

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:

GRAPPLE PALS!
MORE CATALINA! LESS HARVEY!
FIST THE OCCUPATION!
KERRY FOR PRESIDENT!
WEEKEND AT BURNSIES!
I GOT PINK EYE!
BRING BACK THE BRUV SHOW!
OCCUPATION: WHERE'S THE HARMEN-Y?
ELISE SHE AIN'T HARVEY

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 cuts in.

Angus:

ENOUGH with the plesanties!

DDK:

I can't say I've ever classified you as pleasant, parnter.

Angus:

That aside! We gotta talk about what in the BLUE HELL happened last week!

DDK:

Suprisingly, we agree.

Angus:

Who took out Harmen!? Who keeps keying his car!? How ...

DDK:

Well, I don't think there is any mystery to that.

Angus:

What the hell is Crimson Lord up to? Why is Oscar Burns so nice? Does he really love graps? Are the Wrestle Friends actually friends? What is the ancient chinese secret? Where ... IS THE BEEF!?

DDK:

And there it is. Somehow you've worked yourself into a frenzy that has led to television commercials from the ... seventies?

Angus:

Maybe. Hazy era for me, Keeps.

DDK:

Well, never the less ... there are many ... many questions swirling around DEFIANCE and one can only hope we will see these questions awnsered tonight!

Angus:

That almost never happens, Keeps.

DDK:

Be that as it may, partner, let's run down what we do know... in preparation for DEFCON, we've got two big matches pitting both Oscar Burns and FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens in singles matches... but the caveat is that they don't know who their opponents are until match time!

Angus:

Hopefully somebody that'll clean Stevens' damn clock while keeping Oscar's skills sharpened.

THE BRUV SHOW

♪ "Let 'em come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

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:

What? This stupid show already?!

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen it looks like DEFtv 110 is kicking off with the third edition of The "The Bruv Show" as Kendrix calls it.

Angus:

Jeez... Just because he calls it that doesn't mean we should, Keebs.

JFK is all smiles as he rubs his hands together and makes his way to the ring, waving to the sold out crowd and batting away their ire. Making his way into the ring via the middle rope, he takes a moment to admire his set, three leather "lazy boy" style seats sit a few feet apart, behind the centre seat hangs a widescreen tv with "The Bruv Show" logo as well as cabinets full of JFK memorabilia.

DDK:

That's quite the TV set, Angus.

Angus:

It's just a bunch of those stupid goggles that idiot's worn over the years

DDK:

Isn't that the burnt remains of the DOC title?

Angus:

Mother fu..

DDK:

Easy, Angus.

Having snatched a microphone out of the hands of Darren Quimbey who had kindly made his way over from the time keeper's area, Jesse's music dies down as he slowly raises the mic to his mouth, standing dead centre in the middle of the ring.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

Strangely, amongst the boos a large portion of the crowd joined in with that one.

DDK:

Jesse, looks very happy with himself after that.

Angus:

People are sheep, Keebs. Idiot sheep with brain disorders.

After taking a moment to look around with that smugness in his eyes, Jesse focuses on the job at hand.

Kendrix:

WELCOME TO THE... THE BRUV SHOW!

Jesse grins wide as he makes his way toward the top rope in front of him and leans one arm relaxingly over it as he looks out at people in the front row hurling abuse at him, before blowing them a kiss.

Kendrix:

Now JFK isn't cleared to compete for a number of months but you lucky people will get to hear every... single... word that I have to say, until my throat is sore, for the next ten episodes of the critically acclaimed the "The Bruv Show".

Angus:

TEN?! WHO THE FUCK SIGNED OFF ON THAT ONE?!

JFK looks a little sombre for a moment as he scratches the back of his head.

Kendrix:

I know, only ten right? Don't worry though folks, I've already got Netflix and Hulu kissing JFK's ass for the rights to season 2! Anyway, as much as all things are about Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, I guess I should invite my guests out. The big match at DEFCON is announced, It's my buddy, Scott Stevens against the guy who leached off of JFK and drew inspiration for his name when I got rid of the DOC.

Angus:

Son of a...

Kendrix:

These two have quite the history and it's all, finally...

Jesse rolls his eyes and fakes a yawn.

Kendrix:

...finally going to come to an end when Scotty boy beats the shit out of Oscar Burns at DEFCON to retain the FIST of DEFIANCE! So without further adieu, gentlemen, please make your way to MY Ring!

The crowd buzzes with anticipation for the first group coming out...

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, along with The WrestleFriends, "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace all slapping hands with the fans behind them.

Burns enters the ring first and leans against the ropes, raising a finger in the air before turning around to face Kendrix. The two stare down one another for a moment before Burns brushes past him to pose for the crowd on the other side.

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:

Speaking of the devil, here he comes.

Angus:

If that fucktard George comes near me ...

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

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen ♪

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 George, cousin Bo and Cary Stevens in tow. The Stevens Dynasty slowly makes their way around the ring talking smack and flipping off the DEFIANCE filth in the crowd until they reach the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, the entire Stevens Clan is front and center and tension can easily be cut with a knife as they eyeball one another looking for the other to make the first move.

The music fades and a loud chant erupts from the crowd.

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

Kendrix:

So I don't have enough chairs for all of you to sit on... that's my bad... I OBVS forgot how popular the "The Bruv Show" is.

Angus:

If he says "the, the bruv show" one more time...

Kendrix:

But I invited you both on my show to ask the important question that the DEFIANCE Faithfull have been yearning to know the answer to? Oscar... are you nuts?! You've actually invoked your rematch clause against Scott Stevens?! The same Scott Stevens of the Stevens Dynasty?! What on earth were you thinking, bruv?!

Twists and Turns shoots a look to The Stevens Dynasty before Burns casts his gaze over the host of the Bruv Show... sorry, the The Bruv Show.

Oscar Burns:

I'll answer your question, but I'm gonna say this first, GC. I get that you two are BFFs and that's all fine and sunny... but Kendrix, I know you aren't thrilled we're here. Sorry if me fighting THIS pile of garbage standing in front of you stealing that title and nearly ending my career isn't your cup of tea and you might find it a tad dry. I'm sorry that some of the people in this ring still care about this sport and aren't trying to bastardize our names like YOU.

The Faithful pop loud for that one. Kendrix looks on nonplussed while Burns turns to Stevens.

Oscar Burns:

And YOU... I said all I needed to say last time to you, but apparently, mate, you didn't get the hint after FAILING to take me out again. But since this ponce hosting Generic Wrestling Talk Show #35486 wants a sound byte, I thought I'd give you both one right now.

A cheer for the burn before he inches closer to Stevens until the two come nose to nose.

Oscar Burns:

...There is NO way in Hell that I'm going to walk into DEFCON and let you, your Dynasty or anybody else continue to poison that title, this ring, or our tradition. There is NOTHING or NOBODY - not even Jack Harmen or your

Occupation - that will stop me from going to DEFCON, tapping you out, and taking the FIST of DEFIANCE from you, Scott. **NOTHING.**

He hands the microphone to "Bantam" Ryan Batts, who eyes up Bo and George behind the FIST.

Ryan Batts:

Bo, you ran your mouth on commentary calling US a bad tag team two weeks ago, but if you and George here were half as good as you say, you'd have beaten The Fuse Bros at DEFIANCE Road and be standing here with gold right now.

Bo talks some trash off-mic with George trying to calm him down as Batts continues.

Ryan Batts:

We don't stoop to talking trash behind an opponent's back and not being able to back it up like you. We won the RISE Tag League to earn our roster spots... We didn't leech off the quote "Stevens name" or steal our schtick from somebody else to get here. Jackie and I busted our backsides off to get here.

Mace smiles.

Jack Mace:

Bo-lieve THAT, you poor imitation of a professional wrestler.

The crowd "ooooohs" the last knock as Batts tosses the microphone aside as Scott looks unimpressed with Oscar and his Friends threats.

Scott Stevens:

Isn't that the same stuff you said the last time you faced me?

Stevens asks as he gets closer Burns.

Scott Stevens:

The same regurgitated speal you spoke then is the same you're speaking now and you actually think the result will be any different?

Stevens says as he gets chest to chest with Oscar.

Scott Stevens:

But the fact is there is **NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!**

Stevens says as he pokes Burns with an extended index finger which is quickly swatted away before Scott hands his cousin the microphone who motions he wants to talk.

Bo Stevens inches closer now to Ryan Batts. He raises the microphone...

RIGHT HAND TO BATTS!

DDK:

And the powder keg has gone off already! That cheap shot by Bo caught Ryan Batts on the jaw!

Before George can step in, Jack Mace immediately comes to the aid of his partner and shoves Bo off him before George clubs him in the back with a big Clubbing Forearm Smash. Bo kicks Batts out of the ring just as George Stevens tries to back Mace into the ropes. The fights continue between The Stevens Dynasty and The WrestleFriends. George tries to shove Mace into the ropes, but big Manpower comes back with a HUGE Spear, running George right into one of the lay-z-boy recliners, knocking it over!

Angus:

HOSSFITEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Kendrix and Burns are sharing a heated exchange now, the mics pick up Kendrix's frustration of his show being ruined, before Burns is sent crashing against the ropes.

DDK::

CHEAP SHOT! FROM BEHIND BY STEVENS!

The champ drags Burns to the turnbuckles and starts pounding right forearms across his face. Outside, it's bedlam everywhere now as Ryan Batts gets thrown into the barricade. Bo charges at him, but the diminutive dynamo sends Bo FLYING over the barricade with a huge Back Body Drop!

DDK:

It's fighting everywhere! We've got Mace and George Stevens coming our way now!

Angus:

HIDE ME!

Mace cracks George in the mouth with a Headbutt, but the Big Crawdaddy comes back with one of his own! The two behemoths continue fighting backstage as the action heads to the ring. The strikes from Stevens don't last too long as the noise in the arena lifts as Oscar blocks and returns fire. Strike after strike forcing the champ back toward the centre of the ring with a vicious series of Elbow Smashes to the head, reeling the champion back...

DDK:

Listen to this place we got ourselves a...OHHHH, SUPER KICK FROM KENDRIX!

The crowd goes in shock as Burns lays out flat on the mat after the blind side kick from JFK! He looks down at the challenger with disdain etched across his face. Slicking his hair back, he lifts his head and smiles over at the recovering Stevens.

Angus:

That... that son of a bitch. He allegedly can't compete but he can still get away with shit like that?! How does that work, Keeps?!

Jesse taps the chest of his former tag team partner and points down at the writhing Burns.

DDK:

However it works, Kendrix just spoiled our live preview of DEFCON and now there's more trouble in store for Burns.

Stevens hits the ropes and delivers a VICIOUS curb stomp to his challenger! Burns stays down as The FIST of DEFIANCE now raises his leather covered glove into the air and balls it up into a fist.

DDK:

This isn't good, how does Oscar win the title with the Stevens Dynasty and now Kendrix having the champ's back?

Scott motions for Burns to get up.

DDK::

Burns is out cold, Stevens is loving this... WAIT A SEC... !

OHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kendrix CLUBS Stevens's head with the FIST of DEFIANCE belt! The crowd looks in shock before Kendrix starts pulling his head back around and bringing his face down towards his rising knees.

DDK:

BELL-END! HE JUST NAILED SCOTT STEVENS WITH THE BELLEND!

Angus:

Kendrix just turned on Stevens!

Jesse removes his suit jacket, throwing it down to the mat and surveys the carnage around him before grabbing the FIST of DEFIANCE from the ground...

DDK:

What a mess, Angus! Burns is out cold, Stevens is, too!

The jeers are LOUD now! While Kendrix lifts his head, trademark smirk in tact as he raises the FIST high above his head. With both men down for the moment, Kendrix takes a microphone.

Angus:

And this better not be what I think it means, Keebs. Good God, No!

Kendrix:

Bee Tee Dubs... I want this title, too!

He starts to walk off, but not before he remembers something.

Kendrix:

Obvs. Totally obvs.

He throws down the title belt on the body of Stevens as he leaves the ring, having pulled the wool over everyone.

DDK:

Does this mean what I think it means? Was he lying about his condition?

Angus:

I'll take "NO SHIT" for \$1,000, Keebs. It's bad enough we have Stevens with the title now, but Kendrix wants it, too!

Burns limps upward, angrily watching Kendrix leave up the ramp while JFK blows kisses their way before departing, leaving the FIST of DEFIANCE title scene even more chaotic than ever. Stevens holds the back of his head in pain, looking up at the lights.

DDK:

And we can't forget... both Burns and Stevens have been set up with mystery opponents here tonight!

Angus:

They better shake this off then if either wants any chance to win!

FASTBALL SPECIAL

DDK:

I can't believe what we just saw... and...

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I've... I've just got word we're cutting backstage. The fight between The WrestleFriends and The Stevens Dynasty is getting out of hand just outside the guerilla position!

The camera does just that and still locked in combat are the two respective hosses (Hossi?) of the two groups, "Manpower" Jack Mace and George Stevens exchanging blows through the guerilla position! Meanwhile, on another side of the hall not far from that fight, Bo Stevens has Ryan Batts doubled over, burying a series of hard right hands into his gut! Ryan block one and Bo eats an elbow to the face!

Angus:

The two comic book dorks are fighting back!

George has the big Brit Jack Mace pinned against the wall using a large pipe. Mace tries to fight back and growls.

Jack Mace:

Oh, not today, mate! I ain't havin' this bollocks go bad for us!

The big man from Grewelthorpe lands a big kick to the knee of George, making him let out a yell! Meanwhile, Bo tries hooking Ryan Batts backstage for what looks to be his Game Changer backstage, but Ryan Batts quickly adjusts himself and shoves him away. Mace then grabs his partner just as DEFsec FINALLY gets in between the two teams.

Ryan Batts:

Jackie! Fastball special!

Jack Mace:

RIGHTO, BOYO!

In the midst of all the chaos, Mace actually presses his partner and THROWS him over the group of DEFsec security, landing right on Bo Stevens, sending both men scurrying across the floor! By now, DEFsec Head of Security Wyatt Bronson is in between Mace and George with Security trying to hold them all back.

Wyatt Bronson:

ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

His screams almost stop all the fighting as now a bunch of men are all over George while Bo and Ryan and already being dragged off.

Wyatt Bronson:

By orders of Kelly Evans, the lot of you are fucking DONE for the night! You're all out of the building! Get your stuff and go!

Security drags the two tag teams off in separate directions - albeit with some extra men just for Mace and George Stevens. Bronson shakes his head just as Bo Stevens screams.

Bo Stevens:

BO KNOWS THE TWO OF YOU HAVE AN ASS-WHOOPING COMING YOUR WAY!

Ryan shouts back.

Ryan Batts:

BANTAM KNOWS YOU NEED TO GET AN ORIGINAL CATCHPHRASE!

Bantam struggles with security while Mace shakes his head in disgust.

Jack Mace:

Seriously, mate, bunch of rubbish they is.

Bronson gestures to the remaining security.

Wyatt Bronson:

GO.

His voice booms as The WrestleFriends go out the other way. The DEFsec Head of Security lets out a loud sigh.

Wyatt Bronson:

I'm takin' my ass to the bar after this...

And back to ringside we go.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs FLEX KRUGER

With Flex Kruger already in the ring representing BRAZEN, Darren Quimbey speaks.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall. Introducing first, Flex Kruger!

And then, a theme song which hasn't been heard in some time starts up.

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

DDK:

The return of Gage Blackwood to DEFtv!

Angus:

I thought this guy was dead already. The Walking Band-Aid. This should be fun...

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland... Gage Blackwood!

Blackwood paces down the ramp, eyes locked in the middle of the ring. He acknowledges the fans but doesn't spend much time getting to the ring. He rolls underneath the bottom rope, looks at Mark Shields and nods.

DING DING

DDK:

Blackwood wastes no time and goes right after Flex! He hits him with three hard left hands and then locks his head into his arm. Kruger, however, pushes Blackwood to the ropes and goes for a dropkick- no! Gage ties himself up in the ropes so Kruger goes straight to the mat!

Blackwood dropkicks Kruger and then hits a release German suplex. Next, he hurls Kruger into the turnbuckle and upon Kruger bouncing out, the reckless Scot leaps in the air and connects with a flying bulldog.

Blackwood attempts a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Angus:

Is this nonsense over yet? Is he injured already?

DDK:

Blackwood pulls Kruger up by his hair... but a jawbreaker by Flex! Flex goes off the ropes and delivers a clothesline from hell to Blackwood!

This time it is Kruger who lands a release German suplex. Then he performs another. Confident about where this match is going, almost with ease is Kruger able to flip Blackwood onto his right shoulder, bounce off the ropes and demolish opponent with a hard powerslam.

Angus:

A cover! End this thing...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

The Faithful cheer as Blackwood kicks out with power. This does not frustrate Kruger, though. He hammers Gage with numerous fists before pulling him up and carrying him on his shoulder again.

DDK:

Another powerslam attempt... no! Blackwood slips out! He turns Kruger around... kick to the stomach and a diving DDT!

Blackwood goes to the second turnbuckle. He lands the elbow straight across Kruger's ribs.

Gage takes a deep breath and drags Kruger to his feet. With everything he has, he lifts the BRAZEN wrestler up and is able to hold him in the air for just enough time.

DDK:

The Midlothian Hangover! Gage Blackwood with the brainbuster!

Angus: *[sarcastic]*

And this shows you just how awesome he is. I'm pretty sure that's the first time I've seen this move in his DEFIANCE career. It's been over a year long, people.

Blackwood gets up, flips his hair out of his face and waits for The Faithful to get behind him.

DDK:

Blackwood is measuring Kruger... waiting... waiting for his time to strike.

SLAM!

DDK:

The Gaelic Storm! Blackwood crushes Kruger with his knees!

The pinfall is academic.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

The Faithful continue to cheer as Blackwood signals to the crowd.

GREETINGS 2.0

DDK:

A strong return for Gage Blackwood after his words two weeks ago!

As Blackwood is about to leave the ring, a man slides in and gets right in his way. He's wearing a gray hoodie and dark blue jeans. The hoodie is over his head so no one can figure out who he is just yet.

Angus: *[confused]*

Uhhh... security?

Blackwood takes a step back but instantly recognizes who stands in front of him. The Faithful slowly catch on, too.

DDK:

I believe that's Shooter Landell. Last time, he came out and basically called out Blackwood.

Angus:

Oh, him! Yes, no security needed here! I like this guy a lot. I'm already a believer!

Shooter is just standing there, staring Blackwood down. By now, Gage's theme song has come to a close and The Faithful are awaiting what's to come.

Blackwood, on the other hand, is just standing there too, not backing down.

A small chant breaks out for Blackwood. "Black-wood! Black-wood! Black-wood!" as the fans pass the time.

But Landell still doesn't move.

Angus:

Shooter does not look impressed, Keebs. I'll tell you that.

Gage Blackwood: *[to Shooter]*

Aye... so?

Finally, after a few more moments, Landell snickers and exits the ring. He walks up the ramp, not looking back.

The crowd boos at the lack of an interaction. Some of them even shout at Landell that he's scared. Angus picks up on those comments.

Angus:

Um, no. I don't think he's scared. I think he's got better things to do.

DDK:

Well that was an awkward exchange nonetheless. I don't know what to make of this Shooter Landell character just yet.

Angus:

Don't know what to make? I know what to make! He's too good for Gage Blackwood, that's for sure. He looked him over and did not like what he sees!

Blackwood's theme comes back over the PA as he exits the ring and this time, hits some of the fans hands on the way up the ramp.

DDK:

We'll see about that. Gage might get beat up a lot, but he always brings it when he needs to. That's why the people like him.

Angus:

Well the people make me sick.

DDK:

We'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

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REPENT! I SHALL WELCOME YOU ONCE MORE INTO THE LIGHT!

Cut to backstage.

The Faithful's dull pop can be heard from the arena as Kerry Kuroyama walking backstage checking his wrist wraps is broadcast over the big screen. He checks his wrist tapes and he goes along until, he suddenly stopped and looks up.

Crimson Lord:

REJOICE! For The maJESTIC Crimson Lord stands before you!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jesus ... am I just a magnet for the oversized!?

Kerry looks around, shrugging. Crimson stares down at Kerry.

Crimson:

Ah, one of the many sick men of the entity of DEFIANCE. I have a offer for you tonight. No violence need be bestowed upon you, but only if you turn from the path of the Evil Ones.

Kerry raises a eyebrow.

Crimson:

All I require you to do is... *REPENT!*

Kerry looks at Crimson in confusion. Not quite sure how to take such a comment ... from such a man.

Kerry:

... repent, what exactly?

Crimson puts his hands on Kerry's shoulder. Kerry quickly jerks his head toward the unwarranted touch and then directly back up to Lord.

Crimson:

I can cure you my child, you were once part of The Light. I am your beacon of hope. I can cleanse you of the disease that plagues you.

Kerry shrugs Crimson's hands off his shoulders.

Crimson:

All it will cost you is the location of The Spider...

Crimson Lord stares intently into the eyes of the Pacific Blitzkrieg, who is completely dumbfounded.

Crimson:

This Spider... has entangled you in his web of lies. He has made you who you are now!

Kerry:

What *OR* ... **WHO** ... is The Spider?

Crimson raises a eyebrow before he responds to Kuroyama.

Crimson:

He frequently visits with Ms. Davine.

Kerry thinks a second before blurting out.

Kerry:

Scott!? ... wait, Scott Douglas - is this "*Spider?*"

Crimson nods his head.

Crimson:

Before you tell me where he is and begin your enlightenment, I brought something for you. It's a symbol of a time you were a soldier of justice.

Crimson pulls out the Green Reaper Mask. It instantly gets a reaction from Kerry.

Crimson:

Accept this gift as your first step in your purifying yourself of the entanglement of The Spider.

Kerry slowly takes the mask from Crimson's grasp. He puts his hand inside the mask and looks down at it with the green eyes staring at him. His memory of this time still fuzzy and confounding on it's own - much less being brought back up now ... by this guy.

Crimson:

Now that you have accepted you are sick, your next step is to tell me where The Spider of DEFIANCE is.

Kerry looks up at Crimson. The two give a brief stare. Kerry pulls his hand from inside the mask and drops the mask on the ground.

Kerry:

I beat one giant ... this **PINK** one shouldn't be a problem.

Kerry walks past, Crimson who quickly grabs him by the arm. Its gets Kerry's attention as he looks at his arm then at Crimson who looks over his shoulder.

Crimson:

If you choose to defy The Light, then you will leave me with no other alternative. I shall not be merciful! Tonight I will cleanse you of your sickness. A sickness that has made the entity of DEFIANCE a cesspool of Evil Ones!

Kerry shrugs Crimson hand off his arm. He turns to him once more staring eye to eye with the seven footer.

Kerry:

You're on, Master Po!

Kerry walks off, Crimson closes his eyes and slowly shakes his head. He softly replies.

Crimson:

Yet, another Evil One that has succumb to entanglement of The Spider. It truly breaks my heart.

Crimson walks off camera as the operator lowers the camera leaving the audience with the final shot of the Reaper Mask lying on the floor.

AMETHYSTA vs "WINGMAN" TITUS CAMBELL

DDK:

Well we have our first match of the night here next, Angus. She shocked the world in the Battle Royal on DEFtv 109, and tonight on 110 she'll be making her DEFIANCE Singles debut. The Luchadora from Puebla, Mexico is your new #1 Contender for the Southern Heritage Championship, and her name is Amethysta.

Angus:

I thought I knew every little thing about BRAZEN, Keebs, and I still don't know who this chick is. Who did we send to Mexico in this International Exchange partnership anyway?

DDK:

That sounds more like your job than mine, Angus, but I'm excited to see what she has to offer.

Angus:

I'd just like to know who in the hell she is!

♪ "Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee ♪

The unfamiliar tune trumpets over the speakers and the crowd looks to the entrance. Purple lights dance around the arena as a masked woman bursts through the curtain. Her deep brown eyes pierce the camera from behind a sparkly amethyst mask with horns rising off the top. They almost raise from her dark brown hair as she jumps up and down to the music. Clapping her hands over her head she tries to get the crowd behind her.

