

RUNDOWN

The generic rock introductory music starts up and seconds later several massive pillars of pyrotechnics shoot up from the stage and down the ramp. As the Lakefront Arena's big crane cam swoops down over the crowd and all those signs.

THROW HARVEY IN THE LAKE

PINKY AND THE KRANG BODY

MONORAIL!

ASSASSINATE JFK, AGAIN. TOO SOON?

WHAT'S THE REFERENCE!?

THE STEVENS, TEXAS'S MOST INBRED EXPORT

KLEIN FOR PRESIDENT

DAN RYAN FOR SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

WRESTLEFRIENDS vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY

DDK:

Coming up first, we've got a grudge match that has been built upon the ongoing issues between FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns. The Stevens Dynasty have attacked the WrestleFriends, both verbally as well as physically. Now, The WrestleFriends take on Bo and George Stevens and look to put this matter to bed for good.

Angus:

And I hope WrestleDorks can shut these idiots up once and for all. If I have to hear another Bo Knows, Bo-lieves, Bo Knows Jack Shit, I'm gonna go apeshit, Keebs. I just might.

DDK:

In front of the biggest audience DEFIANCE has seen in some time right here at the UNO Lakefront Arena in our opener... The WrestleFriends take on The Stevens Dynasty and that match... starts now!

The camera goes to the ring with Darren "DQ" Quimbey looking extra-sharp in a fancy Brooks Brothers pinstriped suit.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your opening match of DEFCON 2018 and is a tag team grudge match set for one fall!

After "ONE FALL!" echoes through the crowd... the camera cuts to the side of the entrance where a modestly-sized (twenty to twenty-five college students) are to the right of the stage in symphonic fashion, various instruments at play. The crowd goes quiet as they start to kick in the theme they're playing.

DDK:

These students are from the local band with the University of New Orleans and we thank them for their appearance this evening.

Angus:

Oh, man... The WrestleDorks are going full dork and celebrating their music club dork roots, aren't they?

The theme continues to grow louder as a voice kicks in over the PA.

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING LUCHA...

MORE POWERFUL THAN THE DEADLIEST GANSO BOMB...

ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUCKLES IN A SINGLE BOUND...

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

IT'S...

THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!

♪ "Superman Theme" by John Williams (performed by The UNO Band)♪

Out from the back, the crowd cheer the two heroes of tonight's opener... one in a black and yellow cape making a damn beeline for the ring! The other with a black and white cape, saluting the HUGE crowd as the lovely orchestral piece plays them to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, making their way to the ring, at a combined weight of 530 pounds... the team of **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS AND "MANPOWER JACK MACE... THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!"**

The small, but deadly "Bantam" Ryan Batts stands in the ring and climbs the top turnbuckle, posing with a fist in the air for the crowd. Jack Mace completes the trek to the ring and pumps a fist in the air as well before dapping fists with his partner.

DDK:

What an entrance tonight! This is DEFIANCE's biggest show of the year and no doubt we're going to see the biggest entrances tonight much like this!

Angus:

NNNNNNNNNNNEEEEERRRRRRRDDDDDDSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Mace and Batts look more than game tonight as they ball up their capes and throw them into opposite sides of the crowd, giving them a gift before they focus on the more serious task at hand of getting payback on The Stevens Dynasty. After the music clears and The WrestleFriends get a rousing ovation from the crowd (not to mention the college band), the group slowly departs the ringside area.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

The sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

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

We Are The Fighters

The Up All Nighters

We're Cut From A Different

Kind Of Cloth (Kind Of Cloth)♪

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, and Cary along with The Stevens Dynasty as they show their identity the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

♪ Yeah, We're Going Full Throttle

Drinking Whiskey From The Bottle

We The Ones That Win

No Matter The Cost♪

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds... **BO!**
AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEVEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSSTTTYYYYY!"

Cary leads the charge as his son and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage.

Angus:

Nothing elaborate about this entrance Keebs.

DDK:

Well I guess there wasn't any left in the budget.

The Stevens Dynasty stare towards the ring and their expression is nothing but intensity and focus as they head towards the ring.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty looking to finish what they started.

Angus:

I hate to admit it Keebs, but if The Derp Dynasty bring that same level of destruction they will not only eliminate The WrestleFools and Oscar Burns here tonight, but I don't think there will be anyone in DEFIANCE who can stop them!

Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up the ring steps and slowly step inside.

DING DING

The bell rings with Bo Stevens and Ryan Batts, but when Batts wants to start, Jack Mace taps him on the shoulder and asks for the tag.

DDK:

Mace no doubt wants payback after the two shows worth of sneak attacks he suffered - in particular from Bo and George.

Angus:

Let the big dude in!

Ryan obliges and the crowd pops for The Wrestling Teddy Bear to get in the ring first. Bo Stevens - for his part - looks unafraid of the angry 6'5" and 325-pound Mace ready to kick the stuffing out of him... but...

Tag to George.

DDK:

Should've known he'd hide behind George Stevens. Often Bo's MO when he knows he's outgunned.

Angus:

It's between a dork and a derp, but... HOSSFITE!

The crowd buzzes for the two big bulls about to come to blows. George's power has been too much in the past for the large Mace to overcome, but can tonight be different? George dares Mace to hit the ropes so he does... he SMACKS right into George with a Shoulder Block, but he barely budges.

DDK:

The two men are of equal height, but George has a little over a hundred pounds on Mace.

George points at the ropes silently, practically daring him to do it again. Manpower runs his foot across the ring like a bull and runs off the ropes, coming back to smack into him even harder than before. The Big Crawdaddy stumbles back, but remains grounded. Mace runs a third time and the blow only stuns him again.

DDK:

George not going down easy.

Angus:

The total opposite of the Stevens Dynasty's mommas! ZING!

Mace postures for George to run the ropes to show him what he's got and he eggs on the crowd. The Faithful definitely want to see the big bulls collide again! George runs the ropes... Mace LEAPFROGS over him as the crowd looks on in shock and when George comes back, Mace unleashes a sloppy, but effective Dropkick that finally staggers the big man, sending him back into the corner!

DDK:

Mace wasn't making effort charging head-on, but just outsmarted the big man!

Angus:

Not hard to do! All stremf! No brains!

Bo Stevens protests with Navarro, but he ain't hearing that shit as Mace watches Stevens start to stand. He charges right at him in the corner and SMASHES him with a hard Corner Back Elbow before running again! He comes off the ropes, this time with a Flying Shoulder Tackle, knocking big George on his backside at long last! Mace lets out a powerful roar, reciprocated from the fans in attendance!

DDK:

No, Bo with the tag!

The young prodigy of The Stevens Dynasty makes a tag as Mace plays to the crowd, allowing him to run in and cheap shot Mace... but to no effect. Mace snaps his head around...WHAM! A big Headbutt cracks him in the face and levels Bo, allowing Mace to make the tag to Batts! Batts climbs into the ring as Bo remains slumped over in the corner. Ryan goes running at his partner, with Mace Hip Tossing Batts into the corner in a Cannonball-style fashion!

Bo reels from the impact of the blow while Batts plays to the crowd now. Stevens starts to limp forward and gets back up, but Batts makes the tag back to Big Mace. The two then start literally doing some old school PUMMELING of Bo!

DDK:

That's the Fantastic Four combo! Four different arms clubbering at the same time.

Angus:

Lay that beatdown!

After using the five seconds to beat down Bo, Mace gets ready to finish Bo with a big move. He sets him up in a Fireman's Carry, but saving himself the last second, Bo catches him with an Eye Rake and slides out behind him!

DDK:

Desperation move by Bo Stevens! Batts with the tag!

Bantam gets back in and tries to stop Stevens from making the tag, but... Too late...

Angus:

Awwwww. George in the ring now.

Batts stops in his tracks momentarily as The Big Crawdaddy gets back into the ring. Even giving up almost a foot and over two hundred pounds... Batts charges and kicks the left leg of the big man!

DDK:

Batts is a technical marvel and a daredevil, so let's see if that'll save him from George!

The Yellow and Black Attack ducks an oncoming blow from George and fires off two big Shoot Kicks to the left knee to stun him. He ducks another and fires another pair of kicks before running the ropes. George tries to stop him when Batts slides between his legs and pops back up to his feet. He then catches the big man with a Front Dropkick to the knee, stopping him in his tracks again.

Angus:

Go, WrestleNerd!

Batts charges off the ropes, but Bo grabs him by the hair and SLAMS him down to the mat off the rebound! The crowd jeers as Bo shrugs. Hector Navarro reprimands him for his actions, but Bo gives approximately zero fucks just as George drops a MASSIVE Elbow Drop across the chest of Batts!

DDK:

Oh! What a vicious series of moves by The Stevens Dynasty! Now in control!

George doesn't go for a cover, but instead Bo sticks out his hands and wants the tag. No doubt wanting to make him pay for his singles loss a few years back, Bo climbs into the ring and George holds him upright so Bo can bury a hard boot into the gut of Batts!

The Yellow and Black Attack doubles over in pain, clutching his chest from the hard attacks. Things go from bad to worse for the young prodigy of Oscar Burns as Bo lifts him up in a Front Suplex before THROWING him gut-first across the top rope!

DDK:

What a series of moves there! The Stevens Dynasty are going to work that midsection of Batts now!

Angus:

Come on, WrestleDorks! Play dirty! Scratch an eyeball or kick a testy!

Mace grimaces as he watches Bo take his partner to task by sitting him up and cracking him in the back with a hard Spinal Tap kick. He then whips Batts into the ropes and heads off the opposite side before meeting Batts with a HARD Running Back Elbow! After the shot, Bo goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close one by Batts... but another tag to George!

The Stevens Dynasty make with the quick tags now as Bo and George whip Batts into their corner. George starts to whip Bo across the ring, only to shoot him back at Batts with a Running Corner Lariat! The blow rattles Batts, but Bo grabs him by the head and throws him into a hard Body Block from George, knocking Batts flat on his back!

DDK:

Some great tag team wrestling on display now by Bo and George... but... uh, no!

Batts tries to weakly fight back against the massive monster, but George shoves him down on the mat near the ropes. Using the ropes for aid, he puts his boot into the chest of Batts, putting all that weight onto his chest!

Angus:

Good lord! Tubby McFatass is SQUASHING Batts!

Batts calls out in pain until Hector Navarro begins a five-count. He stops at the count of four, giving Batts a reprieve... but not much of one as George makes the tag over to Bo. George now has The Wunderkind over his shoulders in a Fireman's Carry as Bo runs the ropes, connecting with a Running Dropkick!

DDK:

TEXAS TWO STEP BY THE STEVENS DYNASTY! THAT MIGHT BE ALL!

Bo goes for the cover quickly while George returns to his corner.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SAVED BY MACE!

DDK:

Mace with that boot to the back, saving his partner!

Cary Stevens protest on the outside!

Cary Stevens:

That was three, damn it!

The official begins his count as Mace rushes back to his corner and gets the Faithful fired up as he hits the turnbuckle and as they clap along extends his hand as his partner begins to stir.

DDK:

Batts desperately needs to make a tag.

Angus:

No shit Keebs! Are you apart of the Derp de Derp Dynasty?

Bo gets to his feet first and sees Batts inching his way over and stops the attempt with a simple, but effective boot to the back that has Batts writhing in pain.

DDK:

Bo cutting off the ring to prevent the tag.

Bo continues the attack with a few more stomps before having some choice words for the Faithful as they boo him.

Angus:

GET UP!

Bo yells at his cousin to get ready because the end is near as he slowly reaches down and pulls him to his feet by his hair.

DDK:

Bo looking to end it here.

Bo grabs Batts by his face and introduces him to an open hand slap.

Angus:

Mother fucker!

Bo chuckles and goes for it again but Ryan catches the slap and starts to bend the Texan's fingers in ways they shouldn't be bent.

DDK:

Ryan Batts has Bo screaming in pain with a little joint manipulation.

Angus:

He screams as loud as the girl I took to prom.

The Faithful cheer even louder giving fuel to Batts as he bends those fingers even more, but Ryan makes the simple mistake of leaning to far in and Bo rakes the eyes of The Yellow and Black Attack.

Angus:

Come on ref! Disqualify him!

DDK:

Bo is back in control after raking the eyes.

Cary cheers on the outside and Bo flips the bird to the crowd before sending a knee into the stomach of his opponent to double him over to lock in a side headlock. Bo starts to run with Batts, but Ryan stops him in his tracks has he powers him backwards with a suplex.

DDK:

Ryan Batts just deadlifted Bo Stevens into a German suplex and there is the bridge and no! Ryan is rolling on top and bridging upwards!

Hector Navarro slides in like he is sliding into home plate and begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

THAT'S IT!

THREE!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BO KICKS OUT! BO KICKS OUT!

DDK:

Bo kicked out and Batts can't believe it!

Cary Stevens now climbs on the ring apron and yells at the official to do his job right. Ryan sees his partner begging for the tag and Batts jumps out and makes the tag to Mace who charges in like a bull in a China shop... no!

Angus:

No... what's he doing?!

Cary climbs off the ring apron with his distraction having paid off! Hector Navarro doesn't see the tag and before The Wrestling Teddy Bear can get going, he orders him back to his corner! The crowd is all over this!

Angus:

BULLSHIT!

DDK:

Hector apparently didn't see the tag when he was tied up with George and now he's sending Manpower back to his corner to await a proper tag.

Angus:

I don't know who's worse Keebs, the NFL or our referees!

The crowd protests as Mace heads back to the corner as Bo drags Batts behind the referee's back. He throws him to George, who BLASTS him with a huge Clubbing Forearm! The cheap shot leads to Bo picking him up...

DDK:

The cheap shot into Straight Outta Texas! That's gotta be all!!! Bo with the cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Bo goes wide-eyed! He stares up at Hector Navarro and growls before sitting up and getting in the former wrestler's face.

Bo Stevens:

What was that?! Bo knows that was a damn three-count!

Cary also has something to say.

Cary Stevens:

That WAS three! The boy's right!

DDK:

Bo and Cary both wasting precious time when he and George may very well have Ryan Batts where they want him.

Angus:

Don't tell them how to win, interloper!

Bo turns around now and looks to finish off Ryan Batts for good. He hooks him up by an Inverted Facelock and pulls him upwards for The Game Changer. But before he can land the Rolling Cutter, Batts quickly rolls over at the last second and SPIKES Bo down with a desperation Exploder Suplex!

DDK:

Both men are down now! Who's making it to their corner first?

Bo holds the back of his head in pain and crawls around the ring, absolutely unsure of where he is. Bantam nurses his own back with a free hand and holds his hand out at Jack Mace, now itching for that good old tag! He's about there...

DDK:

HECTOR SEES IT NOW! MACE IS FINALLY IN THE RING!

The crowd goes WILD for the WILD man from Grewelthorpe, England now! He charges at Bo Stevens and runs down the cocky prodigy with a Shoulder Tackle before running full speed at George and striking him with a huge Bear Claw, stunning him but not entirely knocking him off the apron. When he turns to Bo, he's back on his feet, but not for long as he runs him down with a Clothesline, and then another as he falls down.

Manpower now feeds off the energy of a rowdy crowd as Bo lands in the corner. He charges right at him and CRUSHES him with a big Body Avalanche! When he stumbles out of the corner, Mace kicks Bo in the stomach and hits a BRIDGING Double Underhook Suplex! The crowd goes crazy as he goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

George barely makes it there in time and breaks up the cover with a boot!

George isn't the legal man, but ignores the referee as he puts the boots to the man he has been fighting with for the last several weeks. George doubles over Jack with some boots as he tries to rise. He picks up Mace!

DDK:

He's looking for that Texas-Sized Slam!

But when he lifts him up, Mace squirms out at the apex of the move and slips back out behind him on his feet! George turns and charges, but Mace moves out of the way and sends George over the top rope and spilling out to the floor!

Angus:

FLY, FATASS, FLY!

DDK:

Wait, what's Mace doing out there now?

Batts manages to head back into the ring while George Stevens is still trying to collect himself. Batts motions for Mace to pull him up so he does just that, pressing his own partner up in the air...

Angus:

Awwww, here comes the Nerd to Air Missile!

Mace charges forward and THROWS Batts overhead, out of the ring and taking out George Stevens with an incredible dive out to the floor!

DDK:

THE FASTBALL SPECIAL! WE SAW WRESTLEFRIENDS BREAK THAT OUT IN THAT BIG BACKSTAGE BRAWL! THIS CROWD IS GOING NUTS!

The crowd ROARS as Mace raises a hand and pumps a fist! Hector goes to check on the two men, but Bo manages to finally crawl back to his feet...

Angus:

No! Bo with the low blow!

As he enters the ring, Bo manages to fire an uppercut between the legs of Manpower! The crowd jeers to all heck The big man stops in his tracks and it takes some doing, but Bo maneuvers him over to the corner...

DDK:

BO-DOG! The Tornado Bulldog out of the corner connects after the Low Blow! That's gotta be all!

Angrily, Bo rolls the big man over onto his back and hooks the leg, trying to steal one tonight as Cary Stevens emphatically counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THR....NO!

The crowd EXPLODES as Mace kicks out! Despite the undetected low blow by Bo, he still kicks out!

DDK:

The WrestleFriends have had it with The Stevens Dynasty's cheating and they're not going to let them win this way! Not tonight!

Angus:

Yeahloveandpeacenocheatingwhatever GO WRESTLEDORKS!

Turns" Oscar Burns!

LAMENTING

The camera goes backstage to Lance Warner, dressed to the got-damn nines for the biggest (and final) event of DEFIANCE's calendar.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, with me is one of three men who will fight for the FIST of DEFIANCE later this evening... "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns.

The camera pans to the ring where a very determined Burns steps into view.

Oscar Burns:

Lance.

He nods to the interviewer and extends a handshake.

Lance Warner:

First off, a big congratulations to The WrestleFriends for a big victory in tonight's opener. Tonight, you have the chance since July to get your title back. But with somebody like Kendrix coming for the title now... how do you prepare for a match like this?

Burns sighs.

Oscar Burns:

Honestly, GC... I don't know that you can. I'm well aware a style like mine may not lend itself to success, but submissions aren't the only thing I can do. I've been working on my striking game... working on me flash pins... ANYTHING I can use to get the advantage.

Lance Warner:

And when you're fighting two people that you have not had good luck in the ring against in the past... does that take a toll?

Burns shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

It does, GC, it's crackers. I've had months to think about how to this day, I'd never beaten Scott Stevens one on one, but then Kendrix swooped in and changed the game. Now?

He sighs.

Oscar Burns:

I need to follow the example that Jackie and Ryan just put out there tonight. Fight the odds. Don't quit, no matter what. I've let people down time and time again recently, but I am TIRED of this ring being disrespected. Stevens and Kendrix NEED to be stopped. Now, sorry, GC. I need to train.

He nods to Lance and takes his leave as we go back to ringside.

TBA vs. EMILIO BYRD

DDK:

What an amazing opener with The WrestleFriends just BARELY coming out on top over The Stevens Dynasty.

Angus: [Matthew McConaughey]

Derp Dynasty got their asses beat, all right, all right, all right...

DDK:

But this next match is intriguing for the return of The Family Keeling, along with their new client. On DEFtv 112, they made a shocking return after being away from DEFIANCE for several years, and issued an open challenge for anybody to take on their new client tonight.

Angus:

Emilio Byrd of Thugs 4 Hire took them up on UNCUT, but we have no idea who The Family Keeling even have. But you and I both know, Keebs, whoever The Family has... they're gonna be legit.

DDK:

As much as DEFIANCE has not approved of their past business practices, they have an unquestionable eye for talent. Without further adieu, let's go to ringside for the next match.

And we do just that because DEFCON, son!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ “Regulate (Photek Remix)” by Warren G. feat. Nate Dogg ♪

The crowd lets out a positive reaction Emilio Byrd tipping his hat and Hurtlocker Holt looking badass as usual, with the donation box, taking payments from the crowd in the front row. Fans throw dollars into the box to give Byrd enough inspiration to lay a beatdown on whoever The Family Keeling has debuting tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Hurtlocker Holt... weighing in at 250 pounds, he is a member of Thugs 4 Hire... **EMILIO BYRD!**

DDK:

By far the biggest match Emilio Byrd could hope for! And while we're sure The Family Keeling will be present at ringside, at least he'll have Holt in his corner if they try any funny business.

Angus:

There's that, but... who the hell do you think they have, Keebs?

DDK:

No clue, partner. But from experience we know ANYBODY associated with these men can only be someone that's up to no good.

Byrd heads into the ring now and nods along to the music, almost overtaken by the size of the crowd of the UNO Lakefront Arena! He daps fists with big Hurtlocker Holt and heads into the ring, showing no fear of the unknown.

Junior Keeling:

A-HEM! A-HEM! THE FAMILY KEELING COMMANDS YOUR ATTENTION!

First out is Junior Keeling with the headset and a FANCY-looking silver sportcoat. He adjusts the coat and points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing, my father and the true brains behind The Family Keeling Talent Agency... MEGA-AGENT to the Stars himself... Thomas Keeling!

The jeers are even louder now as Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking suave AF in a suit he got at someplace a little bit higher on the totem pole than Men's Wearhouse. He looks out to the crowd - and to Thugs 4 Hire - with a derisive sneer like he's LITERALLY turning his nose down on them.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son. Now let ME introduce to you the newest signing to The Family Keeling Talent Agency. The man that will SINGLE-HANDEDLY change the face of this organization and slowly tear down DEFIANCE, brick by misbegotten brick. He will not just revolutionize this industry... but will be a titan among it.

He points to the ring.

Thomas Keeling:

Emilio Byrd, you sealed your fate the second you took up our open challenge against our client. Introducing... standing at 7'1" ...

Junior Keeling:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

And weighing in at 405 pounds...

Junior Keeling:

...OF PRIME CUT BEEF!

Both Keelings now point to the entrance.

Thomas and Junior Keeling:

The Family Keeling presents... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Sing From The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The fans start to jeer, but when their mystery man emerges from the back, the crowd looks on in shock at the sheer size of the monster coming out from the back.

Angus:

HOLY FUCKIN' HOSS, KEEBS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS DUDE!

DDK:

We were right, Angus! The Family Keeling have not just a weapon in their midst now... that's a warhead we're looking at!

Uriel Cortez is a very handsome man, decked out in a fine tailored black suit. Not exactly something that one would consider customary wrestling attire, but regardless looks very confident in his chances tonight in his DEFIANCE debut. Sporting spiky black hair with a fade on the sides and an immaculately-groomed goatee, the man known as The Titan of Industry towers over The Family Keeling. Byrd shoots a look at Holt on the outside, both men almost look shocked at what's coming their way.

DDK:

Is this giant going to WRESTLE in that suit?

Angus:

I think he is, Keebs. And he doesn't look like he's sweating Byrd, but he better not underestimate him. He can throw right hands like a boss.

The Family Keeling lead Cortez to the ring where the 7'1" and 405-pound man steps over the ropes with ease. Entering the ring, he looks down at Emilio with a confident sneer. Emilio is a man that goes 6'3" and 250, but The Pigeon doesn't look afraid. Referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell...

DING DING

The Titan of Industry - as called by The Family Keeling - remains still and calmly removes his jacket before handing it off to Junior on the outside. Thomas Keeling watches his charge as he gets struck by Emilio Byrd across the back!

DDK:

Uriel left himself wide open for that shot! And... oh, boy...

Emilio almost celebrates prematurely at the first shot while Uriel stands there, shaking his head. Byrd goes right on the attack again and reaches upward to throw a few shots to the face of Cortez...

Angus:

Jesus, they aren't even having any effect on this dude.

