

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:

KLEIN, BE MY X-MAS GIFT
THE EGO BUSTER IS BACK!
VIOLET QUARTZ IS MY CODE NAME
OCCUPY MOVEMENT MOVED ON
NEED COIN SHOWER FOR RENT
SCOTT STEVENS IS NOT MY FIST
WHERE AM I? NO SERIOUSLY. HELP ME.
MY HOME FITS INSIDE TEXAS...
...WHICH MEANS DAN RYAN OWNS ME
WRESTLEFRIENDS... ACTIVATE!
DOUGLAS EATS SPIDERS FOR BREAKFAST!
KEY MY CAR ANGUS!
EVERYONE WINS WITH WYNLYN
WILL FLEX FOR KRUGER
A JAY HARVEY SUCKS
SOME SIGNS NOT AS GOOD AS OTHERS, NO REFUNDS

We finally settle in on our illustrious commentary duo, Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. Both men's energy seem higher than normal.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back... ONCE AGAIN, to the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex and.... DEFtv! Last episode...

Angus:

WAS A TRAVESTY KEEBS. That... that... BRUV, that, SHITWEASEL, WEASELED himself into the *GORRAM* DEFCon main event!

DDK:

Angus is of course talking about JFK, now turning Burns versus Stevens for the FIST into a triple threat by defeating Oscar Burns in last show's main event.

Angus:

I'm talking about TRAVESTY, Keebs. I'm talking about TRAGEDY. I, I can't even. At least Dan Ryan came back and destroyed Jack Harmen!

DDK:

We'll have an update on Harmen's condition I'm told later in tonight's show. In addition, the Fuse Bros experienced a Super Mario wet dream when coins rained from the rafters onto them last week. We've got the Fuse Bros vs. the Toy Box at DEFCon for the tag team titles.

Angus:

Don't for get the SoHer, A Jay Harvey has to defend against Elise-

DDK:

I think you mean Amethysta, who won her contendership in a battle royal sponsored by the Southern Heritage Champion.

Angus:

WHATEVER. Doesn't matter, cause Keebs, my boys in BRAZEN. We got all of Night 1 of DEFCon for Clash of the BRAZEN 3. We've got Team BAMF taking on the Dunson Clan. We've got the Louisiana Bulldogs taking on Gentlemen's Agreement in a rematch from the RISE of the BRAZEN challenge. A four way dance between Howlin' Joe Wolfe, Butcher Victorious, Gunther Adler and HFIV!

DDK:

We're gonna see a sample of that match later as Joe Wolfe and Butcher go one on one on DEFtv tonight!

Angus:

Reinhardt Hoffman defends the BRAZEN championship against Levi Cole. And the main event, I'm so excited I get to announce this... IT'S WAR GAMES KEEBS! PCP defends the TRIOS against the Viking War Cult and No Justice No Peace! It's going to be one hell of a weekend ! But... But... I'm feeling cold Keebs. I don't like this feeling.

DDK:

You don't have super powers Angus. This isn't Angus sense.

Angus:

Believe it or not Keebs, but... something is off... something bad is happening. And it's going to royally piss me off...

LITE ENTERTAINMENT

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the center of the stage. Soon appearing behind the curtain, looking particularly dapper in a sharp looking suit and his hair tied back, Kendrix pauses in the center, looks to his left and then to his right before throwing that cocky smirk the audience's way and making his cocky stride down the ramp towards the squared circle.

DDK:

Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, the man who two weeks ago cemented his name into the Fist title match at DEFCON by beating Twist and Turns, Oscar Burns.

Angus:

Burns had Kendrix in his pocket the whole match, Keebs. Then the champ decided to get involved, screwed up, and now look where we all are!

Having ignored the chorus of jeers and less than polite names being directed his way, Jesse makes his way into the ring, collects a mic from Darren Quimbey and makes his way to the center of the ring, all the while looking particularly pleased with himself.

DDK:

He's not one to shy away from the mic, but love him or hate him, Kendrix is one match away from becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE and I'm sure he's going to tell us all about it right now.

Angus:

Gee, I wonder what he's going to say first?

Kendrix raises the mic, slowly to his lips.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A huge grin appears on his face as Jesse looks over both shoulders at his less than adoring faithful, seemingly very happy with the expected reaction. He takes a couple of steps towards the ropes and holds his free hand out towards the stage.

Kendrix:

First things first, Jaaaayyy eeeffff kaayyyyyy, would like to give a huge shout out to Oscar Burns for his amazing performance in the ring with yours truly. I mean, am I right?!

Jesse claps his free hand against the mic as the crowd ripples with applause.

TWIST & TURNS, CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP.

TWIST & TURNS, CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP.

Kendrix:

Absolutely right, no doubt about it, two weeks ago, you people saw an incredible performance from the single greatest technical wrestler that this company has to offer...

Jesse holds his free hand sincerely upon his chest as he takes a couple of steps back toward the centre of the ring before turning to face the live shot.

Kendrix:

...absolutely school Twist and Turns, Oscar Burns on my way to becoming the third participant of the triple threat match for the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON!

He removes his hand from his chest and affords himself a proud chuckle to the displeasure of those in attendance.

Kendrix:

And of course, JFK would personally like to thank the Champion himself, my old bruv, Scott Stevens for personally coming down to the ring to, understandably, try and take JFK out with a steel chair so that you could keep your little one on one match thing going with Oscar.

Jesse wags his finger at the in ring cameraman and shakes his head at the camera.

Kendrix:

Try as you might gentlemen, neither of you were ever going to keep your snore fest of a main event on the greatest night in the DEFIANCE calendar the way it was set up with good old JFK around, innit?!!

Angus:

Why is God doing this to me?

Jesse turns his attention away from the ringside cameraman, walks back to the center of the stage and looks out at the crowd.

Kendrix:

Oscar, Scott...you never saw JFK coming! All you people, never saw me coming!

He turns towards the ropes, leaning over them he looks over at the commentary table.

Kendrix:

HEY, ANGUS! MCKFUCKASS LITE IS TAKING HOME THE FIST AT DEFCON, BRUV!

There's a thud.

DDK:

Easy, Angus, sit back down, partner!

Kendrix sits on the middle rope, inviting Skaaland to the ring, but Keebs manages to keep his partner in check.

Angus:

Son of a...

Kendrix:

Mckfuckass lite? Huh?! Mckfuckass lite....

Jesse gets up off the ropes and head down walks back towards the centre of the mat, scratching his head.

Kendrix:

See, JFK understands, Angus, you see JFK as a lighter version of my bestest bruv in the whole wide world...Mikey Unlikely!

As the boos ring out at the mention of Kendrix's former Hollywood Bruvs tag partner, Jesse throws a wink and a wave at the ringside camera, clearly silently mouthing "Hi Mikey"! He makes his way back over to the ringside ropes looking out at Angus at the commentary table.

Kendrix:

It's cute, Skaaland. Real cute. But you know what, you're right. I am a lighter version of Mikey. You see, the Hollywood Bruvs are all about the lights, the glamour, the stardom...but most importantly, the Money, bruv!

He rubs his thumb against his fingers before walking back to the center of the ring turning his focus to the crowd.

Kendrix:

You're damn, right, Mikey Money, baby! JFK and Mikey Money smashed it in DEFIANCE! Hell, we were this close to running it in Mikey's own beautiful Sports Entertainment image. DEFIANCE lost out, all you people lost out! You couldn't see what we were trying to do, you were too short sighted...

He pauses for a moment, scratching the side of his head in deep thought.

Kendrix:

But it was only when JFK was sitting at home, injured, when it dawned on him...that as much as he loves that image, as much as he loves the fame and the money that came with being Mikey's bruv...JFK loves the idea of becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE even more!

He holds his head back up.

Kendrix:

And you all fell for it! Every. Single. Person in this arena. Those two idiots at commentary, the boys in the back, Kelly Evans...everybody thought that McFuckass Lite was just interested in promoting The, The Bruv Show!

He nods and chuckles as the boos reign down.

Kendrix:

Oscar Burns and even my own friend, the champ himself, Scott Stevens...were suckered in! And just like that, in the space of four weeks, JFK has gone from TV Show presenter to one match away from becoming YOUR...FIST of DEFIANCE.

Jesse nods his head proudly at the thought before looking over at the stage area once more.

Kendrix:

So Oscar, Scotty...why don't you two just continue to have your stupid little gang war with your Wrestlefriends and the Stevens Dynasty...

He stops himself in his tracks and grabs the attention of the ringside cameraman again.

Kendrix:

...which, while we're on the subject Scott, you'll be hearing from my lawyers very soon about the subject of naming rights and how much money, that I obvs don't need, that you're going to give me!

He throws another cheeky wink at the camera before looking out at the crowd in the center of the ring.

Kendrix:

Bruvs, continue to focus on your little gang war, keep beating the living hell out of each other! Because, afterall...just as Oscar and Scotty have learned over the last four weeks...JFK is just that TV fame hungry, McFuckass lite wannabee...who would never dream of taking advantage of a situation, pick up the pieces...

Kendrix:

...and become the FIST of DEFIANCE in two weeks at DEFCON!

He drops the mic as his music hits, signalling the belt around his waist and leaving everyone with his trademark smirk before exiting the ring.

DDK:

Some strong words from a very cocky and confident Kendrix. He has manipulated his way into the FIST rematch between Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns Are we looking at the next FIST of DEFIANCE, Angus?

Angus:

For the sake of everything we hold dear about this company, we better all hope that he doesn't, Keeps.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFCON 2018



Don't miss the BIGGEST event of the year! DEFCON on DEFonDemand! Live from the Lake Front Arena!

I, ELISE

"WWHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?!"

The high pitched scream of a female can be heard echoing through the halls of the WrestlePlex as a crew scrambles to find the cause. The view through the cameraman is shaky and unwieldy, as he scrambles with a large production camera stationed on his shoulder. As we turn a corner, we see the D, waving exaggeratedly toward anyone who will look. He notices the cameraman and rushes over.

The D:

Do you know CPR? NO TIME! COME WITH ME! Make sure it's rolling!

The D grabs the cameraman by his hand and drags him.

The D:

MEDIC! WE NEED A DOCTOR! Don't worry, I'm coming with a CAMERA!

“WHHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?! WHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYY?!”

We come across a woman seated on the ground, her back is to the camera clutching her right knee. Her knee pad is pulled down as the medical team including Iris Divine surround her. The D shoves his way through the chaos and pushes the medics out of the way. Soon Klein joins, but his box remains just off-screen. He, for some reason, is holding figure skates as he kneels into frame.

The D:

What happened?! Are you okay?!

Elise Ares:

I was walking down the hallway... it was big... it was black...it was hard...

Crocodile tears run down the face of Elise Ares as she desperately searches for the camera and gets the right angle so the tears sheen off the arena lighting. The D shoves one of the lower level medics out of the way so this can happen. Everyone is hanging on to her last word, what is it she could possibly be talking about?

Elise Ares:

It was a stick! I was hit in the knee by a stick!

A collective sigh escapes the mouths of her medics, The D wipes the sweat off of his forehead.

The D:

I was gonna kill Titus Campbell like, real dead.

The focus shifts back onto Elise as the D leans down to her.

The D:

She needs space! And cold! And heat!

Elise Ares:

Help me!

