

BOOO!

YES!

BOOO!

YES! YES! YES!

Burns forces Kendrix back with the hard Forearm Smashes, step by step to the turnbuckle before forcing him to the opposite corner via an Irish Whip. Burns follows through but Kendrix sidesteps in the nick of time and hurls Oscar shoulder first into the ring post!

DDK:

That's unforgiving steel Burns' shoulder has just met. Kendrix has collapsed to the mat in exhaustion.

Angus:

But the sick fuck is laughing Keebs. Fuck he's gonna win, isn't he?

Burns manages to pull himself away from the ring post and holds his injured shoulder, leaving himself wide open for a VICIOUS Superkick from Kendrix!

DDK:

That's all! Kendrix may be going to DEFCON!

Using his good arm, Kendrix hooks the far leg after falling on top of Burns.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

DDK:

NO! Burns doing EVERYTHING in his power to keep Scott Stevens all to himself!

Angus:

The dumb bruv ain't done, Keebs, look!

Oscar barely had enough to roll over onto his back and tries to stand albeit on very wobbly knees and now a sore shoulder. Meanwhile, Kendrix is up and stalking his opponent who is slowly stumbling to turn and meet him in the middle of the ring.

He goes for the Bellend a second time, but after he leaps, Burns uses his good arm to hook the ropes, letting JFK crash onto the canvas! When Burns begs for him to get up...

Angus:

Dayum! Hard Out Headbutt!

DDK:

And The Backcrackamajig! Two big moves by Burns! The cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Burns can't believe Kendrix kicked out of the stiff Headbutt and the high-angled Backbreaker combination, but when Mark Shields gets two fingers up, he slumps his shoulders.

DDK:

Burns starting to go to end things! Can he get the Graps of Wrath I locked in?

He goes for the Octopus Stretch with the armlock, but hears the crowd jeering. Already almost down the aisle, the FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens charges towards the ring!

DDK:

What the hell is Stevens doing? He's gunning for Burns!

He runs right into the ring and makes a beeline, but Burns sidesteps and takes the chair before shoving Stevens away from the ring!

An IRATE Stevens yells out and tries to question Burns.

Scott Stevens:

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! I CAN GET HIM DISQUALIFIED RIGHT NOW?

Oscar Burns:

I'M NOT YOU! I WON'T WIN THAT WAY!

Angus:

The leader of Derp Dynasty trying to get Kendrix disqualified and keep him away from the Title!

DDK:

And Mark Shields finally rushing Stevens from the ring.

Shields contends with Stevens while Burns sighs with disgust and goes to dispose of Stevens' weap- SUPERKICK BY KENDRIX!!!

DDK:

NO! KENDRIX JUST SUPERKICKED THE CHAIR INTO BURNS' FACE!

Burns is out cold while an ANGERED Stevens howls on the outside. Kendrix smiles and grabs Burns by his hair. He can barely even get pulled up...

Angus:

DAMN IT! BELLEND!

Burns is unconscious when Kendrix goes for a cover, hooking a leg when he doesn't have to. The Faithful JEER him, but there's nothing they can do.

ONE

TWO

THREE

Stevens is beside himself and rushes into the ring to try and catch Kendrix, however he sees him and ducks out quickly, now full-blown laughing.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... KENDRIX!!

Angus:

GORRAM IT! I'M IN THE NINTH CIRCLE OF HELL!

DDK:

The DEFCON main event has just been turned on its head! Now Scott Stevens will defend the championship against BOTH Oscar Burns and Kendrix!

Kendrix blows his former tag team partner a mock kiss from up the ramp and then points and winks at an irate Angus Skaaland, no doubt planning to celebrate the biggest victory in his DEFIANCE career over the former FIST.

Meanwhile, an angry Stevens lets out a scream of frustration that his plan to keep Kendrix out of his match just backfired.

Angus:

Way to fuck it up, Scott.

DDK:

But wait...

Burns still comes around, still in a complete daze over where he was...

THE FIST!

DDK:

STEVENS TAKES A CHEAP SHOT ON BURNS! AND THE WRESTLEFRIENDS WERE ATTACKED EARLIER!
THEY'RE NOT HERE TO HELP BURNS!

Angus:

I'm all for a good sneak attack, but not from a former UTAH asshole.

After laying out Burns a second time with his Superman Punch named after the title he holds, Stevens raises the title, looking out to Kendrix reminding everybody watching that HE is still the man to beat.

One last view of Kendrix smirking back, now making the belt motion around his waist, having just punched his ticket to the biggest match of DEFCON.

And the fallen Oscar Burns...

Whose chances of getting back the title that was stolen from him, having just dropped dramatically.

**THIS
IS
DEFIANCE**