After the first salvo, Uriel stands there and flashes a short smile. He invites Byrd to give him his best shot, something that the former boxer is more than happy to oblige as he kicks him in the gut. The Family Keeling still smiles as Byrd stands there, dumbfounded as to what to do next. Uriel has an idea and buries a knee into the chest of Byrd before a Clubbing Forearm brings him down to the mat!

DDK:

I'm amazed at this man's level of calm, Angus. He's not out there sweating, making his debut in front of a crowd this large.

Angus:

That dude's as big as a damn house. I'd be confident, too if I won the genetic jackpot!

Uriel continues to pummel Byrd with a few Clubbing Forearms before he whips him to the corner. Rather than try and charge at the corner and expend energy. He grabs Byrd with his massive hand wrapped around his head, Iron Claw-style! Byrd lets out a shout of pain before Uriel THROWS him up and over with a huge Biel Toss across the ring!

Angus:

Keebs?

DDK:

Yeah?

Angus:

I may have a HOSS boner right now.

Keebler is heard shuddering uncomfortably over commentary as Uriel now stands over Emilio, clubbing him twice more. He whips him across the ring again and tries to swing with a right elbow and misses... the lariat off the second turn misses as well, but not the Flying Shoulder Tackle from Byrd, knocking Cortez back, but not taking The Titan of Industry off his feet!

DDK:

Byrd finally has a chance! He's got Uriel reeling!

Junior looks concerned, but Thomas does not as Byrd sees the large man stumbling around. Byrd runs back to the

opposite corner and charges at Cortez with a Running Shoulder right to the chest. Uriel gets doubled over for a second and the crowd cheers on The Pigeon as he points at The Titan of Industry. Uriel comes out of the corner as Byrd winds up...

DDK:

THE WIND-UP!

The STIFF Wind-up Punch connects across the jaw of Uriel...

Angus:

...Eep.

The blow has fallen many opponents before... Uriel takes the shot and responds with a DEATH glare towards Byrd like the blow didn't faze him. Byrd tries a second one...

DDK:

NO! BOOT TO THE GUT!

He already hoists Byrd up with no trouble at all and DRIVES him into the canvas with a violent Waist-Lifted Side Slam! Holt looks on in shock while Uriel casually covers with one hand on his chest and adjusts his tie with the other.

ONE

TWO

THREE

DDK:

Wow... an EMPHATIC debut for Uriel Cortez.

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner of the match... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Hurtlocker Holt frowns and glares at his tag team partner, laid out on the mat while Uriel stands to his full height. Junior Keeling claps and hollers like a jackass while Thomas calmly looks on and flashes their new charge a smile.

Angus:

Mad respect for Emilio Byrd for taking this challenge, but... damn, he got mollywhopped.

DDK:

Hurtlocker Holt now in the ring to check on his partner. Uriel isn't giving him the time of day. But... what the hell is Junior doing?

While Hurtlocker Holt looks over his partner near the ring apron, Junior Keeling has his hands on the official T4H Donation Box now, getting jeers from the crowd. Junior then gets in the face of Hurtlocker Holt.

Junior Keeling:

This? This is POCKET CHANGE compared to what we make, you piece of garbage.

That makes Hurtlocker Holt immediately stand up and tower over Junior, not liking him dissing the donation box they have for the people. He goes to grab Junior by his collar...

BIG RUNNING KNEE STRIKE BY CORTEZ!

DDK:

Thomas is happy to sit back and let his clients represent themselves in the ring, but Junior... Junior is an instigator and a horrible human being. We saw him do this managing Team HOSS and now we're seeing it again!

The crowd jeers Cortez for coming to the aid of Junior. He picks up Holt off the mat and before he knows it, he gets DRILLED with the same Side Slam variation that put down Emilio Byrd! Junior then puts the T4H Donation Box on the ground and orders him to stomp on it...

Uriel obliges and CRUSHES it underneath his boot! Now the crowd jeers the trio before they depart. Uriel simply puts his coat back on and follows The Family Keeling out of the ring.

DDK:

The Family Keeling have themselves a winner and if their goal is to truly take down the roster of DEFIANCE one by one... I don't know if anybody can tell them different.

Angus:

Seriously...

Uriel Cortez and The Family Keeling ignore the jeers and simply head back up the ramp, not even bothering to look back at the destruction left in their wake as DEFCON rolls elsewhere.

GAME ON

The scene cuts to the backstage area where Tyler Fuse is standing. He has one of the Tag Team *Achievements* over his shoulder. The Gamers cheer while a locker room door opens.

Conor Fuse walks out to another ovation.

Conor Fuse:

You see?

Conor says, lifting up his once injured ankle. He's showing it off like a 5-year-old would a brand new drawing to his parents.

Conor Fuse:

I'm good to go!

Conor walks around the hallway, albeit with a slight limp. Tyler says nothing, he just watches.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay. I have a bit of a hop in my step but what do you expect? I was in that walking boot for about a year.

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

It was a month. For someone who pays *such* close attention to detail...

Conor Fuse: *[dismissive]*

Whatever. I'm good to play. You're good to play. DEFCON. The ToyBox go down once and for all! Fake coin, real coin, don't matter to me!

As Conor finishes his sentence, another man in the far distance is making their way towards the brothers. He, too, walks with a limp. However, this one is much more noticeable and painful looking.

Gage Blackwood comes into the picture. The fans lightly cheer as the Scotsman passes the screen but stops as he hears the younger brother's voice.

Conor Fuse:

Now you see, that's a hop in your step!

Gage turns around.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. I'm fine.

Blackwood is about to flee but then he notices who's talking. He looks Conor over and turns to Tyler.

Tyler Fuse:

It's a shame The ToyBox *[cough]* and my brother *[cough]* got in the way of our match last week. Otherwise, the result might have been different.

Tyler's comments were not meant to be taken harshly but more out of a sign of respect.

Tyler Fuse:

Still, though. A win is a win. I hope you take care of Shooter Landell tonight, too. I hope you're 100%...

Gage looks Tyler down from head to toe. He takes a while before he speaks.

Gage Blackwood:

Don't worry about me, but thank you. Shooter won't be a problem. I may always look injured but I know how to handle myself.

The conversation seems to close and Blackwood readies to leave until, once again, Conor Fuse pipes up.

Conor Fuse:

Hey-yeah-sorry. I think we unlocked that Shooter guy a few months ago. He's a real moron, isn't he? Also you're limping pretty bad, guy.

Blackwood glances at Conor and then back at Tyler as if to say 'get your brother to shut up'.

Gage Blackwood:

Like I said, I'm fine.

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

Hey Gage, for the record, did you know you're named after a video game character?

Blackwood stares at Tyler, insinuating he doesn't have time for this.

Conor Fuse:

Yes sir. Gage Blackwood from *The Journeyman Project* on Windows in 1993. A quick Google search can find it for you. Fascinating stuff. Here you are, in no relation to us and yet you're named after a video game.

Long pause.

Gage Blackwood:

Are we done now?

Conor Fuse:

No, not yet. Are you related to The Journeyman Project by any chance?

Gage Blackwood: [unimpressed and confused]

I was born in Edinburgh. How can one be related to a video game?

Conor Fuse:

So that's a no then?

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, that's a no.

More awkward silence. By now Tyler Fuse has completely spaced out.

Gage Blackwood:

Well, good catching up with you both. I'm off to fight. I don't even know why I'm speaking to the DEFIANCE versions of Mario and Luigi.

With that, Blackwood flees.

...Leaving Conor Fuse baffled. He turns to his brother.

Conor Fuse:

Says the guy with the Harry Potter scar above his eye. By the way, who's Mario and Luigi?

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. SHOOTER LANDELL

The scene goes inside the ring where Darren Quimbey stands by.

Darren Quimbey:

Laides and gentlemen, please welcome Queens of the Stone Age!!

Josh Homme gets on the microphone and wastes little time introducing himself. He begins to play the live rendition of...

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

The first chorus runs without interruption. As the second verse and guitar rift begins, fog fills the top of the rampway, the lights flicker on and off and Gage Blackwood walks out to a decent pop. Looking as determined as ever, he quickly marches over to Queens of the Stone Age and acknowledges them before heading towards the center of the rampway and letting out a deep huff.

DDK:

Everyone, this is DEFCON at its best! Live music and-

Angus: [cutting him off]

Um, *only* the music. I could take or leave this idiot. The Walking Band-Aid, Gage Blackwood!!!

Blackwood is wearing a plaid green colored kilt, different than the typical red one he would sport. He limps down the rampway as a few of the DEFCON sponsors are talked about. Getting into the ring, the house lights continue to flash around and Blackwood takes off his kilt revealing Scottish flag tights. The white X of the flag is across the back of his tights and a large white stripe runs down both sides of his legs into his blue boots. The right side of the stripe reads 'EDINBURGH' and the left is simply white.

DDK:

Blackwood looks ready!

Blackwood gets on the second rope and acknowledges the band again as they are playing through the song a second time. He looks extremely determined and intensity is pouring out of him.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall. Introducing first, from Edinburgh, Scotland... Gage Blackwood!!

Angus:

Again, great music. Shit talent.

The theme song comes to a close. The Faithful cheer Queens of the Stone Age off the stage as they await Blackwood's opponent.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The fans boo upon the PA. Similar to Gage, Shooter walks out all business-like. He has the same grey hoodie over his head and his dark green wrestling tights on. Not interested in any kind of fan interaction (good or bad), nor a big elaborate entrance, Shooter moves down the ramp with a purpose. He's not even looking at his opponent. Shooter walks up the steel stairs and goes between the top and bottom rope. He falls back nonchalantly against the turn buckle, waiting for things to begin.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Council Bluffs, Iowa... Shooter Landell!

Shooter finally takes off the hoodie. Benny Doyle calls for the bell and the match begins.

DING DING

DDK:

This should be interesting! We haven't seen anything out of Shooter other than the first time he appeared at DEFIANCE, interrupting Gage Blackwood on the mic and then never speaking again!

Angus:

Never doing anything again, Keebs. He just keeps getting in Blackwood's way but not touching him. Mind games; I like it! Now injure Blackwood for the rest of his career and Shooter might be in my top 3!

The crowd is a little restless, if nothing more than to see what Shooter Landell actually does. In Shooter's defense, he looks ready to fight and circles the ring with Blackwood while both of them raise their arms, trying to lock into a grapple.

Blackwood attempts but Shooter turns away.

Blackwood attempts again but Shooter turns away.

The Faithful are booing.

DDK:

This time Blackwood charges at Shooter but instead the Iowa native rolls out of the ring!

Angus:

Good. Not your moment. Pick the right time to strike!

Shooter talks a walk around the squared circle, a smile on his face.

Blackwood bounces off the ropes and is about to clear the ring with a suicide dive. Yet, at the last second he holds up because Shooter rolls back into the ring.

Blackwood tries to put the boots to him.

DDK:

Landell rolls through! He gets behind Blackwood and wraps his arms around the Scot... belly to back suplex!

Blackwood is quick to get up, however.

DDK:

Hip toss by Landell! Another hip toss!

Landell stomps away at his opponent. The boos come flooding in.

Angus:

Gage getting beat up. Nope, nothing new here!

Landell hurls Blackwood into the ropes. Gage ducks a clothesline attempt and bounces off the next set. Upon rebounding, Blackwood looks for a crossbody block but Shooter ducks, Blackwood hits the canvas and rolls right out of the ring.

DDK:

I have to give Shooter credit. He saw that and the suicide dive coming.

Blackwood collects himself quickly and gets back in. Before he can get to both feet, like lightning, Shooter Landell is on him and hammering him down again with boot after boot after boot.

DDK:

Landell pulling Blackwood up by his hair... another belly to back suplex!

The newest DEFIANCE wrestler continues the momentum. He whips Blackwood into the turn buckle and then hip tosses him out of it. He kicks Blackwood square in the back and then scoop slams him down to the center of the ring. He drives three big elbows into Gage's right shoulder, performs two more belly to back suplexes and looks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Angus:

I have to say, even though I can't stand Blackwood, it's going to take a lot more than that, sadly, to put this moron down for good.

DDK:

Right, indeed. I believe Landell knows this. He looks like he knows what he's doing. Maybe the pin was an attempt to get Blackwood to use up more energy.

Landell Irish whips Blackwood into the ropes and connects with a ring-shaking powerslam. He hoists Blackwood into the air, drops him on his shoulder and then leaps up, hitting another ring-shaking maneuver, a *running* powerlam this time.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

That has to be his plan. You can see it on Shooter's face. No frustration at all. Simply tire Gage out anyway he can.

Landell European uppercuts Blackwood to a corner of the ring. He hooks Gage's head underneath his arm and charges forward.

DDK:

Bulldog by Landell!!! It's all Shooter here!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Even though Blackwood has kicked out three times, the new DEFIANCE talent has killed off all the noise and energy in the crowd.

DDK:

Landell with a backbreaker, followed by a gutwrench suplex, followed by more elbows into Blackwood's chest!

Angus:

There's no rhyme or reason to Landell's attack, either. He's just hitting Blackwood with everything he has!

Shooter pulls a dazed and confused opponent to his feet. He hits him with a shortarm clothesline. Rinse and repeat, as Landell pulls Blackwood back to his feet and hits him with another shortarm clothesline. This happens five times in a row. By now, the crowd is completely out of it and Blackwood looks to be DOA.

Angus:

I have to say, Gage has given us nothing tonight.

DDK:

He's not well, Angus. He just can't be. He said he came back fully healthy and recovered from the Crimson Lord beating, a beating that took him out of action for up to 2 months. But he just can't be anywhere close to 100%.

As DDK and Angus continue their exchange, Landell carries on with his pummeling.

Angus:

You saw him lose against Hoffman. He barely beat Flex Kruger before that. And Tyler Fuse was right. If his dumbass brother didn't cost him the match, Gage was going to lose that one, too.

DDK:

The Faithful are completely out of this one. Sadly for Blackwood, this return has not gone well...

Landell hurls Blackwood into a corner. As the Scot falls out of it, Landell chops him at the legs and slams Gage back to the mat.

DDK:

We've seen Blackwood get out of jams before. David Hightower at last year's DEFCON comes to mind. That was Gage's coming out party.

Angus:

No Blackwood coming out party tonight!! It's Shooter Landell's time to shine!

Landell signals to the crowd 'it's over'. He pulls Blackwood up by his hair and looks him dead in the eyes (if Blackwood even knows where he is).

Hangman's neckbreaker.

Followed by an STF.

DDK:

I believe this is what Shooter calls, 'It's a Shoot'. And it's locked in... middle of the ring and all!!

Angus:

I don't think Blackwood's right to tap but he's right to pass the F out that's for sure!

Blackwood shows no signs of life. Benny Doyle moves in to see and is about to call for the bell when...

DDK:

Blackwood's arm is up!

Angus:

Big deal, he'll tap.

Blackwood's arm frantically fights in the air! Some of the crowd comes to and get behind him, although most of them are still out of this one.

DDK:

Blackwood is fighting! He's trying to reach the ropes... but he's so far away!

Shooter notices this coming to life. He wrenches back even harder, tugging away at Gage's face.

The Faithful are cheering now. However, it's not *that* loud. Blackwood continues to struggle forward.

DDK:

He's made it closer to the ropes!

Angus:

Tap, dammit, tap!

DDK:

He's almost there!!

Angus:

Taaaaaaapppp!!

And then...

DDK:

BLACKWOOD GETS TO THE ROPES!

Shooter breaks the hold as a few more fans cheer. Yet Landell is extremely quick to drop an elbow to the back of Blackwood's head.

Angus:

Yes, perfect!! When other wrestlers would complain to the referee, Shooter simply gets back up and puts an elbow into his opponent's head!

Landell continues. He drags Blackwood to his feet, showing everyone the lights may be on but no one is home.

SMACK.

DDK:

Clothesline from hell!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

This time, Landell is a little surprised.

DDK:

But AGA/N Shooter wastes little time! He crushes Blackwood with an elbow and another clothesline from hell!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

More and more, The Faithful stir.

Landell looks at Benny Doyle, questioning the count.

Angus:

It's a joke how Blackwood's rally cry is kicking out of pinfalls. It really is. If that's my rally cry, please kill me.

DDK:

Landell tosses Blackwood into the ropes, but Gage's body is so broken it doesn't even get there.

Landell laughs as he walks towards his opponent. Sensing the end is truly near-

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD WITH A DESPARATION JAWBREAKER!!

The Faithful pop! Both men collapse to the mat.

A small rumbling of feet begin to fill the arena, trying to get Gage Blackwood a second, or third, or forth... wind.

Angus:

Stay down if you know what's good for you, Gage!

DDK:

Landell is *obviously* on his feet first. He picks up Blackwood and- JAWBREAKER AGAIN! I don't know how he's doing it... Gage Blackwood just won't die!!!

Angus:

Oh he will die. I promise you. Technically, we all will.

DDK chooses to ignore the comment and keeps calling the match.

DDK:

Landell is shaking the sting away but he is still up first! Blackwood has hit two jawbreakers but that's it. He's not moving on the canvas!

Landell rubs his jaw. He spits out a little blood and then makes his way back to Blackwood.

Shooter Landell:

Is that all you've got?

The ringside camera comes in close, showing once again no one is home for Gage Blackwood.

Shooter Landell:

I thought so.

Landell hits an overhead belly to back suplex.

Angus:

What the hell!?!?

DDK:

Blackwood landed on his feet! GAGE LANDED ON HIS FEET!!

Barely. Blackwood stumbles around and as the crowd cheers, Shooter realizes something is up. Landell turns to see Blackwood wobbling about in the middle of the ring.

Mildly frustrated, Landell bolts towards him.

DDK:

Drop toe hold by Blackwood! I don't know how much the Edinburgh-native has left but this might be his only chance!!

Blackwood pulls himself up to one knee, then one leg and finally two. He's able to see an increasingly angrier opponent charging towards him again so he hits a second drop toe hold.

Angus:

I never knew a drop toe hold could elicit a crowd reaction. Christ I hate this guy!

DDK:

It's not the maneuver creating the cheers, Angus. It's the fact Blackwood is doing *anything* he can to survive!!

Blackwood rolls into the corner, trying to regain his focus. Once again, Shooter Landell is up and storming towards him with his knee aimed for Blackwood.

WHACK!

DDK:

Blackwood rolls out of the way! Shooter's knee goes straight into the ring post! I think he really hurt himself there!

On all fours, Blackwood positions himself behind Landell and somehow he's able to chop the one good leg and get the big man down!

DDK:

This is his chance to recover! Landell legitimately hurt his knee on the ring post!

Angus:

While I agree with you this is Gage's one shot... just look at him. He still doesn't know where he is!

Although the commentators can't put it into words, eventually Gage Blackwood reaches a vertical base and The Faithful cheer.

DDK:

Shooter is on one knee, looking up at Blackwood... could it be!?!?

SMACK!!!

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD JUST HIT 'THE GAELIC STORM'!!!

There's a big cheer but it dies down quickly.

Angus:

He can't make the cover! He can't do it! That killed Gage Blackwood, too!!

Both men are out. Benny Doyle begins a ten count.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!

No one moves an inch.

Benny Doyle:

TWO!

DDK:

I'm surprised Blackwood hit the move as hard as he did! Both knees went straight into Shooter Landell's face!

Benny Doyle:

THREE!

Angus:

That's the thing, though. That was everything Blackwood had!

Benny Doyle:

FOUR!

Still no movement from either party.

Benny Doyle:

FIVE!

DDK:

C'mon Gage, get up! GET UP!

Benny Doyle:

SIX!

Angus:

C'mon Shooter, kill Gage!

Benny Doyle:

SEVEN!

Still nothing.

Benny Doyle:

EIGHT!

Angus:

So it's going to end like this, huh!?

Benny Doyle:

NINE!

Suddenly, Blackwood jumps to his feet like he was shot out of a cannon. Then, he immediately collapses against the turn buckle but keeps a vertical base.

DDK:

HE'S UP! I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT HE IS UP!

Angus: [sigh]

...

Shooter stirs, too. Clutching his head, Landell fights to one knee. He tries to make sense of his surroundings.

SMACK!!!**DDK:**

GAGE BLACKWOOD WITH A SECOND 'GAELIC STORM'!!!!

It's almost the exact same outcome as the first double knee take-out. Neither man moves, although this time Blackwood is mere inches away from Landell.

DDK:

If Blackwood can just put an arm over him, he might have the victory!

The crowd is buzzing. They see the same thing as DDK. Everyone is just trying to tell Gage to move his hand over top of his opponent.

Benny Doyle begins a count again. This time, however, he is only able to get to seven before both men roll on the mat.

DDK:

Landell has taken two 'Gaelic Storms'! Maybe that doesn't equal the beating Gage Blackwood has taken but it might have kept the playing field close!

Angus:

I'm telling you, Blackwood got all of the first 'Gaelic Storm' but not the second!

DDK:

Blackwood using the ropes to get himself up. He still doesn't look like he knows where he is. Maybe he doesn't need to!!!

Angus:

Shooter, meanwhile, is fighting to get up like a REAL MAN, without the use of a secondary device!

The Faithful are behind Blackwood. The crowd is becoming restless as they wait.

DDK:

Blackwood shakes the cobwebs from his head numerous times... he's looking at Landell, who's on one knee...

Blackwood takes charge.

DDK:

Looking for 'THE GAELIC STORM' AGAIN!!!

SMACK---

SWOOSH!!!

DDK:

He missed! Landell rolls out of the way! Blackwood falls into the ropes... Landell to his feet... HUGE SIDEWALK SLAM BY SHOOTER!! Shooter into the ropes... BIG SPLASH!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

NO!!!! GAGE KICKED OUT!!! NEVER SAY DIE!!!

Angus:

GOD DAMMIT STAY DOWN!!!

This time Landell is furious. He slams the canvas with everything he has, screaming at Benny Doyle.

DDK:

Landell better calm himself! He has a second wind here... don't ruin it...

Landell turns to his opponent but can't find him on the canvas.

DDK:

SPINNING HEEL KICK BY BLACKWOOD GETS LANDELL TO THE MAT!

The crowd is starting a 'Black-wood, Black-wood' chant.

DDK:

Gage is struggling... you can see it in his face, in his entire body... but he's doing it! He's going to the top rope!

Angus:

I hate this...

DDK:

I still have my doubts he knows where he is... but Blackwood is up there!

He doesn't measure Shooter. He just jumps off...

DDK:

ELBOW TO THE HEART!! ELBOW TO THE HEART!! BLACKWOOD HOOKS THE LEG!

It's a weak leg hook...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

...but it doesn't matter.

DING DING DING

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HAS DONE IT!!

Angus:

I think I'm going to be sick.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD DOES IT AGAIN! YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP HIM DOWN!

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

The fans cheer as Benny Doyle tries to revive Blackwood in order to raise his hand but he simply cannot.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

DDK:

Hell or high water... Blackwood prevails!

Angus:

Yep, I'm sick.

DDK:

He beats Landell at DEFCON!

EMTs and a few refs make their way down to the ring to check on Shooter Landell but mainly Gage Blackwood, who has not moved a muscle since he hit the elbow on Shooter. At least Shooter is rubbing his shoulder.

Angus:This is a fucking joke, Keebs. I've *had it* with this guy. Same bullshit song and dance. 'Hey, I get beat up a lot BUT look at me fight through'. Well let me tell you this. Let me tell all of you this. There will be a day Gage Blackwood doesn't get up to fight anymore and I for one am waiting for that day. That day is going to be a great moment in DEFIANCE history-**DDK:**Give it up, alright!? Gage Blackwood has *heart* and he gave it absolutely everything he has tonight! He deserves this victory! He has been DEFIANCE through and through. While others left or did not side with us against the UTA, this guy came in here and helped in a major way!

The EMTs call a few more crew down to the ring as Blackwood's theme closes rather quickly.

DDK:

This does not look good.

