

RUNDOWN



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

And of course; those all-important fan signs:

FIND A NEW OCCUPATION!
SCOTT GOT CHEATED!
FEEL THE BURN!
GRAPS 4 LIFE!
HIGHTOWER IS DECAF!
SOHER SHOULD BE So Her's!
FUSEtv! BOOM!
RASSLEFRIENDS!
SCOTT > STEVENS
BURNS IS BACK!
REAL CRIMSON LORDS WEAR PINK!

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

DDK:

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

Angus cuts in mocking Darren.

Angus:

And as always ... we have quite the show buddy ol' pal! Oh gosh gee ... *GORRAM* WILIKERS!!

DDK:

Clearly, my partner is ALREADY in quite the mood but ...

Angus:

BUT ... BUT!? But's are for horses and handgrenades, KEEBS! I'm am *GORRAM* LIVID!

DDK:

And understandley so, partner ... DEFIANCE Road, availble on DEFonDEMAND - didn't quite turn out how many would have expected it to! Although ...

Angus:

Although, shit! That BALD ass "Harmanger of SUCK" decides to play fair for HALF of gorram second and here comes PINKY and the BRAIN to foul it all up ... leaving us with --

DDK:

Scott Stevens ...

Angus:

Right, what kind of WORLD are we living in.

DDK:

No ... that was production warning me ...

Angus:

WHAT?!

CELEBRATION

The lights in the arena abruptly go dark.

Red lasers and spotlights circle lighting up the stage.

♪ "We Will Rock You" by Queen ♪

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

DDK:

That ... that is what they were warning me of.

Angus:

JESUS! Why do they fall for this Queen shit *everytime*? It's going to be Steven's and his inbred Dynasty. Speaking of which ... if George gets anywhere near the booth - your on you *GORRAM* own, Keeps!

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

♪ "We Are The Champions" by Queen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

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 toe. 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 ... clearly in high spirits after his successful defense of the FIST.

Angus:

Defense? DEFENSE!? Is that WHAT you CALL IT!?!

DDK:

Woah ... woah ... see, this is why they were warning me.

The FIST slowly makes his way around the ring talking smack and flipping off the DEFIANCE filth in the crowd until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before taking the championship from around his waist and raising it high into the air before dropping to the canvas. The entire Stevens Clan is front and center after the events of DEFIANCE Road, still in possession of DEFIANCE's biggest prize.

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

FUCK YOU, STEVENS! Clap x5

FUCK YOU, STEVENS! Clap x5

FUCK YOU, STEVENS! Clap x5

The Angry Texan smirks.

He brings the microphone to his lips...

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

The fans don't know who the music belongs to, but they're happy that it's playing!

DDK:

That didn't take long! Who's out here to cut off The Stevens Dynasty's celebration?

Angus:

Anybody! LITERALLY ANYBODY!

Scott looks irate at the introduction and barks at Cary to see who it is. He shrugs and Scott turns around, looking even more sour when a very familiar face comes out to greet him.

Annnnnnnnnnnnd there goes the roof off of the Wrestle-Plex...

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS! HE'S OUT HERE!

Angus:

YAS QUEEN, er, King of The Graps.

The crowd ERUPTS like crazy as Burns comes out by himself, sporting a brand new shortened haircut and a "DEFIANCE: WE ALL LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt. He looks out to the crowd and gives them a very brief smile before resuming a very focused stance against his long time rival.

DDK:

We saw Burns make his return at DEFIANCE Road, cutting off Crimson Lord from interfering in the FIST of DEFIANCE Title match. We don't need to guess why he's out here now.

Angus:

He's coming back for what's his, Keebs! He's gonna save us from The Derp Dynasty!

The music quickly fades out as Burns produces a microphone from his back pocket and scowls at the man that took his title and three months of his career away from him.

Oscar Burns:

YOU'RE DONE.

He says in a very grim and very determined voice that has the crowd still on their feet. He looks to the group in the ring.

Oscar Burns:

Scott... enough of this garbage. NOBODY wants you to run your bloody damn mouth for thirty minutes and fellate yourself. And NOBODY wants to hear you spin a story around the fact that you BARELY SKATED by Scott Douglas at DEFIANCE Road. We both know HE should be here with that belt instead of being in the mare that is you being the face of DEFIANCE.

The crowd roars again as Burns pours out three months worth of frustration.

Oscar Burns:

But I'm here to talk about me for a second. All this right now? My fault. I wanted to avenge an earlier loss to you so I put that title on the line back at Ascension. But it went beyond business and got personal. I let you burrow under my

damn skin like the leech you are and put my FIST of DEFIANCE title on the line against you, even though you did NOTHING to deserve it, all so I could right an earlier wrong... and I ended up with bugger all but a title lost and a damaged trachea and neck. Three months I sat on the shelf, doubting myself. Wondering if I was ever going to be able to speak again. I let myself down, I let the actual HARD workers in the back down and most importantly, I let the Faithful down. You, The Stevens Dynasty, The Occupation...

He sighs.

Oscar Burns:

Where we're at now is all because of me... having to sit back and watch DEFIANCE fall prey to the Occupation, while DEFIANCE has to suffer the indignity of a greedy piece of garbage like YOU representing this company, all the while pissing all over the very ring that people like me hold sacred, week in and week out! It's honestly made me sick to watch this place fall into the ruin that you've brought upon it.

Now firing up again, Burns points at the microphone.

Oscar Burns:

But mate, I'm back and I'm here to make it right again. I'm not only BACK in action, I'm BACK to take what's mine! As far as you're concerned, until I defeat you for that FIST of DEFIANCE, I am your damn shadow. You won't be rid of me and you won't stop me. And just in case you think of sending your ponce party of a family after me...

Now firing up again, Burns points to the entrance where his two proteges... the winners of the RISE Tag League to earn DEFIANCE roster spots make their way out. "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts aka The WrestleFriends. The crowd cheers the tag team as big Jack Mace tips an imaginary cap.

Jack Mace:

Mates.

Batts smiles and waves to both the crowd, along with a clearly upset Stevens Dynasty.

Ryan Batts:

What Burnsie said. That ring still means something to people like us and we won't let YOU or anybody else disrespect OUR sport. That's why we're here to help out.

Burns bumps a fist with Batts and then with Mace.

Oscar Burns:

What you're looking at is three men that still believe in things like sportsmanship and hard work. We're also three men that won't stop until YOU sods get what's coming to you. We are... The League of Extraordinary Graps!

The crowd goes crazy as Burns smiles.

Oscar Burns:

Now Faithful... say it loud and say it proud. Chant if you like the Graps!

That they do.

GRAPS!

GRAPS!

GRAPS!

Scott Stevens:

Shut. The. FUCK UP!

Stevens growls and the Faithful let him hear it.

Scott Stevens:

First off, you talk about disrespect, but you contradicting idiots are doing the very thing to me that you claim you don't do?

The FIST states as he shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Pathetic.

Stevens says as he starts to pace back and forth like an angry lion in a cage.

Scott Stevens:

Second, you talk about sportsmanship and hardwork and DEFIANCE is where it is because of you.

Stevens says as he points to Burns and laughs.

Scott Stevens:

You have to be fucking kidding me. Listen you insignificant piece of shit and listen well because it seems you're still concussed from the last time you stepped into the ring with me.

The Faithful boo louder and Stevens waits for them to shut up.

Scott Stevens:

You don't know what hard work is Burns. My family has shed blood, sweat, and tears for decades before you were even a cum drop in your mom's vagina.

The Faithful begin to chant Stevens' favorite chant and Burns growls, but Mace and Batts calm him down.

Scott Stevens:

You mad, Burnsie? Good, because DEFIANCE is where it is because of me!

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

Me. My name. My family. When people hear Scott Stevens that equals instant ticket sales because they pay to see who is worthy enough to try and take this championship from me, but more importantly they pay to see me kicking the living shit out of people like you!

Stevens says as he points to Burns.

Scott Stevens:

I am greedy because my name is a license to print money and if DEFIANCE wants to ride the gravy train of The Stevens Dynasty, more importantly, of Scott Stevens, they have to pony up the money.

The "Fuck You Stevens" chants grow louder.

Scott Stevens:

You filth boo but look around and each of you have a sign that says something negative about me don't you?

Stevens says with a smirk before turning his attention back to Oscar.

Scott Stevens:

The difference between you and I, besides the obvious

Stevens looks at the championship on his shoulder

Scott Stevens:

I know my worth and I expect to be given it and to settle for nothing less, but you'll do anything and everything Kelly Evans pimps you out for. I mean how was those charity balls, press conferences, and other things you've been on to promote your return?

Stevens asks before shrugging.

Scott Stevens:

I don't need to pimp myself out to hype up my return because I'm Scott fucking Stevens and that's enough of a hype job.

Stevens bluntly states and he looks once more at The FIST.

Scott Stevens:

But the thing that pissed me off more than you interrupting my celebration was saying I was not WORTHY of this championship and didn't do anything to deserve it.

Stevens says as he holds the FIST high in the air.

Scott Stevens:

I wasn't worthy when I decimated every challenger put in front of me? I wasn't worthy when I defeated Cayle Murray's bitch ass in the middle of the ring?

The crowd cheer Cayle's name while Burns mouths "PONCE, YOU NEVER BEAT HIM!"

Scott Stevens:

The only reason you won that championship was because Kelly Evans screwed me over and you defeated a broken down Cayle Murray. You're welcome.

Stevens says as he states he handed Burns the championship who mounts "YOU'RE FULL OF IT!" and shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Lastly, you continue to fail to understand I am not like these other people who tried and failed miserably like Kendrix, Mikey Unlikely, Crimson Lord, and the rest to win the THE FIST of DEFIANCE. When I say I'm going to do something I do it!

Stevens shouts as he leans against the ropes.

Scott Stevens:

I beat you the first time because I could and it was fun. I beat you the second time because I could and you had something I wanted, but there won't be a third time anytime soon.

The Faithful boo.

Scott Stevens:

You filth can boo all you want but the fact is this cum stain hasn't beaten anyone to earn a shot at me. So he can become my shadow all he wants because that's the closest he'll have to getting a shot at my championship and while he's shadowing me maybe he can learn how to be a champion to earn an opportunity at me once more so I can kick his ass for a third time.

Stevens and the rest of the Stevens Dynasty join in.

Scott Stevens:

I mean third time's the charm except in your case. You ain't getting SHIT, Burnsie.

Stevens says laughing once more. After everything said... Burns looks to Mace and Batts with another knowing smile.

Oscar Burns: *[smiling]*

You sure about that, Scotty? Talked to Kelly Evans recently?

The Technical Spectacle flashes a knowing grin while Stevens starts to seethe again.

Oscar Burns:

Maybe you did and just couldn't hear her with your own head lodged far up your arse, but I had a nice little chat with her a few days ago before my return. In case you forgot, Scotty, each ex-champion has a little thing embedded in their contract... it's what we in the business call "The Rematch Clause."

The crowd starts to buzz even louder, knowing where this is going.

Oscar Burns:

And since I never got the opportunity to use it on account of you nearly ending my career... I'm not just here to tell you that I'm using it...

He almost milks the anticipation for a moment before grinning even wider.

Oscar Burns:

...I'm using it FOR THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON!!!!

If there was anything left of the roof after the initial pop, that little bit is gone now. By now, Bo is trying to hold Scott Stevens back, who's practically frothing at the mouth while Burns gets serious again.

Oscar Burns:

It's true. I've never beaten you one on one. I can blame it on the fact that you cheated BOTH times to do it, but the past is the past and that won't change anything. But I promise you this, Scotty. I'm NOT letting what happened at Ascension happen again. I'll bring every last trick, every last hold and every last submission I know so I can FINALLY beat you, you deluded piece of garbage. At DEFCON, I'm taking your title... or I'm taking your limbs!

With a final nod, Twists and Turns points at the ring as the Faithful continue the raucous cheering.

Oscar Burns:

Why don't you snort THAT, Scotty?

Burns drops the microphone and the three members of the newly anointed League of Extraordinary Graps raise their hands high to a huge cheer from the crowd! They depart for the back while Scott Stevens is still left stewing in a fit of rage over another celebration ruined and a complete lack of respect shown.

Angus:

Fuck yeeeeeeaaaaahhhh! Oscar's gonna win that title back for DEFIANCE and get it the hell away from these Stevens assholes!

DDK:

We have our main event of DEFCON set already! This is unprecedented! Oscar Burns is back and the first thing is doing is calling his shot against Scott Stevens for the FIST of DEFIANCE! But even Burns admitted... easier said than done where Scott Stevens is concerned.

Angus:

Don't rain on my damn parade, Keebs, just let me have this. So many cars to key and so little time...

Cut to backstage where music plays, reverberating off the cinderblock walls and metal lockers.

♪ *Flashlight by Parliament* ♪

The Toybox's locker room to be exact. Strobe lights circle throughout the locker room as Flashlight continues to play. Some of the lights quickly flash repeatedly down on a coin in a box, which can only be the rare DEFCON Coin they received at DEFIANCE Road. Jestal however clearly is not in a celebrating mood with a ice pack being held on his head. Dandy however is dancing all over the room almost like she is dancing with the coin.

Angus:

It's a celebration why wasn't I invited. I actually have reason to celebrate now!

DDK:

It appears, its for winning this DEFCON Coin, if you ask me Klien should've won that achievement years ago.

Commentary breaks as Jestal speaks up.

Jestal:

Can you at least turn the music down?

Dandy shakes her head and tries to get Jestal's to dance with her. He clearly is in no mood.

Jestal:

Dani, this migraine has not gone away; have a heart.

Dandy shake her head disagreeing with her brother and continues to dance around the room. She points at the coin and twerks a few times toward it.

Jestal:

Well, that has been burned into my retinas!

With his free hand he puts his hand over his eyes.

The door opens and in steps WynLyn her eyes instantly widen. Dandy see's her first and waves at her as she dances.

WynLyn:

What... what is this a party?

Jestal jerks his head up dropping the ice pack as he rushes toward a startled WynLyn.

Jestal:

SWEET TOOTH!!!

Jestal pushes WynLyn out of the locker room, and quickly closes the door.

WynLyn:

What are we celebrating?

Jestal breathes a sigh of relief.

Jestal:

Apparently, we got a free shot at the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships at DEFCON.

Wyn a bit confused.

WynLyn:

What? ... Did you challenge them without me?

Jestal shouts at the loud pounding of the music against the door.

Jestal:

Turn the damn music down, Dani!

The music doesn't sound like it's getting turned down. Jestal grabs Wyn by the arm and ushers her down the hallway.

Jestal:

So, what are you going to do tonight? Please tell me it doesn't involve loud music...

WynLyn:

I have a interview with Warner; later tonight.

Jestal seems relieved.

Jestal:

Oh good, last time I saw Lancey I put a smile on his face. I'll go with you. Being around Lancey should be less mind numbing than that loud music.

WynLyn:

Ok...

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

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FUSE BROS vs. BRAZEN TEAM

DDK:

Welcome back folks! UP NEXT! The Fuse Bros. taking on a team they have a previous history with, No Justice, No Peace. Rosey Owens and Felton Bigsby will be up for this group, representing BRAZEN. It is also a non-title match.

Angus:

Bloody hell. I want these Achievements off The Fuse Bros. once and for all!

DDK:

You were fine with them winning when it was DEFIANCE vs. UTA.

Angus: [pretending he can't remember]

was? I don't think I was.

DDK:

You were.

Angus:

If you say so...

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is a non title match. Introducing first, representing BRAZEN, the team of Felton Bigsby and Rosey Owens... No Justice, No Peace!

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

The NJNP members come out sporting very unhappy faces. They pay no attention to the crowd and walk down the ramp in a hurry.

DDK:

These two had to recently face each other in the BRAZEN tournament, so we'll see how they do together.

Angus:

They'll be fine you idiot. Did you even watch the show? I did. They didn't want to fight each other you know...

Owens and Bigsby get into the ring and await their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor Fuse, The Fuse Bros.!

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

The Fuse Bros. come out to a significant pop from The Gamers. Both of them have the championship belts around their shoulders, although they look battle tested from the tornado tag team title match against The Stevens just a few weeks ago.

Tyler slides into the ring while Conor walks up the steel stairs. They signal to the referee, Mark Shields, that they are good to go.

DING DING

WHAM!

DDK:

Owens wastes no time and starts attacking Tyler Fuse! First it was a *stiff* kick to the head and now he's hammering

him with body shots!

Angus:

Great, good! Injure him, now!

DDK:

Rosey pulls Tyler up by his hair and whips him into the ropes. Tyler ducks a clothesline, turns Owens around and connects with a diving DDT!

Angus:

Bloody hell!

Tyler goes to the second rope and leaps off with an elbow drop. Next he pulls Owens up and into his arms... and by taking three big deep breaths, with everything he has, Tyler connects with an impressive suplex.

DDK:

That's over 400 pounds being suplexed!

Angus:

Okay, easy there. You're like the third Fuse Bros, *Player Three*. It wasn't that impressive. He barely got him off the ground.

Quick tag to Conor, who's perched on the second rope.

DDK:

Leg drop by Conor!

In comes Felton Bigsby but Tyler throws him right out of the ring.

Tyler hits Conor in the shoulder and tells him to go to the top rope. Player Two nods and jumps up to the top buckle, without climbing.

DDK:

Impressive athleticism by the younger Fuse... BIG SPLASH!!

Conor goes to cover but Felton is back in the ring and breaks up the count. He hammers his elbow into the back of Conor's head and hurls him into the ropes, landing a powerslam.

Tyler, whom walked back to his corner can only watch as Bigsby takes Player Two and Irish whips him into the NJNP side of the ring. Next, he drags Owens towards the corner and makes a tag.

Tyler Fuse:

[to Mark Shields] Is that even legal?

The referee shrugs, allowing Bigsby to (basically) tag himself in and reign boot after boot down on the green-coloured Fuse Bros.

DDK:

Bigsby pulling Conor to his feet... OH a jawbreaker by Conor!

Conor backtracks into the NJNP turnbuckle again but hits Owens with a back elbow, knocking him off the apron. Then Conor leaps over Bigsby and makes a tag to his brother.

Tyler rushes in, hitting left hands to Bigsby. Then, with everything he has, Tyler connects with a suplex to Bigsby as well.

DDK:

Tyler to the top rope... BIG SPLASH!!

Conor comes into the ring to ensure Rosey Owens doesn't get back in. Being over 400+ pounds, Roosevelt's just too slow anyway.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

They did it, The Fuse Bros. continue to roll!

Angus:

F. M. L. Yeah that's right, I said FML.

The Gamers cheer and Tyler and Conor quickly embrace before Mark Shields holds up their hands and gives them their *Achievements*. Rosey rolls into the squared circle and checks on Bigsby.

Tyler and Conor exit the ring and smack hands with the fans up the ramp.

DDK:

And you have to wonder, what's next for The Fuse Bros. They've rolled through everyone in the DEFIANCE division.

Angus:

DEFIANCE needs a godsend.

ON TO THE NEXT ONE

Cut to the doors to Kelly Evans' infamous Pleasure Dome.

The doors part, allowing two familiar figures to exit that room and enter our view.

The distant crowd reacts to this with a collective roar of "OSU," as Eddie Dante grins and addresses his client.

Eddie Dante:

And there you have it, Mushi, my boy! In just two weeks, we will begin the ascent to title contention, and show the world that the God-Beast is as strong as ever. Levi Cole had better prepare himself for a colossal battle, because we are prepared to leave our mark on DEFIANCE in the years to come!

Mushigihara:

Osu.

The monster responds brusquely, but with authority. He smiles at his manager.

Eddie Dante:

DEFCON is coming, Mushi, and we will be coming into that packed arena STRONG!

He chuckles, patting Mushigihara on the back.

Eddie Dante:

Now come. We have much in the way of training and preparation before we can rise up the ranks.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

With a mighty clasp of his hands, the God-Beast follows Dante offscreen.

Cut back to the arena.

I DON'T CARE WHO IT IS...

♪ "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he winks at Catalina. The Southern Heritage title is on display while the two stand tall.

DDK:

Looks like the Southern Heritage Champion is making his way to the ring.

Angus:

If I see this guy like thirteen or fourteen more times... I'm gonna snap!

DDK:

That many, eh?

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He sits on the middle rope and signals for Catalina to enter the ring. As she does she gives Harvey a kiss on the lips, shaking her ass in the process.

DDK:

Catalina making her return to DEFIANCE in a big way a few weeks ago, Angus.

Angus:

Boy did she! Elise Ares and the rest of the Faithful could have done without her coming back.

DDK:

Let's take you back, folks... Elise Ares was seconds away from defeating Jay Harvey and becoming the new Southern Heritage Champion when...

Angus:

That bitch came back and ruined everything! She knocks Ares off the top rope and then... BOOM!

DDK:

Jay Harvey capitalized on the interference and he remains Southern Heritage Champion.

Jay Harvey enters the ring and walks over to Ring Announcer Darren Quimbey who is standing outside the ring. Harvey is handed a microphone and walks back toward the center of the ring. He comes to a halt dead center of your television screen as the Faithful continue to boo.

Angus:

One of the most hated pairs to ever come across a DEFIANCE ring.

DDK:

You could very well be right, Angus.

Jay Harvey pauses and waits for the Faithful's boos and noise to die down but it doesn't come. Harvey puts the microphone to his lips and cuts through the masses.

THE Jay Harvey:

How's about you pack of heathens shut your mouths and listen to what the Champ has to say!

Catalina and Harvey look all business as the fans continue to let them have it.

Harvey:

You people make me laugh... I single-handedly went out and beat one of this companies greatest champions and that means nothing to you. I broke down the DEFIANCE golden boy. You all remember that don't ya!

The crowd boos and Harvey is loving it.

Harvey:

Scott Douglas... I embarrassed him, I destroyed his spirit, I broke him the way no one had ever, or could ever do. Not the Reapers, not Mikey Unlikely... It was me!

The crowd is still livid. Harvey continues spitting hot fire.

Harvey:

I'm the guy who beat the guy. I've said it before... I didn't beat some "B" list guy to win this title I wear proudly around my waist. Oh no, no, no, no my lovely bunch of mouth breathers. THE Jay Harvey beat THE Scott Douglas at one of the biggest DEFIANCE events in one of the most talked about matches in DEFIANCE history.

Harvey begins pacing around the center of the ring.

Harvey:

I could have rested on that like some other champions but no... I have defended this title time after time against anyone that the guys who run this company have put before. They have all been victims.

Harvey cracks a little smile.

Harvey:

But now, the CHAMP is calling the shots! Yeah! That's right! I haven't been tested... I feel like no one has earned their shot at MY Southern Heritage title. That is all going to end! You want a title shot?! Now you gotta earn it!

Cameras get shots from around the arena before coming back to the man with the mic.

Harvey:

That's why I've put out an open challenge for anyone who thinks they can go one on one with the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth! I don't care who it is... this goes to anyone in the back, anyone from front office, anyone in the goddamn arena!

Harvey raises up the Southern Heritage title.

Harvey:

Tonight... be a part of the Number One Contender Battle Royal. The winner gets their shot at THE Jay Harvey! The days of people's names getting picked out of a hat for a title shot are over!

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. Harvey and Catalina can't believe someone has the balls to interrupt Harvey's airtime.

Ares:

Woah, woah, woah baldy! We ALL (*points around entire WrestlePlex*) know that I deserve another shot at that title!

DDK:

Else Ares definitely believes she was screwed out of the Southern Heritage title!

Angus:

SHE WAS! Are you fucking nuts!?

Ares:

If it wasn't for that bitch behind you... I'd be wearing THAT title around my fiiiiiiine waist! You know it, I know it, these people know it, and that ho with the resting bitch face ... she knows it!

The crowd is loving it and clearly, Catalina is not. Harvey is standing in front of Catalina who looks like she wants to rip off the head of Elise Ares. Harvey calms Catalina down and retorts.

Harvey:

If ... ifs and buts were candies and nuts... we'd all have a Merry Christmas!

Harvey nearly bursts at the seems forcibly laughing at his own cliché. The fun is only had for a moment and his demeanor changes on a dime as he continues.

Harvey:

Listen... you lost ... AGAIN! In my eyes, there's no chance of you ever getting another shot at my title. You're done... you're a loser and you are always going to be just that ... a loser.

The Faithful boo and loudly.

Ares:

This isn't over, Harvey! I'll get my shot... and I'll take what is rightfully mine!

Ares music hits the sound system and the three begin a staredown. Each yells something down at the other and the fans are on their feet.

DDK:

Well clearly ... when the bell rang at DEFIANCE Road - it signaled the end of a match ... but NOT the end of this HEATED Rivalry! Folks, we'll be RIGHT back!

Angus:

Why'd her music pl -- ?

Angus' audio is cut off, cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

APPEAL TO AN OCCUPATION

Standing just outside of an obscured door, Jack Harmen walks onto screen to a chorus of confusion, mixed with boos. Harmen raises a fist to knock, but thinks better of it. The camera swings around to reveal the nameplate on the door.

"THE OCCUPATION."

Boos now take over the sea of the Faithful as Harmen takes a deep sigh in. He shakes his head, and walks directly toward the camera. He gently grips the sides, and leans in, tilting the camera to it's side as he speaks very close to the lens.

Jack Harmen:

This is a message to Scott Stevens. I know you're not watching now, but you will find out later. I did what I did because you need confidence. Not false bravado. Defeating Scott Douglas, like you did, builds a champion. You can hate me all you want, but a little tough love never hurt anybody. Plus, I'm super jealous. I can't say I've beaten Scott Douglas, but I will if you ask me to. Whatever you want Scott, I owe you a favor. Just one. Ask, whenever. But tonight.

Harmen leans in so his nose smooshes against the camera lens. He sneers.

Jack Harmen:

I take out Oscar Burns for you.

Harmen shoves the cameraman away from him, so forcefully he falls on his ass. Harmen walks away, focused and filled with determination.

WRESTLEFRIENDS vs. TO THE MAXX

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got The WrestleFriends going one on one with BRAZEN team To The Maxx! We've heard "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle have been fighting for a shot on TV for a short while, so now they'll get it against the RISE Tag League winners!

Angus:

These guys WERE on TV, then went to BRAZEN where I'm pretty sure they've spent more time trying to look good than win matches. So hopefully, they'll put up an effort.

DDK:

We're heading to ringside now with Darren Quimbey introducing the teams.

♪ "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following; is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... About to come down the aisle ... at a combined weight of 489 pounds... the team of "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle! TO THE MAXX!

Finally the tag team emerges from the curtain. Lance Mingle is wearing a flowing pink robe, tied off in front. Showing off a little bit of chest hair. Meanwhile Exclusive Eric Wilson, sports a leather jacket over his ring gear, a backwards trucker cap that says "RAD" on it, and a pair of tie dye retro sunglasses. The pair pose at the top of the ramp and the crowd boos unenthusiastically.

DDK:

They look ready. This would be a big win for them if they could beat The WrestleFriends.

Angus:

These dorks are too good and I wish they'd just not be dorks. It makes it uncool to root for Oscar Burns' buddies aside from when it involves those Stevens idiots.

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!

♪ "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 as Mace follows behind.

Darren Quimbey:

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

As they enter the ring, Batts throws the rally towel into the crowd before taking off his shirt. Mace takes off his coat with Batts and Wilson about to start when...

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Both WrestleFriends turn their heads when they see Bo and George Stevens - The Stevens Dynasty - stare holes right through them from the stage. The staredown is short lived however as the Steven's pair head to...

DDK:

Looks like we've got Bo and George Stevens coming to join commentary. They don't look happy after the Stevens Dynasty's celebration was ruined.

Angus:

Ugh... What I tell you, Keebs!

DDK:

Sit tight ... they come in peace, I think.

Bo, slow to take his seat behind commentary, scowls at the WrestleFriends and just for a second, Batts takes his eye off the ball when...

DING DING

A Spinning Wheel Kick from Wilson catches Batts! Wilson sees the opportunity for a cover and goes for it!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! The Stevens Dynasty's distraction almost paid off for To The Maxx right there!

Bo Stevens:

And that is why you don't take your eye off of the ball, Ladies and Gentlemen; or you could be pinned in seconds!

Mace shakes his head in the direction of The Stevens Dynasty up at commentary while Wilson wastes no time in making the tag over to the 6' and 260-pound Lance Mingle. Mingle gets in and holds him in place to allow both men to connect with a great-looking Hart Attack Clothesline! Now Mingle with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

Nope! Derp Dynasty's distraction doesn't pay off!

George angrily glares at Angus and now looms over him, making him think twice about his brutally blunt opinions on all things Stevens Dynasty.

Bo Stevens:

Watch it Angus or George will have a new chew toy to play with.

Angus:

Damnit, Keebs ... I TOLD YOU!? If this retar --

Darren quickly intturpts his crash colleague.

DDK:

Welcome Bo and George to commentary and I'm sure my broadcast partner sends THE VERY same sentiments.

George growls and Angus leans away, glaring.

Bo Stevens:

Keebs, the pleasure is all yours and Asshole over there because when you're in the presence of the Stevens Dynasty but more importantly Bo Stevens it is a glorious time indeed!

Angus: [quietly]

... oh I got your asshole right here ...

Angus says quietly but not quiet enough as George smacks him in the back of the head causing Angus to yell in temporary pain. Darren grabs Angus by the arm before he can remove his nearly knocked clear headphone, get up and leave.

Bo Stevens:

Bo warned you.

DDK:

Angus ...

Back in the ring, Mingle makes the quick tag again and tries to pull Batts up to his feet, signalling for Lance to head up top. He does just that and looks to take down Batts with his mighty Double Axe Handle off the top...

Batts moves!

Mingle does not!

DDK:

To The Maxx were on the right path there, but some miscommunication right there!

Bo Stevens:

That's correct, Keebs and that's Wrestle Friends' issue they want the easy competition. The competition that makes careless mistakes in the ring instead of facing a well oiled machine like the Stevens Dynasty.

Angus:

Oily.

Bo Stevens:

WHAT!?

George grunts.

Angus:

Oily. The phrase you are trying to use is 'oily machine.'

George grunts louder.

Angus:

Just trying to help ...

Bo, holding up a hand stops George just as he is about to smack Angus, once again.

Bo Stevens:

Thanks for that... Glad your coming around, 'Gus... Well OILY MACHINE! Hell we might be the OILIEST PAIR IN

DEFIANCE!

Angus audibly grits his teeth as the sound of being called Gus, but musters a positive response.

Angus:

I'll say so!

Angus snickers to himself as Darren sighs, and gets back to calling the action.

Wilson accidentally catches Mingle with his signature Diving Double Axe handle, stunning his partner! Batts takes a second to catch his breath from the opening assault before ducking a Clothesline from Wilson... only to sneak behind him and THROW the 229-pounder with a Release German Suplex, popping the crowd!

Angus:

Holy sit! That flippy adjacent son of a bitch has some STREMF!

DDK:

He's on the smaller side, but Batts is deceptively strong!

Bo Stevens:

Strong? Shit, George can bench both of them with one arm.

Angus:

What about with two!?

Bo Stevens:

What ... ?

Angus:

Nothing.

Batts tries to catch his breath when Mingle recovers and tries to grab him for a move. Batts reverses a standing switch. Mingle tries it again, but Batts once again creeps behind him into another rear waistlock. Mingle tries to catch the very fast Batts with an elbow, but misses after Ryan ducks. Bantam then suddenly catches him with a HUGE Exploder Suplex that pops the crowd even harder!

Bo Stevens:

That was no Bo-Plex and Bo knows suplexes and that was mediocre at best.

Batts now turns his attention over to Jack Mace...

DDK:

And here we go! Big Jack Mace into the ring for the first time!

Bo is heard audibly scoffing on commentary as Mace heads into the ring, running through the legal man, Eric Wilson, with a Running Shoulder Tackle! When Wilson tries to stand up in a daze, he gets whipped to the corner and crushed with a big Corner Clothesline. After that, a few Bear Claws (Clubbing Forearms) land across either side of his face before he picks him up out of the corner and PLANTS him with a big Mountain Bomb in the center of the ring!

Angus:

And Mace got even more STREMF in his body!

Bo Stevens:

George can crack a coconut open with his junk. That's true strength, Angus.

Angus:

With his junk? ... That's a terrible way to spend your families life savings ...

Bo doesn't catch on as the Wrestling Teddy Bear garners cheers from the crowd as he raises an arm and lets out a few grunts with each fist pump. The fans grunt along as he tries to run off the ropes, perhaps looking for a big Lariat when Lance Mingle comes back and pulls the ropes down, tripping him up to the floor!

DDK:

Things were looking bad for Wilson, but Mingle just saved his partner!

Bo Stevens:

And any good team can sense when their partner is in danger.

Angus:

Your spidey sense must ALWAYS be tingling then ...

Bo Stevens:

I don't know that saying.

Angus:

Idiom.

Bo Stevens:

WHAT you CALL HIM!?

Angus:

NO ... Idiom. Idiom is a saying, a phrase ... a cliché. You know, like 'he's not the sharpest tool in the shed,' or 'the light is on but nobodies home.'

Bo Stevens:

Oh ... ok, then. Like 'useless as tits on a bore.'

Angus:

Exactly like that!

DDK:

Tread lightly.

He hits the floor and Lance Mingle starts putting the boots to big Jack Mace. What he fails to see coming...

DDK:

The Flipside! Batts just came to the aid of his partner and landed that Somersault Suicide Dive!

The crowd roars as he manages to get back up, but he doesn't see Eric Wilson... Diving Double Axe Handle off the ring apron! The crowd boos for the... impressive by 80's standards... high-flying move and The Exclusive One yells to the crowd.

Eric Wilson:

That's cutting edge!

Angus:

That was NOT.

Bo Stevens:

Yeah, that cutting edge wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer! Right, 'Gus?

He then tries to maneuver the massive Bear back into the ring slowly and then heads up top again, this time landing a Diving Crossbody!

ONE!

TWO!

BIG KICKOUT BY MACE!

DDK:

Mace with a HUGE kickout right there!

Bo Stevens:

Please. Neither of these Oscar Burns dingleberries are George Stevens strong!

Wilson reaches over and the tag gets made to a recovering Lance Mingle getting back into the ring. They both look for some sort of double-team, perhaps a double-team Piledriver, but Mace SURGES to life and throws him over with a Back Body Drop, sending Mingle up and over. Wilson tries to take him down, but Batts is back in the ring, snapping him down.

DDK:

Criss Cross Applesauce for Eric Wilson! He's locked in the Crossface!

As The Yellow and Black Attack takes down The Exclusive One, Lance Mingle gets picked up and dropped by Mace with a HUGE Double Arm Suplex into...

DDK:

He calls that The Bear Trap! The Grounded Arm Triangle Choke is locked in!

Both members of To The Maxx are trapped in stereo submissions and Mingle has no choice...

TAP TAP TAP!

The crowd pops for The WrestleFriends scoring the stereo submissions. They release them quickly (because they're nice boys) and climb back to their feet, celebrating another victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners by way of submission... **THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!**

DDK:

Another impressive victory for the WrestleFriends...

Bo Stevens:

... over more minor leaguers...

The WrestleFriends celebrate the win, but it's clear that The Stevens Dynasty have come out for more than just scouting future competition as Bo grabs a microphone.

Bo Stevens:

Bo wants to know what you're celebrating for?

The WrestleFriends mouth and motion to the victory in the ring.

Bo Stevens:

If you think that victory is worth celebrating you are dumber than your friend Oscar Burns!

The Faithful boo Bo bodciously.

Bo Stevens:

Typical DEFIANCE filth response, blinded by your devotion for mediocre wrestlers. That victory you saw was average at best. WrestleFriends are subpar in the ring and that performance was sloppy from the bell, but yet they see you as this great tag team. And sometimes pretend good tag teams come up against really good teams.

Bo says as he motions to himself and George who simply cracks his knuckles.

Bo Stevens:

We are that team that is going to put you in your place because when you disrespect the Stevens name payback is a bitch!

Bo says before dropping the microphone and turning to leave with George trailing behind. Batts simply mimics Bo by flapping his hands while Jack Mace shrugs while their newfound rivals depart. The two men shake hands and get a final pop before heading to the back.

DDK:

Some strong words by Bo and George Stevens. No doubt the last we're going to see of these two young, talented teams.

Angus:

Yeah, but the real story here is ... Bo knows George is not the sharpest knife in the drawer! His own brother!

Angus burst out laughing.

DDK: [sighing]

They are not brothers ... They are -- I'm being told we are going backstage where Jestal and ... wait, what?

From the ring we return backstage.

♪ *Relax by Frankie Goes to Hollywood* ♪

The fans jeer a bit as Jestal face appears on the screen. The clown has a look on his face like “really this again?” The camera pans out and WynLyn is sitting in a chair waving bills. It pans out further and DEFIANCE own Lance Warner is stripping for WynLyn.

WynLyn:

Take it off sexy!!!

Lance starts to unbutton his shirt.

Jestal:

I seriously need to get some male friends.

Wyn waves one dollar bills around, Lance looks to be getting into the striptease as he removes his belt. Jestal cringes as Lance slaps the belt together making a loud noise.

WynLyn:

Oh yea momma loves it, keep going.

Jestal looks down at WynLyn completely involved in the striptease.

Jestal:

Oh for the love of Clucky not the pants.

WynLyn:

Yes take them off!

Jestal covers his eyes as Lance doesn't seem to be rejecting anything WynLyn says.

WynLyn:

You are in the wrong profession Lance, Jessie look at that bone.

Jestal:

I rather not.

WynLyn:

Bring those sexy heart boxers over here Lance.

Lance dances toward her with a few pelvic thrusts, she jams a dollar bill down his boxers.

Jestal:

I think you two are literally trying to kill me tonight!

Out of nowhere Virginia rushes off camera and tackles Wyn off the chair. She unloads with vicious slaps and nail scraping! Wyn fights back and Lance is in a comatose state. Jestal quickly pulls Quell off of Wyn who quickly runs off. Lance shakes his head and realizes he is practically naked.

Jestal:

That's enough Gin Rum!

Quell pushes the clown off her and without a moment of wasted motion football style low blows the clown right in the nuts. Jestal's eyes widen as he quickly grabs his nuts.

Jestal:

...ug..h...ca...rr...y.....o...nnn..

Jestal collapses holding his nuts curled up in a ball. Gin turns around and stares at a embarrassed Lance who seems to have come out of his trance fully.

Virginia:

Sick freak!

Virginia power walks off camera as the shot shows Lance quickly grabbing his clothes off the ground and rushing off camera. The show goes to commercial...

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

THE SUBLIME CRIMSON LORD

As we return from commercial break...

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! At DEFIANCE Road we saw the return of not one but two stars. Oscar Burns and ...

♪ *Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG* ♪

Angus:

Not this creepy son of a bitch!

Crimson steps from behind the curtain, in a sleeveless long blue trench coat. The jeering from the fans is tremendous as he makes his way toward the ring.

DDK:

I'd venture to say this new look ... has brought an even more intimidating demeanor to this man, that I didn't think could be topped.

Angus:

Cut to the chase, Keebs ... is he with Stevens and his merry band of jackwagons, or not?

DDK:

That is a question that was not exactly answered at DEFIANCE Road. If he is; Stevens has to be sitting pretty right now with this beast on his side.

Crimson begins to climb the steps as the two continue their conversation.

Angus:

What happen to good old classic HOSSFITES? Everytime I *GORRAM* turn around some new force is trying to take over DEFIANCE! Let's to get back to good old brute strength bashing people's heads in.

Crimson steps through the second and top rope, very rare to see from the seven footer.

DDK:

Well, looks like Crimson Lord might just be the one to grant that wish, Angus.

Crimson steps to the middle of the ring, he looks up toward the ceiling. The arena lights dim and a blacklight shines down on top of the seven footer. The microphone drops from the ceiling stopping in front of Lord's mouth. Lord stands with his right foot in front of his left. His arms out to the sides with his palms facing out about thirty degrees from his thighs. Crimson closes his eyes and from the black light his eyes appear to be glowing a fluorescent pink color. He leans his head upward a bit.

DDK:

Are his eyes are glowing? This is eerily familiar.

Angus:

Yeah, those *GORRAM* Reap --

Angus is interrupted.

Crimson Lord:

My body is cleansed....

Jeers from the Faithful

Crimson Lord:

A body primed to serve Divine Justice!

More intense jeers from The Faithful

Crimson Lord:

Give praise upon me!

The Wrestleplex is echoing their hatred of this man, the camera catches DDK and Angus at their commentator position looking at each other taken back a bit.

Crimson Lord:

Worship me!

That remark makes The Faithful echo their jeers x5

Crimson Lord:

The sublime... the absolute!

Angus:

This crazy son of a bitch thinks he is a *GORRAM* GOD, Keebs!

Crimson Lord:

The maJESTIC!

Jeers continue..

DDK:

This is not the Crimson Lord we have seen before. His mannerisms alone are different. He seems like a totally different person.

Crimson looks forward at the camera as it gets a close up of his face. He slowly opens his eyes bleached in pink.

Crimson Lord:

Crimson Lord!

Angus:

Well, I'm creeped right the fuck out. It's bad enough we've got the inbred Stevens clan running around here - now we have to deal with the conjunctivitis cult leader!?

DDK:

I don't know if I'd go so far as to start painting him alongside David Koresh but this is certainly a new Crimson Lord ... voice and all!

Crimson:

Behold children your savior has arrived.

The jeers ring louder than before.

Angus:

Savior!? The pink eye has infected his brain, Keebs!

Crimson:

As I look out into this sea of the Deceived Faithful, I can feel the corruption in the air.

Angus:

Corrupt? You don't think ... no, no ... he couldn't be talking to me. I mean, of course he isn't. Because I'm not.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Corrupt. I'm not corrupt, Keebs.

Crimson:

I have returned for this specific purpose. No longer the man you once knew. I have been reborn in The Light! My eyes are now opened to the deception the Evil Ones that hide back there!

He motions with his right hand slowly toward the entrance way before, it returning outward to his sides.

Crimson Lord:

You my children have been deceived! These Evil Ones practice their webs of lies. They call those lies justice. Never fear my children for these hands..

Crimson moves his hands in front of his body glancing at them.

Crimson Lord:

...shall administer divine judgment, on the Evil Ones who you deceived children have been lead along to believe are your heroes.

The Faithful clearly are not amused by what he has to say and continue to jeer.

Crimson Lord:

Rejoice my children for....

Crimson leans his head back eyes closed once more and arms once more outstretched.

Crimson Lord:

The maJESTIC Crimson Lord!

Crimson once more lowers his head slowly opening his eyes as he finishes his train of thought.

Crimson Lord:

...has arrived to purge DEFIANCE of the Evil Ones. Their lies have enveloped and squeezed you all for years now!

DDK:

It's, honestly, anyone's guess as to what he is getting at, partner. I'm only speculating here, but possibly ... The Occupation?

Angus:

Then why in the hell did he swing on Scotty at DEFIANCE Road instead of Scooter Stevens!?

Crimson looks around at The Faithful as they continue with their jeers toward him.

Crimson Lord:

It appears not a moment too soon. This corruption has devoured all of you. You however have nothing to fear...for I shall be light at the end of the tunnel for you all!

Jeering continues.

Crimson Lord:

The journey will be a long one my children, and this plague will not be easy to purge. Rest assured I shall not submit no matter what these Evil Ones try to do to stop me. I shall not let them succeed! I shall be your beacon of hope! The beacon that will shine brighter than any cloud of corruption that the entity of DEFIANCE has become.

Crimson pauses for a moment very concerned about The Faithful. The jeers continue toward him.

Crimson Lord:

Yes, you're very sick my children. At DEFIANCE Road, I begun the purification of DEFIANCE. The Spider that has enveloped all of you...

Crimson points to the mat

Crimson Lord:

...resided in this very ring. However, as I set out to inject The Divine Light upon him, I was stopped by one of Evil Ones!. He took it upon himself to stop me from striking a huge blow to The Spider and his horde of Evil Ones.

DDK:

He has to be referring to Oscar Burns?

Angus:

I don't give a shit. Just keep those gooey pink eyes away from me!

DDK:

I would speculate the source he is referring to ... has to be Scott Douglas. I am baffled at what exactly he is talking about though.

The Faithful clearly have no desire to hear anymore, as their jeers grow more intense. Lord looks at his hands.

Crimson Lord:

My divine hands shall be the scalpel and I shall castrate The Spider from the entity of DEFIANCE.

Crimson drops his hands to the side slowly, he closes his eyes and the light makes them glow once more. As he takes a deep breathe his calm demeanor fades....

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

CL slowly opens his eyes once more. He slowly looks toward the entranceway. His facial expression is blank. The spotlight vanishes and the arena lights up once more. The Faithful jump to their feet just hearing something they finally want to see and hear.

Sure enough, for the second time this evening, the former FIST of DEFIANCE walks out and unlike earlier when he was a little more his normal self, the Oscar Burns staring back at Crimson Lord doesn't look quite interested in playing games of any kind.

DDK:

Looks like Burns means business! These two men know each other going back 2017-early 2018 over the WRESTLEUTA World Title!

Angus:

Thank God the Kiwi is back!

The Technical Spectacle motions for his music to be cut as the crowd continues the big ovation for Burnsie.

Oscar Burns:

All right, it's time for me to come out here and say things, Bright Eyes. So, GC, if your cotton candy-looking ass can shut it for a few minutes, that'd be peachy-keen, yeah?

The crowd cheers as Burns continues. Crimson Lord looks unfazed by anything the other returning star has to say.

Oscar Burns:

Now don't get things confused. We've had many battles in the last year, but mate, you weren't the main reason I came back. You all saw earlier why I came back... but your big ass is crackers if you thought I was just going to sit back while you ran in to attack Scott Douglas!

He points a finger.

Oscar Burns:

GC, you might be more shredded than beef and more ripped than a pair of cheap trousers. You might be a little scarier cause you can flick the lights on and off and make your eyes sparkle in the dark. But mate, it don't matter what you look like then or now. You and I both know that if you want to fight me tonight, I can and I WILL beat you... AGAIN!

Burns lowers the microphone, while Lord's microphone ascends to the rafters once more. The seven footer has not taken his eyes off the former FIST. A few seconds pass and a smirk comes across Lord with a slow nod toward his nemesis.

DDK:

I assume ... that is confirmation. Crimson Lord accepts and well, looks like we have a match!

Angus:

First Oscar wants a title shot ... now he wants pink eye! I'm not sure who is crazier at this point - Creepy or Kiwi!

The show moves to the backstage area with one final shot of the stare down between the Burns and Lord.

BREATH OF THE WILD: OPEN WORLD

Tyler and Conor are beginning to leave the arena, Achievements around their shoulders.

Conor Fuse:

That was great, dear brother! We really showed No Justice, No Peace tonight!

Tyler agrees.

Tyler Fuse:

We certainly did.

Tyler looks over at Conor, who's happier demeanor has now grown into a sense of worry.

Tyler Fuse:

What's wrong?

Tyler almost reluctantly asks. Conor takes a moment as they continue to walk before he puts his thoughts together -- something he doesn't do often enough.

Conor Fuse:

What's next? We've gone through the entire division!

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

WrestleFriends. PCP. We haven't gone through *everyone*...

Conor Fuse:

Um, we did beat PCP at DEFtv 100. I'm just, just concerned. DEFCON is approaching. That's THE game of all games! Was it meant to be this easy?

Tyler sighs and rolls up his brown Fuse Bros. jacket to reveal some significant bruising.

Tyler Fuse:

Does this look easy? Were The Stevens easy? Was The ToyBox easy? Nothing about this is easy, Conor.

Conor takes another moment to think about what he brother said before nodding in agreement.

Conor Fuse:

I understand. I guess I don't know who's lined up for us next. We knew we had to go through The ToyBox. We knew The Stevens would come back for their title shot...

Tyler smacks his brother on the back.

Tyler Fuse:

It's an open world now and there are endless possibilities. We just have to be ready for whatever comes our way.

Conor agrees again.

The two continue to walk as another man brushes by them heading into the arena as they leave. He bumps shoulders with Conor, knocking him back. The man doesn't say anything or acknowledge even seeing The Fuse Bros. on his way into the stadium.

Conor glances back and then stops to look at his brother.

Conor Fuse:

I've never seen him before.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, same here.

And the two exit the arena doors as Conor's voice can still be heard.

Conor Fuse:

Did I just unlock him or something?

SOHER NUMBER ONE CONTENDER BATTLE ROYALE

Angus:

OH SHIT! Keebs! Do you understand what is about to HAPPEN! We're going to get a new #1 Contender for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship, and the contenders ... MY BOYS ... ARE THOSE contenders!

DDK:

What a huge opportunity for a member of the BRAZEN roster as they compete for a chance to take on THE ...

Angus:

A ...

DDK:

... Jay Harvey. Flex Kruger. MASSIVE Cowboy. "The Big O" Rosey Owens. High Flyer IV. Matt LaCroix. Howlin' Joe Wolfe. Amethysta. Elijah Cross. Mikey "The Business" Guillian. Hijo Del Fisherman Deluxe. One of those 10 are apparently going to DEFCON!

Angus:

A couple big time hosses in there. A couple Louisiana boys. No Elise Ares.

The camera shifts away from the ring to the commentary desk at stageside as THE Jay Harvey sits his SOHER Championship down on the table and pushes his way past "Downtown" Darren Keebler. Sitting between the two, Harvey sizes up Angus before taking a microphone.

THE Jay Harvey:

She won't be here tonight. That's old news. Been there. Done that... like everyone else in the back. More importantly; Darren, is it? I've decided to grace you with my presence. The greatest DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion of all-time. You're welcome.

DDK:

Well, I suppose ... thank you for joining us here tonight. Looking over the crowd gathering in the ring for this match, is there a particular talent you have your eye on? Flex Kruger certainly has the most motivation here, seeing himself as championing for Elise Ares a bit.

THE Jay Harvey:

Sure! I'll beat Flex. No issues here. He can champion whatever cause he wants because he'll still fall flat, just like PCP always does. Just like everyone does in the bask of greatness. Look at Big Rosey in there. How are they going to get him out of the ring?

Angus:

That's a great question, but I have an answer for you Jay and it's two words. MASSIVE. Cowboy. A Kung-Fu Lariat can knock that big bastard right off of his feet, over the ropes, and crashing to the outside! That's how they do things at the Double Dragon Ranch. ALSO ... what are you doing at MY DESK --

The bell intturpts Angus and his outrage and causing Harvey to ignore him.

DING DING

All the DEFIANCE Officials surround the ring so all eliminations are noted and there is no funny business. Immediately the wrestlers pair off. The Business and Hijo make eye contact before double-teaming Rosey Owens, but were disappointed when the rest of the ring didn't follow suit. Instead Flex and Wolfe exchange blows. High Flyer IV and Amethysta exchange arm drags while Wolfe and Cowboy lock up. In the corner, LaCroix has Cross backed up before MASSIVE Cowboy comes by and throws him off to take a few shots at the XTREMEist himself. Somehow Rosey has been backed into the corner by the double team, where Mikey pretends to take a jagerbomb shot winds up his fist and is thrown practically into the second row by Roosevelt Owens! Seeing that kind of raw power up front, Hijo Del Fisherman Deluxe knows he's in a bad spot.

Angus:

You're gonna have to get out of there, Fishman!

DDK:

It's too late, there he goes over the top! Owens has already started clearing house! We're under a minute into this thing and Roosevelt Owens has two eliminations!

Angus:

They're going to have to do something about Big O, or this thing might end quick!

LaCroix tries to ground the MASSIVE one but sees Elijah Cross flying across the ring out of the corner of his eye and hits the deck, leaving him flying into the arms of the big man. MASSIVE Cowboy catches 2 XTREME and dumps him over the top rope! Amethysta rushes The Big O and eats a big boot to the cranium, whiplashing the young Luchadora and bouncing her skull off the canvas. Outside the ring Brother Lucius Owens screams the praises of Rosey to the crowd who drown him out with boos. High Flyer IV tries to rally the troops against Owens and gets some response from LaCroix and Howlin' Joe Wolfe as MASSIVE Cowboy and Flex Kruger stare each other down in the middle of the ring, getting a response from the crowd.

Angus:

These people want to see a HOSS FITE and *GORRAM* I'm with them!

THE Jay Harvey:

At the end of the day it doesn't matter what these people want to see, because the winner of this match is just going to lose to THE Southern Heritage Champion. It doesn't matter who it is, they'll get beat.. EVERY time. Just like Elise Ares does.

DDK:

In fairness, she put up one hell of a fight, and if it wasn't for Catalina she would proba...

THE Jay Harvey:

Are you questioning my greatness?

DDK:

I'm just saying that it was a pretty close contest.

THE Jay Harvey:

Do your job, Darren, and call the match. If I wanted your opinion on something you weren't qualified for, I'd listen to the show from home like the rest of these losers.

LaCroix tries to ground Owens with a few hard shots to the legs when High Flyer IV tries to blind side him with a Locomotive! However The Big O simply launches him over the top. LaCroix sees the opportunity and tries to latch on a submission to the excitement of the crowd... or maybe they're reacting to MASSIVE Cowboy and Flex Kruger now exchanging haymakers in the middle of the ring! Amethysta begins to get up and sees LaCroix trying to lock-in on Owens with Howlin' Joe Wolfe trying to give him an assist, then scans to see the two big men trading wrecking balls and dropkicks Flex Kruger from behind sending him into the ropes but not over. Not happy with his fight being interrupted, MASSIVE Cowboy hits the purple lucha with a Kung-Fu LARIATOOOOOOOOO. The impact corkscrew flips her inside out making her faceplant dead-center in the ring.

Angus:

HI-YAAAAAAAAAAAA! Thanks for coming... who is that? How can I not know that one?

DDK:

Our notes say Amethysta is the newest member of the BRAZEN roster, a young lucha from Cancun, Mexico trying to make her first match in the United States a memorable one. She's come in today as part of BRAZEN's foreign talent exchange.

THE Jay Harvey:

It's memorable. She was just killed in the middle of the ring by a big ass Asian Cowboy.

LaCroix's attempts to lock in sleeper on The Big O are finally destroyed by a HUGE samoan drop. Rolling around on the canvas, LaCroix grabs his ribs as Wolfe showers Owens with wild fists, leaving him exposed for the first time tonight. LaCroix doesn't stay on the mat for too long, obviously in pain as the two Louisiana boys corner Owens. Flex Kruger and MASSIVE Cowboy restart their HOSS FITE to the roars of the crowd until Cowboy lands a shot that turns the cheers into groans. Stumbling back, Flex Kruger finds himself in the corner where Cowboy follows up with a running big boot. The smack of cowboy boot on face is even louder than cheers as LaCroix and Wolfe get Owens up off of his feet.

Angus:

Look out! The big guy isn't grounded anymore!

DDK:

Look at these two hometown boys, they might take care of the biggest guy in this match by themselves!

THE Jay Harvey:

As long as they take care of that PCPunk Flex Kruger next, I'm all for it!

When Rosey's feet leave the ground, he gets angry. Nobody likes Rosey when he's angry. Howlin' Joe Wolfe goes rollins across the canvas after a huge shove from The Big O. LaCroix isn't so lucky as he's lifted up over Rosey's head and dropped face first onto the outside of the ring right at Brother Lucius' feet. MASSIVE Cowboy drags Flex Kruger back up to his feet again because he can't eliminate him on the ground, but Flex rocks him with a huge right hand. MASSIVE stumbles back, holding his jaw and retaliates the only way he knows how.

Angus:

KUNG-FU LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THE Jay Harvey:

Damn that's fun to watch.

DDK:

Flex Kruger just took another hard shot and he's OUT.

By out he means of consciousness, because he's on the mat near the corner of the ring. Cowboy looks frustrated by his inability to get land a shot that knocks Kruger over the ropes as Joe Wolfe snarls and is refusing to back down from Big Rosey. He lands a big uppercut on the biggest man in the ring, but it's absorbed by The Big O looking for his opportunity. Another. Another. The crowd is fired up, getting behind Wolfe as he backs Rosey against the ropes again. Wolfe turns around and tries to get some help from MASSIVE Cowboy, and he does, right over the top rope as the man from Tokyo, Texas takes out his frustrations from Kruger out on the old school wrestler from cajun country.

Angus:

And there goes Joe! Probably wasn't the kind of help he was looking for, but it's the kind he got! It's every man for himself when it comes to a chance at the Southern Heritage Championship!

THE Jay Harvey:

When you get an opportunity to go one-on-one with THE Jay Harvey at what has to be the biggest DEFIANCE show of all time? You have to take it. There are no friends when it comes time to make yourself famous by joining the list of THE Jay Harvey's victims.

DDK:

Look at that ring, Angus. MASSIVE Cowboy. The Big O. Flex Kruger.

Angus:

HOSS FITE PARADISE!

Now Cowboy and The Big O are exchanging blows close to the ropes. The MASSIVE One seems to be gaining the upper hand and grabs the arm of Rosey. He whips Rosey into the ropes and swings his arm around lining him up for the Kung-Fu Lariat, he takes a step forward and his boot is grabbed. Trying to pull away he turns around and sees Brother Lucius hanging onto his ankle, the crowd jeers as Hector Navarro tries to pull Lucius away but a 400+ pound freight train returns and crushes into the MASSIVE Cowboy in what is the equivalent of a car crash, sending the Cowboy tumbling over the top rope and to the outside of the ring. Lucius cheers, but they're cut short as Navarro ejects him from ringside.

DDK:

The MASSIVE Cowboy is gone, but so is Lucius!

The other officials come to Navarro's aid to escort Lucius away from ringside. Meanwhile in the ring Rosey looks distraught, trying to plead for his uncle while Flex Kruger pulls himself up off the mat. The crowd goes into a frenzy.

FLEX! FLEX! FLEX! FLEX!

They chant to the beat of his entrance music as he seethes. Rosey hears the cheers and turns around to see the heaving shoulder of Flex Kruger. He turns his head and looks up at Jay Harvey on the stage doing commentary and screams "THIS IS FOR ELISE!" before he grapples Big Rosey, picks him up with a roar from the crowd, and body slams the behemoth over the top rope with an inhuman show of strength. The crowd goes wild.

THE Jay Harvey:

Of course!

Angus:

Hey Jay! Looks like no matter what you do you can't get away from these guys!

DDK:

How about that?! THAT WAS INSANE!

Angus:

I've known Flex for a long time and even I didn't know he had that in him!

THE Jay Harvey:

There's a first time for everything, I guess. It took a lot of luck for him to not get eliminated by that big Cowboy, Martial Arts... whatever he was bastard. Then he lifts more than he's ever lifted before in his entire life.

In ecstasy of victory, Flex Kruger goes up to the top rope and flexes for the crowd before pointing at Jay Harvey. What he doesn't see is Amethysta leaving her spot curled into a ball under the bottom turnbuckle in the far corner, jumping up to her feet and rushing the corner. She leaps into the arm and lands a stiff forearm to the back of Kruger's skull. The crowd goes nearly silent as Flex falls off the ropes onto the apron, and then onto the floor. On her knees in the ring, Amethysta has her hands on top of her mask in shock and her mouth is hanging wide open.

DDK:

Did that just happen?

THE Jay Harvey:

AAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Angus:

I guess anything can happen here in DEFIANCE!

THE Jay Harvey:

Bye bye, Flex! Better luck next time, LOSER.

♪ "Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee ♪

As her entrance theme plays over the speakers, Hector Navarro slides into the ring to raise her hand in victory. She jerks her arm away and begins to sway her hips to the beat with a victory dance. As the camera zooms into a close-up, she winks into the camera before dropping down to the mat and rolling out of the ring. THE Jay Harvey leaves his commentary position and walks to the aisle to congratulate the new #1 Contender to his championship. As she walks up the ramp Harvey turns his head to the side and goes to say something, but the young luchadora simply looks at him, smirks, and then shoves a hand into his face as she walks away. Harvey adjusts the championship on his shoulder before he looks back at the commentary table like he'd just seen a ghost.

Angus:

Everything going alright out there champ?

DDK:

The new challenger is showing the champion a little disrespect early.

THE Jay Harvey:

No. NO NO NO! That... STUPID BITCH.

You can hear Harvey scream as he follows her to the backstage area but he's grabbed by DEFsec protecting the new talent. Harvey is protesting before finally he's allowed backstage with an escort, but visibly upset about what just happened.

Angus:

Well, that happened. Harvey must've saw something he didn't like!

DDK:

Not real sure what to make of that, but we'll follow up and give you more information when we have it folks. More action when we get back from break!

STAY TUNED

The scene opens up in the parking lot. The cameras are closing in on the back of a suited individual with one foot into a limo, huge rear lights blaring, the door being held open by his driver.

OSV:

Jesse, Jesse! Can we have a quick word with you before you go?

The individual pays the request no heed as he pops his head in under the limo roof. The camera closes in just before the driver shuts the door behind him.

Angus:

Good GORRAM God NO!

The mixed crowd reaction can be heard over the live feed upon removing his shades and placing them upon the opening of his dark grey shirt, top three buttons undone, none other than Jesse Fredericks. Kendrix reluctantly hangs his head back before that smirk hits the DEFtv screens once again.

OSV:

Kendrix, you weren't scheduled to be here this evening, what's the latest on your situation? When will we see you competing in a DEFIANCE ring again?

Jesse slicks his dark hair back behind his ears, affords himself that cocky chuckle before looking up at the journalist.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?! Unfortunately for you and every single wrestling fan out there, you won't be seeing JFK finally giving you all an excuse to tune into DEFtv for the most breath taking manoeuvres in the industry today, for quite some time yet.

Angus:

BEST NEWS ALL NIGHT!

Jesse turns his attention to the cameraman, pointing in his direction.

Kendrix:

But you guys ran your fat arses over to me for an exclusive right?

He looks back over at the interviewing journalist holding the mic.

Kendrix:

You guys are breathing heavily after your 10 yard run over to JFK to finally give your boss a reason not to sack you for the lame and quite frankly, BORING ... show that this company churns out week after week, right bruv?!

Without waiting for an answer, Jesse steps out of the car, holds his hand flat out in front of the camera before holding them out wide.

Kendrix:

Here's your exclusive DEFtv! Despite JFK not being cleared to compete he will be appearing on your show week after week after signing a very lucrative deal ...

He quickly looks over at his driver who is out of shot.

Kendrix:

Obvs, it's lucrative, it's JFK, innit Larry!

After throwing a cheeky wink at his driver he focuses back at the camera.

Kendrix:

... because DEFIANCE beat NETFLIX to the signing of the coveted first season of the The Bruv Show!

DDK:

Did he just use The, twice?!

Angus:

God damn it. A whole season?

DDK:

DEFonDemand, partner. It is a content based economy.

Kendrix:

So tune into the The Bruv Show next DEFtv where JFK will finally get the interview that the world wants to see.

Because the next guests on the The Bruv Show will be none other than the FIST of DEFIANCE, MY BUDDY, SCOTT STEVENS.

BOOOOOS can be heard around the arena.

Looking forgetful for a moment Kendrix then takes a card out of his suit jacket and reads before shaking his head dismissively and sticking the card back into his jacket pocket and without looking at the camera...

Kendrix:

Oh, and Oscar Burns...

Big Cheers!

The camera follows him as he steps back into the car and seats himself. Jesse grabs the door handle and brings it towards him slightly before halting for a moment and leaning towards the camera lens with that smirk.

Kendrix:

Now, this is the time when JFK has been told by his producers to tell you all to tune in, blah blah blah... but I already know, you all - totally obvs - WILL! Later, bellends!

Shutting the door firmly behind him the cameraman jumps back as the limo skids off the final shot leaves us with a view of the number plate which states "1NN1T 3RUV"

GREETINGS

Cut back to ringside.

DDK:

Well, by the looks of that ... we've got plenty more where the BRUV SHOW came from! And ... Stevens in the SAME ring with Oscar BURNS!?

Angus:

With that CUNT Kendrix in the middle!

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

You can call English people cunts it's like black people and --

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

The fans cheer as Gage Blackwood marches down the ramp and acknowledges the crowd. He asks for a microphone as he slides into the ring and his theme song comes to a close.

DDK:

Well this is a surprise appearance!

Angus:

You're telling me. The Walking Band-Aid, Gage Blackwood, still alive after nearly being killed by Dandelion and Jestal at DEFIANCE Road! What a show that was, haha.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, thank you everyone.

The Faithful cheer again as the Scot waits for them to quiet back down.

Gage Blackwood:

DEFIANCE Road didn't go so well. The ToyBox beat me down and beat me down and beat me down.

The Faithful boo.

Gage Blackwood:

My overall return hasn't gone so well, either. Since DEFtv 100, when The God-Beast and I put our bodies on the line... that was one of the last calls for me.

Blackwood takes a moment and wipes his forehead.

Gage Blackwood:

Then Crimson Lord finally did what David Hightower, Lisil Jackson, Chris Ross and a handful of others couldn't do. He took me out. He put me on the shelf.

Angus:

Oh shut up, no one cares. Go back to Scotland.

Gage Blackwood:

And I had to spend the next two months watching guys like Oscar Burns, who started his DEFIANCE career *after* me, go for The FIST. I had to watch Scott Douglas and PCP finish off what was left of the UTA.

Angus:

Cry me a river, buddy.

DDK:

Angus, quiet.

Gage Blackwood:

It was tough sitting back at home, watching, knowing I couldn't do anything. Then I'm cleared to wrestle again and I just did not get it done. I let The God-Beast down last week and more importantly, I let all of you down as well.

The Faithful boo at the sound of this.

Angus:

They still support this idiot?

DDK:

This *idiot* put his body on the line for DEFIANCE. We have a smart crowd here, Angus. They're not likely to forget, which you seem to do on a daily basis. And while Gage might not say it right now... he was a big part in getting rid of the UTA. Chris Ross left by his hand and his hand only. Ross was a dangerous player.

Gage Blackwood:

But aye, I will continue to fight. The start of my return didn't go so well, but DEFCON is approaching... and I-

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Out walks a man no one has seen before. He's wearing blue jeans and a grey hoodie. Standing at about 6'3", 250+ pounds, looking to be in his late 40's and very, very angry.

???:

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Shooter Landell.

The name jumps into a few people's heads but the entire crowd boos regardless.

Angus:

Hello, Shooter. Put this moron out of his misery, okay?

Shooter Landell:

And you're Gage Blackwood?

Blackwood nods.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. I am.

Shooter Landell:

Some dumb Scotsman. [pause] Well, I'm from *Iowa* and I've been around a lot longer than you.

There's another long pause as Blackwood simply stands in the ring while the two stare each other down.

Shooter Landell:

You're the guy they can't keep down, I hear. You keep getting back up. Every. Single. Time.

Blackwood nods again, almost inviting Shooter to join him in the ring.

Shooter Landell:

We'll see about that.

Landell drops the mic and walks to the back, leaving a chorus of boos for not finishing what he might have been trying to start.

The camera pans to Blackwood, still standing there, confused.

Angus:

Yeah! You tell him, Shooter! I like this guy, Keebs. Shooter Landell. My new hero!

DDK:

That was interesting...

Blackwood paces around the ring, waving to the back as if to say "come here" before dropping his mic and walking back up the ramp while greeting some fans in attendance. The scene fades.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFCON

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

WHODUNIT?!

DDK:

Angus, I'm excited for this next match. The former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns takes on his returning rival in Crimson Lord.

Angus:

Plus UTAH is DEADSKI! DEAD.

DDK:

Burns is set to challenge for the FIST at DEFCon, set in stone earlier tonight, but before then, he has quite a road to travel starting with the Crown Jewel.

Angus:

If anybody can do it, the man who beat Cayle can.

DDK:

Wait, what? Why?

The scene cuts to the backstage area, where some legs are sticking out from a toppled vending machine. EMTs and some BRAZEN superstars from the earlier battle royal rush over, and lift the machine up. Rolling out from under the vending machine in immense pain is the Lunatic, Jack Harmen. He's a bloody mess. His custom DEF Looney Tunes inspired artwork shirt is ripped to shreds. He pushes himself up and wildly stands to his feet, before falling into the arms of HF IV.

Jack Harmen:

Pancakes. I feel like pancakes.

Harmen's body gives out from him as he falls to his knees and out of HF IV's arms to splat on the cold concrete. EMTs rush to his side and begin checking his vitals as HF IV waves to the camera to cut away.

Angus:

Welp. Couldn't have happened to a better guy.

DDK:

Jack Harmen was just viciously assaulted... yeah. Actually. That's the exact reaction you would have except...

Angus:

I shat in his rental car's radiator.

DDK:

There it is. Someone made sure that Jack Harmen wouldn't be a factor here tonight Angus...

Angus:

Are you referring to GOD?

DDK:

The show must go on, but Burns looks to be safe from Harmen's earlier threats.

CRIMSON LORD vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

We've finally reached our main event of the evening and we have a doozy for you tonight! We have two returning men about ready to renew a rivalry from earlier this year. The former FIST of DEFIANCE and WrestleUTA World Champion "Twist and Turns" Oscar Burns goes one on one with the returning Crimson Lord.

Angus:

God, I don't know how it's even possible, but Crimson Lord has gone even more batshit. I think the pink eye has made it to his brain!

DDK:

And that alone makes him more dangerous than he ever was. But right now, let's go to Darren Quimbey at ringside for our main event.

The camera pans over to the other Darren, inside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening and set for one fall!

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, this time in his signature orange gear. Burns gestures to his brand spanking new DEFIANCE: We All Like Graps! T-shirt before he points toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

This is Burns' first match back in several months and... well, the phrase "baptism by fire" couldn't be more apt. This is also Crimson Lord's first match since that very same night so these two both have a lot to prove.

Angus:

Burnsie's worst enemy has been biting off more than he can chew because he feels like he constantly needs to prove himself. He better hope coming out and pissing off Crimson Lord doesn't put him right back on the shelf.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd. He takes off his shirt and points towards sections of the crowd to see who can make the most noise. After the hard camera side makes the most noise, he tosses the shirt into the crowd as he waits for his opponent.

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

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

Darren Quimbly:

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

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

Darren Quimbly:

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

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

Darren Quimbly:

THE...MAJEEESSTTIICC CRIMMMSSSOONNN LORRDD!!

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

DING DING

Lord slowly opens his eyes and walks out to the center of the ring meeting with the former FIST. The Faithful firmly behind Burns, as the two stare with fire in both their eyes.

The pair lock up and Oscar is quickly overpowered by the obviously stronger of the two. The tie up drives Oscar back into the turnbuckle. Benny Doyle quickly screams for the break and Lord slowly backs off; with his hands in the air. Suddenly he drives his body into a side elbow. Burns quickly gets out if the way!

DDK:

Close call for Burns!

Burnsie fires away with a series of his signature Forearm Smashes, trying quickly to reel the big man. Lord takes each shot before he quickly turns the tide and pushes Oscar away from him, with ease. The force sending the former FIST tumbling backwards.

As Burns attempts to correct, he sees the three hundred and forty eight pound man making a beeline toward him.

Angus:

This can't be good!

DDK:

Burns using Crimson Lord's momentum against him!

As Darren suggests, Burns thinks fast and hip tosses Lord over. The seven footer gets to his feet quickly but is once again hip tossed and sent back to the mat... and again ... AND again!

Angus:

KICK HIS ASS KIWI!

Crimson Lord has had enough and slides out of the ring to bring the match back to his pace.

DDK:

Oscar Burns has this capacity crowd on their feet and ecstatic, partner!

He raises a hand to encourage the cheers, but doesn't take his eyes off one of his most heated rivals.

Angus:

Enough pandering. Take the fight to him! Keep your pink eye on the prize!

DDK:

Oscar doesn't have pink eyes ...

Angus:

He will before this is all over!

Crimson looks toward the Faithful, almost with a broken heart judging by the look on his face. He shakes his head saying off camera.

Crimson Lord:

No, my children don't let this Evil One make you any more sicker than you are.

The seven footer shakes his head, saying...

Crimson Lord:

I will not let this continue anymore!

Crimson slides back in the ring and with a head of steam charges Oscar only to be taken down by drop toe hold and quickly into a headlock!

Angus:

See! Just smearing that pink ooze all over the mat!

Crimson drags Burns to his feet, while still in the headlock. Lord lifts Oscar up... drops his legs on top of the ropes, using the momentum slingshots Burns back into a back suplex!

DDK:

RAW power from Crimson Lord! Burns, as technically sound as he is cannot overlook the size and strength he up against!

Oscar releases the hold on impact, quickly grabbing the back of his head. Lord gets to his feet. He grabs a handful of the blonde locks of Twist and Turns lifting him to his feet. Burns instinctively throws a European uppercut! It rock's the big man!

Angus:

OHH! The front row needs tarps ... this is like a Gallagher show! But with an infectious disease instead of watermelon pieces ...

Burns with a head if steam charges Lord jumping in the air with a forearm shot... but Lord sidesteps and uses the momentum of Burns slamming his face into the turnbuckle!

Lord grabs his jaw for a moment, before turning Burns around and with a blatant chokehold applied to the former FIST. Doyle is right there counting for the break.

ONE

Crimson Lord:

This evil must be purged!

TWO

THREE

FOUR.....

FIVE!!!!

Benny Doyle quickly gets in between the two forcing CL to break the hold. Crimson backs off as Doyle is giving him a mouthful, warning him if he doesn't break at five he will disqualify him!

Lord nods his head and again blatantly chokes Burns once more. Again Doyle right there counting...

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR...

F..

Crimson breaks the hold just before the five and yet he still gets a mouthful from Doyle,

DDK:

Referee Benny Doyle - doing his best to keep this match under control.

Burns continues to hold his throat on the mat in pain, gasping for air while Crimson Lord methodically stalks towards him, ready to unleash his next big move.

Angus:

He really should have gloves on ...

DDK:

Will you stop ...?

Instead, as he goes to pull Burns up, the former FIST of DEFIANCE CRACKS him with a surprise European Uppercut! The blow does reel Crimson Lord for a moment before he tries to swing with a massive Clubbing Forearm. Burns ducks the move and comes back with a Leaping Enzuigiri to the side of the head of Crimson Lord, stunning him some more.

DDK:

He's got Crimson Lord on the ropes!

Angus:

Does he?

The blow does have Lord stunned, but he's still on his feet. When Burns gets back up, he barely evades a swing from Crimson Lord, only to come back...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! He caught Crimson Lord flush in the jaw with that!

Angus:

See ... patient zero just infected his first victim.

Burns finally stuns the monster with his signature Headbutt, but the blow does little more than knock the stunned Lord in the corner. Burns then points at him... Running High Knee in the corner! Burns then rushes a second time cross-corner and comes back with a Second Running High Knee to the chest! The blow once again stuns Lord and allows Burns the time to go after the leg of Crimson Lord, attacking it in the ropes!

DDK:

This is going to be Burns' best chance to win! Keep the offensive going and soften up the legs for him.

Burns wraps his massive leg against the middle rope and tries to kick at the limb a few times, but the new and improved Crimson Lord shoves him away. He takes a knee to give himself a reprieve before staring up at The Joint Chief of Joint Locks again...

DDK:

Lord escapes, but... wait, what's this?

Crimson arms suddenly drop to his side as he closes his eyes. Oscar gets to his feet and looks toward the defenseless Crimson.

DDK:

What is Lord trying to do here?

Angus:

He is trying to cause a pink eye epidemic!

Oscar refuses to buy into whatever mind games Crimson looks to be trying to attempt here. He runs right at Crimson Lord, not giving him time to recover, but suddenly, Crimson Lord swats him away!

DDK:

What kind of training has Lord been putting himself through?

Angus:

How is that pink pokemon dodging without having his gooey eyes open!?

Oscar shifts his weight again and tries for a Running Elbow Smash. Crimson's eyes quickly open as he dodges the blow, sending Burns into the ropes. He quickly grabs Oscar by the throat with his left hand. The former FIST is in shock!

DDK:

CHOKESLAM!

The crowd gets taken out of the action almost instantly as Crimson Lord seems to have switched another gear. After shaking off the blows of Burns from earlier, the former WrestleUTA World Champion growls under his breath and makes his way to where Burns landed.

Angus:

Crimson has Oscar's legs, but what is the pink dynamo going to do here?

Crimson hits his wheelbarrow spinebuster! Without hesitation he does not let go of Burn's legs and turns him around into a boston crab! Doyle is right there to check on Oscar, but before Oscar can try to fight out of the hold, Crimson transitions into a STF! Oscar surprised he now tries to free himself of the STF!

Before Oscar can get a good chance to reverse the hold Lord transitions into a dragon sleeper! Oscar clearly has been taken out of his game as now he tries to adjust his position to counter a dragon sleeper now! Lord again does not give Oscar a chance to counter and brings him to his feet he grabs a hold of Burns trunks and lifts him up and nails a reverse suplex across the thigh and knee of Lord in a suplex spinebuster combination!

DDK:

Lord with a remarkable series of chain wrestling there. He knows Oscar so well that he made sure not to give Oscar a chance to use his technical skill to reverse any of those moves. That ending has Oscar squeezing his shoulders together. His spine has to be in tremendous pain right now!

Angus:

Now what is Captain Flamingo going to do?

Lord just stares down at Oscar in immense pain. He really could have gone for a pin at any point, but seems to be prolonging the punishment of Oscar Burns. He suddenly moves in for a attack and grabs a handful of blonde lockes pulling Oscar to his feet he throws Burn's head in between his legs! He lifts Burns up into a high angle powerbomb he steps back and falls into the ropes which push him forward Burns is launched across the ring in a slingshot high angle powerbomb maneuver called The Purge!

DDK:

He hits The Purge! Burns has been completely MAULED by Crimson Lord, but he isn't even going for a cover. He's just trying to punish him, perhaps for ruining his assault on Scott Douglas!

Angus:

Burns should have just focused solely on Scott Stevens instead of trying to pick a fight with this pink psychopath.

Oscar really favoring his spine now as he rolls out to the floor. Lord looks out into The Faithful continually hearing the jeers from the crowd. He shakes his head toward them in disappointment as Benny Doyle counts down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Burns finally starts to move, just BARELY able to do so after recovering from The Purge.

SEVEN!

DDK:

Burns has gotta get back into this one!

EIGHT!

The crowd is buzzing loudly now, rooting for the submissionist to fight back. He grits out the pain using the ring apron skirt to pull himself up...

NINE!

The Technical Spectacle makes it back! Crimson Lord almost looks delighted, knowing the match will continue and knowing he can continue to punish a man he sees as wicket. He walks over to the prone Burns and grabs him by the throat with his right hand. He goes for another Chokeslam... BUT NO!

Angus:

Choke him! YEAH! CHOKE THAT BIG PINK BASTARD!

Out of desperation, Burns saves himself, locking in a Front Neck Lock while scissoring his legs around the massive torso of Crimson Lord! The crowd cheers as Burns continues applying the pressure.

DDK:

The last time these two fought on DEFtv 100, Burns won with a modified Triangle Choke so he *has* been able to defeat Crimson Lord with a choke ...

But he unleashes a loud roar and throws him into the turnbuckle to get him to let go!

DDK:

He breaks out of that modified Guillotine Choke, but now Lord... what's he going to do?

Burns is propped on the top turnbuckle with Crimson Lord taking a moment to catch his breath. He goes for another swing, but Burns catches him and wraps his arm around his neck before pulling back into the ropes, locking in a Figure Four Necklock around the former WrestleUTA World Champion, trying to keep him from breathing! He only has five second to make the hold last, but makes the most of them before he lets go of the hold!

DDK:

Oscar Burns won't stay down! He's going for these choke variations to try and stop the big man. That big body needs a lot of oxygen to breathe.

Angus:

And even this Cotton Candy bastard is the same size as anybody else on their back!

Crimson Lord still fights, but struggles when Burns leaps on his back, this time with a Rear Naked Choke variation! He continues to squeeze as the fans rally behind The Guru of the Graps, trying to bring down his rival for good! The giant continues to scrape and claw, but he's already on his knees from the two previous chokes robbing him of precious air. He goes down and the official checks for signs of a tapout, but Crimson Lord quickly falls back, CRUSHING Burns

underneath his weight! The crowd groans as Burns now hits the mat again.

DDK:

Crimson Lord is just TOO big for Burns to get a good clasp around him.

Angus:

Too big! Too gooey! TOO CONTAGIOUS!

Crimson Lord is about ready to end it, still gasping for air, but still looking like he has enough left in the tank in order to finish off the very tenacious Burns. He kneels down and looks to end it...

DDK:

NO! THE LAST GRAPS! THAT'S WHAT HE BEAT CRIMSON LORD WITH ON DEFtv 100!

The fans recall that very feat as Burns now locks in what looks to be a modified MMA-style Foot Choke/Triangle Choke hybrid with an arm locked in and a shin pressed into the massive throat of one of his most heated rivals! The crowd goes nuts as Burns locks the hold in...

Crimson Lord continues to shake his free arm...

He tries to rise...

But...

Angus:

GORRAM TRASH!

Before anything more happens, the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens has made a beeline into the ring and stomps the life out of Oscar Burns, title in hand. Benny Doyle has no choice but to call for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING!

The crowd jeers now as Bo and George Stevens follow right behind their fearless leader and now join in the ring, stomping down on Oscar Burns with a vicious three-on-one assault.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty clearly haven't forgotten about earlier and found an opening!

Scott Stevens continues to direct traffic, watching his cousins go to work on his opponent for DEFCON. George pulls up Burns by his arms while Bo takes turns, throwing a few good kicks to the chest of Burns. Scott holds up the FIST of DEFIANCE and grabs Burns by his face, pulling him in close.

Scott Stevens:

You see this? THIS is as close as you'll ever get to this title again!

He and Bo then bury some shots into the chest of Burns before the two stop... With a risen Crimson Lord holding his neck in one hand, but still staring them down angrily.

DDK:

These three just cost Crimson Lord this match by disqualification and there's NO way this ends well...

Crimson Lord stares down the Stevens Dynasty, specifically its ringleader Scott Stevens. But before anything transpires...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH1

Out comes The WrestleFriends!

And “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas!

All with chairs!

Angus:

Here comes the dorkiest calvary ever!

The men see them coming with weapons and like that, The Stevens Dynasty scatter out of the ring like roaches. Crimson Lord stares them down, but decides that discretion is the better part of valor as well and escapes the ring, heading back up the ramp with Scott Douglas BARELY missing a swing! The Stevens Dynasty have hightailed it into the crowd and Batts is the first to help Burns to his feet.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty tried to take out Oscar Burns here tonight, but The WrestleFriends and Scott Douglas came to his rescue. Burns was right to bring them in, knowing Scott Stevens was going to try something like this.

Angus:

Burns is realizing he can't do this fight with Scott Stevens alone, otherwise he'll be spending some time on the injured list again.

Burns gets helped back up by Jack Mace while he and the WrestleFriends stare down Scott, George and Bo Stevens halfway into the crowd. Scott holds up the FIST, screaming that he won't be losing it any time soon. On the other side of the ring, DEFIANCE's longest-reigning SoHer champion Scott Douglas watches his newfound tormentor, Crimson Lord, head back up the ramp with an angry scowl.

DDK:

Burns wins this match on a disqualification, but we've got a few weeks more until we get to DEFCON. And with everybody looking for momentum on the way there, who knows what explosions we're going to see. These battles between The League and The Stevens Dynasty, along with Crimson Lord and Scott Douglas are only going to get more intense from here. For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler! Good night!

Angus:

Keyed cars for all these Occupation bastards!

One final shot on the multiple men involved in some of DEFIANCE's most volatile feuds before the scene fades to black with nothing but the DEFtv logo to take us out.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE