

RUNDOWN



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

And of course; those all-important fan signs:

STEVENS SUCKS!
BRING BACK THE BRUV!
I FORGOT MY SIGN!
THE FAITH IS STRONG!
I BROUGHT ALL THIS MONEY & NO MIKEY!
MY SIGN LAST WEEK
SAID I GOT GRABS
I MEANT CRABS!
WHERE IS SCOTT, NO NOT THAT ONE!
HARMEN IS A SELL OUT!
MIKEY MONEY IS A PONZIE SCHEME!

And other such literary genius committed to dollar store poster board. We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland, seated behind the commentary booth.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentleman! Welcome back ... once AGAIN to the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex AND ... DEFtv!!

Angus:

We can't be stopped, Keeps! Not by mormons, no by crippling financial debt not even by your stiff commentary!

DDK:

... well, my partner's opinion aside, we have a hell of a show for you here tonight, folks! THE ...

Angus:

Don't do it ... DDK switches it up.

DDK:

... The D will go challenge tonight for the Southern Heritage title! Facing off with "The Natural One" Jay Harvey!

Angus:

I'm on to you.

DDK:

Not to mention, and Angus ... you'll like this - Theo Baylor to face off with Sho Nakazawa!

Angus:

Brazen strong!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama --

Angus:

Who?

DDK:

Kerry ... Kuro ... yama.

Angus:

Oh, Keurig! Got you. The single cup coffee maker, personified goes against the brick shit house personified!

DDK:

Well, yes.. Kerry Kuroyama will go one on one with David Hightower!

Angus:

And those video game kids are going to beat this shit out of a Stevens! So let's get them a new Kaliko controller or something.

DDK:

You are always so close ... yet so crass at the same time. Tyler Fuse, one half of the Tag Team Champions will square off with the currently partner-less - Bo Stevens!

Angus:

Oh, he's got a partner alright - ol' lefty! Oh know looks like tonight is going to be TRIOS MATCH! Bo Steven's with Lefty AND RIGHTY! The STEVENS HAND-STY!

DDK:

Have you been drinking already? Jesus, Angus ...

Angus:

Not yet!

THE BRUV SHOW II: NO TIME FOR LOSERS

DDK:

And last, but certainly not least, we will be getting off our show with a special celebration.

Angus:

I'm glad I brought my barf bag, Keebs. I'm gonna puke.

DDK:

My partner is referring to The Fist, Scott Stevens', celebration that for some reason was granted this week after being denied previously.

Angus:

It's blackmail. Plain and simple. I can't believe Kelly would give in so easily.

DDK:

Maybe she didn't want her talent to get injured at the hands of The Stevens Dynasty and others.

Angus:

It just shows weakness in my opinion.

As the image cuts to the ring we see a long, wooden table in front of a Screen with the DEFIANCE logo filled with all sort of accessories: multiple giant pictures, one of The Stevens Dynasty, another of Scott Stevens posing with the championship after he won it from Oscar Burns and other of him from his official FIST photoshoot. There is a five tier vanilla and chocolate cake with another image of Stevens and this one has him kissing the FIST. And speaking of the FIST, it is centerstage in the middle of the ring behind a glass display for all the world to see.

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up to "Let 'em come" by Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the centre of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top centre of the stage in a fine designer suit.

Angus:

Oh For Fu --

DDK:

Looks like JFK is back in the WrestlePlex.

Angus:

Looks like? It's definitely him, Keebs. Only that idiot would wear those ridiculous giant shades!

Kendrix makes his way around the side of the ring, getting an earful from every fan he passes. He pays them no mind and makes his way up the ring steps. The fans are booing loudly, the music is still blaring over them however. Kendrix motions for a microphone before stepping through the ropes and pointing proudly at the screen which has switched logos.

DDK:

Looks like we are in for only our second installment of The Bruv Show.

Angus:

How the hell did he get a second episode?!

Kendrix surveys the WrestlePlex as his music dies down. The overwhelming amount and sound of boos takes over. Kendrix is all smiles, raises the mic and clears his throat.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Ugh

Jesse lowers the mic, takes a look around, smirking at his less than adoring public before getting back to business.

Kendrix:

You know, by saying just those two words JFK has already earned more than you people's annual salaries. Imagine that.

DDK:

Do you think he means combined or individually, Angus?

Angus:

You mean DEFIANCE are actually paying him to be here?!

Having rolled his eyes at the boos, Jesse holds a hand out by his side.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gentlemen...WELCOME, TO THE BRUV SHOW!

Pointing his thumb out behind him at the screen, smirk in tact, Jesse then turns to face the ramp, presenting his hand toward the entrance.

Kendrix:

Please, show some respect, put your filthy hands together and welcome JFK's guests this evening.

♪"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne♪

The Faithful erupt in jeers as a light fog emanates from the entrance way. Jack Harmen parts the smoke, wearing his finest three piece suit, coupled with a playful but fashionable polka dot bow tie. He adjusts his tie as he looks out to the faithful, and remains at the top of the entrance ramp, clenching his fists. His music dies down.

Kendrix:

Oh, but that's not all...

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as the Southern Heritage Champion walks through the curtain, with a big smile on his face. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp wearing a high end designer suit with the title glaring in the bright lights. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold out arena. The crowd boos as Harmen and Harvey walk down the aisle.

Angus:

Dear God, is this circle jerk almost over?

DDK:

By the looks of it, we are just getting started, partner.

Angus:

Wake me when it's over.

Harmen climbs into the ring and looks over all the accoutrements that Kendrix has provided and nods in approval. He picks up in particular, an image of an incredibly young Scott Stevens, holding up a fake wrestling championship when

he was maybe ten, eleven at most.

Harvey and JFK exchange pleasantries and a bro-hug while his music continues to blare. Harvey walks over to Harmen and they share some words. Jack pats Harvey on the shoulder and pulls out a microphone from the inner lining of his suit, tapping it once.

Jack Harmen:

DEFIANCE! It's the BRUV SHOW! Such an honor. I'm touched. It's better than an Oscar party Jay, you've pulled out all the stops. So, I can say, unequivocally, that this will be the best Bruv show EEEEEVVVAA. Cause we've got all the preparations in store to PROPERLY, crown, YOUR... LATEST... and GREEEAAAATTEST... FIST of DEFIANCE. The illustrious, the legendary, the best damn sports entertainer since... well... the BRUVS THEMSELVES... MISTAH... SCOTT. STEEEEEEVENS!

The fans boos almost drown Harmen out as he shouts at the top of his lungs into the microphone. Harvey nods and smiles in agreement and produces his own microphone.

Jack Harmen:

God, you people are disrespectful...

More boos as Harvey takes center stage.

THE Jay Harvey:

You don't deserve to hear THE Jay Harvey speak.

Harvey throws the microphone out of the ring as the crowd jeers. Kendrix leans in, and shakes hands with both of his guests. Harvey and Harmen look out at the crowd a little annoyed.

Kendrix:

Guys, guys, first of all, welcome to the greatest show ever ever.

Jack Harmen:

It's great to be here... bruv.

Harmen winks to the camera to the jeers of the Faithful.

Kendrix:

Secondly, ignore the jeering, ignore the booing...JFK gets this a lot. However, he's learned that this is just how these people talk. They're are actually just saying "Hooray for The Bruv Show" obsvs!

Harvey and Harmen look impressed with JFK's translation skills. Harmen cups his ear as the Faithful chant and then nods in agreement with JFK's translation.

Kendrix:

Thirdly, JFK would like to thank you both for coming on his show, a show where only the very best in this business are allowed on. Now JFK doesn't do this every week like some fame hungry jerk. These people here tonight certainly don't deserve to see me week in week out.

BOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

By the way, that boo means "you're right JFK, give us hell". The reason that this show is on tonight is because JFK felt compelled to bring JUSTICE to DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Justice? What the hell is he talking about?!

Kendrix:

JFK watched the show two weeks ago and he was appalled by what he saw. The show was ruined.

Harmen and Harvey nod along in agreement to JFK's words.

DDK:

You know, I think I finally agree with something that came out of Jesse's mouth for once. Harmen, Harvey and Scott Stevens ruined the main event two weeks ago.

Angus:

That's not what he's--

DDK:

I know.

Kendrix:

But not to fear because the Bruv Show is all about putting wrongs, right. Because in JFK's book, a DEFIANCE Champion DESERVES...a Champions celebration, BRUV!

Jesse points over at the entrance as 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:

This is probably the most cheering Scott Stevens will ever get from a DEFIANCE crowd.

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. and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred as they 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 and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters.....SCOTT STEVENS as

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen♪

begins to play.

Angus:

I need a new puke bag please. Thank you.

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain with cousin Bo and Cary Stevens in tow, and as soon as he does golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he thrust up his arms to soak in the moment. As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers as they aren't going to ruin his celebration tonight.

DDK:

Stevens doesn't appear to be fazed by the more vocal members of the faithful here tonight.

Angus:

He's a panderer Keeps. I mean he plays two of the most popular songs of all time to hype him up before he comes out here because he knows if he didn't this crowd would eat him alive.

The FIST slowly makes his way around the ring 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 closing his eyes, tilting his head back and throwing his arms into the air as he smells victory in the air before dropping to the canvas.

Angus:

(Deep Yawn) By God, is the show over? That intro took about an hour.

DDK:

Unfortunately we just started.

Angus:

Dammit. I think I'm just gonna rest my head [yawn] take a quick nap. Wake me when it's over.

DDK:

Angus, we have a job.

Angus:

I know... [yawn] but... it's Stevens.

The FIST seems in awe of the party as he walks around the ring and looks at the cake and pictures while thanking everyone for being there before walking to pick up his newly won championship. As the music dies, Scott stares at the beautiful championship in his hands before wiping something away from his eyes.

DDK:

Is Stevens crying?

Angus:

I always knew he was a big sissy.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gentlemen, let's hear it for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

BOOOOOOO!

Cary pats his son on the back and encourages him that he did it, he finally did it. That causes the Texan to give his championship a big ole kiss before throwing it into the air for the world to see. The jeers reign down as his cousin hands him a microphone.

Scott Stevens:

First off, I have to thank my former tag team partner and main Bruv, Kendrix, for hosting this shindig tonight and giving me the platform to have my much needed and DESERVED championship celebration.

Kendrix nods in appreciation as Stevens shows his thanks.

Scott Stevens:

Wow! Now this is a celebration! Don't you agree?

Stevens asks the Faithful as some cheer but the majority boo. Harmen claps on in the background.

Scott Stevens:

Hey! Don't boo!

Stevens yells at the crowd.

Scott Stevens:

These men busted their asses off to set this up and you can show some appreciation to these fine distinguished gentlemen you see in the ring with me.

The Faithful boo even louder as Jack Harmen, THE Jay Harvey, Catalina, Kendrix, and Cary and Bo chastise the crowd for their disrespect.

Scott Stevens:

That is what I am talking about right there. The level of disrespect shown is nauseating.

Harmen leans in.

Jack Harmen:

I think they might be saying "You're right, give 'em hell." Right Jay?

Kendrix nods in agreement as the Faithful boo even louder. Stevens carries on.

Scott Stevens:

You don't appreciate the greatness before you and granted it's probably never happened in each one of your lives, but you should appreciate it because when it's gone it'll be a long time if it ever happens again.

A few lost souls yell out but the vast majority continue to boo.

Scott Stevens:

What you see is the Michael Jordans, the Muhammad Alis of DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Stevens says as he points to the ones standing in the ring with him.

Scott Stevens:

You see, you've all been used to the Lonzo Balls and Ryan Leafs of wrestling in DEFIANCE as of late and you can't fathom our greatness and that is why Kelly Evans thought she could give me the shaft last show, and that's something you don't do, am I right?

Stevens asks as he points to the video screen and shows the beatdown of PCP. Once the video ends he brings the microphone back to his lips. Harmen is just laughing his ass off at watching the beatdown video in the background.

Scott Stevens:

As you saw two weeks ago, disrespect will not be tolerated. When lesser beings have been given the same thing I asked for and denied. That is why, as your FIST...

The crowd boos.

Scott Stevens:

I'm making huge changes around here, because this championship on my shoulder deserves better than what it has been given. This championship deserves and demands only the best!

Stevens shouts as the faithful cheer loudly.

Scott Stevens:

And when I mean the best I don't mean these little sisters of the poor that happen to get lucky one night. No, I mean only the best should hold this....

Stevens says as he points to him and the people in the ring.

Scott Stevens:

And only the best can challenge for it!

Stevens growls as he begins to pace around the ring.

Scott Stevens:

Holding a championship means you're the best, but holding The Fist means you are on another level. It means your are the Elite, and when you have Cayle Murray....

Stevens stops as the fans cheer loudly.

Scott Stevens:

And Oscar Burns.....

The fans cheer louder.

Scott Stevens:

Defending this championship against the Lew Smiths of the world, you can't really say you're the best, can you?

Stevens asks as he shakes his head no.

Scott Stevens:

That is why as long as I have this title no one of lesser status will get a shot at it!

Stevens proclaims as he holds the FIST up high.

Scott Stevens:

And the question each and everyone of you is wondering is ... who will be my first challenger, and I honestly don't know because I haven't seen anyone who has impressed me lately. Do you have any suggestions?

The Faithful begin to yell loudly.

Scott Stevens:

I'm not asking you filth because you'd name someone like Jack Hunter or Chance Von Crank.

Stevens says to the audience as Jack Harmen approaches him and whispers something into his ear and Stevens has a puzzled look. Scott mouths something to Harmen that isn't picked up by the microphone. Stevens smirks and shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Jack Harmen just brought to my attention a man I have overlooked that is very worthy of challenging me for The FIST of DEFIANCE and that man goes by the name of Scott Douglas!

DDK:

Wait....what?

Angus:

Isn't Douglas hurt, Keebs?

DDK:

Yes he is.

Angus:

Typical Stoovins picking the easy way out.

The Faithful boos the decision knowing that Douglas is not at one hundred percent.

Scott Stevens:

Calm down. Yes, I know that Scott Douglas is hurt and as I was conversing with Mr. Harmen a minute ago he brought it to my attention that despite the injury Douglas is still competing and lesser men would have taken time off to recuperate, but not Scott Douglas and that makes him an elite calibre opponent worthy of facing the FIST.....and he will be... IN TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT!

Stevens says as the crowd goes ballistic.

Scott Stevens:

And remember the old saying about wounded animals being at their most dangerous. An injured Scott Douglas is twice as dangerous than normal Scott Douglas.

Stevens says before dropping the microphone and heads to the nearest corner and climbs the turnbuckle and lifts The FIST of DEFIANCE high above him as explosions sound and a giant poster of Scott Stevens with The FIST of DEFIANCE championship falls from the rafters and confetti falls like rain. Harmen, Harvey, JFK and the rest of the Stevens Clan high five and talk amongst each other off mic as we head to our first commercial break.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



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TYLER FUSE vs. BO STEVENS

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall... introducing first, from Waco, Texas... Bo Stevens!

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

Bo marches out, shouting to fans that he deserves the Tag Team Championships around his waist. He flips off The Faithful that don't agree (so, all of them) and then rolls into the ring. He looks over Quimbey and referee Benny Doyle, shaking his head in disgust.

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Tyler's out first, with Conor behind him. As always the stoic, older brother has his eyes locked on Bo Stevens while Conor is the one jumping up and down shouting to Bo down the ramp while pointing to the belt on his shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

You can't fight us for these!! You don't have a second player! That's not allowed... it's not compatible... you can't do it...

Conor goes on and on and on until Tyler snaps back and the younger brother shuts his mouth.

Angus:

I tell you, that Conor is an idiot. I heard he's on the spectrum?

DDK:

He's just emotional. Can you blame him after what The Stevens Family did to them before?

Angus:

Definitely on the spectrum.

Tyler gets into the ring while Conor hands both titles to the time keeper. Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

This started off as a challenge for the Tag Team Championships... but ultimately begins here, Bo Stevens seeking some sort of redemption against The Fuse Bros. for losing the titles over four months ago.

Tyler and Bo lock up. Tyler gets him into a headlock and then tosses Bo to the ropes. Tyler lowers his head, Bo kicks him and Player A stumbles into the corner. He bounces forward, where Bo tries for a hip toss but Tyler lands on his feet and kicks his opponent in the stomach. Next, Tyler connects with an atomic drop and a dropkick to the right leg. Bo falls to the canvas.

DDK:

Quick pace here as Tyler perches himself on the second rope... axe handle smash! Now a Russian leg sweep!

Bo is furious as he smacks the mat and rolls to the outside of the ring. There he sees Conor standing. Player Two flicks his head forward as if to say "what's up" with his body language before Bo turns towards the ring.

DDK:

Tyler with a suicide dive onto Bo!

The fans get behind the elder brother as he wastes no time and throws Bo back into the ring.

WHAM.

Stiff kick by Bo meets the incoming Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

Divinig DDT!

Bo keeps the action going and Irish whips Tyler into the ropes. He tries for another hip toss but Tyler once again flips in mid-air and lands on his feet. A roundhouse kick this time brings Bo to one knee.

DDK:

Tyler off the ropes... leg drop to the neck!

Angus:

I still don't understand how this can't be a Tag Team Title match, Keeps.

DDK:

Uhh, you can't?

Angus:

I understand Bo doesn't have a partner, but he *does* deserve a rematch!

While the commentary team argues back and forth, Tyler has Bo in the corner and is connecting with some left hands. He takes Bo by the head and tosses him into the center of the ring. Tyler rushes forward, looking for a curb stomp type of move but Bo jumps up at the last second and performs a version of the 'sky high' on Tyler.

DDK:

Pinfall attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Tyler rolls to his side while Conor's face shifts from horror to relief.

Angus:

This guy over here is going to have a stroke watching his brother. Jesus man... you'd think he's never watched from the sidelines before! *Totally* on the spectrum!

The two contestants get to their feet and exchange blows. Lefts and rights connect. Neither man is backing down.

Finally, Bo gives the finger to Tyler and tells him where to shove his tag titles. This angers Tyler (but clearly not as much as Conor), as Player One steps forward and swings for a clothesline. Bo ducks, kicks Tyler in the stomach and hits a second diving DDT.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Tyler, once again, rolls to his side. This time Bo takes him and looks for a fisherman's suplex. Tyler counters in mid-air and slips out. It's he who pulls Bo and lands a beautiful snapmare suplex followed with an off the ropes spinning heel

kick.

Bo gets to one knee. He's dazed and confused but is able to give the finger to Conor who's shouting to his brother on the outside. Bo barely escapes a German suplex and exits the ring. As Tyler goes to exit as well, a fan jumps over the guardrail and absolutely hammers one half of the champions with a foreign object that shatters upon impact.

CRACK.

Tyler falls through the top and middle rope to the floor below. The bell follows right away.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Hey now!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match by disqualification...

Conor Fuse:

WHAT THE... !?!? DID HE HAVE A CODE FOR THIS!?!?

But Conor, who immediately runs across the floor to attack the fan, bumps into Darren. Conor is fuming and seeing red, screaming the entire way down. It's easy for him not to see Bo ducked behind the steel stairs and pop up just at the right second.

DDK:

Bo annihilates Conor with a clothesline from hell!!

Boos reign down.

RED DEAD REDEMPTION: THIS IS MY PARTNER

Angus:

Who the hell is that!?!?!?

DDK:

No clue, but he's big and just annihilated one half of the tag champions.

Bo yells instructions to the fan as he tosses Conor towards him. The fan lifts him up and drops Player Two with a world's strongest slam.

DDK:

Bo seems to know this fan... do you think?

Angus:

Think what, Keeps? Our wrestlers are getting assaulted and no security is in sight?

Bo picks up Tyler and rolls him into the ring while the fan rolls Conor into the ring as well and they start putting the boots to them. Bo tells the fan to pick up Tyler and the fan holds him in a fireman's carry position as Bo hits the ropes and delivers a running dropkick.

DDK:

I'm be told ... that - that's the Texas ... Two Step?

Angus:

Wait, do they know who the hell this is back there?!

Bo hits the chest of the fan and tells him to pull Conor to his feet. The fan does as he's told as he hooks him in a front chancery before lifting him onto Bo's shoulders and swinging him onto the canvas.

DDK:

OH! VICIOUS swinging neckbreaker ... and the champions are down!

Angus:

You think that guy is Bo's partner?

Bo lets out a primal yell as he gets to his feet and snatches a microphone

DDK:

I do now - I'm being told that is known as the Texas Tornado and it seems that man is no ordinary fan he is --

Bo intturpts Darren.

Bo Stevens:

Let me introduce you two to my *player two*!

Angus:

I knew it.

Bo yells as he lays boots into the face of Conor.

Bo Stevens:

George, Fuse Bros. Fuse Bros., George.

George waves as Bo introduces him.

Bo Stevens:

Me and my cousin here are about to take back what belongs to us and no cheat codes will save you from that!

Bo says as he lays one final boot into Conor. They turn to leave.

Angus:

Another Stevens idiot?

DDK:

Looks like, but the message was delivered loud and clear. The champions have to wonder are they up for the challenge?

The last image seen is the carnage left in the ring as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

AWKWARD INTRODUCTION

We return from commercial and go backstage the Faithful see one of the members of The ToyBox, WynLyn. The reaction she gets is somewhat mixed. As she continues to walk the hallway she notices a table with a punch bowl. Some finger sandwiches and other snacks on the table. Standing in front of the table coming into picture is Virginia Quell. A woman the Faithful know all too well. As a clear sound of the Faithfuls jeers echo throughout the WrestlePlex.

Ginny is pouring a glass of punch into a red cup. She has a pair of plaid yoga pants on with white high heel shoes. She has on her "The Red Queen of DEFIANCE" t-shirt. Available now in the DEFSHOP!

She notices out of the corner of her eye the approaching WynLyn as she swigs down her punch before slowly removing the cup from her mouth. To give the newest Defiant her attention.

WynLyn:

Hello, my name is WynLyn.

She extends her hand all Ginny does is look at her hand then back toward her. Wyn realizing she is not going to get her hand shook retracts her hand. She moves her left hand back and forth over the back of her head rubbing her dirty blond hair.

WynLyn:

So..uh how is the punch?

Virginia takes another swig of her drink ignoring WynLyn's attempt at trying to be friendly. Wyn tries another path to once again strike up a conversation. She notices the shirt Quell is wearing.

WynLyn:

...I like your shirt..

Quell puts her drink on the table, glances down at her shirt for a moment then stares at Wyn eye to eye.

Quell:

Stop talking to me, I don't want anything to do with you. So piss off!

She slams her shoulder into WynLyn's as she pushes her way past her. Wyn quickly grabs the punch bowl and slams it across the back of Quell's head dropping her quick as the glass shatters and punch drenches her on the floor with the glass shards. WynLyn stares down at her with that same emotionless look her father is notorious for.

WynLyn:

So your too stuck up to be a friend? Fine by me.

She flips Virginia over on her back she is out cold. Wyn reaches down and violently starts ripping at Quells shirt. Some of the Faithful get excited I am sure you can tell which ones. The shirt is pulled off of Gin, exposing a plaid bra. Wyn looks at the shirt specifically the words...

WynLyn:

Red Queen...

She grunts in disgust, ripping the shirt down the middle splitting the remainder of the shirt in half. She stares at just the words "Queen" on the shirt for a moment. Then walks off with just the Queen portion of the shirt in her hand. The show returns to DDK and Angus.

DDK:

Boy, Miss Quell is not going to be very happy when she wakes up.

Angus:

If you ask me she had it coming. All WynLyn was trying to do was be friendly.

DDK:

Well, time will tell what will happen between those two. Next up we got Kerry Kuoryama taking on David Hightower!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DAVID HIGHTOWER

Cut to the ring. Darren Quimbey standing on the ready, Carla Ferrari entering the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

David Hightower lumbers through the curtain and takes the stage as imposing as ever.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from West Memphis, Arkansas! Weighing in at two hundred and seventy five pounds ... DAVIDDD HIGHTOOOOOOOWERRRR!

Hightower adjusts that unforgiving chain around his neck and he begins his descent of the ramp, heading toward the ring. The Faithful boo and gesture toward him on his way.

DDK:

Jamie Sawyers is conspicuous by his absence here tonight.

Angus:

I think he picks the wrong horse ... well HORSES! Too The Maxx took their talent to BRAZEN and now this HOSSY son of a bitch is back in the big times!

Angus enjoys his own words than most could dream especially in this moment.

Angus: [laughing]

... little shit!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... from Seattle, Washington ... weighing in at two hundred and twenty nine pounds! ... "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRRRRY KUROYAAAAAMMAAAAA!

Kerry appears from behind the curtain with an eager smile on his face as blue, green, and white lights fill up the stage. Standing at the top of the ramp, he takes a moment to survey the crowd. A few seconds in he pumps his fist as moderate pyro lights off and descends the ramp at a quick, determined pace. He receives a sizeable pop from the Faithful.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama coming off a impressive victory over ...

Angus:

LADY MAKE UP!

DDK:

... Mascara De Muerte IV, on last week's show ... and of course this would take place.

Cut to the reply of last weeks incident between Kerry and Hightower. It's cut down and truncated but you get the idea that Kerry was distracted and Hightower is a bitter prick.

Cut back to the ring, where Kerry is already inside.

DING DING

Kerry and Hightower circle momentarily but out of nowhere the goliath swings a huge clothesline. Kerry manages to duck the attempt and follows through, hitting the ropes and on the return Hightower grabs at Kerry.

DDK:

Baseball slide through the legs! Kuroyama using his speed to his advantage here!

Kerry pops up to his feet and just as Hightower turns around...

DDK:

DROPKICK! Kerry has Hightower rocked ...

Hightower stumbles backward off balance, waving his arms until he is saved by the ropes but Kerry is already up on his feet and meets him there. Kerry grabs the Goliath, who ironically is named David, and sends him off into the opposite ropes. Hightower is rocked but not out and hooks the top ropes to stop the momentum but before he can even stop the rope recoil ...

DDK:

Huge clothesline! Kerry dumping David Hightower to the outside!

As Darren suggested, Hightower has gone ass over elbows but has managed to land on his feet. Carla Ferrari starts the ten count while motioning for Kerry to back off and keep his distance.

Hightower may have been dazed before but now the proverbial sleeping giant has awakened. Hightower slaps the ring apron out of frustration and --

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! RIGHT IN THE SHIT KISSER!

DDK:

The ... what!?

As the camera had been focusing on the big man's temper tantrum, it missed the self propelled blitzkrieg lunging toward Hightower with a basement dropkick to the teeth.

Carla Ferrari admonishes Kerry as he pulls himself back to his feet before reluctantly restarting the ten count on the downed Hightower. Kuroyama is no dummy - you can't ever let up ... much less on a beat this size. With a step he springs to the middle rope and steps over to the adjacent turnbuckle.

On the outside Hightower, bleeding - either from the lip or the gums - is getting to his feet. And worse, he has just realized he is bleeding.

His own blood.

DDK:

They don't call him the PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG for NOTHING!

And with that Kerry Kuroyama launches himself from the top rope and down toward the recently vertical David Hightower. He comes falling through the air and impact is imminent.

DDK:

CROSSBODY! CROSS -- oh my!

With the slap of bare skin on skin and the accompanying, darker - more brutal sound of an immovable object proving his opposing force is in fact NOT unstoppable ... Hightower catches Kerry Kuroyama, claspng him by the shoulder and crotch ... turns whilst keep his balance and for the first time tonight ACTUALLY comes off his feet.

Angus:

OH MY HOSSSSS!!

The sound, similar to before, is a combination of a metallic surface against skin ... and also the thud of a body taking extreme trauma.

DDK:

He just ... he --

Angus:

He just POWER-slammed the Coffee King on the FOOT of the RAMP!

A hush falls over the Faithful and real and true concern is the order of the day.

In the excitement and shock, Carla stopped her count and by the look on her face ... has no clue where she ended off. After several moments, with Hightower climbing slowly to his feet she snaps to and begins again.

ONE!

DDK:

I don't think ...

TWO!

DDK:

Kerry is coming back from that!

THREE!

Hightower drags the lifeless Kuroyama to his feet by his hair.

FOUR!

Angus:

Are you GORRAM kidding me, Keeps!?! OF COURSE this is OVER!

FIVE!

Angus:

There are flippy DO'S! And then ... well, THAT was A FLIPPY DON'T!

SIX!

Hightower slings Kerry on the apron, expecting the momentum to get the once high flying combatant a little further than it did. Kerry's lifeless body stalls on the apron.

SEVEN!

Hightower shoves at Kerry's shoulder and back, rolling him into the ring just beyond the ropes.

EIGHT!

Hightower avoids right, Sawyers hops right. Vice versa and so on. Finally having enough, Hightower hoists Sawyers up by the underarms - turns and sets him down one hundred and eighty degrees and heads for the back.

Angus: [enthralled]

What the hell was that?! Looks like Sawyers is in the DOGHOUSE!

DDK:

As your said earlier, partner ... it's seems if Sawyers has backed the wrong ponies... Folks we have to give our medical personal a moment to properly attend to Kerry Kuroyama but in the meantime ...

Cut to elsewhere.

THE PARTY FUZZ

We open up to see some DEFIANCE lackeys doing some finishing touches on setting up the POST celebration celebration, back in the locker room. The Occupiers of DEFIANCE bust into the room, startling those DEFIANCE stooges. Harvey is the first one into the picture and first one to say his peace.

THE Jay Harvey:

This looks god awful... now get out! The Champs have some extra celebrating to do.

Those same bozos leave the room, hanging their heads. Jack Harmen shakes his head with distaste.

THE Jay Harvey:

Least they got the good stuff.

Harvey grabs a high dollar bottle of champagne out of the ice bucket. Harmen sneers as Harvey pops the cork and begins pouring a glass for Catalina.

Jack Harmen:

Careful Harvs... I know two prickstains who have the nose of a German Shepherd when it concerns booze.

The door bursts open and black-suited figures flood the room. Harvey and Harmen exchange confused glances as a diminutive figure wearing a bulletproof mask seemingly leads the charge. Flanked by a slightly larger figure in matching SWAT gear and an even larger figure wearing a bulletproof box. We know this because the words "Bulletproof Box" are literally written on the side of it in a chisel tip Sharpie. The one in front rips off their mask to reveal themselves to be Elise Ares in a pair of mirrored aviator sunglasses. Before the Occupiers can react, she reaches to her side and pulls out a black aerosol can.

Elise Ares:

PARTY POLICE! Put your hands up where I can see them!

The D:

Yeah! Someone said booze. I heard it.

Jay Harvey just shakes his head in disgust while getting an "I told you so" glance from Harmen.

THE Jay Harvey:

Seriously Jack, you even hired a stripper? You do think of everything.

The D:

You shut your facehole, sir. She only does that on weekends!

Elise Ares:

You give me enough of that booze and I might be game tonight, they don't call us the party police for nothing.

Klein takes the opportunity to point to the words "PARTY POLICE" written on their black tactical vests in silver. The D's is crossed out once and then spelled correctly a second time in different handwriting. Elise reaches into her back pocket and pulls out a flask, takes a quick hit and stuffs it into one of her tactical vest pockets. The D and Klein begin to flank the former Utahn, while Elise looks over her glasses.

Elise Ares:

Not for you two prickstains... shit, er... cocksmeers, though. I'm going to need to see a permit for all of this. I'm not going to lie to you guys, this has all the makings of an illegal party establishment. If we don't get proper documentation we're going to have to shut this shit down ASAP.

Jack Harmen:

What are you two even talking about...

The D:

Statute 3.457A in the Party Proclamation states, and I quote "One must apply for a permit to throw a shindig, and be approved by the elected Party Panel before the date of the shindig or be declared illegal in the eyes of the Party People."

Klein takes the opportunity to pull a small notebook out of one of the pockets of his tactical vest and shoves it towards Jack Harmen. You can just barely make out a penis drawing before the SoHer Champion smacks the notebook out of his hands, sending it skidding across the floor. Klein takes a step forward but Elise throws out her arm, keeping him at bay.

Elise Ares:

Officer Klein, I respectfully ask for you to remain calm. We've dealt with assholes like this one before. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't tear all of this down right now myself.

THE Jay Harvey:

Because the three of you are a trio of hanger-ons who don't know when their time is up and they should just go home? First you mooch off of The Bruvs. Then you mooch off of my boy Jack, here. Now you're trying to mooch off of our party. Thought you would've got the point from last week, but then again you've all been too stupid to get much of anything around here so...

Elise begins to roll her eyes before...

The D:

CAPTAIN ARES!

Elise Ares:

What is it, Major D?

The D:

We're going to have to write a citation. They only have two kinds of booze, and one is a cheap knock-off of the other. This would hardly qualify as a selection GRAND enough for a party.

On the other side of the room, Klein pulls out a roll of white styrofoam cups.

Elise Ares & The D:

STYROFOAM?!?!?

Klein breaks them over his knee before tossing them to the floor in disgust.

Elise Ares:

MAJOR D! If that is a Rascal Flats album I see over there I swear to Party Jesus...

The D goes to step past Jay Harvey to obtain the album but Jay sidesteps directly into his way. D stops, stands firm, straight, and sometimes slightly to the left and that's perfectly normal.

Jack Harmen:

Jay, don't engage. It only makes them stronger. Best to ignore them, and maybe they'll eventually get distracted and leave.

THE Jay Harvey:

No. That didn't work then and I'm not about to deal with that shit now. I don't know who they think they are, but their cute little games are done. I know you're sick of it, I'm sick of it, and since we're running things around here we can take care of it right now.

The D:

If you're as ready to take care of us as you are to defend your new championship, I'd say we probably have as long as we'd like. We'll just have to ignore you as we tear down your party while you talk about how great the party is but never do anything to prove it.

In the background, Klein pulls a Zune out of a different tactical pocket, cutting the intensity with an air horn sound effect from some kind of ancient app.

THE Jay Harvey:

And I was worried Elise was the only one with balls around here.

Elise Ares:

HEY. We ALL have balls. Except Jack. I took them with his hair.

Elise blows a kiss to Jack Harmen with a smirk, who stands behind Harvey.

THE Jay Harvey:

LEAVE. OUR. PARTY. Now.

There is an awkward silence as Elise looks back at her PCPartners and then into the eyes of Jay Harvey. She simply shakes her head in protest before looking over her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

I've seen enough boys, take it down.

With those words, suddenly a small army of men in black shirts swarm the room. It's DEFsec, and like a stampede of party protection they begin to tear down all the decorations that were put up. Jack Harmen and Jay Harvey try to plead their case but it falls upon deaf ears as their hopes and dreams for this evening are systematically destroyed. Elise Ares walks through the chaos and grabs both bottles of booze. Hoisting them into the air.

Elise Ares:

Good work, boys! Another illegal party off the streets. Let's go get wasted!

The D and Klein share a slow-motion high five, then leave the room with Elise, booze in hand. Jack Harmen and Jay Harvey are left seething at a sea of security, who blocks them from both saving their own party and going out after PCP.

DDK:

So... that's a thing that just happened.

Angus:

Couldn't have happened to a better couple of guys if you ask me, Keebs. Way to go Wyatt Bronson and team! Although I'm sure the Fuse Brothers wouldn't have minded a little bit of their assistance.

DDK:

Well, as fun as that might've been to watch ... the party thing, not the brutal attack on the Tag Team Champions ... there has GOT to be consequences for that. Well for both. Folks, we'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

Act VI "THE RETURN"

The show comes back from commercial. We are once more brought backstage. This time with Dandelion and WynLyn who seem to be watching something on WynLyn's phone. The only visual we can get from the girls is the audio coming from the phone.

Which if we are hearing correctly sounds like the song "Shooting Stars by Bag Raiders". Whatever they are watching they are laughing their asses off. Well, except for Dandy all you can tell from her body language is she is really enjoying the video almost in tears it looks.

Jestal enters the locker room, noticing the girls laughing about something.

Jestal:

What is so funny?

Wyn and Dandy look up and break out in a hysterical laugh as they point at him. The clown scratches his head bewildered by what could be possibly that funny. He looks at his outfit wondering if maybe something was on him.

Jestal:

Uh, ladies what exactly are you watching?

Dandy takes WynLyn's phone as she holds her stomach still with the giggles. Jestal takes the phone and looks at it. The DefTron shows what Jestal is staring at on the phone.

"PLAY PRESSED"

The video shows what happened last week...apparently someone recorded Jestal trying to beat down Mushigihara. More specifically the part of the fight where he is dumped into a trash can and kicked down the hallway. The Faithful look to be just as amused as the girls.

The video continues with Jestal rolling in the trash can, past various Defiants who watch it pass them. None of them bother to stop the trash can, and ignore it after noticing it. Shortly after Jestal is seen rolling on a wheel of fortune wheel with him tumbling in circles looped....It quickly switches to a night scene only the moon is replaced by Jestal in the trash can while we watch it descend under the horizon.

Only to move to a guy who looks like he is smoking a blunt, but the blunt is replaced by Jestal spinning in the trash can..After a few moments it switches to a Daytona 500 race track and the tumbling trash can is passing race cars as they go around the track. It finally ends with uncut last week where he hits a wall and crawls out of the can the music stops.

Jestal's hair is all over the place his makeup is partially rubbed off. His eyes are crossed and he clearly is dizzy as hell..in a high pitch crackling voice he says.

Jestal:

Twinkle Twinkle..little star!

He collapses to the ground. The Faithful are laughing just as much as Dandy and Wyn were. Jestal stares at the phone and lowers it a bit with a blank stare on his face. Both Wyn and Dandy have their hands over their mouths trying to stop laughing. Jestal looks at the monitor and can hear the audio of The Faithful... hell even Darren Keebler is trying to contain his laughter. He looks back at the girls... AND..

He breaks out in a hysterical laugh! Wyn and Dandy look at each other a bit surprised. They look back at The Mad Prince who is on the ground laughing slapping his hand on the floor.

WynLyn: [still trying to contain her laughter]

essie... your not ... OMG.

She starts laughing again soon joined in by Dandy!

While The ToyBox laugh uncontrollably, the monitor in their locker room shows another area backstage. Mushigihara and Eddie Dante are sitting on a bench in their locker room. Mushigihara is lacing his boots up. When a knock is heard on the door, they both look up and in walks to a pop from The Faithful... Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Oh my God... it's Gage Blackwood! He hasn't been seen since he was taken out by Crimson Lord over two months ago!

Angus:

Ugh. I thought we got rid of all the angry Scotsman in this organization...

The three begin talking, but what they are saying can't be heard. For one, the camera is nowhere close to being able to pick up the sound and second, the fans are cheering since they haven't seen the Edinburgh native in a while.

There's only a few things for certain, during the exchange.

One, Gage Blackwood seems angry, yet healed from all his various injuries.

Two, Mushigihara says "OSU!!!"

The show returns to The ToyBox's locker room once more. All three members seemed to have gotten it all out of their system.

Jestal:

Well....sweet tooth that did not work got any other ideas?

During Jestal's question Wyn notices on the screen Mushi/Eddie...and the returning Gage Blackwood. She looks back at Dandy then at Jestal.

WynLyn:

Ya..I do since Mushigihara didn't exactly go as planned how about the next best thing.

She points at the monitor specifically toward Gage still in heavy inaudible conversation with Mushigihara and Eddie.

Dandelion moves her hands a bit looking at Wyn. She looks back at her while Jestal can't help but seem to be staring at Mushigihara.

WynLyn:

Exactly sweetie! We take out Gage Blackwood and put him back on the shelf where he belong...

She is interrupted by a scream of horror!

Jestal:

NO! NOT AGAIN!!!

Jestal faints. Wyn and Dandy quickly go check on him. As we return Angus and DDK.

DDK:

Well, at least Jestal is the type of guy that can laugh at himself.

Angus:

Jestal and his sister are all about enjoying life Keeps, is it really that hard to believe he would not take himself so

seriously?

DDK:

You have a good point there partner, but I think there is some anxiety issues there. Once he saw Mushigihara on the monitor.

Angus:

Well, what did you expect? The God-Beast is a massive destructive force. Jestal is not exactly a destructive force.

DDK:

Well fans next up we got Theo Baylor taking on Sho Nakazawa.

NEED AN ASS WHOOPED?

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, before we get to our next match, we do want to remind you to check out our next edition of UNCUT! For the first time since the main event of Ascension, we will hear from the former FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. It's been a struggle for his recovery ever since those attacks by Scott Stevens on his throat and neck, but he is able to speak again after a few weeks of therapy. He'll be sitting down with Lance Warner to discuss the next steps in his career, so you don't want to miss it.

Angus:

I hope if and when Burns comes back, he flails the Stevens Litter. I hate this entire former UTA Alliance. It's bullshit and they're bullshit... but to allow for a cheap plug, check out Week Three of the RISE Tag League as well where we'll see The Strong Style Stranglers take on Gentlemen's Agreement while The Louisiana Bulldogs go up against The Dunson Clan.

DDK:

Way to express grief and put over events to come, Angus.

Angus:

I'm multi-talented, man, that's what Angus do.

DDK:

And before we get to our next match with Theo Baylor taking on Sho Nakazawa, we're going to hear from a couple more of our BRAZEN talent looking for an opportunity. We've got a special commercial starring Emilio "The Pigeon" Byrd and his partner, Hurtlocker Holt... collectively known as Thugz 4 Hire.

Angus:

These guys were left out of the RISE Tag League due to Hurtlocker Holt recovering from a knee injury, but they're back and they want some money to put a hurt on people... take a look at his commercial they put together...

CUE UP THE DEFTRON!

The scene cuts to a dark background and the camera flashes over to an 80's-looking Star Wipe before opening up to the face of the more chatty half of Thugz 4 Hire... Emilio "The Pigeon" Byrd. He tips his signature ranger hat to the camera.

Emilio Byrd:

S'up, yo? I'm Emilio Byrd... and I wanna whoop someone's ass.

The camera then focuses to his right where his partner, the larger Hurtlocker Holt, appears.

Hurtlocker Holt:

Name's Hurtlocker Holt... and I, too, wanna whoop someone's ass.

Byrd smiles.

Emilio Byrd:

Lately, there been too many assholes that wanna run they mouths talkin' 'bout what's owed to them, their paycheck or their spot on da damn card instead of actually handlin' they business in the ring, ya dig? Hurt and I can't stand that shit.

Hurtlocker Holt:

Nope.

Emilio Byrd:

Y'all pay your hard-earned money to see people FIGHT! That's why the Hurt and I are happy to announce we're

officially startin' our newest charity...

He holds up a donation box. Said box is clearly a Nike shoe box with the Nike logo blurred out badly, along with hole cut on the top lid. The words "WHOO DAT ASS" written on the side in permanent marker. Also badly.

Emilio Byrd:

The Whoop Dat Ass Fund! How it works is simple... if y'all, the DEFIANCE Faithful just HATE a bitch runnin' they mouth all damn night and you want it taken care of? Drop a few bills in this here box and we'll whoop dat ass, no questions asked.

Hurtlocker Holt:

You know it.

Emilio Byrd:

The Hurt and I are equal-opportunity ass-whoopers too and don't make no exceptions. Habitual line steppers?

Hurtlocker Holt:

WHOOPED.

Emilio Byrd:

Bitches cuttin' thirty-minute speeches?

Hurtlocker Holt:

WHOOPED.

Emilio Byrd:

Dickheads?

Hurtlocker Holt:

WHOOPED.

The Pigeon nods.

Emilio Byrd:

Call the number right now! And our offer is good from now until we get some bills in this box, y'all.

The camera then cuts to a cheesy-looking infomercial-esque blue screen with the number "1-555-ASS-WHOOP" and a logo of all the major credit cards... crossed out with "NUH, FAM, CASH ONLY." beneath that.

Emilio Byrd:

Dat number is 1-555-ASS-WHOOP. Again, dat number's 1-555-ASS-WHOOP. Not Ass-Whip, Ass Whoop... dat's a different number for y'all perverts out there.

Fin.

THEO BAYLOR vs. SHO NAKAZAWA

DDK:

We're coming up to our next match and we're going to see BRAZEN's Theo Baylor going up against the high flyer, Sho Nakazawa.

Angus:

You mean Dead Meat. Cause that's what we're calling him in the mood Theo Baylor is in lately.

DDK:

Baylor bumrushed both Levi Cole and Thomas Slaine after their BRAZEN Showcase match two weeks ago and demanded an opportunity. Tonight, he's gonna get one.

Angus:

He better make the most of it. I had to fight hard with brass to let him get on the show after what he did... mainly cost me one of my good whiskeys to Kelly Evans. Now go to the ring.

And we do just that.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Already in the ring, weighing in at 180 pounds, from Morioka, Iwate Prefecture, Japan... **SHO NAKAZAWA!**

Nakazawa doesn't look nervous at all despite giving up over half a foot and over a hundred pounds to the guy about to come out...

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪

The thundering theme plays and out comes Theo Baylor, the angry Los Angeles native comes out from the back and looks ready to put a shellacking on somebody. Right behind him is his manager, "Brother" Lucius Owens looking awfully smug.

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs!

DDK:

Indeed... wait, Sho might be going on the offensive!

DING DING DING!

Carla Ferrari sees the action is about to get started and rightly calls for the bell. Theo shows the fans absolutely no regard as he powers down the ramp, only to catch a pair of feet from Sho through the ropes! Theo stumbles backwards from the ropes and holds onto his jaw while Sho Nakazawa is already on the ring apron, ready to attack. He leaps to the middle rope...

ASAI MOONSAULT!

DDK:

And there we go! If Sho wants to pull off the upset, this is what he needs to do!

Angus:

Hit and run, sucka!

As Theo Baylor tries to recover from the dive, Sho Nakazawa rolls back into the ring and already starts heading to the top rope a second time. When he starts to see Baylor moving, Sho climbs faster and the lucharesu star waits...

HIGH CROSSBODY TO THE FLOOR!

Angus:

THAT'S RIGHT, MAKE WITH THE FLIPS! Look where it got, Keurig!

Nakazawa does just that for the second time and takes Baylor down with a second dive! Sho then rolls back into the ring and starts to raise his arms, as he's now fired all the fuck up, ready to score a big win tonight. He then waits for the crowd as Carla Ferrari starts counting out Theo Baylor.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

Baylor starts to rise again, wondering what's happening as the count continues on.

FIVE...

SIX...

SEVEN...

Baylor then launches himself into the ring to break the count, but when he sees Nakazawa coming, it's too late and he catches a Front Dropkick to the side of the head! Baylor continues to be stunned when Nakazawa starts heading to the top rope a third time. He waits and then when he comes off...

DDK:

METEORA! That's it, can he do it?

The Diving Double Knee Strike connects and Nakazawa makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO! BAYLOR IS UP AND HE'S MAD!

Theo SHOVES Nakazawa so far off of him, he goes flying through the ropes and crashes out to the floor! The crowd groans as Theo starts to finally come around now, absolutely seeing red while Lucius Owens continues screaming.

Lucius Owens::

FINISH HIM! FINISH THAT LITTLE GNAT!

Theo Baylor nods and then starts rolling out to the floor while he notices Nakazawa about to stand. The masked lucharesu star starts to turn around, but when he does so, he instantly regrets the decision...

Angus:

GORRAM IT ALL THE WAY TO HELL! HE JUST FLOORED THAT KID AND SENT HIM INTO THE BARRICADE!

The crowd CRINGES as Sho Nakazawa goes BOUNCING from a Running Shoulder Tackle, sending him flying all the way into the barricade! Lucius now cackles and points back into the ring, instructing his charge to finish him off. Baylor

nods and then rolls him back into the ring.

DDK:

I really don't know how much more Nakazawa can take. Theo Baylor has shown flashes of brilliance in-ring in the past, but this is a new level of intensity.

Sho stumbles around when Theo now stands over him, the big bad LA native about ready to finish him off for good. Baylor then grabs Nakazawa by the arm and throws him into the ropes...

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sure as shooting, Nakazawa goes FLIPPING over inside and out before hitting the canvas thanks to the big Western Lariat! He goes down hard and Theo Baylor grabs him by the neck. He wraps both hands around the neck and THROWS him into the turnbuckle with tremendous force! His spine rattles, but gets even worse when he picks him up...

DDK:

WELCOME TO LA! THAT'S ALL!

The Elevated Sitout Spinebuster drills Nakazawa into the canvas and that's all she wrote.

One.

Two.

Three.

Theo Baylor rolls off him and heads back up to his feet. He doesn't waste any time grabbing Nakazawa and simply THROWS him out of the ring like he was yesterday's trash. Lucius Owens gets back in the ring and laughs at his client's sheer dominance in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your win...

Lucius takes the microphone from DQ and heads into the ring, looking out to the crowd.

Lucius Owens::

THIS is what happens when you don't give us the attention we deserve. You end up like Sho Nakazawa out there!

The camera pans to the downed Nakazawa, who hasn't moved since ending up on the outside. Theo paces the ring like a lion ready to eat while Owens continues.

Lucius Owens::

That's why this happened to Thomas Slaine and especially that redneck, Levi Cole. I am NOT going to be ignored any more. Theo is NOT going to be ignored any more. And DEFIANCE is going on notice right now, Theo is going to DESTROY everybody on this roster one by one by every single one until we get what we want! And that's titles! That's money! That's a top spot! All of it!

The crowd continues jeering as Lucius and Theo hold court in the ring.

DDK:

That's a statement right there, Angus.

Angus:

And honestly, who's going to argue that?

Lucius continues.

Lucius Owens::

There is NOBODY in that locker room that can step to Theo Baylor! Nobody! In two weeks, you've seen him mow down body after body and...

♪ "Born In The USA" By Bruce Springsteen ♪

DDK:

Wait a minute! Levi Cole might have something to say about this!

Angus:

I hope Opie knows what the hell he's doing!

Levi starts making a beeline toward the ring when Theo stands his ground. The 265-pound Cole rushes into the ring, but Theo is already meeting him there and lays into him with some hard stomps before he can even get up to his feet.

DDK:

Cole wanting to stand up for himself, but maybe not a good idea right now the mood Theo is in.

Angus:

Damn right, it ain't!

Baylor picks up Cole and doubles him over with a pair of body shots before throwing him to the ropes. When Cole come back, he tries for a Western Lariat, but Cole has the foresight to duck and come back with a Low Shoulder Tackle to the knee, KNOCKING Baylor off his feet! The crowd cheers when American Made rises to his feet, begging Baylor to fight him again. Theo does eventually limp back on his feet in a daze when Cole reaches behind him and THROWS him overhead with a Release German Suplex, bouncing him off the canvas and sending him out of the ring!

Angus:

I'll be damned! Opie showing backbone for a change!

DDK:

I don't know what's got into Cole, but that attack last week might have stoked a fire or something!

Cole stands his ground now and even walks over to the ropes, holding them open for Baylor to get back inside and finish what they both started, but Lucius Owens goes to check on Baylor to keep him from making a mistake. Cole reaches over a grabs a microphone.

Levi Cole:

Y'all are gonna have to excuse the language for a second, but I'm SICK of this bullhocky!

He turns to the outside.

Levi Cole:

For too long, I've heard the locker room whisper about me. He's got potential to be somethin', but he's too darn nice. He's a pushover. He's just a stepping stone for other guys. Well, Theo... do I look like a stepping stone now?

The crowd cheers along with Cole as Baylor angrily tries to get back in the ring, but Owens can barely hold him off. Cole then leans over the ropes.

Levi Cole:

So go ahead, Theo... how about when my back ain't turned, you come into this ring and try to fight me like a MAN? Or

maybe...

Cole deliberately turns his back, but keeps one eye over his shoulder.

Levi Cole:

Or is that more to your likin'?

Lucius angrily grabs another microphone from ringside before screaming at Cole.

Lucius Owens::

You just committed career suicide, Cole! You just saw what Baylor did to Sho Nakazawa... and if you want that to happen to you, too, then I can arrange that! Next DEFtv, you versus Theo Baylor! He's gonna end your redneck ass!

The crowd cheers for the challenge being made. Cole shows no hesitation in his voice as he looks down at the duo.

Levi Cole:

I accept.

Cole drops the microphone and as Baylor tries to get back into the ring, Lucius Owens tries to hold him back and pleads with Theo to stay back. Eventually the two retreat, but right now Cole has the upper hand. He waves to the crowd before and watches Baylor and his manager disappear.

DDK:

Levi Cole just stood his ground and maybe, Angus... this is what he needs in his career?

Angus:

With BRAZEN being in full swing, I know all my kids are looking for opportunities and Cole and Baylor are among two of the biggest and baddest we have. Maybe Cole has something to him finally.

TIMELESS TESTS

From the ring we move to DDK and Angus.

DDK:

At Ascension both Mushigihara and Crimson Lord had a bloodbath in their Ambulance match. Let's take you back to what our very own Lance Warner had to report of the injuries sustained at the hands of Mushigihara.

A video appears on the tron with Lance standing behind a backdrop.

Warner:

Crimson Lord, was reported to have suffered several lacerations and severe avulsion of his back. Preliminary testing also showed symptoms consistent with a mild concussion. As a result of striking Iris Davine - Crimson Lord is reportedly suspended indefinitely. A psychological evaluation will be required before his suspension can be lifted or even defined. Originally triaged in DEFmed, after an incident with the ambulance transporting, Crimson Lord was admitted to New Orleans East Hospital later in the night.

The show returns to DDK and Angus.

Angus:

Well, you would think this psychopath would of had some sense knocked into him by The God-Beast...BUT you are wrong! It appears he has gotten worse then when he was first sent to the hospital.

DDK:

It appears Crimson has relapsed into his old ways, and AGAIN has given the medical staff a hard time in treating him. Probably the only good part of this whole situation is the badly torn flesh on his back has healed. However it appears he no longer has any clue WHO he is anymore.

Angus:

..and this is the guy DEFIANCE wanted to grab before he found another company? Blows my mind.

DDK:

Well, you can not deny the stardom of Crimson Lord. To pass up on a performer like him would of been a huge loss to DEFIANCE. But we received new footage of Lord's recovery...and from the looks of it he has once again been transferred to the same asylum he was admitted to three years ago in Chicago.

Footage rolls

The scene is in a white room with a huge window showing other doctors outside staring in. Crimson is strapped to a bed, and continues to struggle to free himself. Clearly aggravated to no ends, a doctor sits in a chair with a notepad in his hand writing on it with a pen.

Doctor:

Don't resist Crimson just say whatever comes to mind.

Crimson:

[deep voice] Kill... *[savoy voice]* smash... *[callous voice]* destroy... *[normal voice]* rend... *[cackling voice]* mangle...
[high pitched voice] DISTORT!

He continues to struggle from his restrainaints.

Crimson:

I'll destroy everything here everything.....AND THEN I'll destroy DEFIANCE!

The Doctor scribbles something on his notepad before responding.

Doctor:

Yes... yes tell me about DEFIANCE?

The camera catches the strained harness CL is strapped to tearing as he continues to struggle.

Crimson:

I HATE DEFIANCE.....I HATE MUSHIGIHARA!...

He growls as the straps snap and he quickly gets off the bed and slams the doctor against the wall by the throat. While doctors scurry around outside the room.

Crimson:

..and I am not very fond of YOU!

Doctors rush in with syringes and injection guns and tackle Crimson who is quickly injected while he screams.

Crimson:

LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!...argghh

Crimson passes out. The doctor grabs his throat and looks at the lady doctor.

Doctor:

Thanks...he clearly is having issues with his violent nature.

Lady Doctor:

Yes it seems, well I guess we have to move to adolescent test.

The Doctor stops rubbing his throat.

Doctor:

Do you think that's wise?

She sighs for a moment.

Lady Doctor:

At this point something has to stabilize him, we have tried having his wife and daughter come in and give him those code words that failed, trying to reconstruct his damaged psyche did not work...we are quickly running out of options here.

Both Doctors look at the seven footer as he is put back on the bed, and restrained once more.

The DEFiatron fades....TO BE CONTINUED...

DDK:

Well, it may be awhile before we see Crimson Lord again....and given how much hatred he has for DEFIANCE that probably is a good thing.

Angus:

GEE you THINK?

DDK:

Will be right back, Faithful.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN RISE

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

DAVINE INTERVENTION?

Cut back from commercial to Darren and Angus at the commentary booth. For a second.

DDK:

Welcome back and well ... it appears we are going backstage with Lance ... ?

Cut to Lance Warner standing beside Scott Douglas, who is currently sitting atop of Iris Davine's examination table. The former SoHer is in the middle of having his ribs wrapped by DEFIANCE's resident medical professional.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with Scott Douglas in DEFmed and after words from the FIST, earlier this evening - Scott, I have to ask; are you in condition to compete? And ...

Iris interjects off mic but audible enough to be heard as she continues to wrap Douglas' ribs.

Iris Davine:

No ...

Scott turns his head slightly toward her as he registers her comments but quickly turns back toward the camera.

Warner:

And ... do you accept the FIST's challenge?

Scott opens his mouth to speak but hesitates, looking back toward Iris for a second. He is clearly expecting her to interject again or he's just being a dick about it. Iris doesn't speak up this time, instead she pulls a little tighter than necessary on the ace bandage causing Douglas to wince.

Scott Douglas: [speaking through the pain]

I assure you, and everyone out there - I am medically cleared to compete...

Iris grumbles, snatching the bandage once again.

Davine:

... barely.

Scott cuts his eyes toward her but keeps facing forward rather than incite anymore of her wrath.

Douglas:

... and to Scott Stevens, I accept!

She snatches once again and Douglas grunts in reply to the pain. He shoot Iris a look of "really?" and she just glares back. Pick your battles. Scott turns back to the camera.

Douglas:

Low hanging fruit. I'm sure that is the intention here ... but I've honestly been through worse ... States and so called Dynasties.

From backstage the Faithful's amused pop can be heard in a muffled tone.

Warner:

Scott, coming off a HUGE loss at Ascension ... What -

Iris cuts Warner off again, this time with a bit a force, placing her hand on his shoulder and leaning into his microphone.

Davine:

With all due respect, Lance ... you have you sound bite - if I could PLEASE see to my patient now ... in PRIVATE!

Lance is shook and instantly starts to apologize while simultaneously backing out of the room. The camera operator is way ahead of him in this retreat.

Cut back to the arena.

THE JAY HARVEY VS. THE D

♪“Live for the Night” by Krewella♪

The lights go berserk, the flashes from the cameras fill the entrance ramp as The D makes his way out to the ring. The fans are on their feet as he slaps the hands of the fans along ringside. Darren Quimbey’s introduction is drowned out by our color commentating crew.

DDK:

Here we go, folks. The Southern Heritage Championship is on the line.

Angus:

The kids gonna need some luck tonight.

The D leaps over the top rope and rolls to stand up on his feet. He goes over to his corner and awaits the champion.

♪ “Natural One” by The Folk Implosion blares over the sound system ♪

The song is in full swing as “The Natural One” Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air before showing off the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship title around his waist. The crowd boos as champ walks down the aisle.

Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

When he finally gets to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He leans back against the ropes, opening up his leather jacket and letting the cameras and crowd get a good view of his newly won title.

DDK:

Jay Harvey defends his title for the first time here tonight.

Angus:

D man gets a crack at the Southern Heritage Championship... not a real worthy opponent but it’s better than a guy off the street!

Darren Quimbey:

He is “the most marvelous man to grace God’s green earth”... He has asked to be referred to as the greatest Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history... he is “The Natural One” THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey bounces into the ring and comes to a halt in his corner. “The Natural One” wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

DDK:

You will notice that Jay Harvey is by his lonesome this evening. Catalina had a family issue and should be back in a few weeks.

Angus:

I’m sad that I don’t get to stare at that eleven that walks down the ring with that bald headed deuce and a quarter.

DDK:

Okay... Jay Harvey has made claims that the Marvelous Era has begun, let’s see how long it can last.

DING. DING.

The bell sounds and the match is off. Harvey looks around the arena, walking slowly in his corner. The D has his eyes locked on Harvey. The mics along ringside pick up fans yelling at the ring. Harvey and The D circle each other, getting

the crowd energized. Harvey stares down his opponent, slapping at his shoulders. D goes in for a Collar and Elbow Tie Up but Harvey evades it, telling him to calm down.

The crowd boos Harvey's antics and The D isn't amused by it either. Harvey backs into the corner and rolls his shoulders. Harvey waves D on and the two go back at it, circling each other. D and Harvey meet in the middle of the ring and lock up.

D and Harvey struggle for a moment before the bigger and stronger Harvey dominates the exchange. Harvey forces D into the corner and gets Brian Slater involved. He tries to break the two apart and Harvey obeys after a few seconds. He slowly backs away and in the process smacks D right in the face.

DDK:

Woah! Jay Harvey just slapping The D RIGHT in the face!

Angus:

Slapped the taste right out of his mouth! The D looks pissed!

The D returns the gesture with a slap to the face of his own. The crowd is loving it and now D bulrushes Harvey. D tackles Harvey down to the mat and begins throwing lefts and rights. Referee Brian Slater gets right in there to give a Five Count on the illegal closed fists by D.

The "Pop Culture Phenom" steps up and away from Harvey and is getting this sold out crowd pumped. Harvey is stirring as D has his back turned. Harvey powers a Superkick right on the jaw of D, knocking him down to the mat.

Brian Slater drops to the mat and begins counting Harvey's pin attempt.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Remember folks this match is for the Southern Heritage Championship. This is Jay Harvey's first ever defense.

Angus:

I'm pulling for the kid but I can guarantee odds in Vegas are on Harvey.

The D snaps his upper body up off the mat but is wrapped up in a Rear Chinlock by Harvey. Harvey digs in deep as D tries his hardest to grab at Harvey's face. Jay Harvey keeps his face tucked away from harm. D swings his arms out in front of him as the color in his face changes to red.

Referee Brian Slater asks The D if he wants to quit, and is quickly told a strong "no". Harvey looks around the arena and eggs on the DEFIANCE Faithful. Harvey is loving it as D struggles to breathe. The Wrestle-Plex is doing their best to try and power D up.

D is feeling the crowd's strength, giving him the force to make his way to his feet. Harvey shakes his head back and forth, not believing that D is doing what he is. The D is back to a vertical stance but Harvey is quick to put D back down with a Snap Neckbreaker.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is in full control right now and this isn't a bad way to start off your first Southern Heritage title defense.

Angus:

Harvey has sucked the air out of this crowd. The Champ showing why he's the champ in the early stages.

DDK:

Did you just refer to Harvey as “the champ”?

Angus:

Ahhh shit. What I do with that bottle?

Harvey sits on his rear as D rolls around the ring, holding his neck in pain. Harvey wipes the sweat from his nostrils and puts on that classic Jay Harvey smile. He gets back to his feet and almost immediately starts screaming at the fallen PCP member.

The crowd isn't liking the exchange one bit. Harvey turns his attention to the crowd, gloating about the fact that he is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion and they... well aren't. “Fly Boy” is coming to, resting on his knees. Harvey mocks him and stands right in front of the “Pop Culture Phenom”.

The D looks up at Harvey with immense hatred in his eyes. D leaps up and connects with an elbow flush on Harvey's chin. The onslaught continues as Harvey is rocked. D rams Harvey into the corner and unloads a series of Knife Edge Chops on Jay Harvey's chest.

DDK:

D with the Irish Whip into the corner...

Angus:

He's charging up!

DDK:

D in your face! Harvey is seeing stars!

The D wastes no time and runs toward the ropes, springboarding backward and connecting with a modified Spinning Wheel Kick. D has Harvey exactly where he wants him. D rushes to the outside of the ring apron and the crowd is on their feet.

Harvey rolls around the ring and D impatiently waits for Harvey to get into a good position. The crowd can sense the end and fans are seen slapping each other five. D looks up to the sky before taking flight.

DDK:

Springboard Four-Fifty!

Angus:

He missed, Keeps!

DDK:

Harvey! Harvey is going for the Bitter Pill! He's got it locked!

Angus:

Son of a bitch!

Harvey pulls back more and more on the neck, putting so much strain on the neck and shoulders of D. D is a victim of the Bridging Reverse Chinlock, Harvey's go to submission. The crowd has went from excitement to despair in a matter of moments. The crowd chants “NO” over and over. The D is holding on for dear life.

Harvey is like a man possessed keeping the submission on to keep his title around his waist. The D is reaching out for the ring ropes but Harvey pushes the two further away from the ropes.

DDK:

The D is in the middle of the ring, there's no where for him to go!

Angus:

Don't you tape you son of a bitch! They rebuild you, they can make you stronger! Take the GORRAM pain!

D is in no man's land. The pain and torture on his body is too much and he has no other choice but to tap out. Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell and it signals the end of the match. Harvey keeps the submission on for a few seconds longer before releasing the hold.

Quimbey:

Your winner by submission.... And STILL Southern Heritage Champion... THE JAAAAAY HAAAAARVEY!

Harvey is on one knee as the crowd boos. Slater runs over and takes the Southern Heritage title from Darren Quimbey. Slater goes to Harvey who rips the title from his hands and raises his own hand in victory. Harvey tosses the title over his shoulder.

DDK:

Jay Harvey continues to roll with another impressive win.

Angus:

The kid came close but he just was no match for Jay Harvey.

Harvey walks around the ring and zeros in on a nearby camera man.

Harvey:

You see that? You see that, Ares? I know you did.

Harvey walks to the corner and makes his way up the ring ropes to display his Southern Heritage Championship. Cameras stay on him for a bit as Darren and Angus move on.

Act VII "TOO MUCH HEART"

Angus:

That little shit is a DISGRACE to the Southern Heritage Championship.

DDK has his hand over his headset trying to listen carefully.

DDK:

Hold on Angus I am hearing there is a commotion backstage.

Sure enough there is and this time it seems to be going in The ToyBox's favor. Gage is on the ground and Jestal has locked in his KillJoy, a modified octopus stretch on the floor.

Angus:

My God, he's getting beaten up already. So much for being 100%... haha I love it!!!

Next Gage is being stomped in his wide open ribs by both WynLyn and Dandelion. Jestal releases the hold and picks up Gage who holds his ribs. He throws a few knee lifts into the jaw of Blackwood, knocking him back to the floor Jestal mounts the Scot and starts to unload with punches across the skull. Dandy and WynLyn suddenly look up and notice someone not on camera. They quickly take a powder.

Jestal:

Take this...and that...and this! HAHAAAAHA!

Suddenly amongst his fun he sees a pair of boots.

Jestal:

Uh, guys?....Guys?

Jestal begins realizing he is alone. He gets off Gage and turns around, ignoring the pair of boots he had seen. He finally realizes he is alone. Eddie comes into the picture and is assisting Gage, who takes his assistance for a moment and gets on his feet.

Jestal:

Where are you guys!?

The camera shows the feet walking toward the jester, who now realizes he is all alone...AGAIN!

Jestal:

Hmmm, maybe they are getting some more toys to beat this guy up some more.

He turns around and comes face to nutsack with Mushigihara. He slowly looks up at the big man. It's like Deja vu all over again the screen turns blue for a moment almost to insinuate that Jestal's life is flashing before his eyes.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Mushigihara looks down at the jester he slowly raises his hand almost like he is going to throw a hammer like punch toward the smaller man.

Gage Blackwood:

Hold on fella.

Gage smacks his hand over Mushigihara's chest.

Gage Blackwood:

He is mine!

Jestal takes a small step back and breathes a sigh of relief as he wipes his brow.

Jestal:

Whew and he...

Before the clown can finish his sentence the camera catches Blackwood's fist buried into the left cheek of the clown. The pain and anguish can be seen clearly in the glassy eyes of the jester. He soon hits the floor face first.

Jestal looks to be out cold, as Gage with his chest facing Mushigihara, now looking at the writhing humanity before him. Eddie stares on at the jester face planted on the floor.

Eddie Dante:

Poor sap. He just never seems to learn, does he?

The advocate of the God-Beast says while looking up at his man. Blackwood walks off camera for a moment and after a few minutes returning with a trash can again.

Gage Blackwood:

Here you go, friend.

Gage smirks as Mushigihara walks over and grabs the multicolored hair of Jestal. He lifts him to his feet and dumps him once more into the trash can. Mushigihara pulls his foot back ready for a soccer style punt.

THUD!

Jestal starts tumbling down the hallway while Gage puts his hand over his eyes like he is watching a baseball leaving the ballpark.

Gage Blackwood:

He is going... going...

Jestal disappears down the hallway, well at least off camera view.

Gage Blackwood:

GONE! *[looking to Eddie]* That's what they say in baseball, right?

Dante chuckles.

Eddie Dante:

I'll post this one on YouTube after the show.

He pauses, before turning to Mushi.

Eddie Dante:

Can you believe we got two million views on that first one?

Mushigihara:

Osu.

The men look on as the show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE ROAD



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

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. SCOTT STEVENS Â©**DDK:**

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back and it is now time ...

Angus:

Time for ol' Scotty to TAKE back the FIST from these - these ... THE McSHITS!

DDK:

... well, yes but only time will tell, partner. It's time for the main event of the evening and Scott Stevens will make his FIRST ever title defense against the former SoHer, Scott Douglas!

Angus:

The SoHer was last week, Keebs ... tonight, THE FIST!

DDK:

... it's been several weeks, nevermind. Let's go down to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:The following match is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and will be contested for the FIST! OF!
DEFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFIIIIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNCEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Darren pauses to let the raucous crowd die down.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... THE CHALLENGER!

*♪ Smiling and Dyin' - Green River ♪***Darren Quimbey:**... weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... from Seattle, Washington ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT ...
DOOOOUJGGLLLLAAAASSS!!!

As the grunge tune kicks into full gear, Scott Douglas comes through the curtain for the first time since his loss at Ascension. The Faithful ignite and Douglas pauses on the stage for a moment - taking in the cheering capacity crowd.

Angus:

Here go, Keebs! These little shits will be looking for a NEW Occupation after tonight!

Douglas skips any further fanfare, taking off his tattered leather jacket - dropping it to the stage. Just like that, he's ring ready and heads down the ramp.

DDK:

I wouldn't get your hopes too high, partner. We all heard what Dr. Davine had to say about Douglas' current status! This ribs are a tough thing to heal and they've plagued him since War Games, at least.

Angus:

I thought I told you never to utter that nonsense phrase to me again!

Douglas takes to his corner and awaits the FIST.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

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:

Even Freddy Mercury can't get the Faithful to cheer for Scott Stevens anymore.

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 and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... *SCOTT STEVENS.as*

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen♪

begins to play.

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds, the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE!!! ...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

Quimbey can barely be heard as a spotlight hits the darkened stage to reveal Scott Stevens, FIST in hand. The rest of his cohorts, new and old alike, funnelling out behind him and filling the stage. Bo, Cary, and the newest Stevens, George, as well as The Souther Heritage Champion, *THE* Jay Harvey.

Angus

For fuck sake, let's get on with it already!

Stevens produces a microphone and a quick cut to Scott Douglas in the ring shows his shrugging frustration.

Scott Stevens:

I said you'd wrestle in the main event. You really didn't think you would be facing me, now did you, Douglas?

Stevens grins devilishly as the Faithful explode in a chorus of discontent.

Scott Stevens:

And this is why you filth love mediocrity!

Stevens says before turning his attention back to Douglas, as the would be challenger beckons The FIST to the ring.

Scott Stevens:

That's the spirit I was told you have and I'm loving it but I need more than he say/she say. You understand?

Douglas backs up from the ropes and continues to motion for Stevens to come to the ring as Stevens sighs.

Scott Stevens:

Before you get me in the ring, I need a demonstration, from you, to prove you are worthy... isn't that right, Mr. Harmen?

The capacity crowd continues to boo and gesture rudely toward Stevens and his accompaniment on the stage. Although there seems to be a distraction in a portion of the audience.

DDK:

What in the ...

Stevens and company look delighted with their deception from the stage.

Angus:

That's HARMEN! That son of a bitch!

The camera cuts quickly back to the ring as Douglas is face first on the mat with Jack Harmen looming over of him, freshly dented steel chair in hand. A flashing glimpse of referee Marc Shields can be seen as he high tails it from ringside in the confusion.

DDK:

Where did he even come from?

Angus:

My gut is saying hell ... but in the name of being practical, I'd assume the audience.

Scott Stevens:

Ohhh, you are not off to a good start!

Scott begins to stir and instinct dicates get out of harm's way. He begins to crawl toward the ropes slowly as Harmen stalks.

DDK:

For the love of ... Can we get security out here?

Angus:

Damn, Security. Where's that Keurig kid?! Let's even up these odds and see some asses kicked.

DDK:

You don't remember cheering his bodily injury earlier tonight!?

Angus:

What ... who cares, Keeps! Look at this shit!

Harmen patiently follows Douglas, methodically deciding where and when to take his next shot. Douglas slowly attempts to pull himself up the ropes and makes it to one knee, half draped over the middle rope and clinging the back of his head. Harmen right behind him like a spider, watching it's prey twist and turn in it's web.

As Douglas hangs on the middle rope, looking up at the cheshire smile of Harmen, he can't help but laugh when Jack extends his hand for a hand shake.

So Harmen rushes into the corner and drives a knee into his ribs, sandwiching him into the corner turnbuckle. As Douglas coughs and sputters, neck draping over the middle ropes, Harmen turns and shouts.

Jack Harmen:

I OFFER HIM FRIENDSHIP.

Harmen then drives his knee into the back of Douglas, reaching over the top rope and grabbing Douglas' chin and rearing back to use his knee as a fulcrum.

Jack Harmen:

HE SPITS IN MY FACE.

Harmen then just uses his forearms and begins clubbing on both sides of Douglas' head.

DDK:

This is just disgusting, Angus. This isn't a match, this is an assault!

Angus:

First, Harmen attacks Ares like a coyote, then he attacks Andy, he tries to destroy Cayle, and here he's trying to remove the heart of DEFIANCE. It's not right Keebs!

After about five blows, Harmen backs out of the corner, grabbing Douglas by his hair and just gingerly tossing him face first into the canvas. Harmen then STEPS on Douglas' back, walking over him to the corner he was just in. He begins to unravel the top turnbuckle as Stevens and Harvey cheer on from the entrance ramp. Harmen doesn't stop there, unraveling the middle turnbuckle. As he turns back to Douglas, he notices him crawling toward the other side of the ring. Harmen throws the pads onto Douglas and then grabs the chair he tossed aside. He raises it high and SLAMS it into his back. Douglas spins over from the impact, reeling in pain. It's here Harmen unfolds the chair, and places it so it surrounds his chest and midsection. Harmen then takes a seat, with little disregard to Scott's ribs. Scott cries out in pain.

DDK:

Will somebody stop this crime Angus?!

Harmen then just sits up, just enough so that he can PLOP back down onto the chair, digging the metal bars into Scott's chest. Harmen then leans forward, so he's eye to eye with Scott while remaining seated on the chair. Douglas, pinned and helpless, nostrils flare as he spits into Jack Harmen's face.

DDK:

Give 'im hell Scott!

Harmen closes his eyes, with a deep sigh. He rubs his hands against his face, wiping away the lugey, before shaking his hand so it sprays onto the ring apron. Harmen, once this is done, smiles.

Jack then proceeds to lift himself slightly, and then SLAM himself back down butt first into the chair, each time driving the metal bars into Douglas' midsection. He does this a total of five times, as Douglas screams out with each blow. Harmen isn't done, as he gets up, re-folds the chair, and fascends it in between the top and middle turnbuckles he had previously undone.

Scott Douglas coughs and sputters on the canvas, clutching his injured ribs. When Harmen notices, Jack makes a bee-line, ripping off Douglas' shirt and then grabbing and tearing at his bandages. He begins to unwrap Douglas like a bruised Christmas present, then takes the wraps and SLAMS them back onto Douglas as if they were a whip.

Harmen backs off as Douglas rolls around in pain. Ever the fighter, Scott pushes himself up to all fours...

When Harmen runs him over with a heavy boot to the skull like his patented locomotive yakuza kick.

DDK:

C'mon Jack! The damage is done! Somebody think of Scott Douglas!

Angus:

Scotty's career CAN NOT END tonight! He's done so much awesome! He took McFuckasses title! He ran McFuckass Lite out of here ... other then that flippy shit --

DDK:

ANGUS ... !

Harmen walks over to the time keeper's table, looking at Shields who is freaking out. Jack tries to alleviate his fears, and then simply sits on the middle rope, beckoning him into the ring. Even Shields is apprehensive as he enters, not using Harmen's perch but sliding into the ring from the other side.

Jack Harmen:

RING THE BELL!

DDK:

Oh come on! Scott Douglas is no longer in any sort of condition to compete here tonight, Angus.

Angus:

Hasn't stopped the crazy bugger before. Two nut jobs in the ring tonight, Keeps.

Shields' eyes go wide. He nods to Harmen, like, asking "really?" He walks over to Douglas, who's only barely stirring, a small abrasion above his right eye. Blood trickles down from his brow obscuring his vision. Shields leans down to Douglas and the two converse, as Scott nods his head. Shields just shrugs, turns toward Quimby and the time keeper and signals to ring the bell.

There's a hesitation, as the time keeper does NOT want to start this match. So, Jack climbs out of the ring, begins yelling at him, and then CHARGES.

DDK:

Jack Harmen just locomotive'd our time keeper!

Angus:

And now he's grabbing the ring bell!

Harmen indeed has the bell and the tiny hammer, and enters the ring. He holds it high above his head and looks up the ramp to Stevens and Harvey, who are just laughing their asses off.

Scott Stevens:

Oh! By the way Scott! Did I mention this match... is no disqualification?

Harmen then slams the hammer into the bell three times, tosses the hammer out of the ring, and waits for Douglas with the ring bell still in his hands.

DDK:

This isn't a match! This is a mugging! How can Mark Shields sleep at night!

Angus:

I'm guessing on his pile of money from ill gotten gains.

As Douglas gets to his feet, Harmen charges. Wild swing which Scott ducks, into a go behind. He tries to lock in a sleeper, but Harmen fights back, walking backward and forcing Douglas into the far corner with authority. Any chance of holding onto the submission is gone as Douglas slumps.

DDK:

Douglas is lucky he didn't land up in that death corner.

Angus:

Speaking too *GORRAM* soon, Keeps!

Harmen grabs Douglas and goes for an irish whip. It's successful as Douglas starts darting toward the corner with the exposed pad and chair. At the last moment, he almost trips himself, sliding to avoid collision. As Harmen stalks toward Douglas, Scott catches Harmen with an arm drag. Harmen quickly up to his feet, quicker than Scott, charges again and Douglas is able to catch the anger filled Lunatic with a drop toe hold. Douglas clutches his ribs as he gets to his feet, off the far side ropes, and hits a seated dropkick to the recovering Harmen. Douglas dives on top to end this early.

One.

Harmen easily kicks out. Douglas latches onto him with a rear chinlock, attempting to recover himself while keeping his foe down. Harmen quickly fights to his feet before Douglas can react. A few elbows to the gut of Douglas easily break the hold. Harmen off the far side ropes, returns and ducks a desperation clothesline, into a go behind rear waist lock and into an accordion inducing German suplex. Harmen hops to his feet, arms stretched wide with a devil horn taunt as he circles the ring. Boos reign from the Faithful.

DDK:

Faithful, while its it's been a dream match of mine to see these warriors of wrestling square off in this ring... it's not right Angus! And now this disrespect?!!

Harmen just places a single boot onto the chest of Douglas, and then YELLS at Shield.

Jack Harmen:

COUNT 'IM.

Even Shields is reluctant as he slides into position.

One.

The count is a bit slower than usual, odd enough.

Two.

Shields hesitates as Harmen growls at him.

Th-NO! Douglas gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

No Scott! Just stay down! Think of your career!

Angus:

Scotty's got more pride and passion than any logical man Keeps, and I GORRAM LOVE IT. He also may be functionally retarded, but I don't judge!

DDK:

Isn't that exactly the definition of judging?

Angus:

Shut it Keeps.

Harmen doesn't pay any attention to Douglas, instead confronting Shields and chest bumping him into a neutral corner. Jack shouts and yells at Shields...

Jack Harmen:

MARK SHIELDS... MORALITY!? BAH! DO YOUR JOB, AS POORLY AS EVER!

DDK:

I mean, Shields is deplorable, but even he can't easily stomach this physical assault on Scott Douglas.

Angus:

It's like bizarro world Keeps. Except I still totally key'd Jack Harmen's rental.

As Jack turns back to Scott Douglas, he doesn't notice that DEFIANCE's Favorite son has gotten to his knees.

Harmen jaw jacks toward some fans in the front row.

Jack Harmen:

Roll a joint in your GED if you can even get one!

****RING****

Scott Douglas pushes off the mat, dives toward Harmen and CLANGS him with the ring bell. He uses all his force and movement to nail Jack in the face, and tumbles to the canvas spent.

DDK:

DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE! JACK HARMEN MEET RING BELL!

Angus:

KISS IT JACK! KISS IT!

The Faithful swell in cheers as we see an image at the top of the ramp of Jay Harvey and Scott Stevens freaking out. They begin to make their way closer to the ring as Douglas, barely, has the were-withal to drape a hand over the unconscious Harmen. Shields is quick to slide into position at the protest of Stevens shouting up the entrance ramp.

ONE.

TWO.

Thre-NO! Harmen gets a shoulder up, barely returning to consciousness. Harmen tosses Douglas' arm off his chest and tries to shake the cobwebs from his head. It's here we notice that he has a small laceration from the bell above his left eye. He notices blood, and his eyes go wide. With a surge of adrenaline, he grabs Douglas up from the mat by his jean shorts and hair, before sizing up the corner. He takes two steps, and tries to shot put toss Douglas into the corner, spinning around the ring once with Douglas. On the revolution, Douglas trips himself, grabbing Harmen by his tights and YANKING him forewards.

SMACK

Harmen's head tumbles into the steel chair set up in the corner, sending it FLYING up the entrance ramp, almost striking Jay Harvey as he heads to ringside. Harmen stumbles dazed from the corner, falls to a knee, clutching his head. As he rises to his feet...

DDK:

DOUGLAS WITH A SCHOOL BOY!

One.

DDK:

DOUGLAS WITH THE TIGHTS! NO RULES ANGUS!

Two.

DDK:

NO RULES!

Three.

Angus:

He... He did it!

DDK:

Oh God! And now he's going to pay for it!

Indeed, Jay Harvey, Scott, Bo and George Stevens all hit the ring. There is no ring bell to signal the end of the match, that's still lying bloodied in the corner. Mark Shields wants no part of this and runs away, not raising Douglas' hand.

♪ *Smiling and Dyin' - Green River* ♪

George Stevens grab Douglas off the canvas, and slings him over his shoulder in a firemen's carry.

DDK:

We saw this earlier tonight!

Bo falls back to the ropes and dropkicks Douglas in the face. The Faithful jeer the quintet as they begin to toss trash and half finished concessions into the ring.

DDK:

Texas Two STEP!

Bo and George pick Douglas up, again, at the behest of Scott Stevens, and shoot him toward Harvey.

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL by Jay Harvey!

Angus:

Yes, by A JAY HARVEY. That spineless prick!

Harvey is all smiles as he looks down at the man he beat for the SoHer. Stevens directs traffic as Harmen recovers in the far corner. As Stevens tells Bo and George to pick Douglas up for him, Harmen rushes out from the corner and SMASHES his boot into Douglas' face, sending him onto his back and then flipping onto his stomach. Harmen turns to Stevens.

Jack Harmen:

Had to be done.

Stevens nods in agreement, as he again directs Bo and George to lift Douglas from the mats. Stevens shoves the FIST into Douglas' face as the two Stevens Brothers restrain him.

DDK:

TOXIC STING! He had that championship over his shoulder as he delivered the Toxic Sting! Dear God Angus. This is decimation. Mikey Unlikely led an Invasion ... this, this ... this is an occupation!

Angus:

Douglas may have won the battle tonight, Keebs... but the Stevens Family and this well, sure ... Occupation may have won the war.

As Stevens gets to his feet, Bo and George lift him onto their shoulders and carry him around the ring, FIST raised high.

DDK:

Folks ... I -

Jay Harvey climbs the far turnbuckle and raises his SoHer championship, as Jack Harmen looms over Scott Douglas. He hawks, spits a lugey onto Douglas, and walks away.

DDK:

I'm at a true ... loss ... of words, Angus.

he last image we see... is a beaten, bloody Scott Douglas, lying face up in the middle of the ring. His bruised ribs exposed, a trickle of blood dripping down his chin behind his ear, eyes glazed over...

Angus:

I'm NOT! FOR FUCKSAKE! This is GODDAMN egregious! This unwashed son of a bitch was on the front lines fighting for THIS COMPANY when the call came down ... WHERE THE HELL WERE THE REINFORCEMENTS!?! Eh!? When HAIR GEL stormed THE GATES ... Scotty was there ... WHERE WERE THE REST OF YOU CU --

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