Iris Divine stops tending to Elise for a brief moment in a bit of confusion.

Iris Divine:

I... I am.

Iris continues to tend to Elise's knee.

The D:

She also needs lights! Keep it on a medium shot camera dude. Swell the sad music! Oh, Flex! Thank God!

The D rushes up as he notices Flex enter the scene. Flex surveys the surroundings and his eyes go wide to Elise.

Flex Kruger:

Oh man! Elise! This...

Flex's eyes glow with anger.

Flex Kruger:

This has to be the work of Amethysta!

The D can't contain a laugh and then just stares daggers at Flex.

The D:

Yes. It must be.

Elise Ares gives a look towards The D that can only be described as internal screaming. The D stops in his tracks and rubs the back of his head.

The D:

Or not. Probably was Harvey.

Flex Kruger:

I WILL AVENGE YOU ELISE!

Flex quickly storms off, pushing past Klein as he does. The D just rolls his eyes and turns his attention back to Elise.

The D:

Fucking idiot.

Elise Ares:

WWWWWWWWWWHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?!

Klein winces and covers his ears during this scream. Well, covers the box where his ears would be. It's super ineffective.

The D:

Klein! Pick her up! Take her somewhere secure! The attacker could be biding his time, we have to get her to safety Iris!

Iris Divine:

Wait. Wait no!

Without Iris being able to properly respond, Klein has already lifted Elise up into his arms as if they were a honeymoon couple crossing the threshold. He begins to instinctively rush with her in his arms, banging her knee against a wall as he turns. Elise winces, but the timing is slightly off as Klein rushes with her off frame. Iris and her medical staff begin to give chase.

The D, sighing after that intense situation, turns to the lingering cameraman and smiles.

The D:

You did good. Here you go.

The D hands him a small slip of paper before he walks off in the opposite direction. The camera looks down, and it reveals:

“20% off all Lake Placid Vi merchandise
(Offer valid until midnight, July 26th, 2018)”

The cameras head back to the commentary booth, as Keebs has a concerned look. Angus can't be bothered.

DDK:

Elise Ares has been attacked Angus. We don't know by who!

Angus:

I'm... I'm not even going to dignify that with a response.

TYLER FUSE vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

Back to ringside as Darren Quimbey stands with a microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Blackwood looks a little banged up from two weeks ago. He heads down the ramp with not much notoriety and gets into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, being accompanied by his brother Conor, one half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions... Tyler Fuse!

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

Tyler appears behind the curtain, ring gear on with his brother in a walking boot behind him and no crutches this week. Conor is wearing the new "SAVE THE DAY" t-shirt and black and green Adidas track pants.

DDK:

This match has been booked as a tune-up for Tyler Fuse, since Conor is still not cleared to wrestle. I'm being told he should be cleared within the week but the deadline for DEFCON is going to be very close.

Angus:

You know, I've changed my mind on this one. I want Conor Fuse cleared. I want the Tag Team Championships OFF The Fuse Bros. and most importantly off that neon green dumbass. So I hope he's cleared.

DDK:

As for Gage Blackwood, injured or not he has requested to keep fighting.

Angus:

HAHA lol and keep losing.

DDK:

You said lol?

Angus:

So? You judge too much.

DDK:

/judge to much?

Tyler gets into the ring, gives a sportsmanship nod to Gage Blackwood and the bell rings.

DING DING

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Music ♪

Angus:

Yes! Thank you! Saved BY the bell!

The ToyBox. Loud boos.

Dandelion, of course, is holding the gold coin in her hands and Jestal follows behind. They come down the ramp and

hold ground across from where Conor Fuse is positioned, at the opposite side of the ring.

DDK:

Completely uncalled for.

Angus:

THE number one contenders to the Tag Team Championships!! I love it! ... And they brought their coin.

DDK:

The coin is a MacGuffin, you know.

Angus:

Um, DUH. Try telling that to *him*...

Angus points towards Conor's direction and the camera shows he is clearly distraught.

Conor looks up at his brother.

Conor Fuse:

I know, I know. I'm not taking the bate.

Tyler agrees.

Tyler Fuse:

Good.

DDK:

This has all the ingredients of chaos, Angus!

Angus:

You're telling me! Conor has the attention span of a 5-year-old!

Blackwood waits out the interaction between the brothers in his corner and then emerges.

DDK:

Blackwood and Tyler Fuse lock up! Tyler with an elbow lock on Gage... but Blackwood fights out of it and throws Tyler into the ropes. Blackwood lowers his head, Tyler gets to the center of the ring, drops to one knee and hits Gage with an open fist!

Blackwood stumbles back. He bounces off the ropes lightly and Tyler connects with a hip toss. Blackwood is back to his feet and Tyler hits another hip toss.

Angus:

Look at this, Keebs. Just look at this. Tyler Fuse is *legit*. He's so much better than his idiot brother. People think I hate the Fuse Bros. No. I hate that moron in a walking boot slamming the mat and cheering his EXTREMELY more talented brother on.

Tyler Irish whips Blackwood into the buckle and comes in with a splash. Next, a running bulldog up the ring ropes and landing in the center of the canvas. Tyler pulls himself up, not paying attention for even a second to The ToyBox.

Conor Fuse:

Yes, big bro, yes!!

Conor keeps slamming the mat with his hands. He looks away for a brief moment and sees The ToyBox and specifically Dandelion, smiling about, trying to get his attention but he chooses to ignore her.

Tyler goes back to the Scot but this time he is met with a quick roll up!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

A very surprised Tyler Fuse falls back to a corner in the ring. He waits for Blackwood to get to his feet.

DDK:

It was almost over right there!

Once Blackwood is up, Tyler lands a swinging neckbreaker.

DDK:

Fuse with a pendulum backbreaker!

Angus:

If it wasn't for that one little slip up, this is all Tyler Fuse!

Player One continues the assault. He hurls his opponent into the ropes and performs a strong looking twisting dropkick sending Gage to the canvas. Tyler wastes little time and leaps to the second rope...

He comes off, looking for an elbow drop but Blackwood rolls out of the way.

DDK:

Now it's Gage's turn! He hammers some left hands into Tyler's face and elbows to go along with it. Blackwood hits his own version of a back breaker to Tyler. He puts him in a sleeper hold, probably to spend a few moments recovering himself!

Conor Fuse:

Let's go Ty! Let's go Ty! Let's go Ty!

Conor, somehow, while slapping his arms against the canvas (and resting against the ring in his walking boot) is able to get the crowd to stomp and chant along, too.

Tyler begins to fight out of the vice. He gets to one knee and then to a vertical base. All the while, as the sleeper hold is applied, Dandelion is waving her hands at Conor Fuse, trying to get his full attention.

Conor looks over.

Conor Fuse: *[to Dandelion]*

No. Not this time.

That's until she digs into her pocket and pulls out... the golden coin. The nearby Faithful boo.

Conor Fuse: *[to himself]*

Not taking the bate. Not taking the bate.

Angus:

What an idiot. Bet you he snaps in two minutes.

Meanwhile, Tyler has fought out of the hold and hit three elbows into Blackwood's stomach. Tyler sprints to the ropes but is a little distracted as his brother is staring Dandelion down. Jestal, on the other hand, simply stands behind

Dandelion with his arms crossed.

DDK:

Missile dropkick by Blackwood to Tyler Fuse!

Angus:

Sigh.

DDK:

Blackwood hurls Tyler into the corner and follows up with a clothesline. Now, taking Tyler's head... Blackwood performs a running bulldog! Similar to the way Tyler did it early. Whatever you can do, I can do better!

Angus:

No, he can't.

Blackwood goes for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Angus:

Did you see that!? Conor almost had a stroke! He deserves one but not at the expense of Tyler!

The two combatants in the ring soon become secondary, as this time Dandelion doesn't just dangle the coin around her hand but she is openly pointing it towards Conor with the biggest "come and get it" grin. Jestal gets in on it, as well. First, laughing and pointing at Conor and then waving him over to visit.

DDK:

Conor better watch it. He's not 100% cleared just yet and that walking boot does not mean he's exempt to further injury. We still don't know the extent he has healed and this DEFCON match is 50/50...

Angus:

If only.

Dandelion takes the coin and pretends to find it behind Jestal's ear. They both laugh.

Conor's anger grows.

In the ring, Tyler has slammed Blackwood to the mat and followed it up with a springboard crescent kick to the side of his head.

Dandelion takes the coin and pretends to bite it.

Conor is boiling.

Conor Fuse: *[to himself]*

Don't let them get you. Don't let them get you. C'mon, focus on the match.

Conor looks back into the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Finish him, brother! Yes!

Tyler takes a few blows from Blackwood after his left hand is blocked. However, Player One ducks the clothesline attempt, rolls through the mat and back to his feet, hitting 'CQC'.

Conor Fuse:

YES!!!

DDK:

Tyler going to the top rope... this could be over!

Until...

Until Dandelion takes the coin and throws it into the ring.

Conor snaps. His breaking point has been reached. He slides in.

Angus:

What are you doing!?

The referee, Benny Doyle, gets right in the way of Conor, not realizing there's a coin in the ring (or really, why would he care). Tyler remains on the top rope in WTF mode as he can't clear the ref/Conor to get to Gage Blackwood. Tyler also doesn't seem to know the coin was thrown into the ring, either.

Conor Fuse: *[pointing past Benny Doyle, to the coin]*

I need that. I NEED TO INSPECT THAT COIN!!!

But Doyle won't let Conor through.

This allows Dandelion to slither her way into the ring, retrieve the coin, smile, blow a kiss and wink at the younger brother before getting out.

Conor limps his way, walking boot and all out of the ring and b-lines it for The ToyBox. All hell ensues.

Angus:

Here we go!

Conor gets into Dandelion's face. The coin has since been held behind her back.

Conor Fuse:

LET ME SEE THAT DAMN COIN RIGHT NOW!!!! I'VE ABSOLUTELY HAD IT WITH THIS!!

Jestal steps in-between them. Conor instantly pushes him, screaming.

Conor Fuse:

GIVE. ME. THAT. COIN!!!!!!

Tyler is already off the top rope and at the nearby apron, trying to get his brother away from The ToyBox.

DDK:

Uhh... Gage Blackwood is up.

Tyler turns around. Too late.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM TO TYLER.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Angus:

Conor, you fucking moron!!!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Since Conor can't really... fight... he's practically helpless as Dandelion and Jestal start to run back up the ramp. Not before Dandelion takes the coin from behind her and holds it up for everyone to see.

DDK:

She's so proud of herself!

Player Two has just realized his brother lost.

Blackwood gets to his feet, still hurting and a mess from all the beatings he's taken. Tyler, on the other hand, eventually rolls out of the ring and falls beside his brother. He looks at Conor, a little dazed and confused but also mad. Conor is taking deep breaths, upset at the entire situation.

DDK:

If this happens at DEFCON, we will have new Tag Team Champions!

Angus:

Oh, we will. And we will not have The Fuse Bros. anymore! I, for one, am thrilled!

Blackwood's theme continues to play as The ToyBox celebrate on the top of the ramp with the coin. Tyler remains recovering from the hard knee shot he took. Conor is still trying to process what he messed up. And Gage Blackwood...

DDK:

HEY!! THAT'S SHOOTER LANDELL!

Sure enough, Shooter rolls into the ring, the same grey hoodie covering his head, the same behavior as before. Blackwood has his back towards him, until he turns right into his face.

Angus:

Knock him out, Shooter. You finally have him where you want!!

The theme music stops.

Landell doesn't do anything.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. What is your problem?

Landell continues to say nothing and simply stand there.

Gage Blackwood:

You want a match? DEFCON. Book it.

The fans boo once more as Shooter smirks and rolls out of the ring, unwilling to engage. He walks right past The Fuse Bros. and eventually The ToyBox.

Angus:

That's it, Shooter. You're winning the head games for sure!

DDK:

You're such an idiot.

BREAKING NEWS...

DDK:

In tonight's main event, we got a blockbuster six-man tag team match! It will be The League of Extraordinary Graps - Oscar Burns and The WrestleFriends - going up against the Stevens Dynasty and backstage, we've got Christie Zane about to stand by with "Manpower" Jack Mace, arriving now.

Angus:

Cool, the big WrestleDork!

And to the backstage we go where the crowd cheers the big mountain main from Grewelthorpe, England. Holding a duffel bag after just getting big Mace almost runs into Christie Zane backstage.

Jack Mace:

Whoa, love! Don't sneak up on me like that!

Christie Zane:

Hi, Jack! I was wondering if we could get a word about your match tonight?

Jack Mace:

Love, for you, anything. Ask away.

Christie Zane:

So tonight... The League of Extraordinary Graps will fight The Stevens Dynasty for the first time. How do you like your chances?

Mace smirks.

Jack Mace:

Zane, love, I think after last week those three ponces have a lot to answer for. They're going to get outgraps, outhossed and just flat-out going to WISH they'd never...

He stops immediately when he sees Bo Stevens, big shit-eating smirk on his face, traipsing up to Mace with the annoying swagger. He looks up at Mace.

Bo Stevens:

So, uh... you look pretty confident for a guy we beat down pretty badly.

Mace lets out a soft chuckle.

Jack Mace:

And mate, you'll have to pardon my Queen's English, but... you're off your trolley! You only took cheap shots on us because Batts BEAT you last week clean as me loincloth.

Bo Stevens:

Big ass, I... wait. Did you say loincloth?

Jack Mace:

Man of nature, my friend. I make me own clothes and gear.

Bo shudders.

Jack Mace:

Anyway, maybe you should spend a little less time talking rubbish and get ready for your pasting later ton...

RUNNING BODY ATTACK BY GEORGE STEVENS!

Christie Zane backs away as the runaway train called George Stevens barrels behind Mace and PUMMELS him into a collection of steel pipes backstage!

As Macw writhes in pain amongst the wreckage, Bo Stevens cackles behind his partner and watches The FIST of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens, stand over Mace now.

Bo Stevens:

And Bo knows you shouldn't leave yourself open for an ass-beating!

Scott motions for his brother to pick Mace up, and once George has him up The FIST raises his hand up and slowly balls it into a fist and delivers a vicious right hand with his loaded glove! Mace goes limp in George's arms before the big man tosses him into the concrete wall and slumps to the floor, giving Scott the chance to get in his face.

Scott Stevens:

Don't FUCK with the Dynasty.

Scott shoots the big man a look before stepping over Mace's body. He motions for the rest of the group to follow suit and they do as the scene heads to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



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THE ODDS

After the commercial, the feed cuts back to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland at the commentary table.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to the show. If you weren't just here before the commercial break, The Stevens Dynasty viciously attacked "Manpower" Jack Mace backstage, ramming him into steel piping backstage and getting struck with that possibly loaded glove by Scott Stevens.

Angus:

Won't somebody check the damn thing?!

DDK:

Luckily, the attack wasn't far from our trainer's room, so we're going to check in on Jack Mace. His stablemates "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns are there now.

And to the trainer's room we go where Iris Davine is looking over the massive mountain man, Jack Mace with Batts and Burns standing behind him.

Oscar Burns:

GC, I'm sorry we weren't there...

Ryan Batts:

Yeah, Jackie... I'm sorry, too.

Jack Mace:

Yeah... not feelin' great, mates... but not your fault...

Iris is shining a light in Mace's eyes to check for possible signs of a concussion. She looks him over closely for a moment.

Iris Davine:

Well... I'm not seeing anything to indicate a concussion. You're okay there, but...

She touches his ribs and he winces.

DDK:

These. These are bad. I'm going to get those wrapped up and I'm afraid I can't clear you tonight for the main event.

Burns and Batts' collective jaws drop at the unfortunate circumstance as Mace tries to stand... but he stops and seethes in pain, grabbing the table he's sitting on and writhing in pain.

Jack Mace:

Iris, I've taken worse... and with all respect, I'm... ow! Sure that Scott Douglas is a giant walking bruised rib. You...

Iris Davine:

No. Yours are bad. You cannot wrestle tonight or you may risk further injury. You should be clear in time for DEFCON, but you'll need to take it easy.

Oscar Burns:

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Burns kicks over a trash can in a very rare fit of rage, surprising Batts.

Ryan Batts:

Oscar, Oscar, calm down...

Oscar Burns:

NO! I CAN'T, BATTS... (taking a breath) ...not when those Stevens bastards are tarnishing the legacy of that FIST of DEFIANCE and not when people like Kendrix think they can cheat to get ahead forever. GC, I'm sick of apologizing. I'm sick of feeling sorry for things I can't avoid and I'm sorry that you two were brought in for this...

Batts stops him.

Ryan Batts:

Look... this is bad, I'll admit. But you can't give up, Burnsie. Not when DEFCON is so close. If we have to go into this match tonight, two on three, then so be it. I'm SICK of The Stevens Dynasty as much as you are and I'm SICK of their hateful actions ruining the ring that WE'VE worked hard to make worth something. Whatever happens tonight... I'm going out there with you and that's all there is to it.

Taking a second to take in all that he says... Burns pats him on the shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

Okay, GC... your call.

He turns to Mace.

Oscar Burns:

And feel better, big man. Batts is going to need you at DEFCON as close to 100%.

Iris continues taping his exposed chest together now as he nods.

Jack Mace:

Right-o, Burnsie. Good luck out there.

Oscar Burns:

Thanks, Jackie. Much appreciated.

Ryan then turns to him.

Ryan Batts:

All right, Team Graps Cap. What's the strategy then?

Burns and Batts head off to discuss strategy as Mace is having his ribs taped up. The scene goes back to the announce table for the next match.

HOWLING JOE WOLFE vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

An unfortunate situation, but we've gotta switch gears for the next match.

Angus:

Yup, two of the BRAZEN boys in action!

DDK:

As part of DEFCON: Night One, we have the biggest and best in BRAZEN competing in front of their biggest audience at the UNO Lakefront Arena. Coming up next as a BRAZEN Showcase preview, we have Howlin' Joe Wolfe going one-on-one against Butcher Victorious. As BRAZEN's head booker, what's your take on these two, Angus?

Angus:

Well, these two need to show me something tonight. Butcher has all the talent to go to the top in spite of being a Flippy-Doo, but he's too much of a nice guy and the same goes for Wolfe. Wolfe's very technically sound, but they reek of that "happy to be here" nonsense. We need some FIRE, man!

DDK:

We saw Butcher stick up for his friend, Levi Cole, when Reinhart Hoffman attacked Cole after his interview on UNCUT. Wolfe's friends with them both, but tonight it's not about friendship, it's about victory. Let's take it to ring for the next match!

And we do just that.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a BRAZEN Showcase match set for one fall! Introducing first... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Butcher Victorious heads out from the back and down to the ring. He slaps a few hands on his way down and rolls into the ring. He waits for his introduction while rolling his wrists and bouncing on his heels.

DDK:

Butcher's looking extra motivated tonight! Let's see what he and Wolfe can do.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... weighing in at 234 pounds, from Lake Charles... Louisiana's own... **HOWLIN' JOE WOLFE!**

♪ "Howlin' For You" by The Black Keys ♪

The crowd gives a BIG pop to Joe Wolfe as he puts hand over his mouth and lets out a loud howl at the top of the ramp! He scans the crowd and they cheer on their home state boy as he runs to the ring, sliding inside and looking right to Butcher. He extends his hand and the two shake before the bell rings...

DING DING

Angus:

Ugh. Sportsmanship. The only reason Oscar Burns isn't on my top list of guys I like... but the fact he hates The Stevens Dynasty DOES keep him up there...

Butcher and Joe lock up and the two go for the grappling game to start. Joe has on a tight Headlock with Butcher struggling to fight his way out. Butcher then goes back to the ropes and shoves Wolfe forward, waiting for him to come back. Joe runs at Butcher, but he leapfrogs over the taller Louisiana native. When he comes back off the rebound, he leapfrogs again. A third time allows him to catch Joe with a Front Dropkick, knocking him off his feet!

DDK:

Not bad from Butcher! Both guys are looking to score a win tonight.

Joe rolls out of the ring and Butcher is already thinking about taking flight on the Louisiana favorite. Butcher eggs on the crowd for some applause and they lend it to him as he goes for a Slingshot Plancha. He goes over, but Joe sidesteps the high-risk maneuver!

DDK:

Wow, Butcher lands on his feet...

But Wolfe climbs onto the ring apron as he adjusts himself. Butcher turns...**FLYING LARIAT OFF THE RING APRON!**

The crowd pops as Joe's high-impact move works in his favor! He pumps a fist in the air and celebrates with the crowd.

Angus:

Don't celebrate, Joe, go win the damn match!

DDK:

I think he's hearing you now. Wolfe throws Butcher back inside the ring.

After Joe tosses Butcher back inside, Wolfe goes up top already and looks like both men aren't keen on playing it safe tonight. They want the win. Joe manages to go for broke with another Diving Lariat from the top, but he gets clipped out of the sky with a Jumping Heel Kick by Butcher! The crowd cringes now as Butcher rolls over and goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Wolfe with the knockout! Both men really want this win tonight. Neither man is content to hold back and this match is just getting going!

Butcher goes to pick Joe up off the mat and pelts him with a few Forearm Smashes before he throws him into the nearest corner. The young Texan points at the corner and rushes full speed with a huge Jumping Back Elbow!

With Wolfe stunned, Butch Vic whips him back to the original corner before now catching him with a Running Big Boot right in the corner! Wolfe is stunned when Butcher takes him down out of the corner with a Snap Facebuster! Butcher rolls Wolfe into another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Maybe standing up to Hoffman earlier this week gave Butcher some chutzpah!

DDK:

Could be. He drops Joe on the mat with a big slam. Tries for the Springboard Moonsault...

And gets nada as Wolfe rolls out of the way!

Butcher catches himself as Joe gets back to his feet. Butcher charges again, only to get a pair of feet from Wolfe in the face! Butcher stumbles back before trying his luck with the move again, but this time, Wolfe pushes his way past him and whips Butcher into the ropes before taking him down with a HUGE Flapjack!

DDK:

Big countermove there by Wolfe!

Howlin' Joe lets out another howl and the crowd reciprocate as Butcher stumbles to the corner. Joe runs forward and drives into him with a Running Clothesline, followed by a Running Bulldog out from the corner!

Still not satisfied with just that string of moves, The Lake Charles native stands over Butcher and DEADLIFTS him off the ground, dumping him onto his back with a huge Gutwrench Suplex! The crowd pops as Wolfe goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Close one! But Wolfe may be taking your advice.

