

OLD FRIENDS

DEFTv comes life abruptly with the sound of knocking, quickly followed by the click and creak of a door opening. Scott Douglas enters DEFmed where Iris Davine is tending to Kerry Kuroyama's elbow with a substantial ice pack pinned between the joint and clear plastic wrap.

Iris turns her head for a second while continuing to circle Kerry's lifted arm. Kerry's gaze remains affixed to the troubled joint.

Scott Douglas: *[nodding]*

Iris.

Iris turns back toward the task at hand while responding.

Iris Davine:

Hey Scotty.

Kerry's gaze is broken at the sound of Scott's name. He looks up, unsure of what to expect. Scott attempts to ease the obvious tension with a greeting.

Douglas:

Kerry.

It doesn't really work. Kuroyama hesitates for a second, he glances back to his arm, then back toward Sub Pop Scott.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Scotty ...

Iris, satisfied with the wrapping, rips the plastic wrap from it's roll with a sound that cuts through the room and maybe even a bit of the aforementioned tension.

Davine:

Give it a hour or so and the swelling should come down.

Iris straightens some items on the table next to Kerry before exiting and gives Scott a nod on her way out.

Davine:

Scotty.

Scott pivots and watches Iris exit as Kerry turns his attention back to his temporarily clipped wing. The two however in an awkward silence for a moment before Douglas wheels Iris' rolling stool toward Kerry and takes a seat.

Douglas:

How's the arm?

Kuroyama:

It's fine, just over trained a bit ...

Douglas:

Back in action ... ?

Kuroyama:

Next week.

Douglas:

Glad to hear it.

Douglas stands amidst the world's shortest phrased yet stereotypically masculine conversation. Kerry sensing Scott's impending exit, attempts to broach the Reapy elephant in the room.

Kuroyama:

So ... Jessic --

Douglas cuts him off.

Douglas:

Yeah, so .. uh, we're good?

Kerry clears his throat and takes the cue.

Kuroyama:

Oh, *yeah*. We're good.

Douglas:

Perfect.

Scott turns to leave and stops and pauses for a moment. He turns back toward "The Pacific Blitzkrieg."

Douglas:

... 96?

Scott can barely get it out before Kerry jumps in.

Kuroyama:

We're GOOD!

Douglas nods and exits the room as we fade to the DEFtv opening.

RUNDOWN

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...



Lights, cameras, and once again ... action! The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory start of the broadcast hype. A variety of shots, of all your favourite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphic effects and overlays. The footage from previous events dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena as pyro explodes around the entrance ramp.

And of course ... those all-important fan signs...

DEFIANCE LIVES!
FOREVER FAITHFUL!
MIKEY, MIKEY YOU'RE SO GONE!
STAY CALM AND REMAIN DEFIANT!
ANGUS LOVES THIS SIGN
LONG LIVE THE SQUID!
MIKEY GOT FISTED!

And other such literary genius committed to dollar store poster board. We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and an elated Angus Skaaland, seated behind the commentary booth. Angus grins from ear to ear and fidgets as Darren begins the broadcast.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my whole hearted pleasure to ...

Angus can't wait and explodes with excitement.

Angus:

WE ARE BACK FUCKOOS!!!

Angus slaps Darren in the shoulder in his excitement and Darren is knocked off his balance enough to recline his base model office chair.

Angus:

The Squid is the FIST! Scotty Boy is the SOHER! And those two weirdos that love video games took BACK the Tag Team Titles from whatever that mormons name was! AND we still exist! How about that shit!? It's a hell of a time to be alive, Keeps!

Darren readjusts himself during Angus' editorialized recap of DEFtv 100.

DDK:

Well, yes ... in so many words - DEFIANCE lives and welcome back, once again to ... DEFtv! I am Darren Keebler and of course ...

Angus:

They know who the hell I am!

Angus jolts up from his seat scattering papers around the table. He throws his arms up and starts yelling out to the audience. Production is slow to react but half way through his first reprise his headset is piped into the Wrestle Plex PA.

Angus:

D - E - F! D - E - F! D - E - F!

The Faithful, once they can hear it, are quick to join in especially given such a momentous occasion. The camera pan out and catch the crowd reaction as they chant along in unison.

D - E - F!

D - E - F!

D - E - F!

Angus, happy with his work, sits back down and this time production is on it, the lack of reverb makes it obvious he is no longer being heard all over the area. The camera returns back to the commentary table.

Angus:

See, Keeps! This is going to be a HELL of a night!

DDK:

For once, Angus ... that MIGHT be an understatement! In a conference call with the head of all DEFIANCE departments this week, Kelly Evans stressed the removal of any and everything WrestleUTA from DEFIANCE as soon as possible. She stressed the importance of stability and returning order and fair competition back to DEFIANCE; in order to give the Faithful, what they want.

Angus:

BOOZE!

DDK:

No, Professional Wrestling at its highest caliber!

Angus:

Yeah, I guess they like that too... still think booze would be a stronger selling point.

DDK:

... given the ousting of WrestleUTA - the WrestleUTA World Title will no longer be recognized by DEFIANCE after tonight.

Angus:

Hell, it shouldn't have ever been, Keeps! But ... I'll give Evans this, she is doing the right thing, considering in a time of INVASION, WAR, BETRAYAL, DOUBLE AGENTS, LIES, CHEATS, FRAPPES, FRA GRA ...

DDK:

Angus ...

Angus:

Oh, yeah ... sorry. She and the executive committee have not forgotten Oscar Burns and what the taking of the UTAH World Title meant amidst that WAR!

DDK:

And tonight ... Oscar Burns as his LAST night as WrestleUTA World Champion will be granted a title shot against the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray!

Angus:

And afterward we can burn WrestleCrap World Belt, like Scotty did with Mikey's useless piece of tin.

DDK:

We've got that and SO much more!

Angus:

Damn right! THIS. IS. DEFIANCE! It doesn't get any better than this, Keeps!

DEMAND TO FLEX

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Angus:

Oh GAWD.

DDK:

Angus, the UTA is dead, what is Jack Harmen still even doing here in DEFIANCE?

Angus:

Didn't they have DEFIANCE contracts?

DDK:

Yeah, but I heard our legal team vetted them and realized that all their pay was going through a subsidiary company owned by Mikey -

Angus:

McFuckass.

DDK:

Yeah, so, he was skimming off the top. So a few UTA stars were more than willing to renegotiate under strict probationary conditions. It seems Scott Stevens is the only one not to sign, and so he's telling everyone tonight's his last show.

Angus:

Good. We got rid of McFuckass though, so, all that matters at the moment. The rest of these guys better show some new found loyalty Keeps.

Jack Harmen storms out of the entrance rampway, parting the smog that had formed at the top of the ramp. He's wearing an un-trademark fedora, as the fans in DEFIANCE literally laugh at him in response. It looks very odd on the Lunatic. Harmen shakes his head, grabs the fedora, and tosses it into the crowd to reveal his shiny bald head.

Angus:

HAHAHAHA! Mr. Clean is in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Angus... that's actually pretty good.

Angus:

He's like if Bruce Willis and Larry David had an ugly baby. And a keyed up rental car.

A few DEF people try to start a BAAAAA-LLLD chant as Harmen storms toward the ring. He ignores everyone on either side of the ramp, before circling around the ring to grab the time keeper's microphone by shoving him over in his chair. Harmen then climbs the steps and slips into the ring.

Jack Harmen raises a microphone, as the fans groundswell of a unique chant drowns him out before he can let out a single word.

"Where's your hai-air! *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap."

Harmen winces, his nose sneering in an upturn. He doesn't wait for them to quiet down, and instead speaks loudly with his big stick.

Jack Harmen:

My name is Jack Harmen, and the UTA is dead.

This quiets the fans down.

Jack Harmen:

And I don't care. I did what I did to get my son a contract to Brazen, and if I had my way, whatever, doesn't matter. I don't care what you think. I did what I did TO my family, FOR my family. And now? Now, I need a match with Elise Ares, right here, right now.

Jack Harmen climbs the nearest ropes toward the entrance way and leans over the top rope.

Jack Harmen:

Because the only way I lose to that vapid princess fucktoy is if I'm losing a step, and I need to know if my career is ending. Elise, get your cute stretched ass out here, THIS SECOND.

Harmen hops off the middle rope, and begins to roll his shoulders, hopping in place to fuel the adrenaline.

After a few moments, Harmen turns back to the ramp and screams into the microphone.

Jack Harmen:

You want my career Elise?! COME AND TAKE IT!

Harmen throws the microphone down, causing a loud pop over the DEFIANCE PA system as it tumbles out of the ring. Harmen then starts pacing in the far corner of the ring.

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

The crowd all rise to their feet as the sirens blast over the arena. Jack Harmen's eyes narrow when three... no, four silhouettes emerge on the stage. Elise Ares leads the way with her trademark LED sunglasses flashing "BALD. ISN'T. BEAUTIFUL." Her purple and black ring gear is accessorized with a long black high fashion trench. She's flanked on each side by The D, Klein, and... Flex Kruger?

Angus:

Wait, wait... is that Flex Kruger?!

DDK:

It appears as if the Pop Culture Phenoms may have added a fourth member?

Angus:

Oh... God. It can't be. I refuse to believe this. This just makes me want to go key Jack Harmen's car again.

Klein touches Flex Kruger's arm in amazement. Kruger slowly looks at Klein with contempt. Klein stops, and then flexes himself, trying to match Kruger muscle for muscle, but he just feels inadequate and decides to take a step into the background. The D takes a step forward and Klein just pulls him backward as Elise pulls a piece of paper out from the inside of her jacket with a smirk on her face. She never takes off her sunglasses, just continues to pose with a shit-eating grin. Enjoying the spotlight as Flex Krueger takes it from her and unfolds it as the music stops.

Flex Kruger:

I am reading this message to you on behalf of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Flex pauses, presumably reading an action to showcase the PCP, because he immediately turns to the side to motions towards them already doing a combination pose in the background. This is a real benefit to those with flash photography as Flex nods in pose appreciation.

Flex Kruger:

There was a point in time when you, Jack Harmen, thought so little of us that you couldn't even give us an ounce of

your attention. It's amazing how much getting embarrassed on television can turn the tide. It is with this in mind that we officially inform you that you are being ignored.

Harmen blinks.

Jack Harmen:

So, you came out here to tell me you're ignoring me?

Flex looks back at Elise questionably, Elise then looks back at The D questionably, who quickly turns to Klein who shrugs. Elise smiles and shoots a thumbs up.

Flex Kruger:

Yes?

Harmen rubs the bridge of his nose and lowers his head. You can hear an almost inaudible groan.

Jack Harmen:

This is why I kicked you in the face so many times... you guys would be so much more than you are if you weren't wearing the idiot box.

Klein looks side to side, pointing to his chest as if to ask "Is he talking about me?" The D looks offended on the behalf of Klein and runs over to Flex Kruger and motions for him to lean down. D whispers something into his ear and Kruger shrugs and responds.

Flex Kruger:

You're an idiot box.

Jack Harmen:

I'm not even talking to you Bo-Flex. Why are you even here? Whatever. I don't care. Elise, stop playing games with me. Just come down here, let me fight you, beat you, and return the universe to normal. I need this.

Elise Ares pulls several different numbered pieces of paper before seemingly checking them against a list. She matches them up and then hands Flex a second folded sheet of paper as he throws the other to the ground.

Flex Kruger:

All of this started, Jack, because you never gave us a chance. All we wanted was for you to see as equals and respect all the things we've worked hard to accomplish. We wanted you to be proud of us. So now we want to give you another chance, and this time hashtag Give Flex A Chance. If you beat Flex Kruger, clean, in the middle of the ring, we'll give you a rematch against Elise Ares at the upcoming Ascension Pay-Per-View. So what do you say, baldo?

As the word "baldo" leaves Flex's lips, The D leans in to the camera with an odd stance, wide eyed and slack jawed going "AWWWWWH!" like a worldstar video. He turns around and holds up his hand for a high five which he gets from Elise. He tries to high five Klein, but Klein just stares at him, and then rushes in for a big hug, where The D is taken off his feet.

Harmen's nostrils flare as he stares up the ramp.

Jack Harmen:

I'mma take your stupid blonde locks and wear it as a wig when I'm done with you Freddy.

Kruger drops the mic and flexes out to the appreciation of the crowd. Elise Ares runs up and slaps him on the behind. He looks over his shoulder and she flashes him a wink, which he answers with a smile and a nod. He begins to head down to the ring before Klein runs up open palmed to do it again, but misses the butt. He snaps his finger in frustration as he joins PCP at the staging area and they head to the back.

♪ "Flex" by SIP ♪

Flex storms to the ring as Harmen sits on the middle rope to let him in easier. He then gets off, and raises his hands telling Kruger to bring it.

DDK:

We've got our first commercial break, but when we're back, we'll join in with Jack Harmen versus Flex Kruger, in progress!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

JACK HARMEN vs. FLEX KRUEGER

Jack Harmen comes off the far ropes and gets lifted into a gorilla press above his head. Flex does a few reps while smiling to the cameras.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv 101, and Flex Kruger has been showing off his strength through the entire commercial break.

It's here where Harmen rakes the eyes, causing Kruger to drop Harmen and clutch them in pain. Official Hector Navarro reprimands Jack as he shoots himself off the far ropes. He goes for a shoulder block to the blind Kruger, but Flex takes it, stumbling only half a step. Harmen shoots back off the ropes and tries for another shoulderblock, but Kruger leans into it and flattens Jack to cheers.

Angus:

Not smart to fight strength with your weakness Keeps. Whattya think? Maybe screwloose crazy guy has finally lost his marbles and his wits while we're at it?

DDK:

It's hard to compete for such a long time at the level Jack Harmen has and not lose a step, but that's not to take anything away from Flex Kruger tonight.

Flex proceeds to, well, flex to the cameras. He reaches down to grab Jack by his hair, but comes up empty, and then leans down and wraps Harmen in a gutwrench. He deadlifts him overhead with a wild toss of a suplex, as Harmen bounces and rolls into the corner turnbuckle. Jack pulls himself to his feet, and turns into a big splash from Flex. Harmen leans forward, head on Flex's chest, as Flex just wraps him in a bear hug and takes him over with a belly to belly suplex.

DDK:

And Flex is really putting on quite a show. I haven't seen someone tossing Jack Harmen around like a rag doll quite like this Angus.

Angus:

I know! IT'S REALLY FUN!

Flex grabs Harmen and tosses him off the far ropes. BIG back body drop by Kruger, as Harmen scrambles underneath the bottom ropes to the ring apron. As Flex goes to attack, Harmen hooks his head and stun guns it across the top rope. Flex backs off, clutching his throat, as Harmen sizes him up.

DDK:

Springboard Lou The-NO! SPINEBUSTER FROM FLEX! What strength and sense of situational awareness!

One.

Two.

Harmen gets a shoulder up.

DDK:

Flex almost playing spoiler for Harmen's shot at a rematch against Elise here.

Angus:

DO IT!

Kruger shoots Harmen off the far side ropes and when he returns, Kruger again gorilla presses Harmen above his head. He walks around the ring, getting a few reps in to cheers. On an upward push by Flex, Harmen uses his hands

to send himself further in the air, spinning his body and then wrapping his legs around Flex's head for a headscissor counter that takes the big man off his feet. Harmen is on all fours, waiting for Flex to get to his, and CHARGES.

DDK:

Locomo-NO! Kruger barely able to move! German suplex, but Harmen on his feet! THERE IT IS! LOCOMOTIVE!

Harmen charges and knocks Kruger out flat on the canvas in the vertruvisian man position. Harmen looks at Flex, licks his lips, then at Hector.

DDK:

What is he doing? The sudden impact of the Locomotive is enough to fall the freshest foe.

Angus:

Look at you Mr. Illiterate.

DDK:

Alliterate Angus. Alliterate.

Harmen sneers at the scene before him, before going to the ropes nearest the entrance ramp and just falling through the middle and tops, hooking the ropes so he doesn't slip, and landing outside the ring. He sneers toward a few jeering fans and begins walking up the rampway.

DDK:

What... I... I don't... What?

Angus:

Jack Harmen is leaving Keebs! He's too scared to face Elise!

DDK:

Kruger is up in the ring, confused as one would expect. Hector's at a four count, I don't know if Harmen would have actually gotten Flex if he went for the pin, even straight away.