While the majority of people in the ring are looking at Blackwood, Shooter Landell has recovered to some extent and pushed the others away from him. Shooter rolls out of the ring, holding his head to boos from The Faithful. He takes a good moment at the side of the ring to process what's happened.

AND THEN...

Shooter Landell rolls back into the ring.

Holding his head, he goes directly to the fallen Blackwood and pushes the EMTs and referees away.

DDK:

HEY NOW, STOP THIS!!

Landell throws a fury of punches to Blackwood's skull.

DDK:

YOU LOST, GET OUT OF THE RING!!

Angus:

Hold on just a second, this is interesting...

DDK:

Landell is unloading on Blackwood! What a joke! Take your loss like a man, Shooter!

More and more rights. Right, right, right, right, right, right... and so forth. Landell continues to push EMTs and referees away inbetween shots. He even punches a few of them to scare them off. Everyone is trying to reason with Shooter but he's having none of it.

Shooter hurls Blackwood's ragdoll body over the top rope and it falls to the floor below. Landell follows, reaching under the ring and pulling out a chair.

Most fans boo but some cheer at the mere sight of a weapon.

CRACK.

DDK:

SHOOTER WITH A CHAIR TO GAGE'S BACK.

CRACK.

DDK:

AND AGAIN!! SOMEONE GET OUT HERE AND STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!!

CRACK.

CRACK.

CRACK.

CRACK.

CRACK.

The chair is broken, so Shooter tosses it away.

Only to get a new one.

CRACK.

CRACK.

CRACK.

CRACK.

Angus:

Oh my God. Shooter has lost it.

CRACK.

CRACK.

Another chair is broken. Shooter throws the broken pieces towards the EMTs and refs to scare them even further away.

DDK:

ENOUGH!!!

Shooter hurls Blackwood's body into the guardrail. Then he whips Blackwood's body into the apron.

Guardrail. Apron. Guardrail. Apron. Guardrail. Apron.

DDK:

THIS IS SICK!!!

Blood is running down Blackwood's trademark scar on his forehead.

Angus:

Wow...

Landell pulls at his face. Breathing heavily, he takes firm hold of Blackwood's hair and starts dragging him around the ring and towards the rampway.

Shooter stops. He goes under the apron again.

DDK:

THIS IS TOO MUCH. YOU PROVED YOUR POINT, OKAY!?

Shooter sets up a table.

CRASH!

It doesn't take long for him to powerbomb Blackwood straight through it.

The crowd is stunned. Most stay quiet and some cheer the carnage.

DDK:

WOULD MORE SECURITY GET OUT HERE PLEASE!?!?

Landell hurls broken pieces of the table at the remaining EMTs. By now everyone is far away from him. He takes Blackwood by the hair again and drags his broken body all the way up the ramp.

Shooter is hyperventilating. He stops at the top of the ramp and pulls Blackwood to his feet.

Shooter Landell:

Goodbye.

but no one can fight back from *that* cheap attack. Everyone, we'll be right back and we will keep you informed throughout the night if we have any more information.

IDL THOUGHTS

Cut to backstage.

Christie Zane stands by, in front of a DEFonDemand banner. She is all dolled up for the final night of DEFCon; looks amazing and she knows it. She is also preoccupied by it and misses her cue.

Once she realizes it's go time, she snaps into action but stumbles a bit at first.

Christie Zane:

What an ama-maze -- an AMAZING night it has been already, uh - tonight. Here to announce his new DEFonDemand show, *Idol Thoughts* ... Terry Anderson!

Christie looks off camera with a big smile, fully expecting Terry Anderson's entrance.

Zane:

... oh here he is, folks ... Terry "The Idol" Anderson!

Terry stumbles into the frame as if he was pushed by an overworked line producer.

Terry Anderson: [off camera]

.. hey!

Terry rolls his shoulders shaking off the shove, as he simulatainously fixes his tropical themed button up.

Terry: [to Christie]

Hey, hey ... how you doing, baby doll?

Christie is taken a back, both by his wobbley drunken demeanor and his off putting inquiriey. Terry is obviously drunk. Not only because he is Terry Anderson but the tell tale swaying and near stumbling.

Terry:

Oh yeah, I gotta show ... it's gonna be GREAT --

Terry's suddenly elevated voice is quickly intturpted by a sway that went just slightly too far and The Idol crashes down. On his way he grabs a hold of the DEFonDemand banner and pulls it down with him.

The camera follows his drunken disent until Christie interjects, frantically.

Zane:

OK, so I'm being told we are going BACK to Darren and Angus ... in the BOOTH!

Cut back to the booth. "<

CRISTIANO CABALLERO vs. MUSHIGAHARA

DDK:

I'm not sure what to even say about that, partner.

Angus, realizing by the tone of Darren's voice they are back on camera, quickly wipes his left forearm across his mouth. His right darts down below the desk quickly.

Angus:

I do ... Anderson's a DRUNK! That show'll be canceled by the morning!

"Carmen Overture" by Georges Bizet

The crowd jeers the arrival of the Spanish aristocrat trying to make a name for himself as he enters the arena, arrogantly wielding the chair he made his mark with some time ago.

DDK:

This match was arranged as a result of Cristiano Caballero's actions on DEFtv 110, where he assaulted Mushigihara with that VERY steel chair and blamed Mushi for overshadowing him during his stint in BRAZEN. Well, Eddie Dante demanded this match, and now his God-Beast has his wishes granted!

The Spaniard runs his mouth at the camera, gloating about his chance to prove that HE was the true star of Brazen, as he climbs up into the ring and poses for the crowd, who make their feelings known.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The crowd explodes in the signature war cry of the God-Beast, whose silhouette materializes among the golden lights and smoke, alone. Mushi stares intensely at his opponent from ringside, not showing any emotion beyond apoplectic anger.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

He does not appeal to the crowd or slap hands. He is not here to "perform." He is here to DESTROY. As he lumbers up the ring steps, Caballero is wise enough to keep distance. The God-Beast steps into the ring, making sure not to break his gaze at his assailant.

Caballero greets the God-Beast with an arrogant smirk, while the God-Beast simply smolders at his opponent. The crowd hums as the monster, without any fanfare, prepares to strike. Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING

And as Mushi pushes for the lockup, Caballero drops to the ground and rolls out of the ring to the chagrin of all in attendance!

DDK:

Cristiano Caballero has been talking a big game since he attacked Mushigihara sometime back, but now that he's in front of him for a fair fight, he's ducking any responsibility for his actions!

Angus:

Yeah, maybe. Or maybe...

Mushi, looking clearly displeased, follows suit to the outside, and lumbers over to the Spaniard, who only responds by sauntering in the opposite direction, onto the apron, and back into the ring.

Angus:

...he's just playing mind games because he knows he won't win in a match of strength.

Mushi, now very agitated, spits on the floor and rushes into the ring... only to be met by Caballero's boots to his head! Mushi struggles to get into position, which leaves Caballero free to unload a salvo of punches, which leave Mushi more stung than hurt, allowing Caballero to run off the ropes and hit him with a clothesline that doesn't LEVEL the doubled-over monster, but rocks him enough to send him back between the ropes and to the floor, albeit onto his feet. Caballero taunts the crowd, who jeer him accordingly while the God-Beast seethes.

DDK:

And the Spanish aristocrat is GETTING in the big man's head!

Mushi slowly, but aggressively climbs up to the ring, while Caballero decides to try and force him out again, and bounces off the ropes, and rushes back to bump into the big man, but...

Angus:

He misses!

Mushigihara sidesteps, and Caballero is left leaning on the ropes, wide open for Mushi to stare him dead in the eye, roar a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

THWAP!!!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

...and SLAM THE PALM OF HIS HAND RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF CABALLERO'S HEAD.

DDK:

AND MUSHI JUST GAVE CABALLERO AN AUTOGRAPH HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

Angus:

...autograph?

DDK:

Well, yeah. Sumo wrestlers don't sign their names for an autograph; they make a handprint on a piece of paper. And that's what Mushi just did to him.

Visibly rattled, Caballero is still reeling as Mushi enters the ring, staring at his opponent in contempt. The God-Beast rushes in to stomp on Caballero's chest, and again, and again, before peeling him up off the mat and whipping him HARD into the corner. He bounds to the opposite corner, and...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

...runs towards Caballero and FLATTENS HIM WITH AN AVALANCHE! Caballero stumbles out, right into the God-Beast's arms and he cinches in the bearhug... and drops him with the belly-to-belly! Caballero is flat on the mat, just barely hanging on, as Mushi rises to his feet and signals the end, before pulling his hapless victim into his shoulders...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!!

THUD!

DDK:

ATLAS CUTTER! ATLAS CUTTER! Mushigihara drops him with the Atlas Cutter, and it has to be academic at this point!

Mushigihara drops down and pushes his hands down on Caballero's shoulders as Brian Slater delivers the count...

ONE

TWO

THREE.

DING DING DING

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada

The crowd cheers for the victor, but Mushigihara is not celebrating. If anything, vanquishing his assailant only leaves him looking even grumpier. He stares down at Cristiano Caballero as he comes to, and tries to pull himself up by the ropes. The God-Beast lumbers over to Caballero and waits.

Angus:

Mushi doesn't look like he's got good intentions for this guy, Keebs...

DDK:

Indeed... is he looking for vengeance for that assault?

Finally, Caballero notices Mushigihara standing over him, and starts mumbling and begging for his life as Mushi leans down and smolders at him some more...

DDK:

What's he going to do?!

Caballero shifts himself onto one knee and looks on in terror at the God-Beast...

...who just pushes him to the side with a meaty hand and steps between the ropes where he was leaning, before walking down the aisle.

OLD TOY MEETS NEW TOY

The camera pans backstage now to Christie Zane at the ready, about to interview one of the many stars given the opportunity to grace the biggest card of the DEFIANCE calender.

Christie Zane:

Hi, everybody and Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Happy Holidays and all the rest! I'm Christie Zane and I have a big guest... I mean a REALLY big guest. He is...

She reads a special index card given to her by somebody off-camera, jabbing a finger into the card.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome... Presented by The Family Killing...

???:

KEELING.

Christie Zane:

Keeling... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

The MASSIVE monster from earlier tonight walks into full view and move backwards a bit to encapsulate the giant of a man. From the left, Thomas and Junior Keeling both appear while the smug Uriel looks upwards.

Junior Keeling:

Mmm mmm mmm, Christie. You're looking extra nice tonight.

Christie Zane:

Uh... thank you. So, your guy won tonight...

Thomas puts a hand gently over her microphone and nods to her.

Thomas Keeling:

Christie... to refer to The Family Keeling's newest guest as "a guy" is an oversimplification of what he truly is. This is not a common man. He isn't a working-class schlub that's scratching to make ends meet...

He raises a hand towards Uriel, practically presenting him like a new car... a BIG-ASS new car.

Thomas Keeling:

This is a WINNER. This is a MONSTER. This is... a TITAN. The future, the hear and the NOW of this industry! I respect Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt for answering our challenge, but Uriel Cortez is in a class of his own.

Junior Keeling:

He's isn't in a class, he's the whole damn school! Valedictorian, Magna Cum Laude, the big damn principal!

Thomas chuckles.

Thomas Keeling:

Sure, son, we can go with your descriptions as well. Christie, I wanted this time to tell people that there is NO man or woman in DEFIANCE that can measure up to The Titan of Indus...

Something has Thomas' tongue as he stops in his tracks.

Junior Keeling:

Dad, wh...?

He turns...

ANGEL TRINIDAD.

The crowd pops for the former member of Team HOSS - and not to mention the former star client of The Family Keeling. The HOSS Overlord looks down on Thomas and Junior.

Angel Trinidad:

Thomas. Junior.

Junior Keeling:

Angel! How's it...

He brushes right past his two former managers before approaching Uriel Cortez. There is definitely a buzz from the crowd as the two giants measure one another up. The 6'10" Trinidad and the 7'1" (AND A HALF!) Cortez stare one another down. Angel casts a glance at the rookie giant while Uriel smirks, looking rather unconcerned with the former meal ticket of the Keelings.

Angel Trinidad:

Nobody measures up? We'll see about that.

The man who was victorious over Eddie Cheno during Night One of DEFCON shoots an icy stare at the successful giant of Night Two before Angel walks off. Uriel looks on in his direction and lets out a slight scoff before Junior approaches him.

Junior Keeling:

Don't worry about him, Uriel.

Thomas laughs at his son.

Thomas Keeling:

Don't worry, Junior... he's not. Thank you for your time, Ms. Zane.

The threesome leave Christie as the scene heads back to ringside for the next match.

THE FUSE BROS vs. THE TOYBOX

Angus:

Holy shit, Keebs, that was a lotta BEEF and a lotta HOSS! Make that match happen!

DDK:

Maybe next year, Angus. Dear Faithful, our next match is a big one.

As DDK speaks, the DEFI-TRON and television feed show the DEFCON image of The Fuse Bros. vs. The ToyBox for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships. The crowd comes alive at the sight of it, knowing they are going to be in for a very fast-paced match with two teams that can go. In the image, Conor Fuse bounces around like the annoying, obnoxious character he is. Tyler Fuse remains stoic while Dandelion spins the '#1 contendership' coin in her hand and Jestal's arms are crossed.

DDK:

For a feud that started over a... well... a coin and the authenticity of that coin has lead to the unraveling of Conor Fuse, a high ankle sprain and a chance for The ToyBox to end the second-longest Tag Title reign in DEFIANCE history.

Angus:

And end it they will!!!

A video package plays, recapping what has led to this moment. Included in the footage, Dandelion revealing the coin, Conor arguing with her and twisting his ankle as a result, the coin shower as The Fuse Bros. stand in the ring and then two weeks ago, when Conor cost his brother a match against Gage Blackwood, leaving Dandelion messing with Conor the entire time, baiting him towards her as she showed off the coin.

Afterwards, the scene goes to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships!

Angus: [mocking Conor]

Tag Team Achievements. Achievements.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challengers... Dandelion and Jestal... THE TOYBOX!!!!

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Music ♪

Boos flood the Lakefront Arena. Out comes Dandelion and Jestal in their normal ring attire. As they make their way to the ring, Dandelion takes the coin out from her tights and holds it up for all to see. In a way, it's like a prizefighter holding his belt above his head as he makes an entrance.

Angus:

Now *these* two are real siblings. They get along. They don't argue with one another. And one of them isn't on the spectrum.

DDK: [messing with Angus]

Well they are twins, can't you tell?

Angus:

If it wasn't for the face paint, sure!

The ToyBox enter the ring. As the jeers begin to die down, Dandelion grins and rests herself against their corner. Jestal stands in the middle of the ring, awaiting...

First, the lights dim. The Faithful cheer and then the DEFI-TRON turns back on.

The music to Sonic the Hedgehog 2, the Boss Theme begins to play. Over the music, the history/career of The Fuse Bros. in DEFIANCE is recapped. From their first appearance, to saving Team HOSS from No Justice, No Peace... to fighting alongside Team HOSS against them... to winning the Tag Team *Achievements* in a Hell in a Cell during DEFtv 100... to successful title defenses against The ToyBox and The Stevens Family... to now...

"A Year Long Journey"...

The music and video package suddenly close. Darkness fills the arena.

"FUSE BROS.! FUSE BROS.! FUSE BROS.!"

The house lights come back on and Darren Quimbey stands in the center of the ring. The camera changes to The ToyBox. Jestal does not look impressed and Dandelion doesn't show a care in the world, spinning the coin around her hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome to the stage, Fall Out Boy!!!

A loud **GONG** is heard over the PA.

♪ "Original Mortal Kombat Theme Song" (cover) by Fall Out Boy ♪

And so it begins...

"TEST YOUR MIGHT"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT"

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!!!!"

"FIGHT!"

While Fall Out Boy continues to play, the band starts running through wrestlers names, similar to the Mortal Kombat theme.

"DOUGLAS"

"CRIMSON LORD"

"THE D"

"OSCAR BURNS"

"SCOTT STEVENS"

"JFK"

"KLEIN"

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING"

"FIGHT!"

"FINISH HIM!!"

The camera pans underneath Fall Out Boy to reveal two clear see-through pipes. After the first chorus play-through, Tyler and Conor appear in the pipes. Tyler, stoic and intense as ever before and Conor, bouncing around with too much energy. Tyler's pipe has brown and orange colored lighting running through it and Conor's has green and white.

“EXCELLENT!”
“EXCELLENT!”
“EXCELLENT!”
“EXCELLENT!”

“FIGHT!”

Finally, the platforms in the pipes begin to rise as the song kicks into the battle part. Tyler screams into the rafters as he's raised while Conor continues to jump about, throwing left and right jabs the entire time he's elevated to the top. Once The Fuse Bros. reach the staging, The Faithful get even louder.

Now in full sight, Tyler Fuse is wearing a dark brown 'Game of Thrones-like' cape, along with a battered skull crown and his regular ring attire, although his brown tights are shiny. His Tag Team *Achievement* is around his shoulder.

Meanwhile, Conor is dressed very similar to Sub-Zero from MK1, except in green. Mask around his face, Player Two still wears his regular green and white tights but they are also shiny. *Achievement* across his waist, Conor follows Tyler to the middle of the rampway after a quick exchange with Fall Out Boy.

“TEST YOUR MIGHT”
“TEST YOUR MIGHT”
“TEST YOUR MIGHT”
“TEST YOUR MIGHT”

“DEFIANCE WRESTLING!!!!”

A shower of orange and green sparks fall from the rafters and numerous pyrotechnics explode from behind them as The Fuse Bros. wait it out.

Finally, Tyler Fuse marches down the ramp, eyes locked to the center of the ring while Conor jumps, kicks and punches slightly behind Player One. He even roundhouse kicks a few times.

DDK:

I have never... what an entrance for the Tag Team Champions!

Angus:

Yes, it's just that, an entrance. If they're going to get caught up in this spectacle DEFCON shit they won't stand a chance against The ToyBox. So do it up, Tyler and Conor! Do it up big!

“FINISH HIM!”

“FIGHT!”

The Fuse Bros. reach ringside as Tyler walks up the steel stairs and Conor jumps on the apron. Tyler uses the ropes to get in while Conor hurls himself over the top. The Champions hit a corner of the ring and hold their *Achievements* up for The Faithful to see. The brothers meet in the middle of the ring while another shower of orange and green sparks shoot off behind them. Three more pyro explode as well and Fall Out Boy starts to wrap the theme song up.

The cameras jump to The ToyBox, now on the floor by their corner. Jestal just stares the brothers down unimpressed while Dandelion shows a DGAF carefree expression.

Finally, Fall Out Boy finishes and the fans cheer them off. The Fuse Bros. take off their additional gear and make their way to their corner.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, the reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, Tyler and Conor Fuse... THE FUSE BROS.!!!

DDK:

A major ovation for the champs! Their title run is well over 200 days now! They've already beaten The ToyBox once. Can they do it again?

Angus:

No. So let's get this match out of the way.

There's a strong buzz within the arena. Conor starts pumping the crowd up with a "SAVE THE DAY! SAVE THE DAY!" chant.

DDK:

Tyler to start the match as always and Jestal looks to be ready to go for the challengers!

All the while, Dandelion is showcasing the coin in Conor's direction. Yet, he won't bite.

Conor Fuse:

Not today, girl. Not today.

Referee Brian Slater holds both titles in the air and calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Tyler wastes no time! He leaps in the air and starts hammering left hands to Jestal! Irish whip into the ropes and a missile dropkick follows!

Tyler shoots himself into the ropes again and hits a second dropkick to Jestal. Player One stands tall and turns to the crowd, getting a big reaction!

DDK:

So much for not being focused in this match, Angus!

Angus:

It's early.

Tyler ducks a short-arm clothesline from Jestal and kicks him in the back. He follows this with a Russian leg sweep and a pendulum backbreaker!

DDK:

Impressive to get the much larger, although shorter Jestal up in the air like that and across his knee.

Tyler tags Conor.

Player Two clears the ropes and points directly at Dandelion.

Conor Fuse:

Go ahead, tag her in. I want this!

Jestal shakes his head no. Instead, he charges at Conor but the champion side-steps him and Jestal goes straight into the turn buckle. A roundhouse kick later and Jestal is on the mat.

Conor Fuse:

Suit yourself.

Conor hooks Jestal's leg and connects with a Northern lights suplex.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Nodding in agreement, Conor hurls Jestal into The Fuse Bros. corner and tags his brother back in. This time Tyler flies over the top rope and while holding onto the ropes, he slings himself around and puts two boots right into Jestal's chest in one fluid motion. Tyler rifles Jestal into the middle of the ring, holds onto his head and drives it down into a modified bulldog and similar to one of his trademark manuvers.

DDK:

It's all Fuse Bros. here. They came to play!

The camera pans to Dandelion, who still has her composure. She simply smiles at Conor and digs the coin out from her tights again.

Angus:

I wonder what else is in there.

DDK:

Stop.

Tyler flings Jestal around. He shoots himself forward and shoulder blocks the clown to the canvas. Tyler quickly pulls himself off the mat and points to the top rope.

DDK:

Not one to be so high flying, Tyler is going up!

He looks to connect with a flying crossbody but Jestal sidesteps it. However, Tyler shows his agility, adjusts in mid-air and lands on his feet. He superkicks Jestal and springboards into the ropes, coming off with a back elbow smash.

Tyler tags out. Player Two enters tossing jabs and kicks in the air like he was when he came down the rampway.

DDK:

Conor showing no effects from the ankle so far! He's able to get around just fine!

Angus:

I'm surprised by this. I figure it's just a matter of time before he hurts it, though.

Conor hammers left hands into Jestal. He Irish whips the challenge into the corner and then chuck's him into The ToyBox corner. Conor looks at Dandelion.

Conor Fuse:

Tag in.

Dandelion refuses.

Conor Fuse:

C'mon, tag in. Come play.

DDK:

Conor better not get distracted here... he was doing so well...

Indeed, he does get distracted. Conor doesn't see Jestal shoot out from the corner until it's too late.

Or is it?

DDK:

Conor kicks Jestal in the back of the leg! Now he connects with a diving DDT!

Player Two motions to Dandelion again.

Conor Fuse:

Told you to tag in.

Dandelion continues showing no effects. She just watches as Conor runs towards the second rope.

Lionsault.

DDK:

The lionsault was performed very well! Like I said, so far, no ankle issues whatsoever!

Conor tries for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The champion agrees with the referee for a second time and tags his brother back in.

DDK:

Tyler goes to pull Jestal up but a thumb to the eyes! The elder Fuse stumbles about... Jestal takes two steps back and crushes Tyler with a right boot to the side of the head!

The Faithful boo. Jestal slowly makes his way to The ToyBox's corner. He tags Dandelion. She struts in.

Dandelion turns to Conor.

Conor shows a slight sense of frustration but it's not for too long as Tyler pops up and blocks a right kick to the side of his body. He ducks a forearm smash and hits Dandelion with a backdrop. Heading to his corner, he tags Conor! The place erupts!

DDK:

Conor can finally get his hands on-

The cheers turn to jeers.

Dandelion tags Jestal back in.

Once again, Conor shows some real restraint and goes right after Jestal instead! Another roundhouse kick, a cannonball splash from the corner after an Irish whip into the buckle and then a German suplex!

"SAVE THE DAY! SAVE THE DAY! SAVE THE DAY!"

DDK:

The Tag Team Championships may be staying with the gamers if this keeps up. I think The ToyBox were depending on Conor to be off his game -either mentally or physically or both- but that hasn't happened yet!

Angus:

Like I said, give it time. He will snap.

Conor applies a sleeper hold to Jestal but quickly becomes tired of the hold himself so he tosses Jestal to the mat and bounces off the ropes.

Smack!

DDK:

Dandelion kicks Conor in the back from her corner!

Player Two turns towards her yet brushes it off. He goes back to Jestal, knocking him down with a clothesline!

DDK:

A quick kick to the back of Jestal!

The champion takes the challenger to The Fuse Bros'. location and tags Tyler back in.

Side Russian leg sweep. Elbow to the side of the head. Falling back drop. The beating on Jestal continues.

Angus:

This match sucks.

Tyler hurls Jestal into the ropes and upon return hits a quick powerslam. He takes Jestal by the head and looks to connect with his trademark move 'CQC' but somehow the challenger is able to push Tyler away and recover just enough to rush at him with a shoulder tackle!

Angus:

Thattaboy! It's the opening Jestal needs!

Tyler rubs his head on the mat while Jestal stumbles to his feet and wobbles towards Dandelion.

DDK:

Jestal gets the tag! In comes Dandelion...

The fans erupt!

DDK:

Tyler was able to get it together in *just enough* time and he tags Conor!

Dandelion isn't backing down. In comes Player Two, a wide smile on his face. Conor looks down at his ankle.

Conor Fuse:

I'm ready. Are you?

Dandelion turns away in disgust as if to say 'what the hell'. She charges back towards Conor but he sidesteps her and takes Dandelion down by her hair.

Conor Fuse:

You're a cheater. You don't deserve to be in this match!

Dandelion pulls herself together. The comment doesn't even register with her as Conor moves forward and connects with a kick to the side of Dandelion's right leg. He connects with a second, a third and a forth. He whips Dandelion into the ropes, leaps onto her shoulders and executes a hurricanrana into a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

I thought it was over right there!

Dandelion is quick to her feet. She tries for her own offence but is thwarted by Conor as he keeps dodging her attacks. Dandelion takes a step back and moves towards her corner.

She pulls the coin out from her tights.

Conor Fuse:

I don't care.

Dandelion waves the coin around.

Conor Fuse:

Put it away.

Finally, Dandelion winks at Conor.

Conor's had enough. He rushes towards her but Dandelion ducks down and Jestal appears in her place. Tyler tries to shout a warning to his brother but it's too late.

DDK:

Jestal with a MASSIVE sidewalk slam!!

Jestal and Dandelion put the boots to Conor as Slater tries to break it up.

DDK:

I believe Jestal is the legal wrestler right now! I think he tagged Dandelion on the back while she was trying to mess with Conor!

Slater breaks The ToyBox away from Conor but Jestal has the referee's focus. This allows Dandelion to exit the ring, grab a Tag Team Title and roll back in. She looks to hit Conor with it...

DDK:

What is Dandelion doing?

Instead, she drops the belt and kicks it out of the ring. Dandelion goes back to the apron and Jestal moves past Slater.

The clown-faced wrestler flings Conor into the turn buckle across the way from his brother. He charges in with everything he has and smacks Conor so hard the ring shakes as well! Conor tumbles around to the center of the mat and then falls flat on his face!

Jestal grabs Tyler's attention. He points down at Conor and laughs.

Angus:

Tyler Fuse should look into a singles career. Just saying.

Jestal nails a pump handle backbreaker. He follows this up with a dropkick to Conor's face and then tags his sister back in. The boos fill the arena as Dandelion takes her time, admiring Jestal's work.

Tyler continues to encourage his younger sibling.

Dandelion kicks Conor in the head! She pulls him up and throws him into the ropes! A stiff kick to the temple again gets Player Two down. Next, Dandelion Irish whips Conor to The ToyBox's corner and comes in herself with a handspring back elbow! She kicks Conor to the middle of the ring and signals for the end.

'Puppet Stretch'!

DDK:

Dandelion has one of her moves locked in! Her version of the black widow... Conor has nowhere to go, either! He's dead center, far away from the ropes!

Brian Slater asks Conor if he submits but the champion shakes his head no while struggling to get any words out.

Dandelion wrenches back further. It's clear The Gamers want to get into the match more and cheer Conor on. This only makes Dandelion sink in the hold harder and harder!

Angus:

Yes! He's trapped and I for one LOVE IT. We are watching history at this very moment! NEW CHAMPS BABAY!

Once again Slater asks Conor if he quits. Conor says no. However, he also hasn't moved an inch closer to the ropes, either!

Tyler can only watch and the crowd can only cheer so much...

Angus:

I love this! I wonder what kind of career Tyler will have as a *singles*. I bet you it will be pretty good. I'm sure he's thinking about it this very second!

DDK:

That is NOT going through his head! Nothing has happened yet. Conor hasn't quit!

The Gamers continue to cheer. They get louder and louder. The hold gets deeper and deeper...

But somehow, someway, Conor is able to push off his one knee and get to his feet, taking Dandelion up with him.

DDK:

Yes! That's it! See Angus, this isn't over yet! Conor is on his feet and Dandelion is now in a vulnerable position!

Conor drops to his back, putting Dandelion between him and the wrestling mat. She breaks the hold right away!

DDK:

He got out of it! Conor breaks the hold!

The crowd stomps their feet. Conor knows he has to tag out. He sees his brother close enough to him...

Angus:

Bullshit. I could have sworn Conor said he quit! I demand a recount!!

Conor inches forward. However, so does Dandelion to her corner.

DDK:

He didn't say anything of the sort.

Conor inches forward. Dandelion does the same.

Angus:

I'm a professional lip-reader. I saw what I saw.

Conor is close. Dandelion is *very* close.

DDK:

You are not and why I am even entertaining what you're saying, I have no idea.

Conor is mere millimeters away...

Angus:

Because I'm right.

Dandelion tags Jestal! Conor... does **NOT** tag in Tyler!!

DDK:

SO CLOSE but no! Jestal grabs Conor by his ankle and pulls him to the center of the ring!

That's when a light bulb seemingly goes off in Jestal's head. Conor's ankle...

DDK:

Jestal twists the bad ankle of Conor! The champion lets out a scream but not before Jestal throws an elbow to the back of his skull!

Jestal continues the assault on the ankle. He tries an ankle lock this time, causing Conor to wave his hands frantically, trying to get back to the edge of the ring!

Angus:

Another submission attempt!! This is great stuff, ToyBox! You two are the REAL siblings. You're the siblings we don't deserve but we **need!**

DDK:

Honestly where do you come up with this stuff?

The Gamers try to get Conor back into the fighting spirit. They cheer and stomp their feet! Conor inches closer to his brother's out-stretched arms, awaiting a tag...

DDK:

Conor is making progress! He's SO close now!

However, Jestal hooks his entire body around Conor's leg and falls to the canvas!

Angus:

GENIUS! Genius, let me tell you! Now Conor has to pull Jestal's weight *WITH HIM* in order to make it another 2-3 feet! BLOODY BRILLIANT!!

DDK:

Conor is in a lot of pain right here! I wouldn't blame him if he had to tap out... after all, he was coming off a severe ankle

sprain!

With everything Player Two has, he pushes himself up off the mat and moves a good foot forward, taking Jestal with him.

DDK:

He's not there yet!!

Conor screams loudly. He moves another foot or so.

DDK:

STILL NOT THERE!

Last scream. Last pull towards his brother's hand.

DDK:

YES!! A TAG IS MADE! CONOR TAGS OUT!!!

Jestal drops the hold but he's instantly met with a left hand from Tyler. In comes Dandelion and she's met with the same! Tyler bounces off the ropes and hits a double crossbody block onto both of the challengers! He gets to his feet, screams into the rafters and paces around the ring, getting The Gamers really into it!!

DDK:

You normally see this kind of intensity from Conor... but now it's Tyler's turn!

Tyler drops Jestal with a left hand! Then he drops Dandelion! This continues for a number of sessions before Tyler tosses Dandelion out of the ring and goes right back to Jestal!

Tyler looks for a superkick but Jestal grabs his foot...

DDK:

ENZIGURI BY TYLER!!

Player One glances over to see his brother laying on the apron in their corner but still having the wherewithal to give him a thumbs up. Next, Tyler plants Jestal in the middle of the ring with a DDT and points to the top rope. He measures Jestal and goes up...

DDK:

MOONSAULT BY TYLER FUSE!!! What a display of athleticism!!! I don't think I've ever seen Tyler hit something like that! Normally it's Conor who's known for the aerial attack! We have a cover!!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY DANDELION!!

She just gets there in time, too. The Gamers boo and Tyler gets to his feet. He wastes no time and tosses Dandelion out the other side of the ring!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is signaling for a SECOND top rope move...

But once he gets up, Dandelion leaps onto the apron and hits the ring ropes! Tyler crotches himself and stays on the top buckle!

DDK:

Dandelion with a desperation move! I'm surprised she has anything left!

Jestal wiggles about. It's hard for him to find a vertical base but when he finally does, he sees Tyler is helpless!

DDK:

Jestal is going to meet Tyler on the top rope!

Angus:

This is crazy, Keebs. I like it!

Jestal wraps both arms around Tyler and throws him over his head, as both men come crashing down to the mat.

DDK:

A TOP ROPE OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!!! TYLER IS DOWN!! JESTAL IS DOWN!! IT'S ANYONE'S GAME!!!

DDK catches himself...

DDK:

Pun intended, I suppose!

The fans continue to chant for The Fuse Bros.! All four members are still recovering. There's a good minute of waiting until Conor is the first to get to his feet!

DDK:

Conor is up! But instead of getting in the ring he jumps off the apron and he's walking right towards Dandelion!

Conor pulls Dandelion away from the apron she's resting at. He spins her around.

Conor Fuse:

Just show me it, okay? Show me the coin. What's done is done but I NEED to know if it's legit!

Dandelion takes a moment to realize where she is. Then she smiles at Conor and pushes him away.

DDK:

Oh no...

Suddenly, everyone begins to notice the push Dandelion just did to Conor made him roll back on his bad ankle. Player Two falls to one knee and shouts in pain.

Angus:

I TOLD YOU! I love it when I'm right! That ankle did not hold up! He's fallen over again all because of Dandelion!

Dandelion is the last to take notice out of the entire arena but as she does, she grins from ear to ear and walks in front of Conor, still keeping some distance and pulls out the coin.

She waves it about. Conor tries to reach for it but 1.) he's too far away and 2.) he keeps going right back to holding his ankle.

Dandelion waves the coin around once more in Conor's face and then turns to show it off for all The Gamers to see. As she does this, the crowd makes a great deal of noise...

For Conor Fuse was playing possum all along.

He gets to his feet, showing his ankle to be 100%. Once again, Dandelion is the last to notice. When she does, it's too late.

DDK:

Conor snatches the coin from Dandelion!

He quickly looks it over.

Conor Fuse:

I knew it! I KNEW IT! It's made of chocolate!

Dandelion snatches it back. She gets right into Conor's face and the two of them start jawing at each other, neither backing down. And then...

Tyler Fuse:

Get out of the way!

Tyler is heard shouting at his brother as he rushes across the ring and shoots himself over the top rope with a spinning corkscrew suicide dive onto Dandelion!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

TYLER ANNIHILATED DANDELION WITH A CRAZY LEAP FROM THE RING!

Replays show Tyler hit Jestal with a pele kick first before clearing the ring and taking out Dandelion.

Conor helps Tyler to his feet and they both get back into the ring. Tyler speaks directly to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Did you find out about the coin?

Conor Fuse:

Yes. It's basically *Hanukkah gelt* can you believe that?

Tyler nods and the two brothers stand in the middle of the squared circle. There, below their feet, lies Jestal. The Gamers get loud. They know what's coming. Tyler looks down to the mat and then back at Conor. He pushes Player Two hard.

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH HIM~!!!

DDK:

Conor goes to the top rope!! He's measuring Jestal... 450 SPLASH!!! Tyler is going to the top rope... he's measuring Jestal... FROG SPLASH!!! TYLER WITH THE COVER. THIS MATCH IS OVER!!!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVE BY DANDELION!**Angus:**

GOD EXIST!!!

DDK:

DANDELION WITH AN INCREDIBLE SAVE FOR THE TOYBOX!!!

Everyone is shocked, thinking the match was clearly finished! Conor turns around stunned and beside himself. Meanwhile, Tyler is getting to his feet, realizing what also took place...

DDK:

Tyler Fuse looks down at Dandelion... he pulls her to her feet... OH NO!!! DANDELION JUST USED THE COIN AND HIT TYLER RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

It doesn't hurt Tyler, just stuns his sight. As Tyler fumbles about, Dandelion bounces off the ropes and nails a dropkick to Tyler! Conor tries to get at Dandelion but Brian Slater attempts to restore order and gets in his way!!

This leads to Dandelion trying to revive her brother. After she is unsuccessful she exits the ring, takes one of the Tag Team Championships and comes back in...

DDK:

Tyler to his feet... he still doesn't know where he is... LOOK OUT!

SMACK.

DDK:

DANDELION LEVELS TYLER WITH THE TITLE! THIS TIME SHE DOES IT!!

Angus:

YES YES YES YES YES! PUTTING THE ACHIEVEMENTS TO GOOD USE!!

DDK:

WHILE CONOR IS TRYING TO FIGHT THROUGH SLATER... DANDELION HAS POSITIONED JESTAL ON TOP OF TYLER FUSE!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! THIS IS ROBBERY!

Dandelion runs right at Conor and tackles him out of the ring. All Conor can do is watch as Slater turns to the center of the canvas and sees there's a pinfall attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

NO!!! TYLER FUSE KICKS OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!! THE FUSE BROS. LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY!!

Angus:

Their 1-ups have to run out eventually!!

Conor breathes a huge sigh of relief outside the ring. Dandelion screams in mental agony as she tries to get back into the action but this time Conor has her by the feet...

Conor Fuse:

Not anymore.

The Gamers cheer on, hoping Tyler can recover first. However, it is Jestal whom is able to get to his feet before Tyler.

DDK:

Jestal trying to figure out where he is... he's looking around... attempting to get it together...

Jestal sees Tyler recovering in the corner.

DDK:

RUNNING SPLASH FROM JESTAL TO TYLER!! NOW A MODIFIED OLYMPIC SLAM!! PINFALL ATTEMPT!

Angus:

NEW CHAMPIONS... NEW CHAMPIONS!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

Again Tyler with a kickout!

The fans create more noise. Jestal picks himself up and waits for Tyler to rise...

DDK:

JESTAL RUNS IN- DROPKICK FROM TYLER TO JESTAL!!

Jestal falls backwards. He slams into his own corner and straight at Dandelion. As this takes place, Conor Fuse repositions himself for the hot tag.

DDK:

CONOR IS RIGHT THERE!! TAG OUT, TAG OUT!!!

The anxious crowd cheers Tyler on. He sees his brother waiting for him and he makes a giant leap towards him.

TYLER TAGS CONOR!

DDK:

Dandelion receives a pele kick to the head!

Angus:

I do not like where this is going!

DDK:

In comes Jestal!!!

Conor hip tosses Jestal out of the ring!

DDK:

Out goes Jestal!

Dandelion stumbles around the canvas.

DDK:

TILT-A-WHIRL DDT!!! Conor has Dandelion in the middle of the canvas... he's going to the top rope!!

Senton splash!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WITH A SIDE SCROLLING SENTON!

Picking himself up, he tags Tyler whom is woozy but already waiting on the top rope.

DDK:

FROG SPLASH BY TYLER. IT'S ACADEMIC NOW!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING

DDK:

THE FUSE BROS. DID IT! THEY RETAIN THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!!!

Angus:

This night is ruined!

The Mortal Kombat theme song plays over the PA as Tyler and Conor embrace in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match and STTTIIILLLL the DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... TYLER AND CONOR FUSE... **THE FUSE BROS.!!!**

DDK:

THE DEFIANCE REIGN CONTINUES FOR THE BROTHERS HERE AT DEFCON!

Angus:

I thought it was over when Dandelion hit Tyler with the title belt, I really did. I am broken hearted, Keebs!

DDK:

Oh shut up! It was a valiant effort by Dandelion and her brother Jestal but they came up short tonight!

Pyro goes off on the rampway to signify the successful title defense followed by orange and green confetti falling from the rafters. Tyler gets on one corner and raises his *Achievement* while Conor does the same, shouting 'thank you's' into the crowd.

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. came to play! They overcame a fake coin... Conor stayed focused -for the most part- and their reign will be over 250 days and counting!

Jestal is able to get Dandelion out of the ring and the two of them slowly make their way up the ramp. Something seems to be bothering Dandelion as she speaks quietly with her brother and pointing at Brian Slater who was also leaving the ring at this time.

DDK:

Congratulations to The Fuse Bros.! This great night will continue after this-

RESIDENT EVIL

As DDK finishes his last sentence the lights in the arena go out, The Fuse Bros. theme song comes to a close and everyone in the stands is trying to figure out what just happened.

Angus:

Are those fucking Reapers back!?

DDK:

I don't know what's going on.

Angus:

This happened in the Super Bowl here a few years ago...

The darkness remains for a good 30-seconds before a loud and thunderous flash of orange and green lightning appears on the DEFI-TRON.

The lights come back on.

Tyler and Conor stand in the middle of the ring... but they are **not** alone.

The arena is silent, trying to process what they are seeing. There, surrounding all four corners outside the ring, stand numerous men covered in black with hoodies so their faces cannot be seen.

Conor moves closer to his brother.

Conor Fuse:

What the...

More crackles of thunder and lightning can be heard on the PA. The orange and green confetti continues to lay in the ring while the Tag Team Champions take in their surroundings.

Angus:

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

The commentary, for the most part, remains quiet. Tyler gains a sense of what's going on. He tells Conor to stay close as the two of them look back and forth, through all angles of the squared circle. There looks to be at least 50 men surrounding them... watching... waiting...

The crowd stays hushed but engaged.

Then, from the rampway side of the ring and the adjacent side too, what once looked to be two of the same generic men standing around the ring emerge to show they were simply taking a knee. Upon rising, they tower over all the other men. They are at least 6'7" and very, very thin. Conor is horrified at the sight of these two men appearing as if they shape-shifted from a horror movie.

The men step onto the aprons and slowly enter the ring at the same time. They are dressed like everyone else. They wear all black and their hoodies cover their faces.

Conor stands extremely close to his brother right now.

The men pace their walk towards the brothers. It is slow and methodical. It is cold and terrifying.

Towering over The Fuse Bros. they come to a stop in the middle of the ring. Their heads lower and they are looking directly at the champions.

Conor doesn't know what to say, nor what to do. Tyler, however, does not back down. He speaks directly to the men as the cameras pick up the conversation.

Tyler Fuse:

What do you want? You're not supposed to be here.

Silence.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you, there's no reason to be here. Everything is under control.

Angus:

Does he- does he know these men?

DDK:

I'm not sure...

Tyler Fuse:

Did you not see what just happened? Huh? Huh!?

Tyler is beginning to look agitated. It's an emotional response he has never shown before.

Tyler Fuse:

Answer me when I'm talking to you! Why are you here!?

The men don't move. They don't say a thing.

Moments pass. The cameras pan to Dandelion and Jestal who were almost behind the curtain before they decided to take this in. Dandelion whispers something to Jestal and Jestal nods in agreement.

The scene goes back to the ring. The towering men remain motionless. Tyler shakes his head and brushes past them.

Tyler Fuse:

C'mon brother, let's go.

As The Fuse Bros. are about to leave, one of the towering men raises his lanky hand as if to say 'stop'. Then, the rest of the 50+ men on the outside inch closer to the apron.

Tyler turns back to the towering men. He shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

Not today. Not now. Not ever.

Again Tyler goes to leave and a scared Conor Fuse tries to follow, but one of the towering men raises his hand for a second time. The 50+ individuals on the outside move in even closer.

Tyler Fuse:

ENOUGH!

The lights go out again. In another 10 seconds they come back on. All the men outside the ring and the two monsters inside are nowhere to be seen.

Conor quietly speaks to Tyler as they make their way up the ramp.

Conor Fuse:

What was that?

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry. Let's just get the hell out of here.

Tyler hustles up the rampway, walking over a lot of the confetti that had fallen from their victory celebration. He drags his belt behind him, as if it's not even a focus anymore. With his head down, Conor tries to scurry after the elder Fuse and the scene comes to a close.

DDK:

I have no idea what I just witnessed.

Angus:

Your guess is as good as mine.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. CRIMSON LORD

Cut to the commentary table.

DDK:

It just goes to show that ANYTHING can happen in DEFIANCE, Angus!

Angus:

Way to really put a button on it, Keebs. Just ... honestly, stellar commentary.

Darren shakes his head and continues on.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen ...

Darren turns to Angus.

DDK:

SPEAKING of ANYTHING can happen ...

Back to the camera.

DDK:

Up next - we have ... the culmination of weeks and weeks of rhetoric, mind games and unadulterated violence.

Angus:

And rest assured, more GROWN UP violence is COMING UP! I can't wait to see Scotty slap the conjunctivitis right out of that pink freak!

DDK:

My partner, of course, is referring to Crimson Lord, who has led a crusade against the Faithful's Favorite Son in the name of ... well, I suppose DEFIANCE, in some twisted way.

Angus:

Twisted? This *GORRAM* Pink Panther has the mouth of Jim and the eyes of Tammy Faye Bakker!

DDK:

In the name professionalism, I'll keep my comments to myself - but one could say that the Crimson Lord has, indeed, attempted to amass his own PTL Club, if you will. Dubbing the Faithful his children and on a mission to prove that "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas is not the devil may care, anti-hero - they believe him to be.

Cut to truncated clips from last week, DEFtv 112, underscored with dramatic music cues. The clips, opening with Crimson Lord's diatribe, flashing to Douglas' brief but fiery rebuttal, end on Crimson Lord's reveal. He was never out to paint Douglas as an evil person but simply a fraud. Crimson lays down the Empty Arena challenge to close out the promo package with a poignant button.

Cut back the commentary table.

DDK:

I'm being told now ... the satellite link is good and we have cameras LIVE at The Wrestle-Plex and we should be cutting over any second now - wait, yes ... we go now LIVE to the DEFIANCE Arena at the Wrestle-Plex!

Cut to the empty arena. The camera pans around without a soul to be seen.

Angus:

Well, we've got one part right. This **IS** an empty arena. Where the hell is Scotty and that Pink Thing?

The camera slowly pans from left to right, sweeping across the stage - stopping abruptly and zooming in. As the motion blur subsides ...

DDK:

Hold on, is that ...

Mark Shields, barely enters far left of the frame, comes through the curtain and walks out on the stage. He looks confused, not sure if he's been misled to keep him from the Lakefront Arena or not. Maybe they finally dropped the ax and fired him.

DDK:

Yes, that is Mark Shields. If the truck could, please alert the camera operator that --

Darren is cut off by a booming voice. Crimson Lord is here, but where is Douglas.

Crimson Lord:

Welcome my children ...

His voice startles the cameraman and he swings around quickly. The initially blurred image clears up to reveal Crimson Lord making his way down the aisle of the seating area. He approaches the camera but keeps moving past as he speaks.

Crimson Lord:

Come. I have much to discuss.

Lord moves and steps past the previously detached guard rail and heads toward the ring steps. He takes his time ascending, each step more deliberate than the other. As he touches the last step, knee slightly bent, he pauses and looks down toward the camera.

Crimson Lord:

Welcome to DEFCON ... "The Death of a Spider!"

He delivers this line with a perversely morbid sense of glee, before continuing on the apron, over the top rope, and into the ring.

Cut to an alternate perspective, another operator already on the ring apron.

Crimson looks around for a moment before looking directly down the barrel.

Crimson Lord:

I am coming to you, my children ... live from this empty grave.

Cut to Lakefront Arena, where the broadcast is being shown live on the many screens. The Faithful boo and jeer at Crimson as the camera, back at the Wrestleplex, pan around the arena showing it indeed is empty.

DDK:

Whether here or there - these DEFIANCE Faithful are having NONE of Crimson Lord!

Cut back to the Wrestle-Plex.

Crimson Lord:

I have taken the web from Douglas, and as you can see...

Crimson moves his right arm around the arena; the apron posted camera follows and each stop abruptly at the sudden sighting of Scott Douglas.

Cut back to Lakefront, where the Faithful nearly blow the roof off at the sighting of Douglas, standing atop one of the concourse landings. The hair is greasy, the jeans are shorts, the boots are old and tied like they slip on ... he's ready.

Cut back the Wrestle-Plex, and camera one.

Crimson Lord, in the center of the ring, begins removing his jacket; preparing for battle. He has a joyous glint in his eye and a vicious growl in his voice.

Crimson Lord:

Ah, yes... The Spider.

Cut back to Douglas, who is already making his way to the ring through the sea of empty seats. The broadcast returns to Lakefront Arena, briefly, as the same image is plastered over the many monitors. The Faithful erupt in excitement.

DDK:

This is sure to be one HELL of a match up!

Angus:

Matchup!? This will be utter destruction! I'm just not sure of who yet ...

Cut back to the Wrestle-Plex as Douglas uses an empty seat to boost himself up and over the guardrail. He takes pause at ringside as Mark Shields enters the frame sliding into the ring and Lord beckons Douglas.

Crimson Lord:

There is no web, Spider. No Escape!

Douglas attempts to shoot in the ring but Crimson steps forward and he back peddles.

Crimson Lord:

You will atone, Spider!

Crimson continues to taunt Douglas with his cryptic rhetoric as it echoes slightly in the empty arena. Scott has had enough and takes his chances entering the ring.

But Crimson stretches his large frame over the top rope and reaches down, grabbing Douglas by his hair just as he puts his knee on the apron.

DDK:

Not a good start for Scott Douglas!

Angus:

No worries, Keebs. His hand will slip *right* out of that greasy mess!

It doesn't. Instead Crimson hauls Douglas up to ring apron like he weighed nothing at all. Lord cocks back and swings a huge lariat but Douglas ducks and comes through the ropes with a shoulder to Lord's midsection.

DDK:

Quick thinking on Scott Douglas' part, but it'll take a lot more than that before this one is over.

Crimson Lord staggers back and Douglas stands back up on the apron.

Angus:

No shit. This is the longest recorded case of Pink Eye in the First World! Pinky has become penicillin resistant!

Lord, having recovered stalks back toward Douglas but with both hands gripping the top rope, Scott leaps.

DDK:

Springboard ... no!

Crimson catches Douglas in mid-air, his large hand wrapped around Scott's throat. Crimson rotates, adjusting his ring position while keeping a firm grip on Douglas. This gives Scott just enough time to act. He sends a short and swift kick to Crimson's knee and the Majestic One releases his grip and backs up trying to maintain his footing. Douglas stays on the attack throwing right hands until Crimson is backed up to the ropes.

Angus:

There you go, Scotty! Just don't touch your eyes!

DDK:

Scott Douglas, sending Crimson Lord for the ride.

Crimson reaches the other side of the ring and quickly hooks to ropes, halting his momentum. Douglas wastes no time and charges toward Crimson but is sent spinning off the large man's boot. Still on his feet but with an increasingly red mark on his face.

DDK:

Big boot from Crimson Lord!

Douglas, with his hand on his face, completes the rotation and catches Crimson off guard by charging once again. He lays in a stiff clothesline which sends Crimson tumbling backward. Douglas stumbles back from the blow and gathers himself, only to look up and find; The Majestic One has landed on his feet. With no time to waste, Scott hits the ropes and comes sliding toward Crimson.

DDK:

Crimson Lord has that baseball slide well scouted, partner!

With no opponent to strike and to halt his movement, Douglas slides completely out the ring and just as he finds himself on his feet ... he winds up on his back.

Angus:

OH! Shit! He took his HEAD OFF, Keebs!

DDK:

What incredible force! Douglas struck out on the baseball slide and Crimson Lord just ... well, swung for the fences!

Angus:

You hack.

Lord stalks over The Faithful's Favorite Son, who is currently trying to figure out which arena he is in.

Cut to the identical image up on the big screen at Lakefront Arena. The Faithful in attendance is none too happy at what they've just seen. Lord reaches down and drags the dazed Douglas back to his feet as Mark Shields slides out of the ring to keep up with the action.

Cut back to Wrestle Plex as Crimson Lord, a handful of hair and Douglas' belt, tosses the former SoHer over the guardrail and into a sea of empty chairs. Douglas clips the front row, immediately crashing into the second and sliding into the third. Crimson takes his time; swinging his tree trunk of a leg over the guardrail to follow.

DDK:

Oh my! What a spill! This isn't looking good!

Angus:

It sure as hell isn't! Best he can hope for now is the seven/ten split!

The alternate camera rushes into position and can be seen briefly before the truck takes us to its perspective: Scott Douglas, sprawled out in a severely misaligned first three rows. Some of the Faithful's normal seating have been thrust aside and/or askew, others completely collapsed and left laid flat on the cold concrete floor.

The original camera still perched on the apron shows a rear shot of Crimson Lord moving toward Douglas, haphazardly tossing aside any chairs Douglas managed to miss on his stint as an unwilling human projectile.

Angus:

HEY! That's company property, Pinky!

Lord reaches down to snatch Douglas to his feet and the truck cuts back to the close-up, just in time, to see Douglas jam his backrest of one of the collapsed chairs into Crimson's gut. The Majestic One doubles over as Douglas scrambles to his feet, ailing but intent on putting some space between the pair. The steel chairs littering the slick concrete floor turn a somewhat simple task into an obstacle course and half way to his feet Scott slips stumbles and takes out a few more rows before finding his footing.

By the time he does, Crimson Lord is already back on the move with little damage to show other than an arm held against his torso. Douglas snatches one of the few chairs in his vicinity left standing and cocks it back to swing.

Angus:

You wanted baseball, Keebs! Bottom of the ninth, two pink eyes out - time to...

Angus draws a blank.

Angus:

uh, FUCKING HIT HIM!

DDK:

Stick to Bowling, partner. You can drink during **that** one.

Douglas swings the chair as Lord draws within range, but Crimson ducks. The pair rush to turn and it's Lord who has the advantage. Scott turns around to another big boot, this time cushioned by the steel chair in his clutches.

DDK:

OH! This is getting out of hand! Take the crowd away, I get it. But the rules!?

Douglas snaps back and crashes to the floor atop of previously disheveled folding furniture.

Angus:

They assigned Shyster Shields as the ref' ... there wouldn't have been many rules anywhere you held this shit show.

Crimson Lord follows up and again attempts to bring Scott back to his feet but Douglas' "Sub Pop" branded t-shirt is snagged on the many mangled chairs. Lord grabs the rear collar and ribs it with ease, splitting it down the back before pulling Scott to his feet. His shirt hangs on, barely by the arms as Crimson sends Douglas sailing once again. His shirt is eventually lost amidst the chaos.

DDK:

No, not aga --

Darren's voiceover, from the Lakefront Arena, is drowned out by the clang of metal, concrete and their meeting.

Angus:

At least this time he used an aisle.

DDK:

How is that better!?

Angus:

Uh ...

The truck expertly cuts between the methodically stalking Crimson Lord and the spent Scott Douglas, bleeding from the corner of his right eye and struggling to hoist himself up with a hand on the last chair left standing in the aisle.

Crimson Lord:

Ah, I see your shell is cracking. Without your web to feed you, you have become just that an empty shell!

Douglas goes from a hand to full on elbow/forearm combo trying to find any leverage that may help as the would be fulcrum slides on the slick concrete.

Crimson Lord:

The Light has come to burn you Spider. Your lurking in the background shall be brought once more to the forefront and I will exterminate you from DEFIANCE!

Douglas on one knee, mostly propped up by the chair, raises his free hand and checks his bleeding eye. Pulling his hand away he checks briefly to verify. Lord, on the other hand, has his arms outstretched giving another one of his long drawn out speeches.

Crimson Lord:

Your lifeforce flees from your decaying carcass child. REPENT! and allow me to start your purification, so that you may shed the Spider's carcass and be reborn in the beauty of The Light!

Crimson reaches Douglas and with a handful of hair brings Douglas to his feet. Scott throws a punch but it doesn't have much behind it and it's easily blocked. Crimson with great ease hoists his smaller opponent up into a gorilla press.

DDK:

Impressive ... but I don't like the implications.

Angus:

Impressive?! He's seven foot? A backflip would be impressive, albeit stupid and pointless.

CRRRACK**DDK:**

OH MY!

Crimson releases Douglas dumping him into a row of chairs that have not yet been bowled over. Douglas lands awkward and grabs at his lower back as he spills from the now deformed chairs down to the concrete.

DDK:

This has to end! It's gone too far!

Angus:

Don't count Scotty out just yet, Keebs!

DDK:

OUT!? He'll be lucky if he SURVIVES THIS!

Crimson steps over the ailing Douglas and heads back toward the ring. Stepping over the guardrail he reaches underneath the ring and produces a table.

DDK:

And now tables! My point exactly!

He takes his time pulling the guardrail closer to the ring and bridging the gap with the table.

Crimson Lord:

Ah, yes wood. A source of life in this world. Spun and warped and sanded into a weapon of destruction. This cruel world knows no bounds.

Crimson continues to adjust the table as he rambles on. Production cuts to Douglas still squirming on the concrete floor, surrounded by chairs in various stages of disrepair.

Angus:

Damnit, Scotty ... get up! Do it for all the fans of the Russian Leg Sweeps!

DDK:

Levity? At a time like this?

Cut back to Crimson, happy with the table's placement, crossing back over the guardrail in route to Scott.

Angus:

At all times, Keebs.

Crimson crosses the guardrail once again and pulls a wobbling Douglas from the pile of chairs and drags him toward the table. He sends Douglas over the guardrail depositing him directly on the table. Douglas is clearly out of it, arms stretched out and staring at the lights.

Crimson Lord:

The Light has chosen to end this treacherous Spider!

DDK:

Oh, dear Lord is he climbing the ropes!?

Angus:

He is going to kill Scotty!

DDK:

I don't think we have EVER seen Crimson Lord take to the top rope!

A quick cut to the Lakefront Arena shows The Faithful a hush as it the screen shows a lifeless Douglas at the mercy of elevated giant. A huge gasp rings throughout the crowd as Lord leaps from the heavens to the outside...

DDK:

DOUGLAS GOT OFF THE TABLE!!!

Angus:

YOU ARE GORRAM RIGHT!

Production cuts back to the Wrestle-Plex as Crimson lays motionless in a pile of table debris. Douglas, however, is clearly not in any better shape. Shields looks on clearly at a loss. Both men have not moved much, well Douglas a little bit but Lord has not budged since impact.

DDK:

If Scott Douglas can just turn himself and flip Crimson Lord over he can pull this out! Crimson looks to be out cold!

Angus:

Scotty is the vaccine! End pink eye now!

After a few minutes, both are stirring but Scott looks to be a head in this race. Douglas starts pulling himself up with help from the ring apron. He is completely spent but manages to, painstakingly, turn Lord onto his back.

DDK:

COVER!

Mark Shields rushes in to make the count.

ONE

TWO!

Angus:

This is it! Scotty is going to be the cure to this pink madness!

Before Mark can slam his hand down, Douglas screams in agony! Crimson rams a broken piece of the table into Scott's bad ribs! The particle board, that once made up the table, crumbles under the force of the impact. The mark leaves more than the red flushed beginnings of a bruise; as the coarse nature of the compressed sawdust turned to tabletop grated Douglas' side like a block of cheese.

DDK:

Oh my god, Crimson just jabbed Douglas with a... a ... well, a stake!

Angus:

Jabbed!? That pink FREAK tried to stab him! That's attempted murder, Keebs!

The Faithful are in a hush a few have covered their little one's eyes from the scene they are witnessing on the screen at Lakefront Arena. Scott rolls off of Crimson clutching his ribs as the seven-footer drags himself from what once was a table.

Crimson Lord:

Spider your death has arrived. Only through death can you be reborn into The Light!

Lord stumbles a bit as he pulls himself up by the ring apron. He finds his footing and turns to the wounded Scott Douglas.

Crimson Lord:

You are finished! The Light has begun the purge of your very existence in DEFIANCE. The --

Lord abruptly halts his speech and his eyes widen with surprise as Scott begins to drag himself toward Lord.

DDK:

Douglas does not know the meaning of the word quit!

Angus:

Well, for starters ... the kid's vocabulary isn't that good.

Douglas reaches Lord's feet and starts pulling himself up by Lord's jeans. The abrasion on his side is starting to trickle blood and his eye hasn't stopped as the right side of his face is covered in red. Scott manages to get to his feet and

stares up at Lord on shaky footing. He cocks back and fires on Lord.

DDK:

He's got some fight left in him!

Lord blocks the blow and returns fire.

Angus:

More fight then blood at this point.

Douglas stumbles back through the table debris and finds himself; back to the ring post.

Lord comes in hot with a big lariat but Scott moves out of the way. Well, he collapses, but the same result. Crimson Lord wraps his arm around the ring post and stumbles off in pain. Douglas, again trying to make it to his feet but has to settle for simply crawling in the other direction.

DDK:

Fair point, Angus. We could really use some medical personnel right now!

Angus:

They're all here, Keebs. Empty Arena means EMPTY! And apparently Nightmare on Gym Street.

Crimson's staggering landed him prompted up against the corner of the guardrail as Douglas pulls himself back to his feet at the opposite end of the ringside area. Mark Shields scrambles trying to check on both opponents but by the time he reaches Douglas; he has rolled himself up on the apron and is pulling himself up by the ropes.

DDK:

I don't know what Scott is thinking here but it can't be good!

Angus:

I have a bad feeling it's something flippy.

Angus is close. Douglas pulls it together long enough to run the length of the apron and launch himself off toward Crimson Lord down at ringside.

DDK:

OH! Crimson Lord caught Douglas! He caught him!

Lord timed it perfectly and as Darren shouted; he caught Douglas in a bear hug position.

DDK:

NO! OHHHH!

And followed up quickly by ramming Douglas's exposed back into the same ring post that stunted Lord moments ago. Crimson lets loose of Douglas who is writhing in pain but manages to stay propped up against the ring post.

Crimson Lord:

Spider ... your time has come

Crimson snatches Douglas by his hair and pulls him away from the ring post before rolling him into the ring. Mark Shields takes the cue and enters the ring as well. Crimson, showing signs of fatigue and damage, opts for the rings steps. Slow and as methodical as ever.

Angus:

Damnit, Scotty! Get it together! It's time - once and FOR ALL - put down this Jolly Pink Giant!

DDK:

I'm not so sure I'd characterize Crimson Lord as jolly.

Crimson enters the ring as Douglas, still bleeding on himself, struggles to find his footing.

Angus:

But he is PINK AS FUCK!

DDK:

Angus!

Crimson approaches Douglas and with a lackluster thrust of his boot, puts Douglas back on the canvas.

Angus:

It's pay per view ... its fine.

Crimson shakes his head and gets to his knees he looks up at the lights his arm outstretched.

Crimson Lord:

The Light shall now eliminate one of the many Spiders in DEFIANCE! Let the flames of The Light strike me as I burn The Spider from existence!

Douglas again attempts to sit up but is forced back down by Crimson's boot. Lord demands that Sheilds count. He does.

ONE!

TW --

DDK:

Kickout! Douglas just will NOT give in!

Angus:

That's what we can inscribe on his tombstone.

Crimson shoots an irritated glare at Sheilds before another stiff boot to Douglas' bleeding face. Again, with a boot on the chest - he calls for a count.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Scott Douglas is clearly delirious and no longer fit to compete!

Crimson has had enough, he snatches Douglas up from the mat - his blood smeared all around the area. He drags him like a rag doll to the corner and places him up on the turnbuckle.

DDK:

This is simply insult to injury!

Crimson turns his back to Douglas, grabs him around the back of the head and leaps forward.

DDK:

The ENLIGHTENMENT!

Douglas' body folds and crashes down to the matt unnaturally in a heap. Crimson rolls him over and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

For the love of God, ring the DAMN bell ... and someone CALL 911! Scott Douglas is done!

Crimson Lord raises to his feet slowly as Mark Shields attempts to raise his hand. Crimson Lord snatches his arm away and Shields scurries off and out of the ring.

Angus:

No time keeper, no bell ... no justice in a cruel, cruel world, Keebs.

Crimson also bails out of the ring unexpectedly. Reaching over the guardrail into the front row of the un-bowled side of the would-be audience, he snatches a steel chair. He tosses it up into the air and crashes down into the ring. Crimson follows.

DDK:

NO! Damnit, NO! This is UNCALLED for!

Back in the ring, Crimson retrieves the chair and approaches the nearly comatose Douglas.

DDK:

Mark! The camera guys ... SOMEONE DO SOMETHING!

No one does.

Crimson opens the chair just enough to slip Douglas' right arm between the seat and the backrest. Douglas is completely unresponsive and there is zero resistance shown.

DDK:

For Heaven's SAKE! Of all people, Angus ...

Angus:

Darren ... it's an unfair world and believe me - If I was there I'd be the first to put myself in the firing line for someone I believe in but ... I'm not. We aren't ... There is nothing that can be done.

Crimson lays a boot to the chair and the clang echoes through the empty arena. The subsequent bounce and recoil pulls Douglas' arm out of the chair slightly. Moving the point of potential damage from the elbow to the forearm.

DDK:

This is truly a low point in DEFIANCE's History.

Crimson backs up to the turnbuckle and slowly steps his way up until he is standing on the middle ropes.

DDK:

NO! Don't do --

He comes off the middle rope and stops down with three hundred and forty-eight pounds on the chair.

SNNNNAAAP

Angus:

Fuck ...

Douglas comes back to life as his eyes bug out of his head and his body instinctively moves toward the point of pain.

Crimson Lord:

You will embrace The Light ... or you will succumb to it!

Crimson exits the ring, dropping down to the floor and walking past Mark Shields in a state of panic.

In the ring, the bloodied Scott Douglas clings to his arm - managing to slip it out of the folding chair.

DDK:

This is just... someone in the truck, SOMEONE call for assistance! Call 911 and get this man some help! For the love of everything HOLY!

Angus:

Look at that crooked bastard Shields go ... he almost has some conviction. Or has a conviction. I'm not sure which, honestly.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of DEFIANCE; I sincerely apologize for what has transpired here tonight and we **WILL** do our best to make sure Scott Douglas receives the medical attention he requires and of course, update everyone as soon as we possibly can.

Scott Douglas is still writhing in the ring as one camera captures the action, the other operator leans down on the apron and through the ropes checks on the injured wrestler.

Mark Sheilds true to form and also in a rare moment of kindness; picks the camera operator's pocket. He pulls out a cell phone and begins frantically dialing.

Angus:

As much as I hate to say it ... Crimson ...

Angus starts coughing, nearly gagging for a moment but finds his way through it.

Angus:

Crimson ... Lord -- did what he said he would do.

Angus clears his throat.

Angus:

I find that admirable but the man who takes out the man that took out the FUCKASS ... will be my mortal enemy FOR

LIFE!

DDK:

Angus...

Angus:

I will key his car, his chariot, his Munsters mobile ... whatever the hell that PINK son of a bitch values ... I WILL KEY IT!

We cut back to the Lakefront Arena as Mark Sheilds holds the cell phone to his ear.

TONIGHT, TONIIIIIGHHHHT!

Earlier tonight appears at the bottom right corner of the screen as we enter the parking lot. The shot focuses on the front license plate stating “Bruv1” before panning through to the boot of the limos where we see none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix grabbing his bags from his chauffeur. Dark Shades, hair tied back and wearing white trainers contrasting with his designer suit, one-third of tonight’s main event gingerly holds the back of his neck. Before he can shrug it off he’s approached by DEFIANCE’s resident interviewee, Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, you suffered a huge beating at the hands of the Stevens Dynasty two weeks ago on DEFtv. Are you in any condition to compete for the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight?!

The camera focuses on Kendrix as he simply ignores the question, rotates his shoulder blades and neck before making his way towards the arena entrance. Warner looks on oddly, as Kendrix isn’t exactly one to not run his mouth like it’s going out of business! However, never one to give up, almost even a glutton for punishment when it comes to interviewing Kendrix over the past few years, Warner wants that reaction.

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, this is your second shot at the FIST in another triple threat match, how confident are you that history doesn’t repeat itself again?!

Kendrix stops in his tracks, turns back to face Lance and lifts his shades above his eyes as the shot focuses in on its subject...who of course hits us with that cocky smirk.

Kendrix:

Tonight? Toniiigggghhhhtt??? Lancey, Lance...HISTORY....is made! The recent History of DEFIANCE has been dominated by Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens. Frankly speaking, JFK has been bored to death of it all, much like the faithful morons in the stands and watching at home are. Tonight, for the good of DEFIANCE, HISTORY IS MADE!

He flicks his shades to cover his eyes once more. Not without leaving us with a final and confident air with just a few words.

Kendrix:

WHEN JAYYYY EFFFF KAAAYYY walks out of DEFCON as the FIST of DEFIANCE, INNIT, BRUV?!

Without waiting for an answer, Kendrix simply turns and makes his way into the arena as the shot fades to black.

THE JAY HARVEY vs. ELISE ARES

The scene changes to the steel cage now surrounding the ring. The lights flash, romanticising the pipes and twisted steel while the crowd cheers on in anticipation. We go to the announce team waiting patiently for what may be the climax to one of the hottest feuds of 2018. Angus can't help but smile when he sees the violence wrapped in wire surrounding the ring in front of him.

DDK:

Ohhhh man. Do you feel this energy? I got goosebumps thinking about the treat we're about to see.

Angus:

Southern Heritage Championship in a STEEL CAGE? I have to say it Keebs...

DDK:

Let it loose, Angus!

Angus:

GORRAM I'M EXCITED!

Forgoing his usual spot in the middle of the ring, Darren Quimey stands just off the side of the entrance, a space usually saved for interviews. As the spotlight hits him, it's showtime.

Quimbey:

The following match is a STEEEEEEEEEEEL CAGE MATCH for the Southern Heritage Championship, and is scheduled for ONE FALL! The rules are simple, the first wrestler to score a fall by pinfall, submission, or knock out will be declared the winner and will be the Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

None of that escaping BS, Keebs! The cage is intended to people out and to keep the fighters in. The point isn't to leave. The point is to survive!

DDK:

That means there is no time limit. No disqualifications. Tonight we WILL have a winner.

The camera pans to the entrance where everyone patiently awaits the challenger with bated breath.

♪ *"Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee* ♪

The trumpets blast in rhythm announcing the arrival of the number one contender, Amethysta. A roar comes from the crowd as she jumps out from backstage, devil-horned mask covering beautiful brown eyes. Purple tail flying around wildly as she raises her hands into the air. She signals for the crowd to clap along to the...

Lights out. The crowd quiets and the horns mix into a different beat.

All I wanna do is...

No. Not what you think either.

♪ *"Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco* ♪

Purple and gold lights pulse around the luchadora, who puts her hand behind her head and rips off the mask. Throwing it to the ground, Elise Ares looks fierce as hell. The crowd roars on this new driven Queen of Sports Entertainment Style as she takes a step forward with a sneer and rips the tail off the back of her purple and gold tights. A few swaggerific steps reveals a golden tiara laying on a violet pillow atop a pillar. She grabs the crown with a smirk

and places it on her head. Raising her arms, she's swarmed by a mob of shirtless golden masqueraded men coming from the darkness. One of them appears to have a mask on top of a box?

They throw a lavish purple cape over her shoulders and hand her a scepter, which is ornamented by what seems to be a crystal movie camera. Elise Ares smiles and raises the symbol of her Sports Entertainment Royalty for the crowd to behold when behind her an impressive waterfall of golden pyrotechnics boom. She begins her majestic march towards the steel cage, where the boxed and masked man holds up the tail of her flowing royal purple cape.

Quimbey:

Introducing first, the cha...

There's a bit of a rustle and an accidental smack of the mic. Cover your ears.

The D:

The feature star of Lake Placid Vi and Lake Placid Vi 2: CROCS ABLAZE~! From the mean streets of Hollywood, California. Weighing in at "none of your damn business." She is the QUEEN of Sports Entertainment Style... ELISE! ARES! Raaaaaaaa...

The D makes cheering noises into the microphone before Quimbey rips the mic back out of his hand. The microphone now has a sticker covering the usual FIST DEFIANCE logo, and it says Vi 2 boldly. Quimbey gives The D a small shove towards the exit, he has other plans.

DDK:

We're scheduled Amethysta in this spot but I suppose the cat is out of the bag, so here comes Elise Ares for what could very well be her last shot at a singles championship in DEFIANCE. She was unsuccessful in her last attempt, she stole another, how many chances can she get before they say enough is enough?

Angus:

I'll be honest, Keebs. She's a little flippy-do for me and she voice irritates the holy hell out of me, but none of her losses were her own fault. Harvey's had A LOT of help to keep this championship around his waist. I've been rooting for her just to see the look on his face.

DDK:

Help or not, he's looked dominant since his win over her at DEFIANCE Road. I don't think he's spent a single night in danger.

Angus:

Look at that cage, Keebs! If that's not screaming DANGER, I don't know what is! It's here tonight, clear and present!

DDK:

Is that... The D throwing pizza boxes into the crowd?

No. It's not, he's throwing Lake Placid Vi: CROCS ABLAZE~! Into the crowd like they're AOL Free Trial discs in the late 90s. People aren't exactly fighting over the prospect of catching them, but they're not NOT trying to catch them either. Meanwhile Elise has entered the cage after her royal garments were removed and escorted back up the ramp by the mystery box man. Despite the get-up, her grandstanding and showmanship seem reserved. Her usual cocky grin and dramatic hips quieted. For possibly the first time in her DEFIANCE career, Elise Ares seems to grasp the gravity of a situation and seems focused.

♪ "Natural One" by Folk Implosion ♪

Enter, the champion. Golden spotlights highlight the entrance as THE Jay Harvey steps out into the Lakefront Arena to defend his championship. With the Southern Heritage Championship high above his head, Harvey struts across the staging area with Catalina firmly by his side. As the jeers rain down from all around him, he soaks it all in, smiling as he does a little spin for the crowd. Catalina claps with over-the-top enthusiasm, really rubbing salt into the wounds of the

Faithful. Meanwhile, Harvey never lowers the championship, continuing to hold it high into the sky for all to see on his way down to the ring.

Quimbey:

And the champion! Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina.. Weighing in at 223 pounds, HE IS the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion. He is THE Natural One. THEEEEEEE JAAAAAAAY HAAAARVEY!

Angus:

I think he meant to say A Jay Harvey.

DDK:

Hate him as much as you want, Angus, but he's been unstoppable ever since DEFIANCE Road. No one has been able to get one up on him, it might be the most successful run of his entire career. When you've had as much go right for you as he has, I suppose you've earned a THE.

Angus:

You come into DEFIANCE and try to crap on us, we don't owe you ANYTHING.

On his way into the cage, Wyatt Bronson goes to grab the SOHER away from Harvey, who immediately rips it back out of his hands. Jay gives the Head of DEFsec a piece of his mind before shoving it back into his chest. Bronson slams the door shut behind him as he continues to pose in the ring, raising his fist into the air with a cocky smirk looking at Elise Ares.

DDK:

Interesting to note here, Angus, it looks like Catalina is staying out here at ringside, but Klein gathered Elise's belongings and headed to the back. Makes you wonder if she made a poor choice in coming in without backup as Catalina has been the difference in both of her previous loses to Harvey.

Angus:

Do we know that was Klein? He was wearing a mask.

DDK:

He was wearing a mask over a box.

Angus:

Just trying to make a joke, Keebs. With The D making a fool of himself over there, I think Elise has plenty of backup if she needs it, but you have to keep in mind. This is a GORRAM CAGE MATCH, KEEBS! It doesn't just keep these two in, but it keeps Catalina out!

DDK:

In a way, this actually might benefit Elise Ares at the end of the day.

Angus:

The only thing this cage benefits, Keebs, is us.

Wyatt Bronson locks the cage shut as the music fades into the chants of the audience.

FUCK YOU, HARVEY! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!

FUCK YOU, HARVEY! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!

THE Jay Harvey takes his eye off Elise Ares for just a moment to salute the crowd in response to their chants. In that moment, she attacks.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

The opportunist Elise Ares goes straight for the knee as soon as he takes his eye off of her!

Angus:

I give Elise a lot of hell, and she deserves every bit of it, but this girl has shown time and time again that she knows how to take advantage of an opportunity and will capitalize on it EVERY time.

DDK:

What she lacks in size, strength, and skill she certainly makes up for in awareness. A lot of things go right over her head outside of the ring, but inside of the ring nobody can pull a fast one better than self-proclaimed Leading Lady of DEFIANCE.

Harvey collapses to the ground after the hard shot to the side of his knee. Ares bounces off the ropes as he goes to get back up and hits him with a seated hurricanrana, bouncing his head off of the canvas. Jay, slightly out of it, starts crawling towards Carla Ferrari trying to get a break, but this is no disqualification folks! Instead he finds his way to the corner, where he begins to pull himself back up to his feet before he feels double knees to the middle of his back.

The impact turns him into a seated position in the corner where Elise Ares mercilessly rains stomps down on his head, shoulders, and chest. Taking a step back Elise looks over at Carla, mock tags herself in and continues to assault. She takes another small break, mock tags herself back in, and once again continues to rain boots down onto the torso of the Southern Heritage Champion.

DDK:

It's a one-woman BLACKLIST, Angus!

Angus:

You can learn all the flips, dives, spins, and twirls you want to folks... but at the end of the day NOTHING gets the job done as good as blunt force trauma and breaking bones!

As Elise Ares goes to make a fake tag to herself, she turns around and shoots a wink to Catalina who shakes the cage at ringside. Her boot misses wide as Harvey crawls his way out of danger. Ares screams out that he can't get away and gives chase, only for Jay to jump up to his feet. Out of instinct, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style leaps onto his back, to which she is thrown off by the much larger champion. Bouncing off the mat, Elise is right back up and rushes The Natural One, who steps aside and tosses her into the ropes. With elite speed, the challenger rebounds and ducks under a wildly thrown clothesline. Harvey, however, knows her and her speed well and spins around just in time to nail her with a rolling elbow on the way back!

DDK:

What a shot!

Angus:

I'd love that if he didn't have such a punchable face.

DDK:

Elise needs to get back up, the worst thing that can happen is Harvey slowing down the pace of this match. If you ask me, every second Elise spends inside this cage lowers her chances of victory. If she's going to win, she needs to win quick!

Harvey takes the opportunity to take a breather as Elise is ringing from the shot on the canvas. She pushes herself back up to her feet and goes back at the champ, but he locks her into a side headlock. Elise struggles to push off and break free, but it's a waste of time, so much so that Harvey's superior strength allows him to continue it one handed while he taunts the crowd. She begins to wiggle free and he drops to a knee ending her progress. He then rises back up to his feet, taking Ares off of hers and dropping her to the ground with a shin breaker.

As she grabs for her legs on the mat, Harvey does it for her and slams her knee first into the mat once, twice, three

times. Then on the follow up he locks her into the figure four leglock! The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE screams out in pain as Carla Ferrari drops to the mat.

DDK:

THE Jay Harvey knows that if he can take out the legs of Ares, he can take out the single advantage that she may have in this match. She can't fly and she can't outrun him if she can't stand. It's a great strategy.

Angus:

It's also hard to watch. This is a cage match, Keebs! Let's see some violence!

DDK:

Oh, I'm sure it's on the menu for sure.

Elise refuses to give up, perhaps her little legs prevent Harvey from fully locking in the hold. He feels something is amiss and breaks it himself, pulling Elise up by the hair and knocking her back down with a superkick. Ares hits the mat and pops back up only to get knocked back down with a dropkick. She's up again, back down again with another textbook dropkick from Harvey. He can't wipe the smile off of his face as each time she gets back up, it's a little slower than the last. Catalina cheers on from ringside as Ares stumbles back up to her feet and eats the Shot of Reality! He immediately goes for the cover...

ONE!**TW... KICKOUT!****DDK:**

Did she kick out or did Harvey pull her back up again?

Angus:

Might've been a combination of the two there. Harvey is REAL confident here. Hope it bites him in the ass.

Almost as if she heard commentary, Elise Ares rolls Harvey up into a small package!

ONE!**TWO!****TH... NOT ENOUGH!**

Carla lets Elise know that it was only a two count as both wrestlers rise to their feet. Harvey, frustrated by the attempt slaps Elise across the face and the impact echoes across the Lakefront Arena. Ares staggers and answers with a backhand slap of her own!

RAAAAAH!!!

Jay Harvey answers with a superkick, making Elise fall down to one knee!

BOOOOO!!!

Elise stabilizes and answers with a step-up enziguiri that takes Harvey down to a knee!

RAAAAAH!!!

The SOHER Champion roars back with a rolling elbow!

BOOOOO!!!

The shot spins Elise around, but when her back is to the champion she fires back with a pele kick and connects! The shot lands both wrestlers down onto the mat and the crowd roars!

Angus:

We showed up to a flippy doo fight and a HOSS FITE BROKE OUT!

DDK:

Definitely an exchange I wouldn't have expected out of these two, but the stakes are high!

Angus:

I LOVE IT!

Carla checks on both competitors for a knock out. She clears them as they both begin to crawl in opposite directions. On different sides of the ring, champion and challenger use the ropes to pull themselves up. They look across the ring and make eye contact with each other before rushing in to attack. Elise grabs onto the arm that Harvey swings at her for a lariat, spins around and locks him into the Sunset Stretch! The crowd goes crazy as Elise cranks the hold with everything she's got!

Carla goes in to check on THE Jay Harvey, he refuses to give up but the challenger wrenches harder and Harvey falls down to one knee. Catalina begins to shake the cage in frustration and the crowd roars in approval. Jay looks to be falling and the top of his head hits the mat while still locked in. The cage shakes in approval as Ferrari checks on the champ again!

DDK:

Harvey is fading! We might have a new champ!!!

Angus:

Elise with a SUBMISSION finish in a CAGE match?! WHAT IS THIS?!

DDK:

This might be the beginning of a new title reign!

Just when things look to be at the end, Harvey uses every ounce of strength he has left to jump up and roll out of the move, impacting Ares onto the mat. Adrenaline pumps though Elise's veins, she smells blood in the water and refuses to relent after the lock is broken. Harvey stumbles away towards the ropes and she gives chase before grabbing the champion in a bulldog and dropping him neck first over the top rope with a cutter she calls the Cuban Necktie. Battered and exhausted, Elise still finds time to pose on the apron, blowing a kiss to Catalina screaming on the outside of the ring.

Harvey is on his feet, stumbling up in desperation. Elise jumps up onto the top rope and flies off going for Amethystation!

But she's caught! Harvey catches Elise in mid-air before she could land the Superman Punch and throws her head first into the cage with an exploder suplex! The electric energy in the crowd spirals into the nosedive when Ares hits the apron with a thud and Jay falls to a knee.

DDK:

Did you see the way she landed?! He might've just broken her in half!

Angus:

This thing is getting more violent by the second!

DDK:

This is DEFIANCE, Angus! This is what the Southern Heritage Championship is all about!

Angus:

Harvey is a prick, but he came out here tonight for a FITE!

THE Jay Harvey's shoulders heave up and down as he tries to collect himself. The Queen of Sports Entertainment style remains folded on her head like an accordion between the ropes and the steel cage, Carla is checking on her when Harvey finally comes to her feet. On the outside the medical team is trying to ask Elise questions when she falls over onto her side finally. With one hand on the ropes and the other on the cage, Ares begins to pull herself up when a boot strikes the back of her skull, grating her face across the cage in a move that even makes the medical team turn away! She screams, holding her face in her hands kicking her feet in pain while Jay Harvey looks down at her expressionless.

DDK:

I think Harvey just shaved off some of Elise's face!

Angus:

GORRAM THAT'S RUTHLESS! Not the face! That's the moneymaker!

DDK:

Ares is in a bad way here, they might have to stop this thing.

Carla backs Jay Harvey off who holds his arms into the air like he'd just won the match, giving the medical team some room to check on the self-proclaimed Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. The camera tries to get a shot as well, and they get one when Elise looks up from her hands and her face is partially covered in blood. She looks down at her own hands in shock, eyes wide and mouth agape. There isn't a whole lot of time to take it all in, however, as Harvey shoves his way past Carla and throws Elise over the top rope and into the ring by her hair. The impact of her head leaves a blood print on the mat as she tumbles across the canvas and onto her knees, just in time to look up and see Harvey's knee crush into her orbital bone.

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL!

Angus:

SHE'S OUT!

Jay Harvey hooks the leg, Carla drops down to the mat. The outcome is all but a formality.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

NO.

WAIT.

Even Carla can't believe what she sees as the shoulder leaves the mat. Stunned Carla Ferrari holds up the number two and Harvey's jaw drops.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

DDK:

No way.

Angus:

Did she just kick out of that?

DDK:

SHE DID. Is this real life?!

Angus:

I'm not even sure anymore, Keebs... but I LOVE it!

Harvey grabs Carla by the collar in disbelief, but she immediately slaps the arms off of him and gives him some words of her own. The eyes of the champion narrow when he feels he's been disrespected by the referee, he pulls his arm back to strike her but suddenly he goes falling backward in a roll-up pin!

ONE!**TWO!****TH...KICKOUT!**

Carla signals a two count to the barely conscious Elise Ares, who with everything she had left might've just failed to put away the champion for the last time. After powering out, Harvey desperately grabs the challenger and jerks her up off of her feet and puts her onto his shoulders for Game Over. Ares shocks the world by not only breaking loose, but running Harvey over to the ropes in a bulldog and drops him over the top with the Cuban Necktie again!

RAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

The crowd is losing is as Elise hangs onto the cage, barely able to stand as Harvey crawls towards the middle of the canvas. He gets up to his feet in time to see Ares soaring across the ring, hitting him right between the eyes with Amethystation! With no energy to hook the leg, Elise lays across his chest on her back.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE****NO!**

Harvey rolls his shoulder up at the last second, and the breath escapes the sold out crowd.

DDK:

How is she even walking?

Angus:

She almost put Harvey away! She's still in this thing!

DDK:

What do these two have to do to each other to win this match?

Angus:

Someone might damn near die tonight, folks.

Blood continues to pour down the typically perfect face of Elise Ares as she looking back at Carla confused. She gets

up onto her knees and wipes her hand across her face, then looks down at the blood in shock, almost as if she just remembered she was still bleeding and it wasn't an unconscious dream. Behind her, Jay Harvey sits up and checks his own face for blood. He finds it. Elise Ares has appeared to have broken his nose again and he goes red with anger.

He turns around to find he's reached his feet at the same time as Elise who goes for wild punch, but it's caught by Harvey who grabs her hand and places it under his boot before stomping onto the ground with a crack. Elise screams out in pain, holding her fingers. THE Jay Harvey has just repaid her the same way he did last time, by snapping her fingers. However, she doesn't have time to catch her breath as his knee comes barreling back at her face!

Angus:

Another Wake Up Call!

DDK:

No, Angus! She she rolled out of the way!

Harvey finds nothing but air as he sails past the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. Ares one-handedly staggers back up to her feet, swaying back and forth under seasick legs. Jay turns around to find out what happened to his target, only to be struck in the nose once more by a springboard Wake Up Call from Elise Ares! Who immediately rolls around kicking the mat screaming, holding her broken fingers as the crowd explodes. She uses only her feet to push herself on her butt back into the corner, watching in shock as Jay Harvey lays on his back. He's out. Ares begins to move towards Harvey for the pin but he suddenly rolls over and Elise looks into the sky, wondering desperately what she has to do to put the champion down.

DDK:

Can you believe this? He's still moving, Angus! He's taken two Cuban Neckties, an Amethystation to broke his nose, and then his own finisher to his own broken nose and the guy STILL won't stay down for three!

Angus:

We've tried getting rid of Jay Harvey for MONTHS now, Keebs! There isn't anyone in the building who can put the guy out of our misery!

Harvey eventually shambles up to his feet once more. The audience is on the edge of their seat, wondering how this thing could possibly be finished. He makes eye contact with Catalina, who has begun climbing the cage and shaking it violently to get his attention. Just in time to see her catch an elbow the knocks her off and onto the concrete floor. He can't react in time as Elise soars through the air and drills him in the face once again with Amethystation from her opposite, non-broken fingered hand!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!

Elise again hits the mat in visible pain. Eyes open, but cheek pressed against the canvas biting her lip and holding her hand. She pushes her bloodied face across the mat with her feet before getting up to her feet. She looks over her shoulder to see THE Jay Harvey sprawled out, barely conscious on the mat, with chest heaving up and down. She then looks into the audience on their feet screaming wildly for her to go for the pin. Hesitation sets in. Elise shakes her head and then looks into the sky once more.

Angus:

Pin him Elise! What are you waiting for?!

DDK:

She's can't possibly be thinking...

Angus:

Oh God, she's just STUPID ENOUGH TO DO IT!

DDK:

Just end it, Elise! You have it won already!

The Faithful are in a fever pitch as Elise begins to climb the cage one-handed. On the floor Catalina sees what's happening in front of her and starts to climb up the cage herself, digging her fingernails into Elise's good hand as she tries to continue her way up. Ares has other plans, and kicks the leg out from under Catalina sending her falling back onto the concrete floor once again even harder than before. She reaches the top, face still covered in blood hanging her arm over the top of the cage to brace herself. Using her wobbly legs and one good hand, she stands on top of the cage and looks out into the Faithful.

The flashbulbs from cell phones ignite all around her as she leaps backward, spinning and flipping through the air with both recklessness and grace, landing a double-knee drop phoenix splash across the heaving chest of THE Jay Harvey who never had the awareness to move out of the way. This was Your Feature Presentation.

DDK:

She was stupid enough to do it!

Angus:

I don't know if I'm impressed or pissed off, Keebs!

DDK:

I think she's going to do it, Angus! I think she's FINALLY going to beat Jay Harvey!

Elise gets up on her knees long enough to collapse across the chest of the champion. Carla drops in for the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

It's done.

DING! DING! DING!

The roof blows off the building as Wyatt Bronson unlocks the cage. The Southern Heritage Championship is brought to Carla Ferrari at the door, but neither Elise Ares nor Jay Harvey have moved. Catalina comes rushing through the door past DEFIANCE security and Ares rolls off of the former champ right before she arrives. Her and the medical team both check up on Harvey as Carla helps the new champion up to her feet.

DDK:

She did it, Angus! Can you believe it?!

Angus:

If you would've told me the day this stupid bitch walked into the locker room here in DEFIANCE for the first time that she would put on this kind of match and won THAT title... and got THAT reaction from the Faithful, I would've beat the piss out of you.

DDK:

And rightfully so! What a journey Elise Ares has taken to her first singles championship in DEFIANCE. How weird is that? Elise Ares, Southern Heritage Champion.

Angus:

She's a bloody mess Keebs, makes a man proud. I'm really glad A Jay Harvey is no longer our champ Keebs. The world can rejoice if only Burns can take home the FIST tonight.

♪ “Crazy Train” by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

R E S P E C S !?!

Angus:

Or better chance to see Santa Claus, aka Dan Ryan, destroy this fool! What the heck is he doing out here?

DDK:

No idea Angus, but I imagine we'll find out shortly.

The fan's don't know what to make of it, the steel cage surrounding the ring is still being dismantled. There are two sides still upright, the one that's on the far side of the main wide shot angle, and the one furthest from the entrance ramp. The Jay Harvey is being walked to the back with Catalina, and he's shouting about how he's "OVER IT!" and "DONE!" while pushing away from Catalina as he does. Elise Ares is still walking up the rampway, but Jack Harmen arrives at the top of the entrance ramp. As Elise walks up to him, she's cautious, concerning. She clutches the SoHer championship to her chest.

It's here, where Jack Harmen extends his hand.

Angus:

Don't do it! AKKK! It's a trap!

Elise looks down at the extended arm, and then to the cheering faithful. Harmen nods, silently toward her. Elise tentatively reaches out, and Harmen shakes her hand kindly, before raising it to the cheering DEFIANCE Faithful. They turn, so they face the ring and the fans as Harmen points to Elise and just smiles her way.

DDK:

Well isn't that nice Angus? Elise Ares finally gets the handshake of respect she coveted from Jack Harmen all those months ago.

Angus:

Bout damn time. I still say it was stupid to try to trust a Lunatic Keebs. Could have ended very poor--

Before Angus can finish, a CRACKING steel chair sound echoes as Dan Ryan has emerged from the backstage area. He crushes Jack Harmen with the swatting steel, before turning his attention to Elise. "«

DAN RYAN vs. JACK HARMEN**DDK:**

DAN RYAN IS HERE!

Angus:

And I NEED NEW PANTS!

DDK:

Elise, get out of there! I don't think he has discriminating eyes tonight, Ryan looks blood thirsty.

Elise just quickly makes sure she still has her SoHer and rushes to the backstage area. Ryan glares down, nostrils flaring, eyes burning at the fallen Lunatic, who is now trying to crawl up to his feet using Ryan's tights as leverage. Ryan reaches down and hooks Harmen, raising him above his head and CHARGES.

Angus:

MOVE! MOVE!

Dan Ryan reaches the edge of the entrance ramp and launches Jack Harmen off, into and through Angus & DDK's announce table. It crushes with a thud as the Faithful cheer on. Monitors clang and fall on top of the broken body of the Lunatic.

DDK:

He's broken in half Angus. He's like, fourteen pieces lying on the side of the road right now.

Angus:

Man, that... was... so... COOL! I need a new desk by the way! CHOP CHOP!

Ryan lifts the broken body of Harmen out of the wreckage of splintered wood and begins to drag a stunned Lunatic back to the ramp and toward the ring. When Harmen falters and falls to the ground, Ryan reaches down and just lifts Harmen onto his shoulder as if he were carrying a disobedient child. As Ryan reaches ringside, he has Harmen on his shoulders and just TOSSES him like a lawn dart face first into one of the sides of the steel cage that has yet to be dismantled. Harmen slumps down, his face just resting onto the cold bars. Ryan just takes Harmen's head and digs it into the bars, and then just slams it into them over, and over, and over, and over. The only respite is the occasional moment where Ryan decides to grab Harmen and SLAM him back first into the ring barricade, before lawn darting Harmen back into the steel cage and then slamming his face repeatedly into the bars in a continuing pattern.

Angus:

It's like it's Christmas already!

DDK:

That's a man.

Angus:

No, that's a scummy Lunatic Keebs! Ooooo.... uch...

Ryan then charges and SANDWICHES Harmen between himself and the steel cage / ring apron, causing Harmen to lose his grip on the tarp surrounding the ring before falling onto his back.

DDK:

Dan Ryan making Jack Harmen pay for his past transgressions here Angus, all I can imagine. His role in WrestleUTA, his brawl with Cayle Murray, and his recent Occupation of DEFIANCE with Harvey and Stevens...

Angus:

And he deserves every bloodied blow Keebs. I wanna see him torn and ripped asunder.

Dan Ryan lifts Harmen up by his singlet and just chucks him toward the time keeper's table, sending Darren Quimbey and our time keeper fleeing. Ryan shoves a cameraman out of the way as he goes to pick Harmen up from the wreckage, when...

DING

DDK:

That's not the match starting Angus!

DING!

DDK:

That's Harmen blocking a punch from Ryan by using the ring bell and then smashing it into Ryan's head! That sound resonated through the arena Angus.

Angus:

I felt chills all the way up here Keebs.

DDK:

We've got officials out here trying to separate Ryan and Harmen, we've got ring crew trying to demolish a partially destructed steel cage, our announce table is just a wreck, and I still see Elise's bloodstains on the canvas.

We see Harmen trying to stand, stumbling and keeping himself upright by the guardrail. His face has already been painted a crimson red from the steel bars. Harmen wipes his forehead, looks at his hand, and then just licks his own blood. He tosses his arms to the side and shouts.

Jack Harmen:

THAT'S HOW IT IS, HUH!?

Harmen starts rummaging underneath the ring and produces a table to cheers. He sets it up so it bridges between the ring and the outside. He then grabs ANOTHER table and places it next to the first. It's here where Ryan has recovered, grabbing Harmen from behind with a palm to the back of the head and another hand of singlet.

DDK:

I wouldn't want to be Jack Harmen right now.

Angus:

Or ever.

Dan Ryan takes a few steps and launches Harmen toward one of the remaining steel cage walls. While we expect to hear a loud clang and Harmen to topple to the ground, Harmen actually latches onto the cage bars and then leaps backward with a moonsault to the stunned Ryan. But, Dan, the monster, just catches Harmen on his shoulder.

DDK:

Ooooooh boy!

Angus:

KEEEL HIM RYAN! I ALWAYS BELIEVED IN YOU!

Ryan teases putting Harmen through the two tables, but instead turns and charges toward the time keeper's station. He sends both himself and Harmen through the smaller table with a huge powerslam. Just as Quimbey was about to sit himself back down, he had to flee, as the table shards splintered everywhere. Hector Nevarro and Carla Ferrari, the officials for this match and the last, are stunned on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Carla and Hector have lost all sense of order Angus. This is just disorganized chaos at this point!

Angus:

Dan Ryan is killing Jack Harmen. He's doing a public service. So what if he breaks a few assault laws.

The Ego Buster stands up from the pile of broken shards that once kept order upright, and dusted himself off.

DDK:

Just what does Dan Ryan think he's doing now Angus?

Angus:

First-degree manslaughter.

Ryan walks over to the other side of the ring which has no steel cage wall, the one opposite of where Harmen set up his tables. It's here that Dan Ryan pulls out a large ten-foot ladder, and bridges it across the barricade and the ring. Like Harmen, Ryan isn't done with just one, pulling a second ladder out and bridging it next to the first. Both Hector and Carla are desperately pleading with Ryan to stop as Ryan circles to the other side of the ring without a steel cage wall. Ryan produces a table from under the ring and sets it up on the outside. As Hector and Carla get into Ryan's face further, Hector being particularly forceful, Ryan shoves Nevarro out of his way. Ryan turns around one corner and then the second to head back to the fallen Wildcard, only to meet a charging Lunatic. Ryan leans down and spins, back body dropping Harmen INTO the steel cage wall.

DDK:

Jeebus Angus!

Angus:

Goram it Keebs! I've never seen that...

As Harmen bounces back first off the steel cage, he lands in the grasp of Dan Ryan's shoulders, upside down. It's here where Ryan turns the corner, rushing forward a few steps and jackknife's Harmen back first onto the two bridged ladders. One ladder is broken in half, the other is only half cracked, one side of the ladder broken from the impact. The Faithful go hushed as Ryan stares down at the fallen Lunatic, seething. A bloodlust until today undiscovered.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is not playing tonight Angus, I think Iris might have more to deal with than the dismantled Scott Douglas.

Angus:

We'll have an injury update on him soon right Keebs?

DDK:

I believe so, and we'll bring that to you as soon as we hear it... but until then...

Angus:

Let's enjoy the unobstructed destruction of this GORRAM ASSHAT.

Dan Ryan grabs Jack Harmen by his singlet and tosses him so he flips and hits the ring barricade back first. Harmen lands on his head, as Ryan then starts putting the boots to his gut and neck. The Lunatic tries to cover up but Ryan is relentless. The Ego Buster drops down to start throwing haymakers as the fallen Wildcard.

DDK:

This isn't a wrestling match Angus, this is just a plain ol' street fight. The bell hasn't even ringed yet!

Angus:

We've already seen a lot of violence tonight Keebs, Douglas beaten and destroyed, Elise bleeding crimson... this is like the frosting on top of a diabetic cake!

As Hector and Carla shout at Ryan to stop, Ryan just grabs Harmen and tosses him under the bottom rope into the ring. He looks at Hector, sternly, and nods for him to enter the ring. Ryan sneers, and the reluctant and scared Nevarro enters the ring, as Harmen tries to desperately pull himself up in the corner with a total lack of motor function. He only barely manages to get upright and hugs the top rope with his life.

Ryan just casually rolls himself in under the bottom rope. He looks at Hector, then at Harmen, then back to Hector, and signals for him to ring the bell. Hector waves it off, pointing to the condition of a stunned and dazed Harmen. Jack, however, pushes himself out of the corner, falling to a knee before fighting back to an upright posture. His face is now covered in blood from the earlier assault. He wipes the blood from covering his eyes and has them go wide as he stares across the ring at the former FIST. With a sense of resolve and a deep inhale, Harmen turns to Hector, sturdy, standing, and nods. Hector looks with a "really?" look of concern, as Harmen nods once more in confirmation. Nevarro shrugs, and points to the dismantled time keeper's table. After a few moments of panic looking for the sullied ring bell, the timekeeper finally finds it and it echoes through the arena.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Well, I guess this match is officially underway Angus.

Angus:

And look at that idiot! He's baiting Ryan to punch him in the face!

Indeed, as Harmen steps toward Harmen, he has his face extended and is pointing to his jaw. He raises both hands to urge Ryan on, and then repeats the previous motion. Ryan shakes his head in disappointment.

DDK:

KICK! WHAM! HUMILITY BOMB!

Angus:

Awh!?! It's over already!?

DDK:

And the quickest match in DEFCon history...

Ryan drops down and does a lateral press for the cover.

One.

Two.

Thr-NO!

Dan Ryan pulls Jack Harmen's shoulders off the mat.

DDK:

Dan Ryan doesn't want it Angus!? What am I seeing here?

Angus:

This is Christmas, all over again! My genie got my three wishes. Which were 1, infinite wishes, 2, infinite Jack Harmen beatdowns, and 3, money and women.

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

I know, infinite wishes means I forfeited a wish. I was young and stupid Keebs! Then again, the other two wishes are just about the only things a man needs.

DDK: I'm confused. What does a genie have to do with Christmas?

Angus:

Shut up Keebler Elf.

Dan Ryan has lifted Harmen to his feet and tosses him into the corner turnbuckle. He just lets loose with a resoundingly loud knife edge chop that sends Jack teetering on the side without a steel cage wall. Ryan hits another chop, almost sending Harmen over again. A third and Harmen topples to the point where he'd tip over, if only Ryan didn't grab his legs, pull them down and Harmen back into the ring, before clipping him with a clothesline that sent Harmen backflipping in a 270° motion toward the center of the ring.

DDK:

What impact from that lariot Angus. How much more can Jack Harmen have left in the tank?

Angus:

About as much as his rental car has after I siphoned all his gas. Which is none.

Ryan leans down and starts to lift Harmen to his feet, when Harmen hits Ryan between the legs with a low blow.

DDK:

Or maybe just enough fumes to get to a gas station.

Angus:

Why don't wrestler's just wear a GORRAM CUP!?!?

Harmen stumbles and falls to a nearby turnbuckle, where there are no cage walls on either side of it. He lands on his knees and begins undoing the middle turnbuckle pad as Hector checks in on Dan Ryan. Carla Ferari notices this on the outside and shouts at Jack to stop, so Jack just SPRAYS a large cloud of white mist into her face. She stumbles back, blinded. Harmen returns attention to the middle turnbuckle and finally removes it. He turns to see Ryan charging toward him. Harmen slides underneath, hooking Ryan by his tights and yanking him face first into the middle turnbuckle he had just exposed. Hector just now notices the turnbuckle was removed as a small trickle of blood starts to stream down Ryan's face. Hector admonishes Harmen, who shouts.

Jack Harmen:

It was like that when I got here!

Harmen charges toward the fallen Ryan and hits a low level leg drop. Then a second with no running start. And then a standing shooting star press. Harmen tries another, but Ryan rolls out of the way and Harmen eats the mats. Ryan gets to his feet.

DDK:

KICK! WHAM! HUMILITY! BOMB! MY LORD ANGUS! WHAT AN IMPACT!

Angus:

It's over Keebs. It's Gorram OVER!

Ryan looks down at the fallen Harmen, scoffing at his challenger. He confidently places one foot across his chest. The Faithful chant along.

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES?!

DDK:

I... I don't know how Jack Harmen mustered it. Dan Ryan just hit a second humility bomb and the Lunatic was crazily able to get his foot onto the bottom rope!

Angus:

I don't get it. Does Jack Harmen have a death wish?! Is Jack Harmen Charles Bronson?

Ryan lifts Harmen to his feet and just starts punching him into the nearest corner. Ryan just continues with punches and elbows, before rushing Harmen and squashing him in the corner. As Jack slumps, Ryan grabs him by the hand and pulls him into a kitchen sink knee. He does it again, and again, before spinning and tossing Harmen face first into the Steel Cage. It rattles as Harmen uses one free hand to hook the cage and remain upright. His eyes roll into the back of his head as Ryan just charges and tackles Harmen.

DDK:

DEAR GOD! GET AWAY!

As Ryan tackles Harmen into the partially dismantled steel cage, one latch on the free corner disconnects and SWINGS with the two, and Ryan and Harmen take a WICKED tumble through the ropes and outside. The steel cage as it swings open almost takes Quimbey's head off at the time keeper's station. The ring crew begins to try to swing the cage wall back to the ring to avoid it from falling and colliding with any fans. Meanwhile, they're working overtop the broken carcass that is Jack Harmen, and the temporarily stunned former FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan.

DDK:

I... I've... I've never seen that.

Angus:

I've seen a cage break, never seen it swing. Swinger party Keebs?

DDK:

Please stop.

The ring crew set the swinging steel cage back into place, and start using zip ties to make sure it remains attached to the corner turnbuckles. Without being able to safely dismantle it, they decide this is the next best course of action. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan stands to his feet as he knocks the cobwebs out of his head. He looks around, a bit dazed, before he notices the bloodied and broken Jack Harmen crawling by his feet. A sick sinister smile crosses his face, as Ryan reaches down and grabs Harmen by his singlet. He lifts Harmen up in a deadlift above his shoulders, the Lunatic kicking and screaming, now blinded by his bleeding forehead, before Ryan brings him down with a crunching backbreaker.

Angus:

I WILL SIMPLY BREAK YOU!

Harmen screams in pain and flops off of Ryan's knees onto his stomach. He clutches his back in immense pain. Ryan doesn't let up, grabbing Harmen by his back in a rear waist lock. He lifts Harmen off the ground, back peddles two steps and FLINGS Harmen overhead in a German Suplex, in such a way it looked as if Harmen's head connected with the top of the crowd barricade. Harmen rolled off and landed with a thud on the concrete on the section between fans, cut off on either side by security.

DDK:

Hector's at an eight count, I don't think either man has -- oh! Wait! Ryan's noticed! He's entering the ring, and we have a winn... wait... He, he just slid back outside.

Angus:

He's not done with Harmen Keebs.

DDK:

I'm done seeing a man broken in half Angus! I've seen too much death and dismay in my life Angus. My mom was right. I should have become an accountant...

Angus:

Which reminds me, any updates on Scott Douglas?

DDK:

Regretfully we know Douglas has at least a broken arm, he is undergoing an additional test as we speak, but that's just another example of seeing a man CARVED and BEATEN in the name of MY and OUR entertainment!

Angus:

I know. Isn't it great?!

Ryan grabs Harmen by his tights over the barricade and drags him over top. The Wildcard lands with a thud on the outside mats. Ryan then just grabs the bottom rope for leverage and places his boot on Harmen's neck, choking him. Hector tries to count in the inside, but it would break his count out count, so he just keeps counting to three. The Ego Buster takes Harmen's hand and irish whips him back first into the steel ring steps surrounding ringside. The top half goes flying as Harmen lies in a heap on top of the bottom half. It's here where Ryan charges toward him, jumps over his body and drops an elbow onto the back of his neck, slamming his head into the base of the steel steps. Harmen spits up a large wad of looks like gum but might have been a tooth into the front audience.

DDK:

This is just a dismantling Angus. I don't know if I can watch anymore.

Angus:

I know what you mean.

DDK:

Wait, really?

Angus:

Don't get me wrong, it's to the most deserving individual.

DDK:

But this isn't wrestling Angus, is it?

Angus:

No. No it's not.

Dan Ryan then leaps up and SLAMS his foot into the back of Harmen's head, CRUNCHING it against the steel ring steps. As Hector hits eight on his count out, Ryan again slides inside the ring and back out to break the count. There's a slight murmur of confusion and anticipation as Ryan slips back outside.

DDK:

Angus, Dan Ryan has shown no desire to win this match tonight here on the biggest show of the year. All Dan Ryan wants to do is destroy Jack Harmen, and we don't know why.

Angus:

What do you mean we don't know why? He invaded with the UTA! He invaded with the Occupiers! He's manipulated Cayle and Stevens and Harvey and Elise and HOW MANY OTHER PEOPLE WILL THIS MAN MANIPULATE KEEBS?

DDK:

Sure, but... does he deserve this?

Angus:

Judge not, yeast ye be judged.

DDK:

Dan Ryan could win this match at any moment Angus, but he CHOOSES not to. How, how, can we cheer that?

Angus:

Cause I hate Jack Harmen.

Dan Ryan raises his chin high as he looks over the wave of emotion from the Faithful. He can't hold it in and let's go a little bit of a chuckle. Ryan lifts Harmen to his feet, and SLAPS the taste out of his mouth. Another wad of spit or gum or something goes flying from the impact.

DDK:

What a sign of disrespect!

Angus:

To a man who's disrespected DEFIANCE his entire career!

Harmen falls to a knee from the slap, spinning 90 degrees. He turns back to Ryan, and starts to swing wildly, but Ryan just reaches out with his wingspan advantage and holds Harmen back. Ryan's palmed Harmen's forehead as he justs swings wildly at air, Ryan a good six inches away from the closest of the Lunatic's blows.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is just toying with Jack Harmen right now. Ooh! Belly to belly duplex from Ryan!

Angis:

I think I just got whiplash.

DDK:

Are you feeling the pain that Jack Harmen is experiencing? Are... are you showing empathy?

Angus:

WHAT!? NO! My monster is caged, the pistol is holstered!

DDK:

Wait. Do you not know what empathy means?

Angus:

Ha. Haha. Empathy? Of course I know what empathy means. (Pause) My dick isn't out, is it?

DDK:

No Angus, you are not currently, "showing empathy,"

Anges:

Phew.

At a count of seven by Hector, Ryan tosses a limp beaten Harmen back into the ring underneath the bottom rope. Ryan follows in after him. Harmen doesn't move in the ring, he's just sprawled out in a lifeless snow angel pose. The Ego Buster leans down, grabbing Harmen by his ears, as the Faithful start to swell in confusion.

DDK:

What, what's going on?

Angus:

How should I know?!

Sliding into the ring is none other than the BRAZEN competitor who showcased some amazing high flying moves at last night's CLASH of the BRAZEN III, the man known as HFIV... Jack Harmen's son. He slips in between Ryan's grasp of Harmen and drops to his knees, hands held in a peaceful pose. The young 17 year old luchador looks up at Ryan, and through his mask and puppy dog eyes, we could see HFIV silently begging Dan Ryan to stop.

Angus:

What is this guy doing out here?!?! He's ruining the violence!

DDK:

HF IV is Jack Harmen's son Angus. The seventeen-year-old high flying prodigy, he's begging for mercy. Family is more important than anything else, isn't it Angus?

Angus:

I don't like this one bit.

Ryan looks down at the fallen Harmen, his gaze almost completely disregarding the begging luchador. As Ryan takes a step toward Jack, HFIV stands to his feet and pushes Ryan away as best he could. It doesn't really help.

DDK:

Oh boy! Get outta ther--

Dan Ryan kicks HFIV in the gut and lifts him. He charges toward the far ropes... where there's been set up...

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB THROUGH THE TABLE ON H-F 4. MY DEAR, HE IS BROKEN IN HALF! THAT'S JUST A CHILD ANGUS!

Angus:

He shouldn't have gotten involved!

DDK:

He only did so because his father helped him get a job here Angus. Without Jack Harmen in the UTA, HF IV, the man who arguably stole the show with his double rotation moonsault last night, wouldn't have been given a second look!

Angus:

Alright, what do you want me to say Keebs?! You're right?! Dan Ryan is taking this too far!? As much as I thought I'd need six new pants by now, my chubb's gone to half mast? Is that what you want me to say?!

DDK:

I'd rather we didn't have to scrape two of our superstars up using spatulas. And I'd rather stop hearing about your penis.

Angus:

I'm a man! Deal with it!

The crowd starts to swell in a bit of boos as Dan Ryan looks down at the broken body of HFIV, who crashed through the table on the outside and isn't moving. EMT's hit ringside, flooding an already overcrowded ringside area to join Carla Ferarri, the time keeper's team and the ring crew. Carla leans over HF IV and raises her hands in an X cross before the camera abruptly returns to the ring. Dan Ryan just stands there, unflinchingly staring toward the mess he helped create just now. He simply raises his hand to the crowd, fingers saluted in a texas horn taunt, the same devil

horn taunt Jack Harmen has frequently used.

ROLL UP FROM JACK

One!

Angus:

No way.

Two!

DDK:

YES!

NO! Dan Ryan POWERS out, so hard that he shoves Harmen off the pin and face first into the middle exposed steel turnbuckle. Harmen collides with it, stunned. He takes a step back, down to his knee. He tries to spin but only gets so far before falling back to a knee. He gets up one more time, spins.

DDK:

KICK! WHAM! HUMILITY BOMB! AGAIN! THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM ANGUS!

Dan Ryan looks down at the fallen and unconscious Jack Harmen. He smiles for a moment, before spraying him with a LARGE snot rocket all over his singlet. Ryan then moves on top for a cover, pressing one arm on Jack's shoulders and the other on his hips.

Angus:

Thank God this match is over.

One.

DDK:

Why?

Angus:

I almost sympathized with...

Two.

Angus:

... him.

THR-NO! Jack Harmen BARELY got a shoulder up at the VERY last possible second.

Dan Ryan could only widen his eyes in shock and run his hands through his hair. He backs off from the pin, taking a seat on the ring canvas. He can't believe it as Jack Harmen begins to crawl toward the nearest bottom rope. Ryan shakes his head, a growing resolve.

DDK:

I don't like the look on Dan Ryan's face here.

Angus:

I usually would, but I'm not so sure anymore.

Ryan grabs Jack Harmen by his head and SLAMS it into the steel bars by the ropes he was trying to use to climb up. Ryan lifts Harmen up with each smash, further picking Jack to his feet until he's at a vertical basis. Ryan then slams

him once, twice more into the steel cage. As Harmen stumbles, almost falling to the mats, Ryan leans down and catches him on his shoulder. Ryan then lifts the Lunatic completely off the mat. He looks around at the Faithful, who seem to have a bit of a stunned silence. It's here where Dan Ryan begins to climb the steel cage wall in the turnbuckle where both walls are still standing.

DDK:

What the hell is Dan Ryan thinking?!

Angus:

Murder one?

DDK:

Dan Ryan is carrying the Lunatic to the top of that steel cage structure, they shouldn't even have this in their match Angus?! This was only meant to be a simple one on one contest!

Angus:

You really think Dan Ryan is going to listen to... rules?

With very little resistance, Dan Ryan climbs to the top of the steel cage with Harmen still draped lifelessly on his shoulders. The Ego Buster looks out to the sea of the Faithful, and with a simple smile, he lifts Harmen off and dives...

CRASH!

GASP

HUSHED SILENCE

DDK:

HE'S MANGLED ANGUS! HE'S IN SIXTEEN PARTS SCATTERED AROUND THE FLOOR ANGUS! JACK HARMEN IS DEAD! HEADLINER! HEADLINER OFF THE TOP OF THE CAGE THROUGH THOSE TABLES HARMEN SET UP EARLIER!

Angus:

I...

DDK:

Dan Ryan just... He just tried to end Jack Harmen's career! And look! In the ring! Hector Nevarro is waving this whole thing off!

Indeed, Hector starts waving dramatically to the time keeper's table as they ring the bell three times. Darren Quimbey rushes up as Hector whispers to him, and Darren nods.

Darren Quimbey :

As a result of the referee's decision, this match has been THROWN OUT!

The fans boo at the result, as Dan Ryan is the first to slowly pick himself up from the rubble. He uses the ring barricade to do so, and looks down at the fallen Jack Harmen. He shakes his head in contempt and disgust. Ryan then looks up toward the ring, where Hector Nevarro is discussing things with Carla Ferrari. As they notice Ryan staring at them and starting to climb into the ring, the two immediately flee to the backstage area. Numerous EMTs, anyone who's not working on Scott Douglas or HF IV rush to the side of Jack Harmen.

DDK:

Dan Ryan has shown his dominance, he's still the same fighter he's always been Angus... But perhaps he's... even more dangerous?

Angus:

Look, Dan Ryan is a BEAST LEGEND. The man can do no wrong... and yet...

DDK:

He broke a kid. He killed another legend. And we don't even know why Dan Ryan destroyed Jack Harmen tonight...

Dan Ryan looks over to the steel cage, and notices a portion of the cage bloodied, by either Elise or Jack Harmen. No one could be sure. He traces his fingers across the cage, and then gently paints the knuckles of his clenched fist.

Angus:

Maybe we'll find out on next DEFtv.

DDK:

I can only hope we do. I can only hope the Lunatic, and his 17 year old son, still have a career after all that.

Dan Ryan takes one last look at Jack Harmen being attended to by EMTs. He then turns up to the entrance way, and in his way are another set of EMTs working on HFIV. Dan Ryan then just walks THROUGH them, by stepping on top and then OVER HFIV, causing him additional pain. EMTs shout to Ryan to get away and get off the boy, as they continue to look. The Faithful jeer Ryan a bit as he raises his hands to the crowd.

Angus:

That jackass Jack Harmen sure showed a lot of heart... I'll give him that. Still. Dan Ryan is a God, whether you agree with him or not.

DDK:

Also, you keyed Harmen's car again?

Angus:

To be fair, I did that before the match started.

Ryan takes one last look back to the ring as he reaches the top of the entrance ramp. He raises his hand victorious, as the Faithful boo.

We now take quite a bit of time to clean up the surrounding chaos, and show a hype video for tonight's main event, the FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens vs. Twist and Turns Oscar Burns, and THE, Sports Entertainer... Jesse Frederick Kendrix.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. OSCAR BURNS vs. JFK

DDK:

Tonight's show finally comes to this... the main event. The FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens was all set to defend his title against the man he beat for it back in July, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns... that is, until Kendrix made a shocking return and - for all intents and purposes - snuck his way into this match. Tonight, it's about Oscar Burns's quest for redemption. For Kendrix, it's about making the most of a golden opportunity. For Scott Stevens, it's about respect.

Angus:

McFuckass Lite and The Bitchy Texan don't DESERVE respect, Keebs! Scott has tarnished that title every day he holds it. Kendrix would do more of the same. Never have I ever wanted to root on such a goody-good dork like Burns, but... he's gotta win this.

DDK:

Burns was more than ready for Stevens, but Kendrix goaded Burns into a match. Stevens tried to get Burns disqualified but when he didn't want to win that way, Kendrix got the win and earned this match. Now, it's these three men that are about to leave it all on the line tonight.

Angus:

MAIN EVENT TIME, SUCKAS!

DDK:

What he said, everybody. It comes down to this. Three men vying for the most coveted prize in DEFIANCE... the FIST. That said, we take it now to Darren Quimbey for the main event.

To Darren Quimbey we go for one last match on this night... the most important one.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a triple threat match set for one fall and is your main event of the evening! This will be contested for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

The graphic appears on the screen for the FIST of DEFIANCE as the crowd goes crazy for the action about to take place.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

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

Darren Quimbey:

Challenger number one... from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is **"TWISTS AND TURNS"**
OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE'S soldier as he walks out... but far from his normal yellow-themed shirt and orange attire. Tonight, he's dressed a little more traditional in black trunks, kneepads, and boots. And of course, a black DEFIANCE fist logo with "WE LIKE GRAPS" on the back!

DDK:

And here comes Oscar Burns first. Nothing flashy, nothing fancy tonight. This is the same attire he wore when he defeated Crimson Lord for the WrestleUTA World Championship... maybe a good omen.

Angus:

No bright colors tonight. He wants that championship in the worst way, Keebs, and some say that's why he lost it in the first place. Always trying to prove himself, always trying to appease the people. It's a major weakness of his.

DDK:

That may be so, but tonight, he's gotta put that all out of his head and keep focused at all times.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIDANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! He rips off the shirt and pulls out a gray sharpie, autographing it before tossing it into the crowd. Burns leaps off the turnbuckle and gets himself ready for the biggest match in his career.

♪ “Let ‘Em Come” by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing an official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK dark green and gold ring tights, his index fingers point to the sky before he turns to face the arena with that smirk.

DDK:

A golden opportunity. In the space of 6 weeks, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix has returned from injury and he cemented his place in the title picture on the grandest stage in the DEFIDANCE calendar.

Angus:

The thought of Kendrix winning the title is enough to make me cry...but for him to actually do it and at DEFCON...I...I...I don't think I have any words to describe the horror, Keebs.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Kendrix looks as confident as ever as he approaches the ring but he still, rather uncomfortably, rubs the back of his neck.

DDK:

Kendrix feeling the lasting effect of the Stevens Dynasty beatdown two weeks ago, you've gotta think he's definitely less than one hundred percent going into this one, Angus.

Angus:

One of, if not, THE greatest thing the Stevens Dynasty have ever done for us all.

Darren Quimbey:

...Hailing from London, England...

Having made his way through the ropes Kendrix hops up onto the second turnbuckle and rudely waves his closed fist at his less than adoring faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

He is Jaaaaayyyy Efffff Kaaaaayyyy. Jesseeee Frederickkkssss KENDRIXXXX!

Ignoring the boos Jesse readies himself in his corner before throwing another closed fist right at Burns.

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

♪ “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.

DDK:

And now the champion..

Angus:

Not for long Keebs!

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.**

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen♪

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, THE REIGNING! DEFENDING! UNDISPUTED! FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPION!!!
...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises up his right fist high into the air. As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers as he simply points to the championship around his waist.

DDK:

Stevens reminding everyone that he is the FIST either with his clenched fist or the championship around his waist...

Angus:

He's probably got locked hand from jacking it too hard last night..

The FIST slowly makes his way around the ring talking smack and flipping off the DEFIANCE filth in the crowd until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before taking the championship from around his waist and raising it high into the air before dropping to the canvas as the music fades and a loud chant erupts from the crowd.

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

The Angry Texan smirks as he takes off HIS most prized possession. With all three competitors in the ring now and the FIST of DEFIANCE being handed off to Benny Doyle, he raises the championship overhead to show what the three men are fighting for on DEFIANCE's biggest - and final - show of the year 2018. After doing so, he calls for the bell and gets ready to hand the belt off.

DING DING

But as he does so, Stevens grabs the title and BLASTS Kendrix with it right off the get-go!

Angus:

What... WHAT DID HE JUST DO?!

DDK:

By the very nature of this match, nobody can be disqualified and we just saw Stevens take advantage of that right from the jump!

He lays out Kendrix with the title, now standing over the man that conned his very way into this match.

Scott Stevens:

That's for interfering in my business, asshole.

The Angry Texan throws the title to a stagehand on the outside before facing Burns, gesturing "YOU AND ME!" Burns is more than ready to oblige as the two run at one another, throwing bombs from the jump!

ELBOW BY BURNS!
RIGHT BY STEVENS!
ELBOW BY BURNS!
RIGHT BY STEVENS!

DDK:

Right on the start, Kendrix is down and out on the floor leaving Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens to pick up where they left off in July!

The Faithful ROAR with approval at the action from the start! Stevens tries another right hand when Burns ducks and delivers a Shoulder Thrust. He lands a European Uppercut! Another Shoulder Thrust leads to another Uppercut spins Stevens around, leading to The Team Graps Cap to use a Backslide right off the bat!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Burns almost got the win there with that backslide.

Angus:

Shoulda! Woulda! Coulda! Fact is he didn't Keebs!

Burns and Stevens scramble to their feet and the Texan goes for the homerun shot right off the bat with a superkick, but Burns is able to catch it.

DDK:

Remember the Alamo superkick misses and Burns has Stevens' leg trapped!

Angus:

Look at him beg Keebs. This is great!

Stevens pleads with Burns to let him go, but the former FIST and UTA champion is having none of it has a sick and sadistic smile forms over his lips as he delivers a leg ddt and once on the canvas grapevines the leg and hooks in a knee bar.

DDK:

Knee bar! Burns looking to make Stevens tap! If you know anything that's Scott's bad knee and with that heavy brace on he is still writhing in pain!.

Angus:

Squirm, little bitch! SQUIRM!

The FIST tries to hit the legs of Burns but the former champion just tightens his grip causing the Texan to fall on his back in pain and Doyle slaps the mat.

ONE.

TWO.

Stevens gets his shoulders up.

DDK:

Stevens almost was pinned there.

Stevens writhes in agony as he screams a primal scream to try and muster enough strength to try and roll Burns over and get closure to the ropes.

Angus:

Stevens screaming like he's getting passed around in jail.

The FIST is able to roll Burns over, but The Technical Spectacle quickly reverses back the other way and put himself between Stevens and the ropes and the Texan has nowhere to go!

DDK:

Stevens is in the middle of the ring screaming in pain. He's stuck between a rock and a hard place!

Angus:

That's what all the women tell me Keebs.

DDK:

Good grief.

Burns screams at the officials to check him and Doyle asks as Stevens raises his hand as if he's going to tap! The Faithful want it, Burns wants it and I'm pretty sure Angus wants it.

Angus:

I want this! Tap, you dumb son of a bitch!

DDK:

Are we going to see it?

That question is answered when a size thirteen boot smashes into the face of Oscar Burns.

Angus:

Dammit!

Kendrix continues to stomp away on Burns until he breaks the hold to attempt to cover up and Stevens rolls to the outside holding his knee. Stevens tries to get away from him, only for Kendrix to catch him with a Baseball Slide Dropkick to the back of the head, sending him flying into the guardrail!

DDK:

And there goes Stevens! Can you believe there was a point when these two were former DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champs?

Angus:

True, that fucking UTAH Invasion... but that was then and this is for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Ain't nobody looking for friends right now! And now we have to watch one of these idiots try and pick Burnsie apart.

The co-founder of The Hollywood Bruvs goes right after Burns and lays into him with a hard series of right hands, sending him staggering against the ropes. Kendrix measures his target before running at him in the corner and sticking him with a hard Running Back Elbow! He quickly rolls Burns out of the corner in a Snapmare and then shoots off the ropes before coming back with a Sliding Dropkick right on the button!

DDK:

Nice sequence of moves from Kendrix! Does he have the title?

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Angus:

Come on, Burnsie! Don't let his title opportunity slip through your fingers!

Kendrix then picks up Burns and slams a few hard elbows into the top of his head, trying to punish him quickly while Stevens is still down and out on the outside. The former UTA World Champion grabs Burns by the head and looks to set him up for some sort of suplex or brainbuster. He tries to hoist him up...

DDK:

No! Burns has him with the Fujiwara! Submission attempts tend to work less often in this type of matchup, but Burns is literally grabbing ANY chance that he can to take the title!

The crowd screams again at Burns as he locks in the submission, calling for one of the two hated former UTA stars to tap out! Kendrix tries desperately to free himself, but Burns isn't letting go so he makes his way towards the ropes.

He's crawling...

Crawling...

Burns cranks back further!

DDK:

That hold is looking painful! First the Kneebar on Stevens and now the Fujiwara on the arm! Can Kendrix escape?

Angus:

Damn it, look!

Stevens pushes the bottom rope towards Kendrix, allowing him to grip it with his free hand to break the submission attempt! Burns growls but has to let go of the hold and relinquishes his grip.

DDK:

That was BRILLIANT by Stevens, helping Kendrix grab that bottom rope to break up the hold and saving his title in the process.

Angus:

Don't compliment these former UTAH assholes, Keebs!

Kendrix is relieved that he manages to break up the hold and sighs... but not for long as a now VERY Angry Fucking

Texan drags him out of the ring and SLAMS Kendrix viciously into the steel steps, not having forgotten about his cheap shot earlier!

Burns tries to reach through the ropes to catch Scott off-guard, but the reigning FIST has had enough and grabs Burns by the arm, picking him up through the ropes and SLAMMING him viciously from the ring apron all the way on the floor!

DDK:

BURNS IS DOWN! WHAT A SLAM RIGHT THERE!

Angus:

Stevens has clearly had enough of this match already! He's trying to end this!

He picks his poison with Burns thrown down on the floor or Kendrix... and chooses Burns as his target, definitely wanting to be rid of the New Zealander once and for all. He throws Burns back into the ring and limps back inside before measuring up his target. When The Team Graps Cap tries to get back to his feet...

DDK:

Stinger Splash in the corner! Burns stumbles out...

And gets taken down with Houston, We Have A Problem! Stevens' Death Valley Driver connects and the cover is made.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Another kick out by Burns, but he'll have to come up with something soon if he wants to get that FIST back.

Angus:

Stop blocking punches with your face and fight back!

Burns can do no such thing as Stevens turns over and starts to unleash some vicious Ground and Pound-style blows on the body of the New Zealander. Benny Doyle can do nothing but watch and count a pinfall or submission so Stevens continues at his leisure until The Faithful get on him. He kneels upward and stops punching long enough for the crowd to dispense the hate. More "FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" chants erupt and he practically has a glow on his face.

DDK:

This is a man that TRULY revels in how much the crowd loathes him.

Angus:

This is a man that TRULY needs to not be our damn champion anymore. Even I can't stand his ass and that's saying something.

He pulls Burns up by the hair and a measured right hand sends him back into the corner. He turns around and tries to grab Burns again, only to shoot him off the ropes. He charges again when Twists and Turns gets an elbow up to block him. The blow stuns him, but an angry Scott charges again, this time getting a European Uppercut for his troubles! The blow stuns him and Burns runs out of the corner, rolling off to the side and trying to steal the win with a Running School Boy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Scott kicks back up and tries to take Burns's head off with a Lariat, but Burns sidesteps it, and catches him with an O'Connor Roll!

ONE!

TWO!

TH.. NO!

DDK:

Burns trying to take the win with some roll-ups which is great strat.. NO! Double S Spinebuster!

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks gets DRILLED into the canvas with a Double S Spinebuster by Stevens and now it's his turn to go for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... RUNNING KNEE BY KENDRIX!

Angus:

BAM! To the side of the head!

Kendrix catches Stevens in the side of the head with a hard Running Knee to the face and after knocking him off Burns, he now tries to go for the cover and steal the FIST of DEFIANCE!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

DDK:

What a big series of falls from all three men! They're all fighting tooth and nail to walk away from DEFIANCE's biggest show of the year with its biggest prize as we end 2018.

Angus:

I don't know if my heart can take this, Keebs! I just can't!

Kendrix now grabs Burns and ejects him from the ring now to focus on Stevens while he's still woozy coming off the Running Knee. The Brit leads the Texan to his feet and pelts him with a few rights of his own before trying to get him to the corner, but Stevens puts the brakes on and shoots him to the corner. The biggest man in the match has an arm cocked back for a Corner Lariat, but Kendrix leaps over, sending Stevens crashing into the corner!

Angus:

Take THAT, Derp Dynasty leader!

DDK:

And the Double Knee Backbreaker out of the corner! That could do it!

With Stevens on the mat after having his back wrenched, Kendrix tries to pull off what would undoubtedly be the heist of the year!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY BURNS!

Burns comes back in and drops an elbow into the side of Kendrix's head to keep him from winning the title. He pulls Kendrix up by the hair and tries taking him down with another Armbar, but this time Kendrix has him scouted and rakes the eyes in full view of the official!

DDK:

We've been seeing both Kendrix and Stevens outright bend and break rules, but they can do whatever they want. This ends with a decisive winner tonight.

Angus:

If you ask me, Burns should just cut a few if these guys are willing to do it to him.

DDK:

And he won't. He's that type of competitor, honor-bound above all else.

Burns holds his eyes and then Kendrix DRILLS him down with a beautiful Belly to Belly Suplex before giving Burns the boot from the ring again! Being quite the technician himself, Kendrix catches Stevens again with another kick to the face, sending him over onto his stomach. He specifically drops a hard Elbow Drop across the back of his head...

Then a second one...

Then...

Kendrix:

WANKERS!

...Before dropping a third one across the head!

DDK:

Kendrix not earning any love here tonight, but nobody would love him as much as he loves himself!

Angus:

That's probably true... McFuckass Lite, ladies and germs!

Kendrix then waits for Stevens to try and limp to his feet, only to land a Running Swinging Neckbreaker on the champion! He follows up with a cover after the attacks on the neck.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Close one by Kendrix! Stevens isn't giving up that title without a fight tonight, we know that. But Kendrix and Burns want it just as bad!

Angus:

If it means McFuckass Lite and The Fucky Texas destroy one another, I'm all for it!

Kendrix grits his teeth now and eggs on Stevens to get back up. The FIST of DEFIANCE rises slowly just as The Guru of the Graps tries to get back on the ring apron. He charges at him and clocks him with a Dropkick, sending Burns back off the apron to keep him from interfering.

He now has Stevens in his sights...

DDK:

He's looking for the Bell End...

Angus:

No!

He tries... but Stevens manages to HOLD him before he can connect with the Double Knee Facebreaker! The crowd pops for the show of strength just as Burns tries to come back again! Stevens LAUNCHES Kendrix with a Powerbomb at Burns, but he thinks quick, grabs Kendrix in mid-air and SLAMS him down with a Release German Suplex!

DDK:

WHAT A SEQUENCE! Burns and Stevens worked together - completely unintentionally - and just DRILLED Kendrix with that Powerbomb into the Release German!

Angus:

If Burnsie wins, I'm marketing McFuckass Lite Lawn Darts! That was awesome!

All three men are down now and The Faithful go wild, wondering who's going to get up and make the first move out of the bunch! Benny Doyle sees all three down and tries to see if any of them look unable to continue after the frenetic pace of the match.

DDK:

Looks like Burns is getting back up first!

The Guru of the Graps starts to get to a knee to crawl over to Kendrix, still KTFOed for the moment. He crawls over and rolls over Kendrix onto his back before hooking the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No, Stevens pulls him off! Now he tries for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

Nah, Burnsie ain't having that shit! He rips Stevens off of the cover!

Stevens takes a swing at Burns, but he ducks...

DDK:

BACKCRACKAMAJIG! The Belly to Back Backbreaker connects and Burns holds on for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

NO, MCFUCKASS IS BACK!

He catches Burns with a running kick to the back to break up the cover before catching Stevens with a Jackknife pin of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No, Kendrix almost got him, but Doyle's got two fingers up! The Hollywood Bruv holds three fingers back at Doyle in desperation but the official remains adamant to Jesse's frustration.

Stevens rolls under the rope and lays on the apron as Kendrix stalks and almost standing Oscar Burns, begging for him to turn around. As Burns turns, Kendrix steps forward.

DDK:

SUPER KI...Rolled under and through from Burns who comes at Kendrix with forearm smashes.

Jesse is forced back, strike after strike by Oscar but as the get to the corner, Kendrix throws the knee to the gut of the man he beat to get into this match. Burns doubles over trying to catch his breath but JFK gives him no time as he launches his opponent shoulder first into the metal turnbuckle.

Angus:

That one had to hurt, Keebs. You could hear Burns cry out in agony.

Kendrix slicks his hair back as he relishes in the pain he's caused Burns. He doesn't waste too much time as he sees a groggy looking Stevens staggering to his feet from the corner of his eye. Rather than wait for him to come face to face, Jesse wraps his arms around the FIST of DEFIANCE and launches him up, over and down shoulders first.

DDK:

Perfect German Suplex and it doesn't look like that's going to be the only one.

Kendrix lands a second and manages to keep his grip held in tight around Stevens' waist as the two get back to their feet before Kendrix lifts and executes a third German Suplex in a row. Stevens squirms on the mat, holding at his lower back in pain. Meanwhile Kendrix focuses his attention on Oscar Burns who struggles to his feet in the corner holding at his shoulder, making JFK's mind up for him.

DDK:

Running Knee to the side of Burns' head, Kendrix is on fire right now and hits a bulldog on Burns, HE'S GOT THE ARM HOOKED, ANGUS!

Angus:

FUCK NO!

Benny Doyle is on all fours as Kendrix wrenches Oscar's shoulder and neck back hard towards him in the Kendrix Kross right in the middle of the ring. Burns holds his hand out towards the rope in front of him but he's miles away. He arches his body slightly toward the next set of ropes but it's the same story.

DDK:

Doyle is asking Burns the question but look at the heart of this kid as he tries to drag himself towards the bottom rope. The crowd are cheering Twist & Turns on here, Angus!

Angus:

GET TO THE ROPES, DAMMIT BURNS!

An inch or two closer but it's still a long long way away. Doyle asks one more time but before he can receive an answer, the hold is broken by a desperate lunging forearm to the back of JFK's head.

DDK:

All three men down as Benny Doyle begins his count.

ONE

TWO

THREEEE

Kendrix and Stevens are the first to get to one foot a piece, while Burns grabs at the middle rope in his attempt to beat the count.

FOUR

FIVE

DDK:

Kendrix and Stevens are up and there's no love lost between these two as they throw labored right hands at each other. AND HERE COMES BURNS, TAKING OUT BOTH WITH A JUMPING DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

Angus:

That's how you take out the trash, Keebs!

Burns is feeling the energy in the building, holding his arms out wide by his side waiting for one of his opponents to pop back up...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! KENDRIX GOES DOWN!

Kendrix slumps over in one corner while Stevens starts to get up. A fired-up Burns makes his way over...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT TO STEVENS! SCOTT AND KENDRIX BOTH SPRAWLED OUT NOW!

The New Zealander is FIRED the hell up and charges at Kendrix first...

Running European Uppercut to Kendrix!

And to the other side!

Running European Uppercut to Stevens!

Angus:

I love Kiwi pinball!

DDK:

Another Uppercut for Kendrix! And another Uppercut for Stevens!

After the frantic Uppercut barrage, Kendrix rolls out of the ring to the floor and it's Stevens who gets left alone with Burnsie. He drops Stevens with a slam and heads up top with thousands of rowdy fans ready to call along...

Oscar Burns and the crowd:

SWEET AS!

And down goes the Diving Knee Drop across the leg of Stevens!

DDK:

SWEET AS KNEE DROP CONNECTS ON THE LEG!

Stevens is now straight into the danger with Burns locking him up by the knee...

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH !!! BURNS HAS IT LOCKED IN, TIGHT!

The crowd are on their feet, Benny Doyle is stalking the situation, Stevens is desperately flailing but try as the champ might, he can't wriggle loose.

Angus:

COME ON BURNSY! THIS IS IT!

DDK:

STEVENS IS FADING, HE'S GONNA...HEY, NO, WAIT A MINUTE!

Angus:

HE TAPPED, STEVENS TAPPED!

DDK:

KENDRIX PULLED DOYLE OUT OF THE RING! HE NEVER SAW STEVENS TAP!

The ref remonstrates angrily with Kendrix who simply breathes a huge sigh of relief before holding his hands up innocently beside his head.

Angus:

Burns had the title won, dammit! DAMMIT!

Burns reaches over the ropes and grabs JFK by the hair, hoisting him up onto the apron, but Kendrix has his wits about him and drops down, slamming Burns' neck against the top rope. Doyle slides back into the ring just in time to see Stevens hit The FIST on the stunned Burns!

DDK:

STEVENS NAILED IT! IT'S OVER

Angus:

He just needs to cover!

The superman punch has left both men on the canvas but after a few seconds, Stevens finally makes the cover on Burns!

ONE

TWO

TH....

DDK:

AND THIS TIME KENDRIX DRAGS THE CHAMP OUT!

JFK wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, this time smiling dastardly having stayed alive in this one. Rather than haggle with the referee this time, he grabs at Stevens and whips him hard, shoulder first into the steel steps.

Angus:

OHHH! I don't think I've ever heard those steps make that sound before.

Resting his back on the guard rail, ignoring both the ire from the fans behind him and the ref in front of him, Jesse's eyes light up as he sees Stevens writhing on the floor and Oscar Burns staggering up to one foot in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

No...

JFK quickly slides into the ring as Burns gets his other leg planted on the mat.

Angus:

NO....

The ref slides in after him as they both watch Burns stagger his away round as he stumbles right in front of the preying JFK who grabs the back of his opponents head and brings his knees up meeting Burns' face on his way back down to the mat.

DDK:

BELL-END!

Angus:

Dear God, NOOO!

Kendrix scrambles like lightning over to the downed Oscar, hooking the leg and desperately kicking his feet across the canvas for extra leverage...

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

A pocket of cheers in the crowd ring out but they are soon drowned out by deafening boos!

DDK:

KENDRIX STEALS IT! We have ourselves a new FIST OF DEFIANCE!

♪ “Let ‘Em Come” by Scroobius Pip ♪

Angus:

Pfffftssstt

DDK:

Angus, where are you going?! Ladies and Gentlemen, it appears my partner has left his duties early here tonight...

Benny Doyle hands the FIST of DEFIANCE down to a kneeling Kendrix who grabs it out of the official's hands and holds it in his own, staring down at the achievement finally in his grasp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, this contest resulted in pinfall...

Jesse looks out at the crowd, holding the FIST tightly to his chest before standing upright, his hand held high by Benny Doyle.

Darren Quimbey:

Annnndddd....NEEEWWWWWW FIST OF DEFIANCE...

Kendrix wrenches his wrist from the grasp of the official and ushers him out of the ring before climbing to the 2nd turnbuckle, releasing that smirk across his face...

Darren Quimbey:

JAAAYYY EEEFFFF KAYYYYY....

...And the FIST of DEFIANCE high above his head.

Darren Quimbey:

JESSE FREDERICKKKKS KENDRIIIIXXX!

DDK:

This isn't what Angus wanted, this isn't how many of the DEFIANCE Faithful wanted to see it end either, but Kendrix has just pulled off his plan to perfection tonight at DEFCON.

Angus:

...

The camera shows Oscar Burns, laying flat on his back after having suffered both The FIST, as well as a Bellend in order to finally go down for good on this night. His hopes and dreams having gone up in smoke. Then a shot of an IRATE Scott Stevens at ringside, head sinking into his arm, growling at the fact that despite not having taken the pinfall... he lost his most coveted possession.

The credits appear on the screen as the shot focuses from below on the new champ ignoring the boos and staring intently at the title held in both his hands.

Going into the New Year...

DEFIANCE would have a New Bruv on top.

Obvs.

Totally Obvs.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE