

SHOW OPEN

♪ Church Of Misery - Spahn Ranch ♪

Highlights roll through a grainy filter basked in a dark red hue. The thick, gloomy doom metal soundtrack plays throughout -- a perfect sonic backdrop for the precursory action unfolding before us.

Levi Cole's ongoing battle with No Justice No Peace.

Kerry Kuroyama fighting and eventually rolling up David Hightower.

BRAZEN: RISE TAG LEAGUE highlights.

Virginia Quell and Wynlyn brawling backstage.

Jestal instantly regretting his attack on Mushigahara.

Fuse Bro's battling against the Steven's Brothers.

Elise Ares pinning *THE* Jay Harvey.

Scott Douglas and Scott Stevens throwing blows.

Jack Harmen and Scott Douglas shooting it out.

The Occupation stomping out a lifeless Scott Douglas.

A newly formed Occupation enjoying the spoils of war.

The action fades, and the revamped DEFIANCE graphic appears.



Open to the arena, the camera panning over the bright eyed and excited DEFIANCE Faithful. Cut to the stage and rampway as pyro explodes from and colored directional lights flash and rotate in all the directions. The display continues as we return to the panning shot of the Faithful, catching a few of those all-important signs along the way...

**LOOK AT MY BOX
FIST SCOTT DOUGLAS
IM HERE TO MAKE WRESTLEFRIENDS
BO KNOWS ... GEORGE
KICK TEX-ASS!
'MEMBER HAVIN' HAIR HARMEN?
KLEIN IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL
REINHARDT HOFFMAN IS GERMAN?
LIGHT THE FUSE!
BRAZEN FAITHFUL
ELISE, ITS SOHER!
HARVEY IS BALD TOO**

From the craning pan shot we cut to "Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland in the commentary booth.

WRESTLEFRIENDS vs. BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE

DDK:

Welcome one and all to DEFIANCE ROAD! And coming up in our opening match, we've got the winners of the first-ever BRAZEN RISE Tag League making their in-ring debut as members of the DEFIANCE Roster! Spoilers for the main event of the latest Clash of the BRAZEN...

Angus:

Which you can watch right now!

DDK:

... but the Wrestlefriends have made it to DEFIANCE! Their first opponents are a BRAZEN tag team looking to make a mark in The Brutal Attack Force!

Angus:

Honestly, I don't like these do-gooding dopes, The WrestleFriends, but they came through in the end. They not only had to win a grueling match with The Gentlemen's Agreement, they also had to fight The Louisiana Bulldogs in a special playoff match, then had to take on The Strong Style Stranglers, but somehow they beat them all.

DDK:

We've heard that BAF weren't too happy that they didn't get the chance to compete. Both Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett maintain if they were invited, they would have won the League.

Angus:

Well, they weren't. But if they show me something tonight, maybe I'll put in a good word with the brass and see what we can do about making them full-time roster members then.

DDK:

Let's go to ringside for the PPV debut of The WrestleFriends, next!

The camera cuts ringside to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall!

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Brutal Attack Force appears through the curtains and begin to walk side by side to the ring with a smattering of jeers. The former run-in buddies of former FIST of DEFIANCE champion Curtis Penn ignore the crowd. Petey stops along the way to purposely spit at the sign of a fan marked "HONORARY WRESTLEFRIEND!" While the fan looks upset, Petey and Solomon simultaneously pull themselves over the top rope and begin stretching in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 405 pounds... the team of Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett... **BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE!**

DDK:

What can you tell us about these guys, Angus?

Angus:

Other than working for that shit-sipper Curtis Penn? Petey's a good striker with the kicks especially. Solomon Grendel has a decent submissions game. WrestleFriends better not take them lightly cause even though I can't stand these two... they can be good. Grendel actually beat Scott Douglas once upon a time... granted by a very weird set of circumstances...

Grendel and Garrett both wait now for their opponents as the music dies down. Voices are now heard over the PA as

multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

BY OUR SKILLS COMBINED... WE ARE THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!

Angus:

...Jesus Christ.

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

Out from the back, the crowd cheer the BRAZEN cult sensations turned full-time members of the DEFIANCE roster! The lights appear and standing on the stage back to back are the members of the Oscar Burns-trained WrestleFriends! The small, but deadly "Bantam" Ryan Batts in his "I'm The G** Damn Bantam!" shirt, along with the wild man, "Manpower" Jack Mace complete in a black body-length sleeveless singlet and a massive grey wolf pelt! Batts waves around a black and yellow rally towel with the WrestleFriends logo before gesturing over to Mace.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 538 pounds... the team of "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts... **THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!**

Batts gets lifted up onto Mace's shoulders and the two head to the ring with Mace high-five the fans. They stop by the fan with the "HONORARY WRESTLEFRIEND" sign and Batts throws him the rally towel, making his day. After the free ride, Batts gets put on the apron and climbs the turnbuckle to pose with a fist in the air as Mace raises both hands on the turnbuckle. The two head to the ring now as the BAF look nauseated by the pandering antics of the supposed wrestling superhero duo.

DDK:

The WrestleFriends were trained partially by former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns prior to Burns coming to America. Batts is a dynamo in the ring being 5'8" and 213 pounds. He can mat-wrestle and fly like crazy. Mace is a powerhouse with some technical ability that can be surprising for his size. They spent a couple months in BRAZEN and impressed officials pretty quickly to earn their Tag League spot.

Angus:

And let's see if they can make the most of that BRAZEN RISE Tag League win. Like I said, these guys earned it.

The WrestleFriends both offer handshakes to BAF, but Grendel and Garrett mock them by extending hands, only to shake their respective hands only. Batts shrugs off the sign of disrespect as the bell rings.

DING DING

Batts and Grendel start the match with Grendel having the height advantage, but Batts having the strength and quite possibly speed. The two lock up quickly with Grendel going for a waistlock, but Batts spins around using a standing switch for one of his own. Grendel switches... then Batts.. and it keeps going on like this for almost a good thirty seconds with the crowd cheering! Solomon tries to elbow Batts, but the smaller grappler ducks and rolls him up quickly!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Wow, look at these two go!

Angus::

Batts is REAL good on the mat. Slicker than cat shit on linoleum!

Grendel angrily stands up, but gets taken down with a quick Arm Drag. And another. Then a Japanese Arm Drag. And when he gets up, he catches a Dropkick to the mush before Batts kneels down and raises a hand in the air to many cheers! Grendel makes the tag out to Petey Garrett, who looks angry and wants to kick somebody. He comes in and goes right for a high kick, but Batts grabs the leg. Garrett tries an Enzuigiri, but Batts ducks low and as Petey tries to get up, Batts crawls backwards between his legs and as he turns, gets thrown over with a Snapmare and then rolled up in a Crucifix pin!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Look at how quick Batts moves on the mat!

Angus::

I know, that shit's pretty cool! Now if only these two weren't such wrestling geeks!

Bantam quickly waves at Petey, who angrily kicks the nearby rope after Batts outmaneuvers him. Ryan goes for a lock-up again, but Petey catches him with a low Sole Kick to double him over. He hits the ropes, but Batts moves and the tag is made to big Jack Mace! The crowd cheers as the pelt comes off and the wild man enters the ring. Garrett goes right to the legs with a few Shoot Kicks as he enters the ring, but one Bear Claw (Vader-style Forearm) BLASTS him and he goes rolling to the floor! Grendel tries to help his partner, but Mace grabs onto him and holds him up in the air. And holds it...

Holds it...

Holds it...

Then throws in a quick spin to cheers from the crowd, then DROPS him on the mat for good measure! Grendel rolls out of the ring also and both members of BAF head for higher ground.

DDK:

Smart move by the Brutal Attack Force to try and cut off the momentum. Jack Mace lives up to his Manpower nickname, eh, Angus?

Angus::

Yeah. This big bastard is 6'5" and stands in at 325, *GORRAM* IT! More skills than brains sometimes.

While the BAF take a moment to recollect themselves, Batts has an idea as Mace measures him up... presses him...

DDK:

BATTS GETS THROWN OUT OF THE RING RIGHT ONTO THE BAF! THEY CALL THAT THE FASTBALL SPECIAL!

The crowd goes WILD now as the great double-team between the big man and small man pays off! Mace leads the crowd with a few chants!

WRESTLEFRIENDS!**WRESTLEFRIENDS!****WRESTLEFRIENDS!**

Meanwhile on the outside, Batts throws Petey Garrett back inside the ring to follow through and Mace makes the tag back to Bantam. He leaps over the ropes with a perfect Slingshot Senton as Mace runs back and drops a huge Jumping Leg Drop across the chest! The cover follows by Batts.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus::

Damn, these guys work great together. They're showing why despite being giant manchildren, they won the BRAZEN RISE Tag League fair and square.

DDK:

Now Batts working over that arm and shoulder of Petey with a joint lock... but wait, what's Grendel doing?

Finally recovering from taking the dive on the outside, Grendel tries to run right into the ring in full sight of Carla Ferrari and feigns attacking Batts, but slides out just as quickly, leaving an opening for Petey. Pete gets up and CRACKS Batts with an Overhead Kick!

Angus:

There we go! The BAF suckered them and now, Petey can wail on Batts with those kicks of his.

Petey now gets control and throws all the force he can muster by throwing HARD Shoot Kicks to the chest of Batts. After about three big shots, Batts ends up on his back, but Petey isn't done. He grabs the left leg of Batts and KICKS the crap out of it with about three or four more nasty shots! He works over the leg of Batts some more by throwing it near the ropes and delivering a HARD Double Foot Stomp!

The crowd (and big Jack Mace) all wince in pain for Batts as the Brutal Attack Force now have the advantage. Grendel makes the tag and now he works over the leg of Batts with a few good kicks of his own before grabbing the knee and dropping it down, DDT-style!

DDK:

Ouch! Garrett and Grendel finally found their opening and they're honing in on that leg of Ryan Batts!

The American journeyman-turned full time DEFIANCE roster member holds his knee in pain now as Grendel does some great work and sits it on the bottom rope before dropping all his weight down on it! Batts tries to fight back with a European Uppercut as he pulls him up. The blow stuns him and Batts throws an elbow to the jaw of Petey Garrett in his corner. He fights to get to his partner, but Grendel stops him cold with a Thrust Kick aimed right at the knee!

DDK:

Now Batts crumbling under the weight of that well-placed kick by Solomon Grendel!

Angus:

Garrett and Grendel look motivated for once instead of bitching and blaming their lack of opportunities on other people. If they do this more, no reason they can't be on the main roster either!

Grendel sets up Batts in the corner and puts his knee on the middle rope, allowing Petey to tag in. He gets a running start off the ropes and the striker of the BAF collides with a hard Running Dropkick to the knee while tied against the ropes! Batts goes down and holds his knee in place, giving Petey an opening to hit a hard Penalty Kick! The cover

follows!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Close one by Garrett and Grendel, almost spoiling the debut of the WrestleFriends!

Batts grits his teeth and tries to fight through the pain and now, Petey Garrett simply paintbrushes the head of Bantam with several very light and more insulting jabs with his feet. Batts fights through the pain, only to return fire with a hard Forearm Smash. Garrett fire back with an elbow, then a hard kick to his chest! Batts fires back again! When Garrett tries another kick, Batts QUICKLY takes him down with a lightning-fast Dragon Screw and then throws in another Jumping Senton – this time to the knee – for good measure!

DDK:

The Brutal Attack Force had a solid gameplan, but this Ryan Batts guy is so good on the mat!

Angus:

And powerful frame, which makes him more dangerous... gonna be a lot worse if Mace tags in!

The crowd is all fired up for the big man to get the tag and “Manpower” Jack Mace clearly wants it! Batts crawls toward him as Petey Garrett tags out to Solomon Grendel. Grendel goes over and grabs Batts, trying to lock him up for a Figure Four Leglock, but Batts kicks him away using his free leg. Grendel gets shoved and comes right back into a BIG Headbutt from Jack Mace! He goes tumbling and now finally, Mace gets the tag!

DDK:

Time to see what the big man can really do!

The wild man enters the ring and points right at Grendel as he recovers in the opposite corner, only to eat a MASSIVE Running Corner Splash from the big man. Mace keeps going off the ropes and comes back, catching the stumbling Solomon with a hard Shoulder Tackle that knocks him nearly through the ropes a second time!

When Mace turns around, he gets caught with a Front Missile Dropkick from Petey Garrett that sends him stumbling back several steps and he bounces back toward the corner without getting knocked off his feet.

DDK:

He’s got Mace wobbly now.

Garrett lines him up with a corner attack and charges looking for something big no doubt... but Mace comes back with something bigger in the form of a mostly sloppy, but impressive Dropkick of his own!

Angus:

SHITE! That’s a fuggin’ Dropkick, Garrett!

The crowd is wowed from the Dropkick by Garrett as he goes flying from the ring completely! Mace stands up and underhooks the arms of Garrett...

DDK:

BRIDGING DOUBLE ARM SUPLEX FROM THE BIG MAN! THAT’S AMAZING!

Sure enough, he holds him in place!

ONE!

TWO!

T...NO!

Grendel comes back and stomps on the body of Mace to break up the cover! After that, Manpower gets stunned but when Grendel tries to lock him in some sort of Standing STF, that fails when Mace actually also executes a standing switch...

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX BY MACE! WHAT A THROW!

Angus::

That big beefy bastard has some stremf!!!

The crowd cheers on Mace now as Batts leans on the ring apron, watching the damage caused by his partner. Grendel gets pulled up onto the shoulders of Jack Mace before making the tag to Batts. He **THROWS** him with a Running Snake Eyes as The Goddamn Bantam flies off the top rope with a Diving Cutter...

DDK:

AIR B&B! Their double-team finisher! We've seen them rack up wins with that combination!

After connecting with Air Brains & Brawn (or as they call it, Air B&B), Batts rolls Grendel over and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... **THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!**

Mace and Batts celebrate their debut victory as full-time DEFIANCE members, bumping fists in a sign of respect before engaging in some more cheering from the crowd.

DDK:

The Brutal Attack Force looked extra motivated and with performances like that, their stock could go up. However, this match belonged to The Wrestlefriends.

Angus:

I never thought these two superhero cosplay wrestlers would make me proud, but they did kinda do good tonight. I'll at least give them credit and take credit for finding these guys.

DDK:

We've still got a lot more action to come in the form of a six-man tag between Levi Cole joining forces with Thugs 4 Hire to take on Theo Baylor, The Neighborhoodlum, and Roosevelt Owens!

LEVI COLE & THUGS FOR HIRE vs. NJNP

DDK:

The WrestleFriends are looking to impress and they just did that in a big way tonight.

Angus:

Those talented dorks...

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got more BRAZEN action when "American Made" Levi Cole joins forces with the reformed Thugs 4 Hire to take on the team of Cole's rival, Theo Baylor, and fellow No Justice No Peace members The Neighborhoodlum and Roosevelt Owens.

Angus:

Theo's been PISSED since he lost out during the original BRAZEN Title tournament thanks to Cole knocking him out. But ol' Opie won't sit by and watch Theo Baylor try to punk him out, either. Cole's finally getting a backbone and now that Thugs 4 Hire aren't gonna sit back and wait for an opportunity to hit them, they're gonna take it tonight. No Justice No Peace are the more organized team that just won a future chance at the Trios belts, so Cole and T4H better watch their backs.

DDK:

It'll be the first of two six-man tag team matches! No Justice No Peace just won BRAZEN's first-ever Trios DEFBowl and will have a future Trios Title shot regardless of this match's outcome, but they'll look to keep that momentum going. The action starts at ringside... right now!

And to Darren Quimbey we go for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a six-man tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Cole's looking more confident these days.

Angus:

Only so many times he can be Theo Baylor's personal doormat before it takes a toll on him.

The massive, corn-fed young grappler bursts from backstage with all the power and forward momentum of a freight engine. He and his star spangled singlet and wrestling headgear are down the ramp and in the ring quickly as he waits to get his hands on the man that has singled him out for so long.

♪ "Regulate (PhoteK Remix)" by Warren G. feat. Nate Dogg ♪

The fans haven't been so happy to hear the remix of Regulate as both members of Thugs 4 Hire come out from the back to a good response. Emilio Boyd tipping his hat and Hurtlocker Holt looking badass as usual, with what looks to be a donation box in hand. Fans quickly line up near the barricade to drop a few bills for their endeavors as they make their way to the ring.

DDK:

They're asking for donations to beat up those they think deserve it and we heard them recently... they don't like what Theo Baylor and his group have been doing.

Angus:

T4H are entrepreneurial geniuses. I should have them figure out how I can get paid to key Harmen's car.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partners... weighing in at a combined weight of 523 pounds... nds, the team of Hurtlocker Holt and Emilio "The Pigeon" Boyd... **THUGS 4 HIRE!**

Boyd and Holt hit the ring and each bump fists with Levi Cole before Boyd hands the donatino box to the official. They appear to be a united front for the most part. Their music fades as they wait for their opponents.

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

Angus:

And here comes trouble!

The fans boo over hyper-aggressive hip-hop track. Brother Lucius Owens walks out onto the stage. He's soon joined by Theo Baylor, The Neighborhoodlum, and Roosevelt Owens, each ready to hurt Levi Cole and T4H tonight. Theo Baylor takes the lead and rushes right past his stablemates, heading toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... being accompanied by Lucius Owens... weighing in at a combined weight of 972 pounds... the team of Theo Baylor, The Neighborhoodlum and Roosevelt Owens... **NO JUSTICE NO PEACE!**

The quartet make their way to the ring and waste no time going inside where already, fights start to break out on both sides as the bell gets called for!

DING DING

Theo exchanging blows with Cole.

Holt with Big Rosey.

'Hoodlum with Byrd.

DDK:

These men don't like each other! We're breaking down already!

Angus:

Yeah! FITES!

Cole gets taken into the corner by Theo Baylor and the big LA powerhouse unleashes a series of Shoulder Thrusts to his stomach to get him to stop. The blows keep on coming until Cole throws a knee up to catch him in the face, and then throws Baylor out from the ring!

Rosey has Hurtlocker Holt pinned to a corner with one massive arm while the 460-pounder doubles him over with some Clubbing Forearms. Cole comes to his aid while Neighborhoodlum and Emilio Boyd exchange fists. Hoodlum charges at him, but Emilio ducks and then BLASTS him with a big Clothesline sending him flying from the ring!

DDK:

What a shot! And now it's Cole and Thugs 4 Hire in there alone with Big Rosey.

Boyd and Levi Cole go after Roosevelt and double him over with big shots and it takes all three men to whip the giant off to the corner. Cole rushes in first and connects with a Running Shoulder Tackle in the corner followed by Hurtlocker Holt charging in and landing a big Running Corner Clothesline! The big man staggers a bit out of the corner as Emilio Boyd climbs out to the apron and slaps the turnbuckle before climbing. He makes it to the top and comes off with a big

Flying Shoulder Tackle, knocking Big Rosey down!

Angus:

TIMBAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Big Rosey finally goes down and already, Emilio Boyd with the first cover of the match on the big man!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Roosevelt kicks out and both Holt and Cole return to their corners while Emilio has the big man lined up. As Rosey tries to stand, The Pigeon boxes his ears with a few well-placed jabs. He clocks him with another right and another right before making the tag over to Hurtlocker Holt. The fans cheer on the brawling tag team as they both take turns whipping him to the ropes.

DDK:

They're taking Big Rosey to task right now!

Angus:

You were saying?

Their attempt at a Double Clothesline goes south when he breaks through. He tries a Double Clothesline of his own, but both members of T4H duck underneath and then as he keeps running, they BOTH take him down with a Running Double Shoulder Tackle! Now Holt with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Broken up by Neighborhoodlum wiht a Dropkick!

Levi Cole tries to get back into the ring, but...

Angus:

Shit, he's back!

Before American Made can even get back into the ring, Theo Baylor grabs him by his legs, pulls him out to the floor and RAMS him face first into the steel steps!

DDK:

Sneak attack by Baylor on Cole!

And to make matters worse, he grabs Cole and DRIVES him down on the floor with a vicious Front Powerslam, taking him out of commission! The crowd boos Baylor for his actions while Brother Lucius Owens watches the hectic pace of the match with a big smile on his face.

Emilio Boyd clubs Neighborhoodlum in the ring and tries to save his partner, but Rosey is back up and picks him up before DROPPING him with a thunderous Samoan Drop!

Angus:

And there goes Boyd's insides!

The Pigeon writhes in pain and rolls out of the ring. After failing to control things at first, No Justice No Peace rebound in a big way and now Hurtlocker Holt is now alone three on one while both of his partners were just taken out. Holt holds his head in pain from the Dropkick as Big Rosey now picks up the 268-pound man like a child and deposits him with a huge Body Slam. A legal tag to The Neighborhoodlum allows him to score some extra damage courtesy of a Shotgun Dropkick to the chest! The blow staggers Holt and knocks him down while 'Hoodlum goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Holt kicks out, but NJNP are now in control of this match after a rocky start!

The 'Hoodlum doubles over Holt with a few right hands to his head and backs him into the corner so Theo Baylor can make the tag. He climbs into the ring and uses a Headbutt of all things to crack Holt in the mouth, sending him stumbling backwards into their corner. Theo talks some mad trash while he has him doubled over in a seated position, a boot on his throat.

Theo Baylor:

You for real? Y'all sidin' with DAT fucker?!

He continues pressing his boot in the face of Holt until Carla Ferrari administers a five count.

Carla Ferrari:

Back it up, Theo! One! Two! Three! Four!

Before she can get to five, Baylor scares her off by jumping towards her. After Carla backs off, Baylor goes back to punishing Holt, or so he thinks. He gets a few good rights into his abs instead!

DDK:

Holt fighting back now!

Angus:

T4H got plenty of fight in them... more if they make some money!

The blows stun Theo long enough for Hurtlocker Holt to crack Neighborhoodlum off the apron with a big right, and then one that stuns Big Rosey on the apron! But when Hurtlocker turns around...

DDK:

SPEAR! That might do it!

...Baylor goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Angus:

GORRAM IT! Surprised he kicked out of that!

Byrd and Cole finally start to get back onto the ring apron after the earlier attacks from Baylor and Friends. Cole holds his back as he inches back up to the ring apron while Emilio Byrd cheers on Holt. Baylor tags in Big Rosey. The 460-pounder enters and starts to put his feet right down on the back of Holt, garnering another five count as he STANDS on Holt's ribs!

DDK:

Ouch! That's 460-plus pounds on your chest!

Angus:

You're used to it with your wife. BAM! Every joke's coming up Angus!

Carla starts another count, but Rosey backs off at the count of four to avoid the DQ. He pulls the large former Marine up to his feet and throws him to the corner before CRUSHING him with a slow but impactful Corner Splash! He follows that up by throwing him out of the corner and landing a big Elbow Drop! A rather lax cover follows, but Owens is fucking huge.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... SAVED BY COLE!

DDK:

Cole wants back in the ring after what Theo Baylor has been doing to him for weeks.

This time, Cole's back in and breaks it up with a double sledge to the big man's head. American Made returns to his corner as Rosey shrugs off the blow to make the tag back to Neighborhoodlum.

Rosey and 'Hoodlum both whip Hurtlocker Holt into the corner and he sits there as Hoodlum motions for Rosey to give him a running start. He whips his own partner at Holt...

DDK:

BIG BOOT CONNECTS!

Angus:

Wave bye bye to your face, Neighborhoodlum!

Holt EXPLODES out of the corner and lays out Neighborhoodlum with a big shot! Big Rosey charges at Holt, but he moves and sends the big man crashing into the corner! Holt then gets behind him...

And the ring SHAKES when Holt takes him down with a sloppy but effective Belly to Back Suplex!

DDK:

THE RING ALMOST COLLAPSED AFTER THAT SUPLEX!

Angus:

Wow, that fatass CAN fly!

Holt used up all his strength hitting the Belly to Back Suplex and now he's down, but sees both Byrd and Cole in their corner. He crawls over...

TAG TO COLE!

DDK:

Cole's finally in! Let's see what he can do!

Cole is finally in the ring and all fired up as he runs through the Hoodlum with a Shoulder Tackle! He turns around and then lifts up Hoodlum with a big Double Leg before RAMMING him violently into the nearest corner. He runs the ropes and BLASTS Theo with a Forearm to knock him off the ring apron!

Angus:

I admire Cole showing some backbone! Go, Opie!

The crowd is behind Cole as he sees Neighborhoodlum try a Dropkick, but swats him away. He grabs him by the side and throws him overhead with a Belly to Belly Suplex. The Hoodlum goes flying and when Cole gets back up, he charges and hits a big Clothesline in the corner, now followed with a huge Northern Lights Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

SO SO CLOSE, OPIE!

DDK:

Cole's been really driven with this feud with Theo Baylor, but NJNP have been working well together as a unit!

The Neighborhoodlum kicks out, but Cole isn't done with him just yet. He pulls The Hoodlum up, only to get an eye rake and then a quick Armtrap Neckbreaker for his troubles!

The tag goes to Theo Baylor and now he runs in and DRIVES Cole across the ring with a big Running Corner Clothesline! He then whips him off to the opposite corner and hits a second one! Both blows stun him, but Baylor follows with a ring-shaking Sidewalk Slam!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Cole not giving Theo Baylor the satisfaction of losing tonight!

Angus:

If he keeps blocking those moves with his body, he ain't gonna have a choice!

Lucius Owens questions the referee's count along with Baylor, but he holds up two fingers. He then picks Cole up and slaps him across the back of his head, screaming in his ear at the same time. He then holds an arm out and he's looking for his Western Lariat...

Cole grabs him by his pants...

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

DDK:

Counter by Cole! He and T4H are still in this!

Angus:

Just a few more of those suplexes and he might have him!

After Theo gets dumped on his head, Levi finally starts making it up to his feet. He hits the ropes and comes back, throwing a Chop Block to the left knee of Theo, knocking him flat on the mat!

Now in prime position, Cole grabs the leg...

DDK:

THE LIBERTY LOCK! IT'S IN TIGHT! IS THEO GOING TO TAP?

Angus:

I dunno, Keebs, he just might!

The Kneeling Figure Four Leglock has Baylor trapped in the center of the ring with nowhere to go! He has him trapped and the crowd calls for Theo to tap!

He has his hand up...

DDK:

SUPERKICK BY NEIGHBORHOODLUM! THEO MIGHT HAVE TAPPED, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR HIS PARTNER!

The crowd jeers as Cole gets cracked by The Neighborhoodlum and lets go of the hold, but Cole flops back to his corner where Emilio Byrd tags in!

Angus:

The Pigeon wanting to show off that damn boxing background he doesn't shut up about...

He charges in the ring and throws a few solid jabs to the head of Neighborhoodlum before throwing him out of the ring to focus on finishing off Baylor. Hurtlocker Holt goes after Big Rosey on the outside and the two largest members of each team trade blows on the floor. Byrd measures up Baylor and throws a few jabs at his face. He whips him to the corner, but Baylor charges out... into a Samoan Drop!

DDK:

That could do it!

ONE!

TWO!

BAYLOR KICKS OUT!

Angus:

No, it can't!

Byrd sees the opening for one of his signature moves as the crowd cheers. On the outside, Hurtlocker Holt throws shots at Rosey, but he blocks one and throws him into the ringpost, eliciting a dull thud!

DDK:

Down goes Holt!

The Pigeon doesn't see what happened to his partner yet, but points at Baylor and winds up his big fist...

DDK:

No, Neighborhoodlum there on the apron...

Wham!

The Neighborhoodlum tries to break it up, only to catch a HUGE Wind-up Punch to the head...

Angus:

Nope, Neighborhoodlum on the floor!

Byrd turns his lights out, but he takes his eye off the ball!

DDK

NORTHERN LARIAT! WHAT A SHOT!

The blow completely lays Byrd out flat just as Baylor makes the tag to Big Rosey. Theo kicks Byrd over and holds him as Big Rosey runs the ropes...

DDK:

THE BIG O! THE RUNNING SPLASH FROM THE 460-POUNDER!

Lucius Owens cheers his large nephew as he covers Byrd. Cole tries to make the save, but Baylor blocks him from the ring...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd jeers as The Neighborhoodlum's sacrifice led to the victory for the trio!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... **NO JUSTICE NO PEACE!**

The members of the group leave the ring and celebrate at the bottom of the ramp as Theo helps Neighborhoodlum to his feet. Big Rosey gets a pat on the back from his uncle as he raises his hands in victory.

DDK:

The DEFBowl Trios winners take the victory tonight! All six men fought tooth and nail for an opportunity like this, but Theo Baylor and company take this one from Levi Cole and T4H.

Angus:

It's damn awesome seeing my guys all on Pay-Per-View... but that aside, that'll teach Opie to mess with Theo Baylor!

DDK:

I don't know if this did anything to settle their individual issue, but tonight, a big win for No Justice No Peace!

The trio head back up the ramp with Lucius Owens, celebrating before they head to the back. Levi Cole goes to check on Emilio Byrd while Holt does the same, holding his head. The bitter taste of defeat felt, but this issue between Cole and Baylor may not be over yet.

RED DEAD REDEMPTION: ATTENTION

Cut to the locker room area.

The Faithful cheer as Tyler and Conor Fuse are shown on screen. Conor is down on one knee, cleaning both titles as they lay on the locker room bench. Tyler, on the other hand, remains calm and relaxed looking over an iPad and previous matches they've had against The Stevens.

Tyler Fuse:

Are you done yet? You've been doing this for at least an hour.

Conor Fuse:

Almost. Fifth coat of cleanser. Can never been too careful.

Tyler watches over one more wrestling move on the iPad and then puts it down. He turns to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

These two have gotten the better of us literally ever time. You should be watching instead of making those things look good, or else you won't have them anymore in a couple of hours.

Conor snaps up, mad at his brother's comments for even insinuating they could lose.

Conor Fuse:

I said I'm almost done the fifth coat. Jeez.

Tyler shakes off the Conor's anger and decides he's not even going there.

Tyler Fuse:

Look, I got you something.

This gets Player Two's attention.

Tyler walks off screen. Upon returning, he carries a small Adidas backpack.

Conor Fuse:

Yes! Finally! You stocked up again?

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

I did. Look, we don't have much but this should do for tonight. I just want you to stay focused, okay. It's a tornado match. Anything goes. Bo and George will try everything, you know this.

Player Two nods at the comments before taking the bag off Tyler while he continues talking.

Tyler Fuse:

And that George, he's unlike the others. He's even unlike Scott Stevens. He's massive. I think he's around 500 pounds. It's basically a handicapped match tonight- are you even paying attention to me?

Conor went back to cleaning the titles. It's the silence that draws him back to the conversation.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry, sorry.

He grabs the Adidas bag, thinking Tyler was going to take it away from him.

Tyler Fuse:

Just do what you need to do, okay? But hurry up... then come over here. I want you to watch how you handled George Stevens the last time. I want you to see if you notice what I have.

Conor Fuse:

What's that?

Tyler grins.

Tyler Fuse:

His attention to detail is... well... it's not great.

Conor nods again as he goes back to cleaning this one very small spot off the Tag Team *Achievements*.

Conor Fuse:

Hm, can't say the same about myself.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs DAVID HIGHTOWER

Cut to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

We're not even halfway through folks! This makes match number three between Kerry Kuroyama ..

Angus:

Keurig!

DDK:

... and David Hightower. Each scoring a victory on one another in the past weeks but the big question here is WHAT, if any, influence will Jamie Sawyers have in tonight match up?

Angus:

ZERO! If he's knows what good for, Keebs!

DDK:

I'm inclined to agree, partner. Jamie Sawyers, positioned himself to appear as if he procured this match FOR his ... well, former client, David Hightower but in the weeks leading up to this event they haven't been on the best terms.

Angus:

Sawyers is the scum of the earth, Keebs! No two ways about it! He left this *impressive* slab of HOSS behind for To The Max, for christ sake! If you back the wrong horse - you gotta lay in it.

DDK:

What? I don't think ... that's - that's not how that goes. Nevertheless, part of what you said is true and as far as Hightower is concerned - Sawyers cost him the victory, the last time this pair faced off!

Angus:

Because he did! Look I like a good single serving coffee as much as the next guy but Kerry couldn't beat this kid if his life depended on it!

DDK:

Well, we will see LIVE on DEFIANCE ROAD! Let's go to the ring!

Cut to the ring, Darren Quimbey stands on the ready. Benny Doyle standing by.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Hightower adjusts that unforgiving chain around his neck and snarls toward the Faithful before he begins his descent of the ramp and heads toward the ring. The Faithful aren't any happier to see him then he is to see them.

DDK:

This capacity crowd in the Wrestle-Plex has NO love lost for this from WrestleUTA competitor!

Angus:

Damn it, Keebs. You keep using all these ten cent words when all it takes is a nickel! This ... MORMON!

DDK:

That actually might be a saying, partner.

Angus:

No, Keebs. It's a *GORRAM* religion! Get it together, man ... this is pay per view!

Cut back to the Gorilla position. Kerry Kuroyama walks into the dim area with Scott Douglas in lock step. The Faithful pop at the image on screen just as the two come to stop a few steps shy of the curtain.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

Darren can be heard slightly muffled as the audio is centralized on the camera shot. Douglas holds his hand out and Kerry reaches to meet him. The two shake and just before Kerry's music hit's, Scott can be heard in all his articulated eloquence.

Scott Douglas:

Give 'em hell.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

I'd have to say, partner - "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" is fired up and ready for David Hightower!

Kerry's attention turns to the aforementioned and his focus locks in. He descends the ramp moments before the moderate pyrotechnic display lights off. He slaps a few hands on his way down but his eyes never leave David Hightower.

Angus:

You know what they call a Blitzkrieg in the Pacific, Keebs? A KAMIKAZE! Coffee Mate might take out this HOSStrosisty but he'll die in the process!

DDK:

Figuratively.

Angus:

OH NO! He will DIE. DEAD. Send flowers to Rocko Daymon!

DING DING

DDK:

Well, bad taste aside ... Rocko Daymon, did in fact train Kerry Kuroyama in the infamous Seattle institution, Dojo Wrestling and Fitness. ... and it looks why we are underway here!

Both David and Kerry move toward one another and the center of the ring. Hightower grabs for Kuroyama but Kerry quickly ducks and as he turns around lands a kick to the midsection. He follows up, in a hurry, with a few strikes before leaning into Hightower against the ropes.

DDK:

Irish whip ... No! Reversal from Hightower!

On the return Hightower swings for the fences but Kerry is able to duck the lariat and hits the ropes once again.

DDK:

Kerry attempting once again to use speed over brute strength!

Hightower swings a back elbow but Kerry, once again, ducks and hits the ropes one more time. On his return his jumping attack is thwarted by Hightower attempting to raise him up in a gorilla press but - Kerry is able to slip out and down behind David.

DDK:

After three consecutive matches ... these two seem to have one another pretty well scouted, partner!

Angus:

Just wait for it, Keebs!

DDK:

Wait for what ... ?

Kerry grabs a wrist lock and drives his larger opponent chest first into the ropes. Hightower hooks the ropes and the sudden stop sends the Pacific Blitzkrieg tumbling backwards. The rotation finds him easily back on his feet and as Hightower charges, Kerry hits the ropes once again.

DDK:

Dejavu! Kerry ducks another huge lariat from David Hightower! It's like the now each others EVERY move!

We seem the same exchange as before, off the ropes once more and this time the spinning elbow catches Kerry directly in the face and he crumbles to the mat. The Faithful are quickly deflated.

Angus:

THAT!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I said wait for it ... there it is!

Referee Benny Doyle backs Hightower off and checks on Kerry Kuroyama's ability to continue. Kerry, attempting to stand waves Doyle off as the camera catches a close up of his face - a small trickle of blood coming from above his eye.

Angus:

He cut him open, Keebs! I guess you could call that DRIP COFFEE!

As Darren sighs and Angus laughs hysterically at his own joke(?) Doyle signals for the match to return to action. The pair slowly circle one enough around the center of the ring.

DDK:

Obviously, Kerry Kuroyama is currently reassessing his ring strategy against David Hightower.

Angus:

He should be reassessing his entire life!

Kerry and David lunge toward one another for a lock up but instead - Kerry grabs Hightower by the wrist. He twists and swings it up over his head and applying a twisting wrist lock. Hightower cocks back ready to blast Kerry in that split eyebrow but before he can Kerry wrenches the big man's arm up and snatches it back down.

DDK:

Kerry, now approaching this from more of a technical angle.

Angus:

Technically, this will be a murder. Although, Hightower will probably be charged with manslaughter.

Kerry continues to wrench the arm and it appears to be having an effect on Hightower but he still has the presence of mind to escape via rope break.

DDK:

Hightower with a handful of that top rope now and Benny Doyle will begin the count!

Before Doyle can make it to two, Kerry releases. He holds his hands up and looks toward Doyle to show his compliance and before he can turn his attention back Hightower, it's too late.

DDK:

Huge right hand from David Hightower! No technique there - just BRUTE STRENGTH!

Angus:

HOSS shit!

The blow cracks Kerry's eyebrow open a little bit more and he is sent stumbling backward. He finds, or thinks he has, respite in the corner. Before Doyle can call for a welfare check, Hightower rushes in with HUGE back elbow.

DDK:

OH! That cut is looking pretty nasty, Angus!

Angus:

I warned you, Keebs! This is a murder scene before the fact.

Before Kerry can realize what truck just hit him, said truck grabs him under the shoulder and by the throat - launching him out on the corner and slamming him down to the canvas. The recoil pops him up and somehow he finds himself on his feet.

DDK:

Hightower is letting up!

He isn't. He pushes Kerry against the ropes before sending him for the ride.

DDK:

OH! Huge back body drop!

Angus:

Body Drop... That might take this up to a murder charge. Keebs, never move the body after a capital crime!

DDK:

What ...

Kerry gets substantial air before flipping head first and landing flat on his back. Hightower places a foot on Kerry's chest and Doyle hesitates to make the count. Doyle looks to Hightower confused for a moment before doing so.

ONE!

DDK:

Kickout! Kerry has shown us over the past few weeks how resilient he can be! It's going to take more than that to put him away!

Angus:

Yeah, like ... murder. Nothing puts you away quite like death.

Undeterred, Hightower reaches down and drag Kerry up by his hair as Benny Doyle admonishes the technique. Hightower pays him no attention and once again sends the punch drunk Kerry to the ropes. The Faithful begin to rally behind Kerry.

KER - RY

KER - RY

KER - RY

DDK:

Back to well I suppose ...

Angus:

No, this is smart - in court he can argue the fall killed him!

Kerry hits the ropes and returns full speed toward David Hightower. The hulking man ducks his head once again for the back body drop.

DDK:

NO! Sunset FLIP!

Kerry lands flat on the mat, his hands slipping from Hightowers waist to his upper thighs - still desperately trying to pull the big man down.

DDK:

Can he get him!? A surprise pin - this is the SAME way Kerry beat Hightower before!

Hightower is wavering, desperate to keep his balance. His arms out to his side flailing about.

Angus:

Not a chance! This murder will continue as scheduled!

From Angus' lips to realities ears - Hightower finds his balance and reaches down grabbing Kerry by the throat. He muscles him up from between his legs and tosses him into the nearest corner like a rag doll.

Angus:

See!

The impact sends Kerry bouncing out of the corner on spaghetti legs and he's met by Hightower.

DDK:

David Hightower has his mind made up and he will not stop until he succeeds!

Again, Kerry is sent to the ropes. This time rather than ducking for the back body drop, Hightower throws his tree trunk of a leg up for a big boot.

DDK:

Kerry ducks! Kerry ducks!

Sliding underneath Hightowers attack he pops back up as David struggles to pull his leg back from over the top rope. Just as he plants his feet; Kerry leaps with a huge lariat that nearly sends both men tumbling to the outside. Kerry finds himself on the apron as David Hightower hits the padded floor. The Faithful ignite and take their feet, rattling there signs and cheering for the Pacific Blitzkrieg.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is still in this, partner!

Angus:

Still in this murder nightmare? Yes... yes he is.

Benny Doyle begins the count as both men slowly come to their feet. Kerry is just ahead of David Hightower and takes to the turnbuckle - climbing up from the apron.

DDK:

Oh no! This cannot end well!

Angus:

Holy shit... Kamikaze! How could I forget! This isn't a murder at all, Keebs! It's a suicide!

Nearly on cue with Angus' revelation, and right after a quick glance over his shoulder - Kerry launches from the top rope with a high arcing moonsault that comes crashing down on David Hightower. Once again the paying audience react favorably to this act of bravery and/or stupidity.

DDK:

Oh my god!

Angus:

I hate that flippy shit, Keebs! But ... in all honesty - man ... you gotta respect that impact! I guess it's as good of a way to go as any.

DDK:

Will you knock it off!

Angus:

NOPE!

As the boys in the booth bicker, the heap of what was two competitors lay on the ringside mats with little to no movement between them. The impact Angus mentioned, interrupted Benny Doyle's count and as DEFmed rush to ringside, he hesitates to begin again.

DDK:

This match may be deemed a no contest, Angus!

Angus:

Funny, I bet dollars to donuts that's Hightower's plea in court!

As DEFmed reaches the pair, Kerry is attempting to get to his feet, the right side of his face now covered in blood. He waves off the medical attention and clambers to his feet only to fall against the ring apron. DEFmed turn their attention

to David Hightower ...

DDK:

Is that?

Angus:

It's SAWYERS! IT'S SAWYERS! DOUBLE HOMICIDE!

Jamie Sawyers comes sprinting down to ringside his aquamarine suit jacket blowing behind him.

DDK:

You ... are ... a psychopath.

Angus:

Sociopath. Get it right, Keebs!

He pushes DEFmed aside and checks on his former client as Kerry Kuroyama slides back into the ring. Kneeling at his side, Jamie Sawyers shakes Hightower but is met with zero response. Sawyers inhales deep and grits his teeth ... the look on his face says he knows what he has to do. He pushes his suit sleeve up as far as it'll go and cocks his arm back and high over his shoulder.

DDK:

Oh no, this will not bode well ...

Angus:

This is great!

DDK:

If he goes through with this, Angus ... you might actually be right. Someone dies tonight ...

With one last shutter, Sawyers shakes the nerves off and swings down toward Hightower's motionless face.

DDK:

I can't look...

Angus:

I *CAN*!

The Faithful's bated breath turns to a raising pitch of excitement just as Jamie's hand approaches Hightower's goateed face. Darren is silent and Angus simply emits a low frequency continuous squeal of excitement.

Hightower's eyes pop open and bulge.

DDK:

Oh thank god!

At the last possible second, Hightower reaches up and grabs Sawyer's wrist, interrupting the would-be slap.

Angus:

Don't count 'em before they hatch, Keebs! He's *STILL* pissed!

Hightower sits up and starts his way to his feet with a firm grip on the now terrified Jamie Sawyers. Jamie begs off, pleading with his former client and attempting to explain his motives. Hightower does hear a word. His eyes show nothing but rage as he stares a whole into Sawyer's forehead.

DDK:

Here comes, Kerry!

Kerry rushes toward the pair as Sawyer's begging turns to grim warning. Kerry hits the mat and baseball slides under the ropes but similar to the slap - Hightower moves; leaving Sawyer in the line of fire!

DDK:

Sawyers goes down!

Angus:

This is WAY better than I could have even imagined, Keebs!

Hightower looks to his former manager and then up to his opponent that just waylaid him. In an instant he forgets the animosity he had toward Sawyers and he is locked in on Kerry Kuroyama.

Angus:

Here we GO!

Hightower grabs the top rope and pulls himself up on the apron in one step. He flings his leg over the top rope and ...

DDK:

Kerry! KERRY with a FLYING FOREARM to Hightower!

Hightower shakes it off and continues into the ring. Kerry pops back to this feet and hits the ropes once again. He comes in hot with a stiff clothesline but Hightower is barely wobbled.

Angus:

It's too late, Keurig! The coffee has gone cold!

Undeterred, Kerry against takes to the ropes ...

DDK:

Flying crossbody! NO!

Hightower catches the Pacific Blitzkrieg and takes his time positioning himself before raising him up before slamming him down to the mat.

DDK:

KERRY is loose! **KERRY is LOOSE!**

Kerry is in fact loose from Hightowers grip and manages to go feet first over his left shoulder and down his back. Hightower throws a back elbow but can't connect and the force spins him around to face Kerry.

DDK:

Standing side kick!

Kerry plants a foot in Hightowers torso and doubles over the larger man. He follows up quickly with a stomp to the knee, and David falls to it.

Angus:

This is unexpected but my money is still on the kid dying. I already wrote his obituary. He was friends with Scott Douglas, rest in peace!

Angus gets a big kick out himself as the Faithful are rallying behind the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Kerry grabs the downed Hightower by the wrist and ...

Angus:

See ... there is *NO WAY!*

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama setting up David Hightower in this pump handle situation ...

Kerry pulls against the undercarriage adjacent wrist of David Hightower, bringing the humongous man back to feet while ducking his head under the free shoulder. With blood still trickling down his face, Kerry bends at the knee's and snatches upward.

The commentary team and the Faithful share the same 'is this happening' moment and Kerry flips the big man up to his shoulder. He staggers a bit under the weight but manages to maintain while repositioning his hands. The exchange feels like an eternity only for the final blow to happen in an instant.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER! **KUROYADRIVER!**

An exhausted and bloody Kerry Kuroyama finds himself laying on top of David Hightower, post the Pump Handle Emerald Flowsion as Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Kerry beats GOLIATH! Kerry beats GOLIATH!

Angus:

Ok, calm down ... you should be more impressed he didn't get murdered! But the night isn't over.

DDK:

What an astounding feat of strength and SHEER athleticism shown here tonight by Kerry Kuroyama!!

Kerry staggers up from the pin fall, barely able to keep his legs underneath him, he lands against the turnbuckle. Benny Doyle approaches to raise his hand and declare the victor. Kerry manages to stand flat footed long enough for his hand to be raised only to lean back into the corner.

David Hightower remains motionless in the middle of the ring, as the camera cuts to Jamie Sawyers, barely on his feet himself. His forearm planted on the ring apron, supporting him as he looks on in complete surprise at the outcome.

DDK:

The question is how does this shake out for the Sawyers/Hightower relationship moving forward!

Angus:

This did not go the way I had hoped...

DDK:

You hope for ... thank god. I'm being told we are going now to another segment... that's all they're telling me --

The last shot is a bloodied but victorious Kerry Kuroyama leaned against the turnbuckle.

Cut to the video.

ARRIVAL

Backstage a Ambulance is backing into the Wrestleplex from the parking lot.

DDK:

It appears ... someone called an ambulance?

Angus:

But who is the ambulance for! Pleeeeaasse tell me Jack Harmen slipped on his own head wax!

DDK:

I have no idea, Angus, but we're ready for the six man tag!

THE TOYBOX vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD, MUSHIGAHARA & VIRGINIA QUELL

Cut back to the arena.

DDK:

Well, fans we will keep you updated on if we can find out who called the ambulance to the arena.

Angus:

God please don't let it be more cronies for those WrestleUTA rejects.

DDK:

Well Faithful, we may find out tonight. But while all that was happening apparently The ToyBox have set up some chairs and tables. This is odd.

Angus:

It looks like they are having a movie night. Look, they even got popcorn.

DDK:

I don't know what this is all about but they have a match next. Against the returning Gage Blackwood, Virginia Quell and a man they have no idea how to get past in 'The God-Beast' Mushigihara.

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Jestal throws popcorn out of the ring. Dandy throws a kernel up in the air and catches it with her mouth. Wyn takes a sip of her drink and points at the tron with her remote control. It seems like she is trying to change the channel.

Gage has reached the bottom of the entranceway baffled at what exactly this group of characters are doing.

Gage Blackwood: [Shaking his head]

ye, bunch of baw jugglers.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Gage looks to the entranceway, but The ToyBox just stare at each other and then pull out 3d glasses. They begin to put them on.

DDK:

These ToyBox are a little... um... too much, aren't they?

Angus:

Hey in a world where two idiots run around thinking DEFIANCE is a video game... we once had real-fake "Vikings" on the roster... bloody hell, this Scottish idiot doesn't even speak English when he gets mad. Keebs, anything goes here.

Gage simply looks at the members in the ring and watches Wyn push a button on the remote. The lights dim in the arena as Blackwood takes it in. He then notices her push another button.

Mushigihara's music cuts and the DEFtron shows a forklift back in against the door labeled Mushigihara. It appears there is some sort of concrete around the frame and door. All you see is the door being pounded on over and over, each slam with even more force than the other.

Angus:

Did they lock the idiot in!?

Gage slowly looks back at The Toybox as Jestal shares some popcorn with WynLyn. Quells music hits.

♪ "Seven Devils" by Florence and The Machine ♪

Blackwood turns to the entranceway. Gin is clearly not amused as she power walks down the ramp. Wyn removes her glasses as she meets Blackwood at the bottom of the ramp. The two exchange a look and explode into the ring. Quell quickly goes after Wyn, throwing furniture out of her way to get to her.

Blackwood takes on Dandelion knocking her down, only to get a chair thrown at him. It quickly takes the attention off of Dandelion and on The Mad Prince.

DDK:

And madness begins!

The referee clearly is trying to clear the ring of the furniture while Quell and Gage wipe the mat with all three members of The ToyBox.

Wyn exits the ring and not far behind her is Quell, letting loose with fists of fury. WynLyn continues to take everything to the point while she climbs over the guardrail after a quick eye rake.

DDK:

And Gin chases after Wyn!

The two scurry through the crowd and vanish out of sight.

DDK:

Blackwood is pounding away at Jestal in the corner.

WHACK!

Dandelion nails *Star Bright*, the top rope tightrope enziguri. Blackwood tumbles through the ropes and the referee finally is able to restore order. Unfortunately for Gage, it appears he is now in a handicap match. Quell is long gone and Mushigihara has been completely isolated by the calculating ToyBox.

DDK:

This is nothing new for Blackwood. He's been fighting the uphill fight his entire DEFIANCE run.

Angus:

Oh my God, please. You make too many excuses for this guy. When he loses to The ToyBox -and he will- it's because they are all collectively better than Blackwood, Quell and Mushigihara. It means nothing 'The God-Beast' isn't in this match right now. You're looking at the true Tag Team Champions!

DDK:

I thought you said that about The Stevens Family.

Angus:

Well, yeah.

DDK:

[sigh]

Dandy agrees to be on the apron. Jestal, pulls himself to his feet with the ropes. Gage is on his hands and knees trying to shake off the cobwebs.

DING DING

DDK:

The crowd is trying to get behind Gage!

Benny Doyle begins the count, it does not take Gage long to enter the ring. It is now that he realizes Quell is nowhere to be seen. Jestal has moved to his corner leaning on the turnbuckle while moving his jaw back and forth with his hand.

The Faithful firmly are behind Blackwood, while he has his hands on his hips looking out at them. He shakes his head in approval from the crowd before returning his glance at the devious clown with an ear to ear grin. Blackwood motions for the clown to meet him in the middle. Jestal happily obliges.

DDK:

Here we go!

The two circle and before they can lock up, Jestal drop-toeholds and quickly transitions into a chin lock. The jester looks out into The Faithful whom are full of jeers and is happy with himself. Gage quickly gets to his hands and knees then to his feet. However, the clown keeps him bent over refusing to give up the the chin lock. He maneuvers the chin lock into a headlock. Blackwood quickly thinks fast, locking his arms around the waist of Jestal and lifting him up into a back suplex. Jestal flops around the ring holding the back of his head.

DDK:

Blackwood to his feet... BIG missile dropkick to Jestal. Now another! And one more!

Hip tosses follow. One, two, three. It's all Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Short-arm lariat by the Scot. Now a clothesline from hell! Jestal is down for the count!

The Faithful are rabid as Gage Blackwood marches around the ring, seething. He is back and he is ready to go!

Blackwood comes back from the ropes. He dives at the stunned clown with another clothesline. Yet, Jestal drops on his back and rams his feet up into the gut of man from Edinburgh! Blackwood falls to the mat face-first and Jestal crawls from under him while staggering to his feet.

Angus:

Blackwood is holding his stomach while he gets to his feet. Christ, not ten minutes back from injury and he's already injured again. The man is a walking band-aid.

DDK:

Jestal sweeps Blackwood down with his front leg, while Gage lands draped over the top rope... the top rope in the *wrong* corner.

Implying The ToyBox corner.

DDK:

Stump Pump! Dandelion with a devastating wheel kick from the apron on Blackwood!

Angus:

Jestal with a roll up here!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

Jestal quickly tags his sister into the match. The jester picks up a stunned opponent and throws him off the steps and back into the ring. Dandy has yet to leave the apron when she pulls back the top rope and jumps onto the ropes.

Without hesitation she leaps onto Jestal's shoulders and then off them with a blockbuster on the oncoming Gage Blackwood! The Faithful clap at the move but quickly change their tune to try and get the DEFIANCE star they support back into the match.

DDK:

These two sure have a way to turn their disadvantages to their advantages.

Angus:

Get him, sweet pea!

Dandy lifts Blackwood up and throws a stiff kick into the gut. She quickly turns it into a spinning wheel kick across the side of the face! Blackwood falls once more, but it appears the human puppet is not done. She goes off the ropes and jumps over the prone Blackwood and backflips. Upon hitting the opposite rope, Dandy drives an elbow across the chest of the Scot!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Dammit, I want this over. I want this over now!

DDK:

Well you can still get your wish. Blackwood is in a whole lot of trouble here, with no Quell and no Mushigara...

Angus:

Like you said, these two plan for everything. They knew 'The God-Beast' would be a problem and they made sure to take him out of the match!

Dandy pulls at Gage's arm and drags him to the corner.

DDK:

She tags her brother in.

Jestal takes the arm and drops a leg drop across Gage's arm. Blackwood immediately grabs his arm in pain. Jestal gets up and starts to strut around the ring laughing and doing a few hip thrusts to a few fans. Blackwood struggles to his feet and before he can respond, Jestal leaps at him, grabbing his arm and digging his feet into the chest of Blackwood before falling back in a sickening arm maneuver!

DDK:

Jesus, is he trying to rip Blackwood's arm out of his socket!?

Angus:

That move looked like it hurt a lot! Say what you will about this jester but the man can hurt you when he really wants to.

Blackwood continues to rive in pain as he holds his shoulder. Jestal wastes no time and locks in a Seated Fujimara Armbar!

Jestal:

Come on Gage, this is fun! Don't you quit on me now!

Doyle is right there to check on Blackwood. He's refusing to quit but you can tell he is in a great deal of pain.

Jestal:

That's the spirit! How about we make this into a jungle gym!

DDK:

More and more trouble mounts for Blackwood! This demented jester is having a ball at his expense.

Angus:

I love it!

DDK:

Jestal leaps up in the air and driving that two hundred and sixty pound frame of his onto the injured shoulder!

Blackwood shouts in agony and Jestal does it once more before locking the Seated Fujimara Armbar back in!

Angus:

Just give up! You clearly are no match for the wrestling skill of The Mad Prince!

Jestal continues to apply pressure! Blackwood is trying his best not to tap but you can see he is close to. Jestal just continues to tell Gage not to tap. The clown laughs and laughs at the expense of poor Blackwood. The lone wolf appears to be at that point the pain is too much and looks like he is about to tap... but Jestal quickly releases the hold before Gage can slam his hand on the mat!

DDK:

These men are twisted!!

Jestal skips around the ring laughing as Blackwood tries to frantically drag himself into his corner. He then remembers that he has no one there. Instead, he sits in the corner, holding his arm... all the while Jestal stops skipping in the ring and now begins to mock the one arm Blackwood. The Faithful are booing loudly. Blackwood quickly grows angry at the mockery from the jester and he tries with everything he has to pull himself up with one arm.

Jestal just looks at him with an insincere shock look on his face. He tags his sister in. At this point Blackwood doesn't care and is motioning for her to bring it. She cocks her head to the side and jumps for joy.

DDK:

There is no quit in Blackwood!

Angus:

Yeah no shit. It's still annoying. STAY DOWN. It's all a game to The ToyBox. You're playing right into their hands, idiot.

Dandy charges at Blackwood and does some gymnastic flips before jumping backward into a back elbow, smashing her opponent in the corner. She quickly jumps up and nails a reverse enziguri(Pay-Lay)!

Blackwood falls face-first while Dandy gets up and jumps for joy in front of him. On one arm, though, Blackwood slowly pulls himself to his hands and knees. Dandy bounces off the ropes, simply waiting for him to get to his feet. She leaps into Gage's arms, looking to try and hurricanrana, but Blackwood catches her!

DDK:

Yes, he caught her!

Angus:

Look at this! She just reversed it into a rolling cross armbreaker!

Blackwood's bad arm once again is put into an armbar! Blackwood shouts in pain as Dandy smiles while she applies pressure. Jestal continues to mock the bad arm of Gage on the apron. Dandy tags in Jestal...

****STATIC****

The tron suddenly shows locker room door to Mushighihara is off its hinges. Eddie Dante is trying to squeeze around the forklift but is unable. He stops trying when he hears the roar of Mushighihara.

Mushighihara:

OSU!

Mushi plants his feet and places his hands on the forklift.

DDK:

No way! Can 'The God-Beast' actually move a forklift?

Angus:

It's not possible!

The roar of 'The God-Beast' echoes throughout the hallway and Eddie nods in approval. However, in the ring, Jestal is shaking his head. The distraction is giving Blackwood a lot of time to recover.

DDK:

Oh my God! It's... it's... MOVING!!

Angus:

I don't believe it!

The roars continue as Mushi is shaking the forklift back and forth. Yet, inside the ring Blackwood turns Jestal around, kicks him in the stomach and nails a swinging neckbreaker! The Faithful echo chants of 'The God-Beast' trying to motivate the big man to keep pushing.

Blackwood is slow to get to his feet, still favoring the shoulder. Jestal rolls to his side and starts to pull himself up. He turns around and Blackwood moves in. The jester quickly responds with a poke in the eye, then a tag to his sister.

DDK:

Here comes the agile little minks of the group.

Dandy goes off the ropes and delivers a jumping knee under Gage's chin. Jestal is now barking orders at his sister to hurry and pin him. Dandy quickly goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

It looks like they are trying to end this match before Mushi can get out here!

Dandy tags Jestal in and he quickly wraps Blackwood up into the *KillJoy!!!*

Angus:

He has that deathlock octopus stretch on his *KillJoy*!! It's gotta be over now babay!!!

Doyle is right there to see if Blackwood is going to tap. The tron shows Mushi roar and he has managed to push the forklift forward just enough for Eddie Dante to squeeze between the door and the forklift. Dante quickly gets into the forklift and drives it forward! The pop from The Faithful is deafening!

DDK:

'The God-Beast' is FREE! 'THE GOD-BEAST' IS FREE! Listen to The Faithful!! The Wrestleplex has just exploded!

Jestal notices the equalizer has freed himself and desperately tries to apply more pressure.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

Jestal quickly releases the hold and tags Dandy in.

Jestal:

Pin him... I'll stop him.

Dandy's eyes widen. She looks at the rage-infused Mushighara marching down to the ring with Eddie trying to catch up to him. She then looks back at Jestal and gives him a hug. Jestal pushes her off and points at Gage instead.

Jestal quickly exits the ring with Dandy sadly looking on. Blackwood is clearly in no condition to put up much of a fight. Dandelion picks him up and quickly small packages him!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

HE KICKED OUT! HE MIGHT BE CLINICALLY DEAD... BUT GAGE BLACKWOOD WILL STILL KICK OUT!!

Angus:

He's not *clinically* dead...

Dandy can't believe it. She quickly picks Blackwood up and plants him with a DDT.

DDK:

ANOTHER COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

KICKOUT!

Shock fills the arena. Dandy grows ever so frustrated with Blackwood. Meanwhile Jestal has put his hand up in the middle of the isle, right in Mushgihara's path.

DDK:

What is this moron thinking. Does he actually think Mushgihara is going to stop?

Right after Keebs says that, Jestal is trampled over by 'The God-Beast' as Mushi makes his way to the ring. He tries to get into the ring and is stopped by Jestal holding onto his leg. Mushi quickly takes his attention from Dandy and back to Jestal, kicking him away until he finally lets go of the mammoth's leg. 'The God-Beast' then grabs Jestal, pulling him up on the apron and then in a bear-hug position... before dropping the clown to the concrete with the belly-to-belly!

Angus:

OOOOHHH, Mushi's bearhug suplex always takes a lot out of its victims, but on CONCRETE!?

The camera catches the monster nodding to himself, before looking at his downed foe over his shoulder. Meanwhile, in the ring, Dandy has nailed a enzugri on Blackwood and goes for the cover again!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

Massive pop.

Dandy slams her fist against the mat, clearly out of sorts now. Mushi once more gets on the apron. Just as he is about to enter the ring... SOMEHOW Jestal is backup and once again holding onto his leg! Dandy turns to Blackwood and she is quickly met with a atomic drop!

DDK:

Blackwood goes off the ropes and hits a clothesline!

However, right away, Blackwood quickly favors his arm. He begins to walk toward Mushi while Dandy gets to her feet and runs at Gage, kneeing him in the back. Blackwood, stunned, is launched right into Mushgihara who was kicking Jestal off. He looks back in the ring just to meet a head-on collision with his teammate!

DDK:

Blackwood and Mushi collided!!!

Angus:

Dandy is on the top rope!

She leaps backward as the Scot stumbles back, holding his head... *STAKE YOUR LIFE!* Mushi falls from the apron and the camera catches Jestal in a fear-entranced look at the massive iceberg falling down at him.

SPLAT!

DDK:

Mushi has been knocked off the apron! Dandy has the cover will this be enough?

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Angus:

What!?! YES! YES! OH MY GOD THEY DID IT!

DING DING DING

Shock fills the arena as the ref calls for the bell. Mushi rolls off Jestal who is positioned like a juggalo logo, with a shocked frozen stance.

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

Darren Quimbly:

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

Mushigahra slides into the ring with Eddie. Dandy has quickly returned to her brother, trying to wake him up. The camera moves inside the ring with Mushigihara and Dante tending to Blackwood. They are shocked while Blackwood is out.

DDK:

I don't believe it! At first, I figured The ToyBox would pull this out... but not when Mushigihara came back!

Angus:

Oh /believed, let me tell you. The ToyBox: THE REAL DEFIANCE TAG TEAM!

Shock continues to play in, as Dandy "tries to" drag Jestal up the ramp. While 'The God-Beast' and Eddie Dante could seek some revenge, they show their post-match restraint and attend to their fallen partner.

WRESTLEFRIENDS, ASSEM... NO, CONGREGATE, NO... GATHER... NO...

After the conclusion of the six-man tag team match, the camera pans back to the locker room where we find Lance Warner standing by backstage.

Lance Warner:

Hello, DEFIANCE fans. Thanks for joining us tonight for DEFIANCE Road! Coming up momentarily, we're going to have a few quick words with the winners of the BRAZEN RISE Tag League and the men who won our opening match tonight... The WrestleFriends.

The door opens after his note and out comes "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace aka The WrestleFriends.

Ryan Batts:

Lance! What's good, man?

He shakes the hand of the interviewer while behind him, the massive Jack Mace tips an imaginary cap.

Jack Mace:

MATE! THANKS FOR THE WELCOME!

He slaps Warner's back that from a normal man, might be a friendly and not painful gesture. The blow from the uber friendly Brit almost knocks Lance off his feet. After stumbling, Lance takes a second to adjust himself. Jack apologizes.

Jack Mace:

Erm... sorry, mate. Don't know my own strength sometimes.

Ryan Batts:

That, he does not.

Lance finally fixes his glasses and continues on.

Lance Warner:

First off, I'd just like to congratulate you on your recent success. You've had a busy schedule the last couple of months competing in the BRAZEN RISE Tag League, then CLASH of the BRAZEN where you won the league, then leading right into this PPV where you defeated Brutal Attack Force. So tell us... what's next for WrestleFriends?

Ryan Batts nods.

Ryan Batts:

Thanks man. Jack and I have two goals that we want to accomplish in DEFIANCE. The first and most obvious one... the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Titles! The Fuse Bros have been phenomenal champions, but eventually we have those titles in our sights. We will fight them and when we do...

Jack Mace:

WRESTLEFRIENDS ASSEM... CONGREGATE! No... COME TOGETHER! AGGREGATE! FLOCK UNTO US, MATES!

Ryan facepalms.

Ryan Batts:

The catchphrase is still in progress, Lance. Sorry.

Lance no-sells and presses on with his questions.

Lance Warner:

The Tag Team Titles are your first goal, but what is the second?

A sly smirk crosses the face of Bantam.

Ryan Batts:

For us to help rid DEFIANCE of The Occupation once and for all!

A BIG pop from the DEFIANCE Faithful for that lofty goal.

Lance Warner:

Wow, quite some goals there.

Ryan nods.

Ryan Batts:

Big goals they are, but when Jack Mace and I put our talents together, there's NOTHING we can't do. You look at us and you may see some big superhero fanboys and... well, heh, we are. But we're competitors first and foremost and the WrestleFriends are about preserving honor and integrity in this sport that seems to be going away day by day. We want to put on the best matches, restore honor to titles, and give the Faithful a REASON to want to be here!

Jack Mace:

That's right! We're going to make this sport WrestleFriendly again!

The two bump fists before Ryan continues.

Ryan Batts:

Quite frankly, what The Occupation have been doing to DEFIANCE and its top titles is an embarrassment and a black eye to our sport. You better believe that the first chance we get, trust me we'll do our part in doing something about this. Scott Stevens injured our mentor and friend, Oscar Burns! THE Jay Harvey has been flapping his gums for FAR too long. The rest of the Stevens Dynasty have been treating the ring like their plaything and Harmen is downright insane and needs to be dealt with. The three of us aren't going to stand for this.

Lance Warner: [Looking behind him]

...Three?

Batts and Mace look up.

Jack Mace:

Mate, we've already said too much. Have a good rest of your night, yeah?

Ryan Batts:

Yeah, have a good one, Lance.

The two quickly disappear back into the locker room and Lance shrugs before turning back to the camera.

Lance Warner:

Back to ringside.

FUSE BROS Â© vs THE STEVENS FAMILY

Cut back to the ring. Darren Quimbey on the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tornado tag team match where anything goes and it is for the Tag Team Championships!! Introducing first, the challengers... Bo and George, The Stevens Family!

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Bo and the massive George Stevens march out from behind the curtain. They look focused and ready to go. Bo mouths off to everyone he sees as they make their way down.

DDK:

After weeks and weeks of beating The Fuse Bros. to a pulp, or an 8-bit console, we get this match. Feeling like they were wronged out of the Tag Team Championships when the titles were on *Scott* and Bo, Bo now finds another family member with the hopes of taking back the titles after losing to The Bros. on DEFtv100.

Angus:

And I for one am sick of this Fuse Bros. era! Anyway, it ends tonight and we get the titles back on the rightful owners!

DDK:

See, this is what kills me. Four months ago you were all Fuse Bros. when we were up against UTA.

Angus:

I was? Hmm, I don't seem to recall that. Maybe I hit the *reset* button. Haha!

DDK:

Ughh...

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, Tyler and Conor, the current DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions... The Fuse Bros.!!!

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

Tyler is out first, followed by Conor closely behind him. Player Two is carrying a very small black Adidas bag that has made a few DEFIANCE appearances before. With the titles around their waists, The Fuse Bros. get into the ring and The Stevens exit. They hand the belts to referee Mark Shields when a sudden pop from The Faithful are heard.

DDK:

Conor Fuse launches himself over the top rope and right onto both Bo and George!!

Tyler stands in the middle of the ring with a not-so-surprised look on his face. He shrugs, takes a few steps back and bounces off the far ropes before jumping onto the top rope and waiting, for just a split second, for one of the Stevens to get back up.

George does.

Tyler leaps off the ropes and connects with a cross body block. It barely gets the big Stevens down!

The Faithful shout! They start rumbling the floor as both Tyler and Conor rise, putting their hands in the air.

Mark Shields stares blankly into the carnage and decides to ring the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

This match is officially underway! And remember, there's no tagging. Plus, anything goes!

Angus:

Not a great start for The Stevens but just you wait. They'll find the crack in the Fuse Bros. armour. God knows there's plenty.

DDK:

Tyler takes Bo and walks him over to the steel stairs.

SMACK!

Tyler puts Bo's head straight into it.

SMACK!

And again.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

DDK:

Tyler has anger issues. Gotta love it.

Angus:

No.

As Bo stumbles around, he's able to look up just slightly and see Conor Fuse, running and screaming towards him.

WHAM!

DDK:

High knee by Conor sends Bo to the floor! Tyler directs his younger brother over to George. Conor's trying to lift him up but he can't seem to do it...

Tyler helps. They get George to his feet and hit a double snapmare suplex onto the mat but it's sketchy, at best. Next, the Fuse's pull George up and throw him into the ring. Conor nods and enters. He kicks furiously at George while he's on the ground. Conor goes to the second rope and hits an axe handle smash.

Conor Fuse:

YOU LIKE THAT!?

Angus: *[sarcastically]*

Yeah, I'm sure he loves it...

Conor pulls George to one knee and waits for Tyler to get to the top rope.

DDK:

Missile dropkick to George's shoulder! Conor tries a pin...

ONE.

KICKOUT!!

Conor looks up and nods. He knows it's going to take a lot more than that but it was worth a shot, anyway. The Fuse Bros. attempt a double brainbuster suplex on the giant... but once they get him in the air... they have to drop the

behemoth.

DDK:

Bo Stevens with the save!

Angus:

There's no save, dumbass! Tyler and Conor couldn't lift Geroge like that!

Bo kicks Tyler in the face.

SLAM!

DDK:

And Bo just crushed Conor Fuse with a running shoulder block! Now he levels Tyler with a right forearm smash!

Conor rises but Bo scoop slams him back down. Stevens goes off the ropes, looking for a big splash but Tyler grabs Bo's foot just in time and trips him up. Bo leans forward, off balance and trying to turn around. That's when Conor pops up and connects with a tilt-a-whirl DDT.

The Fuse Bros. collect themselves and try for George once more. As they drag the massive Stevens to a knee, however, George powers both of the champions off him.

DDK:

A rake to the eyes from George on Tyler. Now he hits Conor with a kick below the belt!

George bounces off the ropes and with an impressive amount of steam he leaps, hitting a powerful looking shoulder block on Conor.

DDK:

WOW. That's an insane amount of weight George threw into Player Two!

The newest Stevens Family member screams into the crowd, as they boo him back. George exits the ring and pulls Bo along with him. They look under the apron and throw two chairs into the ring. Smiling, they get back in.

The crowd is cheering loudly as the challengers don't understand.

DDK:

The Stevens Family... they threw the chairs into the *hands* of The Fuse Bros.!

Conor is grinning from ear to ear. Tyler looks ready to mess them both up.

Tyler Fuse:

Oops.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, you glitched that one up!

The Stevens look to exit the ring as The Fuse Bros. come running in. However, they aren't able to make it in time.

SMACK! SMACK!

Chair shots right to the side of their shoulders. Both Tyler and Conor drop the chairs and in succession, toss each Stevens into the ropes.

DDK:

Double missile dropkicks by The Fuse Bros.! Bo falls to the mat and the much bigger George wobbles about until BOTH Fuse Bros. hit a second dropkick!!

Angus:

Get up, guys! Get up!

The Fuse Bros. grab the chairs and set them up in the middle of the ring. First, they take Bo and toss him to the outside. Next, they take George.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's do this right.

Conor nods frantically.

DDK:

AND WITH EVERYTHING THEY HAVE... TYLER AND CONOR HIT A BRAINBUSTER... PUTTING GEORGE STEVENS THROUGH BOTH CHAIRS!

WHAAAAMMMM!!!

The chairs are destroyed instantly, as they now resemble random pieces of metal. A screw even shoots out of the chair and smacks Conor on the top of his forehead, leaving a very little mark and about two drops of blood. The younger Fuse shakes it off.

Tyler reaches the top rope, ready to measure George for the final blow when-

DDK:

BO GETS ON THE APRON AND THROWS TYLER FUSE OFF... STRAIGHT INTO THE GUARDRAIL!!

While The Faithful may have already been cheering "holy shit, holy shit" at the chairs being destroyed, they were definitely doing so now. Tyler eats the guardrail and lays out cold on the floor below. Conor, meanwhile, stays frozen in the ring with a shocked look on his face.

Bo starts to enter through the ropes.

Bo Stevens:

Looks like I killed him...

Conor doesn't agree.

Conor Fuse:

No, he'll be back-

Conor runs at Bo and ducks a clothesline. He turns the challenger around and pops him in the side of the head with a left fist. Player Two hits the turnbuckle, perches himself on the second pad and waits for the right moment...

DDK:

Crossbody is caught by Bo! Fallaway slam...

But Conor lands on his feet. He hits the ropes and connects with a spinning heel kick as Bo turns. Conor kicks the broken chair pieces out of the ring and then lifts Bo up by his tights.

DDK:

Dammit, Bo with a low blow on Conor!

Angus:

Yes! This is your window, Bo. Now's your time to become a champion again!!

Bo Knows Suplexes.

This includes a snap suplex, a German suplex and a tiger suplex with a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Angus:

OHHH I thought it was over, Keebs! That looked like a three to me!

Bo glances at Mark Shields but brushes it off. He hurls Conor into the corner and then charges in. Conor gets his knees up and Bo goes right into them while the younger F Brother gets on the second rope, jumps off and takes Bo's head with him.

DDK:

Bulldog by Conor!

Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse is stirring on the floor. He's checking his head, his arms... realizing he's still all there.

DDK:

Tyler's coming to.

As the replay shows, Tyler connected with the guardrail but perhaps not as hard as everyone initially thought. He gets to his feet and slowly but surely walks up the steel stairs. Entering the ring-

He meets 450+ pounds of a clothesline from hell, flipping inside-out TWICE.

DDK:

George Stevens... my god.

Angus:

George looks PISSED!

He whips Tyler like a ragdoll into the corner. Coming in full blast, George crushes Tyler with a splash! Conor sees this while recovering from his own wounds and jumps onto George's. Player Two rakes the challengers eyes. He starts pulling at George's skull. He's trying to do whatever he can before George takes another shot at his older brother.

But with ease, George peels Conor off and chucks The Codebreaker to the canvas.

DDK:

Tyler recovers and rushes at George...

Angus:

YES! Alabama slam via George!

Tyler doesn't move.

Next, George takes Conor and throws him up onto his shoulders without breaking a sweat.

Torture rack!

Conor is screaming in pain as George is smiling with delight. Tyler doesn't move on the ground and after enough time, Bo is on one knee. The former tag champion looks over at his cousin and can't hold back the joy.

Bo Stevens:

Go ahead, kill him.

DDK:

But Conor isn't tapping! You have to give him credit, Angus! That is one crazy looking torture rack but he hasn't given up!

Angus:

Yet. Hasn't given up yet. Look at that face... he's in way too much pain!

Eventually, Tyler's on all fours and with everything he has, The Game-Changer throws himself into the back leg of George. This causes The Stevens member to slightly let go of Conor and for the younger brother to somehow, somehow, slip out of the hold.

Angus:

NO!!! It was supposed to be over!

But George turns around... angry.

OOF!!

He kicks Tyler dead in the temple, taking the alertness out of Player One. The hulking man picks the elder Fuse and throws him right into Bo's waiting arms.

DDK:

SIDEWALK SLAM BY BO!

George snatches Conor, whom was trying to wiggle his way out of the ring. Conor was halfway out when George pulls him in.

Suddenly, George stops. He notices Conor has something with him, something he took from outside the ring.

Angus:

What the hell? It's that stupid Adidas backpack, Keebs. What does it have, a brick in there!?

George looks over at Bo and then back at Conor with pity. He rips the backpack right out of Conor's hands as he screams. George takes it and shakes it. It's clear there's nothing dangerous in there. As he continues to assess the backpack, the big man kicks Conor in the side of the head. Bo does the same to Tyler.

George opens the Adidas bag.

There, the behemoth pulls out the powder blue question mark box. The same box that made an appearance at DEFtv 100.

George laughs and shakes his head. He digs his hand inside and rips the (legal) mushrooms out of it. The backpack, question mark box and mushrooms all look so small in his large, oversized mit.

George Stevens:

It's like a stupid power-up, Bo.

Conor Fuse:

No, moron. It's like a distraction.

SLAM!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WAS PLAYING POSSUM!! HE ANNIHILATES GEORGE WITH A LEAD PIPE!!!

Replays show Conor grabbed the backpack AND a lead pipe from under the ring before being pulled back in.

Angus:

What? That little prick... he had a pipe this entire time!

George takes a big fall as the crowd goes wild! Bo runs at Conor but Player Two ducks and pulls the top rope down on Bo so he falls to the outside.

Conor drags Tyler to his feet as the older brother pats Conor on the back, telling him he's okay. Conor tosses the pipe out of the ring and then stands in the center of the squared circle with his brother... calling The Stevens back in to fight.

Conor Fuse:

Now let's do this without *any* distractions.

Bo spits on the ground and George slams his hands against the apron in anger. The Stevens are on opposite sides but enclose the ring at the same time. They enter as Conor breaks off to fight Bo and Tyler goes after George. An exchange of punches follow... but clearly The Stevens have more brute power. That's when Player One ducks a right arm from George and jumps on the ropes. With everything he has, Tyler's able to swing George's head into the turnbuckle. Conor, on the other hand, dodges a right hand from Bo and kicks him in the chest. A diving DDT follows!

DDK:

The Stevens are down! The Fuse Bros. remain upright!

Tyler goes to the top rope on one side of the ring and Conor the other. They measure the Stevens and jump at the same time.

FROG SPLASHES.

Tyler pins George. Conor pins Bo.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Both kickout, although George kicks out with absolute authority!

The fans are shocked. They all figured it was over and counted the pinfall. Conor is beside himself, although Tyler is very much composed.

DDK:

I don't believe that! 2-Up, The Stevens kicked out of 2-Up!!

Angus:

YES! I BELIEVE IT! It's because they are the *real* Tag Team Achievements- I mean Champions!! *[Muttering]* Oh my god, now I'm even saying it...

Tyler nods at his brother to get it together as they rise and stumble to the middle of the ring. George works to a vertical base as Conor kicks him as hard as he can in the stomach. Bo is stirring too and Tyler attempts to do the same but Bo trips him up and they both fall into the ropes and out of the ring.

With Tyler out of the ring and Conor still standing (and the massive George Stevens by his feet) he only has one thing to say.

Conor Fuse:

Shit.

DDK:

Conor Fuse is alone in the ring with that beast!

Angus:

I don't like Fuse's chances... which means I like where this is going!

Conor tries to lift George but he can't do it by himself. He tries once more and then figures the best strategy is to run away, to the far turnbuckle... and wait for George to get up himself.

As this happens, Conor's mind is racing.

Conor Fuse:

[Softly] Hit him with a knee? A boot? An elbow? Uhhh, uhhh...

George is up and George is **furious**. He turns to Conor while holding his head.

George Stevens:

You hit me with a crowbar, you idiot!!! I'm going to kill you...

GULP.

DDK:

George runs at Conor but Conor moves! George goes right into the buckle! Conor slips out from behind him and chop blocks George down to one leg!

Player Two takes a deep breath and runs into the ropes-

BEARHUG.

INTO A BEARHUG POWERSLAM BY GEORGE.

DDK:

The ring shakes upon impact! The giant has destroyed Conor Fuse!!

On the outside, Tyler Fuse is knocking the piss out of Bo until The Stevens Family member is able to snatch the ring bell.

DING

DDK:

BO TOOK TYLER'S HEAD OFF HIS BODY!!

Collecting himself on the apron, Bo realizes what's taken place in the middle of the canvas. He's extremely pleased and drops the ring bell. Then, Bo looks under the apron and pulls out a table. Sliding it into the ring, Bo follows.

The Stevens stand tall as Bo sets up the table and George pulls Conor by his messy blonde hair. They throw Conor on the oak and that's when it happens.

Utter silence is drawn from the crowd. They await in pure terror.

George Stevens goes to the second rope... until he stops.

DDK:

OH MY GOD...

Angus:

YES! YES!!!! CHRISTMAS HAS COME EARLY!!!

DDK:

GEORGE STEVENS IS GOING TO THE TOP. I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. THAT'S 450 POUNDS!!!

Angus:

I can't look!!! Ahahaha, I mean of course I'm looking... KILL CONOR FUSE.

Bo holds Conor and makes sure he doesn't move.

Bo Stevens:

DO IT, GEORGE. END THIS MORON! Tag Team Championships here... we... come...

George lets out a scream.

He dives.

CRRRAAAAAASSSSHHHHH~!!!!

The ring shakes on impact. It almost collapses on itself. But all of this is white noise to the fans, whom started going C-R-A-Z-Y...

DDK:

At the *LAST SECOND* Conor Fuse kicked Bo away and slipped off the table!! George Stevens goes *right through* it!!

Angus:

NO NO NO NO NO!! The people, The Faithful... DON'T THEY UNDERSTAND!? GEORGE WAS DOING US A FAVOR!!! GOD DAMMIT!!!

Bo's eyes are wide and he's in complete shock. There is nothing left of the table beneath his cousin. If the chairs looked like they were broken into a million pieces, this table was sawdust.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Somehow, somehow, Tyler Fuse is up and in the ring. Although it's clear his bell was run (sad pun intended), he turns Bo Stevens around.

DDK:

TYLER WITH CQC ON BO! Conor is collecting himself and he's going to the top rope again... ANOTHER FROG SPLASH ONTO GEORGE. PINFALL ATTEMPT. IT'S OVER, ANGUS!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT?

...

Yes.

Kickout.

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!? GEORGE KICKED OUT OF THE FROG SPLASH!!!

The fans are beside themselves. Conor Fuse looks up, beside himself, too. The younger Fuse looks at his brother, but Tyler remains calm.

Tyler slides out of the ring, looks under the apron and pulls out another table. Both Tyler and Conor set it up in the middle of the ring and struggle to pull George on top of it.

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's do this.

They both go to opposite corners and stand on the top rope. This time, Tyler jumps first and puts both him and George through the table with a frog splash.

Conor follows.

Frog splash.

DDK:

2-UP AGAIN! Conor pins George...

The crowd counts along.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Yes, kickout.

The fans scream in agony and surprise. The shock has hit everyone hard!

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

Conor's horrified. He looks up at Tyler and this time, even Tyler is as stunned as his brother. The stoic look is gone.

Tyler Fuse:

I... uh... um...

While George still doesn't move after the kickout, the fact he kicked out is crazy enough.

DDK:

This is uncanny.

Angus:

I love it, right?

DDK:

Tyler and Conor Fuse have seen George put himself through a table, through a frog splash and then through TWO frog splashes and one more table and he still kicked out!!

Tyler takes a moment to walk around the ring. The Faithful begin talking amongst themselves as in what it would take to keep George down. Conor looks like they've already lost.

That's when the light goes off in Tyler's head. He pulls his brother to his feet and hits him in the chest. Player One screams into the rafters.

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH HIM~!!!!

Conor's eyes go wide. He's all smiles.

DDK:

I believe that's their call for the ultimate destructive move, Angus. The DOOMsday device!!

Angus:

Well...

Conor's smile fades once he looks down at George.

Angus:

How are they going to get him up!?!? That's 100% dead weight!

Tyler's expression acknowledges his brother's concerns but he still stays confident. Together, the two brothers pull George to his feet with absolutely everything they have. Then, with help from the corner of the ring, they are somehow able to put George's limp body on top of Tyler's much smaller shoulders. A normal DOOMsday device would mean Tyler would now walk away from the corner of the ring but that is not happening here. It's not a perfect move, by far, because Tyler clearly needs the turnbuckle padding to lend support in order to hold George halfway in the air.

Conor positions on the top rope and with a short-arm lariat, he connects and George falls back to the mat.

For good measure, Tyler gets on the top rope.

DDK:

ONE MORE FROG SPLASH!

As Tyler pins, Bo stumbles into the ring but Conor throws him out the other side. The crowd counts along.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The Fuse Bros. theme song plays and Darren Quimbey gets on the mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of this match and STILL the Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor Fuse, The Fuse Bros.!!!!

The Faithful grow rabid, even chanting "FUSE BRO-THERS, FUSE BRO-THERS" as Tyler and Conor stumble together in the middle of the ring and are handed their titles.

DDK:

What a match, Angus. What a brawl! Both of these teams... from Bo, to Conor, they should all be proud of this one. George Stevens is a monster!!

Angus:

Bah, bloody hell. This is not the right outcome!

As The Fuse Bros. celebrate in the ring, the camera pans to all the carnage around it.

DDK:

You have to think this is not even close to over.

Angus:

It better not be. I hate people on the spectrum holding DEFIANCE-related championships.

DDK:

Angus' comments in no way reflect how DEFIANCE feels as a whole... and Conor isn't *on* anything.

As the camera pans to Tyler's stoic and calm demeanor and then back at the over-eccentric Conor Fuse...

Angus:

One could beg to differ.

ACT VIII: THE RARE DEFCON COIN

Cut to backstage.

Moments after the six man.

The ToyBox walks through the curtain, Jestal has a size fifteen boot imprint on his makeup. His arm is around his sister who is clearly concerned for her brothers well being.

Warner:

Jestal, Dandelion you somehow managed to pull off a huge upset out there moments ago. What is next for the two of you?

Jestal with his eyes crossed responds.

Jestal:

So I told her NO! I do not need cherry sauce on my ice cream.

Warner:

Um...Dandy you may want to take him to Ms. Davine.

Jestal quickly yells at Warner!

Jestal:

I TOLD YOU I DON'T WANT ANY PEANUTS!

Dandy helps Jestal past Warner who clearly is baffled at the responses from the jester.

The two walk down the hallway and reach their locker room. Dandy helps Jestal lean against the wall while she goes to open the door. Jestal's eyes quickly roll into the back of his head and falls face first...a deep voice says...

ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED!

Dandelion's eyes look around. She tries to find where the voice came from. A man appears on camera dressed in a grey suit, with one of those XBOX achievement icons as a wrestling mask. He holds a microphone.

Game Master:

Congratulations you just unlocked...

Jestal gets himself to his feet still in a daze. A bumper appears in front of him and reads...

ACHIEVEMENT: Bumbling Idiot!
Has fallen on their face x100

Jestal notices the bumper on the monitor in the hallway.

Jestal:

HEY!

Dandy still a bit in awe. The game master hands a small silver ring case to Dandelion.

Game Master:

You just won the rare DEFCON Coin!

Dandelion opens the case and pulls out the bronze coin. She looks at Jestal, who is still trying to get himself together.

Jestal:

She wants to know what exactly is this DEFCON Coin? By the way you wouldn't happen to have an aspirin by any chance?

The game master shakes his head.

Game Master:

That coin grants you a shot at any championship match at DEFCON 2018!

Dandy's eyes widen with joy, she begins to jump for joy. The game master disappears off camera. Jestal is holding the side of his head, with the other hand on his lower back nursing that vicious belly to belly from Mushigihara moments ago.

The show cuts back to DDK and Angus once more.

DDK:

Well it appears one of the members of The ToyBox have earned a shot at the greatest show DEFIANCE puts on every year DEFCON! Who will they challenge for a championship match?

Angus:

Wait. Wait wait wait. What the fuck is this bullshit. A magic coin? It's not even a mushroom. I understand how that might grant you supernatural powers of bouncing on the heads of people... that makes sense.

DDK:

That makes sense?

Angus:

Are we sure there was even a Game Master there? Did we all just communally hallucinate? Cause, I at least know that crazy clown Jestal needs as much medical attention as he can afford. People don't get up easily from the horror of The God-Beast Mushigihara squashing them like a pancake. Plus he was already looney tunes. He's a freakin' clown.

DDK:

Well, we will find out in the future who The ToyBox will challenge at DEFCON in a few months.

Angus:

Will we?

DDK:

Next up we got Elise Ares challenging Jay Harvey for the SOHER Championship! Let's get to the ring and Darren Quimbly for the introductions!

Angus:

Way to gloss over a confusing element. I just won a trophy for DEF staff with biggest penis. It says so right there on the plate...

DDK:

You're just making stuff up now.

Angus:

IF THEY CAN DO IT SO CAN I!

THE JAY HARVEY Â© vs. ELISE ARES

We cut to Darren Quimbey who stands in the middle of the ring, microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship, and is scheduled for ONE FALL. As a reminder, due to the stipulation, the Pop Culture Phenoms are BANNED from ringside!

DDK:

With Elise Ares' signature win being with just a little bit of rule bending, you have to think banning her allies from ringside here is going to be huge.

Angus:

But you know who isn't? Stevens, or the other Stevens, or the other Stevens, or Jack Harmen. She lived by bending the rules and died by bending the rules. There is one thing to be said about Elise Ares though. She's not the best wrestler, or the strongest, or the fastest, or even the smartest... but the girl knows how to turn dirt into gold.

DDK:

But will it be enough? Tonight will be like turning dirt into gold while blind and deaf.

Angus:

The Helen Keller jokes just tell themselves!

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

The crowd jumps to their feet as the gunshots turn to sirens, and then with a cheer, they greet Elise Ares as she bursts out into the WrestlePlex. She isn't alone though, with her is a familiar favorite. It's the return of the SEGWAY~! On her pre-championship chariot, Elise does a victory lap on the stage area before parking at the top of the aisle. Looking over her shoulder through LED sunglasses scrolling "NEXT SOHER CHAMP" she watches as flames shoot out of the back of her Segway, nearly catching her high fashion trench coat on fire. The crowd erupts as Elise jumps off and drops coat to the floor, revealing the Tiffany Blue in her ring attire has been replaced by sparkly gold under her "Queen of Sports Entertainment Style" baby tee. She poses for the iPhones with a smirk before swaggering down to the ring.

DDK:

Elise looks to be bringing the fire tonight, Angus! Pun intended!

Angus:

That line makes me want to hang myself, Keebs.

DDK:

Speaking of hanging oneself, Elise's stipulation to try to keep outside interference from her match really came back to bite her here. She looks almost naked without The D and Klein out here at ringside.

Angus:

We could only hope, Keebs, but I'm pretty sure that's just gold ring attire.

Elise slides onto the apron and lays across, hand on her head looking at the hard camera before she tosses her sunglasses into the crowd and rolls into the ring. She gets back up to her feet a bit suggestively before pulling her shirt off and tossing it directly into the face of some schmuck in the first row holding a Jay Harvey sign. From the top rope, she hypes up the crowd, making belt motions around her waist before jumping down into a somersault and posing once again.

♪ "Natrual One" by Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion walks through the curtain, with a big smile on

his face. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he shows off his title to the dislike of the sold-out crowd.

DDK:

Here comes the champion...

Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He makes his way to the nearest ring post and climbs up to look out into the crowd.

Angus:

I hope that all ends tonight, Keeps.

Jay Harvey enters the ring and comes to a halt in his corner. "The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

DDK:

Elise Ares tonight has her shot at immortality... but Jay Harvey will do everything in his power to keep the "marvelous era" going.

Angus:

This might be Ares' only shot to capture the title... she better make good it on cuz there might be no next time.

The music fades as Elise Ares comes back in from the apron, while Harvey smacks gum with a smug ass look on his face. Elise, never lacking confidence in herself, just smiles back picturing that piece of gum going into the sixth row as soon as that bell rings.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the CHALLENGER! Hailing from Beverly Hills, California by way of Miami, Florida and Havana, Cuba... weighing in at One Hundred and Twenty-Two pounds. She would like to be referred to as the "QUEEN OF SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT STYYYYYLE", ELIIIIIISE AAAAAAAAAAAAAARESSSS!

She holds one fist into the air with unwavering confidence, fixing her hair while the crowd cheers her on and acknowledging them with a nod. Jay Harvey waves her off as being unimportant as the introductions continue.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, THE CURRENT, DEFENDING, DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina. Weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty-Three pounds, he is "THE MOST MARVELOUS MAN TO GRACE GOD'S GREEN EARTH, HE IS THE NATURAL ONE", he is THE JAAAAAY HAAAAAARVEY!

Elise holds up a big thumbs up and the crowd boos as she blows a raspberry. Jay Harvey hears nothing but a serenade of greatness, basking in the glory of what must sound like a hundred angels singing. His glory, however, is interrupted by the sound of the bell ringing, and the sight of his gum going into the sixth row.

DING DING

Elise Ares rushes Jay Harvey like a bat out of hell. She's on Harvey like white on rice and the crowd is loving it. She throws lefts and rights, pushing Harvey into a corner. Harvey does his best to cover up but Ares is able to get some shots in. Harvey puts himself between the middle and top rope getting Carla Ferrari between him and the assault from Ares.

The crowd starts booing as Harvey yells at Ferrari to get Ares away from him. Ares soon makes her way across the ring as Harvey keeps his eyes on her. Harvey has some words for the fiery ref basically telling her to keep things in check.

Harvey is now walking around in his corner making sure Ferrari keeps Ares at bay across the ring. Ferrari signals for the two to get back to action and Harvey immediately vacates the ring before Ares can get to him. The crowd is roaring

with boos as Harvey moves around the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Elise Ares coming out the gates like a wild animal!

Angus:

Harvey doing the smart thing, also the bitch thing... leaving the ring. Take that ass whooping!

Harvey and Ares exchange words as Carla Ferrari tries her best to get Ares back toward the center of the ring. Harvey keeps walking along ringside as the fans behind the barricade scream and curse at him. Ferrari turns her attention to Harvey and tells him to get into the ring.

Ferrari starts her Ten Count as Harvey grabs the middle rope. He gets onto the apron and puts his right leg into the ring, looks up at Ares and then makes his way back down to the ring floor. The crowd is fuming and so is Ares. Harvey rolls his shoulders as he marches around the ring.

Elise Ares:

Get in the ring, shithead!

Elise Ares is in the ear of Carla Ferrari who can't do much about Harvey's antics. Ferrari goes over to the ropes and tells Harvey to cut the shit and get into the ring. Ferrari starts another Ten Count and Harvey doesn't seem to give a shit. Elise Ares has had enough and she is seen rolling out of the ring.

DDK:

Harvey is really milking these Ten Counts... ELISE ARES!

Angus:

Elise Ares is tired of Harvey's shit and so am I, Keebs!

Elise Ares attacks Harvey from behind and the crowd is loving it. Ares is raining forearms on Harvey's back and shoulders. As Ares goes for a killing blow, Harvey moves and shoves her elbow first into the steel exposed turnbuckle. Ares screams in pain but uses her one good arm to jab Harvey square in the jaw. Harvey backs off, rolling into the ring and Ares is right on his ass. Ares is inches behind Harvey who kicks out Ares' legs from under her.

Harvey quickly transitions that into an Armbar submission maneuver. Ares is kicking her feet trying to get to the nearby bottom rope. Harvey has the hold locked on deep as the rolling camera gets a shot of the agony on Elise Ares' face.

Ares still fights, making it inches from the bottom rope. The sold-out DEFIANCE crowd is on their feet trying to give Ares the strength to get to the ropes to break the hold. Harvey is doing his best to pull the two toward the middle of the ring but Ares is able to get to the ropes.

DDK:

Elise Ares gets to the ropes!

Angus:

Harvey isn't breaking the hold, Keebs.

Harvey is refusing to let the submission go and Carla Ferrari goes right into a Five Count. Harvey lets go at four as the boo birds rain down on him. Ares is favoring that left shoulder as she tries to get mentally back into the action. Harvey smells the blood in the water and goes on the offensive.

Harvey gets back to his feet and goes right for that left arm of Ares. He lands a stiff looking right fist to Ares' left shoulder. Ares is trying to defend the blows but Harvey snatches her wrist and almost pulls her arm out of the socket. Ares drops to the mat and she clutches her left shoulder as Harvey once again yanks on her arm.

Harvey extends Ares' arm out and lands an elbow right on her shoulder. He wrenches back on her arm and Ares screams in pain. Harvey to add insult to injury lands a few elbow shots to Ares brutalized shoulder. Ares is close enough to the ropes to put her foot on it but Harvey quickly gets vertical and pulls her toward the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Harvey continuing to work the arm of Elise Ares here early on.

Angus:

Good strategy. Having one bum wing makes it hard to do a lot of things in a wrestling ring.

DDK:

Did you just compliment Jay Harvey?

Angus:

No... I complimented the strategy, don't get it twisted.

Harvey turns on the jets and lands repeated knees to the possibly injured left shoulder of Elise Ares. Harvey is also quick to put on another Armbar. Elise Ares is in the middle of the ring and things aren't looking good.

Harvey yells at Ares to give up but Ares is still in this fight. The crowd is trying their best to will Ares to find a way out of this predicament. Carla Ferrari is right in the middle of things, asking Ares if she wants to give up and the answer is a loud "NO!".

Ares is struggling to break herself free from the much stronger and larger Jay Harvey. The crowd is clapping in unison, doing everything they can to support her. Ares is able to maneuver herself to push Harvey onto his shoulders, Ferrari is on the ball and checks Harvey's shoulders.

DDK:

Harvey is very close to getting himself into a pinning predicament.

Ferrari has her eyes on both Harvey's shoulders and Ares in the submission. One of Harvey's shoulders remains down as he keeps the Armbar locked on. Ares is holding on for dear life as the crowd buzzes. Ares uses whatever strength she has left to push Harvey so both his shoulders are on the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Harvey is forced to let go of the hold and Ares quickly and smartly rolls to the outside of the ring. Harvey is on his backside as he shakes his head. He knows how close he was to winning and even losing the match right there.

We switch to a view of Ares on the outside of the ring, suffering as she holds her left arm. Ares is gritting her teeth and pushing that pain out of her mind. Back to the ring we see Harvey still on his ass, contemplating his next move.

Harvey rolls out of the ring and to the outside. Harvey locks eyes on a fan that is holding a "Harvey Sucks" sign and he begins interacting with the man who is too old to be bringing signs to a wrestling show in the first place. Harvey grabs the sign out of the fan's grubby hands and rips it into pieces.

DDK:

What a bastard!

Angus:

Jay Harvey can't take the truth.

After Harvey throws the pieces of the sign at the fan he makes his way to the vicinity of his opponent. Harvey stalks his prey while Ares is crawling with her one good arm while keeping her injured arm tucked into her body. Carla Ferrari is giving the two some leeway but is starting her Ten Count.

Ares is caught, Harvey has her by the waistband of her tights and looks to set up some sort of Backdrop Driver. Harvey throws his weight and Ares back and she is able to fly in the air and land on her feet. The crowd is going crazy along ringside as Harvey turns around in shock.

He comes at Ares and gets a kick to the gut. Ares hits Harvey with a Double Leg Dropkick that rocks the champion back. Ares is slow to get back to her feet but once she does she rushes Harvey, who lifts her up into the air and lets her crash down to the protective mat covering the concrete floor.

DDK:

Oh my god!

Angus:

That took the wind out of me, Keebs!

Harvey is turning red and looks enraged. He exhales, spitting saliva and sweat out in front of him. He grabs Ares by the hair and tosses her into the ring. Harvey is right behind her and loving the hate he is getting from the Faithful.

Carla Ferrari is giving Harvey an earful about the hair pulling but Harvey shoos her away. Harvey stands in the center of the ring and puts his arms out to his side, basking in the boos of Four Thousand strong. Harvey now looks down on Elise Ares.

Jay Harvey:

You?! You aren't championship material! Haha!

BOO!

Harvey "checks his watch" and chuckles at the injured Ares. Harvey moves toward the nearest corner and drops down to the mat and sits in wait. Harvey is looking to put this away. Ares is stirring and the crowd is dying down, sensing the end. Ares grabs at the ropes in an attempt to get herself vertical.

Harvey:

Get up, bitch!

Harvey is ready to go. He's licking his chops in the corner just waiting for Ares to get into the perfect spot. Harvey is done waiting and he rushes at Ares.

DDK:

Wake Up Call-- NO! Ares moved out of the way at the last second!

Angus:

Capitalize, kid!

The crowd erupts as Harvey crashes knee first into the top turnbuckle. Harvey staggers back and Ares springboards off the ropes and hits a Moonsault Plancha on Harvey. Ares is still in pain and unable to get over to make a pinfall attempt.

Harvey is able to roll out of the way to avoid any pin from Ares. Ares stumbles up to her feet, holding her left arm close to her mid-section. Ares runs toward Harvey and executes a beauty of a one-handed Bulldog that slams Harvey face first into the mat.

Harvey either out of a desperation, ring awareness, or dumb luck rolls out of the ring to avoid a pin by Ares. Ares pulls

at her hair in disbelief. The crowd is rocking and Ares makes her way to the outside. Harvey looks to be out cold and Ares is in no shape to bring the bigger Harvey back into the ring.

Ares is using all her strength to try and get Harvey back to his feet using her one good arm. Carla Ferrari is counting slowly with her Ten Count as Ares continues to struggle to get Harvey's dead weight back into the ring.

DDK:

Elise Ares digging deep trying to get Harvey into the ring, to win the Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus:

Like I said earlier in the match, having a bum wing makes a lot of things difficult... like getting a Two Hundred plus pound piece of shit back into a wrestling ring.

Ares has finally done it and rolls Harvey into the ring. Ares painfully gets back into the ring and quickly goes for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY KICKS OUT!

Ares is beside herself unable to believe Harvey was able to kickout. The crowd is on their feet and loving the action they are all witness to. Ares is back up to her feet, thinking on the fly.

Harvey is starting to move and Ares sees her opportunity. Harvey is crawling toward the middle of the ring as Ares bounces off the ropes. Ares leaps into the air and connects with her patented Double Foot Curbstomp, the Extreme Makeover.

Ares moves fast and goes for a cover but isn't able to hook Harvey's leg.

ONE!

TWO!

JAY HARVEY PUT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Everyone in the arena, watching at home, and more importantly, Elise Ares is stunned. Carla Ferreri is still pointing at Harvey's boot on the bottom rope for all to see. Ares has thrown everything at Harvey and she still can't put the champ away.

DDK:

Let's go to the replay and see that again.

The replay hits your screen.

Angus:

You would think after a vicious move like that that would have been it but not tonight.

We go back to live action. Ares is beaten and broken but she continues to fight. She slowly makes her way over to the corner. She begins slamming her good hand on the top turnbuckle, getting herself and the crowd pumped up.

Elise Ares:

Come on! COME ON!

DDK:

Elise Ares is looking to end this right here, Angus!

Angus:

Elise Ares is moments away from becoming the new Southern Heritage Champion!

Ares begins ascending the ropes. The fans are seen capturing pictures of the action. Harvey is stirring, gaining the attention of Carla Ferrari, complaining of a dulled eyesight from a potentially detached retina. The fans begin to boo and Ares is now perched on the top rope. The hard cam picks up some movement in the crowd.

A woman is seen jumping the barricade and making her way toward the ring.

DDK:

Wait! That's... it's Catalina! She's back!

Angus:

Ah, fuck...

Catalina distracts Ares and pushes her off the top rope. Ares lands on her feet but stumbles forward. Catalina drops out of sight and Harvey takes that as his cue. Harvey jolts toward Ares and knocks her out cold with a Running Single Knee Facebreaker, or as you clowns know it the Shot of Reality.

Ares is down and out. Harvey wastes no time and goes for the pin, hooking both of Ares' legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell sounds and the match has drawn to an end. Harvey's music hits and his celebration begins.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match by pinfall... AND STILL DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... "THEEEEE NAAATURAAAAAL ONEEE" THEEEEE JAAAAAAAY HAAAAAARVEEYYYYYYY!

Harvey is down on the mat but victorious nonetheless. Catalina makes her way into the ring to celebrate with her man. The crowd is not liking what has transpired and begins to litter the ring with cups and assorted food items.

The Champ is on his knees as Catalina rips the Southern Heritage title away from Carla Ferrari and hands it over to Harvey. Harvey holds onto the title as a mostly full beverage explodes in the ring, going on Harvey, Catalina, and Ferrari.

DDK:

Elise Ares was so close, Angus. She was one move away.

Angus:

Lots of people have been one move away, Keebs. But none that fill me with as much regret as Elise Ares this evening. I'm sure she feels the same Keebs, no need to rub the prick in the open wound.

DDK:

We should take a look at this match Angus, do our jobs, break it down.

A highlight package rolls as the two commentators speak.

DDK:

We saw early on, Elise Ares came out on fire. But in classic Jay Harvey fashion he slowed the pace down and when he saw an opening he took it.

Angus:

From almost "go", Ares was working with one arm. Harvey did what he does and broke his opponent down. That toss into the steel post was dastardly. Elise Ares came back though, Keeps.

DDK:

She had Harvey on the ropes multiple times as the match wore on. She came close on two separate occasions to putting Harvey away but at the end of the day... Catalina was Harvey's saving grace.

Angus:

Damn straight. Catalina is known for making her presence felt and she impacted this match.

DDK:

She made her return in epic fashion and cost Elise Ares a sure victory and the Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus:

Elise Ares showed a lot of heart and balls in this one. She almost beat Harvey with one arm.

DDK:

Jay Harvey... still the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion. Harvey once again victorious... again edging out Ares in a DEFIANCE ring.

Angus:

The kid just can't seem to slay the dragon. Harvey continues to have her number... Harvey is still champion (*Angus sighs*) I'll go cry myself to sleep tonight.

We cut back to live footage of Harvey and Catalina making their way up the entrance ramp. Cameras catch Elise Ares in the ring, eyes welled up.

IN DISTRESS

DDK:

Fans I am being told there is a fire backstage we are dispatching a camera crew there now.

Cut to backstage and there is the ambulance which has been back there all night but it is now on fire! The doors look like something knocked them off the hinges

Angus:

What happen to that ambulance?

DDK:

I have no idea but I guess now we know why the fire department was called.

Angus:

The what? I didn't know that ... why are WE still here, if they called the FIRE JOCKEYS!?

DDK:

What I want to know is if anyone came out of that ambulance?

Angus:

... that ... is what you WANT to know? Not whether or not the building is going to burn down, KEEBS! Jesus ... have some regard for your personal safety ... OR ATLEAST MINE!

DDK: *[sighs]*

We hope to get more information about this situation as it comes to us... But right now ... It is TIME for our MAIN EVENT!!

SCOTT STEVENS Â© vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS with GUEST REFEREE JACK HARMEN

Cut back to the boys in the booth.

Angus:

Time for Scott Douglas to rid us of this *GORRAM* boil on the balls of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

I suppose that is one way to editorialize it, Angus. Folks, it's time for the main event where, as alluded to by my partner, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas will challenge the FIST of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens.

Angus:

Only problem is here Harmen! Speaking of which ... have you seen my keys, Keebs!?

DDK:

He very well could be an obstacle in Douglas' road to victory ... as he is BOTH in league with the Occupation as well as tonight's ... Special Guest Referee. Let's take a look back at how this all got started!

Cut to a video package.

DEFtv106, THE BRUV SHOW; *The ring is littered with poster sized pictures of Scott Stevens and his new FIST of DEFIANCE title. Flash Forward. THE Jay Harvey and Jack Harmen in the ring. Flash Forward. Stevens in the ring, mic in hand. His voice affected with a heavy reverb as the accompanying music swells behind his comments.*

Scott Stevens:

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

DDK:

Wait....what?

Angus:

Isn't Douglas hurt, Keebs?

DEFtv106, MAIN EVENT; *Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain with a microphone in hand.*

Scott Stevens:

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

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

Jump Cut.

Scott Stevens:

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

Cut to Jack Harmen and Scott Douglas in the ring sizing one another up. Flash Forward to the end of the match, Harmen stumbles out of the corner holding his head as Scott Douglas schoolboys him, and with a handful of tights ...

DDK:

DOUGLAS WITH A SCHOOL BOY!

ONE

DDK:

DOUGLAS WITH THE TIGHTS! NO RULES ANGUS!

TWO

DDK:

NO RULES!

THREE

Angus:

He... He did it!

DDK:

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

Jay Harvey, Scott, Bo and George Stevens all hit the ring. Mark Shields exits the ring as the beating commences. Several quick cuts show to destruction handed out to Douglas as Darren's commentary echo's over the clip.

DDK:

... Dear God Angus. This is decimation. Mikey Unlikely led an Invasion ... this, this ... this is an occupation!

The original music fades out with Darren's cryptic statement as audio fades up with the next clip, before picking up pace in an instant.

DEFTv108, SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. JACK HARMEN, REMATCH; Several clips from the match are shown in quick succession. Mostly Harmen on the attack, a few with Douglas. Each clip a short glimpse into the timeline of what was shaping up to be a classic bout until - the music drops off completely and its place is no more than a low frequency bass note. In slow motion, Scott Douglas executes the Sub Pop Suplex.

DDK:

CENTER OF THE RING! THIS COULD BE IT ANGUS!

Douglas struggles to make a pin.

DDK:

WAIT NO!

Blindsiding Kerry Kuroyama, on the outside of the ring, are Bo and George Stevens, the larger Stevens clan member sending Kerry sprawling face first into the unprotected corner turnbuckle post. Douglas stands, staring slackjaw'd at the Stevens Bros, which is just enough time...

Angus:

WATCH OU-

Scott Stevens spins Scott Douglas around, and hits him with a Toxic Sting. Benny Doyle rushes toward the corner timekeeper's table, and shouts to ring the bell.

Flash Forward. The Occupation stand on the rampway stage. Douglas can barely stand in the ring but lets out a declaration.

Douglas:

DEFIANCE ROAD!! ... It's PUT UP OR SHUT UP, SCOTT! TITLE or NOT! I WANT YOU!

Flash Forward.

Scott Stevens and Jack Harmen backstage, the same night.

Stevens:

Not ONLY will I give you your match at DEFIANCE ROAD ... BUT it will ALSO be for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Flash Forward.

Stevens:

But I must warn you Scotty Boy ... don't mistake compassion for weakness! I may have allowed you to challenge for MY FIST of DEFIANCE, but the result will be the same...

The music echos off with Stevens' last word and the package fades.

Cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring. Jack Harmen already stands in the ring, wearing a trademark referee shirt.

Angus:

What the hell, oh, right, the deck is stacked.

DDK:

If Jack Harmen told me the truth earlier, he's going to call this one down the middle, Angus. It's why he doesn't want any pomp or circumstance for his entrance. He said he's "just another zebra tonight."

Angus:

My ass...

Darren Quimbey:

This match, is your MAIN EVENT! And it is for the FIST... of DEFIANCE!

There's a loud roar from the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger ...

♪ Smiling and Dyin' - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite at the sound of the incredibly familiar Green River song. The whining feedback accompanied by distorted and unintelligible vocals wallahs opens the track before giving way to the grunge tinged blue lick.

♪ Only you make the grey skies black ... ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... from Seattle, Washington ...

♪ Only you make the grey skies black ... ♪

Darren Quimbey:

"SUB POP" ... SCOTT ... DOOOOUUGGGLLLAAAASSS!!!

♪ Only you make the grey skies black ... ♪

As the grunge tune kicks into full gear, Scott Douglas comes through the curtain as the repetitive lyrics finally find their way into new territory.

♪ *So why do I keep coming back ... ?* ♪

He takes his place center stage as the Faithful bask him in admiration; cheering, screaming and singing along with the aging record playing over the loudspeaker. His ring gear is the same as it ever was; tattered cut off jean shorts - just below the knee, hand cut black t-shirt dawning the SUB POP record label logo, a leather jacket and of course a bare of black combat style boots - half laced, that have seen better days.

♪ *Misery loves company baby* ♪

Douglas throws a single arm up, to a uproarious pop from the paying audience filling the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

The NEW CHAMP is here!

Scott skips any further fanfare, slipping out of his leather jacket and dropping it to the stage before heading down to the ring.

DDK:

Didn't you say something about counting chickens before the hatched earlier tonight?

Douglas hops from ringside placing a knee on the apron and then enters the ring. Keeping a watchful eye on Jack Harmen as he takes his place in his corner.

Angus:

I don't listen when I speak, Keebs! Get with the program! NEW CHAMP! I'm calling it RIGHT NOW!

Douglas' theme slowly fades down as Darren Quimby takes his place back in the center of the ring for the announcement of the champion.

DDK:

I'm just as happy to see the Occupation dethroned as anyone else, Angus but ... Scott Douglas has the cards stacked against him tonight with Jack Harmen as the special guest referee!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area as a rock classic begins.

♪ "We Will Rock You" by Queen ♪

The song plays throughout the arena and the Faithful get hyped from the song as they sing along and clap to the beat of the song.

Angus:

Stevens pandering to the Faithful because after he loses he'll be right back where he belongs.

DDK:

Where's that?

Angus:

In the fucking garbage, Keebs.

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his

favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen is a giant hand that slowly closes into a FIST as letters slowly appear and form a message and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... *SCOTT STEVENS*.as

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain with George, cousin Bo and Cary Stevens in tow, and as soon as he does golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he thrust up his arms to soak in the moment. As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers as he simply points to the championship around his waist.

DDK:

Stevens reminding the Faithful that he's the champion.

Angus:

For a few moments longer, Keebs! Then this nightmare will be over and Kelly can get that gold polished and fitted with a new leather strap to disinfect and erase the stench of that inbred hick's reign.

The FIST slowly makes his way around the ring not taking his eyes off of his opponent until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before closing his eyes, tilting his head back and throwing his arms into the air as he smells victory in the air before dropping to the canvas.

The bell rings to signal the official ring introduction for tonight's Main Event as Darren Quimbey makes his way to the center of the ring.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING! It is set for one fall with a one hour time limit... AND IT IS FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Faithful erupt with cheers as Quimbey looks to his left.

Darren Quimbey:

Standing to my left he is the challenger and number one contender, he is....."SUB POP" ... SCOTT ... DOOOOUUGGGLLLAAAASSS!!!

Douglas raises a fist with his other hand lightly grazing his ribs, to acknowledge the Faithful and not draw attention to the persistent injury.

Angus:

New Champ, Keebs!!!

Quimbey turns to his right as the man dripping in gold cracks his neck and hops in place to loosen up as he awaits his introduction

Darren Quimbey:

Standing to my right, THE REIGNING! DEFENDING! UNDISPUTED! FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPION!!! ...HE IS SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

Upon hearing his name Stevens rips the FIST from around his waist and holds it into the air with his left hand while

doing the throat slash gesture with his right as he stares daggers into Scott Douglas.

DDK:

Stevens looks focused.

Angus:

It's a mask, Keebs. I smelt something when he came out and that smell was a combination of piss and Catalina's pu --

DDK:

ANGUS!

Stevens hands Harmen the FIST who holds it high into the air for the world to see. He hesitates a moment as he looks at his own reflection in the FIST itself, before handing it over to the time keeper.

DDK:

We are about to be... wait, what's this ... ?

Harmen goes over to the ropes and points to George, Bo, and Cary Stevens and tells them they have to head to the back and the Faithful go ballistic. Scott Stevens is livid as his family members protest on the outside. Harmen doesn't let up, demanding the exit the ringside area.

Angus:*[cackling loudly]*

New champ! I'm about to be a rich man tonight!

DDK:

This is extremely unexpected! Jack Harmen is sending the Stevens Dynasty to the back.

Angus:

I love it. Unless this is all some elaborate ruse, then I hate it!

A rare smirk forms over the face of Scott Douglas as the championship entourage is sent packing. Cary leads the way of the two confused Stevens brothers. Douglas leans against a turnbuckle as Stevens attempts to get in Harmen's face.

DDK:

Stevens is livid and he's letting Harmen know about it..

Angus:

Boo-freaking-hoo, Keebs.

Harmen tries to calm Scott down, but Stevens just continues complaining. Harmen let's him rattle on for moment before he just yawns in Scott's face and then turns to put a quick end to it all by signaling for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go!

Scott Douglas comes up out of his corner at the sound of the bell, while Scott Stevens is taken aback. He looks to Harmen, confused and angry ... but Harmen simply motions for him to get to the match. As Stevens and Harmen continue to have a one sided argument, Douglas takes advantage of the situation by rolling up Stevens.

DDK:

Schoolboy! Schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Stevens is able to get out at the count of two and gets up only for Douglas to sweep the legs and roll into a jackknife cover.

ONE!

TWO!.

NO!

DDK:

Two near falls in the opening minutes of this championship contest. Scott Stevens may have taken his eyes off the prize ... and it nearly cost him.

Stevens continues to have words with Harmen as he circles Douglas before the two lockup and Stevens immediately throws him down with force.

DDK:

Stevens, though many things could be said about him, his raw power can't be denied!

Angus:

He's no HOSS! THE *GORRAM* END!

Douglas gets to his feet and the two lock horns once more and this time the FIST shows his technical wrestling skills by twisting out of the tie up and delivering a knee to the stomach of Douglas; which causes him to drop to a knee, gasping for air.

DDK:

Scott Douglas has long been suffering from bruised ribs ... a shot like that certainly lessens his chances to win this one.

Stevens delivers a stiff kick to the side of Douglas before yanking him to his feet and throwing him into the nearest corner with all his might.

DDK:

What a thunderous Irish whip into the corner.

Angus:

Come on, SCOTTY!

Stevens immediately follows up the attack with a jumping body splash in the corner.

DDK:

Flying Splash by Stevens and the Texan hasn't let up on those injured ribs.

Stevens begins unloading lefts and rights into the sides of Douglas as Sub Pop does his best to cover up but the FIST's hands of stone deliver pain with each blow.

Angus:

Get out of the *GORRAM* corner!

Stevens delivers a European uppercut which causes spit to fly out of the mouth of Douglas. The recoil causes the challenger to stagger forward right into a waiting FIST. Stevens lifts him into the air and delivers a brutal gut buster.

DDK:

The wind, if there were any left, has been knocked out of Scott Douglas' sails with that gut buster ... COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

Kickout! Kickout!

THR --.

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Douglas is able to get his foot on the bottom rope before Harmen's hand hit three. Stevens jumps up ballistic and gets into the face of Jack Harmen. Harmen waits him out like a petulant child, and once the temper tantrum has subsided, raises two fingers to Stevens. The Faithful cheer as Douglas rolls Stevens up from behind.

ONE!

Angus:

YEEEEES!

TWO!

Kickout by Stevens. Harmen raises two fingers, having counted the same each time.

DDK:

The resiliency of Douglas is amazing! Injured ribs and all and he's still with the ring awareness to take advantage of Stevens' hot headiness.

Angus:

It doesn't take much to make a fool out of an ass!

DDK:

If Stevens continues to get in Harmen's face like this ... it could cost him.

Angus:

Unless that's their plan ... He's gonna get himself DQ'd, Keebs! That little BASTARD!

As Douglas scrambles to his feet he is met with a clothesline that sends him back to the canvas and the Texan begins to deliver stomps to the body and face of Douglas. Stevens puts his boot across the neck of Douglas and Harmen begins his five count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIV --

Stevens raises his foot up.

Scott Stevens:

Shut up! I know I have until five!

Stevens yells at Harmen. Harmen is unfazed.

DDK:

I'm not so sure about that, partner. Jack Harmen has called this match right down the middle thus far! Needless to say Stevens isn't liking it!

Stevens takes a step back and delivers a side kick to the ribs of Douglas before following it up with a kick to the spine.

DDK:

You can hear the sickening sound throughout the arena!

Stevens picks up Douglas and whips him into the turnbuckles once more and goes to the side opposite of him. The FIST measures him and takes off running towards Douglas, but Seattle's Favorite Son is able to move out of the way and Stevens collides head first with the turnbuckle. The paying audience ignites at the collision.

DDK:

Stevens missed! Stevens missed! He's dazed!

Angus:

Come on, Douglas! Make DEFIANCE proud!

Stevens staggers backwards holding his face and Scott Douglas with every ounce of strength he can muster grabs the FIST by the waist and delivers an overhead belly to belly suplex that sends Stevens over the top rope and crashing to the ringside floor.

DDK:

Oh my!

Angus:

Holy shit!

Douglas collapses to the canvas as he begins to catch his breath and Harmen begins his mandatory ten count.

ONE

Douglas climbs to one knee.

TWO

Angus:

Damnit, this can't end like this!

THREE

DDK:

Surely, not the outcome ANYONE wants to see but needless to say a title does not change hands on a disqualification.

FOUR

Angus:

Then why the HELL did you say it!?

FIVE

Douglas, having caught his breathe, gets back to his feet and darts the far side of the ring and ricochets off of the ropes.

SI --

Jack Harmen stops his count as he is taken by surprise by the human body flying past him. Scott leaps and flings himself headlong over the top rope barely making the rotation and landing on the FIST just as he made it back to vertical stance.

DDK:

Douglas flies!

The pair crash back to the floor and Harmen hesitates, wanting to jump out himself, but restarts the count.

Angus:

I said it earlier tonight and I'll say it again - I hate flippy shit but I'm not mad at Stevens catching the impact!

ONE

DDK:

I don't know if you can say Scott Stevens took ALL of that one, partner!

TWO

DDK:

Scott Douglas has to be feeling that one as well!

THREE

The pair of Scotts stir on the ringside floor but neither man looks in the condition to stand on his own volition.

FOUR

Harmen looks uneasy as the count continues to rise ... but he continues nonetheless.

FIVE

DDK:

And I think this may prove my point! I'm not sure Scott Douglas thought this strategy out!

SIX

Angus:

Flippydoo nonsenseary aside, Keebs ... that's what I love about this greasy son of a bitch! HE DOESN'T THINK! He GORRAM FIGHTS!

SEVEN

The count continues and Harmen doesn't look pleased with a double count out as a possible outcome. Hesitantly, his hand goes up once again.

EIGHT

On the floor, Stevens has made it to a knee and is giving his all to put both feet back under him. His forearm planted firmly on the apron for leverage. Douglas, has seemingly crawled the wrong direction as he drags himself upward by the guardrail. Neither seem to truly have their faculties about them and seem to be operating on sheer instinct.

Angus:

This can't end like this, Keebs!

Harmen, once again holds his hand up - his jaw clenched and his brow furrowed. He begins to call it out.

NIN --

But he's had enough. He drops down and rolls out of the ring, grabbing Scott Stevens by the tights and head and rolls him back into the ring. The Faithful rain down a chorus of boo's and expletive laden discontent.

Angus:

NO! NO! I'm going ...

DDK:

Stay put! There is no need for you to find yourself beaten and bruised in the morning, Angus.

Angus:

For starters ... I was going to go double key his rental. Secondly, I have a healthy drinking habit ... I wake up beaten and bruised constantly!

As Angus glibly down plays his potential drinking problem and serial vandalism, Jack Harmen has now turned his attention to Scott Douglas. The former SoHer, with one hand gripping his bruised ribs, is being held up by nothing more than the guardrail.

The capacity crowd, filling the Wrestle-Plex, know that nothing good can come of this situation. A few closest to Scott, pat the fallen former champion on the back encouragingly as select others foolishly reach out toward the approaching Lunatic. As he draws closer it's obvious he the craziest of fan isn't quite that steadfast in their insanity as no hand touches him. He grabs Scott Douglas, similarly to Stevens, spinning him around as the Faithful wait with baited breath.

DDK:

This can't be good!

Harmon, with DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son in hand, stops for moment - looks up and takes in the moment. White heat. An electric crowd but nearly silent at the same time.

Angus:

I SWEAR to *GORRAM* GOD ...

The moment is fleeting and Harmen's mind is clearly already made up. He tosses Douglas forward on to the apron and into the ring. The previously silent crowd explodes as Harmen insures this match to continue.

DDK:

I ... I can't believe what I'm seeing!

Angus:

... did you say keying!?

Harmen heads back into the ring as the battle worn pair of Scotts have; at least enough wits about them to have crawled and propped themselves in separate and opposing corners. Scott Stevens seems to be parsing together what

has taken place and looks none too happy about it. He leers at the returning Harmen but his attention is soon snatched away by the challenger.

Scott, with one hand wrapped around his midsection and the other gripping the top rope: is slowly craning himself back to an upright position. Stevens, follows suit and with the aid of both hands, pulls himself up in a much more efficient manner. The stare down from across the ring begins.

DDK:

Who will make the first move, Angus!?

The tension builds as the entirety of the Wrestle-Plex are firmly on their feet.

LED flashes from cameras and cell phones alike spike the white balance of the broadcast cameras as both men go from being turnbuckle supported to standing freely. Their movement posterized by the flashing disturbance.

Angus:

This is it, Keebs! THIS IS DEFIANCE GOD DAMNIT!

The men in the ring appear in nearly slow motion as the competitors gage one another, each looking for that moment, that opportunity ... that slight slip from the other.

Jack Harmen, slowly positions himself; his back against a neutral corner but closer to the center of the ring than the dueling Scotts. He, in the same dramatic posterized time - brings his right arm up toward his face and with his free hand. Extends his index finger and ... taps at his wrist.

Jack Harmen:

Clocks ticking, boys!

DDK:

Wait, is there a time limit?

Angus:

I dunno. Harmen probably just wants to make sure he returns his recently keyed ... sorry, doubled keyed ... car to the rental shop before they close tonight.

The photography based flashing slowly trickles down a few randoms here and there is a sea of chanting Faithful.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Scott Stevens takes a meager notice of the crowd but as he rolls his head and cracks his neck - his eyes tell the story. Focus.

On the other side of the ring, the ailing Scott Douglas rolls his shoulder a bit as he drops the arm previously babying his abdomen.

Scott steps forward. Both of them. One step leads to a sprint toward the other and in the center of the ring the two clash as Angus cries out.

Angus:

TAKE HIS MUTHAFUCKING HEAD OFF!

Obviously, his words of encouragement are meant for Douglas rather than Stevens ... and he is disappointed.

Angus:
DAMNIT!

As the two nearly collide, Stevens throws a vicious lariat that Scott Douglas narrowly ducks ... he spins and plants his feet for but a moment. The cameras flash once again and everything moves under the posterized effect of a strobe light.

DDK:
STANDING SIDE KICK!

The kick clips Scott Stevens directly in the jaw and the champ goes down. Harmen is wide eyed, less over the maneuver and more over the fact Douglas isn't making a cover. Rather, "Sub Pop" reaches down and begins to pull the FIST of DEFIANCE up from the mat.

Angus:
What in the flying FUCK!?

DDK:
It's that ... ambulance we saw earlier.

The DEFiatron shows the video of the ambulance in flames with the door hinges hanging to the side. Douglas let's go of Stevens and his attention is turned to the screen. Harmen questions him until Douglas slowly raises a hand to point to the screen ...

Harmen turns to see an ominous shadow on the ground, flickering from the lights of the flames. The Lunatic cocks his head like a confused puppy just as the video quickly turns to static.

Harmen looks back to Douglas - Douglas to Harmen. Both clearly expect the other of some fuckery. From one another - back to the screen as the static gives way to a close up of a pair of eyes.

Closed eyes but ... rapidly twitching.

Angus:
I SAY AGAIN! WHAT THE FUCK!?

Just as they appeared, the closed eyes snap open to reveal pink irises, just before ...

LIGHTS OUT!

Angus:
GOD DAMNIT! It's the Reapers! It's the REAPERS back to SCREW Scott Douglas AGAIN!

Angus screams in the dark as the lights return and Crimson Lord stands on the ring apron appearing far different than the last time the audience has seen him.

Clad in nothing more than a hospital gown, his hair now cropped with a distinct widows peak and a dark pink and white tint to it's hue. His large mutton chops framing a horseshoe mustache from a time forgotten and a soul patch as the exclamation point to this new pink and white look.

His face, though identifiable, slightly obscured by black and red face paint around his eyes. He appears bigger than before. More vascular. Somehow ... *more* intense.

DDK:
I can only pray ... this ... this - MONSTER! ... has not aligned himself with The Occupation!

Crimson Lord reaches out from the apron toward a dumbfounded Scott Douglas, nearly gripping his throat before ...

DDK:

Harmen! Harmen jumped in the way!

Harmon elbows Douglas out of the way and finds himself in the clutches of the reborn monster. Crimson Lord doesn't look content with his catch of the day as Harmen reaches up grabbing his wrist by both hands. The Lunatic begins to pull this death grip away from his neck as Douglas steps forward to help.

Angus:

DAMNIT, SCOTT! Kick this FRANKENSTEIN FUCK TOO! AND lets get this W!!

DDK:

Actually, Angus... Frankenstein was the doctor and ...

Crimson Lord pulls free of Harmen's grip of his wrists. The two former foes inside the ring lunge toward the monster as Crimson Lord brings down both fists on the pair. Jack Harmen, shoving Scott Douglas out of the way, takes the brunt of the punishment - and crashes to the mat; next to the ropes.

Angus:

ACTUALLY ... Shut the fuck up, Keebs! HOLD ON! IS THAT ... !?

The camera stay fixed on the action unfolding in the ring.

DDK:

Can I talk ...

But the Faithful clearly have noticed something happening.

Angus:

WHAT!?

A figure dashes to ringside and the Faithful take notice with an uproarious pop that nearly shakes the building.

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS! OSCAR BURNS!

Oscar grabs the hospital gown clad Lord by his ankles and yanks him from the ring apron; sending him crashing down face first. The effects seems less than damaging as Crimson Lord turns around and squares up with his former opponent and the MOST recent former FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

This is chaos!

Crimson Lord swings for the smaller Burns and lands a solid right - but with the Faithful clearly behind him, Burns fires back.

Inside the ring, Douglas looks on in confusion. Harmen is down, a war has reignited on the outside and Stevens has recovered and ...

DDK:

TOXIC STING! TOXIC STING! Out of nowhere!

Steven's makes the cover, but there is no one there to count it. Stevens looks up and finally takes notice of Jack Harmen struggling to shake off the effects near the corner. Rather than attempt to help his stable mate, Stevens drops

to the mat and rolls to the outside. Opposite of Crimson Lord and Oscar Burns.

Angus:

What the hell is this little piece of shit doing!?

DDK:

I don't know but Crimson Lord and Oscar Burns are getting a little too close for comfort!

The camera cuts to the rampway and sure enough, the pair - continuously trading blows, have worked their way up toward the stage. Now only a few feet away from commentary, the tit for tat has not slowed. The two freshly returned and clearly well rested men have the energy and determination to go. The time away surely hasn't given either any perspective or forgiving understanding toward one another.

DDK:

I don't know if this ends well for us, Angus!

The brawling continues as they near the entrance curtain, Crimson Lord throws a huge lariat with the intent of taking Oscar's head off. Oscar ducks under - positioning his back to the ring. Crimson turns around and Burns throws both hands at him - checking him in the chest and putting Lord off balance. He quickly follows up with a slight step back and a leaping forearm forward that send both men beyond the curtain and out of view.

DDK:

That was a close one!

Angus:

SON OF A BITCH!

Inside the ring, Stevens has returned with a steel chair in hand. Douglas is still laid out in the center of the ring. Stevens wields the chair, upside down, by it's legs and drives into Sup Pops lower back. He comes to, in pain and instinctively rolls over only to catch the same into his injured ribs. Scott presses his forearm against his midsection as he sits up - attempting to relieve the pain only to look up and realize Scott Stevens now has the chair cocked above his head ready to swing for the fences.

DDK:

This may be all she wrote for Scott Douglas!

Steven's swings but no - he finds himself stuck.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! HARMEN! THAT KEYED UP RENTAL CAR SON OF A GUN!

Harmen, now back on his feet, snatches the chair from Scott Stevens and drops it over the top rope. As it clangs on the ring floor - Stevens turns and much as the match started gets in the Lunatic's face. This time he's extremely angry and he wants Harmen to know it. He pushes him.

Angus:

He's trying to get DQ'd! This was their plan all along... I knew it!

Angus is focused on the ring but Darren was no fan of the action drawing so close to their broadcast position - and his attention is clearly on his own safety. The curtains flap and it appears Crimson Lord and Oscar Burns have not made it very far and are still at each other's throats.

DDK:

They're back!

Inside the ring, Harmen warns Stevens for the push but doesn't retaliate. Stevens gets cocky and pushes Harmen again. The Lunatic's back grazes the ring ropes, with his head cocked to the right - trying to hold back his temper and remain as impartial as possible. He puts up a palm and places his other hand as if he was cutting it in half, and makes a small sawing motion.

On the stage, what was assumed to be Crimson Lord and Oscar Bruns still duking it out in the vicinity turns out to be George and Bo Stevens attempting to make their way to the ring. Although, they've found an obstacle to that pursuit. Kerry Kuroyama.

George and Bo, clearly think they've quelled the Kerry threat before parting the curtains and make their way onto the stage with little more than a broken sweat. But quickly rushes through the curtain and attacks from behind. Darren is aghast as he has just traded a one on one threat for a two on one ... and he and Angus are still in the line of fire to become collateral damage.

DDK:

Oh no ...

In the ring, Stevens' gawl grows exponentially as he jaw jacks Harmen... until Jack has had enough. He turns toward Stevens and pushes him back, the force sends Stevens staggering backward struggling to remain upright.

On the ramp, Kerry can't keep up with both of the Stevens' brothers and he is quickly finding himself on the losing end of the fight.

Angus:

Douglas ... Douglas is up!

Sort of. He's up enough to use Steven's momentum and lack of balance against him. He rolls up the FIST and Jack Harmen makes the count.

ONE!

Angus:

This is it, Keebs!

DDK:

ANGUSSSS!!

TWO!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! NEW FIST! NEW FI --

Stevens kicks out violently as the audio from the commentary booth is abruptly severed. The Faithful are destroyed by the near fall but also torn toward the thunderous crack onstage. For those who turned to see in time, caught a glimpse of George Stevens gorilla pressing Kerry Kuroyama, high into the air and send him crashing down onto the commentary table.

In the ring, Douglas' attention is drawn to the action on the ramp and he realizes what the sound was and whose body caused it. Before he can process or react ...

Stevens has popped to his feet, spins the challenger and ...

Angus: *[between burst of static]*

GOD ... AAMNIT!

DDK:

... OXIC ... TING!

Darren attempts to call the move through the damaged headset, Angus curses through it ... as Kerry Kuroyama's seemingly lifeless body lays at their feet. The Steven's Brothers pause at the top of the ramp as Scott makes the cover. Harmen, with clenched jaw and furrowed brow ... yet no hesitation makes the count.

ONE!

The arena has fallen as silent as a large capacity venue can.

TWO!

The once hopeful eyes of front row are now empty.

THREE!!

The pinfall garners nearly no reaction. The crowd is left stunned as DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son could not get the job done.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... AND STILLLLLLL FIST of DEFIIIIAAANNCCCEEEEE!! SCOTT! ... STEVENS!!!

With Quimbey's announcement, the shock slowly begins to wear off and the ominous booing begins to rise. A few of the shriller voices stand out but are mostly unintelligible amongst the growing crowd noise. Those in the cheap seats are already headed for the parking lot and those in front row - look ready to riot.

The camera cuts quickly to the stage where George and Bo, now joined by Cary are headed to the ring to celebrate with Scott. Off to the left, in what once was the commentary booth - DEFmed are checking on Kerry Kuroyama as Darren attempts to deliver parting words for tonight's proceedings.

DDK:

Ladies and gentle --

He stops abruptly as he and Angus both snatch their headsets off and sling them to the floor. Hands to their ears as if some burst of feedback became too much too quickly. We're left with nothing more than on camera audio as we cut back to the ring.

The remaining Faithful have already begun to litter the rings with what was left of their beers, sodas and nearly anything else with enough weight to be flung toward the ring. Jack Harmen, having retrieved the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt from the time keeper, hands it toward Scott Stevens.

Stevens takes his belt and with a devious smile on his face being motioning that Harmen raise his hand in victory. Harmen hesitates but complies, although he isn't enthusiastic about it. The second Stevens' hand is in the air, Harmen brings Stevens in for a quick hug, whispering something in his ear. He smiles, lets go of Stevens' and leaves him to celebrate with the Stevens' clan, as he drops down and rolls out of the ring.

The copyright appears as the Stevens Dynasty, the largest portion of the Occupation, celebrate while dodging and batting down flying beer cups.

Fade.

THIS**IS**

DEFIANCE