Quimbey:

Our opening contest is scheduled for ONE FALL. Introducing first... the challenger, from Puebla, Mexico. Weighing in at 122 pounds, AMEEEEEEETHYSTA!

Skipping down the aisle, the luchadora has a sporty, sparkly purple sport top and a pair of long purple tights with a purple devil tail hanging off the back. She goes up top and makes little devil horns with her fingers as she looks out across the crowd.

DDK:

She's bringing some energy to this opening bout, Angus!

Angus:

If she's going to beat Jay Harvey and be our next Southern Heritage Champion, she's going to have to bring something! Maybe a baseball bat or someone else entirely. Don't get me wrong, I HAAAATE Jay Harvey, but he's shown he doesn't take it easy on anyone, not even a woman.

DDK:

You have to wonder what Elise Ares thinks about all this. She should've beaten Jay Harvey, twice. Both times Catalina had bailed him out and she was not beaten clean. Not only does she not get a rematch, she's barred from an opportunity to EARN a rematch.

Angus:

That's the way things go sometimes, Keebs. That's why I say you need to take wins however you can get them. If you don't your moment passes, and it becomes someone else's moment.

♪ "Labrinth" by Earthquake feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

Flashing lights dance from the entrance, silhouetting a huge man with his arms extended wide, showing an almost impossible wingspan. Stepping out into the spotlight is a massive, mountain of a man. Wearing a black varsity style jacket with silver sleeves and a matching pair of silver sunglasses, "Wingman" Titus Campbell tosses off his "WINGMAN" flat brimmed hat and drops his jacket to the ground. The African-American giant smirks and bops a bit to the beat before walking down to the ring.

Quimbey:

And her opponent, hailing from Miami, Florida. Weighing in at 310 lbs... "WINGMAN" TITUS CAAAAAMPBELL

Angus:

I never get over how huge this guy is!

DDK:

Six foot seven. Over three hundred pounds. This guy has been gifted everything a man needs to be an unstoppable force in professional wrestling. What's been holding him back in BRAZEN, Angus?

Angus:

He's too nice. Too mild-mannered. Always looking out for his bros, always looking out for everyone except Titus. He's hard to piss off, and that's a bad thing. Could you imagine this monster if anyone ever made him angry? It's never happened, and that's why he is where he is. Someone needs to light a fire under his ass and let him know how much of a killer he really could be.

DDK:

Being excluded from the Battle Royal when many people on the BRAZEN roster were not has to mean something to him. Now he's stepping into the ring with the unknown entity that took it from all of them. Think we'll see a rise out of him?

Angus:

I hope so, Keebs. There is nothing more I'd love to see than for this man to finally embrace his HOSS potential.

Taking off his sunglasses in the ring, his shadow dwarfs Amethysta as he spreads his arms wide in the ring. His eyes focus in on the much smaller Latina across from him, clearly staying in her corner as he hands his sunglasses to Carla Ferrari. As the music cuts and the lights return to normal Titus looks over the top rope towards a group of guys sitting in the front row. One of them is holding a sign that reads "THE FLIGHT CREW." He makes a fist and taps it to his chest before pointing at them.

DING DING**DDK:**

It's time to get thi...

Before the bell even finishes ringing Titus Campbell collapses to the ground as Amethysta sprints across the ring and low dropkicks the side of his leg. It looks like the falling of a giant Redwood and the impact feels the same. Carla Ferrari goes to back Amethysta away but not before she gets in a few stomps to the affected knee. The Violet Diabola raises her arms in the air and backs away as Carla checks on Campbell.

DDK:

Was that a... cheap shot?

Angus:

You God damn right it was a cheap shot! Keebs! BRAZEN fights are FAIR... I guess except when they aren't.

Titus tries to get to his feet but he falters. Carla turns to ring the bell to end the match, but Titus grabs her and shakes his head no.

Angus:

This is his chance Keebs. The show must go on! He's gotta make a name for himself!

DDK:

Titus is fighting through that initial surprise attack Angus, more power to him... and oh, what's this?

We go picture in picture as Titus gets to his feet, trying to shake the stinger out of his knee. At commentary in the other side, the D, Klein, and Flex Kruger walk out over to the announce booth. They each hold one of the BRAZEN Trios championships. Klein is the first to eagerly sit down and put on a headset. The D snaps his fingers and Flex places one over his head. Klein's headset, however, does not fit his head, so he just puts it on top of his box and leans forward enthusiastically.

DDK:

We're being joined by the PCP here, minus Elise Ares, it looks like. She hasn't been around much since her loss at DEF Road. It's not like her to avoid television.

Angus:

Yeah, where is Elise?!

Carla makes the competitors keep their distance as the match effectively restarts. Amethysta and Titus lock up and Titus gains the quick advantage by using his impressive strength to throw her across the ring. The Violet Diabola pushes herself up but quickly finds herself in a side headlock, where Titus goes to one knee, favoring the cheap shot. He doesn't miss an opportunity look over to his Flight Crew who cheer him on from the front row.

The D:

She's backstage, getting treated by medical. She was dancercising and tweaked her neck. Also, she's really sad about the whole Jay Harvey won't defend against her again thing. Chickensheeeet.

Amethysta slips out and shoots off the ropes, then eats a shoulderblock. Titus backs off the other side and charges.

Angus:

We can all impartially agree here that Harvey is horrible.

Nods of agreements through commentary.

DDK:

No. We can not. That's partiality.

Angus:

But I'm pretty sure Jay Harvey has a good idea on who Amethysta is. Did you see the look on his face?

The D:

Bruv, I don't even know WHAT this person is. Am - Amy - Amyst - A meth trip or whatever?

Amethysta ducks underneath another shoulder block as Titus keeps running. Off the other side, and Amethysta hits a picture perfect dropkick under the jaw, sending Titus tumbling back and rolling out of the ring to regroup. Outside, he leans against the barricade by his Flight Crew, who rub his shoulders and shout inspirational trash talk to him. He nods and does a couple of fist bumps. Flex goes to grab a headset to join the booth, but the D audibly swats his hands.

The D:

No Flex. You lost. You get nothing. But let's talk about this A meth trip, impressive win last week at DEFtv 110 in that battle royal, huh husband from Bewitched?

DDK:

Well, yes, it was quite impressive. But it happened at DEFtv109.

The D:

Whatever, I did your job better than you and you're spiteful. Where's my residuals?

Amethysta climbs quickly to the top rope and dives with a cross body, taking Titus off his feet to wild cheers.

Amethysta basks in the glow before rolling back into the ring. Inside she stomps on the mat, trying to get the crowd

behind her. They follow along as she shoots against the ropes once more. Titus is back up and trying to get into the ring and Amethysta goes for a baseball slide but is caught. She struggles to break free, but the power of Campbell is just too much as he throws her from the floor, over the top rope and back into the ring with a gorilla press.

DDK:

Look at that power! What are you two doing here right now?

The D:

Oh, well there's a BRAZEN house show this weekend in Davenport, and we're facing Titus and two partners of his choosing for our TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Kruger sets off sparklers as the D and Klein pose in front of him. This is only for the live audience. The home audience only hears Angus facepalm.

The D:

We're on a secret scouting mission.

Angus:

It ain't too secret if you guys are out here lighting sparklers.

Titus Campbell goes for the cover and only gets a two count. Amethysta is slippery, her size and speed keep her hard to cover and get a grip on. As she gets to her feet she goes for a kick, but her leg is caught by the Wingman. He nods to his Flight Crew outside and throws her backward but she flips and lands on her feet. An enzuigiri rocks him on the right ear sending him staggering before a hard kick to the affected knee brings him down to her level. Off the ropes she goes into a seated hurricanrana that bounces his bald head off the mat.

Angus:

Titus Campbell just got rocked by a woman half his size!

DDK:

She should be going for the cover here but she's... stepping on his back?

Amethysta plants her boot on the back of Titus Campbell's back before placing her hands on the back of her head. The crowd screams "QUE TAL ESO, EH?!" She rhythmically dances and gyrates before stepping out onto the apron, squatting down into position as Campbell begins to rise up to his feet. The crowd is beginning to get a little restless, this is beginning to look a little familiar.

DDK:

I think we've seen this before!

The D:

I was about to say the same thing, but I didn't want to admit I've been to that website on television. I guess if you've seen it too it's perfectly normal, right?

Angus:

...What?

The D:

Are they a sponsor?

Klein shrugs inaudibly as Amethysta leaps onto the top rope as soon as Campbell reaches his feet and drills him with a flying superman punch. The crowd goes nuts even though the shot doesn't even knock the massive man off of his feet. She shoots off the opposite ropes, grabbing Wingman in a side headlock on the way by and the dropping him neck first over the top rope in a cutter. She lands in a modeling pose on the apron, right in front of The Flight Crew. Amethysta points back at them with a wink, blows a kiss, and then begins to climb to the top rope.

DDK:

That move is LITERALLY called Amethystation.

The D:

How can you even pronounce that?! I mean, all a-meth-trip did was punch a guy!

DDK:

Then hit him with Elise's signature move, The Cuban Necktie?

The D:

So you've DEFINITELY been on that website! Freaky right?

Angus:

I'm just going to say it. That's Elise Ares in there! She didn't injure herself dancercising at all!

From the top rope, Amethysta looks over her shoulder back at Titus Campbell on his back in the ring holding his neck before pointing two finger guns at The Flight Crew and flipping backwards in a Phoenix Double Knee Drop! It connects hard on the chest of Titus Campbell. The D goes full Shia, stands up and starts clapping.

DDK:

Would you sit down!

The D does not sit down, instead increasing the pace of claps and the fever of his fortitude. The count is academic in the ring on Titus, as Carla waves for the bell to be rung. Amethysta rises to her knees and looks into the sky. She's come a long way since Puebla, Mexico to securing her first DEFIANCE singles victory. Pointing up into the air she reaches her feet in celebration.

Angus:

You're gonna tell me, TO MY FACE, that that isn't Elise Ares.

DDK:

Elise Ares or not, that was an impressive victory of a 120 pound woman against an absolute monster of a man in Titus Campbell.

Angus:

Titus still has a lot of learning to do, as do our guest out here if they think for a SECOND we believe that's not Elise Ares in that ring. Are you *GORRAM* KIDDING me?!

Flex Kruger, The D, and Klein don't even give merit to that with a response. They're too busy dancing to "Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee over the speakers as the crowd cheers on The Violet Diabola having her arm raised in the ring. Even Carla Ferrari visibly shakes her head as she leaves the ring, walking past Titus Campbell seeking solace from the Flight Crew. However the celebration quickly comes to an end.

Angus realizes the PCP left a signed copy of Lake Placid VI II: 2 LAKES 2 FURIOUS on his desk, and he quickly throws it in the trash can.

YOU'RE DONE.

Amethysta bounces up and down in the ring celebrating in front of the sold-out DEFIANCE crowd.

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The crowd turns from cheers to jeers. Jay Harvey walks out seconds after the opening drum section of his theme music. He rocks the Southern Heritage title with pride and is not liking what he has been watching.

THE Jay Harvey:

Cut the music!

Harvey points down to the ring as he speaks.

Harvey:

This mockery has gone on for long enough!

He looks out into the crowd, going from side to side.

Harvey:

We all know who you are! Yeah, you!

Amethysta seems perplexed as she stands in the ring.

Harvey:

Don't you be coy with me! I said specifically and in plain English that you weren't allowed to be in the Number One Battle Royal for my Southern Heritage Championship.

The crowd now seems to be puzzled by Harvey.

Harvey:

I'll bet my next paycheck... and it's a large one, that under that mask is non-other than Elise Ares!

The crowd still isn't sure of what is going on. Amethysta is seen shaking her head "no" when the cameras cut to her. We go back to Harvey.

Harvey:

I told you! You are a loser and you will never... ever get another shot at this!

Harvey points down to his DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship title.

Harvey:

The contract stated that you weren't allowed to enter the Battle Royal. I told you, you weren't allowed to compete in it... you and your flunkies bright idea to put a mask on you was good. It kept these morons from going blind and it tricked the monkeys who run this dump!