Angus:

Just stop playing to the crowd and you'll be alright. These kids should just listen to me because I'm right whenever I open my mouth...

DDK:

Pleading the fifth, Angus...

Wolfe gets back up and pulls Butcher up by his leg, throwing a few kicks to the leg before trying for a Figure Four... but Butcher with the Inside Cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Left yourself wide open, Wolfie!

Both men are back on their feet when Butcher goes back and stuns Joe with a pair of Knife-Edge Chops followed by a Jumping Neckbreaker to take down the bigger man! Wolfe goes to the floor to try and create separation, but Victorious goes up and over...

DDK:

Wow! No-Hand Somersault Plancha and this time, Butcher lands all of it!

Angus:

Ugh, you dumb flippy-doo!

The Texan gets a nice pop from the crowd after the big dive! Butcher takes a second to rise before he picks up Wolfe and slides him back in. Butcher heads up top and leaps onto the top rope, landing a Springboard Missile Dropkick

right on the button! Butcher now with the cover attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

A great collection of moves by Butcher, but now he goes back up top again, perhaps looking for that Overhead Somersault Neckbreaker he calls The Violet Crown!

Angus:

The flippity-flop with extra cheese!

The crowd cheers Victorious going up top just as a spaghetti-legged Wolfe starts to stir. He turns around and sees Butcher coming...

DDK:

No! Wolfe moves, but Butcher rolls through and lands on his feet...

Angus:

BAM! IMPLANT DDT!

Wolfe catches Butcher on the return with a boot and DRILLS him into the mat with an Implant DDT, but he's not done! He hooks him up by both arms with Butcher still rocked from the DDT...

DDK:

Tiger Driver! He calls that Wolfe's Bane! A new move in his arsenal! Will that be all?

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Wolfe falls back as the crowd cheers the Louisiana native for a job well done!

DDK:

Both men hit each other with all they had, but Wolfe with a big win!

Angus:

Both guys have potential, it's up to them to fulfill it!

Wolfe stands up first and goes to offer Butcher a hand up. Victorious nurses his back with one hand and looks him dead in the eye...

Slaps the hand away!

The crowd boos a little, but Butcher doesn't pay them any mind as he limps out and heads to the back. Wolfe shrugs off Butcher and takes a moment to bask in victory as the scene heads elsewhere.

RED QUEEN VS QUEEN BEE

Cut to Darren and Angus at the commentary station. Their chairs are turned toward the DEFiatron for the upcoming portion of the show. The DEFiatron shows a split screen of the two ladies who have been at each other's throats over the past few months. They are now two weeks away before they finally meet in the ring one on one at DEFCON!

DDK:

Ladies first I would like to thank you both for appearing here tonight.

WynLyn: *[clicks her tongue]*

Ya..whatever.

Gin:

Get on with it!

Angus:

Feisty ladies I like it.

WynLyn:

You know something Quell, all I wanted to be was friends. You choose the other way, and come DEFCON you are going to wish you accepted my friendship.

Gin:

Oh is that so? Please, I have enough friends in my life I don't need another. You could of just walked away. Not you though, well in two weeks its going to take a lot more than a punch bowl over the back of my head to keep me from ripping you apart!

DDK:

Ladies...

Wyn quickly interrupts Keebs the hatred all over her demeanor as she sit in the chair in a remote part of the arena.

WynLyn:

I should of found something harder to slam into your skull! Nevermind all that at DEFCON that stipulation is gone, and not even Kelly is going to stop me from ripping you to shreds!

DDK:

Well, I th..

Gin now interrupts Keebs. Obviously it appears this interview is starting to not be what it was intentionally suppose to be.

Gin:

You can bring everything you got I was trained by the well renowned DEFIANCE star Bronson Box! Who were you trained by a psychopath that has a fascination with a insect?

DDK:

Ladies I like to..

Wyn again interrupts Keebs.

WynLyn:

Where are you, screw this stipulation!

Angus:

This is not going as planned here Keebs.

DDK:

It appears so....Ladies remember you could be fired if either one of you make physical contact with each other.

Gin:

Ya, I know that Keebs, but this bitch is really asking for it. Lucky for her I can restrain myself and save all the pent up aggression i have for her until DEFCON!

Wyn clearly enraged she rips her microphone off but before walking off camera.

WynLyn:

Your a coward Gin! You always have been. All you have done is hide behind Box and now Hoffman your entire career! Come DEFCON this woman trained by that psychopath is going to show you a side of pain you have yet to feel!

Gin gets close to the camera motioning for her hands toward her to bring it.

Gin:

We shall see, you bitch. In two weeks you are going to get a rude awakening to the business you never expected!

Quell walks off camera, Wyn with her teeth gritted stares out into the Faithful for a moment then walks off camera. DDK and Angus turn their chairs back toward the commentary table.

DDK:

Well, it appears these two clearly have a issue that needs resolution. A resolution that is going to come to pass at DEFCON! In just two weeks, these two will battle it out and we will find out just who has the right to call themselves a Queen.

Angus:

Nothing like a good old fashion grudge catfight at the greatest wrestling show of the year for DEFIANCE...DEFCON!

DDK:

Folks, we'll be RIGHT back with MORE DEFIANCE action!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: CLASH OF THE BRAZEN

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

ELISE ARES & LEVI COLE vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN & THE JAY HARVEY

WE ARE BRAZEN

We fade into backstage, as Christie Zane holds a microphone in front of a waving DEF flag. She's wearing a beautiful evening gown.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce at this time... the Dunson Clan.

Boos as Todd and Richie step into frame. Their father Paul steps forward, taking the microphone by taking Christie's hand.

Paul Dunson:

Ever since we've gotten a mean streak Christie, the Faithful have turned their backs on us... but we're undefeated in tag team action. At DEFCon Night 1, Clash of the BRAZEN, the Dunson clan continue their quest for tag or trios gold.

Christie Zane:

You're scheduled to face off against two of the newer signees to BRAZEN, Matt LaCroix, and Sam Day, Team BAMF. LaCroix was able to pin your boy Todd in a singles match on the house show circuit.

Paul looks at Christie, sneering. He now gently unwraps Christie's fingers from the microphone and takes it from her hands. He then politely shoo's her away, as Christie awkwardly leaves. Paul turns to the camera.

Paul Dunson:

The only matches that matter are duo or trios Zane, so, please, leave us be, before you jinx us. LaCroix got lucky, but he's used up all that luck. Cause at DEFCon, Richie and Todd here? They're going to tear your arms from their shoulders and beat you with them. The Dunsons are here to win gold, and we will not stop until we do. So you can take your 30 day sober chips you keep flipping, you can take your whimsical and upbeat attitude, and shove it. Because at the end of the day.

Richie and Todd lean forward, the back of their palms slapping against one another.

Richie & Todd Dunson:

We are BRAZEN.

Paul slaps the backs of his sons as the scene fades back to the commentary booth.

DDK:

That should be one heck of a matchup Angus. Team BAMF have wins over the Bulldogs and the Barrio Boys and are making a big impact in BRAZEN.

Angus:

And while most may not like the new attitude of the Dunson Clan, you can't say it hadn't been effective.

OPEN EYES

DDK:

I'm being told, yes... Now. Here comes Crimson Lord, who as of late has been trying to teach a lesson to all of us. Scott seems to be the focal point of this lesson.

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

Angus:

I don't know what the hell this crazy bastard is talking about but I don't want to be anywhere near the pink panther.

Crimson steps from behind the curtain, in a sleeveless long white trench coat. The jeering from the fans is tremendous. In one hand he has a small box with a black towel over it, and in the other hand another box with a white towel over it. The boxes are not very big, he makes his way toward the ring.

DDK:

Now what is this that he is bringing to the ring?

Angus:

That's it he found a way to infect us all with the pink epidemic!

DDK:

Boy, Angus you sure can't get off the color pink can you?

Crimson sets both boxes in the corner. He walks over to Darren Quimbly and the time keeper area. He reaches over as they quickly scatter from him. His reach is not for them but for the chair folded up behind them. He takes the chair and smirks at the two before walking to the ring once more. He slides the chair into the ring and walks toward the steps leading to the ring.

Angus seems to be talking to someone in his headset.

Angus:

Ya! That's what I said hurry up and bring out a gas mask, I don't want to be infected!

Crimson steps through the second and top rope, very rare to see from the seven footer. He walks over to the chair lying on the mat. He picks it up and unfolds it in the middle of the ring he then walks over toward the two boxes he brought to the ring. He picks them up and sets one to the right of the chair and one to the left. He pulls a microphone out of his jacket pocket, and sits in the chair.

While all this has gone on a stagehand from backstage has brought out what appears to be a gas mask, as the show switches to the commentary area for a moment. Angus has the gas mask quickly put on before the camera returns to the ring waiting for Crimson to begin.

DDK:

Is all that really necessary Angus?

Angus: *[Muffled voice]*

It has been nice knowing you Keebs, you should've planned for the apocalypse.

Crimson Lord:

Rejoice my children your Beacon of Light, was not snuffed out two weeks ago by the treacherous Mr. Douglas.

The Faithful jeer loudly, with some chanting "Sub-Pop"

DDK:

Scott coming out to stop the heinous actions of Lord, in trying to end Kerry's career at DefTv 109!

Angus:

Keebs....I am your father!

The audio picks up a snicker from Keebs.

Crimson Lord:

I have come out here to talk to you my children. I have a story to tell you, and don't worry for those of you with a attention span of a nat I brought visuals for you to look at.

Jeers continue..

Crimson Lord:

There once was a Great Spider. We shall call this spider Murray. You see Murray was deadliest of the spiders. The Evil Ones under him ran around and spinned their cobwebs of deceit throughout DEFIANCE. Murray commanded order amongst these Evil Ones. He ruled the web for over a year, until finally one eager Evil One chose to challenge the Great Spider to a fight for the web.

Lord pauses for a moment letting the Faithful settle down with their loud outbursts before continuing.

Crimson Lord:

It was a long hard fight but this Evil One we shall call Burns. He overcame Murray, Burns had done what none of the prey trapped in Murray's web could do for over a year and defeat him. Burns became THEE Spider. So he began to spin his webs of lies, until one night Burns came across a prey blessed by The Light. A prey named Stevens...

Just hearing Stevens names gets more jeers toward Lord.

Crimson Lord:

Stevens stepped out of being labeled the prey and became The Warrior of The Light you my children should stand on your feet and cheer. He took out THEE Spider and since then has made it his mission to burn the web of lies Burns spread throughout DEFIANCE.

Crimson looks down at the box covered in a black towel, he reaches down and picks up the box and gently puts his hand over the towel.

Crimson Lord:

Lets wind this story back a few months. At DEFIANCE Road a Spider who kept to himself and waited for his moment to be the King of the web so he could spin his threads of deceit and corruption. We shall call this Spider.....

Angus: *[Muffled still]*

IT'S THE END!!!...Goodbye Keebs!

Crimson pulls the towel off the box and reveals a spider the size of your thumb perched still in the center of a circular web. Lord lifts the box near his face.

DDK:

You see Angus, you're exaggerating its a pet spider.

Crimson Lord:

Douglas!

He lowers the cage and sets it on his thigh.