Angus:

The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection Keebs, he may have survived it, you're right.

Harmen waves both his hands toward the ring as Hector gets to 8. Harmen continues marching up the ramp, this time making sure that the nearest cameraman is on him as he shouts.

Jack Harmen:

I DON'T EARN SHOTS AT ELISE! SHE'LL GIVE IT TO ME.

Harmen shoves the cameraman out of his way as he heads backstage, and Hector reaches 10.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match, via Count Out! FLEX, KRUUUGER!

Flex's confused hand is raised in the ring by Hector Navarro, as he just looks up the ramp.

DDK:

Harmen had the opportunity to maybe put away Flex, and he didn't take it.

Angus:

Seems he's got different plans on how to get Elise to face him again Keebs, and that's scary.

DDK:

Jack Harmen is certainly not playing Elise's games with her, but maybe he's starting to play his own? We'll be back after these messages from our sponsors.

Flex poses once more for the cameras as we fade out.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

ANGEL TRINIDAD vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

TOO THE MAXX

We come back from the commercial break, and we are treated to the return of one Mr. Jamie Sawyers. Sawyers as you may remember was the spokesman for David Hightower some months ago. Now he's alone, in his beige suit and red tie. Standing on the DEFIANCE interview stage all alone. He holds a live microphone in his hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and Gentlemen, in wake of recent events, I have exercised my right to terminate my contract with former client, David Hightower.

The crowd cheers a bit. Jamie smirks.

Jamie Sawyers:

In light of this, I was approached by all the top talent in the business, everyone was looking for "Jamie Sawyers Services". After filtering through all the top names in the business I couldn't find that ONE person to manage... The ONE person I could help elevate to never before seen heights... I couldn't find that ONE man....

The crowd cheers again, assumingly that Jamie Sawyers couldn't find anyone.

Jamie Sawyers:

Neigh, I found TWO!

♪ "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ♪

The theme hits as smoke begins to rise from the entrance way as what seems like 10,000 lasers come from under the stage. Red, green, and white cover the arena as a new logo graces the DEFIATron. "TTM" shows up on the screen, the letters slowly pull away from one another and the words "TO THE MAXX" slowly come to light in their place. It's a very slow video transition. Finally a pair of men come through the curtain.

Angus:

Uh Keebs.... Did we go into some sort of time machine I wasn't aware of?

DDK:

I don't think so Angus, but folks I wouldn't suggest adjusting your dial!

The guys who come through the curtain seem to come from the same time machine. One is in plain burghandy wrestling trunks, the underwear version. The man is a little overweight, his gut spilling over the top of the tights. We see his robe is red and purple and sparkles in the light, untied in the front. His long flowing blonde hair reaches his mid back, he strokes it a few times.

The second gentlemen looks through big blocky sunglasses. His short jet black hair and black leather jacket give off a "too cool for you" vibe. His long pant wrestling tights are red with black trim. His firm six pack abs show off when the Jacket moves the right direction. The pair come to the edge of the ramp, and stand, judging the crowd.

Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

The pair slowly make their way to the interview stage to join Jamie Sawyers. (The bigger of the two takes much longer than the other)

They stand behind their new guy, the bigger man grasps him around the shoulders and smiles. Jamie shakes both their hands before turning back to the crowd as the theme song fades away.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hahahahah! Ladies and gentlemen today marks a new era, a whole new age, THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING! The world as we know it is changing! So allow me to introduce to you, both a blast from the past, as well as the future...

“EXCLUSIVE” Eric Wilson...

Jamie points to the smaller of the two, before moving to the man in the robe.

Jamie Sawyers:

AND “LOVELY” Lance Mingle... Together these two will form the newest tag team here in DEFIANCE.... Now I know what you're thinking folks...

They boo him again for good measure.

Jamie Sawyers:

'But Jamie, DEFIANCE already has a lot of good tag teams!' and to that I say....NEIGH! DEFIANCE HAD a lot of great tag teams! They've lost The Bruvs, They've lost the Masked Violators, They've lost Rain City Ronin.... It's down to a bunch of muscleheads, sports entertainer wannabe's andwell Video Game characters...

The crowd cheer for their favorite PCP and Fuse Bros.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well next week right here on DEFtv, MY new tag team will debut, and show you all what old school wrestling is all about baby! I'm warning you now folks, it's going to get go....

He's cut off by “Exclusive” Eric Wilson...

Eric Wilson:

RADICAL!

♪ "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ♪

DDK:

Well there you have it folks, this new tag team is set to debut next week!

Angus:

Have I seen this before? I just feel like....this has happened once...

DDK:

Not sure what you mean partner, but let's continue tonight's hot action after a word from our sponsors!

The scene fades to a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION



From the ashes of war ... DEFIANCE will RISE! July 3rd, 2018!

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. SCOTT STEVENS

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

DDK:

Next up, Scott Douglas defends the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

He beat McFuckass! He beat McFuckass Lite! What can't this dirty karaoke signer do, Keebs!?

DDK:

... get you to lay off.

Angus:

Ahhh, no ... no ... no, you've got it all wrong, Keebs. It's all in good fun! Scotty and me are tighter than bark on a tree!

DDK: *[sighs]*

... as mentioned earlier tonight, this is Scott Stevens' last contractual appearance here in DEFIANCE and as of this moment the negotiations between Stevens and the office are at a stalemate. Word is the recently returned, Kelly Evan's was strongly against Scott Douglas defending the SoHer against Stevens here tonight but ...

Angus:

... but Scotty is fighting champion! This McFuckass ... what comes after Lite? ... ULTRA!! Doesn't stand a chance!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall, and is for the Southern HERRRRITAAAGE CHAMPIONSHHHHHIIPP!

♪ "Hellraiser" by Motorhead ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, from Houston, Texas, weighing in at two hundred and fifty six pounnnnds ... Scottttttt STEEEEEVVVEEEEEENNNSSSSS!!!!

When you look up hatred in the dictionary there is only one man's picture next to it and it's "Everyone's Favorite Texan." The DEFIANCE Faithful hold nothing back in letting Stevens know how much they hate him. They chant his favorite chant but hatred is something he thrives on as there is no #FUCKDEFIANCE security, not today. Perhaps showing just how cocky Scott Stevens is, he comes out by himself focused and doesn't let the chants get under his skin as he saunters to the ring expressionless and machine-esque.

Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" - Green River ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... The DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas takes the stage trailed by "The Idol" Terry Anderson.

DDK:

This Wrestle-Plex audience is on their feet for Seattle's Favorite Son!

Douglas looks out onto the crowd for a second from atop the stage. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, same cut off jeans, same scuffed boots and the SoHer draped over his shoulder. Scott glances toward Angus for a moment, just as Angus gives him a big thumbs up. Douglas gives him a respectable nod before heading to the ring; slapping some hands on the way down as Terry Anderson follows with a aged limp.

DDK: *[to Angus]*

... yeah, you two are *REAL* tight!

Angus:

Can it, Keebs!

Douglas reaches the ring and as he hands the title over to Benny Doyle; Scott Stevens attacks. The SoHer is caught off guard and sent reeling backward into the ropes. Benny Doyle, drops the title in the corner nearest the time keeper and frantically calls for the bell. Stevens follows through with brutally stiff European uppercuts or as he likes to call them, Debbie Does Dallas.

DING DING

Stevens has enough of an advantage to send Douglas for the ride. Sub Pop returns off the far ropes and across the ring, ducking a lariat. Douglas stops short, turns on a dime and leaps, grabbing Stevens on the way down for a running bulldog. Douglas springs to his feet and follows up with a short elbow drop to Stevens. Douglas bounces up from the recoil and impact flips Stevens on his back. The champ attempts a cover but the kick out is nearly instant.

Stevens, attempting to retake his vertical, is assisted by Douglas gripping his head. Douglas looks ready to continue his offensive but before he can Stevens throws a hand up.

DDK:

Scott Stevens gouging the eyes!

Angus:

DAMNIT, Doyle! Do I need to come do your job AGAIN!?

Douglas stumbles back, holding his hand to his irritated eye. Doyle attempts to reprimand Stevens but he all but shoves him off and goes after Douglas. The pair meet once again against the ropes - Stevens leans in grabbing the ropes and shoots the SoHer across the ring. Stevens follows closely behind and this time on the return Scott Douglas eats a Texas sized lariat. He lands on his shoulders and nearly cuts a flip. Stevens finds his balance and rushes in catching the SoHer's heels as the crane back down from over his head.

Stevens ties up the SoHer quickly and makes the turn before Douglas even knows what is happening and locks in the Texas Cloverleaf. Unfortunately for Stevens, Douglas' proximity to the ropes gives him the advantage to have the hold broken quickly. Or, at least in theory.

Angus:

Doyle if you don't GORRAM --

Benny Doyle calls for the break but Stevens ignores him as the Faithful let their discontent with the proceedings be known. Doyle, with a look of frustration, begins the five count. Scott Stevens, of course, just bares down even more and refuses to let go right up to the cusp of FIVE. He lets loose of Douglas' legs and lets them crash to the mat as he saunters across the ring, holding his hands up high - egging on the chorus of boo's emanating from the paying audience.

Douglas struggles to his feet but requires the leverage, to rise, and the assistance of the ropes, to remain there. Doyle admonishes Stevens on the other side of the ring as the former Tag Team Champion realizes Douglas is up. Douglas slides against the ropes back into a corner, still trying to get his legs under him. Stevens approaches and lays in a boot to Douglas bent knee before, with his back to Doyle, raking the eyes once again. Terry Anderson, at ring side, cries

foul but Doyle doesn't seem to register it. So the aging and ailing, Anderson, makes his way to and up the ring steps and Doyle takes notice.

Angus:

What is this old drunk doing up there!?

DDK:

OHHH! Scott Stevens, in full control here ... just dragging Douglas' eyes across that top rope!

Anderson, on the apron, meets face to face with Benny Doyle to protest the exact thing he is facilitating at the moment. On the other side of the ring, Stevens continues to lay in cheap shots to the nearly blinded SoHer. Douglas, throws a blind punch or two but nothing is anywhere near landing as Scott Stevens makes a big show out of easily swinging back and forth; effectively dodging the strike attempts.

The Faithful are not entertained and a select few even begin to throw trash into the ring. A nearly full beer sails through the air and whizzes by Stevens head and he turns and grasps Douglas by the back of the head; the champs chin over the challenger shoulder.

DDK:

This could be ...

Angus:

NO!! NO!!!

Douglas' eyes are red and nearly swollen shut as Stevens begins to step forward with clear intentions to execute the Toxic Sting. Douglas, somehow, has the frame of mind to plant both hands on Stevens back and push him off at just the right moment. Steven's momentum causes him to follow through and he lands, flat back and confused. The Faithful pop at Steven's misfortune and the entire house is on their feet.

DDK:

SUP POP SCOTT is STILL in THIS!!

Doyle turns around at the sound of the bump and Anderson realizes he wasn't making any head way and returns to ringside. As Stevens recovers on the mat, right hand on his lower back -- Douglas finds himself still propped up against the ropes. Benny Doyle checks on the clearly ailing champ to make sure he can continue.

Angus:

The hell is this now ...

Angus is referring to the a clear shift in audience attention. The production department does what they can to figure it out but it's not clear.

DDK:

I'm honestly not sure ... but in the ring Scott Stevens is back up and ...

Stevens rushes toward Douglas, who is still propped against the ropes.

DDK:

OH MY! HUGE LARIAT!

The force send Douglas flipping, backward, over the top rope and crashing down to the outside. Anderson rushes to his aide and given he isn't all that fast -- the movement still remains to be the quickest "Idol" has ever been caught on camera in DEFIANCE. Douglas took a nasty spill but seemed to get his feet under him before crashing down. Anderson reaches him and after checking on him attempts to help him to his feet.

In the ring, Scott Stevens, again holds both arms upright and expects to bask in the WrestlePlex crowd's distaste ... but instead their attention, although briefly stolen back by Douglas' hard way ring exit, seems to have shifted back to the commotion in the crowd. Stevens takes notice and starts manically looking around for who and/or what is stealing his thunder.

DDK:

Douglas looks bad ... and official Benny Doyle begins the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THR --

LIGHTS OUT!

DDK:

What the ...?

The lights return to reveal Codename: Reaper standing directly behind Scott Stevens, who currently is none the wiser. The Wrestle-Plex explodes with confusion, elation and just noise in general.

DDK:

REAPER! REAPER! Codename REAPER is in the ring with Scott Stevens!

Angus:

Not this shit again!

Reaper cocks his head and Stevens can sense something is off. Stevens acts quick and goes for a swing but it clocked before he can even connect. Stevens gets a few boot stomps as he escapes from the ring, Benny Doyle immediately calls for the bell.

DDK:

I can't believe my eyes!

Angus:

Speaking of eyes... Reaper's eyes aren't lit. Just blackness.

Stevens keeps his eyes on the ring as he makes his way back up the ramp.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And you winner ... as a result of DIS .. qualification!! Scott! STEEEVVEEEEEENSSSS!!!

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

DDK:

Well, Stevens will take the win here on his last night in DEFIANCE but I'd wager to say ... this isn't how he would have liked it to happen!

Angus:

And without the title!

Reaper turns his head back toward Scott Douglas; who is just coming to. Douglas grabs onto the middle rope and glances up and is shocked by what he sees. A switch seems to get flipped and Douglas jolts back into the ring. The SoHer takes one step toward Reaper and catches a Dropkick to the chest, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles.

The crowd is vicious and rains down boos as the remaining Scott is getting assaulted in the corner. A fury of fists and kicks is finished by a choke from Reaper's boot. Douglas is fighting for breath as Reaper send his boot deeper and deeper into his throat.

DDK:

Reaper just mauling Scott Douglas! I feel like everytime we see Reapers I say this but .. can we get some security out here!?

Angus:

Haven't these masked rejects tormented Scotty, enough!?

Codename: Reaper takes the boot from Douglas' neck and walks to the center of the ring. Douglas is gasping, trying to get some air into his lungs. Douglas crawls toward Reaper showing that fighting spirit.

DDK:

Douglas needs to get out of there!

Reaper looks down at the injured Douglas, focusing all attention on him. Reaper moves back, bounces off the ropes and comes at Douglas landing a Football Punt style kick square in "Sub Pop's" face.

A fan throws a soda cup into the ring and some of the contents splash on the men in the ring. Douglas is out cold and cameras get a shot of blood coming out of either Douglas' nose or lip, either way there's starting to be more and more.

DDK:

This is disgusting!

Angus:

And it's about to get worse ... Codename: CREAPER is taking off the mask!

Reaper stands dead center of the ring and uses both hands to go and remove the mask.

DDK:

WHAT?!

Angus:

It's that fucking asshole Jay Harvey!

DDK:

It's Jay Harvey! Jay Harvey is back in a DEFIANCE ring! I heard he moved on to another promotion!

Angus:

Well, fuck me ... he's here now!

The Wrestle-Plex explodes in a massive boo that can be heard in New York. Jay Harvey is all smiles as he tosses the Reaper mask down on the lifeless body of Scott Douglas. The fans along ringside yell obscenities at Harvey and for good reason. Harvey yells at Darren Quimbey for a microphone.

Angus:

Why do people keep giving this shithead a mic?

Harvey is laughing as he stands directly over the beaten, bruised, and bloody body of Scott Douglas. He puts the microphone to his lips as the fans continue to show their hatred for him.

THE Jay Harvey:

Oh my lovely bunch of glue drinkers! Did you miss me? Haha!

BOO!

THE Jay Harvey:

Poor Scott Douglas... the guy on all the posters, all the TV promos for DEFIANCE. A few stitches and you'll be as good as new.

Harvey looks down at Douglas he continues to scold him.

THE Jay Harvey:

You and me have some unfinished business. I will make your life a living hell until you give me what I want. I said it months ago... Like it or not, I'm not going anywhere and I'm going to get what I want...

Harvey, dressed as a Reaper from the neck down, drops the microphone on the fallen body of Scott Douglas and raises his right arm into the air. The Faithful continue to boo, Harvey, his actions and the Reaper trickery he used to make it all happen.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is making his claim for the Southern Heritage title!

Angus:

And for Scotty's head ... apparently! Not one of these mormon bastards should be allowed within a mile of DEFIANCE! For fuck sake, Keeps ... we WON!

DDK:

As well as that may be ... I'm sure this isn't the last we, or Scott Douglas ... have seen from Jay Harvey!

Camera zooms in on a tight shot of Harvey, looking around the sold out arena - booing and all but spitting on him. The look on his face makes it clear he loves every second of it.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

The words appear one at a time as the DEF Fist fades into view behind them. The red and white paint begin to splatter the image and the bumper music comes to end. Coming Soon, appears last just before a burst of static end the commercial spot.

BREATH OF THE WILD

The scene jumps to The Fuse Bros. sitting quietly outside the DEF Arena, Tag Team Achievements in hand. Conor is hunched over on the second step, the trophy around his shoulder while Tyler rests on the cement ground a good 5-yards away, his trophy laying in front of him.

Conor looks up at Tyler. He goes to say something, but stops.

Tyler's head remains on the title.

Conor opens his mouth again, makes a small sound... but ultimately says nothing.

Tyler continues to stare at the gold. His eyes don't blink. It's like he's in a trance.

Conor juggles the Achievement on his shoulder. He begins to shine it for the 100th time today. Trust me, it's sparkling. It's like this is Conor's first Achievement...

We go back to Tyler Fuse. The older brother's blank look is different than his normal stoic personality. His eyes remained locked on the trophy and you wonder if anything is even going through his mind.

Conor raises his eyes to his brother once again. His body goes to speak but...

"..."

Finally, Tyler snaps.

Tyler Fuse:

What is it?

Tyler says, still not blinking or looking up from his trance.

A "how did you know I was going to say something" look crosses Conor's face. Player Two is baffled. How Tyler had the wherewithal to know Conor was trying to speak was beyond him, even though the reality is Player One didn't know. He just took a guess.

Conor Fuse:

Well, I, I...

Conor's voice trails off.

Tyler Fuse:

Well you, you, what?

Tyler snaps again.

Conor Fuse:

What are we going to do?

Conor's face grows concerned.

Conor Fuse:

I thought this game was over...

Tyler Fuse:

It was over. But now it's not.

So matter-of-factly spaking, Conor's expression turns into a "duh, you idiot" look after hearing his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Listen, this was a surprise, but it's not exactly a bad thing. So we aren't the last DEFIANTS, big deal.

Conor Fuse:

That's, that's not what I meant.

Tyler Fuse:

I know. But this means DEFIANCE, the game... it's wide open now.

Conor thinks long and hard. Perhaps a little too hard. Finally, a head nod and then a smile cross his face as his mind begins to see the possibilities.

Conor Fuse:

Yes, yes dear brother. This reset could mean anything.

Tyler nods, just once.

Tyler Fuse:

We could *do* anything. We could even *go* anywhere.

Tyler's still staring at his Achievement.

Conor Fuse:

All challengers. All power-ups. All levels are open!!

Conor's eyes widen in amazement.

Conor Fuse:

We could even find... dare I say it... *The Princess*.

That comment caught Tyler's real attention. He looks up, glaring a hole through Conor's forehead.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, maybe not that far. But this is wide open, I like that...

Conor looks at his Achievement once again and shines it up.

Conor Fuse:

We like that.

Fade to ringside.

BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE vs. TOYBOX

Darren Quimbey:

Currently in the ring at a total combined weight of three hundred and ninety pounds! Solomon Grendel, Petey Garrett....the BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE!!

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

Jestal skips out soon followed by Dandelion, she hugs Jestal from behind with her eyes closed and smile on her face. The two make their way toward the ring to a mild reaction from the Faithful.

DDK:

These two have made a name for themselves across the world, and have finally arrived here in DEFIANCE. Let's see how they handle the competition here.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...from The Funhouse.....Jestal, and Dandelion...THE TOYBOX!!!

DING DING

Garrett looks on at the little imp known as Jestal. The clown slaps his belly a few times almost playing a tune off his stomach. Petey clearly not amused moves in and the jester humors him and locks up, and Petey quickly hip tosses the clown over his shoulder. Jestal quickly gets to his feet unamused as he brushes off ring gear. He turns around and charges Petey who holds Jestal's head keep him arms length as the clown swings wildly at Garrett who chuckles at the lack of reach by the five footer.

DDK:

Petey and Solomon, look to be having a good time in there at the expense of Jestal.

Angus:

Why should they take this imp serious? I mean come on look at the size of him.

Petey lets him go and Jestal stumbles past Petey and hits the ropes as Garrett snickers a bit as he turns around Petey nails a low kick smashing his foot against the clown and immediately watches the jester flip backwards as he hits the mat and somersaults into his corner. Jestal pulls himself up and holds his chin. Jestal tags Dandelion in, which immediately gets a reaction from both members of B.A.F. As they both laugh at the little girl clearly in their eyes.

DDK:

Dandelion I have heard quite a bit about, she has won her share of titles in her career. Don't underestimate her because of her fraile look.

Angus:

Are you blind, these two clearly have no business in a wrestling ring. It doesn't matter what they have done over their history...this is DEFIANCE!

Petey tags in Solomon, who can't help but chuckle at the clear size advantage he has over her. The strange girl with her head tilted to her right shoulder stares emotionless at the team. Grendel moves in as he gets in range the petite girl backflips striking Grendel under the chin with her foot as she flips up onto the top turnbuckle in her corner. Jestal laughs hysterically on the apron. Solomon however is now pissed off. He charges toward her. Dandelion has managed to maneuver herself into a handstand on the top rope. As Grendel moves in she falls forward. Solomon is caught off guard as she quickly uses her momentum and pulls Solomon head first right into the turnbuckle. He staggers out of the corner and she leg sweeps him off his feet!

DDK:

What a series of moves there, taking the big two hundred pounder off guard!

Angus:

Ok, that was rather impressive I'll admit.

Petey charges in the ring and she jumps up as Jestal charges from under her and spears Petey to the mat. The ref quickly directs his attention to the illegal wrestlers quickly trying to get them to their respective corners. Solomon has gotten to his feet still a bit stunned he looks around trying to find Dandelion, who is tightrope walking a side of the ropes. Just as he gets clear sight of her She leaps off and nails Star Bright! A ghetto blaster from the top ropes!

DDK:

The faithful along with myself are impressed at this girl, she has taken Solomon completely off his game here.

Angus:

I have to say I am right there with you Keebs.

Solomon falls to the mat quickly as Dandelion notices Petey has gotten in. She backflips into a handstand, and Jestal leaps off the top turnbuckle landing on her feet for a second before she falls toward her backside propelling the jester into a flying cross body onto Petey! Jestal quickly exits the ring before the referee can admonish him. Petey quickly gets to his feet only to catch five star standing dropkick sending him tumbling out of the ring! Grendel has recovered and finally gets his hands on the frame of Dandelion and delivers a back suplex sending the doll to the mat hard. She quickly holds the back of her head. Solomon gets to his feet looking for a tag as Petey is still trying to recover from the dropkick by Dandelion. Jestal gets in the ring behind Solomon's back and pulls Dandelion close to the his corner.

DDK:

Grendel has taken his eyes off these two, and judging by their cohesion not a good idea. Jestal just made him pay for that!

Angus:

Clearly they have a weakness, clear as day there. Their strength is lacking hell if a back suplex did that much to Dandelion these two are going to have a rough time in DEFIANCE.

Jestal can now legally tag his sister. Solomon turns around and realizes his mistake, but quickly realizes who is her tag team partner. He beckons the clown to make a move toward the six footer. Jestal still all smiles as Dandelion slowly pulls herself up with help from the ropes on the apron. Jestal waves his arms up and down twitching his fingers as Solomon circles the clown.

DDK:

Looks like Jestal a man they call The Mad Prince, is ready to get serious here. He clearly does not match up to the size of Solomon Grendel lets see how this turns out for him.

Angus:

Talk about a mismatch here.

Solomon is the first to attack, only to be drop toehold and without hesitation Jestal jumps into a senton across the back of Grendel. Solomon gets up holding his back for a moment he looks around until he finds Jestal seating on the top turnbuckle he quickly moves in. The jester leaps off and Grendel catches him with a boasting remark. He shows his power and throws Jestal onto his shoulders. However he can't seem to get a good hold on the pudgy bastard. Jestal continues to position himself, until the Faithful realizes what he is doing.

DDK:

That looks like a modified standing Scissored Armbar. Unbelievable!

Angus:

So this little guy has a bit of a bite.

Solomon struggles as the laughing jester pulls back on his arms. He falls back and lands on Jestal. The clown holds

on and turns him over to a pin! Grendel kicks out at two. As he gets up Dandelion leaps off the ropes into a blockbuster, Jestal has moved his body raising his knees, Grendel's back lands on Jestal's knees. Without a moment's notice, again Dandelion hops to her feet knocking Petey who has tried to get in the ring back out again.

DDK:

They call that the Broken Arrow, so I am told and Solomon had no idea it was coming!

Angus:

Jestal has the pinfall and there is the three count. Impressive showing for the debut of The Toybox. I think I am going to enjoy these two.

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

Quimbly:

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

Angus:

Petey is in shock, as is a lot of the faithful here tonight these two are going to make a impact on DEFIANCE's tag division i'll bet!

The referee raises the hands of The Toybox, as B.A.F argue back and forth outside in disbelief of just what happened.

GOOD LUCK... CHAMP...

As we shift backstage in the arena we see UTA World Champion, Oscar Burns, doing some pre-match stretches and getting himself psyched up for his big, upcoming unification match with Cayle Murray. Oscar his in the zone as he is oblivious to the things around him and nothing can break his concentration until...

Voice:

Good thing you're stretching good cause you don't want excuses like a pulled muscle when you get beat later tonight.

The voice from off screen stops Oscar in his tracks and he slowly turns around with both fists clenched preparing for a fight.

Oscar Burns:

Ugh... Scott. The bloody hell do you want? Gonna be a dag and make some more F-DEFIANCE jokes?

Burns asks as "Everyone's Favorite Texan" steps into view for the last time as sweat is pouring down his face wearing sweats his signature #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirt with luggage in one hand and an empty cup in the other.

Scott Stevens:

I was looking for the trash to throw this empty cup in on my way out of this shit hole but I found you so here you go.

Stevens says with a chuckle as he tosses the empty cup at the UTA champion. Burns quickly swats it away and bucks up to the Texan with rage in his eyes, almost like he's looking for a fight.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, you're taking the piss, mate. Tonight's a big night for me. The BIGGEST night that I've ever had here and I'm not gonna let you or anybody else start with me now. Get out of here, Stevens or I'll put you out.

Oscar threatens Stevens, who chuckles in return.

Scott Stevens:

Burns, I already proved to the world you're not in my league.

Stevens says as he taps Burns on the cheek a few times as the champion pushes the Texan back.

Oscar Burns:

This championship around my waist says otherwise!

Burns growls as he points to the UTA championship firmly wrapped around his waist as Stevens lets out a sigh.

Oscar Burns:

And besides, where's your title, mate? Oh, wait, you LOST yours to the Fuse Bros.

Stevens smirks and doesn't allow the comment to get under his skin.

Scott Stevens:

You think your little comment hurts me Oscar Meyer Weiner? Shit happens when you are facing twenty other teams. You can barely survive one much less thirty. I'm a legend, but I can't make miracles happen you know. Besides that, you still don't get it... I don't work here anymore. What don't you understand about that?

Stevens asks as he holds up his luggage.

Scott Stevens:

I'm onto bigger and better things and those things don't involve someone who I mopped the floor with every time I stepped into the ring with them.

Stevens says as the rage in Burns starts to grow from a flicker to a burning inferno.

Oscar Burns:

For a bloke that don't work here anymore, you're awfully stropky, mate. You want to go? Then we can go next week! I'll prove you wrong just like I did Crimson Lord. Just like I did everyone else when I won YOUR company's top prize.

Burns shouts as he rips the championship from his waist and holds it up high and Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Do you have shit for brains? I said I was out and I mean it. You can keep carrying around that belt from a place that doesn't exist if you want because just like you it means nothing to me. And since you like outdated irrelevant relics you can have this....

Stevens unzips his luggage and produces the infamous Fuck DEFIANCE Cup.

Scott Stevens:

Now your delusions of grandeur are fulfilled as you are truly the undisputed UTA champion with that in your collection.

Stevens says as he zips up his bag and leaves Burns standing in his own silent rage. After taking a moment to regain his composure, Burns sighs and kicks the Fuck DEFIANCE Cup over.

Oscar Burns:

Rubbish... but no time for that wanker now. Gotta focus on bigger things... like I dunno, being the FIST of DEFIANCE. Also, stop talking to yourself, looney.

Burns goes back to wrapping up his wrist tape as the scene heads elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION



From the ashes of war ... DEFIANCE will RISE! July 3rd, 2018!

NOTHING TO PROVE

Cut from commercial to the DEFMed.

Scott Douglas is finishing his night where his afternoon began, in the company of Iris Davine. She has just finished stitching up the Southern Heritage Champion as Kerry Kuroyama enters the frame.

Iris fears for the worse.

Iris Davine:

Your arm!?

Kerry Kuroyama:

NO ... no, it's fine. I came to check on, Scott ... ?

Kerry starts to look around confused.

Kuroyama:

... where is Terry?

Iris, no longer concerned about Kerry, turns back to Douglas and double checks her stitch work as Douglas answers.

Scott Douglas:

Holy Ground.

Kerry looks as equally confused.

Douglas: *[clarifying]*

... the bar! He was fine - I'll be fine, no need to keep him from his favorite past time.

Davine:

Alright, give it four or five days ... try not to get popped in the mouth and we'll get these stitches out and you'll be good as new.

Douglas:

Only a little more ugly than before, eh?

Davine:

... it adds character.

Douglas: *[smirking]*

Thanks, Doc'.

Davine: *[playfully]*

Well ... It's my-job.

Iris turns away from Douglas and starts taking care of the disposables associated with mending Scott. Kerry continues the awkwardness the pair shared earlier in the day.

Kuroyama:

You good?

Douglas:

I'm fine.

Scott hops off the exam table and starts collecting his things.

Kuroyama:

I've got Harvey at 102 ...

Douglas: *[unfazed]*

... eh, give 'em hell!

Douglas snatches up his bag, the SoHer peeking out from the unclasped zipper.

Douglas:

I'm going to meet Terry ... you ... wanna join us?

Kuroyama:

Hold on ... Harvey shows up in a Reaper mask ... cost you the match ...

Scott, can see where this is going and he isn't interested. He starts to walk away but Kerry holds a hand out and toward Douglas' chest. Sub Pop is stopped by the hand and turns his head toward Kerry.

Kuroyama:

... BUST you open ... and when I tell you I've got him next week; *'give 'em hell'*? That's it!?

Scott takes a step back, Kerry's hand falls back to his side.

Douglas:

Look, I've fell for this trap too many times before. Guys like Harvey, they're ... they're YouTube commenters. Reapers, Derrick ... on multiple occasions over the past ten years, you've watched fall for the same okie doke, over ... and over again.

Kerry gets it, slowly but surely and nods in agreement.

Douglas:

Right here ... right now ... I've got nothing to prove to Jay Harvey. He wants this ...

Douglas hoists his bag up slightly.

Douglas:

And ... I want a drink. So, you wanna join us or ... ?

Kerry exhales with an amused expression at Douglas some zen, although very alcoholic, take on the matter at hand.

Kuroyama:

Sure.

Douglas nods at Kuroyama and with a smirk address Iris Davine once more.

Douglas:

Open invite, Miss Davine ...

Iris turns and cuts her eyes at Douglas as he exits, he glare meets Kerry, who is caught off guard and freezes for half a second before exiting stage left.

Cut to commentary preparing for the main event.

CAYLE MURRAY Â© vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

And now, we've reached the main event and coming up, the stakes could NOT be any bigger for either man. The WrestleUTA World Championship and the FIST of DEFIANCE are going to be merged and only one man is gonna walk away with both titles, Angus. Cayle Murray continues his LENGTHY run as FIST of DEFIANCE against another proud champion in "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. Who do you think is gonna take this one, partner?

Angus:

The last remains of that FUCK-FORSAKEN-FUCKHOLE UTA are gonna be absorbed into our title and I can't wait, Angus! I mean, the match will rule, sure, but a winner is me to be rid of that tin!

DDK:

Cayle has fought anybody and everybody to keep that title out of the UTA's clutches, but we can't forget ever since Burns won that title, he's defended it against some of the UTA's best including THE Jay Harvey and Crimson Lord himself.

Angus:

Yeah, tough one to call. Squidboy can hit you from so many different directions in a number of different ways. Burns is almost a straight grappler, so this one could come down to whatever goody-good is gonna make a mistake.

DDK:

It very well could, Angus. And now, we're going to the ring for tonight's MASSIVE main event!

The bell rings to signify the start to tonight's main event and the Faithful go CRAZY! Darren Quimbey now stands front and center in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is your main event of the evening! This match will be a title unification match for BOTH the FIST of DEFIANCE and the WrestleUTA World Championship!

The graphics for both titles appear on the screen as the first intro begins.

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out... but in far more colorful attire - for this occasion, he's gone bright yellow with both his tights and his boots! And of course, his new bright yellow DEFIANCE Fist logo with "WE LIKE THE GRAPS" on the back! And as he turns around, he raises the WrestleUTA World Championship overhead to a HUGE pop from the crowd!

Angus:

He's been wearing that title proudly since winning it and now, he's got the biggest chance of his career. All he's gotta do is do what nobody else has been able to do to Cayle Murray since DEFIANCE ROAD 2017 and beat him for the FIST.

DDK:

That'll be MUCH easier said than done.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd before he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Red In Tooth And Claw" by Rosetta ♪

The FIST's entrance theme erupts throughout the building, and the fans are in raptures as he appears against the perfect white backdrop. Decked out in championship attire, Cayle Murray walks down to the ring, full of confidence.

Nonetheless, he bumps fists on his way, then rolls under the bottom rope.

Both champions come face to face and the spotlight quickly dims as the championship-style intros begin for this history-making contest.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing in the corner to my right... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... He is the WrestleUTA World Champion... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Burns raises his championship.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, and weighing in at 220lbs, he is the REIGNING, DEFENDING, FIST. OF. DEFIANCE... **'STARBREAKER' CAYLE MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!**

The Starbreaker raises the FIST of DEFIANCE in the air before Benny Doyle collects both titles. The last time they'll be two separate belts. He raises them in the air before handing them off and calling for the bell...

DING DING DING

Oscar extends his hand for a handshake and Cayle looks happy to not be fighting an asshole like his most recent defenses, so he responds in kind and The Faithful cheer for both men.

"LET'S GO, CAYLE!

LET'S GO, BURNS!

LET'S GO, CAYLE!

LET'S GO, BURNS!"

As the chants get loud and proud, both Cayle and Burns have the same idea and both pensively approach one another with arms outstretched, waiting to exchange holds. The two men grapple closely with Burns using his height and weight advantage to quickly shoot Cayle to the mat. He goes for the leg and tries a VERY quick Heel Hook when Cayle reaches out for the ropes quickly!

Angus:

Like THAT, Burns wants the FIST!

DDK:

He's gonna have to try a little harder than that to catch Cayle unaware!

The New Zealander backs away and allows Cayle to get back up. The two men continue to exchange holds for the next two to three minutes of the match and while Cayle is able to keep up with Burns for a bit by countering out of a few holds, Burns finally manages to reverse a waistlock attempt by tripping him up, turning him over and locking in an Elevated Surfboard!

Cayle tries to fight his way out of the hold, but every limb of his has been restrained by Burns and now, Twists and Turns leans him backwards into a cover out of the Surfboard!

ONE!

TW- NO!

DDK:

The first fall a few minutes into this match, but Cayle kicks out!

Angus:

Cayle's decent on the mat, no doubt about that, but Burns is masterclass at this kind of thing!

Burns tries to go for some more grappling about five minutes into the match, but Cayle suddenly switches up the tempo and catches Oscar FLUSH in the chest with a Dropkick out of nowhere! Burns tumbles backwards into the nearest corner and now The FIST speeds things up and manages to catch The Technical Spectacle in the corner with a Low Corner Dropkick right to the face!

Now Cayle is in complete control while Burns takes a second to take himself out from the ring to buy himself some recovery time. But Cayle isn't about to let The Technical Spectacle get any rest time as he motions for the crowd. He gets himself a running start off the side of ring before he executes a BIG move...

DDK:

TOPE SUICIDA!

Angus:

This is probably gonna be his best way to fight off Burns! Keep him from that weird grapplefucking he likes to do!

After Cayle now picks himself up off the floor, the crowd cheers as he picks up Burns and throws him back inside the ring. Burns tries to stand, only for Cayle to take him down again, courtesy of a Springboard Dropkick! After landing the move right on the button, Cayle makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Two-count by The Starbreaker! You're right, Angus, he's gotta speed this match up some and not let Burns get any momentum going.

Now it's Cayle turn to take the fight to Burns as he grabs The Kiwi Wonder's arm and flips back with a Pele Kick right to the arm! Oscar writhes about the mat in pain and now has an open weakness about him as Cayle peppers the arm with a series of sharp kicks to keep at him. Burns back away into a corner, but Cayle keeps the pressure on by working the arm and holding it against the ropes for a four-count, Hammerlock-style.

Cayle then works Burns out of the corner with a Snapmare and goes right into a vicious Kimura lock! Mr. Twists and Turns finds himself being taken to school by the FIST of DEFIANCE on the mat, but Burns frantically fights through and now he manages to get to the ropes.

His arm feels like it's on fire, but Cayle now works to soften up the arm some more. He corners him with a few chops that can be heard all the way in the nose bleeds of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex! Burns' chest gets welted but when he tries to go for another move...

DDK:

Could this be the end? Spot of Bother coming up?

Angus:

Say goodbye to your skull, Burnsie!

He tries to lift him up for the Vertical Spike Brainbuster he once used to defeat Scott Stevens, but The Technical Spectacle fights his way out with a few Forearm Smashes to the stomach to free himself. When Cayle tries to fight back by going in for another clinch, he eats a European Uppercut and sneaks behind him...

DDK:

NO! DRAGON SUPLEX BY OSCAR! WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?

Burns quickly turned the tides for himself and before he can follow up, Cayle frantically rolls out to the safety of the ringside floor! Oscar takes a second to try and shake the pain free from his left arm while Cayle's throbbing skull can't be feeling good for the moment.

Angus:

That's a new one from Burnsie! He can't hold ANYTHING back if he wants to do what nobody has been able to do to Squidboy since DEFIANCE Road 2017 and beat him for the FIST!

And because neither title could be won on the floor by a countout and because Burns wasn't an opportunistic a-hole, Burns rolls to the outside and throws Cayle back inside before the ten-count is up. Burns rolls back in right after him and The Starbreaker is still knocked for a loop.

UPPERCUT!

UPPERCUT!

UPPERCUT!

UPPERCUT!

Four extra-stiff EuroCuts in the corner stun the FIST of DEFIANCE. Burns then throws him across the ring to the opposite corner and follows up with a hard High Knee to the chest and then follows THAT up with a hook into a Double Arm Suplex with a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! No, wait! Now Burns back to the neck with that Cravate submission!

Angus:

Damn, that looks vicious.

Indeed it does and no matter what way Murray tries to maneuver himself into, Burns is already right there adjusting the hold and keeping the FIST of DEFIANCE locked up. Benny goes to ask him if he gives, but Cayle shakes his hand defiantly (see what I did there?) and tries to position himself into a quick roll until he manages to get a foot near the bottom rope!

He thinks that he's safe, but Burns quickly proves otherwise by locking in a tight Bodyscissors and rolling him away from the ropes before now going into a TIGHT Neck Crank-style hold with a knee in the back!

Angus:

Damn, who knew Burnsie had this in him! It's like he hates Squidboy's neck or something!

DDK:

Very smart strategy on the part of Burns and we're about closed to thirteen minutes into this match! Cayle was in control for a good bit with his arm, but when Burns found an opening and landed that Dragon Suplex, the match has been all him in the last few minutes.

The crowd rallies around the FIST of DEFIANCE for the moment to get to the ropes while Burns now switches up the hold and goes for a PAINFUL Facelock submission with the leg hook in an STF-style fashion! The Technical

Spectacle tries to hold him...

Almost...

Almost...

Cayle makes the ropes!

DDK:

I don't know how the hell he does this! That title means EVERYTHING to Cayle Murray. No UTA star was ever able to take it away from him, but the UTA Champ is wrestling a great match against him.

When Twists and Turns releases the hold, he heads back to his feet and waits for Cayle to stand. Cayle fires with a HARD Chop to the chest of Burns again that makes him wince followed by a Forearm Smash to the jaw. One blow rocks Burns, but The Technical Spectacle fires back with a STIFF Elbow of his own before he DROPS a vicious elbow right into the back of Cayle's weakened neck again!

Burns now has Cayle dead to rights and drops him near a turnbuckle before pointing up.

Angus:

Kiwi's thinking that Top Rope Knee Drop of his! He messed up Crimson Lord's night up at 100 with a bunch of those!

With the crowd now cheering in the corner of Burns, the Wellington native heads up top with Cayle Murray right in harm's way.

Oscar Burns (and crowd):

SWEET AS!

He leaps for the Sweet As Knee Drop, but at the last second, Cayle rolls desperately out of the way!

Burns collapses to the mat holding his knee in pain now with The FIST of DEFIANCE now taking a breather and catching his breath. His neck has been worked over expertly by Burns, but now Cayle has a chance to strike as he comes right at Burns. The Kiwi hobbles to his feet, only to take a quick Elbow Smash followed by a Dragon Screw on the bad knee that he hit!

DDK:

The UTA Champ missed that Diving Knee Drop and now Cayle is gonna make him pay for it!

Murray waits for Burns to try and get back to his feet and when he does, he fires off a body kick, a head kick to stun him and when Burns stumbles back, takes the Kiwi down with a vicious Leg-hook STO! Burns is laid out on the mat and now Cayle sees his opportunity and goes up top with the crowd cheering him on every step of the way.

He doesn't look back...

He leaps..

DDK:

TOP ROPE MOONSAULT! CAYLE CAN TAKE BOTH TITLES HERE!

The crowd counts along as Cayle hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

The crowd doesn't believe it after the succession of powerful moves from The FIST of DEFIANCE, but somehow Oscar kicks out! Cayle can't believe it, but he doesn't let the shock of the moment get to him too much as he already goes to try and finish Burns off and secure both titles. He waits for Burns to get back up and when he tries for a strike, The Technical Spectacle returns fire with a HARD Elbow Smash!

Strike from Cayle!

Strike from Burns!

Strike from Cayle!

Strike from Burns!

The two men fire back at one another furiously, neither man wanting to lose!

DDK:

This is how bad both men want to walk out of here with both championships, Angus!

Angus:

RASSLEFITE!!!!!!!

The crowd continue to support both men as the blows keep on coming until it's Cayle that appears to get the drop on Burns. He reaches up and fires a HARD Head Kick to Burns and he slumps over onto his backside...

DDK:

PENALTY KICK!

Angus:

Damn, he dun kicked the air out of Burns' lungs!

Cayle hurriedly reaches over and goes for another cover on the WrestleUTA World Champ!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Angus:

How'd he kick out of that, Keeps?!

DDK:

I don't know, but we've seen Burns take tremendous punishment from people like Crimson Lord and STILL come back to win.

Cayle decides to now go for broke and has Burns locked up for his finishing Dragon Sleeper!

DDK:

He's looking for the Granite City Cross! If he locks this in after everything Murray has thrown at him, he's done!

He tries to keep Burns at bay, but the submission specialist reverses by grabbing Cayle's own neck and flipping him forward into a roll. The Starbreaker rolls through and turns around on instinct...

THUNK!

Angus:

JAY-SUS! YOU HEAR THAT HEADBUTT?!

Cayle gets **BLASTED** in the chest with Oscar's Hard Out Headbutt and nearly bounces back into the ropes! The crowd winces from the shot, but when Cayle bounces back, Burns catches him by the side and lifts him up...

DDK:

BACK-CRACK-A-MA-JIG! RIGHT INTO THE COVER!

He winces after Burns cradles him by the side with both shoulders pinned.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

The crowd is in disbelief as both men have thrown plenty of bombs at one another, but despite all that both men have been kicking out of each other's best moves! Now it's Burns' turn to go for his next big move and he opts to pick Cayle up for what looks like a German Suplex off the mat! He tries to hoist him up...

NO!

Cayle frantically fights Burns off with a few good back elbows and runs towards the ropes to prepare for something big, but the last thing he expects is Burns running the ropes right behind him, turning around and locking him in a Rear Naked Choke!

DDK

What a sequence right there! Burns has the hold locked in and now he's trapped!

The crowd comes alive with Burns now looking to perhaps go for the submission to end Cayle Murray's year-long FIST of DEFIANCE title reign once and for all! He continues to clinch on the hold tightly and won't let Cayle go.

Angus:

Squidboy's a slippery dude, but can even he get out of this?

Cayle frantically rolls up towards the corner and kicks off, catching Burns in a quick roll-up **WHILE** the choke is still locked on!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

No! Burns had to let go, but now Cayle turns... no, wait! Burns flips him over with both arms and goes to the European Clutch! Both arms and legs are pinned down!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Cayle just BARELY escapes and slumps over, but Burns now fights back and gets back to his feet as the Faithful's crowd reaction reaches a fever pitch. He gets behind Cayle again and throws him up and over with a hard German Suplex, followed IMMEDIATELY by rolling over... Dragon Suplex again! But holds on. Burns turns him around...

ELBOW!

ELBOW!

ELBOW!

Angus:

WHO KNEW KIWI HAD THIS IN HIM?!

DDK:

When the title's on the line, you have to go for broke!

Cayle then gets his arms locked in a Hammerlock before Burns locks in a Half Nelson and Armlock...

DDK:

HALF AND HALF SUPLEX! BURNS CALLS THAT THE HEAD-DROP-A-MATIC!

Burns holds onto the deadly suplex with a bridge! He prays to his deity of choice that this will be enough to keep the seemingly unstoppable Cayle Murray down for good!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Cayle has no more fight in him and after Burns finally lets go of the hold, Murray slumps over and collapses to his side as Burns does the same.

DDK:

HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE HAVE A BRAND NEW UNDISPUTED FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Angus:

HOW THE FUCK DID HE DO IT?!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... AND THE **NEWWWWWWW** UNDISPUTED FIST OF DEFIANCE...
"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!"

Burns slumps over onto his knees and is almost on the verge of tears as Benny Doyle reaches over and hands him BOTH the FIST of DEFIANCE and the WrestleUTA World Championship, signifying that the two titles have now become one. Burns just barely has enough strength left in him now to stand, but he leans over the ropes and celebrates with the rabid DEFIANCE Faithful!

DDK:

Oscar Burns arrived at DEFIANCE in June of 2017, and we've seen his rise come from almost out of nowhere! Now, he adds his name to the list of some of DEFIANCE's top stars!

Angus:

He just did what nobody else in the UTA or anybody else could do and that's a BIG list, Keeps!

Burns takes in the moment and can't help now but to break down into tears. He made the move to the United States last year, completely unsure of what his future with DEFIANCE would hold...

But now it's clear that move was very much worth it.

Oscar now holds both championships up in the air before he feels the FIST of DEFIANCE be taken from his hands...

Cayle is back up!

Burns looks on at Cayle in shock...

Angus:

AWWW shit, did he piss of Squidboy?

DDK:

I don't know what's going on here...

Cayle looks very upset in the moment, watching his reign come to an end... but he does take the title and looks to Burns...

Then properly hands him the title!

Burns grabs the belt and the two shake hands and embrace, mid-ring, proud of this twenty-plus minute spectacle they had just put on tonight.

DDK:

Oscar Burns is the NEW Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE tonight! And Cayle decides to properly hand the title to the new champion out of respect!

Angus:

Sportsmanship, ew, ew, ew, get it off, get it off!

Cayle Murray claps and points to the new champion, appearing to give him his own vote of confidence before he

leaves the ring and limps toward the back holding his head, allowing Burns the chance to soak in the moment.

DDK:

Just when you thought that DEFIANCE was done, we come back from the brink and make news with the crowning of the first-ever UNDISPUTED FIST OF DEFIANCE! And his name is "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler and welcome back to the new era of DEFIANCE!

"Edge of Infinity" continues to play for the legions of fans cheering on the new champion as he stands on the second turnbuckle now, raising both of the titles for all to see! '

The DEFtv logo appears and the last image of the night is the crowning of a new champion for what may be a new era of DEFIANCE!

**THIS
IS
STILL
DEFIANCE**