The crowd erupts in a massive boo.

Harvey:

It doesn't matter, sweetheart... you're done. You don't get a title shot... I'm going to be looking for my next opponent and giving it to someone who I DEEM WORTHY!

Harvey's music hits and he exits the scene. Amethysta talks to the referee trying to figure out what Harvey was talking about.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

DUPLICITY

Aerial jib camera shot of the DEFplex. The roaring fans cheering. Angus and DDK are in the upper left hand corner of the screen, but the lights dim except around a small area to the right of the entrance rampway. A man in a suit taps on the microphone as we cut to a lower vantage point, revealing.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentleman...

Storming on stage and snatching the microphone out of Warner's hands is the Neighborhood Lunatic, a member of the Occupation. Jack Harmen looks at Warner out of the corner of his eyes with the utmost contempt, as Warner just slowly slinks back away. He's chomping away at a large wad of chewing gum, because he can. He's still bald, but he's grown a goatee, and continues to wear a fine three piece suit when out of the ring. He raises the microphone to speak.

The Faithful boo.

Angus:

BOO! BOO THIS MAN!

Harmen sighs, shoulders slumped. He raises the microphone again, and another chorus of boos, but he persists through.

Jack Harmen:

I'm not out here for your sympathy. Save it. I'm here for justice.

Harmen sneers as he looks behind his shoulder to see the waving flag of DEFIANCE. He turns back to the camera, his expression softened.

Jack Harmen:

I know who attacked me last week, I just want 'em to come out and admit it.

Harmen waits. He begins tapping his foot impatiently like Sonic the Hedgehog. Harmen raises the mic to his lips.

Jack Harmen:

There's a famous fable, I'm not sure if you know it, because, well, it's not about putting beads on half naked girls or how you can put cumin on anything to make it cajun.

More boos.

Jack Harmen:

Two men met up at the heights of the highest mountain in existence. The two men got along, they had a lot of similarities, and spoke at lengths about the world and philosophy and astronomy and science, things you people know little of.

More boos.

Jack Harmen:

As the night chill crept in on this snowy mountain top, you could see your breath in the winter air. The first man leaned in, blowing onto the other's hand. When questioned why, the first man stated, to warm your hands.

Harmen is pacing at this point, looking over his shoulder as he talks. His eyes bugged.

Jack Harmen:

Later on that night, inside of a cave as they climbed down the mountain, roaring fire cooking the evening's meal, the man took a piece of meat and blew upon it. The second man asked why once more. He said to cool the food down.

The second man believed he could no longer trust the first, a man who spewed both heat and cold. This, is a metaphor.

Harmen looked around at the sea of confusion washing over the Faithful. Some knew the fable, some didn't, but none knew the context.

Jack Harmen:

I'll wait for you to look up what a metaphor is.

Boos. Harmen smiles.

Jack Harmen:

A man can spew both hot and cold air, can spin lies and half truths, can pretend to be whatever without ever being genuine... that's a man who can never be trusted. That... that is the man who laid me to waist last week. He is not to be trifled with, he is not to be underestimated, but, above all else.

Harmen leans into the DEF cameraman, grabbing the edges of the camera yet again.

Jack Harmen:

DO. NOT. TRUST. HIM.

Harmen shoves the cameraman away, paces once more around the small interview stage, and then throws his arms up in frustration to walk away. Harmen shouts as he does.

Jack Harmen:

I'M WAITING!

Harmen gives one more frustrated look around before heading through the curtain, and with an irritated snarl, leaves.

OSCAR BURNS vs TBA

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got the first of two mystery challenge matches coming up between FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens and his challenger, the former FIST Oscar Burns. Up first, Burns takes on a mystery opponent set for him tonight... but can he be focused on this after what happened with Kendrix earlier?

Angus:

I hope Burnsie knows what he's doing... burning the candle at both ends is what many say led to his goody-good ass losing that title to that fuckboy Stevens in the first place. I'm one of those many.

DDK:

That may be so... but Burns won't EVER back down from a challenge either. He better hope he's prepared for whoever comes his way tonight. Let's go to ringside now for our next match.

And we do just that.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a Special Challenge match set for one fall!

The crowd buzzes with anticipation for the man coming out...

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead, still smarting a bit after taking a Bell End from Kendrix during The Bruv Show earlier tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Angus:

Burns has been picking fights with everybody... Crimson Lord. Scott Stevens. Maybe Kendrix, and now whoever's staring down the other side of that curtain.

DDK:

He looks determined, though. I wouldn't want to be the man staring him behind the curtain.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd. He takes off his shirt and throws it into the crowd, not wanting to go through his usual routine of gauging the crowd. He waits for his opponent...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The crowd roars in approval as smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp. Stepping into the arena through a cloud of smoke is none other than a man that helped stick up for Oscar Burns some time ago...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 300 pounds... **"THE BEAST FROM THE BRONX" ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

Angus:

THE HOSS OVERLORD!

DDK:

Angel Trinidad! The last time anybody has seen him was after that heinous attack by The Stevens Dynasty at Ascension, taking him out of action! Looks like he's back!

Oscar looks a bit nonplussed at the return of The HOSS Overlord as he walks out from the back, a stoic expression on his face. Ignoring the mostly positive response from the crowd, Trinidad heads on down to the ring and LEAPS onto the ring apron before focusing on the former FIST of DEFIANCE. Angel jumps over the ropes and heads into the ring to look down at Oscar. Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

DING DING

Oscar extends a hand to his opponent. Trinidad looks at him and out to the crowd for a moment before extending his own. The two shake.

DDK:

Nice. These tw... NO!

Angus:

HA!

Angel CLOCKS Oscar with a Short-Arm Clothesline at the bell! The crowd boos the action from the former World Trios Champion as he kneels over Burns, yelling in his face.

Angel Trinidad:

I'm not taking it easy on you, Burns! I need this win!

The crowd is more decidedly mixed on Angel as he stands over Burns and pulls him up to his feet, now battering him upside the back with a series of painful Clubbing Forearm shots!

DDK:

Angel's taking him to task and isn't going to let this huge opportunity pass him by!

Angus:

DESTROY HIM! ...sorry, old feelings coming up.

Angel continues punishing Burns and headlocks the head of the former FIST before ramming him into the corner. The Joint Chief of Joint Locks gets slammed into the corner and Angel goes to work, drilling Burnsie with a few painful Headbutts to the chest and one against his temple. Burns slumps over in the corner now and allows for Angel to whip him across the ring. He goes running right behind him and crushes him with a huge Running Corner Splash!

Before Burns can get too comfortable (as comfortable as a 300-pound man beating on you could be, anyway...), The former FIST gets whipped back to the opposite corner where another Running Corner Splash awaits him. As Burns comes out of the corner, Trinidad runs off the ropes...

DDK:

HUGE Dropkick from the near seven-footer!

And Angel goes for a cover after.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Angel's back with an attitude, apparently, Keebs. He needs that.

DDK:

Angel did suffer an injury from The Stevens Dynasty when he was aiding Burns, but now he has a chance to put himself right back in the FIST of DEFIANCE title mix with a win tonight!

The young and hungry Beast from The Bronx stands over Burns now as he tries to get back to his feet. Angel hooks him up for a Vertical Suplex and looks to be going for The HOSS Toss, but when he gets to the apex of the move, Burns changes trajectory...

DDK:

DRAGON SLEEPER!

Burns tries to buy himself some time by landing on Angel's shoulder and locking in what looks like a Dragon Sleeper against his back, Bite of the Dragon-style. Trinidad thrashes around until he manages to grab Burns by the hair and throws him forward, slamming him against the mat. When The Team Graps Cap tries to get back up again, Angel is already on him, picking him up and dropping him across his knee with a Rib Breaker.. Then THROWS him overhead with a Release Fallaway Slam!

Angus:

He's a damn HOSS alright! I like Burnsie, but man, it's good to see Angel wrecking fools again.

DDK:

How quickly your loyalty turns, Angus.

Angus:

I'm a complicated man, Keebs. I can't be summed up in a sentence.

Angel now basks in the negative reaction of the crowd and laughs but gives Burns a few extra seconds to roll out to the floor and head for higher ground. Eventually, the former World Trios champ sees what Burnsie is doing and follows the Kiwi out to the floor. He measures him carefully and goes running just as Burns tries to turn...

Angus:

BAM! SHOULDER TACKLE, SON!

Burns goes flying across the ringside floor while Angel now stands over his opponent, looking pretty good right now. Angel Trinidad wastes no time now picking up the former FIST of DEFIANCE off the mat and rolling him back into the ring for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Don't know how Burns kicked out of that, but he did! And that isn't sitting well with Angel.

Angel scowls right at Carla Ferrari before he decides enough is enough. A thumb across the throat signifies that he wants to end the match right now so he doubles over Burns with a kick before elevating him...

Angus:

Big Bad Bomb coming up!

Angel hoists the former champion on his shoulders for the Awesome Bomb, but before he can land it, Burns quickly squirms out from his grasp and lands behind him, going right to the leg with a Chop Block! Trinidad doubles over in pain as Oscar now shoots in front of him. He looks to go for a Dropkick, but when Angel covers up, he discovers the fakeout and instead, Burns lands a Dropkick right to the same left knee! The crowd cheers Burns as he taps the side of his head with a smirk on his face!

DDK:

And there's that in-ring cunning by Burns! If he wants to beat Trinidad, the legs are his best bet!

Burns finally gets back up as Angel limps upward, only to get his head doubled over and struck with a pair of hard European Uppercuts from the former FIST of DEFIANCE. Burns charges forward and lands a hard Running High Knee to double over Trinidad before running cross-corner! The fans rally behind Burns as he runs forward again...

Angus:

Big Angel has the boot up...

...But slyly, Burns catches it over his shoulder and DROPS down, snapping his knee down across his shoulder!

DDK:

GREAT MOVE BY BURNS!

As Angel hobbles out of the corner, the wily Burns heads to the second rope and flies off with a big Diving European Uppercut, knocking Angel off his feet for the first time! Burns crawls over and an attempt to win is made!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Emphatic kickout by Angel!

The former World Trios Champion shoves Burns off of him, but The Team Graps Cap gets back to his feet and goes for the leg again. He's got a big leg and probably thinking a Dragon Screw... however, Angel thinks fast...

DDK:

What?! Angel just busted out an Enzuigiri!

Sure enough, the tall Trinidad leaps off the ground with his free leg and clips Burns on the side of the head with a big kick! Burns goes down like a sack of potatoes with Angel Trinidad looking impressive in his return against the former FIST of DEFIANCE. Angel's leg is searing right now, but tries to hit some feeling back into it before getting back up.

The 6'10" New Yorker finally has an opening as he shoves Angel into the corner and pins him back using all his body weight. He looks out to the crowd who give him a mixed reaction as he beats down Trinidad by swinging his left and right elbows in alternating fashion, each one cracking him in the head! After stunning Burns, he THROWS him across the ring with a Release Vertical Suplex that pops the crowd!

DDK:

HOSS TOSS! That one might do it!

Angel hurriedly goes for the cover now and wastes no time looking for the biggest singles win of his career in DEFIANCE.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angel looks on in disbelief at both Oscar and Carla Ferrari as he can't believe Burns has still kicked out!

DDK:

Angel's been on the offensive for most of this match, but we've seen Burns withstand enormous punishment from the likes of Crimson Lord, Scott Stevens and David Hightower in some gruesome bouts... he won't go down easily.

Angus:

Yeah, he's not the Stevens Family's momma. Hiyo!

The crowd now yells as Angel starts to look out to Burns trying to get back to his feet once again, using the ropes for assistance while gearing up his next attack. The Beast From The Bronx comes forward looking for one of his biggest moves.

DDK:

He's looking for that big move... he has that Bicycle Kick called Trampled Underfoot!

Angus:

And that's what's gonna happen!

Angel loads up the kick as he comes running, but Burns sees it coming and ducks, catching Angel's leg on the top rope! Burns hobbles out of the way and fires off a series of hard kicks right to the knee!

DDK:

Burns is so good at cutting the bigger man down to size when it calls for it!

The Faithful rally behind the Kiwi as he goes for broke now, ramming a vicious series of Forearms and European Uppercuts into the head of Trinidad. The Team HOSS member tries to fight back with a right, but Burns ducks only to return fire with an extra-stiff shot. He misses another shot from Burns...

THWACK!

Burns catches Angel right between the eyes with a STIFF Headbutt!

DDK:

Hard Out Headbutt! He's got Angel reeling now.

Angel is stunned against the ropes as Burns runs in and finally nails a big Running European Uppercut to Angel in the corner! He props his knee up against the ropes and as Trinidad tries to fight him off, Burns kicks the knee and then delivers another Running Dropkick against the ropes!

Angus:

He's chopping the HOSS Overlord to size!

Trinidad hobbles out of the corner holding him by the head while Burns gets behind him and threw him with a huge Release German Suplex! The crowd explodes now as Burns finally gets him down and out before heading to the top rope.

DDK:

He's looking for Sweet As!

Burns finally musters a smile before he heads off the ropes...

Burns (And the crowd):

SWEET AS!

He leaps...

NO!

Angel gets to a knee and Burns lands right into his grip. Burns fights his way out and runs the ropes...

DDK:

FLYING HOSSBODY! ANGEL MIGHT HAVE HIM!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The crowd can't believe it and neither can Angel!

Angus:

He kicked out of the Flying Hossbody! There's no way Burns should have kicked out of that!

DDK:

Oscar Burns is bound and determined to win, but so is Angel!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE limps off the mat while Angel goes to end the match for good. He makes another attempt to end it right then and there. He hobbles his bad leg, but when he turns...

DDK:

NO! BURNS WITH THE DRAGON SCREW!

Burns finally catches him and then when he's down...

Angus:

HE'S MAKING WITH THE GRAPS!

DDK:

He's grabbing the leg! Graps of Wrath III!

Burns has the Rolling Heel Hook cinched in tightly in the middle of the ring! Even with Angel's size advantage, The Technical Spectacle has been worked over throughout the match! Burns has him dead to rights and Angel tries to gut it out, but has a 240-pound man working over his leag .He's almost there...

Then raises a hand...

TAP!

TAP!

TAP!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED OUT!

Burns lets go of the hold and falls onto his back, relieved and happy that this match was over. The start of his night being attacked by the likes of Kendrix was one thing, but Burns finally managed to survive.

Angus:

That was a damn scrap, Keebs. I'm shocked Burnsie pulled this one out with how bad Angel Trinidad wanted this win.

DDK:

And Trinidad is no slouch. He's beaten former World champs like Lindsay Troy and Dusty Griffith at earlier points of his career... but Burns has been on the path since coming back and this win will no doubt prove he's serious about getting back the FIST at all costs.

Burns gets back to his feet and heads out of the ring while nodding in the direction of Angel Trinidad, looking INCREDIBLY pissed at this setback tonight. Trinidad yells at Carla Ferrari while The Technical Spectacle stands on top of the ramp, raising his hands in the air and celebrating the huge win here tonight.

CAT FIGHT CONTINUES

Cut to Backstage; Virginia Quell is heading into the Wrestleplex. Suddenly out of nowhere WynLyn explodes off camera and strikes Gin across the back of the head.

Wyn picks up Quell and throws her into one of the production trucks trailer. She gets on top of Quell and unloads.

Gin takes a few good stiff blows before flipping Wyn over, and gets off blows of her own. Wyn eventually is able to push her off. Gin chases after her, and Wyn quickly turns around as she is tackled through some equipment boxes.

Gin gets off a few hits until she falls back suddenly. Wyn pulls herself out from between the equipment boxes. She has a wrench in her right hand she drops it on the ground and starts to kick Gin on the ground holding the side of her head.

Finally security arrive and pull Wyn off of Gin. WynLyn gets one last stiff kick to the face of Quell. Before finally leaving the scene of the crime. Gin continues to hold her head as the medical staff arrive

Cut to commercial as Gin receives medical attention.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

BREATH OF THE WILD: ACT XI, "WERE BACK"

Open on Darren and Angus at the commentary desk.

DDK:

Welcome back, folks! Just before commercial break we witnessed a brutal attack on Virginia Quell at the hands of Wynlyn. No word as of you but we hope to have an update on Quell's condition as soon as possible.

Angus:

Her condition is dumbstruck!

Cut to the ring.

DDK:

As they say, the show must go on and Lance Warner is in the ring as we are about to have some important guests...

Angus:

Important guests!? Yes! Is it *THE* Jay Harvey? Maybe it's Jack Harmen!? Or maybe... hey, THE Fist, Scott Stevens! Because if it's one of those three, YOU JUST LIED TO --

Before Angus is able to finish, he's interrupted by the person's theme song.

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

Angus:

Oh, *these* morons. I should have known you'd think they're a big deal.

Tyler and Conor emerge from the back, Championship *Achievements* over their shoulders. Tyler is wearing brown Adidas track pants and a light brown Fuse Bros. branded zip up hoodie while Conor sports lime green Adidas track pants and a white and gray "SAVE THE DAY" Fuse Bros. t-shirt.

DDK:

These guys are not idiots. Eccentric, yes, but not idiots. And they are the reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions! Just passing over 200 days with their *Achievements*.

Angus:

Ughhh...

DDK:

The second-longest reigning Tag Team Champions, too!

Angus:

GORRAM kill me.

Tyler and Conor interact with The Gamers down the rampway before they get into the ring and stand next to Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

For the first time in my career, nice to meet you both.

The Gamers cheer lightly as The Fuse Bros. thank them.

Lance Warner:

From No Justice, No Peace, to Team HOSS, The Stevens, PCP, The ToyBox and others... there's no one you two haven't beaten here in DEFIANCE! You were once thought to be the last DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions before we kept our doors open but now... well... there's no end in sight!

The Gamers cheer again as Conor leans in to whisper something to Lance.

Lance Warner: *[confused at how to respond]*

Right, I'm sorry. The last *Achievements*.

Angus:

Holy fuck, that doesn't even make sense. This Conor is infuriating.

Lance Warner:

So I have to ask, Tyler, Conor, what's next for The Fuse Bros.?

Tyler nods and walks towards Lance.

Tyler Fuse:

That's the question, isn't it? What's next? Who's next? What else is there to accomplish here for the two of us?

Conor motions towards Lance and he turns to Player Two with the microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Exactly. We came here to rid DEFIANCE of the *infected*, those awful, NPC-like United Toughness Alliance guys. And with a little help from some others, we did that.

Tyler Fuse:

Then we battled five other teams in a tournament (*Conor Fuse is audible shouting "SMASH BROS." in front of when Tyler says tournament*). We came out on top, with the Championships in hand...

Conor Fuse:

And 100% DEFIANCE completed!

Tyler looks at Conor and smiles. He peers into the crowd.

Tyler Fuse:

Or did we?

There's a long pause. A "Save the Day" chant starts, in recognition of Conor's new t-shirt.

Conor Fuse:

That's right. My dear brother and I found out the DEFIANCE system didn't crash after all. So we unlocked The ToyBox but defeated them, too.

Tyler Fuse:

Eventually, The Stevens Family came back for what they thought were rightfully theirs.

Tyler hits the *Achievement* on his shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

But we also put them down. Game over ToyBox. Game over Stevens Family.

As Tyler continues speaking, more passion comes out of his mouth.

Tyler Fuse:

We keep going and going and going. Fearless of what comes next... knowing this battle is far from over. Although it may seem like we've achieved 100% DEFIANCE, we know there's a lot more out there. We aren't even halfway.

Tyler's intensity grows. By now he has Conor-like energy coming from within.

Tyler Fuse:

So this, Lance, is a wake up call to the rest of the roster. DEFCON is coming. *The* event of the year has been released... and this is something that my brother and I haven't experienced yet.

Tyler looks dead into the hard camera.

Tyler Fuse:

We may have defeated all of you but we know it's not over. We may not know what comes next, but we know something will. Therefore, Conor and I are out here to make an open challenge for DEFCON.

The Gamers pop.

Tyler Fuse:

Tag Team Championshi-

Upon seeing Conor burning a hole through Tyler's head, he rolls his eyes, smiles and gets back on track.

Tyler Fuse:

Tag Team *Achievements*. Open challenge. DEFCON. This message goes to anyone in the back. My brother and I are ready... and we would like to play.

DDK:

Huge announcement! An open challenge at DEFCON!

Angus:

Hurry, hurry, someone I like get the hell out here right now!!

Tyler and Conor march around the ring as Lance Warner thanks them and leaves. Their theme song starts up but not before it is replaced...

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Music ♪

Jestal steps out from backstage first followed by Dandelion who, with the coin firmly in her grasp, takes her eyes off it a few moments to see where she is walking. The two enter the ring, coming face-to-face with the champs once more.

Jestal:

So apparently you guys have a open challenge? Well we are not out here for THAT!

Faithful jeer.

Jestal:

Frankly my duckies you do not deserve a tag championship match tonight. Naa we came out here to...

Jestal looks at Dandelion motioning for the coin. However, Dandy refuses to give it up.

Jestal:

The coin Dani!

Dandelion shakes her head, clutching the coin toward her chest. Jestal grows irated by her and finally gives up and returns his train of thought toward the champs.

Jestal:

That coin she has grants us a championship opportunity at DEFCON! We are here to collect our opportunity!

Tyler points to the *Achievements* but then looks back at Dandelion.

Tyler Fuse:

We are never one to back down from anything.

He gets right into Jestal's face and then moves to Dandelion. Conor, on the other hand, remains in the background and seems a little concerned.

Conor Fuse: *[to Dandelion]*

Hey, let me see that coin. That thing doesn't look legit.

Dandelion just smiles and takes a step back. She hears what Conor says but doesn't offer up the coin. Instead, she keeps fidgeting with it in her right hand.

Tyler Fuse steps away from The ToyBox. He walks back towards his brother and is grabbed by him instantly.

Conor Fuse: *[to Tyler, off mic]*

That coin is not legit.

The two continue to talk off mic.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't care about the coin.

Conor Fuse:

It doesn't grant them a match. There are way stronger opponents to fight.

Tyler Fuse:

They just came off an impressive win against Blackwood and Mushigihara. They may be the next logical step.

Conor Fuse:

They're the next logical step? What about Team HOSS? WrestleFriends? PCP? That's our dream battle! PCP!

Tyler Fuse:

Do you seem them out here right now?

Conor Fuse:

Well, no.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's just go with this and see what happens. We need a direction.

Conor pauses and leans past his brother, looking The ToyBox over. They aren't too impressed. He goes back to his brother as the camera mic picks it up again.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay, maybe you're right. But they're trying to pull a fast one.

As the brothers continue to go back and forth, Dandelion looks over at Jestal with a "holy fuck, get on with it" look. She then glances at Conor and with a menacing grin, waving the coin towards his direction.

Conor Fuse: *[Loudly to Dandelion]*

Let me see that coin!

In a flash, he jets over to Dandelion and lunges for the coin. Tyler tries to stop him but Conor is able to get his hands on it. Dandelion and Conor pull at the coin, while Jestal and Tyler watch on not really knowing what to do.

Angus:

Oh my God, this is pathetic...

It happens quickly but Conor doesn't have his footing behind him. Dandelion leans back, Conor falls forward and immediately clutches his ankle. He shouts in pain.

Conor Fuse:

Ahh, dammit! Dammit!

Conor rolls over on the mat while Tyler kneels down beside him. Player One looks up at Dandelion and scowls at her and Jestal before they back away. Conor is able to pull himself up to the corner of the ring and rest on the second turnbuckle but he is putting no weight on his right leg.

Tyler Fuse: *[to Conor]*

You alright?

Conor Fuse:

I don't know.

The Fuse Bros. turn to see Dandelion wave the coin once again, put it into her pocket and then leave the ring with Jestal. They go up the rampway to boos.

Conor continues to speak to Tyler off the mic.

Conor Fuse:

That coin is not legal.

Tyler Fuse:

Pretty sure we have bigger things to worry about right now, bro.

Conor doesn't even focus on his ankle anymore. He watches The ToyBox all the way up the ramp.

Angus:

Excellent. I hope that dumbass is hurt for the foreseeable future. Just give these *Achievements* to The ToyBox already. Forget DEFCON.

DDK:

That ankle does not look good, Angus.

Replays are shown as The ToyBox's theme plays.

Angus:

Like I said, excellent.

DDK:

We will get you a status update on Conor when we can but until then, we'll be right back!

Conor is helped back by Tyler as Levi Cole starts to make his way toward the ring.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. LEVI COLE

♪"Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen♪

The classic rock anthem blares through the DEF WrestlePlex as the All-American grappler Levi Cole emerges onto the ramp to a warm reaction from the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at two hundred eighty-five pounds... LEVI! COOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLLLE!!!

Cole bounds down the aisle, tagging hands as The Boss keeps crooning.

DDK:

This match was, of course, scheduled at the behest of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara; Dante has said he wanted to prove that his God-Beast was ready to take on the cream of the crop here in DEFIANCE, and he chose Levi Cole as an example of a strong competitor to defeat and prove that point.

Angus:

Dante's right; Cole May be a big goofy Boy Scout, but he's also one of the best pure grapplers to ever step in a DEFIANCE ring. He's so good that I kinda wonder if Dante's bitten off more than he can chew.

The television feed splits to a picture-in-a-picture; a replay from the first Clash of the BRAZEN is seen, a match between Cole and Mushigihara, in which Cole wins on a roll up.

DDK:

Indeed, these two men have had history in BRAZEN, including Cole defeating Mushigihara in the semifinals of the BRAZEN Championship Tournament. Mushi may seek retribution tonight for that tough loss tonight.

Cole has made it into the ring, where he wrings his hands and straightens his gear while waiting for his opponent.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

"OSU! OSU! OSU! OSU!"

The crowd explodes in the signature war cry of the God-Beast, whose silhouette materializes among the golden lights and smoke alongside that of Eddie Dante. They are both sporting confident grins, while Mushi stares intensely at his opponent from ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT, accompanied to the ring by EDDIE DANTE! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

The crowd is rampant for the God-Beast, who can't help but chuckle and nod in approval of his growing number of fans. He lumbers towards the ring, ready to take on one of his strongest rivals when—

WHAP!

DDK:

What the...

Angus:

It's Cristiano Caballero!

Indeed, the arrogant Spaniard has emerged from backstage with a chair in hand, and blindsided Mushigihara with a

nasty shot to the back that leaves him crumpled on all fours! Caballero wastes no time in following through, slamming the chair into his back AGAIN!

WHAP!

DDK:

What could have possessed Caballero to...

Dante tries to rush in and stop him, and gets a hard shove to the ground for his efforts, while Caballero now resorts to thrusting the hard edge of the chair onto the God-Beast's head!

Angus:

Aw, man, Keebs, this crowd is not having it!

Sure enough, the Faithful are jeering Caballero, who only lets up his onslaught when Levi Cole rolls out of the ring to face him down the aisle. Dropping the chair, Caballero flees the scene while Cole checks on his would-be opponent.

DDK:

What a cowardly attack by Cristiano Caballero! We'll step back for a moment while Mushigihara is escorted out of harm's way...

The camera cuts on Cole and a startled Eddie Dante helping the God-Beast to his feet.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MASK

The camera is set on Christie Zane, wide smiled and ready for her moment. Microphone against her lips, she sets the stage.

Christie Zane:

Earlier tonight Amethysta made her singles debut for DEFIANCE Wrestling, and ever since people have been talking. Jay Harvey and members of our commentary team have made accusations of her identity, so tonight I have an exclusive interview with the woman herself. Ladies and gentlemen, Amethysta.

Camera pans to show Amethysta looking around the set confused. She smiles and waves at the camera. Something out of frame seems to be distracting her, as Christie begins to speak, she waves again.

Christie Zane:

Amethysta, what do you have to say about these accusations about your identity being Elise Ares?

Amethysta stares blankly back at Christie Zane and tilts her head to the side.

Amethysta:

Que?

Stepping into frame, Klein waves back at Amethysta again and The D grabs the microphone from her confused and amazingly beautiful fingernails. He taps the top a couple of times to make sure it's on, making the crew off camera to groan.

The D:

Klein knows spanish, and I know how to speak Klein, so, I'd be happy to help you do your job Christie. I can do everything DEFstaff can...

The D turns to Amethysta.

The D:

Tu... Elise Ares? Senior Faithful, es muay Elise? Bien.

Amethysta's eyes narrow as she looks back at Christie Zane.

Amethysta:

No soy Elise Ares! He llegado lejos para ganar. Este es mi sueño. Nadie va a tomar crédito por mi trabajo duro.

Klein's box nods in agreement before shifting his focus to The D, who cups his hand around his ear and also nods in agreement.

The D:

She said she's come from the land of the ice and snow. From the midnight sun and the hot springs flow. It has been her dream since she was a tiny masked little girl to achieve greatness here in DEFIANCE. Although she idolizes the beauty, grace, and superior acting abilities of Elise Ares, she is her own woman here to blaze her own path.

Klein, confused, pulls out his phone and begin to bring up an app. Christie Zane continues the interview.

Christie Zane:

What do you have to say to those suspicious of you and your intentions?

The D:

Amethysta, dónde está el baño?

Klein shoves his phone into The D's face while he's speaking before turning around and showing it to Amethysta. Her eyes grow wide and she snarls her response.

Amethysta:

No seré insultado por los mudos. Prevaleceré y mostraré al mundo mi grandeza al convertirme en su campeón.

She pushes Klein's phone away from her mouth. He wipes it off and then shows it to The D, who answers on her behalf.

The D:

She says those people are totes dumb, obv's. They'll all feel like a bunch of friggin' idiots once she becomes famous and stuff. Also buy Lake Placid VI II: 2 LAKES 2 FURIOUS on DVD. If you pre-order on defiancewrestling.com, you can get a copy signed by myself, Klein, and Ame... Elise! If you're one of the first one to pre-order. But you better hurry, I've already pre-ordered because I'm such a big fan.

Amethysta gives the D such a stink eye through her mask as Klein holds up a copy. Christie Zane, nearly lost for words, pauses with the microphone in front of her lips for just a moment before a voice interrupts her off camera.

???:

I didn't appreciate what you did to me at the Battle Royal!

Flex Kruger storms onto the set. Quickly The D and Klein form a human barricade in front of Amethysta, waving their arms trying to get his attention off of her demise. Instinctively Amethysta backs away with her arms in the air. As The D begins to talk him down, she pulls a flask out of her back pocket and takes a drink.

The D:

Whoa there big man. She's a friend? Yes. Friend. Amiga. She hates Jay Harvey just as much as we do.

Amethysta points to herself.

Amethysta:

Amiga!

Klein also points to himself. He's not an amiga.

Flex Kruger:

I don't know why you guys are hanging out with her all of a sudden, but some of us here would like to win that title for Elise! That's why on DEFtv 111, I've got a match with Jay Harvey for the Southern Heritage Championship! If you guys won't avenge Elise, I will!

Amethysta facepalms as Flex Kruger shoves his way past her and walks off set. The D shakes his head in frustration before patting Klein on the back. Amethysta motions her head towards Flex Kruger, and silently they follow in the general direction he'd left.

Christie Zane:

Well we might not have got the answers we were looking for, but we do know that on the next DEFtv it'll be Flex Kruger one-on-one with Jay Harvey for the Southern Heritage Championship! That should be an exciting one! Back to you boys in the booth!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN RISE

Did you miss the BRAZEN RISE Tag League!? Watch the entire tournament now on DEFonDEMAND!

NEW CHANCES

Following the commercial break, the camera opens up backstage and the crowd cheers for “American Made” Levi Cole. The BRAZEN standout and #1 Contender to the BRAZEN Championship looks disappointed that his match with Mushigihara didn’t go as planned thanks to the attack by Cristiano Caballero. With that in mind, he’s already backstage.

Levi Cole:

All right, Levi, you can do this... ya wanted this opportunity and ya can still have it...

He mutters aloud to nobody in particular before he finally approaches where he wants to be...

The door of one DEFIANCE HBIC Kelly Evans.

He looks like he has the appropriate amount of gumption mustered in order to approach the lady in charge, but before he can do anything, the door swings open.

Oscar Burns:

Thanks, Ms. Evans, you won’t regret it!

He shuts the door and turns to leave, almost running smack-dab into the big rookie on his way out! They just barely avoid a collision.

Oscar Burns:

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, NAH, BRAH!

Levi Cole:

Buddy, slow down!

The Technical Spectacle stops when he recognizes the person standing before him.

Oscar Burns:

GC, I’m SO sorry about that! I’m still a bit worn after earlier. That Angel Trinidad packs a wallop!

Levi Cole:

Oh, I know it, friend. Fought him once a long time ago. BIG tough man.

The two faciest faces that ever faced... well, faced one another.

Oscar Burns:

Look, GC, I just wanted to say congrats on you beating Theo Baylor. You’ve been working your backside right off to get back to the top and I know that battle... currently doing it right now from all sides, even with Kendrix now wanting a piece of the pie. He’s gonna get his.

Levi Cole:

Oh, yeah?

Oscar Burns:

Yup, just talked to Ms. Evans. I’ve got that ponce, Kendrix, one on one next week and I’m going to rip off his arms and beat him with them!

Cole looks on with a grin.

Levi Cole:

Heh. You do that, friend, you do that. Look, while I've got you here, Burnsie...

Oscar Burns:

Yeah?

Cole jerks a thumb towards the office of Kelly Evans again.

Levi Cole:

Look, I appreciate you sayin' some nice things about me. And I know that we don't know each other too well, but I respect what you're all about. I was hopin' ya could do me a favor with Kelly right quick. My match didn't go as planned earlier, but I ain't here to rest, so I wanted to throw an idea at her.

He raises an eyebrow.

Levi Cole:

Would you mind if I threw an idea at you and Kelly?

Oscar Burns:

Absolutely, GC. Always happy to help.

Burns goes over and knocks on the door to her office once again. He peers his head into the door again.

Oscar Burns:

Ms. Evans... I had one more question I wanted to ask you. For a friend out here...

Burns gestures to Levi Cole and the two enter the office. The doors shuts behind Cole and with that, the scene fades elsewhere.

CRIMSON LORD vs "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" KERRY KUROYAMA

Cut back to the arena. The camera is focused on the stage as the green laser lights and fog kick up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Blue and white lights join the green as Kerry appears from behind the curtain and throws his hands out in a big display. He's psyched up and continues to posture while barking statements that can't be heard as he looks around the rawkus audience.

DDK:

From one big man to another. Kerry Kuroyama toppled the giant David Hightower at DEFIANCE Road and I'm sure he is hoping to do the same here tonight!

He descends the ramp moments before the moderate pyrotechnic display lights off. He slaps a few hands on his way down before sliding in the ring.

Angus:

Key word is HOPES, Keebs! I have a feeling Keurig is going to ground up... Get it? Like coffee!?

DDK: *[sighing]*

I get it.

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

THE...MAJEEESSTTIICC CRIMMMSSSOONNN LORRDD!!

DDK:

As we had speculated, Crimson Lord has his sites set on Scott Douglas!

Angus:

That was a no brainer but now we know Scott is "The SPIDER!" Which is a pretty good brand change ... I never got

that Sub Pop nonsense!

The Faithful continue their loud jeers of hatred toward this man as he steps through the ropes and walks to the corner. Lord stands in the corner his eyes closed as Kerry looks across the ring toward him. Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DDK:

I don't think that is what is happening here, partner.

Angus:

No, what's happening here is Kombucha wouldn't stooge on ol' Scotty so now he has pay the price of loyalty!

DDK:

Not a check you pick up to often, I'm assuming.

DING DING

Angus:

Good *gorram* GOD no! To rich for my blood!

Kerry waist no time and charges toward Crimson Lord. The big man sees him coming and swings wide, Kerry ducks and starts laying in blows. Each strike seeming to annoy Lord more than hurt him. Again, Lord cocks back and swings for the fences, Kuroyama ducks down as the huge lariat skims over the top of his head. He pops back up and goes back to throwing forearms. Until Crimson has had enough and throws a big knee to Kerry's midsection.

Angus:

That didn't take long.

Crimson grabs Kerry with both hands placed on either side of is head and snatches him up with ease. He deposits the Pacific Blitzkrieg against the turnbuckle, throwing another big knee before whipping Kerry to the opposite corner. Crimson charges close behind. Kerry, reaching the turnbuckle, grabs the top rope and launches himself up and over Lord. Kerry lands on his feet behind the big man as he crashes chest first into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Don't count him out yet!

Crimson stumbles back from the corner, bracing himself against the ropes. Kerry hits the opposite ropes and charges toward Crimson Lord, who at the last second, drops down and takes the top rope with him. Sending The Pacific Blitzkrieg flying down to the floor. Lord gets to his feet and gathers himself for a moment before raising his arms upward above his heard in his typical taunt.

DDK:

Not a great way to kick things off! Kerry Kuroyama is slow to get to his feet after that mishap.

Lord exits the ring, clearly not by the approval of the referee. Benny Doyle starts the count.

ONE

Lord picks up Kerry and shouts at him.

Crimson Lord:

I gave you the chance! You refuse to forsake your evil ways! Now The Light shall burn them from your body!

THREE

Crimson irish whips Kerry into the steel steps and the loud bang resonates around ringside. The Faithful cheer on

Kerry and its enough to get Lord's attention. He shakes his head toward them before moving toward Kuroyama; favoring his right leg. Lord grabs Kerry as he hobbles around trying to pull away.

SIX!

Kerry can't get free and Crimson Lord picks him up, spins and throws Kerry; sending him on a collision course with the steel barricade. Kerry's back and shoulder take the brunt of the impact and he left wrenching in pain in a crumpled heap. Crimson takes a knee next to him and pulls his hair back.

Crimson:

I gave you a choice! You refused to see the error in your ways. Now you shall receive my divine judgment!

EIGHT!!

DDK:

I don't think Crimson Lord EVER intended to have an actual competition here, partner.

Crimson picks up Kerry and throws him back in the ring.

Angus:

Maybe not, but he's not done with Coffee Mate yet!

NINE!!!

Crimson steps through the ropes and picks up Kerry. Kuroyama quickly shoves Lord away from him. He staggers back into the corner trying to gather himself from his encounter with the furniture outside the ring. Lord taunts the WrestlePlex again shouting zealot words toward the ceiling.

The camera catches Kerry, gritting his teeth, as he fights through the pain and moves toward Lord. Just as Kerry is in striking range, Lord drops his arms to his side and closes his eyes. Kerry hesitates, taken aback by this strange tactic.

DDK:

We have seen this before two weeks ago against Burns!

Angus:

He is trying to infect Kombucha with those clown eyes!

Kerry's had enough of the games. Dropping back to the rope he returns with a flying forearm, Crimson ducks! Kerry falls face first. Lord slowly turns around, standing above Kerry, who struggles to regain his footing. As Kerry turns around he out of instinct throws a punch, dodged by Lord again. Kerry tries another and ...dodged again! The Pacific Blitzkrieg switches it up and takes to the ropes. Crimson throws a huge lariat to kill his momentum but Kerry ducks and follows through. Crimson's force nearly threw himself off balance but he maintains and as he turns around ...

DDK:

CROSSBODY! Huge crossbody by The Pacific Blitzkrieg!

The Faithful ignite as the two crash to the matt. Kerry pops up quickly but clearly isn't a hundred percent. Crimson Lord is already stirring as Kerry duck through the ropes and climbs up the backside of the turnbuckle. He finds his footing and prepares for launch.

DDK:

Crimson Lord is on his feet!

Kerry takes one last look before lift off and comes down with a double axe handle but instead. He finds the big man's

hand wrapped around his throat. Lord slowly opens his eyes Kerry is in shock!

DDK:

Kerry is in trouble here folks ... CHOKESLAM!!

Lord stands at the feet of Kerry. He wastes little time and grabs a hold of Kuroyama's legs and brings him up and slams him back down with a wheelbarrow spinebuster! Rather than going for the pin attempt, Crimson returns to the legs and quickly applies a Boston Crab! Doyle is right there to check on Kerry but before he can get a response; Crimson transitions into a STF. Kuroyama doesn't have a chance to attempt a reversal as Lord transitions, once again, into a dragon sleeper!

DDK:

Shades of Lord verse Burns, last week! This new rejuvenated, re ..

Angus:

Pinked!

DDK:

... Crimson Lord means business!

Kerry is fading as he tries to adjust his position to counter the pressure of the dragon sleeper. Lord, again, doesn't give The Pacific Blitzkrieg a chance to counter. Instead, he brings his opponent to his feet, grabbing a hold of Kerry's trunks, lifting him up and nailing a reverse suplex across the thigh and knee.

DDK:

Suplex Spinebuster Combination! I have to admit, partner - This new Crimson Lord is impressive.

Angus:

You mean infectious?

Lord stares down at Kuroyama, who writhes in pain. He pulls Kerry to his feet and throws his head in between his legs, standing leg scissors. He lifts Kerry up into a high angle powerbomb, stepping back and using the ropes to add momentum, launching Kuroyama across the ring.

DDK:

I believe he calls that The Purge!

Angus:

He needs to PURGE his conjunctivitis with some saline solution!

DDK:

Kerry has been beaten to a pulp and despite his best efforts, I don't think this giant is willing to be toppled today.

Lord shakes his head at the prone Pacific Blitzkrieg. He picks him to his feet and tosses him on his shoulder.

DDK:

Lord, looking for a powerslam, perhaps.

Crimson:

Now your Enlightenment comes to pass!

Lord positions himself and with Kerry's feet draped over the top rope. He moves forward and drops down with his shoulder ramming into the throat of Kerry; in a elevated stunner. Kuroyama reacts instantly grabbing at his own throat. Lord picks him up again and appears to not be finished.

DDK:

NO! Not again!

ENLIGHTENMENT!

Crimson shakes his head at Kerry holding his throat. He goes for the cover....

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

DING DING DING*♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match...THE mmmmaaJESSTTIICC CRIMSON LORDDD!

DDK:

That was completely unnecessary! OVERKILL!

CHOOSE THE RIGHT PATH

Crimson tosses Benny Doyle out of the ring and motions for a microphone. He is handed one and he walks over to Kerry gasping for air. Lord places his size sixteen boot across Kerry's throat. He raises the microphone to his mouth while staring down at Kerry who is trying to push Lord's boot off his throat.

Crimson:

I am sorry my children, that you must witness what I must do to cleanse this Evil One from DEFIANCE.

Crimson drops the microphone and seconds later applies force to his foot. Kerry struggles frantically to get free. Suddenly the Faithful jump to their feet as Scott Douglas sprints down the rampway.

Angus:

SCOTTY!

Crimson, sees Scott coming and slams his foot across Kerry's throat before applying an exit strategy. Kuroyama grabs his throat coughing and rolling around on the mat, desperate for air.

DDK:

OH MY!!

Douglas slides in just as Crimson Lord's feet hit the floor and the Faithful boo his cowardice. With the threat no longer imminent, Douglas checks on the ailing Kerry as Benny Doyle returns to the ring.

Angus:

Play with fire, Keebs ... and your coffee will get burnt!

Crimson Lord snatches up the microphone from the apron as he makes his way around the ring. He makes his way toward the entrance ramp. Breathing heavily into the microphone.

Crimson:

Sympathy... one of the many tools of the Evil Ones.

The Faithful continue to jeer at Lord.

Crimson:

This is why I returned, to cure your sickness my children. THAT in that ring is The Spider... he is the master of the webs of lies, the Evil Ones preach to you every night!

Scott coldly stares toward Crimson Lord. He remains by Kerry's side as Doyle is signaling for medical but his eyes make it clear; he won't let this stand.

Crimson:

Now I will expose yet another tool of these dastardly Evil Ones... Retribution.

Crimson looks over his shoulder as he continues up the ramp slowly. The medical team, Iris Davine included, pass by him with a stretcher. Iris keeps as much distance as the ramp will allow but sneers at Crimson in passing.

Crimson:

Mr. Warner I know your back there, come out here with my jacket if you please.

Lance Warner takes a few minutes before coming out; very cautiously. He hands the coat to Lord, keeping as much distance from the big man as he can. Lord reaches into one of the pockets and pulls out a pair of handcuffs. He hands the coat back to Warner and motions for him to take a hike.

Angus:

Whose payroll is he on!?

Crimson:

Now security let one of my sick children come up here.

The Faithful, although as intrepidacious as Lance, seem a bit happy at the idea of crossing the guard rail.

DDK:

What the hell is going here?

With Iris and her team attending to Kerry, Douglas exits the ring. A look of concern stretched across his face, Douglas keeps his distance but clearly doesn't like the look of a member of the audience being ushered toward Lord. Angus questions the member of security tasked with said ushering.

Angus:

You recognize that guy? I don't remember seeing him before.

Crimson:

Now child all I want you to do is handcuff my hands behind my back.

The staff are starting to roll Kerry away and Douglas has stopped at the front of the ramp. Now very concerned for the child.

Crimson:

That's it my child nice and tight.

Douglas holds a hand out and stops the medical team from moving Kerry any further; up the ramp and toward Lord. The child is told something by Lord. He picks up the microphone as Lord drops to his knees.

Crimson:

Now Mr. Douglas prove to these people who you truly are! Nothing but a villian in sheeps clothes. I am defenseless take your "Retribution!"

Douglas points at security to get the kid out of there. The child is ushered out and Crimson continues to shout at Scott; provoking and calling for Douglas to prove him wrong. Douglas stares as his gears turn, trying to figure out the best course of action. Doing everything he can to not let the anger over take him. Camera audio picks up Iris trying to get Scott's attention.

Iris Davine:

Scotty! ... SCOTTY! We need to get him out of here - we can't wait.

Douglas stands frozen, his arm still outstretched toward the stretcher.

Angus:

This is a gift wrapped looney tune! GET HIM, SCOTT!

DDK:

I believe this is the proverbial rock and a hard place. There is a man's career and wellbeing at stake here - We need security.

Angus:

What's so *gorram* hard about it? Beat his big pink ass and then have Davine here get some eye drops in those eyes!

Douglas, gritting his teeth, starts up the ramps way. Slow at first but he begins to pick up the pace as The Faithful wait

with baited breath. He draws closer toward Lord as the tension builds.

DDK:

Oh, thank god.

DEFsec spill out of the back and with Wyatt Bronson directing traffic, two black shirts grab Crimson Lord from the rear and haul his large frame to his feet. He doesn't fight it but rather seems to comply with ease. Douglas, who halted at DEFsec's appearance, remains in place: mid ramp. Davine and company wheel Kerry by Douglas and then Lord, rushing him to the backstage area.

Angus:

I still don't get it. Just knock his head off. Where's the fire, Scotty! Let the hate flow through you!

With Kerry safely through the curtain and in route to further medical attention, DEFsec begins to usher Crimson Lord away as well. Camera audio picks up his zealous ranting.

Crimson:

You think you have shown my children you aren't vengeful. That you do not seek retribution? Yet they have already seen it. Midorikawa, Reaper ... they know you are vengeful! Instead, you've shown them the Spider has no fangs!

DEFsec disappears behind the curtain gingerly leading the giant of a man in handcuffs as the camera cuts to a close up of Scott, still mid ramp as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFCON 2018

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

"THE FIST" SCOTT STEVENS vs TBA

As we cut back to ringside we hear the sounds of Darren Keebler hyping up tonight's main event.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen to our Main Event of the evening!

Angus:

He paid you to be this obnoxious didn't he?

Angus asks as Keebs ignores his partner.

DDK:

Up next is The Fist of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens, taking on a mystery opponent. Earlier tonight top contender, Oscar Burns, had a mystery opponent as well...

Angus:

And the unoriginal fuck is going to get his ass kicked by someone tonight!

Angus cackles madly and Keebs shakes his head before continuing.

DDK:

As I was saying, Burns took on the returning Angel Trinidad, and Angel took out months of aggression out on Burns, but the InHOSSpitable Force came up short as Burns was able to overcome the onslaught and defeat Angel.

Angus:

But whoever Stevens faces is going to embarrass him since he doesn't have those inbred hick family members of his to help him.

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:

Stevens felt disrespected the way his celebration was handled on DEFTV as Oscar and his Friends took it over and complained to Kelly Evans about it.

Angus:

Boo freaking hoo Keebs and she threw his complaint right in the god damn trash!

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

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, THE REIGNING! DEFENDING! UNDISPUTED! FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPION!!!
...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from

behind the curtain solo and as soon as he does golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he slowly raises his heavily taped up fist covered in a thick, black leather glove. As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he raises The FIST at the vocal bashers.

DDK:

Stevens can't be in a good mood as The Stevens Dynasty was ejected from the building earlier tonight, not to mention what went down with Kendrix during The Bruv Show.

Angus:

When is he ever in a good mood, Keebs?

The FIST slowly makes his way around the ring talking smack and flipping off the DEFIANCE filth in the crowd until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before taking the championship from around his waist and raising it high into the air before dropping to the canvas.

The music fades and a loud chant erupts from the crowd.

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

The Angry Texan stops for a minute to look out towards the fans he has dubbed as filth before shaking his head in disgust as he gets loose on the ring ropes.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Stevens waits...

♪ "Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...From Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... he is **"AMERICAN MADE" LEVI COLE!**

Angus:

...Opie is getting the shot?

The massive, corn-fed young grappler bursts from backstage with all the power and forward momentum of a freight engine. He and his star spangled singlet and wrestling headgear are down the ramp and rolling under the ring before we can blink as Stevens looks on, unimpressed.

DDK:

He just defeated Theo Baylor on UNCUT to become #1 Contender to the BRAZEN Title! And after what happened to Mushigihara earlier and his match getting called off, looks like Cole wasn't going to let a second opportunity pass him by tonight!

Cole heads into the ring and tries going nose to nose with the FIST of DEFIANCE, but Stevens ignores him, unimpressed with his opponent of choice tonight. He throws the title at the official and after the belt is handed off to a ringside attendant, tonight's main event commences...

DING DING

DDK:

Levi Cole has been fighting hard to get back at the BRAZEN Championship, but think how BIG this win will be for him if he can defeat Scott Stevens right before DEFCON!

Angus:

I give Opie lots of shit and tough love because he's a big polite dope, but he's a big polite dope that can suplex you out of your boots if you look past him.

...Which Stevens does when Cole wants to lock up. Stevens brushes right past him and decides to give hell to a fan at ringside wearing a "We Like Graps!" t-shirt. He yells at the fan with some choice words and turns back to Cole... who takes him down quickly with a Rear Waistlock takedown to the delight of The Faithful!

DDK:

That's what you meant, Angus!

Cole takes the fight to the mat and uses that collegiate background of his to apply a Gator Roll before tossing Stevens around the mat quickly! The fans rally behind The American Made Man as he exerts control in the early going! The Angry Texan tries to get back to his feet and strikes Cole in the side with a few right hands to get him to let go, but when he tries another, Cole quickly takes him down into a Fireman's Carry into a Package Pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Both men rise, but Stevens BLASTS him with a hard right hand that stops his opponent in his tracks!

DDK:

Stevens caught him flush that right hand!

He drags him to a corner and bats him around, slamming his face into the turnbuckle!

Angus:

And there, he goes, giving up his lead!

Stevens puts the boots to Cole in the corner rather frantically, throwing some extra oomph into his strikes due to getting shown up in the early goings. He boots the wind right out of him and when the largest official in DEFIANCE, Brian Slater, tries to intervene, Stevens has none of it and yells at him to get out of his face.

DDK:

He better be careful...

Angus:

I'd love for Slater to stomp him out.

When The FIST of DEFIANCE turns around... he sees Cole's Forearm Smash blast him right in the face, rocking him back a step! Cole then spins him around in the corner and returns the favor, climbing to the second turnbuckle and getting cheers from the fans...

"ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!"

He stops with the Ten Punch in the corner, points to the fans and gets

"TEN!"

He then jumps back as The Angry Texan gets dazed. He stumbles right into the grip of Cole, who THROWS Stevens up with a Side Belly to Belly Suplex! This garners more cheers from The Faithful who really want to see the proud BRAZEN standout pull off the big upset tonight as he goes for the quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close one by Stevens right there! He took his eye off the ball early and it almost cost him there!

Angus:

And he's going for another one!

Levi listens to the crowd and locks both arms around the waist of Stevens, starting to DEADLIFT him off the mat! He has Stevens up, but the FIST of DEFIANCE throws a few back elbows in quick fashion to make him break his grip. Stevens then turns around and tries to catch Cole with Remember The Alamo...

Angus:

OPIE CAUGHT THAT SUPERKICK!

DDK:

BRIDGING CAPTURE SUPLEX!

ONE!

TWO!

TH.. NO!

Three big nearfall throughout the match tell Stevens that Cole didn't come here to play around. Cole quickly picks up The FIST and tosses him to the nearest corner and builds up some steam as he hits the nearest set of ropes and charges at Stevens who tosses up The American Made Man onto the top turnbuckle.

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

That's the break Stevens needed. Can he capitalize?

Angus:

I hope not.

The Texan grabs the dazed and confused Levi Cole and backs him into the corner and begins to unload rights and lefts to the body and face.

DDK:

Stevens with a relentless assault on Levi Cole and each shot sounds stiffer and stiffer.

Stevens delivers a European uppercut that whips Cole's head back with such force saliva and maybe a tooth goes flying out of the challenger's mouth.

Angus:

Keeps, is that a tooth?

Scott quickly grabs his foe and locks in a front face lock and lifts him high into the air and holds him up.

DDK:

Stevens letting the blood rush to Cole's head.

Scott brings him down to the canvas in a powerslam.

DDK:

Jackhammer suplex and there is a pin.

One.

Two.

NO!

Cole kicks out.

Angus:

Opie lives!

Stevens shoots Slater a look but the official signals it was a count of two and The FIST continues his attack by locking in a crossface submission.

DDK:

Stevens locks in The Venomous Wrath of the Goddess Selket submission.

Angus:

The fuck?!?!?!?

DDK:

That's the name of the hold Angus.

Angus:

At least it isn't a thousand and four letters long.

Stevens yells at Slater to ask him if he gives up but Cole yells no and the faithful begin to clap to encourage Levi to power through this.

Angus:

Come on Opie!

DDK:

I don't know how much the youngster can hold on Angus. Stevens has it locked in pretty deep and if he doesn't tap Stevens is either going to break his arm or tear his rotator cuff.

Cole lets out a primal scream as he musters enough strength to spin his hips and pin The FIST's shoulders to the mat.

DDK:

Stevens' shoulders are on the mat! Stevens' shoulders are down!

Slater drops to the mat to count the pin.

One.

Two.

Three.

NO!

Angus:

Bullshit!

Stevens was able to kick out at the last second and Cole can't believe and neither can the faithful as they begin to boo and Cole is emphatic that it was three but Slater says it was two.

Angus:

Fucking refs can't get anything right.

Cole eventually turns around as Stevens charges for what appears to be a Texan's Best Friend (The Lariatooooo!), but he ducks... German Suplex by Cole! The Faithful let out a big cheer for the countermove, but Cole holds on! He grabs Stevens again and actually pulls him up...

DDK:

German Suplex! No! He's hanging on! Second German Suplex!

The crowd is all in on Cole trying to nab the upset as Stevens gets dumped a second time! The FIST of DEFIANCE tries to fight his way back up again, even throwing two wild elbows to break his grip... but Cole fights through and lands the third one! For a Bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Come on, Opie, you got this!

The Faithful rally The American Made Man on now as he pulls Stevens back to his feet, looking for his finisher. He has his arms up and around Stevens' waist before elevating him up... Gutwrench... NO! Stevens slips out the back! Cole turns around...

DDK:

Remember The Alamo Superkick to the face!

The stunned Cole drops to a knee as Stevens hits the ropes to deliver a running knee trembler.

DDK:

Don't Mess With Texas by Stevens to Cole .

Stevens doesn't go for the pin and is gasping for air when he sees Levi Cole starting to crawl back on all fours causing Stevens to hit the ropes and deliver a stomp.

DDK:

Curb Stomp by The Fist! He's just punishing Cole now for his taking this match in the first place!

Stevens stumbles back into the nearest corner. He expects Cole to be down... but he's not. He BARELY has it in him to crawl, but starts to shoot a look up at Stevens... almost like he's asking him for more!

DDK:

Levi Cole will not quit.

Angus:

He's not human, Keebs! He's a terminator!

Stevens looks on with amazement as the Faithful cheer Cole on.

Scott Stevens:

Stay down!

Stevens yells as Cole gets to a knee and Stevens looks at his hand that is heavily taped and dressed in a black glove before cocking it (think Roman Reigns) loaded.

Scott Stevens:

I warned you!

The FIST waits for Cole to stand before delivering a running punch.

DDK:

The FIST delivers The FIST.

Angus:

It's a Superman Punch, Keebs!

DDK:

It's the name of the....nevermind!

The American Made Man drops like a sack of potatoes and Stevens rolls him onto his back and hooks the inside leg as he goes for the pin.

ONE

TWO

Angus:

Kick out! Kick out!

But Angus' pleas fall on deaf ears as Slater's hand hits the mat for the third time.

THREE

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by pinfall.....THE REIGNING! DEFENDING.....

Quimbey can't even finish the victory announcement as Stevens immediately begins to stomp away on the unconscious Levi Cole.

DDK:

This is uncalled for! You won dammit!

Stevens takes a swing at Slater who tries to break it up but thinks better and bails out of the ring as the faithful let

Stevens know how they feel about him.

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

Scott Stevens:

Fuck me?

Stevens yells at the faithful.

Scott Stevens:

No, fuck you!

Angus:

Good comeback.

Stevens shoots a double bird to the Faithful then slowly brings them together focusing on Levi Cole and the Texan goes over to his opponent and puts his head between his legs. The boos continue to fill the arena but The FIST remains ruthless as he extends his arm with his thumb up before slowly turning it downward.

DDK:

Oh my God.

Angus:

He's going to try and break his neck, Keebs.

A sick smile comes across the Texan's face as he reaches down to pick up Levi Cole when...

DDK:

WAIT! IT'S OSCAR BURNS! IT'S OSCAR BURNS!

Stevens hears the crowd roaring and turns around just in time to see his rival flying down the ramp towards the ring. He lets Cole fall and loads up The FIST a second time. The second that Burns comes flying in...

Angus:

YASSSSSSSS TEAM GRAPS CAP! MAKE HIM TAKE HIS ASS-WHOOPING LIKE A MAN

The FIST swings, but Burns sees it coming and sidesteps the move! When Stevens turns around...

THWACK!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! DID YOU HEAR THAT?!

The STIFF Headbutt echoes throughout the arena and sends the FIST of DEFIANCE flying from the ring! Stevens rolls out to the floor, with the FIST of DEFIANCE now in tow and scrambles about halfway up the ramp while Burns goes to check on Cole.

DDK:

Thank God Burns was here to keep Scott Stevens from doing whatever he was planning on doing.

Angus:

Look, I give Cole lots of shit by calling him Opie all the time, but my BRAZEN kids don't deserve the shit Stevens just tried to pull tonight. I hope Burns rips his damn arm off at DEFCON.

DDK:

Well, folks, both Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens were successful in their respective matches this week, but we've still got a few more weeks of DEFtv where anything can happen during the final stops to DEFCON! Join us on our next DEFtv where we will have the former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns take on the returning former DOC and Tag Team Champion, Kendrix, after what happened earlier!

The final shots are Burns helping Cole to his feet and raising his hand to a big cheer from the crowd for his efforts tonight. Meanwhile, Stevens watches on angrily from the ramp, clutching the FIST of DEFIANCE close and staring a hole right through Burns for his actions. This one is far, far, FAR from over.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE