

THE HIVE

Crimson Lord stands in front of The Faithful waiting to enter DEFArena. Next to him is one-third of The ToyBox, WynLyn, staring seductively toward The Faithful.

Lord apparently has been going on one of his many longwinded speeches. Unlike most shows, it seems a portion of The Faithful are receptive to what he has to say.

DDK:

Well ... I suppose ... Welcome to DEFtv! It appears Crimson Lord is at it again... This time out front of the Wrestle-Plex!

Angus:

When in the GORRAM hell is Kelly Evans going to place DEFIANCE under quarantine!? This has gotten out of hand.

Crimson Lord:

... it is why these Spiders and their wave of evil has infected you, my children. However, yet again I stand before you to help you. I am your beacon, I am your salvation, I am your purification. All that I require is that you burn the webs of entanglement that these Spiders and their drones have woven upon you. Embrace The Light, for it, will not bind you to these webs it will free you.

DDK:

Well, this was not exactly what we had planned an opening here tonight, folks.

Angus:

Do you want to know the worst part? These fans are actually listening to this raving maniac. Speaking of which don't you find that a bit weird, Keebs?

DDK:

Now that you mention it, Angus, you bring up a good point. This is not the reaction we are a costume too. Normally, The Faithful tune out quickly during one of his long-winded speeches about this "*Light*."

Crimson Lord:

It is why my children, the Daughter of The Light wishes to guide you on your path into The Light. All it will take is for you to submit yourselves to her. Become a part of The Light...become its HIVE!

The Faithful seem really interested in the concept more specifically the males of the crowd. Lord motions for security to allow The Faithful past the barricade. One by one each Faithful fan walks up to WynLyn and kisses the top of her hand almost in a trance-like state. Nearly forty percent of the crowd standing outside the building has apparently accepted the words of Crimson Lord.

DDK:

I don't believe what I am seeing, it's spreading now to The Faithful. When is this going to stop?

Angus:

I wouldn't mind being a part of WynLyn's Hive ...

DDK:

Aren't you worried about the pink eye epidemic? Amongst other things ...

Angus:

... I would be willing to get pink eye to be with WynLyn.

DDK:

Ok, Well ... Folks, while Crimson Lord continues this impromptu soapbox speech outside - We have to move on!



Cut to the Show Open.

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 favorite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphics 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:

THE LIGHT SHINES BRIGHT
MONORAIL!
THE BRUVS BROKE
WHO LET MIKEY COME BACK!?
WRESTLEFRIENDS ARE THE BEST FRIENDS
SEG IS SEGMENTED
THE D STARS IN LAKE FLACCID
ULTIMO PHOENIX WILL RISE
WE WANT BLACKWOOD
BURNS BABY BURNS
WE DONT NEED NO WATER
HARMEN IS HARMLESS!

We finally settle in on our illustrious commentary duo, Darren Keebler and “The Motormouth of Malcontent” Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

OFFICIALLY ... Welcome to ANOTHER edition of DEFtv LIVE on DEFonDEMAND! As we just saw, Crimson Lord and his ...

Angus:

... cast of clowns!

DDK:

Well, there is certainly one clown in the ranks and he is on half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, currently. At the top of the show, we just witnessed well ...

Angus:

A bunch of nonsense! As usual. What the hell is this big pink goof even talking about?

DDK:

I'm sure time will tell, partner ... but folks we have one HELL of a SHOW for you tonight!

Angus:

Don't lie, Keebs.

DDK:

I would never. Speaking of champions tonight I'm told we will likely hear from the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

More like the CYST of DEFIANCE ... Amirite!? I mean, HEY ... you could even say he --

WHY!?

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the center of the stage. Soon appearing behind the curtain, looking particularly dapper in a sharp looking suit and his hair tied back, Kendrix pauses in the center of the stage, looks to his left and then to his right before removing the FIST from around his waist and high above his head for the world to see, throwing that cocky smirk the audience's way for good measure.

Angus:

Now he's even interrupting me mid candid point, Keebs.

DDK:

That is a pity, Angus. You don't like him, not many here in the Wrestleplex do, but two weeks ago, the FIST of DEFIANCE left all of us wondering, just why did that man...

Kendrix throws a crude closed fist gesture towards the crowd from atop the ring apron before entering the ring and gesturing for a mic from the timekeeper's area.

DDK:

...Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, heinously attacked his best friend, his best bruv, Mikey Unlikely.

Angus:

You mean without stating the obvious reasons, right?

DDK:

Well, indeed.

JFK's music comes to a close as he readies himself in the middle of the ring, mic in hand and slowly making its way to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

The champ affords himself a wry grin at the now expected chorus of boos filling the arena. He then sincerely holds his hand to his heart.

Kendrix:

Now, JFK has been kindly afforded some time before you all here tonight to indeed tell you all WHY??!

He looks out across the arena with his shoulders shrugged.

Kendrix:

Why on earth is JFK the greatest FIST of DEFIANCE of allllllll tiiimmmeeee? Well, to be honest, as I'm sure you'll all expect, the answers to this question are endless, we just don't have enough time to go through them all in one show.

Angus:

Ugh.

Kendrix nods along to the murmurings in the crowd.

Kendrix:

Yes, I know all of you would rather hear me go through the list one by one for the entire show, rather than watch the rest of the muppets in the back performing in front of you all...

He takes a card out of his trouser back pocket and holds it out by the side of his face.

Kendrix:

But apparently, as your champion, I have been forced to not only give an explanation for my actions but to also apologize to Mikey Unlikely as he is not an active member of the DEFIANCE roster. So if you could shut your traps for a second, please hear me out.

Jesse over exaggeratingly clears his throat, and eyes up the card held out in front of his face.

Kendrix:

Now before I give the world what they want, I just want everyone to be aware that this speech has been drawn up and ratified by DEFIANCE lawyers and I have been forced into giving you people an explanation, even if I don't want to.

He shakes his head disapprovingly of DEFIANCE management's decision.

Kendrix:

I want it also to go down on record that this apology has come from the heart...even though I didn't write it down and I'm being forced to by management.

DDK:

This should be sincere then...

Jesse clears his throat loudly once more...

Kendrix:

I, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, the most handsome and talented FIST of DEFIANCE of all tiimnee.

Jesse looks up at the crowd with a smile.

Angus:

Great.

Kendrix:

Viciously beat the living hell out of my bestest bruv in the whole wide world, Mikey Unlikely.

There are actually a spattering of cheers for JFK's former Hollywood Bruv.

DDK:

Viciously is right, Mikey is not scheduled to be here tonight as he recovers.

Kendrix:

JFK accepts that his actions were deplorable and that even though Mikey Unlikely held back JFK from becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE for over a year to help him with his stupid FAILED Invasion plans, where he gave talentless talent after talentless talent chance after chance to fail to take this title away from Cayle Murray...

DDK:

So that's it.

Angus:

Boo hoo. I will hug and kiss whoever takes the title away from that man right there, Keebs.

Kendrix:

...despite all of that...as your FIST of DEFIANCE, JFK went too far when he put Mikey Unlikely on the shelf for good.

He looks at the card in his hands, staring at it intently.

Kendrix:

So, JFK will stand in front of you all tonight, like a man does when he has to do whatever is necessary in order for DEFIANCE to avoid a hefty fine from Mikey Unlikely's lawyers...JFK will stand in front of you all like the man he is and say to you Mikey...

He stares in front of the ringside camera and looks again at the card in his hands with an odd look in his eyes and without staring at the camera.

Kendrix:

JFK is so..sor...

He brings the card closer to his face, shaking his head he looks over toward the curtain unsure.

Kendrix:

Guys, I don't know what that word is or even means. It's got two R's and ends with a Y?

Angus:

IT'S SORRY! GODDAMNIT!

DDK:

I don't think the word sorry has ever been in JFK's vocabulary.

Kendrix shrugs his shoulders and throws the card over his shoulder.

Kendrix:

Anyway, whatever that word was...I hope that clears everything up between DEFIANCE and Mikey's attorneys. NOW, onto real business. Now that Mikey Unlikely is probably a cripple after what I did to him two weeks ago, you people will finally get to see the very best of your champion. You see, I used Mikey Unlikely to simply speed up my rise to the very top of this industry.

He nods along with himself in agreement.

Kendrix:

You get some people like Oscar Burns who want to fight the good fight, get to second place and then fail because someone smarter came along.

He points back at himself.

Kendrix:

Those of you who are feeling sorry for Mikey right now, he did exactly what I did to him. Mikey used me to carry his arse for years. That man became the greatest HoHER champion of all time because of JFK. Just like the Hollywood Bruvs did with the Pop Culture Phenoms, once someone is of no use to you, you simply chew them up and spit them out for good.

JFK affords a chuckle to himself.

Kendrix:

This is how you get ahead in this game, bellends! And now that JFK has no one holding him back and nobody to carry, he will prove to the world that he is the greatest champion of all! timmmeee, innit?! Bruv!

All I wanna do is..

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

Angus:

God, I've never been so happy to see her, Keebs.

The crowd roars when the purple and gold lights kick in. Kendrix, halted in his tracks doesn't look impressed as he makes his way to lean over the ropes facing the stage. Marching out is Elise, noticeably without the Southern Heritage Title.

Elise Ares:

Hey K-pup!

She waves at Kendrix as chuckles make their way around the arena, much to JFK's evident disgust.

DDK:

Elise has certainly struck a chord with the FIST not looking too pleased.

Elise makes her way down the ramp, happy with the reaction she was after from the champ.

Elise Ares:

I just wanted to come out here to congratulate you on your victory at DEFCON, seeing as you know, you never write or call anymore. I thought I'd do it face to face, woman to man.

Kendrix takes a few steps back toward the center of the ring giving Elise the room to enter via the ring steps.

Kendrix:

First off, Elise. How many times do I have to remind you, we were never friends. I used PCP just like I used Mikey. Haven't you listened to a word I've been saying here tonight?

Elise scrunches her face up, disappointed at the reminder from JFK.

Elise Ares:

Oh, no I wasn't listening. You always tend to go on and on. I'm pretty sure the gist of it was "JFK's the best, bruv, innit?! Bellends?" Obvs....?!

Elise holds out her fist looking to receive a "totally obvs" and gluefist from the champ but JFK just throws a wry smile her way. Realizing she's not getting a gluefist, she points over at JFK's title hanging over his shoulder.

Elise Ares:

Cos see, what you got there means you are the best. I got myself a shiny belt as well. So I figured how about JFK and Elise blow the roof off of this place and go one on one tonight, CHAMPION vs CHAMPION!

DDK:

I like the sound of that, and so do these people here tonight.

Kendrix looks out at the crowd, egging him on to accept the challenge. He looks down at Elise in front of him and points back and forth between each other.

Kendrix:

Elise Ares versus JFK tonight?! Champion vs Champion?

Aries nods her head in anticipation. JFK looks out at the crowd loving the thought of this one and then back at Elise.

Kendrix:

JFK would love nothing more than to prove to the world that the only title in this company that is worth a damn is this one right here on my shoulder...

He gives the FIST a rub before pointing over at Elise's shoulder.

Kendrix:

Unfortunately for you, sweetheart...JFK doesn't see anything around yours.

He takes in a little chuckle.

Kendrix:

That's right, your best buddy old pal, The D, has the SoCal title, am I right?! Looks like he's been following in JFK's shoes too huh?!

Jesse throws a wink as the camera focuses on Elise, rage building inside her.

Kendrix:

And then you had gone and got rid of the original SoHer...

Kendrix steps forward as the two go nose to nose.

Kendrix:

I tell you what though. You manage to get a hold of your title, either title this evening and JFK will meet you back here tonight...and the WrestlePlex will see Champion versus Champion...

The arena erupts as Elise's eyes widen.

Kendrix:

Non-title. JFK doesn't just give title opportunities away Elise and I don't see what you've done to deserve one. However, if you find your title...and somehow, you manage to beat me. Well, who's to say Elise Aries and JFK won't be fighting for this in the near future?

He holds his title out in front of her as she looks up at it, focussed.

Elise Ares:

You're on!

The crowd erupts in anticipation as Elise's music hits.

DDK:

What a potential matchup we have later tonight, Angus! If Elise manages to get her title back from the D, then this match is on!

Angus:

And Elise is wasting no time. She's heading straight to the back!

Kendrix:

Elise, sweetheart?

Elise stops in her tracks just before she gets to the curtain. Her music cuts as she looks out at Kendrix leaning over the top rope.

Kendrix:

I love your energy and desire but just something to think about for you...do you really want a match with JFK? I mean take a moment to think for a second, will ya? You saw what happened to Mikey, right? You saw what I did to him.

Elise defiantly nods her head.

Kendrix:

Well, assuming you even get your title back...you've got to ask yourself...If that's what JFK does to his bestest bruv in the whole world...then what in the living hell am I gonna do to you?!

Jesse's music hits as the camera switches briefly between the two champions standing defiantly before Elise heads to the back.

Angus:

You think she's going to go after The D? Or is she going to find my sweet lost princess of a Southern Heritage Title, Keebs?! COULD WE SEE THE SOHER AGAIN!?

DDK:

It's only been a week...

Angus:

A week GORRAM too LONG!

DDK:

If Elise Ares can reclaim her rightful property, the SoHer or SoCal title, tonight's main event is going to be a blockbuster! Champion versus champion! A never before seen singles match... The FIST, JFK, vs. The SOHer, Elise Ares. Let's head to break.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



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LAMB

Dan Ryan stands backstage with Christie Zane, who looks intimidated as always. Ryan, dressed in street clothes and his trademark sunglasses, is stoic, per usual.

Zane:

I'm back here right now with none other than Dan Ryan, a man we haven't seen since his devastating attack on Jack Harmen and his son two weeks ago. Mr. Ryan, why are you here tonight?

Dan Ryan:

I'm just a really big wrestling fan. That, and I like to make sure my money is spent wisely. With Harmen out of the way, it's time to make sure every other aspect of the company is humming along the way it should.

Zane:

Well, I have to wonder if...

Just then something comes whizzing into the frame, too quickly to tell what it is, but it brushes the side of Dan Ryan's head just enough to dislodge his sunglasses and knock them sideways on his face.

Ryan snarls and looks in the direction from which the object originated. As the camera shot expands, we see High Flyer IV standing there, arms crossed.

Ryan frowns.

Ryan:

Go home kid, before something bad happens to you.

HFIV gets nose to chest with Ryan and glares up at him.

HFIV:

You and me. Tonight.

Ryan sighs as the crowd cheers.

Ryan:

Well, I did bring my gear and I haven't had a workout today yet, so...

Ryan holds his arm out as if to say 'lead the way'.

Ryan:

Lead the way.

HFIV:

Uh, o-okay. I... didn't expect... maybe, like, thirty minutes?

HFIV looks down at his street clothes.

HFIV:

I-I need my ring gear.

HFIV rushes off. Dan Ryan chuckles to himself bemused as we fade to ringside.

THE LIGHT vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Butcher Victorious heads out from the back and down to the ring, garnering a mixed reaction from the Faithful. After hesitantly taking a breath, he heads for the ring quickly before rolling inside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent....

Darren is interrupted...

Quell: *[Heavy British Accent]*

Yea, shut your mouth sunshine!

DDK:

What in the world is Virginia Quell doing out here?

Angus:

Has he gotten to her...please tell me he has not?

A closeup of Virginia with a new look she has a red Jessica Rabbit style dress, her red hair now draped over half of her face. Now also with a set of pink eyes as well.

♪ "Closer To The Void" by The Engima TNG ♪

Angus:

He has gotten to her Keebs, this is horrible!

DDK:

Yes, it appears Virginia has bought into what Crimson has preached, he continues to build this physical form of The Light.

Angus:

Butcher don't you give in! Stay away from his eyes or you'll be infected too!

The lights turn out 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 changes into a blacklight. Crimson lowers his arms to his side and then slowly lowers his head eyes closed exposing the glowing pink eyes.

Quell:

All you heathens stand for, the sublime! The exalted! The Savior of DEFIANCE, The Eradicator of Spiders! The Beacon of The Light! The Crown Jewel of the Wrestling Industry! The Beautiful! The loving....THE majESTIC! CRIMSON LORD!!!

Quell leads Crimson toward the ring as.

Crimson reaches the end of the aisle way, the black lights fade and the WrestlePlex's lights turn on once more. The seven-footer walks toward the steel steps.

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. Quell walks the steps and hands the microphone to Lord as he slowly opens his eyes to look at Butcher across the ring.

DING DING

Crimson Lord:

Butcher your atonement is at hand. Tonight I eradicate the evil that resides in your very being so that you may be reborn into The Light.

Crimson hands the microphone back to Quell who walks down the steps and stands in the corner of Lord.

Butcher meets Lord in the center of the ring, the two exchange a few words.

DDK:

What is Butcher doing here? He just got on his knees?

Lord football style kicks Butcher in the head. Victorious hits the mat. Lord wastes no time and picks him up and throws him between his legs and lifts him up into a high angle powerbomb! Butcher is not even trying to defend himself here. Lord lifts him back from the mat and lifts him once more and walks backward leans back into the ropes and springs forward and launches Butcher across the ring in a throwing powerbomb.

Angus:

What is Butcher doing here? He is pulling himself up but he is not even trying to fight back! No, don't tell me this nutcase has turned another?

Lord tosses Butcher into the corner and delivers a sequence of knee lifts into the gut, then digs his foot into the throat of Butcher. He is not even trying to push Lord's boot off of his throat. The ref finally gets him to break the hold. Lord quickly lifts Butcher up onto his shoulder into a running powerslam. He taunts for a moment before mounting Butcher and unloading on the skull of Butcher who continues to not put up a fight at all.

DDK:

This isn't a match its an execution!

The ref again pulls Crimson off of Butcher. Lord just stares at Butcher struggling to get to his feet.

Crimson Lord: *[off mic]*

Yes..yes let the evil continue to flow in your body. Let it all out, Butcher!

Butcher struggles to his feet finally and is quickly met with a vicious lariat by Lord flipping him inside out! Lord gets on the back of Butcher and delivers a few stiff arms across the face. He gets off Butcher and stares down at him once more waiting for Butcher to move again but this time he is extremely slow to get to his feet. His legs look like jello as he tries to stand to his feet. With help from the ropes he pulls himself to his feet he looks back at Crimson.

DDK:

Lord and Butcher are just staring at each other and The Faithful clearly are not enjoying this one bit!

Butcher staggers over to Lord.

Butcher: *[off mic]*

I..I..pledge myss..elf to your teach...

Butcher falls in Lord's arms. Crimson, however, does not appear to be done and lifts Butcher to his shoulder once more.

DDK:

Crimson has corrupted this young man, and now....ENLIGHTENMENT!

Crimson drags the lifeless carcass of Butcher to the center of the ring he takes a knee and places his hand over the chest of Butcher.

ONE

TWO

Quell enters the ring.

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪"Closer To The Void" by The Engima TNG ♪

Before Darren can announce the winner Quell interrupts him.

Quell:

The winner of the match...The maJESTIC! Crimson Lord!!

Angus:

I can't believe Gin has joined the pink goober!

DDK:

Wait a minute what is this? Are those fans?

Fans start coming from the backstage area they all are in white druid cloaks with no hood. They all have pink eyes as well.

Angus:

Those fans look like The Faithful outside earlier tonight...this is madness!!

The now Hive enter the ring and drag Butcher out they take him up the ramp by his arms dragging his feet up the entranceway followed by Quell and then Lord with a warm smile on his face.

DDK:

I have no idea where they are taking Butcher, but this was no match it was a massacre!

Angus:

This infection continues and who will be next to join The PINK Light!?

RED DEAD REDEMPTION 2: AN UN-BO-LIEVABLE SURPRISE

As we cut to the backstage area the former Tag Team Champions, The Fuse Bros., appear with Lance Warner. Tyler is all business as he is psyching himself up preparing for his impending match while Conor gives his brother words of encouragement before turning his attention to Lance.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, as you can see I am with the Fuse Bros.

The Gamers cheer.

Lance Warner:

Tonight, Tyler you battle George Stevens one-on-one!

The Faithful boo the mention of the Stevens Dynasty.

Lance Warner:

Before we get to the match, these last few weeks haven't been really good for you both, have they?

Lance asks as Conor shakes his head no after letting out a sigh.

Lance Warner:

You lost the Tag Team *Achievements* to The ToyBox. You lost a chance to get them back to The WrestleFriends and on top of that, you are being harassed by these... uh, dark stalkers! How are you dealing all of this?

Lance motions to Conor but before we can get an answer there is a loud commotion behind him and The Bros. as a voice shouts...

Voice:

BATTER UP!

WHAM! WHAM!

A steel chair connects with the facial area of Conor! A second chair connects with Tyler's head! The Fuse Bros. are out cold on the concrete floor as Bo and George come into the screen! The Faithful boo mercilessly as Bo smirks at the damage. He moves close to Lance.

Bo Stevens:

Sorry, we are late but we had to stop and get these wonderful free gifts for our friends here.

Bo says as he tosses the chair on The Fuse Bros. as they writhe in pain on the ground.

Bo Stevens:

Fuse Bros., since you cost us a shot at the tag titles we just wanted to let you know that wasn't cool and you're going to pay for it when we make an example of you at Maximum DEFIANCE.

The Faithful boo.

Bo Stevens:

Until then enjoy our gifts we personally delivered you tonight.

Bo says chuckling as George lets out a low and menacing ha.ha.ha.

Bo Stevens:

George, bring that piece of trash to the ring already. We aren't working by the hour.

Bo says as he leaves the area and George grabs Tyler by the arm and drags him off screen.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

TYLER FUSE vs. GEORGE STEVENS

As we come back from commercial we see the gargantuan of a man known as George Stevens laying in some boots to the ribs of Player One of the tandem known as the Fuse Bros while George's cousin, Bo, cheers him on.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen as we are underway with our match pitting the mammoth known as George Stevens and the former tag champion, Tyler Fuse! We should also note, Conor Fuse is not at ringside right now! He is being attended to backstage after the brutal chairshot he took!

Bo continues to shout words of encouragement to his cousin and words of disdain to The Faithful.

Angus:

Can this dude please shut the fuck up!

Angus yells as George drives his size fifteen boot into the throat of Tyler and the referee begins his count. George releases before the count of five.

DDK:

George was almost disqualified there as he's getting an earful from Brian Slater.

George ignores the warnings of the official. Instead, he reaches down and with one hand pulls The Fuse from the ropes and drops to the mat for a cover.

ONE

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Tyler showing life as he powers out at one!

Angus:

And that right there shows how pathetic the Inbred Dynasty is because they jump the Fuse Bros. before the commercial break and can't finish them off. Pathetic!

Angus exclaims his statement as Bo and George exclaim theirs while they argue with Brian Slater who says it was a count of two.

DDK:

George and Bo not happy it wasn't three.

Angus:

Boo-fucking-hoo, Keebs. Boo-fucking-hoo.

George turns his attention back to Tyler and reaches down to pick up the elder Bro but the *Achievement* of Introducing Boot to Face is unlocked for our viewing pleasure as Tyler drills George with enough force to stagger the big man into the nearest corner!

DDK:

Tyler with a surprise kick to the face has staggered George.

Angus:

If Tyler kicks him like that a few more times it still won't fix his ugly looking face.

Bo shouts for George to get back up.

Angus:

Honestly, both these teams piss me off.

DDK:

Do you like anything?

Angus:

You know, I can *handle* Tyler. Conor can fuck right off. If he was in that ring... I might even cheer for The Stevens...

DDK:

As you've done before...

Tyler gets to his feet and sees the stunned Texan leaning against the ropes, trying to regain his composure. Player One moves in for his attack. He runs full force and delivers a clothesline, slumping the big man in the corner. Tyler builds up some more steam and this time hits a jumping forearm that staggers George out of the corner!

DDK:

The big man is still on his feet! He won't go down.

Angus:

Hold his soda, Keebs.

Tyler runs at George once again, but he's ready for him as George tosses Tyler up and behind him with ease! Yet, Player One is able to land on the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

What agility by Tyler!

Angus:

Guess flippy shit (™) works sometimes.

Bo is screaming at his cousin but George doesn't hear him. The big man turns around and sees Tyler launching himself, looking to deliver a...

DDK:

LANline!... what the...

Angus:

He's hooked, Keebs!

DDK:

Unbelievable strength!

George is able to withstand the impact of the clothesline as he catches Tyler and wraps his mountainous arms around the former tag champion and lock in a bear hug.

Angus:

Don't quit! This isn't a save point... now they got me saying stupid video game nonsense!

Brian Slater checks the submission but George doesn't have it locked in for long as he tosses the smaller foe and delivers a ring-shaking powerbomb.

DDK:

The ring shook from that impact!

Angus:
Whatever.

Brian Slater slides into position but George doesn't let go and uses his strength to deliver another powerbomb!

DDK:
Another powerbomb from George and Tyler's head whiplashed from the force.

Slater drops to count but the Texan has other plans. He shows extreme force as he lifts Tyler up to toss him sideways to deliver...

DDK:
TEXAS SIZE SLAM!

George looks at his fallen opponent with annoyance on his face before driving a forearm into his face. He makes a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

Angus:
Ugh...

THREE.

Dan Quimbey:
And your winner by pinfall... **GEORGE! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENSSSS!**

The victory celebration is cut short as Bo rushes into the ring and begins stomping away on the defeated Tyler!

DDK:
Come on!

Angus:
Do something ref!

Slater tries to intervene but George grunts and cocks his fist. Slater high tails it out of the ring while Bo directs traffic as he tails his cousin to pick up Tyler.

DDK:
This isn't going to end well.

Angus:
No shit Captain Obvious.

George has Tyler laying across his back as Bo grabs his face and talks trash to the unconscious man. The Stevens Dynasty look to hit the reset button on Tyler but...

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

Major pop!

DDK:
Here comes Conor sprinting down the ring while holding the back of his head!

Conor rushes in...

WHACK!

Instead, he eats a superkick from Bo and a big boot from George!

Angus:

That was anticlimactic!

Bo stares down at Conor while a devilish grin forms over his lips and he motions for George to get closer and whispers something into his ear. The behemoth nods.

Bo Stevens:

FINISH HIM!

Bo screams and The Faithful immediately let him hear it as the boos rain down.

DDK:

They aren't...

Angus:

They are!

Bo climbs the turnbuckle as George lifts Conor onto his shoulders. Bo launches himself off the top rope and delivers a dropkick as George falls backward onto the canvas!!

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty adding insult to injury as they deliver The Fuse Bros.' own finishing move against them, *FINISH HIM!!!*

Bo and George look at the carnage they caused and each raises a single arm high into the air as the boos continue to pour down. Their theme song plays and the image shifts backstage.

Y D Y

Christie Zane stands in front of the backstage interview area, where a large DEFIANCE flag hangs and waves in the background. She's dressed to impress, and holds a microphone proudly.

Christie Zane:

DEFIANCE Faithful... at this time I am being told to welcome... the D.

Boos are instantly heard as the D steps into frame, his nose turned up as he wears a fine three-piece suit. He reaches down to his cuffs and tugs on his right wrist, before doing the same to his left. He adjusts his golden tie, as a feminine hand reaches in and gently runs a finger down his hands past the tie, all the way down to grab the D's crotch just off frame. She reaches up aggressively and grabs the tie, yanking the D down into a lip lock. It's the woman from last DEFtv, the raven-haired brute. Their tongues are prominently in the frame until the cameraman zooms out to see a disturbed Christie Zane just watching. From behind Zane, Flex steps forward, bumping into her backside, startling her with a shriek.

Christie Zane:

Are you kidding me?! You don't just walk up on a woman like that.

Christie quickly composes herself, before the woman that was kissing the D turns and snaps toward Zane. Zane flinches, and the woman just smiles before returning to underneath the arm of the D. On his other arm? The SoCal championship he stole. The D snaps his fingers and directs Christie to stand in front of him. She pauses, but the D just points to her and beckons. Zane rolls her eyes and heads toward him, until the D reaches out, snatches her wrist and yanks the microphone, and Zane, to his lips.

The D:

Netflix. February 14th. Best kept secret in Hollywood, the newest star of the Lake Placid Vi series... The O-Face!

The D gestures to the woman under his arm, as she leans forward laughing, a cackle of sorts, almost dragging the D to the ground with her as she dips. He pulls her back in a dance-like motion as they grind their hips into one another.

The O-Face:

I can't deny the D. NO ONE... can deny the D.

Zane takes a moment and does a double take. The O Face lovingly strokes the back of the D's short black hair.

The D:

And that's the thing, Elise.

The D does a double take.

The D:

Oh, sorry, Christie. Elise isn't here, is she?

Christie Zane:

Earlier tonight, she was given a shot at Kendrix in tonight's main event, if she can find the original Southern Heritage title. Unless you're going to give her back the SoCal championship.

The D:

What a stupid... person you are. Anyway, Elise is probably checking the whore house she left it at. GOOD, I say. Cause, tonight, she's going to pull double duty. Tonight, I get my rightful match that I was DENIED last week. Elise Ares, versus the D. Then, she can go get beat up by Kendrix, obvs.

The D laughs and smiles, leaning away from the microphone. Zane pulls it to her.

Christie Zane:

Last DEFTv, you viciously attacked your former friend and longtime tag team partner, the current Southern Heritage Champion, Elise Ares. You even did that after you said you loved her...

The D grabs Christies wrist once more to pull the microphone back to him.

The D:

I NEVER loved her. I loved the IDEA of her. The Elise that could have been. The POTENTIAL. I realize that now. I realize I was in love with a fantasy. I now realize...

The D leans forward.

The D:

Elise Ares is a piece of shit.

The O Face leans in with an eerie joyful cheer and just licks the side of the D's head.

The D:

TWO YEARS AGO, during the Sports Entertainment Awards Ceremony... the PCP were slighted by Mikey Unlikely and WRONGFULLY not given the TAG TEAM award, putting into focus a long history of sociological and psychological abuse, that we willingly took because we had put Mikey Unlikely on a pedestal. We put the BRUVS on a pedestal.

The D laughs.

The D:

And then... I SAW THE LIGHT. I saw... KENDRIX.

Boos. The D ignores them.

The D:

And I realized... Elise Ares is THE... FUCKING... WORST. I mean,

The D holds up the SoCal championship.

The D:

Look at this thing!

The D raises a middle finger as he holds up the belt above his head. The O Face jumps onto the D's back as a FLASH goes off.

The D:

I just posted that to Elise Ares' Instagram. I mean, GOD, she is vain, she is self-centered, she's just awful, to everyone, and that used to exclude me, but what have I done in the last six months, Christie? What do you remember THE D having done lately, Zane?

Christie Zane:

War Games...

The D:

BRAZEN. Doesn't count. Amateur hour. I'm a Netflix star now, Christie. The A show or bust.

Christie Zane:

I...

The D:

EXACTLY. And how she started treating me? We were equals, Christie... but toward the end there? I was her SERVANT. You saw it. Everyone saw it! SO! NO MORE! Cause Ms. Zane.

The D leans forward.

The D:

The D, only SERVES, the D.

The D winks. The O Face steps forward toward Zane and gets right into her personal space.

The D:

She likes you, Christie. I think she wants to take you home tonight. Tell me, You plus the D Equals O-Face?

O Face turns around to the D with a mischievous grin. Zane is deeply disturbed and takes a few steps back before running away from the scene entirely. The D shrugs.

The D:

Her loss. Let's go, this place is done-zo. I can still make the premiere tomorrow in England. Plus, I wanna go hire some thugs. I wonder who we'll find...

Flex finally steps forward, arms crossed.

Flex Kruger:

Yeah. I wonder.

The D sighs. He rubs the bridge of his nose.

The D:

Just... go hire Thugs 4 Hire. Here's money.

Flex grabs the money and rushes off. The D turns to The O-Face, who seems less than thrilled.

The D:

What? Just... in case.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

I DON'T SPEAK SPANISH

Two soulless eyes stare dead ahead, unblinking... unnerving. Like two black holes, they seem to suck in the very light which fills the room. The shot slowly zooms out to reveal the black mask of Victor Vacio — and then Victor himself, staring intently at his own reflection. The Faithful boo the visage of a man who has proven to be a vicious bully in recent weeks. We pull back further to reveal the fixtures and tiled walls of the WrestlePlex men's room. **Angus:** Nothing like a bit of toilet humor, Keebs. *Keebs?* **Toilet** humor! **DDK:** I heard you, I just wish I hadn't. The stoic luchador doesn't even appear to breathe as he continues to look into those two swirling black pools — **FLUSH!** Victor's right eye twitches as the sound of a flushing lavatory break his concentration. From the reflection in the bathroom mirror, we see a green cubicle door open, and out steps none other than a very downtrodden and very sore Ultimo Phoenix. "The Firebird" doesn't even realize his faux pas as he crosses the urine-soaked floor with his head down. At the sink, he turns the faucet and washes his hands, cupping some water and soaking his masked face in the process. He shakes off his paws and raises his head to take in his own reflection — and promptly jumps out of his skin. Manifesting like some black specter in a horror movie jump-scare, Victor now stands behind Ultimo, his hot breath on his neck. Ultimo gulps, his eyes wide as saucers... but he can't bring himself to turn round and face his fears. He looks down at the ground and wilts under the unrelenting stare of those dreadful eyes. To the chagrin of The Faithful, Ultimo hastily dries his hands on his singlet and scurries out of the room, not daring to speak or to lift his head. Victor stares after him before his gaze returns to the mirror... that is until the restroom door swings open once more, and Ultimo Phoenix steps back into the room! **YEEAAHH!** Ultimo's legs quiver underneath him, but the young man steps up to Victor Vacio with determination. **Ultimo Phoenix:** *[voice trembling]* Y-you know, I'm still pulling splinters out of my **butt** after you put me through that table on two weeks ago! Victor says nothing. Indeed, the only indication that he **may** have even heard Ultimo is the flaring of his nostrils and the sound of him exhaling. Having expected a retort, Ultimo wets his lips and stammers like a newsreader without a teleprompter. **Phoenix:** I-I don't know what your p-problem is, 'cos all I wanted was to shake your hand. I even stuck up for you when Kirsty was saying what a **jerk** you are! Maybe I shoulda listened to her. Victor blinks for what could well be the first time this week. Ultimo frowns at his sheer nonchalant-ness. **Phoenix:** Are you even **listening** to me!? I — In the blink of an eye, Victor **lunges** at Ultimo and pins him against the wall with his forearm against his throat. He leans in so closely that their noses touch. **Victor Vacio:** Te oí. Oigo a un niño pequeño llorando. Llorando como un perro herido! Victor eases off just slightly, allowing Ultimo to breathe. The rookie manages a choked response. **Phoenix:** I-I don't speak Spanish! Victor closes his eyes and sighs before slowly opening them. **Vacio:** I hear a little boy crying like a wounded pup, güey. You put on this knockoff máscara, eh ... You steal ese nombre... You're a fraud, pinche güey. All this talk about heroes and dreams... Patético!! "The Lost Cause" spits on the bathroom floor and digs his forearm in again. **Vacio:** The world ain't all rainbows and unicorns, cabrón. I'm giving you a dose of reality. You keep talking about this stupid little fantasy, and I will **crush** it under my heel! Victor finally relents, letting Ultimo drop to the floor on his hands and knees. He turns around and exits the room, leaving Ultimo to cough and splutter as he nurses his throat.

DAN RYAN vs. HF IV

♪ "Dollywood" by Hail Mary Mallon ♪

The music plays out at High Flyer IV is already in the ring. He's being checked over by Carla Ferrari.

Angus:

Good luck Kid. Hope you have health insurance.

DDK:

Earlier tonight, H-F-4 challenged Dan Ryan to a match stemming from Ryan's vicious attack on the boy at DEFCon.

Angus:

Oh C'mon, he's defending his father's honor. If that serpent has any that is.

DDK:

We haven't seen or heard from Jack Harmen since his contest with... this man.

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪
♪ There's no connection to myself ♪
♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪
♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪
♪ So save your prayers ♪
♪ For when we're really gonna need 'em ♪
♪ Throw out your cares and fly ♪
♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪

Angus:

And here comes Dan Ryan, ready to kill a kid.

Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

Dan Ryan snarls at Carla Ferrari who gingerly checks him for weapons. Once satisfied, she turns and rings the opening bell.

DING DING

HFIV charges and jumps, catching Dan Ryan with a running Yakuza Kick.

Ryan's head jerks to the side, and he rubs his slightly bruised chin. It's not enough to even stagger him. Ryan reaches out, grabbing HFIV by his mask and LIFTS him.

DDK:

DEAR GOD! HUMILITY BOMB! CENTER OF THE RING!

Ryan just palms his hand on top of HFIV for the cover.

Angus::

G'night kid! Tried your damndest!

ONE

TWO

THREE

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, via pinfall... DAN... RYAAAAAN!

Ryan's hand is raised by Carla, who quickly exits the ring. His attention turns back to the fallen BRAZEN luchador, as Ryan reaches down and picks the boy up by his mask.

DDK:

Oh, come on Ryan. You've done enough.

As HFIV groggily stands, Dan Ryan extends his hand. HFIV looks at Ryan, and then at the cheering crowd. He extends his own as a sign of respect.

DDK:

That's a nice -- BOOT TO THE GUT FROM RYAN! He's got him on his shoulders! OH GOD NO! ANOTHER HUMILITY BOMB!

Dan Ryan laughs as he looks down at the broken HFIV. He just places his boot on his neck and starts putting pressure on it. He turns his attention to the rampway, looks at his watch, and waits.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is just goading Jack Harmen to come out here right now

Angus:

You think he's ever going to come out here and face THE DAN RYAN!? He's a coward Keebs, always was, always will be.

Dan Ryan, impatient, grabs HFIV again and lifts him onto his shoulders. He parades with the luchador around the ring, as he takes one last look toward the entrance ramp.

Nothing.

So Dan Ryan Humility Bombs HFIV over the top rope and into the crowd. The Faithful are stunned but do their best to catch the youngster, softening the blow.

Ryan just laughs as he walks away.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is a sadistic man when he's got his eyes set on a target.

Angus:

This kid didn't deserve all that, but at least these youngsters are reaching out and trying for that brass ring. One day kid, maybe you'll get five minutes in the ring with Ryan and be able to walk away afterward.

DDK:

It all begs the question though, where is Jack Harmen? Why wouldn't he come to help his beaten and dismantled son? Wait... I'm being told we have eyes off-site on someone... let's cut over.

PRIVATE HOSPITALIZED

The screen cuts to an image in a studio. We're joined by DEFIANCE correspondent: Lance Warner. Lance sits relaxed on a stool, facing the camera.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, on two consecutive editions of DEFTv we've seen what appears to be the end of a very long friendship. When our very own FIST OF DEFIANCE has attacked his former Tag Team Champion partner, his former boss, and even his best "Bruv" when Kendrix attacked Mikey Unlikely. Let's take you back.

First, a clip is shown of DEFTv113 when Kendrix mid promo superkicks Mikey Unlikely and begins his assault. The video then quickly moves to last week.

Lance Warner:

Here you see, even though he was attacked unprovoked by his own partner, Mikey tries to make amends and to make things ok between them, but unfortunately Kendrix doesn't see things the same way!

Video cuts to where Kendrix viciously attacks Mikey over again, these time it ends when Kendrix slams Mikey through a ringside table. We once more come back to the studio.

Lance Warner:

Here we are two weeks later, and an update provided by his doctor.

Lance pulls out an index card

Lance Warner:

Mikey has been receiving some medical treatment at an unnamed facility just outside New Orleans, he is unable to be here this week, but it's looking very good he will be back on the next edition of DEFTv!

The crowd in the arena reacts. The boos are very strong, but definitely more cheers than normal. Warner puts the index card back in his pocket.

Lance Warner:

Well joining us live right now via the DEF Satellite Network, right from his hospital bed is Mikey Unlikely!

The screen cuts in half and Mikey's face cuts in. He looks worse for the wear, with a black eye, and bruises on him. His smile, however, shines through despite the attack.

Mikey Unlikely:

Lancey! My man! Thanks for having me! So glad to join you and the many many great fans of DEFIANCE!

Lance Warner looks confused by this but brushes past it.

Lance Warner:

Mikey! Thank you for taking the time. Now I know you have to have a lot going through your head right now. Between your filming, DEFIANCE, and of course JFK himself. The FIST. Can you just share some of those thoughts with us?

Mikey Unlikely:

Of course, I can Lancelot! Sitting in a hospital bed for the better part of a week wasn't exactly in my plans you're not wrong about that. Especially when I saw that crap they were serving over at City Hospital! I made sure to boot scoot and boogie out of there in a hurry, and get to this great private facility with gourmet chefs... Pudding and Dirty water over at City! Here they make the JELLO WITH FIJI Water! Fiji Water, Now that's Pure!

Mikey pulls a bottle of Fuji bottle out of nowhere, holds it up "label out" before taking a long refreshing drink.

Mikey Unlikely:

Seriously though, The staff here is great, I'm being looked at by the top docs in the world, and even a couple of psychologists. Now I'm not sure what a Narcissistic Personality Disorder is, but apparently, I've got one! I'm going to blame that one on my agent, he sends me to some pretty *iffy* parties! These docs use very large words though, and I've found I'm often confused. That's why we pay em! AMIRITE?

Lance gently cuts off Mikey.

Lance Warner:

No, no Mikey, what we're looking for is more your thoughts as it pertains to DEFIANCE and Kendrix. Not just the state of your current lodgings as it were. You can't still think that JFK slipped and ran into you... Right?

A look of understanding crosses Mikey's face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ohhhh my bad Lancey Dub. No, you're right! It's quite clear to me now that JFK had a plan... a plan to bring me back into town just to turn on me. He told me all about this big party we were going to have, the big blowout. Only to find out he just needed me there to make a statement.

Lance nods along on the other side of the screen.

Mikey Unlikely:

Kendrix finally got what he deserved when he won the FIST. He's the best damn wrestler I've ever met, through and through. I didn't just team with Kendrix because he was young and impressionable... although admittedly that was part of it. I align myself with JFK because he's proven time and time again to have every single ability inside that ring that I lack. He was the peanut butter to my jelly, the Raisin to my Bran, the Frap to my Pe! Together we formed the most formidable tag team ever! I was the brains he was the brawn!

Lance Warner's eyebrows raise in surprise.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, come on. No one's ever accused JFK of being brilliant. When he was coming up in the UTA, I pulled him aside and assured him his rise to the top would be even faster and more spectacular with me. When he was JUST about to get an opportunity in DEFIANCE to go against the FIST, I suddenly started an Invasion... A flawed Invasion, but one nonetheless. I took that shot! I did what I had to do for the greater good. Now at the time, I thought what I was doing was just squandering all the opportunity for myself...but little did I know... that I was being used for a greater purpose... I was working for God!

Lance shakes his head. Even he can't hold it back.

Lance Warner:

WhAt!?

Mikey nods slowly.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right! God was using me to keep JFK out! He was using me to block every single opportunity that came JFK's way. I thought I was selfish, turns out it was my DUTY! All this time I thought I was holding down JFK for my own good, and here I was doing it all for the fans of DEFIANCE. Against my own will, I was fighting for the greater good! It's amazing if you think about it!

It takes Lance a second to respond, he seems incredulous.

Lance Warner:

Yes well... that is certainly....something!

The Hollywood Superstar takes another swig of the FIJI before continuing.

Mikey Unlikely:

But I see what you're getting at. I can see the insinuation, what you really want to know is am I upset? That's a tough question for me to answer. I considered Kendrix more than just a friend. I considered him a bruv... a brother if you will. He's someone I've stayed in constant contact with. He's made it clear that we're no longer friends, even when I gave him an out... a completely unreasonable reason for what happened... that I'm willing to accept... instead of taking it, he did it all over again, this time a little worse, this time putting me in the hospital. I can accept that I've done some things wrong, Lance, I can accept maybe I deserve a superkick for my trouble... BUT EVEN I, THE MOST ENTERTAINING Entertainer around... didn't deserve what happened to me last week.

He lets it hang in the air for some time.

Mikey Unlikely:

But I will tell you this.... I am very sorry!

Lance looks confused.

Lance Warner:

Sorry for what?

Mikey holds up three fingers.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm glad you asked! First off I'm sorry to the fans... I'm sorry you had to witness that two shows in a row now. I'm sorry you don't get your weekly dose of the bruv anymore! That's sad for all of us! Now I have to be TWICE as entertaining but if anyone can do it, It's me!

Warner nods along understandingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Secondly, I'm sorry for what's happened to my friendship with Kendrix, and what's happened recently. I like to think this could have been handled differently before he put that boot to my chin.

Mikey drops two of the fingers leaving one up. (Not that one).

Mikey Unlikely:

Finally, I'm sorry.... For what I'm going to have to do next. I'm sorry for what I'm going to do to Kendrix.

You can hear in the background as this plays, the arena roars with excitement.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm sorry for what I'm going to do to his face and his career. I'm sorry that I am going to have to do things I didn't think I had in me... until recently. Kendrix when you snapped me through that ringside table, and I laid there staring up at the lights, everything spinning. I made a decision... A decision I think about when I get up in the morning. That decision is that the Hollywood Bruvs are officially dead.

There's an audible gasp from....Mikey.... He's selling his own surprise. What a tool.

Mikey Unlikely:

I thought our friendship was bigger than money, bigger than fame, bigger than THE FIST. I was wrong. Now Kendrix.... I'm coming for you! I can't be there tonight, I'm not ready yet... but when I am, I am coming for JFK. You don't just USE Mikey and walk away. THAT'S NOT HOW THIS WORKS DAMMIT! I don't care how long it takes Kendrix... You can cheapshot me all you want... you can talk all you want... but I'm going to expose you for the tosser you are! Only one of us walks out of this JFK. How can you be sure it's going to be you?

Cut back to Lance who looks on surprised.

Lance Warner:

Wow, Strong words from Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey excitedly cuts him off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yea, you wait till I make those strong words into action words! ...wait... Strong action!

Lance frowns and nods.

Lance Warner:

Well, Mikey, we look forward to your return when you're all healed up! Let's head to commercial break.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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ANGEL TRINIDAD vs. DAVID HIGHTOWER

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got Angel Trinidad in action goes one-on-one with one of BRAZEN's biggest and nastiest men, David Hightower. During the UTA Invasion, Hightower came within a hair of winning the FIST from then-champion Cayle Murray so he has that potential for greatness.

Angus:

Ugh don't remind me. I approved of him slapping Kerry Keurig around, but now he's about to step up a LOT in name value against Angel Trinidad, a dude that's gone toe to toe and BEATEN people like Lindsay Troy and Dusty Griffith, former World Champs in their own right.

DDK:

Indeed... let's go to the ring where David Hightower is already there and ready for a fight.

"A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. is currently playing as the big redneck, David Hightower currently leans back against the ropes, itching to lay a beatdown on Angel.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, already in the ring... from West Memphis, Arkansas, weighing in at 275 pounds... **DAVID HIGHTOWER!**

Hightower rubs a thumb over his nose, calmly waiting for his large opponent as his music fades.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 303 pounds... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

♪ "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 the former leader of Team HOSS and the now solo Angel Trinidad. The HOSS Overlord pounds on his chest and lets out a howl for The Faithful before heading to the ring. Once he reaches the ring, he leaps onto the apron, surveys the scene and then LEAPS over the ropes a second time before staring down big David Hightower, not backing down one bit from Angel.

DING DING

DDK:

And look at Hightower go! He's already trying to bully Angel Trinidad into the corner!

Angus:

Our HOSS Overlord is above such things, Keebs, just you watch!

But maybe - just maybe - Angus may be wrong. Angel tries to hold his ground against the boulder-like Hightower and it looks like some of his time in BRAZEN may have paid off some. He pushes him back into the corner and manages to bully Trinidad backward despite giving up eight inches in height. Just like that...

WHAM!

DDK:

And Hightower delivering that vicious Clubbing Blow to the chest... but...

The crowd knows what's coming next as Angel absorbs the blow with a grimace on his face. Seeing what he's in for, he puts both arms behind his back, daring David to hit him again. He does with tremendous force, delivering three big Clubbing Blows. The blows do clearly have an effect on Angel... but The Beast from The Bronx gets back up and ROARS in his face!

Angus:

He's like... HOSSING up, Keebs!

But before Angel can do anything, Hightower quickly tackles him backward into the corner and pummels him across the chest with several more nasty shots! Angel then suddenly grabs David by his thick neck and spins him around in the corner before backing him up and raining down alternating left and right elbows to either side of Hightower's head! Doyle orders him back from the corner and Angel does so.

DDK:

There you go, Angus. Angel with the lead... wait!

But instead of the blows rocking Hightower - they do - but he manages to somehow grab Angel and throw him BACK into the corner before burying a series of hard Shoulder Thrusts into the abdomen of the massive New Yorker! He continues ramming him until the official starts a five-count, making him back off. When Angel stumbles out of the corner, big Hightower runs off the ropes...

Angus:

REDNECK LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What a shot! Can Hightower pull off the win?

Hightower boots Angel in the face to make sure he stays down before making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

I think Angel might have taken David Hightower too lightly tonight. Hightower is a bad man when he's focused.

Angus:

Really, his sole problem in BRAZEN. When he had that dork, Jamie Sawyers, he was ready to hurt somebody and almost won The FIST. He needs to get back to that and find a way if nobody is willing to manage him.

Hightower may be taking that advice to heart as he pummels Angel while he's on the mat with a few big right hands to the face. Angel tries to shield himself but Hightower only pulls him up so he can run the ropes and smack Trinidad in the face with a Running Low Big Boot. With Trinidad on his back again, he goes for a second cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Angel shoots his left shoulder up, but Hightower already goes on the attack by applying a Front Facelock...

Angus:

Is he... trying a wrestling move?

...Before opting to just pummel the shit out of Angel's upper back with more Clubbing Forearms. Angus can be heard cheering over commentary as Angel now gets put back into the corner. Hightower charges in with the intent to put another hurt on him when Angel gets his elbow up, catching him flush on the jaw. The stubborn Hightower stumbles for

a second before he charges at him again, only to catch a boot from Angel this time. He then explodes out of the corner with a HUGE Running Dropkick, knocking Hightower on his ass!

DDK:

There's that freakish agility on display by Angel!

The crowd pops as Angel shoots back to life again, waiting to go right at Hightower, who is clutching his chest in pain. Angel points at the corner and nails a huge Running Corner Splash at high speed, catching him with a move. Angel then boots Hightower in the face a few times before whipping him off to the other side of the ring, crushing him with another Running Corner Splash! As Hightower doubles over, Angel then grabs him up in a Suplex and DUMPS him up and over with The HOSS Toss!

DDK:

The Release Vertical Suplex! Is that all by Angel? The cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Nope, that big redneck still in it!

Angel roars again and points to the crowd before stomping his feet on the ground, going for an oldie, but a goodie.

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

HOSS!

He looks for his big Bicycle Kick called Trampled Underfoot but when he charges at Hightower, the big man moves. He manages to catch Angel in the chest with a Headbutt! The blow doubles Angel over and Hightower smirks before he goes for a big move to end things...

DDK:

FLYING HOSSBODY!

Out of nowhere, Hightower gets MOWED down with The Flying Hossbody from the near-seven footer! The crowd pops now as Angel pulls him up to his feet and brings him up... then down hard with The Awesome Bomb!

Angus:

The Big Bad Bomb! That's it!

Angel hooks both of Hightower's legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angel nods to the crowd as he gets back to his feet, raising his arm in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

Angus:

Hightower definitely had the HOSS Overlord on the ropes, but he needs to stay damn focused.

DDK:

Indeed, he does, but a big win for Angel tonight. And... wait, what's this?

Angus:

SQUEE! HOSS OVERLORD VS. FUTURE HOSS OVERLORD!

The crowd reaction quickly changes as Angel sees Junior and Thomas Keeling on top of the ramp, flanked by their big charge, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, arms folded. Thomas holds up a hand and turns on his headset as Junior Keeling golf claps the win for Angel.

Thomas Keeling:

Angel, Angel, Angel... that was a very impressive performance as usual. You, sir, are an athletic specimen beyond your years in that ring.

The Beast From The Bronx waves an arm and asks for a microphone from ringside. He gets one and huffs a bit before leaning against the ring ropes to face the trio.

Angel Trinidad:

Thomas... I'm not even going to front... without what you and Junior did for us - good and bad - Team HOSS owes to you. And while Cappy's retired and working with BRAZEN... and Aleczander is on his own, I still reap those benefits and that training here.

He leans forward.

Angel Trinidad:

But with all that said...My ass is for sitting, not for kissing. What the hell do you want?

The crowd pops as Junior Keeling shakes his head. Thomas raises a hand.

Thomas Keeling:

And there's THAT disrespect attitude that got you fired - and got ME fired - Angel, all because you couldn't let your vendetta with Dusty Griffith die... But I'm not here to rehash the past. Junior and I each have been given a second chance and given that we're in a new year... I want to talk to you about those second chances.

He paces around the ring.

Thomas Keeling:

What I'd like to do is offer you a proposal, Angel. You... you're not even thirty yet and you have physical gifts rarely seen in this sport. You've mellowed out some from the angry young man I managed a couple years ago, you have a child to support. You're a single father and I imagine that's hard...

Angel Trinidad:

Leave my fucking family life out of this, Keeling or that ATTITUDE you talked about is going to make me come up there and shitkick all THREE of you.

The crowd CHEERS, very much wanting to see that. Uriel does want to fight, but Junior keeps the big man restrained while Thomas lets out a soft chuckle and raises his hand to settle the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

Angel, I mean no disrespect. Truly, I don't. I know that you're the type of guy that loves to fight and The Family Keeling Talent Agency loves making those big money fights happen. That's why I have a proposal for you on the next DEFtv... I'm in the process of having my people draw up some paperwork for you. One is a match between you and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

Cheers from the crowd as Angel nods in agreement.

Thomas Keeling:

...But I'm also drawing up a second contract. One made JUST for you. And Angel, before you agree to either option, I will give you two weeks to think this over because you will REALLY want to hear what we have to say. I'll put together the paperwork and on the next DEF TV, we'll make our proposals known to you.

With that ominous note, The Family Keeling and Uriel Cortez walk away while Angel Trinidad watches them go, shaking his head.

DDK:

Angel has made it clear he wants to fight Uriel Cortez, but what is this counteroffer that The Family Keeling are putting together?

Angus:

I don't know, but... HOSSFITE MAYBE!!!!

REAP WHAT YOU SEW

Cut to Darren and Angus in the booth.

DDK:

It's been quite the night already, partner and I'd have to agree ... there are so many questions!

Angus:

When you are right... your right. Why is JFK back? WHY is Mikey sort of here? WHERE is the Souther Heritage Title!? ... Where's Scotty!?

♪“Closer To The Void” by The Engima TNG ♪

DDK:

Speaking of questions... Each time, Crimson Lord opens his mouth ... we are ALL left with questions! None the less it sounds like we are going to see more from Crimson Lord and his LIGHT ...

The newest member of The Light Virginia Quell leads Crimson Lord through the curtain and onto the stage closely followed by the Tag Team Champions and the newly christened Reaper of Light.

Angus:

Light? More like the BLIGHT! You looking at patient zero for the largest airborne epidemic in this history of New Orleans... and *THAT* two-time turncoat, Kerry Kuroyama.

Crimson Lord leads his followers down to the ring and slowly enters via the steps as the music slowly dies down. Quell retrieves a microphone from the timekeeper's area and brings it to Crimson, in the center of the ring.

Angus:

Haven't we sat through enough of this basket cases mindless ramblings for one night!?

The Majestic One raises the microphone and calls out.

Crimson Lord:

My Children! The former Faithful of the DEFIANT entity! The FOLLOWERS of the LIGHT!

The Faithful is mixed but much like earlier in the night, the reaction is surprisingly more positive than normal.

Crimson Lord:

I have given the world the LIGHT. I have endowed it with the structure and protection it will need to continue, to thrive ... to outlast the Spiders and their tangled webs of deception. An important part of that protection is the installation of the enforcement of the Light. The Right Arm. The fiery sword of the Light!

The Reaper steps forward next to Crimson, wringing his wrist and looking menacingly evil in general. His mask lit with the pink hue of the Light.

DDK:

I still cannot believe Kerry would lose his way once again.

Angus:

I'm not surprised. I always said you can't trust that piece of garbage as far as you can throw him!

Crimson Lord:

And as the prophecy comes to fruition ...

♪“Revolve” by The Melvins ♪

Angus:

What the hell? It's bad enough we have to listen to this nonsense - can production GET IT TOGETHER!

DDK:

I'm not sure what is going on here, partner.

The Faithful are equally as confused as they turn toward the stage but nothing is happening. The song continues to play well into the verse. In the ring, Crimson is unphased but the rest of the Light seems confused as well.

Angus:

For the love of God can we cut this Grunge Garbage off --

Angus abruptly stops talking as the curtain parts and ...

DDK:

It's Kerry! It's Kerry! "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA!

As Darren said, Kerry Kurroyama steps out with a microphone in one hand and a steel chair in the other. The Faithful explode. No mixed reaction here. It's clear, the Reaper in the ring is an imposter and Kerry is back!

Angus:

I told you, Keebs! I told you! There is NO WAY Kerry would turn his back on DEFIANCE again! I KNEW IT!

Kerry, in his street clothes, raises a microphone but has to wait for the Faithful to die down a bit before he can speak.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm not sure what the hell you are talking about ... ever, to be honest ... *OR WHO* the hell is behind that mask.

The Faithful pop once again.

Kuroyama:

I'm not much for masks these days ... or running my mouth!

Kerry drops the mic to the stage with a thud and takes off down the ramp at full speed. Crimson exits slowly, still unphased, as the Tag Champs bailout of the ring. Reaper of the Light hesitates but follows.

DDK:

KERRY KUROYAMA is BACK! And he doesn't care for the slander of HIS NAME!

Reaper nearly gets clear of Kerry swinging the chair over the top rope toward him as Kerry meets the far ropes.

DDK:

You've messed with the wrong Seattle-ite!

Angus:

Sattilite?

The Light slowly circles around the ring and come back together at the foot of the ramp. Kerry is blown up but his intensity is unwavering as he snatches the mic left in the center of the ring. His free hand still clinging tight to the steel chair. The Faithful die down just enough for him to get a word in.

Kuroyama:

COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!

The Faithful ignite once again at the prospect of violence and retribution.

Kuroyama:

You AND your little CULT! Come on!

Kerry drops the mic and grips the chair with both hands. He bands the backrest of the chair on the canvas a few times before beckoning The Light with a hand motion.

DDK:

The Pacific Blitzkrieg is FIRED UP, partner!

Outside the ring, Crimson Lord smirks at his would be agitated attacker in the ring. The group slowly starts to back up the ramp as Kerry continues to insist, off mic, they return to the ring.

DDK:

Well, folks ... it doesn't appear that Crimson Lord or The Light have any intention on giving Kerry Kuroyama the fight he clearly wants here tonight!

Angus:

It's for the best anyway ... K-cups doesn't want to mess around and catch that pink eye.

The Light and their leader makes it to the top of the stage and hold tight for a moment.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be back in just a moment!

We cut to a commercial with a final pair of shots; Kerry Kuroyama fuming in the ring and the Light standing atop the stage staring back.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

OSCAR BURNS vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT

DDK:

Coming up next, making his first appearance since DEF TV 113... we have the former FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns taking on the returning former member of Team HOSS - Aleczander The Great!

Angus:

YES, WEAPON FLEX HIMSELF! I'm all bout-it bout-it!

DDK:

Aleczander has gone toe to toe with a lot of big stars in his own right and tonight, the former Trios champion is looking to score a huge win. Can he do that against Oscar Burns, with Burns's own major match looming with Scott Stevens at MAXDEF? We'll find out right now! We now go to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

And we do just that.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first... from Manchester, England, weighing in at 264 pounds... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

Six foot four. Two-hundred and sixty-four pounds of sculpted steel and flex appeal, Aleczander The Great steps out into the arena. A mixed reaction rains down, a conflict between his HOSS appeal and his dude bro attitude. He takes this opportunity, of course, to show off his superior physique and flexes his muscles. He heads down the ramp and climbs into the ring, doing a nice pec dance before entering the ring. His music fades as his opponent comes nearby.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "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. With the events of MAXDEF coming up, his mind may be elsewhere but he approaches the ring and throws a finger in the air while standing on the middle buckle, garnering huge cheers from the crowd.

DDK:

Oscar looks like he's got MAXDEF looming... putting up his own career against Scott Stevens' FIST of DEFIANCE contractual title match. Burns is ready for this.

Angus:

Burnsie better not get caught sleeping. Aleczander's a bad dude!

Burns approaches Aleczander and extends a hand. The muscleman takes it and shakes it... then pushes Burns away so he can flex some more! Burns shakes his head as he waits for the bell to ring.

DING DING

The Team Graps Cap shakes off whatever Aleczander has planned and tries to go for a lock-up. He quickly gets behind Aleczander and tries to go for a Rear Waistlock, but Mancunian Muscle goes for a back elbow. Burns ducks that and grabs on a tight Cravate neck lock! Aleczader tries to go to the ropes and shove Burnsie off, but he instead drags The Burly Brit to the ground and holds onto the Cravate with a smile to the crowd.

DDK:

Burns asserting himself right now with that Cravate hold.

Angus:

Nope, looks like Alec ain't taking this!

He gets back to his feet slowly and tries a Back Suplex, but Burns rolls forward. Aleczander STILL remains in the Cravate for all to see! The crowd cheer on Burnsie as he controls Aleczander with a few knees to the head to stun Aleczander followed by a Swinging Neckbreaker out of the Cravate, then goes for a cover.

ONE!

TW...

DDK:

Burns gets shoved off that cover, but he's ruling the roost right now against Aleczander.

Burnsie goes to pick up Aleczander again by the neck, but Mancunian Muscle has enough and grabs Burns by his tights, shooting him through the ropes and out to the floor.

Angus:

That's what you get, Team Graps Derp! Don't let your opponent get the advantage! That's why you've never beaten that douche Scott Stevens!

Aleczander heads to the outside and points at Burnsie, still trying to get up. When he finally does so he gets BLASTED nearly out of his boots with a huge Running Shoulder Tackle on the floor!

DDK:

Now Aleczander's in control!

The Big Brit wastes no time in pulling Burns up before throwing him back inside the ring. As Burns tries to pick himself up, Aleczander charges in and clocks him in the corner with another Shoulder Tackle to the gut. He then powers him out of the corner and throws him out of the corner with a big Gutwrench Toss!

DDK:

Aleczander has the upper hand against Burnsie right now! And what's he got planned here?

The former FIST of DEFIANCE nurses his back with a free hand as Aleczander turns him over and CLOBBERS him with a few stiff Clubbing Forearms across the top of his back. He continues to wail on him until he throws him to the ropes. When he comes back, he tosses Burns in the air with relative ease before PLANTING him with the British Power International aka The BPI!

Angus:

The Pop-up Powerslam! The BPI smushed the Kiwi!

DDK:

And now with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Burns throws the shoulder up, but Aleczander may be closing in on a big win. And as we know, this will be the last time we'll see Burns in a DEFIANCE ring before MAXDEF so Stevens can compete next week!

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks gets thrown back up and tries to hook Burns up for an Argentine Backbreaker hold! He tries to keep working over Burnsie's back, only for the Kiwi to lock in a Sleeper Hold to counter!

DDK:

Great counter by Burns! Now he's out and right behind Aleczander! Can he follow up?

The crowd cheers on Burns as he locks in the Sleeper Hold, strangling Aleczander as he tries to squirm his way free! He runs around the ring with The Guru of the Graps locked in behind him until he can manage to swing him around. He tries to swing at Burnsie, but he moves again and runs into the corner. Burns then charges and lands a High Knee to the chest of Aleczander in the corner.

He doubles over Aleczander and tries for an Exploder Suplex, only for Aleczander to elbow his way free. He pushes him back to the ropes and when he comes back, Aleczander spikes him down with a Spear!

DDK:

What a Spear by Aleczander! That's gotta be all there!

And Alecz with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Ha! Proved you wrong, Keebs!

Aleczander looks shocked that Burns kicked out, but he decides that enough is enough and throws off his elbow pad. He strokes his beard and waits for Burns to get back to his feet before charging off the ropes for the Biceps Explosion Lariat...

DDK:

NO! Burns shoves him into the ropes... and connects with the German Suplex!

The crowd rallies behind Burns as he throws Aleczander up and over! He gets back up and then grabs onto Aleczander, tossing him over a second time with a big Exploder Suplex! The blow sends Mancunian Muscle stumbling back to a nearby corner where Burns is already ready to strike back, hitting a huge Running European Uppercut to the jaw, knocking Aleczander for a loop.

Angus:

Jeebus, he's unleashing some plexes!

Burns grabs him by the arm and tries another move, but Aleczander rattles his brain with a European Uppercut! Burns struggles for a moment before he fires back with one of his own! The two trade Uppercuts, but Burns eventually blocks one with his arms and fires back with the Hard Out Headbutt, landing a shot into Aleczander's chest!

DDK:

Oscar Burns looking to fight tonight! And what's this?

Burns grabs him by the arm and hooks the head before swooping him down to the mat with a Russian Legsweep and hooking in the Graps of Wrath II! The Grounded Octopus Stretch is locked in!

Angus:

He's got Aleczander locked all up! I don't even think he can break out, Keebs!

DDK:

That's gotta be it... and Aleczander taps!

DING DING DING!

Burns relinquishes the hold and gets a big cheer from the crowd as he stands back to his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match via submission... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

He greets the crowd after the hard-fought victory and motions for a microphone just as Aleczander rolls out of the ring, growling under his breath. A ringside attendant tries to help Aleczander but the Mancunian Muscle limps away.

DDK:

A big victory for Oscar Burns tonight. He looks like he's ready for Scott Stevens at MAXDEF and looks like he has something to say.

Angus:

I hope Burnsie finally cleans that damn Scott Stevens' clock.

NOT FADE AWAY

The crowd continues to buzz and Burns' music cuts as The Team Graps Cap leans against the ropes for a moment, trying to catch his breath after the hard-hitting sprint.

Oscar Burns:

SCOTT! STEVENS!

With that, the crowd JEERS the ever-loving crap out of the man that has plagued his DEFIANCE career ever since they first met.

Oscar Burns:

For those of you that haven't followed the news yet... Stevens' FIST of DEFIANCE title shot versus my DEFIANCE career in a Texas Deathmatch at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

The crowd jeers again, even LOUDER than before at the possible prospect of losing one of DEFIANCE's top stars.

Oscar Burns:

And until MAXDEF, because of our fight on 113, Scotty and I won't be allowed in the same building until then, but I know you're listening so I want to make where I stand on MAXDEF clear.

He takes a few breaths before he continues.

Oscar Burns:

Now... people have been asking me all week if I was insane for accepting your challenge earlier this week... If I was goddamn crackers for putting my career on the line all for another shot at the FIST and one more chance at finally defeating you in the middle of this ring. Do I regret it? Am I second-guessing you, Scotty? A man that, by all rights, has had my number one-on-one since the UTA invasion.

He sighs.

Oscar Burns:

I could stoop to your level. You question MY sportsmanship and MY morals and MY manhood. All the while, you have the AUDACITY to make demands and bitch and piss and moan like a little girl each and every week you're out here when you don't get your way and take it out on everybody else. Do you see me doing the same, Scotty?

He leans forward.

Oscar Burns:

No. I manned up, mate. I challenged you like a man and despite the odds, you threw your way - even letting you pick the stipulation and putting my career on the line - I accepted like a man.

The Faithful continue to roar loudly as Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

You'd like for me to go away, Scotty. And it's true. In one-on-one matches, I have never beaten you. And after MAXDEF, maybe just maybe if you win, I might go away for good. I'll be gone from DEFIANCE and I'll stay true to my word. You'll beat me... I'll be gone... and tonight will be the last time I can address the fans on a DEFIANCE show.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

But... after the last year and a half of EVERYTHING you've put me through and taken away from me, mate... I will accept NO other result than to finally end this thing between us! I will not fade away! I will not go quietly! And I won't stop until I finally BEAT some respect into your tired, miserable ass and FINALLY getting back the FIST of

DEFIANCE!!!

He throws the microphone and raises a hand for the roaring crowd as he huffs for a moment. The Team Graps Cap salutes the crowd and heads out of the ring before triumphantly slapping hands and heading to the back.

DDK:

Powerful words by Oscar Burns. And as Burns pointed out, he won't be allowed at next week's show while Scott Stevens is in action against "Wingman" Titus Campbell. But will this truly be the last time that we see Burns on DEF TV?

Angus:

That stupid Kiwi is always trying to impress people and unless he finally finds a way to get over Scott Stevens... he's gonna doom his own career.

DDK:

We've still got a major main event to come when the FIST of DEFIANCE Kendrix goes one-on-one against the SoHer/SoCal Champion Elise Ares later tonight. Stay tuned!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

YOUR NEW SO CAL CHAMPION

DDK:

We are returning from commercial break, and the sideshow that is the D and his cronies have hit the ring for... something.

Inside the ring, the D is wearing his three pieces while The O-Face dangles from his one arm. The SoCal championship is over his other shoulder still. Flex Kruger stands in the ring, arms crossed, but he's been joined by the Thugs 4 Hire, Emilio Byrd, and Hurtlocker Holt. The D raises his arm, finger outstretched.

The D:

Shut up Keebler, I know you're trying to frame this poorly, and this isn't about you. IT'S ABOUT ME!

The D outstretches both his arms out to a jeering crowd. The O-Face rubs his chest.

The D:

And tonight, I want my title shot for the SoHer championship that I was WRONGFULLY denied LAST SHOW. So... EEEEEELLLISSSSSSSEEEE! If you don't have your title to defend... if you're NOT IN THE BUILDING READY TO DEFEND...

The D adjusts his SoCal Championship on his shoulder.

The D:

I guess... that makes me the new... PROPER... SoCAL Champ!

The crowd boos as The D sticks his head even higher in the air and stays there as if posing for someone chiseling his visage out of marble.

DDK:

I don't think that's how championships work.

The D turns to the entrance ramp and raises his hands to start his count.

The D:

ONE!

Voice:

Woah Woah Woah!

The D is annoyingly cut off as The O-Face stares daggers. Walking out onto the entrance ramp...

DDK:

Wait, that's Sam Day, one half of Team BAMF from BRAZEN.

Angus:

What's this kid doin' out here?

Wearing his purple and grey smokey tights, flipping a single coin in a free hand, Sam Day has a microphone. He seems, disappointed.

Sam Day:

C'mon D. Why are you doin' all this?

The D laughs in the ring.

The D:

Go back to jerkin' the curtain in BRAZEN, Day. This doesn't concern you. Plus, no one here even knows your name except me. I hope that doesn't make you go get some heroin or something, but the truth's the truth you waste of space.

Day flips the coin in his hand as he makes his way to ringside during The D's tirade. He flips it one last time snatching it in the air before entering the ring. He steps toward the D, but Thugs 4 Hire instantly flank the D on either side, stepping between the D and Sam Day. Protecting the rear is Flex, as The O-Face just continues hanging off of the D's arm.

Sam Day:

Guess I struck a nerve... teach. Enough that you think you need to protect yourself from ME. I mean, didn't you teach me everything I know? Or, just maybe, there's a trick or two Elise or Harmen taught me that even the GLORIOUS D doesn't know.

The D's face burns red in sudden anger.

The D:

THE D KNOWS EVERYTHING!

The D pauses, adjusting his tie and clearing his throat.

The D:

I mean... The D... knows, everything. He knows you're out here to fill in for Elise, to delay the inevitable. And the D is prepared.

The O-Face produces a glass bottle and SHATTERS it over the head of Sam Day. He collapses to his knees, clutching his head in pain. The D leans forward.

The D:

That trick, I stole from Jack.

The D hooks Sam Day from behind and face plants him with the Contractual Obligation.

DDK:

Sam Day is a recovering alcoholic and I can smell the whiskey from that bottle from here!

He gets to his feet and begins to straighten his suit before noticing a bit of Sam Day's blood on his right cuff. He sneers, and then just starts stomping Day with his Berluti oxford shoes. Flex comes over and starts doing the same as The O-Face just FALLS on top and starts slamming and clubbing fist and forearms into Day's body, almost like a gorilla. The D stops stomping and turns to Thugs 4 Hire, throwing three hundred dollars at them and pointing toward the fallen Day. Reluctantly, Byrd and Holt, men of their words, join in the fray.

DDK:

This is just too much Angus. Sam was just trying to reach out to the D and talk some sense into him.

Angus:

That's why you always gotta be prepared for a fight, no matter where or when...

That's when the Faithful ERUPT, as racing out from the back is the beloved box man, Klein. As he slides in, Thugs 4 Hire and Flex turn toward him in an aggressive fashion. Sam Day gently rolls toward the entrance ramp from instinct. The D steps through them all shouting.

The D:

STOOOOOOOOOPPP!

With the D's hand outstretched toward Klein, Klein gently pulls and cautiously kicks Sam Day to roll him out of the ring

to safety. Klein shakes his box head at The D as Flex tries to take a step forward, but the D directs traffic and blocks him.

*FUCK HIM UP KLE-IN, FUCK HIM UP! *ClapClap**

The D throws a fit in the ring, trying to get the Faithful to stop chanting, but they continue on even louder. The D closes his ears and paces and turns back to Klein, who stands prepared but hasn't made a move quite yet.

The D:

Wait. Wait wait wait. You don't want to do this Klein. Not to me. Not now.

Klein's fist clenches as he stands across from the D. He begins to pace back and forth.

The D:

No. No. That's the bad idea. You don't want to fight me, Klein. We've been tag team partners for twenty years now. We've known each other since childhood. I was the best man at your wedding!

Klein steps forward, as Thugs 4 Hire and Flex try to meet him, the D stretches out his hands to block them. Klein walks so close to The D and just stares at him, his breath starts to be picked up on the D's microphone he's so close. There's a low grumbling growl that begins to swell...

Klein:

... Why?

The D's eyes go wide, his shoulders slump. The bravado is gone.

Angus:

HE TALKS?! KLEIN TALKS?!?

DDK:

I thought he lost his voice when he almost broke his neck?

Angus:

I thought he was born a mute!

The D takes a step toward Klein, reaches out, and just wraps him in a hug. He begins to sob, still holding the microphone so the sobs resonate throughout the arena.

The D:

Because... she... she treated me horribly! She... She treated US, US! Horribly. Like ... like how THEY used to.

The D buries his head into Klein's box. There's a moment of realization that Klein seems to take under as his head just kind of jerks up.

The D:

She... She deserved it.

Klein gently pushes The D away from his chest. The D, eyes red, becomes confused as he takes a step back.

The D:

Klein.

Klein shakes his head "no" at the D and turns away from him, before heading to the ring ropes. The D rushes toward him, arms out and grabs him by his shoulder as he's halfway out of the ring.

The D:

DON'T YOU FUCKING WALK AWAY FROM ME!

Klein jerks his arm away from the D and hops completely out of the ring. The D climbs onto the second rope and watches as Klein just slowly walks his way up the ramp.

The D:

Don't you do this Klein! Without me, you wouldn't be anywhere! You'd still be beating yourself up over it.

Klein ignores the D, and just keeps walking.

The D:

You're gonna judge ME?!? ME?! YOU ALMOST KILLED SOMEONE.

This causes Klein to stop at the top of the rampway. There's a quiet hush over the Faithful at the shock of the statement.

The D:

Who was there for you when you were at your lowest!? Who helped you pull yourself up and experience new highs you never thought imaginable. Without me, you'd just be a crazy guilty man CRYING himself to sleep every night. Because for all the muscles you have...

The D scoffs.

The D:

You're just WEAK.

The Faithful boo as we focus on Klein, as a small dribble of water runs down under his box down his neck. Klein turns back to the ring, covering his box holes with his forearm.

DDK:

That is just low, Angus.

Klein's shoulders rise as he takes in a deep inhale.

He sprints down toward the ring as the Faithful wildly cheer.

Angus:

BOXMAN AIN'T GONNA TAKE THAT!

Klein sides into the ring as Thugs 4 Hire and Flex Kruger, as the behest of a fleeing D, start stomping away at Klein's back. Klein tries to fight to his feet but each stomp is stiffer and more vicious.

DDK:

Not the smartest move, but this was pure emotion, Angus.

Angus:

The numbers game Keebs, too much for even the HOSSiest of HOSSes.

With a sudden burst of adrenaline, Klein powers to his feet, sending both members of Thugs 4 Hire back. Klein grabs Flex on his shoulders and begins to spin him around the ring, knocking his feet into Emilio Byrd and his head into Hurllocker Holt. Both members of Thugs 4 Hire stumble out of the ring as Klein takes one more rotation and then TOSSES Flex into his modified $\frac{3}{4}$ neckbreaker to wild cheers.

DDK:

WHAT POWER ANGUS!

Angus:

HOSS! HOSS! HOSS!

Flex rolls out of the ring from the momentum. Klein gets to his feet and beckons the D to enter and face him, as The D scrambles around ringside. Before he can make an escape... Carla Ferrari has run down to the ring, and signals for the bell.

THE D vs. ???

DDK:

IT'S A NUMBER ONE CONTENDERSHIP TO THE SOHER, and IT'S KLEIN VERSUS THE D!

Angus:

I just feel like everything is backward this month. I make sense of none of it.

Klein looks over to Carla in the ring and waves happily, before turning his ferocity toward the D on the outside of the ring. He's protesting, shouting, as The O-Face tries to calm him down. It's here where he gets even more irate, as Carla begins her count.

DDK:

If the D doesn't get in the ring, he could be forfeiting his chance to become the SoHer Angus!

The D growls, hands The O-Face the fake SoCal title, and slides into the ring. The D steps toward Klein, as Klein just stands there, arms out, giving the D the first shot. The D reaches out, and pokes Klein in the chest. He doesn't fall. D tries again. Klein stands strong. The D screams at Klein, shouting "JUST GIVE THIS TO ME!" as Klein shakes his head no. With a sigh, the D lets out a knife edge chop that resonates fairly loudly with a reverbed echo. Klein however, stands tall, as the D seems to act as if he had just broken his wrist. Klein then takes his palm and overhead chops the D's chest, sending him sprawling to the mat to wild cheers.

Angus:

Hot damn. I love this sport Keebs. This is why.

The D quickly scrambles and crawls out of the ring into the waiting arms of The O-Face, who clutches him on either side of his cheeks. She gives him a passionate kiss while wrapping one leg behind his other.

DDK:

Still loving this, Angus?

Angus:

This sort of display may put Kelly Evan's to shame.

DDK & Angus:

Nah.

The D breaks lip lock and smacks The O-Face on her ass as he climbs back onto the apron. The D motions to Carla to keep Klein back so he can cleanly enter the ring, and does so. It's here where The O-Face climbs onto the ring apron. Carla immediately heads to her side and shouts at her to get off the apron, as the D does a split and low blows Klein to jeers.

DDK:

Oh come on! Da-Dick-Punch-Ah!? That's not fair at all!

Angus:

Keep your eyes in the ring! There's too many people around here Keebs!

The O-Face hops off the ring apron as The D hooks Klein and plants him face first in the center of the ring with Contractual Obligation. The D rolls Klein into a cover.

DDK:

The O-Face...

ONE

DDK:

God that name is awful, she's definitely left her mark here today.

TWO

Angus:

C'mon Box man!

Thre-NO! Klein gets a shoulder up at the last moment to shocks from the crowd. The D's eyes go wide as he starts to clutch and grab at his hair. The D gets up to his feet and begins to shout at Carla that it should have been a three count. She raises two fingers. Flex Kruger hops onto the ring apron by them and also shouts about a slow count. Carla shouts at him to get down, as The D stomps toward the nearest ring post and undoes the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Is the D going to pull out every trick in the book Angus?!

Angus:

I think he'd need to, to beat Klein!

As the D turns back to the ring, Klein has charged toward him and dives on with a big splash into the exposed buckle to WILD cheers. The D, stunned, bounces out of the corner into a huge back body drop. The D gets up, eats a shoulder block. He tries again, eats another. Klein then picks The D up by his tights and then lifts him over his head, vertically bench pressing him above his head to wild cheers. After Klein gets to eight reps, he tosses the D SKYHIGH and hits him with Europeanan uppercut on the way down. The D's spit goes flying from the impact.

Angus:

Sometimes... sometimes I love my job!

Klein grabs the D and lifts him in a vertical suplex. He holds him upright, as the crowd begins to count along. As the crowd gets to 8 again, Klein slips the D onto his back in a torture rack position, and then begins to spin around the ring, before removing his hands and spinning the D hands free in the center of the ring. After both are sufficiently dizzy, Klein just grabs the D by his legs and tosses him onto his back halfway across the ring with violent force. Klein stumbles and falls to a knee, shaking the equilibrium back into his brain. He stumbles for a cover but goes the wrong direction, before lunging and falling on top of the D.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

The D kicks out! That hesitation, that dizziness may have given the D enough time to recover, because jeez Angus, I'm dizzy myself.

Angus:

We need a "this show may cause vertigo" disclaimer after that gorram awesome display of HOSS.

Klein reaches down to pick up the D, but the D hooks him by his tights and drags him BOX first into the exposed steel turnbuckle poster. Stunned, the D grabs Klein's arm into an arm wringer, and then hooks his head into a modified standing shinari.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DDK:

Woah.

Angus:

I've never seen him do THAT! That's some flippy shit I could get behind.

DDK:

What impact, center of the ring. The D had to pull something out his tool kit we've never seen before to defeat his longest friend. At Maximum Defiance... Elise Ares will defend her SoHer title against her former tag team partner... The D.

Angus:

This is a travesty Keebs, but at least we can get to see Elise get her vengeance on this... this... whatever this guy is now.

The D demands Carla raise his hand. She reluctantly does so. The O-Face hits the ring and stares daggers at Carla, sneering at her to leave the ring, as she instead raises the D's hand and then starts to cling to his side. She hands him the SoCal title.

Leaning down to the fallen Klein, the D holds out the belt, and shakes his head.

The D:

Didn't mean for this to happen. SMILE!

A flash emanates from the SoCal title, and those on social media would see The D standing over a battered and beaten Klein, raising the peace sign as The O-Face lunged in and kissed him on his cheek.

DDK:

This is reprehensible Angus. I can't wait for Elise to knock the smile off his face.

The D slips out of the ring and The O-Face follows. Thugs 4 Hire and Flex are distantly behind and a bit more worse for wear from Klein's initial assault. The D shouts out as he walks up the ramp.

The D:

NETFLIX MON-AAAAYYY!!

Angus:

He gets too close to us, I might just beat Elise to the punch.

DDK:

Let's just... go anywhere else.

Angus:

Agreed. I'd rather watch a commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SURROGATE PAYBACK

The scene goes to the ring, where Gage Blackwood stands to a loud ovation. He's still on crutches, his right leg remains in a cast and he has a bandage around his neck. However, his face is cleared of bruising and he looks to be in good spirits.

Gage Blackwood:

Thank you, thank you so much!

The cheers get louder. A "Black-wood, Black-wood" chant begins. Once it quiets down, he's able to start up again.

Gage Blackwood:

It's good to be here!

DDK:

Great to have you, too!

Angus:

You're a moron. He can't hear you.

Gage Blackwood:

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you so much. But right now at this time, I'd like to take a moment and explain what's happening to me...

Angus:

No one cares!

DDK: *[mocking Angus' earlier comment]*

He can't hear you!

Angus:

So!?

The focus goes back to Blackwood.

Gage Blackwood:

I remain retired...

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Angus:

YES!

Gage Blackwood:

However, I also remain with DEFIANCE.

Some cheers.

Angus:

God dammit.

Gage Blackwood:

The past few weeks I have been producing BRAZEN and let me tell you, it's a hell of a show!

Angus:

Stupid cheap-plug.

Gage Blackwood:

And now, this week, I am going to be trying my skills at interviewing!

There are some more cheers, although fans are still coming to terms with Blackwood not being in the ring anymore.

Gage Blackwood:

My very first interview, however, is not for the faint of heart. Before I introduce him I ask you all to please understand...

DDK:

What's he saying?

Gage Blackwood:

This man is not well liked. He is extremely not well liked by me. But what's done is done and it's time to move on. I have and I plead of you all to do the same.

Angus:

Who's he talking about?

Gage Blackwood:

So, please, for this new direction in my career to move on -- and his -- I ask you to please welcome my first DEFIANCE interview...

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Major heat!

DDK:

No way...

Angus:

Yes, way!

Shooter Landell walks out with an arrogant pose. He stands on the rampway, soaking in the jeers and "pretending" he doesn't deserve them. Shooter slowly makes his way down the ramp, sporting his usual ring attire and a gray hoodie.

The scene cuts back and forth between Shooter coming down the ramp and Blackwood, the beaten up man inside the squared circle. The Scot looks rather composed while Shooter is basking in the glory of his heat.

DDK:

How in God's name can this be Gage Blackwood's FIRST interview!?

Angus:

Pretty sure he asked for this interview, Keebs. What a move!!

Landell slips into the ring and struts up beside his former opponent.

Shooter Landell:

Hi everyone!

The phony excitement gets The Faithful to boo louder.

Shooter Landell:

And hello, you!

More boos. Gage Blackwood turns to the crowd.

Gage Blackwood:

I completely understand how you're feeling and this is very tough for me too but for my life to move on, I need to move on...

Gage looks back to Shooter.

Gage Blackwood:

Shooter, I specifically asked for this and I want you to know face-to-face... what's done is done.

Landell's smirk just grows bigger.

Shooter Landell:

Why thank you, Gage, thank you so much!

DDK:

I don't think this was a good move by Gage. The guy bleeds DEFIANCE through and through but this was not the way to show it.

Every time Shooter opens his mouth, the crowd boos.

Shooter Landell:

I'm glad you wanted to play nice. I like playing nice, too.

Gage Blackwood:

Well, Shooter, thank you. I know this will be tough but if we are both going to co-exist in DEFIANCE then I thought we'd get this out of the way first. While you ended my career, I also need everyone to know it was from injuries accumulated from other matches as well. You weren't the only one. It's been an extremely difficult month but I am feeling better.

The entire time Shooter's expression is not giving a fuck.

There's an awkward silence that follows as Blackwood looks down to the canvas and smiles. Nodding to himself, he collects his thoughts and turns back to Shooter.

Gage Blackwood:

So, Shooter, what do you have planned for your next DEF-

Shooter instantly smacks the microphone out of Blackwood's hands to an enormous amount of boos!

DDK:

What the hell!?

Shooter Landell:

But I don't *want* to play nice. Fuck you, Gage. You're doing this just to be the bigger man!?

Shooter gets right into Gage's face.

Shooter Landell:

Well, I'm the bigger man!

DDK:

This is a disaster...

Shooter Landell:

How does it feel, Gage? How does it feel to be on the other side?

Blackwood can be seen mouthing "get lost" while Shooter continues to impose on him and get in Blackwood's physical space.

Shooter Landell:

I ended your career and you have the audacity to interview me first?

DDK:

Bless Gage's heart, it was in the right place but this was not a smart idea!

Angus:

I could have told you that! Now I hope Shooter puts him out for good...

Shooter Landell:

I ended you. ENDED. YOU. You're lucky I don't finish you off right here...

Landell finally grabs Blackwood by the neck. Shooter pulls the neck brace off. Gage is trying to struggle to get out of it... even to fight back... but it's no use...

DDK:

This is fucking insane!! Stop it you god damn asshole!!!!

Shooter starts laughing...

Shooter Landell:

Your misguided judgment in interviewing me... putting the past behind you... it's, *cute*...

Shooter strengthens his grip.

Shooter Landell:

Adorable, even.

Blackwood's face starts turning red.

Shooter Landell:

But I think it's pathetic.

The Faithful are restless. No one wants to see what's about to happen next--

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

DDK:

YES!!!!

The arena explodes! Suddenly, Shooter drops Blackwood and turns to see none other than The God Beast B-lining it to the ring!

Shooter quickly exits and stands by the apron as he looks on, seeing Mushigihara enter the ring, calling him on to fight. The camera cuts to Gage Blackwood too, who is sporting an "I got you" smile.

Shooter exits through the crowd. Some of the Faithful throw their drinks at him but he has bigger things to worry about, like getting out of there.

Blackwood is slowly helped to his feet by Mushigihara. He's clearly in pain but it can't be registered as the Scot's grin

gets wider and wider.

Gage Blackwood:

I knew you wouldn't have it in you to let things go... you *ended* my career. Fuck you. I may never wrestle again but this man, my friend, The. God. Beast. can and at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE he will kick your ass!

DDK:

Yes!! What an announcement! This was all a set-up after all by Gage Blackwood! Shooter played right into his hands!

Angus:

This is bullshit, such bullshit! Tell me how that's fair? Shooter Landell came out for *an interview* and instead he gets ambushed! What a joke!

The Faithful cheer The God Beast on as he continues to eye Shooter out of the arena. Blackwood rests in the corner, cheering him on as well. The two long-time friends then embrace to another pop. Mushigihara holds Blackwood's free arm in the air as he puts more weight on his crutches.

DDK:

The send-off Gage deserves and come MAXDEF, Shooter will get his too!

Angus:

Bullshit, Keebs. Bullshit.

THE TOYBOX vs. ???

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got new DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions The ToyBox defending their titles against BRAZEN's Gulf Coast Connection! The trio of Aaron King, Theodore Cain, and Crescent City Kid won a battle royale for a future shot back at our TAG PARTY!!! House show a few weeks ago. And with us on commentary to watch the match now... WrestleFriends! "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace.

Angus:

Yay, WrestleDorks.

And cut next to DDK and Angus, are Batts and Mace.

Jack Mace:

Thanks for that, Angus. We know you love us, mate.

Ryan Batts:

What's up. Here to scout ToyBox... or Gulf Coast Connection, if this goes their way. We're facing the winners at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Coming off that huge win against The Fuse Bros and Stevens Dynasty a few weeks ago, you definitely earned it. Let's go to ringside where the Gulf Coast Connection continues to celebrate in the ring here awaiting the NEW Tag Team Champions.

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring where Aaron King is throwing shadow punches into the hands of Theodore Cain while the masked Crescent City Kid yells words of encouragement. Their techno remix of "When The Saints Go Marching In" by DJ Art@k plays.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and this is for the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships! Introducing first, from New Orleans, LA... accompanied by Crescent City Kid, at a combined weight of 499 pounds... Aaron King and Theodore Cain... **THE GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

The crowd cheers on the hometown trio as their music fades out. On key Crimson's voice echos on the PA system.

Crimson Lord V/O:

BEHOLD THE ENTERTAINERS OF THE LIGHT!!

DDK:

It appears that toybox Crimson gave The ToyBox last week is on the stage. Are we finally going to see what is inside?

Ryan Batts:

How come all we have is capes? We need to get a WrestleFriends Mobile, Jackie!

The toybox given to the trio sits at the entranceway. The lid opens and a white light shines from inside the box. Above the toybox, the DEFIatron shows a two slot machine.

♪ "Gimmie All Your Lovin" by ZZ Top ♪

A black light shines down on Dandelion who is standing just to the side of the entranceway. Clucky is strapped to her shoulder. Dani is in black jeans, with a Green ToyBox Shirt. She has a bass guitar, around her shoulder a pair of black shades. On her shoulder, Clucky has a similar attire a black suit jacket with a green dress shirt no pants a fedora hat with black shades as well. With a little mini guitar positioned across his torso.

Angus:

Look at this Keebs, Dandelion, and Clucky on bass this is classic!

WynLyn steps from behind the curtain in a leather jacket with a fox tail lining, in green and pink attire she wears normally to the ring and a pair of black shades. The DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship around her waist. Jestal is not far behind him in a green penguin suit jacket, with a red bow tie. His tag team Championship around his neck.

DDK:

It would appear this toybox Crimson gave them is perhaps versions of The ToyBox members as a team?

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring..representing The ToyBox...

As Wyn leads the rest of The ToyBox to the ring Jestal is pleading with her for attention, and like your common self centered girl ignores his advances as they reach the ring. She climbs up the steps and Jestal quickly hops on the apron and tries to hold the ropes for her. She steps through the bottom and middle rope. Jestal quickly follows and Wyn walks to the ropes facing the main camera stepping on the bottom rope with her left foot and kicking her right back leaning into the middle and top rope with her arms stretched out. Jestal leans against the ropes opposite of hers and makes a kissing motion with his fingertips as he admires his view.

Darren Quimbey:

They are the DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... the team of "The Queen Bee" WynLyn and "The Mad Prince" Jestal.... **THE ROULETTE!!**

Angus:

The Roulette..interesting, I can't stand they are with the walking pink abomination but I just can't help but love this group!

Jack Mace:

Indeed, mate. They're weird... and that's coming from me, making me own wrestling gear and capes... but man, they're dangerous especially joining up with Bright Eyes!

Ryan Batts:

Exactly why we're not looking past them or Gulf Coast Connection, Jackie.

Dandelion awaits in their corner, as the two meet face to face in the ring handing their championships to the referee.

DING DING

King and Jestal start out they lock up and King arm drags Jestal down and holds the armbar. Jestal slaps his arm a few times and gets to a vertical base. He takes his free arm and sweeps King's legs from under him. He quickly goes for an elbow drop, but King rolls out of the way. Jestal gets up just as King and the clown quickly drives a boot into the gut of King. He grabs him by the hair and slams him backward. He quickly locks in a reverse chin lock.

DDK:

Say what you want about how unorthodox they are, but Jestal is good on that mat.

Angus:

GCC have been winning a lot on house shows, but when the bell rings, they'd rather party than win sometimes and they gotta fix that!

King battles to his feet he drives a few elbows into the gut of Jestal freeing himself he goes off the ropes and Jestal quickly falls to his stomach as he hits the ropes WynLyn strikes him in the back of the head.

King stunned turns around and Jestal quickly chop blocks King to the mat. Then without hesitation drives an elbow into the injured leg. He wraps the leg into a leg bar. He reaches Wyn and tags her in. She goes off the ropes and drives

a knee into the side of King's face.

Jestal releases the hold and Wyn stomps on Aaron's face with a few stiff shots. She picks him up and throws him off the ropes she hits the ropes herself and launches herself at King with horizontal style dropkick.

Jack Mace:

Ouchies, mate!

She goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

DDK:

Close one right there!

Angus:

I'd like to get close to her sometime...

Ryan Batts:

They're owning this right now. Gulf Coast Connection need to stay on their toes.

Wyn picks up Aaron and drags him over to Jestal and tags the jester back in she twist his arm and holds it for Jestal to drop a double axe handle to the arm. Jestal wastes no time as he quickly locks in a Fujiwara armbar. King refuses to give up he tries to pull himself to the corner. Jestal lets him move a bit before he jumps up and slams his butt across King's shoulder and pulls back once more. King tries to reach for the ropes this time seeing as he is closer. He finally grabs the ropes and the ref orders Jestal to break the hold. Jestal does He picks up King and throws him into the turnbuckle and without much-wasted motion turns around and sucker punches Cain off the ropes. This draws the young man into the ring only to be stopped by the ref.

Angus:

That's exactly what I'm talking about! They leave themselves open and get distracted!

Ryan Batts:

Exactly why me and Jackie are up here, Angus. We won't let them do this sort of thing to us if we can help it.

The ToyBox stomp a mudhole in King in the corner and make a blind tag. Wyn is asked if she tagged and she nods her head. She picks up King and gets King up into a vertical suplex but he floats over and leaps up as he hits the mat on his feet and dropkicks Wyn into the corner. He quickly crawls over to Cain begging for the tag. Wyn staggers a bit and tags Jestal. Just as the clown gets in King makes the tag, Cain rushes in and knocks Jestal down and then WynLyn and then Jestal again!

Jack Mace:

Theodore Cain has a lotta power! Strong boy there

He clotheslines WynLyn to the mat before grabbing her by both arms. He whips her into one corner. And another! And another! And another! And another! And the crowd goes wild as he shoots her into the air with a high elevation back body drop!

DDK:

He calls that Pinball Action and he just bounced WynLyn back and forth... no jokes, Angus! And the cover on WynLyn!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No, broken up by Jestal!

Angus:

Theodore Cain is the strong man of this group. If he just focuses more, he can really be something.

He turns around and spears Jestal into his corner but the crafty clown turns his body on impact in a sort to where he is able to drive an elbow into King's jaw knocking him off the ropes.

DDK:

What-a-move right there! Crafty by Jestal!

Angus:

That goofy clown suckered him in all right!

The WrestleFriends watch silently as the match continues. Wyn gets to her feet as Dandelion has hopped on the apron with the ref's attention. Wyn takes advantage with a low blow! Cain turns around and Wyn again shows off her strength she gut wrenches Cain onto her shoulder. She struggles to keep her footing Jestal climbs the top rope Wyn gets her balance and leaps forward into REMEMBRANCE! An elevated neckbreaker! Just as her body adjusts to place her arms around the neck of Cain Jestal flies off the turnbuckle lands on top of Cain mid-air in a splash.

DDK:

That might do it right there!

Ryan Batts:

Exactly what we have to watch out for.

Wyn rolls out of the ring, Dandelion hops off the ropes the ref notices the cover...

ONE

TWO

THREE

DING DING DING

♪ "Gimmie All Your Lovin" by ZZ Top ♪

Darren Quimbly:

The winners of the match and STILL DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... the team of "The Queen Bee" WynLyn and "The Mad Prince" Jestal....THE ROULETTE!!

DDK:

An impressive defense here tonight by The ToyBox... And there you have it. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, it'll be The ToyBox defending against The WrestleFriends.

Ryan Batts:

And by our WrestleFriendly powers combined, we're gonna be ready.

Angus:

NEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRDDDDSSSSSS! Sorry, sorry, old habits. As former BRAZEN guys, good luck to the both of you.

Jack Mace:

Well, thanks for that, mate. But despite what you say... we're ready. Batts and I haven't lost a traditional tag team match yet. We're...

DDK:

Wait a minute Jestal just came over...

All three members of the ToyBox now walk over to ringside to confront their future challengers. Batts and Mace throw off their headsets just in case the champs want to throw down. The WrestleFriends approach Jestal and Dandelion and look to shake hands in a friendly show of sportsmanship they're known for. The silent Dandelion walks up and emphatically shakes the hand of Mace and then Batts, the two almost not expecting it. Then WynLyn blows a kiss directed at both men. Batts shoots a confused glance at WynLyn...

DDK:

HEY!

The split second of looking away is all Jestal needs to CRACK Ryan Batts upside the head with Clucky! The loaded rubber chicken that has been a deadly signature catches Batts in the head!

Angus:

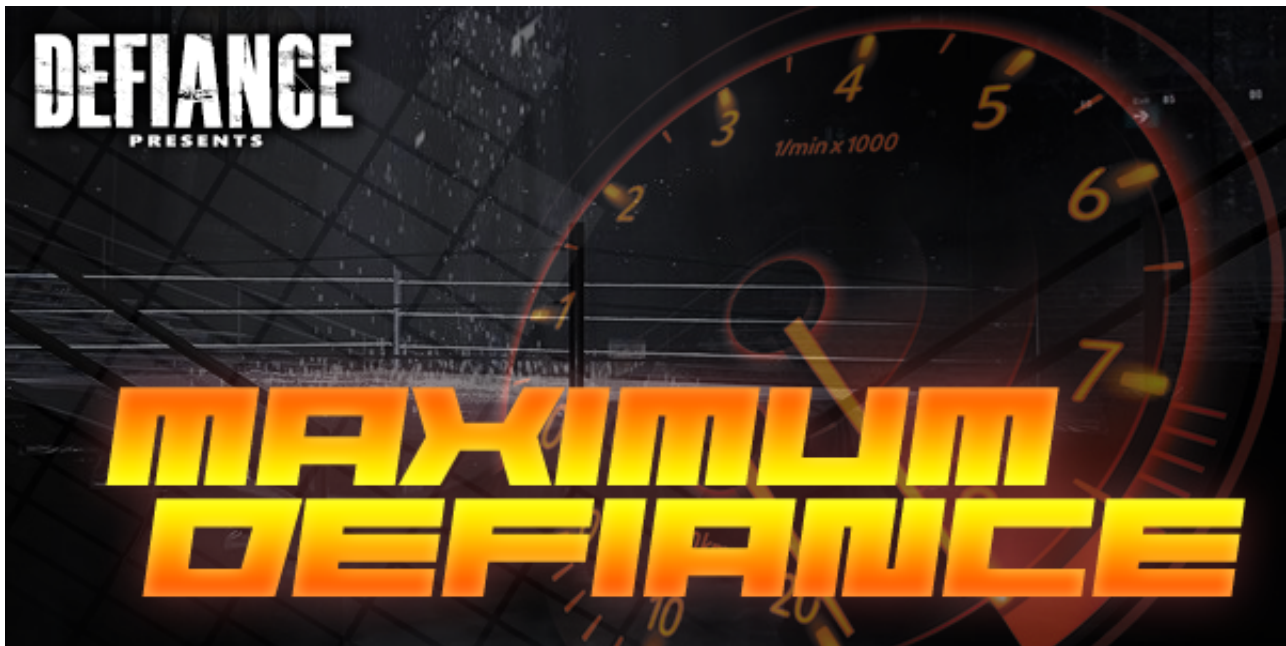
That's what they get for taking their eye off the clown! You don't do it in IT and you don't do it here. The pinkeye should be a dead giveaway!

Mace rushes to confront Jestal, but both Dandelion and WynLyn cover him. Dandelion almost dares Mace to take a swing, tapping her finger on her chin silently. The Wrestling Teddy Bear decides to instead help Batts, nursing his skull as the ToyBox confidently walk away.

DDK:

The WrestleFriends try and make peace with ToyBox before their match and this is what they get!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXDEF 2018



Get you tickets now! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

ELISE ARES vs. KENDRIX

DDK:

Welcome back, folks! It's time for our main event here Angus and... is it still going on?

Angus:

Elise Ares hasn't been in the building all night, Keebs! I guess we're just about to find out!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip, Sage Frances, & P.O.S. ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing an official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK dark green and gold ring tights and of course the FIST wrapped around his waist. His index fingers point to the sky before he turns to face the arena with that smirk.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen. Kendrix, the FIST of DEFIANCE, making his way toward the ring in his first match since he won the FIST at DEFCON.

Angus:

About bloody time. As much as I like to see Mikey Unlikely get the crap beaten out of him, Kendrix went too far in my opinion. You've gotta be a real type of snake to do that to your best friend.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds and standing at six feet, two inches tall,...JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX!

Jesse hops down from the turnbuckle, having rudely waved his closed fist at his less than adoring welcome from the DEFIANCE faithful he readies himself with some rather lackluster stretching in his corner before waiting to see if Elise Ares actually shows up.

Angus:

Well, any update on what's going on here?

DDK:

Our interviewers have been searching for Elise Ares all night. We've been trying to get a reaction to the actions... and now words of The D and his new girlfriend, O-Face? She's nowhere to be found.

Angus:

Elise Ares is usually the easiest person in the building to find, she's never met a camera or a microphone she didn't love. Even more so if someone is trying to find her to talk about herself. This is just bizarre.

DDK:

Maybe she has gone looking for the lost SoHer title... Or maybe her feelings are hurt? Maybe she's embarrassed by what we've seen here the past two DEFtv?

Angus:

Is Elise Ares capable of feeling complex human emotion?

DDK:

She's certainly been put in a situation here where if it were something she was capable of, that she would HA..

All I wanna do is...

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

The crowd roars when the purple and gold lights kick in. Kendrix spins around after handing off his FIST and looks

towards the entrance. Marching out is Elise, and on her shoulder is the Southern Heritage Championship belt. The usual dancing, showboating, and flamboyant entrance of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is gone. Instead, we get a pissed off half-latina, half-Asian champion staring daggers at Kendrix as she holds onto stars and bars on her shoulder. Laying it down on the apron, she slides into the ring and grabs her championship holding it into the air as she strides towards Kendrix.

Angus:

THANK THE GODS, it's GORRAM back!

DDK:

This isn't a side of Elise Ares that we see often, Angus.

Angus:

I'm just glad to see that beautiful title belt again! Keebs, it's like Christmas and Flag Day rolled into one. Looking at Elise ain't half bad either.

DDK:

We're gonna have a HELL of a match here toni...

Brian Slater tries to step in Elise's way, but she tosses the SoHer into his hands and then throat punches Kendrix to the approval of the crowd. Slater slides the belt towards the outside of the ring and calls for the match to begin!

DING DING

Rights, lefts, and kicks rain down on the FIST of DEFIANCE as he covers up to weather the storm. Ring savvy, JFK ducks between the ropes but Elise doesn't break the assault. She's given a four count before Brian Slater pulls her away from Kendrix swinging. Ares shouts "NO ONE CAN REPLACE ME!" as Slater drags her to the opposite side of the ring. Kendrix stretches against the ropes and shakes his head in disbelief.

Angus:

She's here and she's PISSED!

Kendrix points at Slater and orders him to hold Elise back, he tries his best but there's no stopping Elise in this mood, she grabs at JFK's neck and hoists him up, over and back down to the mat in the center of the ring, the crowd loving every moment so far. JFK pops back up quickly and Elise throws a left karate kick to the knee, then the other, she shoots higher but Kendrix grabs her foot and holds it with both hands, shaking his head at her as she hops on her free leg.

DDK:

Enziguri catches Kendrix plush on the side of the head, cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

Close pinfall from the SOHER. She doesn't rest on her laurels as she runs towards the ropes, but before she pops back, Kendrix is up quickly and meets her on the rebound with a knee to the gut that sends Elise down to the mat in a crumpled heap, wrenching her arms around her stomach.

DDK:

That's the equalizer for JFK right there.

Jesse holds the side of his head, feeling the effects of the Enziguri, all the while looking down at Elise, grabbing her by

the hair and dropping her down with a neckbreaker.

Angus:

Kendrix going for a quick pin.

DDK:

Elise kicks out at two.

Jesse pulls Elise up by the hair once more, getting an earful from Slater as he does so, he throws his wrist at him before whipping Elise hard to the turnbuckle, as she bounces back out she's met by a jumping knee to the side of the head. She pops out of the turnbuckle but JFK reacts quickly and simultaneously hits her with a running bulldog before hooking her arm between his thighs.

DDK:

Kendrix Kross, it's locked in good!

Angus:

NO! Get out of there!

Elise Ares is close enough to the ropes after a few kicks she finally locks a foot around one. The referee immediately calls for a break of the hold. Kendrix holds on as long as he can without risking DQ here.

The fans boo in reaction to Kendrix holding on. Finally, the hold is broken.

DDK:

Wow, Kendrix already got the Kross on Elise, submit or not, that move puts a ton of pressure on your neck and back. It's going to be a long climb back up from here!

Kendrix picks up Elise Ares and shoots her into the ropes. On the return, he lifts her up for a flapjack but when she comes down he drops to one knee with the other sticking directly out for Elise to land on. She takes the blow to the stomach and rolls over in pain.

Kendrix meanwhile is taunting the crowd, assuming he's pretty much got this one in the bag. He waltzes over and pushes on the head of Elise with the end of his boot tauntingly.

Angus:

This is disrespectful, I'm not one for happy go lucky bullshit but just finish the match!

The FIST of DEFIANCE pulls Elise to the corner and sits her up in it. He crosses the ring to the opposite corner and looks back at her. He starts to sprint at Elise.

DDK:

Oh no! Don't do it! He's going for the knee to the face! Ooooooooooh nooooo

At the last second, as Kendrix comes crashing in, Elise gets a foot into the air, planting it directly into Kendrix's groin. He bounces away from the corner hits the mat and writhes in pain as he holds himself.

Angus:

The one advantage of being a female in that ring! Kendrix might be sterile after that one! Let's hope so anyway...

The referee begins a ten count as both competitors are still down in the ring. Elise catching her breath in the corner. Kendrix on the mat. Around the four mark, Kendrix gets to his knees. Just as he's reaching for the ropes to help stand up. Elise Ares grabs the top rope with both hands and pulls herself to her feet. She takes one long look at the champ before taking off.

DDK:

HUGE Diving front kick! She almost took his head off with that! Holy Shhhhhhhhhhh.

Angus:

This could be it Keebs!

Elise goes for the quick cover, but the referee realizes that Kendrix's arm is under the bottom rope. Elise struggles but pulls him back to the middle of the ring and goes for the cover.

ONE

TWO

Kickout!

DDK:

Too much time lost on pulling him back in! She should have had it!

Elise gets up, asks the referee about the count, and accepts his explanation. She turns around to JFK getting up. As she comes in he strikes her in the gut and locks in a side headlock. Elise being nimble and quick pulls her head out of his grasp and quickly dropkicks him in the back. Kendrix stumbles across the ring before his momentum carries him through the second rope to the floor where he lands on his feet but dazed.

Angus:

LOOK OUT!

Elise hits the opposite ropes, and dives between the second and third and lands flush with JFK pushing him into the steel barrier separating the fans and the ring. JFK clinches his back as Elise gets up to a standing ovation from the faithful.

Elise rolls back inside to break the 10 count, and then back out. She grabs Kendrix by the back of the head and sends him back into the ring. Ares gets on the apron and does a slingshot leg drop across the throat of the FIST.

DDK:

Elise is on a roll now! Really showing a ton of heart!

Angus:

Two of them!

Ares grabs Kendrix and gets him back to his feet to inflict more damage. She goes for a Snapmare, but Kendrix plants his feet and holds firm. Instead, he reverses the move into his famed Triple German Suplex combo.

Angus:

Three of those on the back of your neck is not fun, tie in the Kendrix Kross from earlier, and Elise has to be in a ton of pain. Little Sports Entertainment lady is starting to grow on me. Fortunately for me her movies still suck!

Elise kicks out of the pin attempt at two. Kendrix slaps the mat frustrated.

DDK:

Clearly, our Fist didn't expect this match to be this difficult.

JFK to the corner, waiting for Elise to get up, she turns around and Kendrix lands flush with his famed Superkick.

Angus:

Oh no! That's it.

DDK:

What a shot from JFK!

Kendrix looks down at Elise but doesn't go for the pin.

DDK:

He's wasting valuable time! He should be pinning her now! This one is over.

Angus:

I don't know what he's doing but it looks like he's smiling...

Indeed JFK inside the ring smiles down at Elise. The fans boo loudly as suddenly walking down the entrance ramp is The D. He's smiling too and clapping at JFK.

DDK:

The D very clearly happy to see Elise Ares beaten. This is getting a little weird for me, Angus.

Angus:

He's nearly ringside... I don't think JFK needs his help in this one.

The referee walks over to ropes and yells at The D to get out of here. Pointing to the back. The D ignores him for a moment and gives a thumbs up to JFK. Kendrix waves it off and grabs Elise by the head, lifting her up. He says loudly that it's "Time for the Bellend!"

The official meanwhile steps outside the ropes to yell at the D to get out of here now! He doesn't budge. Finally, the official hops out of the ring and gets in The D's face. They bicker back and forth about how The D isn't interfering he's here for emotional support. Nonetheless, the referee is having none of it.

Rumble in the crowd begins slowly.

Kendrix gets Elise to her feet.

Crowd gets a little louder.

He signals for the Bellend and hits the ropes.

The crowd grows even louder as it begins to work its way around the arena. A man jumps the guardrail and grabs Kendrix ankle as he goes to bounce back. Kendrix faceplants in the ring and the entire arena now seeing Mikey Unlikely on the outside of the ring explodes.

Angus:

What the McFuck? I thought he was in a "Private Medical Center" somewhere? What's he doing here?

DDK:

Looks like he's here for revenge Angus!

Mikey moves over to the timekeeper's table outside the ring and grabs the FIST of DEFIANCE title. He slides in the ring. The D just noticed what's happening and he's trying to get the referee to turn around, who is still arguing that The D should leave. The D shouts that HE should leave cause he's horrible at his job. Kendrix stands up and as he does Mikey runs and drills him in the head with the FIST.

DDK:

WOW!

Angus:

BOOM!

The title goes flying, Mikey helps Elise snap out of it, and come back to her senses before he slides out.

Elise pulls Kendrix's arms to get him in position. She climbs to the top rope as the crowd goes wild.

DDK:

Here it comes!

She lands hard onto the chest/head of JFK.

DDK:

YOUR FEATURE PRESENTATION! THIS IS ALL OVER!

As Elise covers JFK, DEFSEC comes down to help the referee get rid of The D. Through much screaming and flailing they eventually "escort" him back through the curtain as he shouts "I AM THE D". The referee turns around to see the pin.

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match.... ELISE ARESSSSSS!

Angus:

YES! She did it!

DDK:

Elise Ares just pinned the FIST! She's gotta be in line for a title shot now!

Mikey jumps up and down on the outside. He hops back in the ring and embraces Elise who's barely able to get up from the match. Mikey helps her to her feet and raises her arm in the air to a huge reaction from the crowd. Elise hugs Mikey before celebrating on the turnbuckles with the fans.

Mikey stands over JFK and bends down to his face. Pointing at JFK Mikey throws barbs. Unfortunately, the camera cannot pick them up.

DDK:

This... this is a surreal scene, Angus. Would you ever thought you'd see Elise Ares and Mikey Unlikely EMBRACE?!

Angus:

I don't know what to expect anymore Keebs. Is up down? Is yes no?

DDK:

With Maximum DEFIANCE around the corner, things are heating up here in DEFIANCE! Thanks again for letting us into your living rooms, until the next time, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, this is Angus... and...

The show fades out on Elise celebrating her win over the FIST, as she just gives the weirdest look of thanks and confusion toward her former foe Mikey Unlikely.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.