Angus: *[Muffled still]*

He still has another box!

Crimson Lord:

Now Douglas has been in the background observing and taking notes from the previous kings of the web. Learning and honing his craft, so much so that he has made himself probably the deadliest of all the spiders in the vast web of DEFIANCE. Douglas was a special spider, just as old as the Great Spider Murray.

Crimson sets the box with the spider down on the mat and picks up the box with the white towel.

Angus:

This is it! The Great Pink Apocalypse is about to begin!

He looks out into the Faithful then toward the box slowly shaking his head for a moment. He removes the white towel and unveils a box filled with crickets and grasshoppers.

DDK:

You can open your eyes now Angus, it's a bunch of crickets and grasshoppers.

Angus: *[Muffled still]*

He is going to infect the world by releasing his infected bugs!

DDK:

Your hopeless.

Crimson Lord:

Just a few short months ago, The Light imposed itself upon DEFIANCE. Lead by a Warrior of The Light Mikey Unlikely!

Tremendous heat just by him uttering that name.

Crimson Lord:

These soldiers of The Light, myself included were on a mission to eradicate The Spider infested DEFIANCE. To start to break the walls of webs these spiders spun. It wasn't until one man...

Crimson looks back at the Spider encased box.

Crimson Lord:

Douglas who started to finally weave his web of treacherous lies, he took the many prey wandering aimlessly in the web of DEFIANCE.

As he looks at the insect box.

Crimson Lord:

His webs encompassed his prey and the Evil Ones, but instead of draining them he injected his special venom. A venom that forced his entrapped victim to see what they were doing was not for the good of the world but was hurting the world. With each victim he would direct them to his way of living. His webs til this day have spread throughout DEFIANCE! These webs have quickly made this entity a cesspool of Evil Ones!

Crimson sets the other box on the ground and stands up looking out into the fans who chant

SUB-POP!

SUB-POP!!

Crimson Lord:

However, as The Light was pushed back by Mr. Douglas and his Zombified Spiders now on his side. You can never defeat The Light, we eventually emerged once more. DEFIANCE continues to be infested by these Spiders, and all the

Evil Ones behind them. The Light however will not yield, The Light shall purge DEFIANCE of all the bile and evil that has plagued it. I shall eliminate this venomous creature and The Light shall continue to grow stronger and stronger until WE have purified all of you, and eradicated The Spiders and the Evil Ones who follow their ways!

♪“Smiling & Dyin’” - Green River♪

The Faithful pop at the opening riff of the grunge song. Angus pulls his mask up, gasping. Scott Douglas steps out from behind the curtain, microphone in hand.

Angus:

Oh thank god. That was getting hot. Scotty should really have a hazmat suit though.

Scott raises the microphone to begin speaking but refrains as the Faithful would drown him out anyway. Darren attempts to commentate over the cacophony.

DDK:

I'm not sure ... Crimson Lords rhetoric, with or without visual aids have shifted the crowd in the slightest!

In the ring, Crimson Lord looks oddly pleased, almost happy.

Angus:

As long as his rhetoric isn't explaining how he has turned conjunctivitis into an airborne pathogen laced dirty bomb.

DDK:

Do you hear yourself?

As the Faithful's boisterous boom slowly fades to dull hum, Scott raises the microphone once again.

Scott Douglas:

I don't think anyone here will dispute the fact ... that well ... I've been here before.

DDK:

You can say that again.

Angus:

He's been here before, Keebs. Jesus! Reapers, that Allen weirdo ... are your headphones not working!?

DDK:

...

Scott Douglas:

Some wanted my blind allegiance, my obedience or to crush my will to carry on by tainting every success I achieved. Others just wanted my title. Those I understood. But ... you, you just want to ruin me in the eyes of these people...

Scott takes a few steps forward as the Faithful jeer and let Crimson know: just how unsuccessful his attempts have been.

Scott Douglas:

Obviously, that hasn't worked and ... if my past has taught me anything ...

Scott pauses for effect.

Scott Douglas:

There is only one way this ends!

The Faithful ignite at the thought of Douglas resorting to the level of violence he has been driven to before, in similar situations. He takes note of this as well, and yells into the mic trying to compete with the ambient noise.

Scott Douglas:

You hear your children, *Lord?* ... huh!? ... They WANT BLOOD!

The volume raises several decibels at the sheer mention of blood be spilled.

Crimson switches from watching and listening intently to laughing and seemingly basking in the outcry of the Faithful. He holds his arms outstretched and slowly turns in the ring, taking it in from all sides.

DDK:

Scott Douglas, backed fervently by the Faithful here at the DEF-Plex, seems to be laying down the gauntlet to well ... an odd reaction from Crimson Lord.

Angus:

His Royal Pinkness has finally snapped! The conjunctivitis has morphed into full blown stage three syphilitic shock!

DDK:

Honestly ... ?

Crimson, having thoroughly enjoyed himself, slows his spin and stops to face Douglas on the stage.

Crimson Lord:

The Foolish Spider. He knows only of the webs he has wove. Blind to those that have surrounded and are prepared to bring all he has built crashing down in an instant. The Majestic has not returned, IN VAIN, simply to turn my children against the spider ... No.

Angus:

This is getting *GORRAM* creepy, Keebs!

Crimson Lord:

Certainly not. I've returned to show my children that the Spider is powerless!

Crimson turns away from Douglas as he continues. He looks out amongst the Faithful like a congregation.

Crimson Lord:

It is not the heroic fervor that gives the Spider his power. No. It is not the intestinal fortitude or the plucky underdog spirit. It is not vengeance nor vindication of vitriol.

He continues moving around the ring, addressing each side of the arena.

Crimson Lord:

Nor strength. Nor will or diligent dedication. This is not the case of when practice has subsequently made perfect. No, my children. This is not getting back up, not how many times it has been done or with what veracity or resounding resilience. This is you.

No one is getting it.

Crimson Lord:

You, my children! YOU ARE his power! Without you he is nothing. A shell of shell of man.

Crimson turns back toward Scott, who is also a little confused.

Crimson Lord:

You feed and siphon the life force from my beautiful children to stay on the frontlines LONG after the war has been lost. You are a drain and a pestilence on the entity known as DEFIANCE and my children, it's Faithful. At DEFCon ... no, cheering, no Faithful. No power!

DDK:

Is he ... ?

Crimson steps back toward the middle of the ring. A calm comes over him and his voice lowers. He speaks in a much more hushed tone than his preacher like prose.

Crimson Lord:

Simply the Majestic One and the Spider ...

Angus:

He's lost it. The end, Keebs!

Crimson Lord:

A silent and empty arena ... oh, yes. The reverberating sound of the Spider being squashed bouncing off of each and every seat That could have been filled with the lifeblood he needs to carry on ...

Crimson Lord trails off, getting quieter and quieter as he goes, before going into the trance like position we've seen before.

Cut back to Douglas, no longer confused or amused.

Scott Douglas:

I told you I've been here before ... and I've learned; never to argue with fools. Just beat the shit out of 'em!

The Faithful ignite once again as Douglas drops the mic and turns back toward the curtain.

In the ring, Crimson Lord hasn't moved. Still in his trance like state.

DDK:

Well, I'm not sure of the logistics but ... DEFCon 2018, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas will face "The Majestic: Crimson Lord in an empty arena!

Angus:

Where the hell does Pinky and the no-Brain suggest we find that!?

DDK:

Well, partner - DEFCon will emanate from the prestigious Lake Front Arena for DEFCon 2018! So, I can think of one place that'll be free that night ...

Angus:

Will you QUIT shilling the DEFCon, for two seconds ... and answer my question!

DDK:

Folks, we'll be right back with MORE DEFIANT Action!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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ONE BIG HAPPY...

Back to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

Well, as we prepare for the upcoming main event, we still haven't heard an update on the injuries Jack Mace sustained, and wish he gets better soon, The League of Extraordinary Graps will be down a man fighting The Stevens Dynasty tonight. And we've seen them all on the warpath tonight.

Angus:

Derp Dynasty are running around all hard, but...

Before Angus can finish his thought, he gets interrupted by a voice he knows all too well...

???:

Angus, Angus, Angus. Been a long, long time.

Darren and Angus peek towards the stage and out from the back, a face that hasn't been seen in a few years greets the crowd...

A fancy gray sportcoat, blue dress jeans, and those dumb coke-bottle glasses could only mean one man for those familiar with the early origins of Team HOSS...

DDK:

Tell me my eyes aren't failing me, Angus...

Angus:

THEY'RE NOT, KEEBS! IT'S THE MAN WHO BROUGHT TEAM HOSS TO DEFIANCE... HE'S BACK!!!!

A HUGE mixed reaction from the crowd shows off the man known as Thomas Keeling Jr... aka, Junior Keeling on the stage, wearing a headset to speak to the audience with. Junior smiles that sickening shit-eating smile he was known so well for as he stands on the stage.

Junior Keeling:

DEFIANCE, it's been a long time... too damn long. But I'm back now! For those that don't know me... shoot yourselves. I, Junior Keeling, Mega-Agent to the Stars, is back in DEFIANCE! And...

He points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

I am not alone...

And with that, another familiar face appears and the crowd jeers the Family Keeling Talent Agency Patriarch.

DDK:

Junior AND Thomas Keeling Sr. are here! They're back in DEFIANCE! Has this place ever had two bigger shysters than The Family Keeling?

Angus:

Shady businessmen? They aren't mafiosos, Keebs! They're legit! They're great! They brought us ALL the HOSSFITES!

Angus' fandom continues as Thomas Keeling stands on the stage now with his no-nonsense demeanor on full display. Behind his own horn-rimmed glasses, the man that some could confuse for Donny Deutsch scans the jeering crowd and turns on his own headset to greet the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son, for that introduction. For those who may not remember, my name is Thomas Keeling and I am the Patriarch of The Family Keeling Talent Agency. You know us from carrying Team HOSS to the record-setting DEFIANCE World Trios Title reign, defending them in multiple main events against a who's who of DEFIANCE history ranging from Dan Ryan, Lindsay Troy, Dusty Griffith and anybody else that tried their luck... And now, DEFIANCE...

He looks out to the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

You're going to know us as the two men that manage our newest client RIGHT to the top!

The crowd murmurs now, wondering what the hell the two notorious agents are talking about.

DDK:

What are they even talking about? Junior hasn't been seen in years since he was fired for paying off a doctor to fake a drug test to get his clients out of a title def...

Angus:

You forgot to put ALLEGEDLY in front of that, Keebs. Evans fired him, but he and the agency settled out of court. Nothing was ever proven!

Thomas looks out to the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

DEFIANCE. This organization almost RUINED my business. They wrongly fired my son for some alleged nonsense that was never proven.

Junior Keeling:

YEAH!

Thomas Keeling:

You FORCED me to pay restitutions for that nonsense discretion out of court and make a sizable donation to your BRAZEN league, which would have been NOTHING today if we didn't help bankroll it to begin with!

Junior Keeling:

YEAH!

Thomas Keeling:

DEFIANCE has survived a mass invasion, power-hungry men and women, whatever category the Reapers fell under and everything in between. But now...

He points to the DEFtron now fully displaying a picture of the graphics for DEFCON!

Junior Keeling:

Call this a hostile takeover, bitches, and it starts with DEFCON!

Thomas Keeling:

To that end, we have a proposition... Our new charge wants a FIGHT. He craves competition. He craves fresh blood. His path of destruction needs a starting point, so this goes out to ANYBODY in DEFIANCE, whether you be BRAZEN or main roster. If ANYONE has the fortitude... meet our client in the ring at DEFCON, one on one!

With that, both Keelings nod and disappear to the back without paying the jeering crowd any mind.

DDK:

The... The Family Keeling is here together and they're co-managing someone new? They managed Team HOSS to

great success separately, but now? Together? That doesn't bode well for anybody.

Angus:

I don't approve of their anti-DEFIANCE policies, but if they bring in another HOSSFITER then I'm sold!

DDK:

You heard it here first! The Family Keeling have issued an open challenge to anybody on the roster - BRAZEN or DEFIANCE - against their new client. We'll try and get this situation sorted, but right now, let's go backstage.

PCP vs. HOLMSTROM BROS

DDK:

The Family Keeling has returned Angus, but our action continues regardless.

Angus:

This could be big news for DEFIANCE. In addition, I wanted to remind you all about some BIIIIIGGGG news for DEFCon. Night 1. Night 1 will be a showcase for BRAZEN, and in your main event...

DDK:

Oh the humanity God no.

Angus:

Yes. WAR GAMES RETURNS! The DEFIANCE and BRAZEN Trios titles will be defended by the Pop Culture Phenoms inside the unforgivable cage, against the former champions the Viking War Cult, and the newest number one contenders No Justice No Peace, as their opponents.

DDK:

In addition, earlier tonight you saw the tag match with Elise and Cole versus Hoffman and Harvey. The BRAZEN championship will also be defended when Levi Cole challenges Reinhardt Hoffman!

Angus:

Yeah. I'm so excited to see my BRAZEN boys tear it up Keebs! And tonight, we get a little taste... Let's take it to the ring.

Standing in the ring, microphone in hand, as ever, is our announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match, is scheduled for one fall.

♪"Live for the Night" by Krewella♪

After much fanfare and strobe lights, The D emerges from the back holding one of the TRIOS championships over his shoulder. Klein is next out, wearing his strap across his waist. It's here where Flex Kruger pushes between them, raising his TRIOS belt high to cheers. Kruger starts storming down to the ring as Klein and the D try to get a group pose going. They both look at the overly enthusiastic Kruger confused, and then just continue posing for the cameras.

DDK:

Flex Kruger...

Angus:

I never thought the guy would join these fools. I mean, I like them, but they're a bunch of idiots.

DDK:

Flex is very excited here tonight Angus. He did say earlier he would get vengeance for Elise Ares... but, well, Jay Harvey finally revealed Elise as Amethysta and we're getting Harvey Ares at DEFCon!

Angus:

Very busy weekend for DEFIANCE Keebs. It's gonna be a good one.

DDK:

Wait a second!

As Flex Kruger poses in the ring, doing his best to FLEX UP, the camera quickly cuts to the top of the entrance ramp, where Theo Baylor, Rosey Owens, Felton Bigsby and The Neighborhoodlum have all made their appearance, attacking the posing D and Klein from behind with steel chairs. The Faithful boo as Rosey lifts the D up and runs,

slamming him onto the cold steel entrance way.

DDK:

Pancake Slam by Rosey! No Justice is here Angus! And this lacks any kind of justice, this is incorrigible!

Angus:

They're earning their namesake tonight Keebs.

As Klein tries to get to his feet, the Neighborhoodlum rushes up and places his boot on the back of Klein's box, before STOMPING him back to the ramp. Klein's box is dented and the Faithful's boos increase in volume.

DDK:

This is uncalled for Angus!

Theo Baylor reaches behind his back and pulls out some lighter fluid, and then just begins to pour it over Klein's box.

DDK:

Oh Dear God.

Angus:

They can't do this?! He's the only GOOD member of this quintet Keebs! SOMEBODY!

As if they heard Angus' calls and before anything more can happen, the Viking War Cult hit the scene. The Holstrom Bros attack Theo with elbows, SHOVING him off the elevated platform. Things break down into a brawl as Flex BEE-Lines toward the ramp, taking the Neighborhoodlum down with a clothesline that causes a 270 degree backflip. The D and Klein try to recover.

DDK:

Things have broken down Angus! It's a pier six brawl! Oh! Rosey just squashed Torvald against the DEFiatron! I'm surprised it remains upright Angus! After all that strength.

Angus:

Ooooh. Klein just picked up Theo in an airplane spin! Baylor's legs catch Rosey, they catch the Holstroms, and Klein even smacks Theo into Flex! OH! What power with that rotation! Klein just knocked Theo the FUCK out.

Klein stands amidst the devastation to cheers, and then THROWS his arms out to his side to even more cheers. As Klein turns.

DDK:

CUL! FIRE! NO NO NO! DUCK!

Klein doesn't have time as Cul BREATHES fire from his mouth, lighting the gasoline soaked box of Klein on fire, He falls down instinctively, stop drop and rolling, as The D sees this and just DIVES chest first on top trying to smother the flame.

Cul meanwhile, holds up the can of hairspray and sneers at the scene, uncaring. Security rushes the area, stopping any further chaos from ensuing. Iris Divine, having a rough day, rushes out and covers Klein's head (and vicariously, the D's body) with a thick stiff blanket.

Angus:

Somebody check on Box-Head!

DDK:

That wasn't the match we were expecting Angus. It was supposed to be a tag team preview of DEFCon with the Holstrom Brothers, but instead, we got eleven of the twelve participants out here and chaos HAS ensued!

Angus:

Box-Head is the only HOSS on PCP Keeps, and I can't imagine what sort of insanity we will see on Night one of DEFCon!

DDK:

War Games. The Pop Culture Phenoms, the champs, take on the former champs the Viking War Cult, and the current number one contenders in No Justice, No Peace. Angus, it's gonna be one hell of a ride.

Angus:

Security is cleaning up this area, are we headed to commercial?

DDK:

No Angus, I think we've got some ruckus going on in the back...

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

REQUIEM FOR A LUNATIC

DDK:

Fans, welcome back, to DEFtv, I guess my sources were mistaken. I'm excited for the final Uncut before DEFCon, night 1 containing Clash of the BRAZEN, night 2 filled to the brim with amazing matches. Douglas Lord, Elise Harvey, Burns JFK and Stevens....

Angus:

But we're still on the go home show Keebs, and we've got the main event left, but... I don't think it's next on our run sheet.

DDK:

What do you mean? Did they update it?

Angus:

I'm seeing...

♪"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne♪

Angus:

Oh fuck me.

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

What? It's what I read on my runsheet.

DDK:

Well, look at that.

A light fog begins to swell upon the entrance ramp. Suddenly, five, no, ten security guards step out from the backstage area, dispelling the smoke. Following them, parting them like the red sea, is a suit wearing, neck brace wrapped Jack Harmen. He goes to raise his hand for a devil horn taunt, but the pain in his neck is too much as he braces his arm against his side. His other hand holds a half drunk bottle of whiskey. The security guards follow him down toward ringside, doing their best to keep watch and make sure the stumbling mess that is Harmen doesn't take a topple..

Jack Harmen climbs up the ring steps, walks with a ginger step across the side ropes, before before being cautious while entering the ring. His hand slips from the top rope and he almost stumbles, but he reaches out instinctually and hooks the top rope to make sure he steadies himself. He winces, using his free hand to clutch the back of his neck as he enters. He looks over to Quimbey, shouting for a microphone to be tossed his way. The ten or so security guards surround the ringside area, with two entering the ring to shadow Harmen.

Harmen slaps the mic's top once, the sound thudding through the arena. With a sneer and a sigh, Harmen smacks the mic again against his chin before speaking. Occasionally, Harmen belches during his speech as if he were doing a Rick and Morty impersonation, but not intentionally.

Jack Harmen:

My name is Jack Harmen...

Boos from the Faithful.

Jack Harmen:

belch ... and this is my last will and testament.

Harmen looks directly into the camera. His bloodshot eyes unblinking.

Jack Harmen:

To my son, I give my legacy. But you already had it weighing you down ****belch**** either way. Just, do what your old man did... carve your own ****belch**** path.

Harmen looks over to another side of the ring.

Jack Harmen:

To my former friends, whether we ever became enemies or not. I enjoyed the time ***belch*** we had together. Whether it meant shedding each other's blood or rejoicing in the gladiatorial victory. I give you my thanks.

Harmen sighs. He takes a moment, steadying himself and his stomach. His shoulders slump in defeat.

Jack Harmen:

To DEFIANCE.

Harmen's look turns serious as the Faithful start to jeer.

Jack Harmen:

To DEFIANCE, I say...

*We don't caa-are! *clap-clap-clapclapclap**

Jack Harmen:

Look, I'm wearing this not because I'm hurt, ***Belch*** don't get me wrong, I'm in immense pain but I'm free to compete, tonight, or at DEFCon. The thing is... he **WANTS** to hurt me.

Harmen pauses, a brief hesitation. It's almost as if he's now completely sober, or just sobered up.

Jack Harmen:

Dan Ryan is trying to END my career.

Jack pauses, staring off into the distance. The fans cheer.

Jack Harmen:

I never thought about the end before.

He blinks. He doesn't move otherwise. He blinks again.

Jack Harmen:

I'm not ready.

Harmen runs his hands over his bald scalp. Even this motion leaves him somber as he looks at his empty hands once he finishes running his hands through his non-existent hair. The Faithful pick up on this.

YOU BALD FUCK! YOU BALD FUCK!

Jack Harmen:

Most wrestlers don't have the luxury of knowing the end is near. Most wrestlers fade away. Others fall apart. Some... Some reach the end too early. Some, too late. And even less, the lucky few get to fight and scratch and crawl until their last breath. And yes. Some may die for their dreams. My dad did. And if I have to live his life in my final moments, if Dan Ryan puts me to the test and decides he wants to end the legacy of a Lunatic?

Harmen looks directly into the camera. He reaches out with one hand and just strokes underneath the camera as if it were a person's chin he were intimate with.

Jack Harmen:

I will be glad to take you with me.

Harmen backs away from the camera, tossing his arms and extending them wide in a vertruvian like pose. The whiskey splashes a bit out of his bottle as Harmen notices it and takes a sip.

Jack Harmen:

So c'mon down Ryan! I'm ready! I'm ready to die, I'm ready to kill!

Harmen sloppily climbs up the bottom rope and to the middle before leaning over the ropes, shouting toward the entrance way.

Jack Harmen:

Come and face me like a man. We don't need to wait till DEFcon!

The Faithful cheer as Harmen tosses the microphone over the ring ropes so it clatters on the ground. He prepares for a fight, raising his arms in a "come on!" manner.

♪"Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins♪

There's a overwhelming pop that echoes through the DEFarena as Dan Ryan emerges onto the entrance ramp.

DDK:

DAN RYAN IS HERE ANGUS!

Angus:

I'm so very very excited. I may need new pants!

Harmen's eyes in the ring go wide, and he begins yelling at security to intercept as Ryan storms down the ramp. As Ryan reaches the first one, the guard raises his hand to try to stop him. Ryan looks out to the Faithful, all members on their feet cheering.

Angus:

I knew Harmen was too chicken shit to face Ryan tonight!

DDK:

But there's not going to be anything blocking Ryan from getting his hands on Harmen at DEFCon!

As Ryan surveys the crowd cheering louder and louder, he smiles. The former FIST grabs the guard and hits a hellacious spinebuster on the ramp to cheers. Another guard charges and Ryan ducks a clothesline, before tossing him over head in a german suplex into a group of two oncoming guards.

In the ring, Harmen is freaking out, asking a few guards to enter the ring to join his already group of two inside. Harmen backs off to the far ropes, scrambling as Ryan just casually climbs up the ring steps. We see five guards in the ring, four on the outside, as Ryan climbs in.

Angus:

GET HIM DAN! KEEEEEEEL HIM!

DDK:

But then we won't have the match at DEFCon!

Angus:

Cause we had the best result possible TONIGHT Keeps!

Ryan just takes a few steps toward the guards, who put their hands out to block him. Most of them are doing so while fighting through immense fear, their hands shaking, their bodies locked. Ryan just smiles, and charges, as the five guards just surround him and start hugging around his chest. Ryan tosses one to the side in a modified gutwrench toss.

CRACK!

DDK:

THAT DASTARDLY WILDCARD! Jack Harmen just cracked Dan Ryan in the top of his head with that whisky bottle!

Angus:

And look, it's like he's sobered up. This wasn't a man giving up Keebs, this Lunatic had a GOD DAMN PLAN!

Ryan stumbles from the blow, as the security guards now turn their attention to Harmen who's ripping off his fake neck brace. Harmen just rushes past them and RUNS at a kneeling Dan Ryan to the ground.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Angus, if Harmen can hit that sunday at DEFCon, it'll be all over!

The security guards that Harmen had brought out to protect him now step between their client and his victim. They shout and yell at the Lunatic to leave, whichever way he can. Harmen just stands there, sneering, before a smile creeps over his face.

Angus:

I... I can't. No.

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

No. No. I'm done. I'm retiring. Fuck Jack Harmen. If he can take down Dan Ryan like--

As Harmen turns back to Ryan, who's lying on the canvas, Ryan just begins to push himself up to his feet. Harmen's eyes go wide in shock, as he shoves two of the security guards out of the way.

Angus:

Not again Keebs! My heart can't take it!

Harmen charges, boot raised for a locomotive.

... but Dan Ryan catches it.

Angus:

THERE YOU GO!

DDK:

Harmen in shock here, Dan Ryan is somehow standing, blood trickling down on either side of his cheeks, and Harmen is hopping and hoping to survive.

Dan Ryan just forcefully shoves Harmen back so he lands on his back and back rolls to a seated prepared position. As Ryan charges, Harmen grabs the bottom rope and slips himself out, just barely escaping the grasp of a wild Dan Ryan.

The Faithful jeer as Harmen begins his slow walk up the entrance ramp. The four guards Ryan tossed on the outside are now escorting him to the back.

Meanwhile, in the ring, Ryan falls to a knee and clutches the back of his head. He sees the blood on his hands and just slowly turns his head up to the fleeing Lunatic. He then takes his hands and cracks his knuckles, so the blood from his hands coats and lingers on his fist.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is ready for a fight Angus.

Angus:

DEFtv 113, I'm calling it Keebs, it's the funeral of the Lunatic.

The cameras get a close up look at Ryan kneeling, who doesn't pay it any attention. Ryan just clutches his bloodied fist and stares up the entrance ramp as we fade to commercial break.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFCON 2018

Don't miss the BIGGEST event of the year! DEFCON 2018 on DEFonDemand! Live From LAKE FRONT ARENA!

THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GRAPS vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY

DDK:

We're finally to our main event... but it looks like The League of Extraordinary Graps is down a member.

Angus:

God, I'm sick of these Derp Dynasty dicks running around here with The FIST being tarnished every day he has it...

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Angus:

Didn't we have twenty minutes too long of this idiot at the start of the show?

Jesse Fredericks Kendrix makes his way from behind the curtain and this time makes his way straight to the commentary table, grabs a headset and takes the spare seat beside Keeps.

Kendrix:

Good Evening Gentlemen, I thought I'd come and get a closer look at the gang war that's about to take place, oh...and teach you how to call a match, Angus.

Angus:

Shouldn't you be doing some crappy tv presenting of a show nobody wants to see?

Kendrix:

No, bruv. JFK thought he'd put the TV show on hold and win the FIST of the company you hold so dear to your heart. But right now, JFK could give you some pointers since you haven't picked up any from Keebs despite working with him for how long now? What is it, 50 years or so?!

DDK:

Well, before we get to the big triple threat match at DEFCON that will see Scott Stevens defend against both the previous champion Oscar Burns, as well as our guest on commentary tonight...

Angus:

He's not our guest.

DDK:

...His former Tag Team Championship partner, Kendrix... we've got this match. Burns and Batts said they'd go it alone tonight if they had to and tonight, they'll have to take on the full force of The Stevens Dynasty. That match happens now as we go to ringside for the final DEFtv main event before we get to DEFCON.

And to Darren Quimbey we go... cause you know, announcer stuff.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-man tag team match set for one fall and is your main event of the evening!

The Faithful go crazy for what's about to go down with all the bad blood between these two factions - even having one less member.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

BY OUR SKILLS COMBINED... WE ARE...

THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GRAPS!!!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr.♪

The modified WrestleFriends entrance plays and out come two of the three men that make up The League of Extraordinary Graps...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... they are "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS AND "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS... **THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GRAPS!**

"Twists And Turns" looks to "Bantam" and the two men nod before they bump fists. Batts leads the charge while Kendrix stands up, eyeing Oscar Burns. The Team Graps Cap looks him in the eye, Kendrix with a cocky smirk while Burns fires back with a death stare. Batts eggs him on to the ring, reluctantly walking away from Kendrix as he heads to the ring, still slapping hands with the fans despite the uphill battle ahead for The League being down a man.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty have been on the warpath tonight and I don't see that stopping here tonight! It's going to be a major upset for The League to pull this one out.

Angus:

Yeah... I'd hate to be them, but I'm gonna root for The League of Dorks tonight!

Burns and Batts each take a turnbuckle once they get to the ring and pose for the cheering Faithful before Bantam takes off his new black and yellow cape. He raises a fist in the air just as Burns heads to their corner, ready to talk strategy as the music fades out.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area.

♪ "We Will Rock You" by Queen♪

Plays throughout the arena and the Faithful get hyped from the song as they sing along and clap to the beat of the song.

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen is a giant hand that slowly closes into a FIST as letters slowly appear and form a message and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... **SCOTT STEVENS**.as

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen♪

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas.....SCOTT! BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!
DYYYYYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAASSSTTTTTYYYYY!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain solo and as soon as he does golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he slowly raises his heavily taped up fist covered in a thick, black leather glove.

DDK:

What the.....where are Bo and George?

Angus:

Dead I hope.

Scott Stevens turns his head towards the commentator's table and Kendrix and him lock eyes as his former Bruv and

tag team partner slowly stands up and has some choice words.

Kendrix:

Hey, bruv. Keeping her warm for me, I see!

Angus:

Tell that inbred fuck! Tell him.....what the...!!!!!!

From behind Bo and George attack Kendrix and begin to stomp away before looking over at Scott for orders. The FIST holds his right thumb up and turns it down. Bo immediately picks up Kendrix and hits a rolling cutter!

DDK:

Game Changer on the stage!

George picks up Kendrix and lifts him high into the air to display his amazing strength before slamming him onto the stage.

DDK:

Texas Sized Slam and Kendrix is writhing in pain!

Scott makes his way over and motions for his family members to pick Kendrix up. Scott grabs Kendrix by his face and yells at him.

Scott Stevens:

Don't mess with the Dynasty, Kendrix!

Stevens yells as he balls up his fist.

Scott Stevens:

Most importantly, don't fuck with Scott Stevens, bruv!

Stevens says as he delivers the FIST to Kendrix who falls off the stage and through a table below!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

The crowd - perhaps for the FIRST TIME EVER - give ANY sort of cheers to The Stevens Dynasty! Stevens stands near the edge of the stage admiring his handiwork as he slowly raises his fist in the air as the faithful boo relentlessly before turning to head towards the ring.

DDK:

Are we on? The Stevens Dynasty is laying waste to everyone and everything! We need medical attention for Kendrix right now!

Burns and Batts watch what just happened a look of concern, not necessarily for the love of Kendrix, but the fact that they just straight-up assaulted him in such a show of force... not something they want to deal with right now.

Angus:

Not that I'm a Bruv-Lover or anything, but... damn.

DDK:

We... we've thankfully got help for Kendrix, but... I don't believe this. After weeks of setbacks suffered by Scott Stevens when it's come to Kendrix, he finally does something about the problem, but... we didn't expect this.

Attendants tend to Kendrix and help him from the wreckage, starting to drag him out of the rubble slowly. As help

continues to arrive for Kendrix, The Stevens Dynasty casually enter the ring like nothing happened before.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty have been on a tear tonight between what happened to Jack Mace and now, Kendrix. Oscar Burns and Ryan Batts better be on their guard.

The final shot is Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens on either side of the ring. Burns looking extra pensive with Stevens looking pleased with what they've pulled off tonight.

With that...

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go... looks like these two aren't waiting for DEFCON!

Burns has both hands up, ready to lock up or defend himself, depending on how Stevens feels. And how he feels is...

Tagging out to Bo.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Damn it... normally a fan of the "psyche the guy out in a tag match" but not when these assholes do it.

DDK:

You're not really a fan of ANYTHING they do.

Burns doesn't let it get to him, practically expecting The Stevens to do something like this. Bo starts to get in the ring and before Burns can lock up, he quickly goes back to his corner and ducks between the ropes.

DDK:

And more stalling from Bo. We saw him do this against Ryan Batts recently.

And what's more...

Tag to George Stevens.

Burns is about to face the only member of The Stevens Dynasty he hasn't been in the ring with yet... and a MASSIVE one at that. The two are almost equal height, but The Big Crawdaddy has at least two-hundred pounds on Burns. Still...

DDK:

Oscar going for the taked... no! Clubbing shot by George!

George stuns Burns with a big shot that brings him down to a knee by the big man from Texarkana. Another pair of blows catch him across the back and George goes to whip Burns into the nearest corner... WHAM!

Angus:

Damn, you could feel that chop up here, Keebs!

DDK:

That's the truth, Angus. Now George has Burns in the corner again.

Burns tries to smartly get away and stays away from the Stevens Dynasty's corner, but George has him pinned to the second corner. He balls his fist up... NOBODY HOME! The Team Graps Cap backs up and BLASTS him with hard Forearm Smash, but the blow does little to stun George. Both Scott and Bo cheer on their cousin as Burns fires back with a stronger European Uppercut.

That at least stuns George as Burns fires off about two more to stun him. He runs off the ropes and tries to get momentum for another shot, but he doesn't expect for George to not only be upright, but SMACKING him down with a Running Body Attack!

DDK:

That's a brick wall running right back at you!

George sees Bo now wanting to make the tag so that's what happens. Scott watches Bo climb into the ring and George holds onto him so Bo can bury a hard right hand into Burns' side. The former FIST of DEFIANCE doubles over in pain as Bo now tees off on him with a few hard right hands.

DDK:

Things already not looking good for The League!

Bo continues talking smack to Burns as he SLAPS him in the face, doubling him over! Bo then whips him to the corner and tries to follow Burns in with a Clothesline...

THWACK!

Angus:

HA! Serves you right for talking shit, you dumb redneck!

Bo gets CRACKED in the mouth with an extra-stiff European Uppercut for his arrogance! Batts cheers on Burns while both Scott and George look on in disgust as Burns picks him up by his arm, ripping away at the arm with a series of Arm Wringers and an Uppercut to the elbow! He pushes him back and tags in Batts.

DDK:

Bo's own ego cost him the lead, now let's see if The League can cut him off!

Angus:

RIP HIS ARM OFF AND BEAT HIS ASS WITH IT!

Burns and Batts take turns WRENCHING away on Bo's left arm with Arm Wringer after Arm Wringer for as long as Benny Doyle's five-count will allow! Burns returns to the corner and Batts continues to work over Bo's arm. Stevens tries to swipe at him with a right fist, but The Yellow and Black Attack ducks that and cranks on the arm further. He hammerlock's Bo's arm and RAMS it right into The League's corner!

The FIST yells at Benny Doyle, but he tells him it's all within the rules as Burns makes the tag. He grabs Bo's arm and CRANKS onto it, Minoru Suzuki-style, in the ropes!

DDK:

Look at both Burns and Batts! They've cut that ring in half and they're doing a number on Bo!

Burns only has until the count of five, but lets go at four and lets himself fall to the apron as Bo writhes in pain at his left arm. Burns makes the tag to Batts again and Twists and Turns holds out his hand as Batts jumps off the top turnbuckle, throwing a STOMP down on the arm! Bo flails in pain as Batts then lands a Jumping Senton right on the arm!

The League are working like surgeons, picking apart the arm of Bo as he tries to limp up, only to catch a Sliding Reverse STO from Batts! Bantam rolls him onto his back and tries the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close one there! But how quickly have The League turned this around and just cut off Bo from making a tag!

Angus:

Keep it up, WrestleDork!

Batts then waits as Bo tries to get back on his feet when Scott tries to enter the ring. Batts uses the chance to catch The FIST flush with a Running Front Dropkick, sending him off the apron and out to the floor! The crowd cheers as Batts turns around to see Bo limping up to his feet and charging at him with his good arm. Batts ducks that and rushes off the ropes, but leaves himself open for a knee from big George! The blow stuns him and gives Bo the chance to crack him with the Bo-Dazzled Discus Lariat using his good right arm!

Angus:

Damn it, WrestleDork, trying to bite off more than you can chew out there!

Burns gasps and shakes his head frantically as he watches Bo limp over to his corner and tag into The Big Crawdaddy. Bantam is laid out on the mat while George grins, ready to dole out some punishment, but Scott is back up and wants the tag. George nods and gives it to him.

DDK:

And now we've got The FIST in here for the first time.

And Stevens wastes no time showing off his aggression by running over to the fallen Batts and striking him down with a series of ground-and-pound style rights to the head! Benny Doyle orders him to back off, but The FIST doesn't listen until he administers a five-count. Stevens back off at the count of four and milks the crowd reaction before flipping the double tall man at Burns.

One of his two DEFCON opponents watches intently as he palms the back of Batts's head and shoots the grappler into the corner before striking him with a huge Stinger Splash! Batts doubles over when he comes out of the corner to be taken down with a Double S Spinebuster!

Angus:

Ugh, come on, WrestleDork!

DDK:

Scott Stevens with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Stevens angrily almost shoves Benny aside, who warns him about a DQ, but instead he throws him down on the ground. Not near The League's corner, but enough that he eggs on Burns to make the tag. Burns tries to do so, only for Stevens to rush forward and clobber Burns with a right hand!

DDK:

Cheap shot by The FIST!

The FIST smirks at Burns, but when he goes to turn Batts over, he rolls him up out of nowhere with the Kido Clutch! The same move he beat Bo Stevens with last week!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Stevens kicks out and angrily rushes up, blindsiding Bantam with the Knee Trembler he calls Don't Mess With Texas!

DDK:

Batts ALMOST had the champ right there, but looks like the same trick that beat Bo wouldn't do the same with him.

The FIST throws Batts to the corner and tags George in. When he gets there, he tags Bo almost immediately so the two can conduct some double-teamage in the form of The Texas Two-Step!

DDK:

WHAT A SHOT! The Fireman's Carry from George led to the Running Dropkick by Bo! Now Bo with the cover on Batts!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

Nope, Burnsie breaks it up, gorram it!

Burns saves Batts from certain defeat by shoving Bo off of Batts. He wants so bad to be able to go after him again, but being the sportsman with unwavering morals he is, returns to the corner.

Angus:

Too bad Burnsie is such a goody-good. He could have used a couple extra seconds to go after Bo's arm.

DDK:

Maybe, but we've seen he won't take shortcuts, dirty victories or anything in between.

Burns returns to the corner as Bo still shakes the pain out of his arm before he pulls Ryan up. The Yellow and Black Attack finds himself attacked yet again, this time with another right hand to the face. He's back up in the ropes now and tries to lift Batts up for Straight Outta Texas, but before the Alabama Slam can connect, Batts shifts his weight into a Sunset Flip!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Batts keeps fighting, trying to find any opening he can!

Batts is back up with a chance to strike again when Bo comes at him... NO! Batts sidesteps and sends Bo to the outside! Scott enters the ring and puts a boot to him before whipping him off the ropes, but instead of coming back, Batts goes THROUGH the ropes, crashing onto Bo on the outside with The Flipside!

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE BY BATTS! THE FLIPSIDE CATCHES BO!

Angus:

Go WrestleDorks With The Flippy-Doos!

Batts sees The FIST coming and as he slides to the outside, he runs back in...

DDK:

ANOTHER FLIPSIDE FOR SCOTT! WHAT A SEQUENCE BY BATTS!

The wrestling dynamo gets loud cheers from the crowd now as he slides back into the ring. he legal man, Bo, tries to roll back into the ring, but Burns gets the tag and The Faithful go NUTS!

DDK:

And in goes Burns!

Burns heads right into the ring and CRACKS Bo in the jaw with a Flying European Uppercut, knocking the youngest member of Stevens Dynasty down! He stands up and sees big George trying to get into the ring, but stops him by kicking him in the leg. He grabs said leg...

DDK:

DRAGON SCREW IN THE ROPES! THAT'LL STOP GEORGE IN HIS TRACKS!

The monolithic George Stevens clutches his leg in pain and remains hanging on the ring apron as Burns tends back to Bo. He chucks him to the corner and charges in, cracking him underneath the jaw with a big time Running European Uppercut. Bo reels backwards as Burns pulls him out of the corner with a Double Arm Suplex... but rolls through and pulls him up, hitting a second one and going into the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... BROKEN UP BY SCOTT!

Angus:

The Head Derp back in, breaking up the cover!

DDK:

Scott going after Burns now! These two finally fighting for the first time in this match!

Scott boots Burns in the gut to double him over before he finds an opportunity. He runs off the ropes and it looks like the Curb Stomp is coming when Burns sidesteps and shoves him off the ropes. When Stevens comes back, Burns greets him in the jaw with a hard High Knee, sending him back to the ropes. The Team Graps Cap rushes forward, blasting him with another EuroCut, sending him flying out to the floor!

Angus:

HA! GET OUTTA HERE AND GO FIST YOURSELF SOMEWHERE ELSE!

DDK:

Burns got one over on Scott.. NO! Roll-up by Bo!

Bo even hooks the tights!

ONE!

TWO!

THR.. NO!

Burns kicks out, much to the surprise of The Faithful! Burns gets back to his feet when Bo tries to attack him... **HARD OUT HEADBUTT!**

DDK:

He knocks down Bo, but...**NO!** George with the Clothesline from the ring apron!

George lands a cheap shot on the champ from the apron, knocking him down. By this point, both Stevens and Burns are down with Batts trying to keep Scott Stevens at bay on the floor, the two men exchanging blows. George is about to reach out to Bo...

Angus:

The League of Dorks don't have anybody to tag out to... no, wait! The Big Dork!

DDK:

IT'S JACK MACE! HE'S BACK OUT HERE AGAINST DOCTOR'S ORDERS!

Ribs wrapped up, but raring to go, Mace limps onto the ring apron and holds his hand out for a tag! Burns sees him and leaps towards him just as Bo reaches George!

Angus:

HOSSFITE!

Mace runs full speed ahead at George, smashing into the 468-pounder with a huge Forearm Smash! He fires off a pair of Headbutts (aimed at the chest, not the head) and stuns him before clubbing him across either side of the head with the Bear Claws! The Vader-style Clubbing Forearms stun George as Manpower lets out a loud roar and stomps a foot on the ground... he runs...

LARIAT!

Angus:

But he's on his damn feet still!

Mace is 325 of pure fire himself, but George's 468 has him trumped. Mace then runs the ropes again and **PLASTERS** him with a second Lariat to the back of the head, then charges at him a third time, **CRASHING** into George with The Piccadilly Press! As the action goes on, Scott **THROWS** Ryan Batts into the ring post as Mace goes for the cover inside!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

So close, but that took a LOT out of Mace!

Mace clutches his taped ribs and limps upwards as George does the same. He pushes George into the ropes, but doesn't see the blind tag by Scott! Mace has George bound in the corner and charges...

CAUGHT...

DDK:

TEXAS-SIZED SLAM BY GEORGE! He DRIVES Mace into the mat with that deadly Powerslam!

George goes for the cover, but is stopped by his brother as he tells him to hold him up as he raises up his hand.

DDK:

Scott looking to deliver the FIST!

Mace goes limp in George's arms from the impact.

DDK:

Jack Mace goes limp just like Kendrix before the start of this match.

The punishment isn't over as George places Mace between his brother's legs and Scott lifts him up and delivers a sickening piledriver.

Angus:

Was that necessary?!? You have the man beat!

A sadistic smile form over the FIST's lips as he looks down at his handiwork and see Burns trying to get back in the ring to make the save but George cuts him off knocking him off the apron and onto the floor.

DDK:

Burns to the outside and Jack Mace is all alone!

Scott positions himself to the unconscious Mace's feet and lifts his legs and steps through before turning him onto his belly.

Angus:

Are you freaking serious?!?

DDK:

Scott locking in the rarely seen Arachnophobia (Sharpshooter) submission!

Angus:

Rarely seen Keebs? Looks like we're seeing it right now!

DDK:

I meant he only brings it out in big time or specialty matches!

Angus:

Or when he wants to give our company a big FUCK YOU!

Doyle drops down quickly and slaps the hand of Mace quickly and gets no response and calls for the bell.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners by submission.....SCOTT! BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!
DYYYYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAASSSTTTYYYYYY!

Angus:

That prick isn't releasing the hold!

Benny Doyle tries to get Scott to release the hold but the Texan keeps it locked it and he finally lets go after another minute as he throws down Mace's leg with force. Scott looks down at Mace one last time before looking out towards the faithful who chant is favorite chant as George and Bo join him in the center of the ring and all three men slowly

raise their arms high in victory.

DDK:

My God, is that the image we will see at DEFCON?

Angus:

Sure looks like it, Keebs. Sure looks like it and God won't help us if that happens!

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE