

RUNDOWN



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

And of course; those all-important fan signs:

THE LIGHT IS YOUR SALVATION

... REFRIDGERATOR LIGHT!

SWING AWAY MERRILL

WRESTLEFRIENDS... POWERS ACTIVATE!

BRUVTASTIC

BURNS SHOULD BE FIST

STEVENS SHOULD DY - NASTY!

AUTORESPONSE IS OVER

WHERE IS SCOTT!?

... NOT THAT ONE. WE HATE THAT ONE

THE FUTURE IS BLEAK

FUSE BRO'S PUT THE TOYS AWAY!

FRAPPE IS CRAPPE

ELISE IS SOHER!

IF KENDRIX HAS IT, HE'LL BURN IT

CRIMSON LORD GAVE ME PINK EYE

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

DDK:

Lades and gentlemen, welcome to another action-packed DEFtv! As always alongside my broadcast partner, Angus Skaaland - we come to you LIVE, courtesy of DEFonDEMAND, from the WRESTLE-Plex! Home of DEFIANCE Arena! We have an action-packed show for you tonight --

Angus:

You already said action-packed. Do you need a thesaurus, Keebs?

DDK:

You'll have to excuse my partner, folks ... he is in a bit of a mood AND that leads me to my next point! DEFCON 2018!

Angus:

You promised you wouldn't bring it up.

DDK:

No. No, I didn't. Folks the marquee event of DEFIANCE's calender year ...

Darren continues as DEFCON graphics flash across the screen and leads into related clips.

DDK:

It was a hell of a night at the University of New Orleans Lake Front Arena, which we have to thank our gracious host --

Angus:

No, we don't. They got their cut.

DDK:

... our GRACIOUS host for what turned out to be every bit of ...

Darren looks at Angus.

DDK:

... the action-packed event we knew it would be! We saw the Wrestlefriends in their DEFIANCE pay per view debut take on the Steven's Dynasty in tag team action. A brutal altercation between Gage Blackwood and Shooter Landell, more on that later tonight ...

Angus:

Ol' Bandida did it this time.

DDK:

The Fuse Bro's defending their tag team gold against The Toybox! "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and The Majestic One ... Crimson Lord in - correct me if I'm wrong, Keebs ... DEFIANCE's first ever Empty Arena match, from right here in this facility.

Angus:

You are always wrong. Why should tonight be any different?

DDK:

I warned you, folks, he ...is ... in ... a ... mood.

Angus:

Why don't you just quit dicking around, Keebler!? That sorry little shit, McFuckass Lite weaseled his shitty little way into the main event and RAN off with the title! Likely looking for a trash can and a match!

DDK:

Well, Angus - this was for the intent of promoting the encore presentations of DEFCON, right here on ... "DEFonDEMAND! DEFY Cable." But ... yes, in fact Jesse Fredrick Kendrix is the new and reigning FIST of DEFIANCE! One of the two titles we witnessed change hands ...

Angus:

Sorry, son of a sports entertaining bitch.

Angus continues to grumble under his breath as Darren to continues on talking over him.

DDK:

As I was saying, DEFCON nearly ringing in the New Year would also ring in a new Southern Heritage Champion. Elise Ares has come along way in the past year, to say the least ...

Angus:

... those stupid fucking goggles or glasses ... what the hell are they anyway?

DDK:

Folks, we have so much action for you here tonight, one could even say it's packed ... with action.

Angus snaps out of it.

Angus:

One more time ...

Darren has had his fun and attempted to cover what he needs to, it's time to get this show on the road.

DDK:

So much DEFIANT action!

NOT WAITING UNTIL DEFCON 2019

As Darren finishes up with one last line, we shift to the center of the ring where Scott and Cary Stevens stand. Scott looks ready for a match as he is in his ring gear and his father has a microphone in hand and his expression is the kind that you have when someone has pissed in your Cheerios in the morning. Cary waits for the faithful to die down their anti-Stevens chants before he raises the microphone to his lips and begins to speak.

Cary Stevens:

Sluts and Scumbags, my name is Cary Stevens and I am the father of the Bad Ass from Texas. The Greatest FIST of DEFIANCE this miserable company and you filth have ever seen....SCOTT! STEVENS!

The crowd boos but Scott doesn't seem fazed by the negativity as he simply cracks his knuckles and neck as he stares long and hard into the camera.

Cary Stevens:

So let's talk about it. Let's get it out of the way about what happened at DEFCON.

Cary pauses as the crowd boos more before continuing.

Cary Stevens:

My son, as we told you he would, laid a beating on a Kiwi and an English queen that had never been seen before at DEFCON. My son took his hands and put them on the top two contenders for the FIST of DEFIANCE and did nothing but dominate and decimate all over the arena!

Cary pauses a bit from being flustered as the crowd boos some more with some cheers mixed in.

Cary Stevens:

Then my son got bored! He wanted to go home and bang his wife as a victory celebration. So he says, "Fuck you everybody" as he raises his fist high into the air and delivers a jaw-breaking blow that would kill most men!

Cary enunciates as the crowd boos.

Cary Stevens:

And then out of nowhere comes that slimy, disgusting, little traitor, JFK...Kendrix!

The faithful are torn as they boo Kendrix's name, but also cheer the fact that he cost Stevens the championship.

Cary Stevens:

Who pulls out the referee and throws my son into the nearest set of steel ring steps and like the vulture picking up the scraps delivers a Bellend and scores a pinfall over the challenger and not the CHAMPION!

Cary punctuates as he points to his son as Scott slowly shakes his head no.

Cary Stevens:

And we end the year with Kendrix smiling like an idiot as if he did something. Kendrix, you beating Oscar Burns after my son did all the work proves you are the most undeserving FIST of DEFIANCE champion in anyone's lifetime! That's like beating a cripple in a race or a retard in a spelling bee!

Cary shouts and the crowd boos louder.

Cary Stevens:

And smile all you want Kendrix because my son wants to invoke his REMATCH CLAUSE!

There is a mixture of boos and cheers from the faithful from the announcement as a sinister grin forms over Scott's

face.

Cary Stevens:

And sluts and scumbags that rematch will not happen at Maximum DEFIANCE. Will not happen at Ascension. Will not happen at the next DEFCON. Will not happen at Acts of DEFIANCE, Retaliation or even Grindhouse because that rematch clause is being invoked right HERE! RIGHT NOW! TONIGHT!

The Faithful go berserk with cheers as the former FIST of DEFIANCE champion motions for Kendrix to come to the ring.

DDK:

Wow! You heard it here folks, Stevens is invoking his rematch clause and he wants the FIST now!

Angus:

The worst part of this is we have to hear from the Champion next... I was hoping to avoid this for as long as humanly possible.

But it's not the champion's music that plays, instead...

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The crowd goes wild, and Angus nearly doubles over in his chair.

Angus:

No! No! No! No! No!

DDK:

That's not Kendrix's theme... that's....

Mikey Unlikely walks through the curtain onto the stage. Wearing a pair of designer jeans and a sleeveless shirt. His aviators shine in the lights. He's got a smile on his face as he looks around at the crowd who shower him in mixed reaction. Inside the ring, Cary Stevens looks on confused but Scott is enraged further. Mikey slowly brings the mic to his lips.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey gang!

Stevens loses his shit in the ring. Shaking the ropes, calling for the champ to get out here now! Mikey finally looks directly at Scott Stevens.

Mikey Unlikely:

Buddy! So good to see you! I see you've kept on with the good fight!

Stevens takes the mic from his father inside the ring.

Scott Stevens:

No! This is not how this is going down! I don't care about you! Get that wanna-be FIST out here with my championship NOW!

Mikey chuckles and brings the mic to his face while motioning for Stevens to slow down.

Mikey Unlikely:

Actually... This is going to go exactly how we say it is. JFK is in the back, lounging in his snuggie, preparing for the

SINGLE BIGGEST CELEBRATION of his young life! He even called me! Mikey Unlikely! To be the master of ceremonies for his crowning achievement! That's why later on tonight, in that very ring we're going to have the single greatest party to ever..... Party!

Angus:

Oh dear god no! It's going to be a gloating session!

Mikey Unlikely:

...And let me be the first to tell you Scott Stevens. I've got the guest list right here...

Mikey pulls out a piece of paper from his jeans pocket and looks the list over before going over a few names.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let's see... Stevens... Stevens... Hmmmmm not seeing it... Oh... Scott Baio... that's not it. Michael Scott... Adam Scott... Can't find it... Michael Keaton... Michael Caine... You know I don't see ANY STEVENS on the guest list!

Scott Stevens in the ring is rolling his eyes very dramatically.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, wait here it is! Stephen Spielberg.... Oh, wait that's not you. Spiels would be embarrassed to hear that! Obvs! Ya know, I wonder if you didn't make the guest list because you stole the Dynasty thing? Probs!

Scott Stevens:

You can sit here and name drop all night if you want, I have an ironclad rematch clause that I can take advantage of whenever I want! AND I WANT IT NOW!

Mikey puts on his best "boo boo face" before responding.

Mikey Unlikely:

Sorry, Scott. The champ is busy! You'll just have to wait until he's ready!

Stevens doesn't seem deterred.

Scott Stevens:

Well then, I guess I'll have to track him down myself and see if I can't *PERSUADE* him to accept my challenge! That title is mine, he doesn't deserve it, and before tonight is up, I'm going to have it back!

Mikey Unlikely:

Well, that's going to have to wait until after tonight's big celebration, we just can't squeeze you in before then! Sorry, Bruv.

Stevens has had enough, he exits the ring, ignoring the calls from Cary. He heads towards the back barking at Mikey on the ramp.

Cut to Darren and Angus.

OSCAR BURNS vs BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

We've got the first match of 2019 coming up next pitting one of BRAZEN's longest-tenured stars against a former FIST of DEFIANCE holder. The 2018 of Butcher Victorious and Oscar Burns both ended on a sour note, but tonight one of these men will try and get back on the horse.

Angus:

Burnsie screwed the pooch at DEFCON because he took his eye off of Kendrix and Stevens for one second. Butcher himself tried to win some big matches recently and crapped out. He's getting a BIG match right now and if he wants to make a name for himself, he better not blow it.

DDK:

The former FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns takes on BRAZEN star Butcher Victorious. Let's go to ringside for our first match of DEFIANCE's New Year!

And we do just that with Darren "DQ" Quimbey about to drop some words on you.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your opening match set for one fall! Introducing first... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead. With the events of DEFCON still weighing heavily on his mind, Burns heads toward the ring looking laser-focused on his match ahead.

Angus:

Burnsie's mad, bro. Don't think I've seen that peppy Kiwi look so pissed.

DDK:

He almost hasn't been the same since being injured at the hands of Scott Stevens last July and losing the FIST. Then when he had the chance after months, it slips through his fingers. That kind of a fall can change anybody.

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 gets ready to fight.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Butcher Victorious heads out from the back and down to the ring. He slaps a few hands on his way down, looking every bit as determined as Burns did coming down. He waits for his introduction while rolling his wrists and bouncing on his heels.

DDK:

If Butcher has a chance to win, this is it. We don't know what kind of mental state Burns is in right now, but Butcher wants big things. He wants to finally put himself on the map and if he wins tonight, he can do just that.

Angus:

It's nice to start off the year with a couple of positive dorks not being so positively dorky. Out for blood!

Butcher greets Oscar. Burns still can't help but extend the hand out for a handshake and Butcher returns in kind.

Angus:

DDDDDDOOOOORRRRRRKKKKKKKKKKSSSSSS!

DING DING

Burns turns for a half-second to return to his corner; that half-second gives Butcher an opening to connect with a Running Dropkick, sending the former FIST of DEFIANCE through the ropes and crashing hard to the floor!

DDK:

A RARE mistake by Twists and Turns and Butcher is ready to win!

Victorious has his chance and the crowd is taken aback somewhat by the brashness of the normally laid-back Texan. Butcher measures up Burns as he starts to pick himself up, only for Butcher to run across the ring and sail flawlessly over the top rope, connecting on Burns with a Somersault Plancha over the ropes and out to the floor!

Angus:

Dang, the kid's got fire! Where's this been?

DDK:

I don't know, but Burns took his eye off of Butcher for a second and that may come back to bite him in the worst way!

The Faithful start cheering as Butcher starts to pick himself up on the outside! Without hesitation after the huge dive, he grabs onto Burns and throws him back into the ring before climbing onto the ring apron himself. He measures up The Team Graps Cap and positions himself... SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK!

DDK:

Right on the money! Butcher with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Butcher is staying on him! Dang!

Butcher picks up Burns and plasters him with a few hard right hands before shooting him off to the corner. He points at Burns and tries running at the Kiwi grappler. He tries gunning for a move when Oscar sends him up and over with a Back Body Drop to the outside. Butcher catches himself on the ring apron and surprises Burns with a Shoulder Thrust through the ropes before climbing up top quickly...

DDK:

VIOLET CROWN! THAT'S BUTCHER'S FINISHING MANEUVER! HE GOT IT!

Angus:

NO DAMN WAY!

The crowd can't believe it as Butcher connects with the Top Rope Blockbuster! He rolls over quickly and hooks both legs of Burns!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Butcher leaps off of Burns thinking he has the win right there, but when he turns to see Hector Navarro pointing at the foot of Burns, his heart sinks. He pleads with Hector that it was a three-count, but Hector waves it off.

DDK:

Burns ALMOST slipped, but that's phenomenal ring presence by the former FIST.

Angus:

Don't throw a tantrum now, Butcher! Fucking fight him if you want to make a name for yourself and make your last name actually mean something!

The Texan stops harassing Navarro about the fall and goes to pick Burns up while he's still shaken up from the attack. Victorious now has Burns up in a Front Facelock, but before he can do anything, Burns surges to life...

OOOOOOOOHHHH!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! Burns just CLEANED Butcher's clock!

Butcher looks OUT of it, but Oscar isn't done. He picks him up and over with a hard Exploder Suplex!

Burns then takes a second to collect himself before standing up, egging on Butcher to fight back. The second that Butcher does so, Burns sets him up in a Full Nelson before THROWING him backward again, this time with a Snap Release Dragon Suplex! Butcher crumbles under the impact of the slam and goes slumping over onto his back!

Angus:

DAMN! No More Mr. Nice Kiwi!

He isn't angry regarding Butcher's opening salvo but rather remains laser-focused as a groggy Butcher slumps upwards. He picks up the arm of Butcher and then SNAPS him up and over, DRILLING him into the mat with a brand new move in the form of a Wrist-Clutch Exploder!

DDK:

Ouch! Burns calls that the Headdrop-O-Matic! He told me he was working on a new impact finisher and I think that was it!

The Team Graps Cap pins Butcher's shoulders to the mat emphatically.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Quickly, Burns rolls off of him, but before he does, he kneels over to Butcher and gives him a pat on the shoulder offering a sign of respect to the BRAZEN star.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

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

As Butcher goes limping out of the ring, Burns walks over to the ring announcer and motions for a microphone.

DDK:

Burns with that high-impact barrage of suplexes to keep Butcher down for the three-count, but now he's got something on his mind, clearly.

Angus:

Probably to cry about DEFCON and why McFuckass Lite is our champion now... God...

The crowd cheers on the Kiwi star as he watches Butcher being helped to the back by Hector Navarro and a ringside attendant. The normally-colorful and overly passionate Burns looks a bit reserved right now but he presses on.

Oscar Burns:

First off, GCs, I want to say Happy New Year, so I'll do that... Happy New Year, DEFIANCE!

A cheer from The Faithful as Burns takes a second to catch his breath.

Oscar Burns:

Secondly... the elephant in the room... DEFCON. DEFCON can bugger off. Things didn't exactly go my way. Neither did the New Year's BASH when I fought Kendrix to a thirty-minute draw...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

But I want you to know this... when I see the people here still root for me... when I see the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex chocka like it is tonight... it makes me want to do more and it makes me want to do better! I'm gonna make things right for DEFIANCE. I'm going to fight my way back to the FIST of DEFIANCE and I'm gonna do something I should've done a long time ago...

With that statement, Burns hands the microphone off back to Darren Quimbey and exits the ring, making a beeline for the back as his music plays him out. DDK and Angus both watch Burns head back up the ramp, not playing to the crowd or doing anything he normally would on his way to the back.

Angus:

What do you think's up Kiwi's butt, Keebs?

DDK:

I don't know. But what I do know is that we've got a lot more show coming up and you, The Faithful, aren't going to want to miss it.

GETTING BACK IN THE SADDLE

The image shifts to the backstage area where Lance Warner is standing looking sharp in a custom tailored, navy suit.

Lace Warner:

DEFIANCE Faithful, my guests at this time, The Stevens Dynasty.

The Faithful fill the arena with boo's as Bo and George enter the frame.

Lance Warner:

At DEFCON last month you suffered a tough loss to The WrestleFriends.

The crowd cheers when the WrestleFriends' name is mentioned.

Lance Warner:

How are you feeling?

Lance asks as Bo wipes his mouth and takes a moment to think. George looks menacing in the back.

Bo Stevens:

Embarrassed.

Bo thinks for another second.

Bo Stevens:

Humiliated.

Bo says but then shakes his head as he doesn't like that response.

Bo Stevens:

Robbed.

Bo says as George nods in agreement.

Bo Stevens:

Bo feels we were robbed at DEFCON, Lance.

Bo states as Lance has a puzzled look on his face.

Lance Warner:

Care to elaborate on how you were robbed?

Lance asks as Bo clears his throat.

Bo Stevens:

You see Lance, we had dominated those two every step of the way. They turned around the corner and BAM!

Bo shouts.

Bo Stevens:

Kick to the face!

George chuckles.

Bo Stevens:

They exit their locker room and POW!

Bo feigns a punch.

Bo Stevens:

Punch to the face!

George emphasizes by punching his hand.

Bo Stevens:

We had beaten the holy hell out of those two for weeks and what was almost a certified guarantee that we were going to finish them off and make our way towards the top of the mountain and reclaim what belongs to us being the tag team championships, but as you saw; shit happens.

Lance Warner:

Do you think you overlooked them at DEFCON because you had their number leading up to the match?

Lance asks and Bo simply shrugs.

Bo Stevens:

A blind squirrel finds a nut every once and a while and WrestleFriends found their nuts that night because the better team didn't win that night, and because of that fluke of a victory we have to start from the bottom and get back in the saddle if we want to be tag team champions.

Bo says with disgust in his tone.

Lance Warner:

Speaking of getting back in the saddle, you have issued an open challenge here tonight?

Lance asks as Bo nods.

Bo Stevens:

That's right Lance because we want to show the filth here tonight, the idiots watching at home, and those to jackoffs who got lucky at DEFCON that we are the most dangerous tag team in DEFIANCE!

Bo says with authority as Lance goes to wrap up the interview with one final question.

Lance Warner:

With that said, what shall we expect for whoever decides to challenge you tonight?

Bo goes to answer the question but George stops him and Bo smirks and motions for his cousin to answer.

George Stevens:

PAIN!

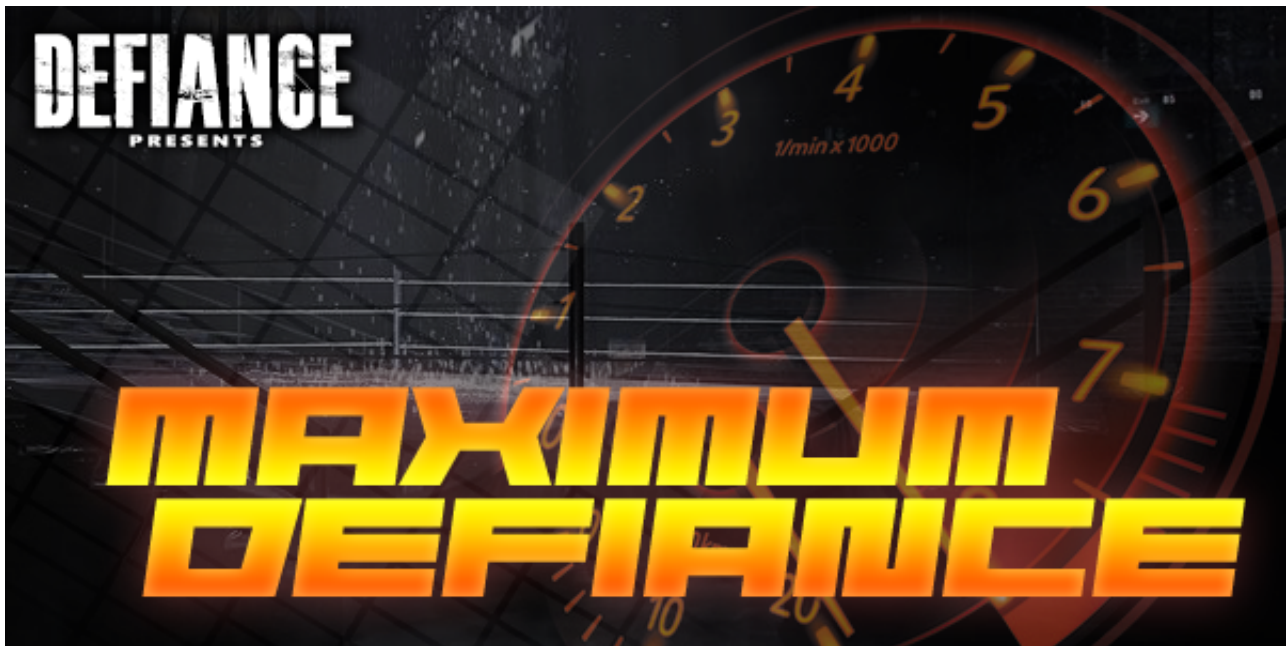
George bellows as he and Bo exit the frame.

Lance Warner:

There you have it faithful as pain is on The Stevens Dynasty's agenda tonight to whomever steps into the ring with them.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019



Get you tickets now! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

WELCOME TO THE LIGHT

As we return from commercial we are backstage once more. This time we see The Toybox in their locker room. The Faithful show their dislike for the trio with a chorus of jeers.

There is a knock at the door. Dandelion answers the door and quickly emerging is The Majestic Crimson Lord. Some bruising visible on his arms from DEFCON at the hands of Scott Douglas.

Crimson Lord:

REJOICE! For the sublime, the hand of justice, the beautiful, the abso...

Crimson continues his speech. Dani looks up at him her eyes wide open at Lord's presence. However, a few feet from them Jestal and WynLyn stand.

Jestal:

Boy, you told me he had personalities, but this...this is weird.

Wyn looks down at Jestal, and Crimson continues to ramble on in the background.

WynLyn:

Well, he has been through a lot.

Jestal raises an eyebrow to her. Crimson seems to have changed the subject but has not realized the only one paying attention is Dani.

Jestal:

Why is he here? What exactly is he talking about....and what's with the look?

Crimson still rambling in the background.

WynLyn:

I have to say this is a new one.

Jestal:

Great, and people say I am crazy.

Wyn and Jestal continue their conversation.

Crimson Lord:

It is why I have come to you my children to welcome you into The Light.

Dandelion tugs on Lord's coat. He looks down at her as she points at Jestal and WynLyn deep in their own conversation.

Crimson Lord:

Yes, my child, it would appear they have not listened. Oh well, I am so intoxicated with myself it does not matter.

Lord claps his hands as a stagehand walks in with a small package and three-ring size boxes. Lord takes the three smaller boxes and sets them on a table next to the door. He picks up the medium size package. The package has a warning label on the side it reads...

approx. 5 pounds

Crimson Lord:

I come bearing gifts my children. The Light has brought me here before you three. To welcome you into The Light and

become one with its brilliance. For the tainted World Tag Team Championships must be cleansed. So this gift is for you Jester of The Light.

Jestal points at himself.

Jestal:

A gift? Well...who am I to turn down gifts!

Wyn stares at her father a bit taken back by his generosity toward a man who he clearly does not like. Jestal opens the box and just like a small child on Christmas morning his eyes widen with an ear to ear grin.

Jestal:

CLUCKY!!!

The jester quickly reaches into the box and pulls out a rubber chicken, with pink eyes!

DDK:

What in the world? A rubber chicken named Clucky?

Angus:

No, don't join this jolly pink giant.

Crimson Lord:

The Light is loving, The Light is absolution.

Jestal quickly interrupts him.

Jestal:

Yea...ya...ya, how were you able to resurrect him? That...

Jestal shouts out almost like he has a tick when mentioning the name.

Jestal:

JACK YOU PIECE OF FLAT BEACH BALL, STUFFING PULLED FROM YOUR FAVORITE TEDDY BEAR HARMEN! You murdering bastard!

Dandy and Wyn stare at a breathing heavy Jestal shocked. Crimson, on the other hand, has a warm smile.

WynLyn:

Jes', it's just a rubber chick...

Jestal quickly whips his head toward her with a glare that even Wyn hops back. Through his heavy breathing, he replies.

Jestal:

Shut your mouth! Clucky is my world, and that bastard took him from me.

Crimson breaks the tense situation.

Crimson Lord:

The Light has given you back your friend Jestal, now The Light wishes for you to join The Majestic and everlasting Beacon of Justice, the herald of The Light...

Again Crimson continues to go on and on.

Jestal:

Anything! You want me you got me! I'll join you just as long as Clucky never leaves me again.

Lord, however, does not pay attention to Jestal's response and continues to run his mouth again. Wyn looks at Dani she shrugs her shoulders, Wyn then directs her attention toward her father who continues to talk now this time with god knows how many nicknames he has given himself.

WynLyn:

Uh...dad...

Crimson Lord:

The Hand of The Light the Killer of Spiders...the

Wyn screams at her father.

WynLyn:

DAD!

Crimson looks at WynLyn.

WynLyn:

Are you asking us to join you...on whatever this crusade of yours is?

Crimson smiles warmly at her.

Crimson Lord:

Yes, my seed of The Light.

WynLyn's softly mouthes "Seed of The Light" with utter disdain.

Crimson Lord:

The evil that resides in DEFIANCE remains strong, The diabolical Elise Ares has taken from The Light, The treacherous Fuse Bros continue to reign with a diabolical fist. We must join together and encourage those in The Light to FIGHT back! So, *Daughter* of The Light, will you join me as well, and you The Light's Suicidal Minx

Wyn thinks a moment and shrugs her shoulders.

WynLyn:

Sure, what the hell.

Crimson looks toward Dandelion who clearly has reserves about this offer just by her body language.

WynLyn & Jestal:

Come on Dani I smell a two time Tag Team Championship coming.

They both stare at her with cheesy grins. Dani takes a puff of air upward blowing her bangs from her forehead. She gently nods her head, Crimson smiles and takes the three small ring-like boxes and hands each one to each member of The ToyBox.

Jestal:

I am really starting to like this new you Crimson, more gifts!

Wyn and Jestal open their boxes and a light shines from inside them they both look in awe at the box. Crimson turns his head toward Dandelion who just stares blankly into the box. Crimson extends his arms outward as he says.

Crimson Lord:

Behold The Light manifested into physical being!

DDK:

The Toybox seems to have joined Crimson Lord could this be a new group in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

No, this disease is spreading to The Toybox this is horrible.

DDK:

From what it appears Lord has been very busy on Uncut as well. It seems he has taken Virginia Quell under his wing and made an offer to Butcher Victorious. We could be seeing just that Angus.

Cut back to Angus and Darren in the booth as they continue.

DESIRE vs TBA

DDK:

A few weeks ago a new female wrestler joined our ranks, Desire. Tonight she will make her debut on DEFtv!

Angus:

Great! Let's see what she's all about.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall. Introducing first, Erin Bryer!

♪ "Generic Wrestling Theme 12" by Unknown ♪

Erin appears behind the curtain, 5'7", 160 lbs and muscular. She looks to be the no-nonsense type, although she doesn't elicit many boos (or cheers) from The Faithful.

Angus:

So what's this woman's deal? Is she a call-up, too?

DDK:

I don't believe so. Local talent. I assume BRAZEN might be looking at her. Seems like you should know better than me, partner.

Angus:

Shut up!

Erin marches down the rampway and into the ring while her theme song comes to a close.

Darren Quimbey:

Her opponent... Desire!

♪ "Final Battle" by Waterflame ♪

The lights flicker on and off and then a ray of dark blue and gold shine through, as Desire walks out. She's around 5'7" herself, long blonde hair and brown eyes with mild freckles. Her ring attire is gold and dark blue, as she wears a wrestling bra and long tights down to her gold boots. She has the demeanor of a fan favorite, despite lacking true characteristics of crowd engagement as she makes her way to the ring.

Desire rolls in and looks at referee Benny Doyle for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

We're off! Bryer comes charging at Desire with a clothesline but Desire does the splits and upon getting up, hip tosses Erin to the canvas!

Desire bounces off the ropes and lands a dropkick to Bryer's head. She snapmares her to the center of the ring, kicks her in the back and then flips forward, throwing Bryer's head to the floor.

DDK:

Desire keeps the attack going. She's on the second rope... elbow drop! Now a scoop slam to the middle of the canvas... going back to the ropes and leaps off with a lionsault!

Desire does not cover, however. Instead, she pulls Bryer up by her medium-length brown hair and tosses her into a corner. Running in, Desire is met with a boot to the face!

DDK:

Bryer perches herself on the second rope... waiting for the right time to strike...

She jumps off but Desire catches her!

DDK:

Powerslam by Desire!

The blonde throws her hair back and signals for the end. She goes off the ropes and connects with a spinning heel kick and then a standing backflip splash without needing to run to the ropes for momentum!

DDK:

Desire does not look for the pin! Instead, she pulls Bryer to her feet... oh no! Bryer with an elbow into Desire's head! Another elbow!

Angus:

Not sure who to cheer for here...

DDK:

No one cares.

Erin works Desire into the corner and then Irish whips her the other way. Once Desire meets the turnbuckle she bounces off all wobbly. Bryer hits an atomic drop and then a short-arm clothesline.

DDK:

Erin Bryer has turned the tables! This could be an awful outcome for Desire...

Jawbreaker by Desire.

Clothesline by Desire.

Crossbody block by Desire.

DDK:

I spoke too soon!

Desire points to the top rope after repositioning her opponent.

DDK:

OH MY... what a move! A shooting star press by Desire lands perfectly! She hooks the leg!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

The Faithful give a cheer, particularly after seeing the high flying abilities.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... DESIRE!

♪ "Final Battle" by Waterflame ♪

DDK:

Well, a great TV debut for Desire, that's for sure!

As Erin Bryer begins to stir on the canvas, Desire walks over to her and out of respect, she pats Bryer on the back. Her arm is raised and she leaves the ring.

Angus:

Maybe I'll cheer for her. Jury's still out.

DDK:

You do whatever you'd like.

The scene closes as Desire takes a moment to thank a few fans in the front row while she heads up the rampway.

Angus:

Hey, isn't this funny? Bryer, Desire. It rhymes!

DDK:

We'll be right back.

CHARACTER UNLOCKED: ULTIMO PHOENIX

The scene jumps to outside the arena as Tyler and Conor Fuse come into focus. They are making their way from the parking lot to the main backstage entrance. The Gamers pop upon seeing the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions. Conor wears a "SAVE THE DAY" Fuse Bros. hoodie and black/green Adidas track pants while Tyler has a generic windbreaker on and black/orange Adidas pants. Both of them carry their titles across their shoulders. Conor seems overly happy and Tyler more focused.

Conor Fuse:

Tonight we move on up in the world, dear brother.

The two continue walking.

Conor Fuse:

We beat The ToyBox, The Stevens, The ToyBox *again...* and now, now we can get who we **really** want.

Tyler nods but before he can speak they are both taken back by a loud smacking sound. The Bros. stop in their tracks to see a man in a mask throwing punches and kicks into the air while occasionally connecting with an empty garbage can in front of him. A confused Conor turns back to Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, isn't that your work-out spot?

Tyler seems a little bothered at the comment, although still acknowledging Player Two is right. Tyler continues to watch the unknown fighter continue to throw punches and kicks. The man hasn't noticed the tag champions yet until Conor speaks.

Conor Fuse:

Hey you, yes you, why are you in my brother's spot?

Tyler smacks Conor across the chest as the masked wrestler realizes he's no longer alone.

Tyler Fuse:

Let me apologize for my brother. You're welcome to this spot. It doesn't have my name on it...

Tyler turns to Conor.

Tyler Fuse:

Does it?

Conor shrugs. The masked wrestler in question reveals himself to be DEFIANCE newcomer, Ultimo Phoenix. The crickets in the crowd go wild.

Ultimo Phoenix:

Oh, uh, hi fellas and thanks. Actually, I think it does have your name on it...

Ultimo bends down and picks up the silver garbage can lid from the ground. Holding it up like a shield, the reverse is shown to have TYLER scrawled on it. He hands it to Conor.

Tyler Fuse: *[to his brother, annoyed]*

My name is on it?

Conor Fuse: *[very proud]*

Yeah! I did it the first time we were out here. Can't believe you didn't notice until now.

Tyler rolls his eyes as Ultimo goes back to shadow-boxing and Player Two takes his chance to discreetly dispose of the can lid.

CLATTER

Ultimo Phoenix: [*alarmed*]

What was that?

Conor Fuse:

Nothing. [*snaps fingers*] Hey, you're what's-his-face! The new guy. Don't tell me, it's Ultimate... Feeny, right?

Ultimo Phoenix: [*nodding eagerly*]

That's it! I mean, uh, no -- it's Phoenix. Ultimo Phoenix.

Ultimo offers his hand to the Fuse Bros., who each shake it in turn.

Conor Fuse:

Cool, like James Bond. So, do you have a match tonight?

Ultimo Phoenix:

Yeah, I'm facing Victor Vacio.

Conor's eyes go wide. Tyler continues to wish he's out of this conversation.

Ultimo Phoenix:

...Uh, do you think I'll do alright?

The Fuse Bros. look at each other, then back to Ultimo.

Conor Fuse:

Sure! You'll do great. And this is your first match, right? The tutorial?

Ultimo Phoenix:

Y-yes?

Conor Fuse:

Great! Well, all the best. I'm glad we unlocked you! I hope you can stay and play for a while... if Victor doesn't give you a Game Over.

Conor pats Ultimo on the shoulder, rocking him. Tyler goes to pass but stops to look at Ultimo, showing body language basically asking why he even entertained this discussion. Ultimo scratches his head before resuming his training.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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After the commercial the ring is covered with a purple plush cover and a table sits in the middle of the ring with a matching purple cloth over top of what appears to be a championship belt. Murmurs grow amongst the Faithful while the camera focuses in on the table in silence.

All I wanna do is...
 ♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

With that introduction, they already knew what they were in for. The Faithful rise to their feet as golden and purple lights swirl around the arena to the beat. Spotlights hit the entrance and Elise Ares walks out wearing the royal flowing cape and tiara from DEFCON, however this time she now wears the Southern Heritage Championship over her shoulder. As she walks down the aisle, two things are revealed. A small splint on her hand, taping two of her fingers together as a result of Jay Harvey breaking one. The other? The D and Klein holding the end of her cape escorting her down to ring side as she does her princess wave to the masses.

DDK:

What a match Elise Ares had at DEFCON in a steel cage against what previously looked like to be an untouchable Jay Harvey. It was brutal. It was competitive. However at the end it was won by the lady who is possibly the most unlikely Southern Heritage Champion of all time, Elise Ares.

Angus:

She proved him to be just A Jay Harvey like I've been saying all along!

DDK:

That she did, but the last time we saw a championship on Elise Ares' waist was a tag team title with The D. Angus, that was pretty obnoxious.

Angus:

We can probably expect more of that, Keebs, but I don't think there's anyone out there who can say that she didn't earn it this time. What a match!

Now in the middle of the ring, The D unlatches the cloak from the shoulder of Elise Ares as she holds the SOHER Championship high in the air to the applause of the crowd. She smiles and takes an exaggerated bow with her title.

YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClapClap!
YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClapClap!

Chants from the Faithful echo around the Wrestle-Plex as the music ends. In the ring Klein grabs a microphone and holds it up to his box. No words come out. His box turns to The D who grabs it from his hand shaking his head before announcing to the world...

The D:

Introducing your NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion! She is the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. She is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. She is the Leading Lady of Lake Placid Vi 2, ELISEEEEEEEEEEE ARESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

With those words she holds the title up over her head with a giant red carpet smile before throwing the strap back over her shoulder where Klein hands her a microphone. She taps it to make sure it's on.

Elise Ares:

Thank you, thank you, you're all too kind. First I'd like to thank God, that's how this works, right? You thank God, and then you...

She stops to start patting around her ring gear before she reaches into her top to a few wolf whistles in the audience to

pull out a piece of paper. Unfolding it quickly, Klein begins to look down at an imaginary watch that he's not wearing on his wrist and points to it.

Elise Ares:

Oh geez, there's so many people. God, right? Then myself, of course. My fans, all of my fans around the world who supported me even in my tough times on the darker sides of the internet... and most of all, I'd like to thank the best team a girl could ever ask for.

The D and Klein puff their chests out triumphantly.

Elise Ares:

Of course it's you two, and Flex... wherever in the hell he is right now. The Pop Culture Phenoms! If it weren't for you two I probably wouldn't even be here right now. I'd probably be in someplace like (shivers) Las Vegas... doing something I'd rather not think about right now. Thank you. You're the best. To show my appreciation I'm going to drop on you not one, but TWO whole surprises... right now! In front of all of our adoring fans!

She signals to the crowd, who at first pause unknowingly and then applaud accordingly, caught off guard.

The D:

Oh boy, I hope this is the Ellen kind and not the Maury kind!

DDK:

Ellen is the poor man's Oprah.

Angus:

Wait, what?

Klein frantically begins looking around the clothed table for a manilla envelope full of test results before Elise Ares slaps him on the back of the hand.

Elise Ares:

NO PEEKING!

Klein shakes his hand, doing a great distraction for The D who begins to slowly lift the cloth behind Elise, who then spins around and shoot him a glare that makes him put his hands up innocently.

Elise Ares:

Klein. Not-The-Father. Let me introduce to you, the new AND improved Southern California Championship Belt... The SOCAL!

Ripping the cloth off the table, Elise attempts to mimic a magic trick, but instead knocks her brand new championship off of the stand then quickly fumbles to place it upright again as if it never happened in the first place. A cheer echoes, and even a smattering of boos from the crowd as she does her best Vanna White gesturing towards the very shiny title now in front of her. With a purple leather strap and golden plates etched with palm trees, stars, old fashioned movie cameras, projectors, and the iconic HOLLYWOOD letters across the bottom of the main plate which serves as a frame to a mirrored front.

DDK:

Well that's... interesting.

Angus:

Leave it to these idiots to manage to fuck up one of the most beautiful championship belts ever made!

DDK:

She's... well, she's making it her own, Angus.

Angus:

It's a GORRAM perfect belt! There's nothing to improve! Except maybe some of her blood stained on it Keeps!

She picks the championship up off the stand and holds it out in front of her, as if she's taking a selfie. The D immediately tries to photobomb her, while Klein is afraid the new title might steal his soul and runs to the other side.

Elise Ares:

Wait, wait... D, you HAVE to check this out. LOOK AT THIS SHIT!

She hits a button on the back of the championship, and white lights shine out from the sides of the mirror.

Elise Ares:

It even has PERFECT selfie lighting!

Angus:

This is a disgrace!

The D:

OH. MY. GOD. This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!

Elise sits the Stars & Bars SOHER Championship down on the table and instead throws the new SOCAL Championship over her shoulder. It's a fitting title for the most extra champion in the history of DEFIANCE.

Elise Ares:

As proud as I am of my Southern Heritage, because let's face it, you don't get much more south than Cuba... I am even more proud to announce my second surprise to my amazing family. This championship will be defended tonight against a worthy opponent who has had my back from the very beginning. A great friend who I know dealt with me at my worst and now deserves me at my best.

The D visibly fangirls at the prospect of a shot at such a magnificent championship. Although his eyes visibly keep getting sidetracked back to the original SoHer belt itself.

Elise Ares:

That is why tonight, I will be defending the SOCAL Championship against you...

The D turns to Elise and shoves Klein out of the way.

Elise Ares:

Klein.

The D's jaw drops and Klein points to himself in shock.

Elise Ares:

Yes, you Klein. Thank you for everything you've done to help me become the totes amazing person I am today.

She turns around after talking to Klein to look at The D, shocked and seemingly heartbroken. Elise walks over and puts her hand on his shoulder.

Elise Ares:

Hey, I can only defend this thing against one person at a time, and next week... God willing, I'll be putting this title up for grabs against my partner-in-crime. But if Klein beats me, you'll have to take it up with him.

Klein immediately starts making a "new champion" motion across his shoulder because he doesn't know what the correct way to do that is, and Elise shakes her head. The D walks over to Klein and they share a tense moment before he embraces his best friend for a hug. The crowd cheers and Elise wipes a fake tear away from her eye as "Live For

The Night” by Krewella plays over the arena. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style grabs the wrists of her partners and they hold their hands in the air to the appreciation of the Faithful. Elise makes special attention to rub the back of The D and whisper something into their ear as golden and purple balloons begin to rain down from the sky.

Angus:

And who is going to clean all THIS mess up?! We have a match to get to!

Almost as if on cue, PCP leave the ring and immediately crew members rush in to start grabbing balloons as they fall. Scrambling to take down equipment and get the tarp cleared from the ring, PCP don't even pay attention as Elise shows off her two titles walking up the ramp. The D flanks her on the OG SoHer side, as Klein tries to avoid looking at the cameras adorned on Elise's new version.

DDK:

Well there are our ring crew members, hard at work.

Angus:

Are you seriously going to tell me that you saw that abomination she had in the ring and not tell me it's a disgrace to one of the most beautiful championship belts the world has ever seen?

DDK:

She's trying to make her own mark.

Angus:

By doing the same stupid shit that Mikey Unlikely did?

DDK:

Whoa, let's not go out of control here, she's not proclaiming her championship for another promotion. Let this play out and we'll see where it goes?

Angus:

She earned that title, Keebs, so I'll give her the benefit of the doubt... which is more than I'd be willing to give that traitor Michael Unlikeable, but I want to make it VERY clear that I don't like it. And I will be telling everyone on the internet about it through the ten nerds I hire to type out my thoughts on every wrestling message board ever.

"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ vs. HURTLOCKER HOLT

DDK:

Coming up next, Angus, we've got the television debut of The Family Keeling's newest charge... The 7'1"...

Angus:

...AND A HALF...

DDK:

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. And after he SINGLE-HANDEDLY decimated Thugs 4 Hire and made quick work of Emilio "The Pigeon" Byrd, now it's Hurtlocker Holt's turn to try and take down perhaps one of the largest men DEFIANCE has seen in recent memory.

Angus:

Holt ain't a small guy. 6'6" and nearly 270. He's bigger than Byrd, but now that they know what they're up against, Holt needs to come out swinging if he's gonna win this HOSSFITE!!! Now, Quimbey's gonna do the announce things at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Emilio Byrd... weighing in at 268 pounds, he is a member of Thugs 4 Hire... **HURTLOCKER HOLT!**

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

The crowd lets out a positive reaction as Hurtlocker Holt comes out from the back, his tag partner Emilio Byrd tipping his hat and holding the now-dented donation box that Uriel Cortez crushed with his massive boot at DEFCON. Byrd holds out the donation box with front row fans popping a few dollars into the box to give Holt the needed inspiration to beat the giant tonight. As his music cuts, he's ready for a fight as his music fades.

Junior Keeling:

A-HEM! A-HEM! THE FAMILY KEELING COMMANDS YOUR ATTENTION!

First out is Junior Keeling with the headset and a FANCY-looking silver sportcoat. He adjusts the coat and points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing, my father and the true brains behind The Family Keeling Talent Agency... MEGA-AGENT to the Stars himself... Thomas Keeling!

The jeers are even louder now as Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking suave AF in a suit he got at someplace a little bit higher on the totem pole than Men's Wearhouse. He looks out to the crowd - and to Thugs 4 Hire - with a derisive sneer like he's LITERALLY turning his nose down on them.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son. Now let ME introduce to you the newest signing to The Family Keeling Talent Agency! The man that changed the game at DEFCON... the man that is now here to DESTROY anyone and anything on his way to the top.

He points to the ring.

Thomas Keeling:

Hurtlocker Holt, you made a BIG mistake challenging my giant, but he will not shy away from a fight. Standing at 7'1" ...

Junior Keeling:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

And weighing in at 405 pounds...

Junior Keeling:

...OF PRIME CUT BEEF!

Both Keelings now point to the entrance.

Thomas and Junior Keeling:

Presented by The Family Keeling... "THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!

♪ "Sing From The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The fans let out jeers as the massive giant from California stomps his way out from the back, looking dapper in a tailored black pinstriped suit. Adjusting his collar, the Titan of Industry slowly makes the march toward ringside as Hurtlocker Holt prepares for the fight ahead.

DDK:

The confidence of this man is off the charts. Then again, when you're that size, you have a right to be.

Angus:

And with respect to Holt... man, he better watch his ass around this guy.

Byrd cheers his partner on as Cortez enters the ring...

DING DING**Angus:**

HOSSFITE!!!

Right at the bell, Hurtlocker Holt goes right after Uriel, striking him in the head with multiple right hands. The former Marine only marches forward, trying to get the giant off his game before he can mount an offensive much as he did to Byrd at DEFCON. He goes for a few more right hands, but Uriel blocks a shot and fires right back with a NASTY Headbutt, staggering him quickly.

DDK:

Holt just tried, but this Uriel Cortez is just so massive, it's hard to not get overwhelmed by him!

Angus:

For surrrious....

The Family Keeling watch on with interest as Uriel now BURIES a pair of knees into the chest of Hurtlocker Holt, doubling the T4H member over. He then backs up a couple of steps before CRUSHING him with a Corner Splash. He throws Holt out of the corner and runs the ropes before dropping a very targeted Elbow Drop across his heart!

DDK:

You could just HEAR the wind get knocked out of Hurtlocker Holt's lungs right there!

But Uriel doesn't bother going for a cover, but instead, he goes to pick up Hurtlocker Holt. He sets up a big move behind him by lifting him up for what looks to be an Atomic Drop... but then THROWS him halfway across the ring!

Angus:

HOLY GODDAMN HOSS, KEEBS! HE JUST CHUCKED HOLT, LAWN DART-STYLE!

DDK:

That's called an Atomic Throw and something you don't see a lot in this sport, Angus... but Holt's chances aren't looking great right now.

Thomas Keeling:

Finish him now!

Uriel nods and picks up the limping Holt before he can do anything. He whips him to the corner with ease and tries to follow him up quickly with a big Corner Splash, but Holt moves out of the way!

DDK:

The crowd's behind Holt now! This is his best chance to stop the giant!

The Titan of Industry remains stunned in the corner while Hurtlocker Holt tries to think of something... anything... that's going to rock the giant long enough to put him down. Holt fires a few kicks into the gut of Uriel before CRACKING him in the mouth with a Big Boot! The blow doesn't knock Uriel off his feet but does at least keep him stunned for Hurtlocker Holt to try something big... And he does...

DDK:

Running Corner Clothesline!

The first one stuns him, but Hurtlocker Holt decides that isn't enough to end this right away. With Byrd and the Faithful cheering him on to knock the giant off his feet, he gets a running start from the corner and comes back with a second Running Corner Clothesline! The two big blows in the corner stun The Titan of Industry and Junior still looks concerned... but again, Thomas doesn't and merely watches.

Angus:

He's got him reeling...

The former Marine runs back off the ropes again and looks to complete a trifecta of the Clotheslines, but...

DDK:

OH MY GOD! A THESZ PRESS FROM CORTEZ!

The crowd gasps as the wind is most literally KNOCKED out of Hurtlocker Holt by a 400-pound Thesz Press counter to his third Running Corner Clothesline attempt. Emilio Byrd is sweating bullets at ringside as Uriel Cortez then picks up Holt and wraps his waist...

DDK:

OOOOH! HE CALLS THAT THE INDUSTRY STANDARD! THE SAME MOVE THAT BEAT BYRD AT DEFCON!

Cortez calmly covers the fallen Holt with merely two hands on his chest.

ONE

TWO

THREE

DDK:

Holt had him on the ropes twice, but it just wasn't enough. And especially if Cortez is hiding moves you don't normally see out of bigger wrestlers.

Darren Quimbey tries the introduction, but Junior Keeling turns his headset back on and does it.

Junior Keeling:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THIS MATCH AND EVERY DAMN MATCH HE'S IN... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

The giant has a small smile on his face as Thomas hands him a black towel to wipe the sweat off his brow. He hands him his coat and puts it back on, dusting himself off to look more prim and proper before the threesome make a quick exit after business was taken care of.

DDK:

First Boyd and now Holt... I can't believe this, but with Uriel Cortez's physical gifts powered by the collective brains of The Family Keeling... these three may just be unstoppable.

Angus:

He's like a HOSS... AND A HALF!

As they head up the ramp, they stop when they see a form that confronted them at DEFCON...

Angel Trinidad.

DDK:

What does Angel want? Is he out here to challenge Uriel Cortez again?

Angus:

Whatever The HOSS Overlord wants, Keeps.

Angel and Uriel once again stare one another down with both Thomas and Junior Keeling. Angel points a finger at Uriel, indicating what he wants - the chance to fight his former manager's shiny new toy. Thomas Keeling laughs.

Thomas Keeling:

Let's go.

And with that, the trio disappear and walk past Angel. All the while, Angel shakes his head, knowing this isn't over.

A HUNTING WILL WE GO

Cut to ... the newly returned Mikey Unlikely backstage. Inside his locker room, he's got a cell phone to his ear. He smiles wide.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes, you heard me... A literal ton! Listen to the words I'm saying... I don't want a lot. I don't want "quite a bit", I don't want a "Large"... I want a ONE TON chocolate chip Oreo frappe... Delivered to The DEFplex. Capiisce? MONEY IS NO OBJECT! Just get it done!

He laughs to himself and pulls the phone from his ear before ending the call.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is going to be great! He's going to love it.

OSV:

Obvs I'm going to love it, bruv!

Standing by the locker room entrance is none other than the DEFIANCE champ himself, Jesse Fredericks KENDRIX! The crowd in the arena boo loudly. JFK has the FIST over his shoulder, his dapper suit on and the whitest shoes you've ever seen!

Mikey Unlikely:

Damn Jesse, back at it with the white...kicks!

Kendrix smiles wide and the two embrace for a Bruv hug before Mikey breaks down tonight's festivities.

Mikey Unlikely:

Alright bruv, we've got drinks, we've got food, we've got strippee's, we've got the rooftop bar rented out, plus OBVS I totally got you a Happy Fist Day Surprise!

Kendrix:

Classic Mikey! I love it! So glad your back Bruv! Listen, yeah?! Now that JFK's the FIST, not only does it mean that I am the Bestest Wrestler in the entire Universe, Obvs. But more importantly than that, it means that the Hollywood Bruvs can do WHATEVER WE WANT! Innit?! Let's make sure we kick off the JFK Era with a blast!

Mikey holds up a hand as if to slow down his buddy.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, we TOTALLY OBVS are doing whatever the hell we want! We are! This is going to be Huge! Remember the Super Bruvtastic Slumber Party of 2015? This is going to BLOW IT OUT OF THE WATER! Not even close!

As the Bruvs continue to BRUV-Out with each other the door to the locker room bursts open and standing there with a less than enthused look on his face is none other than the former FIST of DEFIANCE champion, Scott Stevens.

Scott Stevens:

Knock. Knock.

Stevens says as he charges into the room looking to deliver The FIST to Kendrix, but Mikey pushes his Bruv out of the way and he takes the full force of the Superman punch instead sending him back towards the lockers. Stevens looks at Mikey and then back around and sees Kendrix is gone.

Scott Stevens:

FUCK!

Stevens yells out in frustration only to be shoved from behind by Mikey and the Texan and Mikey are about to come to

blows when security rushes in and begins to pull them apart and forcefully edge Stevens towards the exit as he and Mikey continue to exchange words.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

ULTIMO PHOENIX vs. "LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

Welcome back, folks! Just before the commercial break, we saw a very determined Scott Stevens. He is insistent that he receive his rematch tonight and it doesn't look like he is giving up anytime soon.

Angus:

I've never liked that Texas Two-stepping putz but hey ... he did pop Mikey so, I won't shit on him too much, for now. Wait ... I feel dirty. Fuck all three of those morons!

DDK:

Colorful statements from Angus Skaaland, as usual, but it's time to let actions speak louder than words as we have two newcomers looking to make their mark here in DEFIANCE! Let's go to ringside...

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO!

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain and into the cloud of fog onto the DEFIANCE stage for the first time.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCCCCTOR VAAAAAAACCCIIIOOO!

In the smoky distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of his black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine generated mist as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of black motocross boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage. One of the newest BRAZEN signees makes his way down the ramp with zero fanfare or even the simplest acknowledgment of the event surrounding him.

DDK:

Angus, as the patron saint of BRAZEN, what can you tell us about Victor Vacio?

Vacio takes the steps up and into the ring as the camera cuts back to the stage as the piano music fades out.

Angus:

He sure as *gorram* hell is flippier than I'd prefer but I gotta give it to him, Keebs. Vacio is one cold-hearted bastard! Gotta love that!

A guitar riff and pounding synth beat kick in.

♪ "Phoenix" - Scandroid ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from THE ASHESSS ...

Angus:

Smoker, huh? That's bad for the cardio.

Male vocals prophecy that *from the ashes you will rise*, and out steps... a pasty, pudgy luchador in a red mask and

singlet.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing two hundred and one pounds ... "The Firebird" ... ULTIMOOO PHOOEENIIIX!

Energetic synth track belying his lack of dynamism, Ultimo walks to the ring on jelly legs and waves at The Faithful sheepishly. The crowd goes mild.

Angus:

That's the moron who walked right off the interview stage in front of Christie Zane! Is this country so lousy with litigation that DEFIANCE gave him a match just so he wouldn't sue!?

Phoenix stumbles up the stairs and clambers through the ropes, almost face planting the mat.

Angus:

I have no words.

DDK:

There's a first time for everything.

DING DING

The moment the bell rings, Vacio raises up from his lean in the corner and stomps toward the young Ultimo. A slight step behind, after quickly psyching himself up in his own corner, Phoenix hurries toward the noticeably larger Vacio. The two meet in the center of the ring with vastly varying speeds and levels of confidence. Vacio doesn't even blink, just daring Phoenix to make the first move, but Ultimo simply gulps. The face to face meeting is short lived as Vacio nearly decapitates the young rookie with a stiff lariat!

Angus:

Oh! That is HOW BRAZEN does it, Keeps!

Victor doesn't rush to follow up as Phoenix lays on the mat, possibly KO'd already. Instead, "The Lost Cause" slowly paces around his most recent victim, looking out at the Faithful with empty emotionless eyes. Phoenix slowly recovers to all fours, still seeing stars. Vacio boots him in the ribs, lifting him off the mat! Ultimo clutches his abdomen and kicks the mat in pain. He struggles back to his knees. Victor traps him in a waistlock and wrenches him back with a bridging German suplex as Mark Shields slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

This has already lasted two seconds longer than I thought it would.

DDK:

There's a joke in there somewhere.

Angus:

Leave the humor to the professionals, Keeps.

Phoenix tries to crawl to the ropes, but Victor stands on his ankle. The underdog writhes in pain, and literally *asks* Vacio through gritted teeth to step off. "The Lost Cause" sneers. Phoenix implores Shields to intervene, but the apathetic referee points at his stripes -- *I'm in charge*. Eyes welling up through pain and frustration, Ultimo swats at

Victor, but he's out of arm's reach. Having watched this display of bullying for long enough, The Faithful actually start rallying behind Ultimo!

Victor's eyes narrow in frustration as the DEFIANCE fanbase will Phoenix on. "The Firebird" himself frowns in confusion but pumps his fist all the same, asking for just a little bit more. Victor **stomps** the ankle to subdue him but Ultimo leans forwards and grabs his foot to pry it off. Vacio breaks free, however, then hits the ropes and nails Phoenix in the face with a dropkick!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

You have to admit, Angus, that Phoenix has got guts!

Angus:

Or a deathwish.

The Faithful deflate as Victor once again stands tall over his opponent.

BOOOOOOO!

Vacio stares at the crowd with black-hole eyes and slowly raises his arms to soak in their contempt for him. He backs up into the corner and waits. Phoenix slowly pulls himself up using the ropes and turns around with his fists up -- superkick by Vacio! Ultimo's head snaps back and he hits the mat, out cold. Victor has him dead to rights but neglects to cover him. Instead, he drags his limp carcass into position and climbs the ropes. Signaling for the end, he executes a textbook SHOOTING STAR PRESS! As if that weren't enough, "The Lost Cause" stands up to place his foot on Ultimo's chest.

DDK:

He calls that the Causa Perdida!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Vacio has his hand raised by Mark Shields to more boos from The Faithful.

DDK:

Victor Vacio with a truly dominant display here tonight, but he didn't have to draw things out and humiliate Ultimo like that if you ask me.

Angus:

Nobody asked you, Keebs. Phoenix thinks he can rip off a legend and play with the big boys? If anything, Victor took it easy on the kid.

DDK:

Wait a minute, what's this?

A hand taps the victor, Victor, on the shoulder. He turns around and his eyes bulge in disbelief. A hunched, broken Phoenix stands in front of him with his hand extended. Vacio looks at the hand, then raises his head and looks from

side to side at The Faithful. Half of them cheer for him to shake it... the other half know him better. Victor leans in close and laughs in Ultimo's face, shoving him away as he leaves the ring.

DDK:

Was that really necessary!? Classless conduct by Victor Vacio.

Angus:

Phoenix is lucky Victor didn't rip his arm off and beat him to death with it. He wants a handshake? Earn it. Getting your ass kicked doesn't entitle you to shit in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Agreed, Angus but a little sportsmanship goes a long way.

TIME'S UP CHAMP

As Ultimo Phoenix leaves the ring, "everyone's favorite Texan" comes storming onto the stage but there is no pomp or circumstance, no glitz or glamour, no Queen or Hellraiser! The former FIST is all business as he makes his way down the ramp with his father in tow. The father son pairing pass by the returning Phoenix without batting an eye.

DDK:

As we discussed just after the commercial break, Scott Stevens is hell-bent on receiving his rematch from The current FIST of DEFIANCE, Kendrix.

Angus:

I honestly don't know which is the worse of two evils. Derp, Fuckass, Derp, Fuckass ... the margins ARE JUST TOO THIN, Keebs!

Scott runs up the ring steps and gets into the ring before snatching the microphone from Darren Quimbey.

Scott Stevens:

Kendrix, get your ass out here boy!

Stevens shouts as he tosses the mic aside and motions for Kendrix to come to the ring and face him, but it's not Kendrix music who plays.

♪ "Work Bitch" by Britney Spears ♪

DDK:

It can't be.....

Angus:

It is Keebs, it's Kelly!

The blonde authority figure of DEFIANCE makes her way out onto the stage and she doesn't look happy.

DDK:

If she's out here it can't be good for Stevens.

Angus:

Good! With all the chaos that idiot has caused here tonight, he needs his nuts clipped!

Kelly stares daggers at Stevens who can be seen mouthing why are you here and where is Kendrix.

Kelly Evans:

Where is Kendrix? That's what you want to know?

Stevens shakes his head as he paces back and forth inside the ring.

Kelly Evans:

He should be the least of your concern Scott because do you know what you have done here tonight?

Kelly asks and Stevens shrugs in a nonchalant manner as he mouths get Kendrix out here.

Kelly Evans:

You viciously assaulted Mikey Unlikely!

She says but Stevens doesn't care as he simply laughs.

Kelly Evans:

You may laugh and think it's funny, but what's not funny is right now, he's a guest of this show and a non-active wrestler. When a non-active wrestler is viciously assaulted by one of my contracted wrestlers and then, in turn, threatens to sue this company because you can't keep your damn ego in check? And to top that all off... You threaten and attacking MY staff? That's where I have a problem!

Scott doesn't care as he continues to yell for Kendrix. Kelly then shakes his head.

Kelly Evans:

Well, I'm glad that you think this is a goddamn laugh riot. So maybe you'll understand THIS, Scotty... Because of your actions... your rematch has been revoked here tonight. You'll get it when I say you get it!

The crowd goes ballistic with cheers and Stevens blows a gasket as he begins to yell at Kelly Evans.

DDK:

What a bombshell from Kelly...

Angus:

DA BOSS LAYING DOWN THE LAW!

Kelly Evans:

I'm not finished, Scott!

Kelly cuts off Keebs and Angus as she grabs the mic a little tighter and her voice becomes all the clearer.

Kelly Evans:

You're benched for the night. Get the hell out of my ring and out of the building!

Kelly drops the bombshell of news and the Faithful almost cause a tremor from their excitement over the announcement.

Angus:

YES! Screw you DERPY DERP!

DDK:

What did she just do?

Angus:

Gave me a semi! That's what!

DDK:

She added gasoline to the fire, Angus. This isn't going to end well.

Keebs is right as Scott suddenly runs and delivers a running Superman punch to one of the cameramen on the apron! The camera spills over instantly!

Angus:

What the hell?!

DDK:

What did he just do?! That's a cameraman!

Stevens grabs another of the ringside cameramen, trying to escape! The poor soul tries to get away, but Stevens DRAGS him through the ropes and into the ring before laying him out with a Toxic Sting.

Kelly Evans:

SECURITY!

As an irate Stevens climbs out of the ring, he grabs a chair and slides back into the ring, almost awaiting DEFsec. Head of Security Wyatt Bronson leads the charge and as one member of security slides into the ring, he gets greeted by the former champion with a chair across the back!

Angus:

This is the best protection we can afford? What a bunch of pussies!

Stevens sees one more person in the ring cowering in the corner and goes over and grabs him...DARREN QUIMBEY!

Angus:

You let Quimbey go you asshole!

DDK:

Scott Stevens has gone off the deep end!

Stevens smiles as he grabs his collar.

Kelly Evans:

Don't you do it! You touch him and you're FIRED!

Kelly threatens but Scott just smirks and gives her the unofficial state bird of Texas. As Stevens reaches down to pick up Quimbey, a familiar tune begins to play bringing the Faithful to their feet.

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

Angus:

BURNSIE! BURNSIE IS HERE!

DDK:

Oscar Burns said earlier tonight he was going to make things right... looks like he's trying to do just that!

Burnsie sees what's going down and rushes right past Kelly Evans, making a beeline toward the ring! Stevens lets Darren Quimbey go and waits for The Team Graps Cap to approach. He tries throwing the chair at Burns from inside the ring, but the former FIST of DEFIANCE sidesteps it quickly! Seeing his rival in his sights, Burns charges into the ring!

DDK:

He's clearly seen enough of this!

DEFsec and Kelly Evans watch the fight break out between the two longtime rivals! Stevens stomps on Burns the second he hits the ring, but when he tries to pull him up, he gets CRACKED on the jaw with a vicious European Uppercut! The crowd is on their feet now as Burns fights back with two big shots that send him packing into the corner!

Angus:

I've had enough from this prick! Kick his ass, Burnsie!

DDK:

Oscar Burns now gunning right for Stevens! But now DEFsec hitting the ring!

Bronson and the rest of DEFsec start to charge the ring! Burns continues wailing away on Stevens with elbow smashes when The Angry Texan shoves him away. He goes to deliver another FIST Superman Punch, only for Burns

to duck and CLOCK Bronson, sending him flying off the ring apron!

DDK:

Whether he meant to or not, he just clocked Bronson! The Head of Security is out on the floor!

The Kiwi kicks Stevens in the gut and launches his own attack - a sickening Hard Out Headbutt, but Stevens then pulls another member of DEFsec into the path, knocking him out below!

Angus:

Holy crap, Burnsie KILLED that dude!

The rage-filled Burns stops for a moment when he sees what he did to the innocent bystander, but Stevens takes advantage and CLOCKS him in the back of the head with a forearm! Burns is down, but DEFsec swoops in again and finally gets control... or as much control as they can... of the situation.

DDK:

Another damn cheap shot by Scott Stevens, but now Burns is back up! He wants to hurt Stevens badly for everything he's put him through in this last year!

Angus:

It's about damn time the Kiwi got himself some killer instinct!

An irate Evans has seen enough of the fight and continues barking orders.

Kelly Evans:

That's it! Get them both the hell out of here! NOW!

Stevens and Burns attack the people trying to separate them, but the numbers overwhelm them and the two are finally restrained and dragged out of the ring.

Angus:

Can this night get even crazier?!?!?

DDK:

I don't know Angus but Kelly is going to bring down the wrath, even more, I'm sure.

Angus:

Good! Stevens needs to be fired! Make good on that promise! Darren Quimbey looks like he's one foot in the grave right now!

The two men are restrained and dragged the entirety of the way to the back as we cut to commercial abruptly.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THE AFTERMATH

After a very tense commercial break, the camera cuts to just outside the DEF Guerilla Position with a swath of security and a groggy Head of Security Wyatt Bronson back up after taking a Superman Punch from Scott Stevens!

DDK:

We're backstage right now and we're trying to get a handle on this fight between Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens! Stevens had his title shot revoked for tonight after attacking Mikey Unlikely and then repeatedly attacking cameramen and security alike! Fines are going to be lobbied, I assume.

Angus:

Screw a fine, FIRE that dumb UTAH prick Scott Stevens once and for all.

Stevens is seen fighting through the backstage area when around the corner comes Oscar Burns, DRILLING him in the jaw with a forearm of his own, no doubt a receipt for the cheap shot before the chaos ensued.

Oscar Burns:

MATE, I'M SICK OF YOU RUNNING YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH! YOU HAVE THIS ASS-BEATING COMING, SCOTTY!

Burns continues to try and wail on Scott, but security holds him back with all their might. Seeing red in the heat of the moment, he elbows a member of DEFsec in the jaw and backs him up before Stevens gets back up.

Scott Stevens:

YOU'RE LUCKY THEY'RE HERE OR I'D JUST BEAT YOUR ASS... AGAIN!

He tries to take another swing at Burns when three more members of DEFsec grab onto him! The two men finally get restrained long enough for Evans to step in between them, even with the two trying to lunge at each other.

Kelly Evans:

ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT! BOTH OF YOU ARE NOT ONLY OUT OF THIS BUILDING TONIGHT... YOU'RE ALSO OFF OF THE NEXT DEFTV, TOO UNTIL THIS SHIT GETS FIGURED OUT! GET THEM OUT OF HERE!

In spite of this edict... both Stevens and Burns STILL try and get at one another until DEFsec finally drag them off in different directions. Kelly shakes her head in disgust at all that has transpired and barks orders at a stagehand.

Kelly Evans:

You! Go get me some more cameramen for ringside, damn it, now. I don't care if you have to find some damn intern! Just do it!

Stagehand:

Yes, ma'am.

He hurries off while Kelly Evans lets out a sigh and the camera returns back to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

I can't believe all this... Burns isn't this type of person, but you can only be pushed so far before something gives. I know that my job's supposed to be unbiased, but Scott had that coming tonight.

Angus:

Burns injured people himself in all this, but what do you think Da BAWWS is gonna do about him and Stevens?

DDK:

I don't know... but folks, we'll do our best to try and get everything sorted and the second we have news on this

situation, we'll bring it to you on DEFtv or on defiancewrestling.com as soon as possible. And not to sound cliché, but the show must go on.

Angus:

Everything you say sounds cliché!

ANGEL TRINIDAD vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

... and AS ALWAYS, the ACTION continues! Welcome to the next of our matches tonight. Coming up, we have the DEFtv return of "The HOSS Overlord" Angel Trinidad. After he defeated Eddie Cheno during DEFCON: Night One, he looks to continue his winning ways, one on one against BRAZEN's own Thomas Slaine.

Angus:

Big HOSSES doing Big HOSS things! I like it!

DDK:

Earlier tonight, we saw Angel confront Uriel Cortez again but Uriel and The Family Keeling wanted nothing to do with him. With that in mind, let's go t ringside with Thomas Slaine already in the ring.

The camera cuts to the inside of the ring with "You Rascal You" blasting over the PA. Thomas Slaine leans back against the ropes, mentally preparing for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring... from Mobile, Alabama, weighing in at 227 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

Thomas pays no mind to the jeering crowd and waits for the former World Trios Champion to come out.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The crowd roars in approval as smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp. Stepping into the arena through a cloud of smoke is the former leader of Team HOSS and the now solo Angel Trinidad. The HOSS Overlord pounds on his chest and lets out a howl for The Faithful before heading to the ring. Once he reaches the ring, he leaps onto the apron, surveys the scene and then LEAPS over the ropes a second time before staring down Thomas Slaine, who attacks at the bell!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

I can't blame Slaine! He has a chance to make a name for himself against a very game Angel Trinidad. We've seen him mix it up and hold victories over former World Champs like Dusty Griffith and Lindsay Troy!

He continues wailing into Angel with right hands, but the much taller Bronx native stops and shakes them off long enough to shoot Thomas a death glare.

Angus:

...Damn. I think all Slaine did was piss off Angel.

Angel grunts and taps his jaw, begging for Thomas to hit him harder. The brawler decides to fake a right and then kick Angel in the kneecap! The blow stuns Angel and Thomas tries to whip him off to the corner... No avail.

Angus:

Well, that was dumb.

Thomas gets launched into the corner like he was fired out of a cannon! The blow stuns Slaine and Angel goes charging in, smashing right into him with a hard Running Corner Splash. The blow rattles him long enough for Angel to turn around, look out to the crowd, and fire off a series of hard alternating elbow smashes from either side, pinning Slaine into the corner!

DDK:

Well, that hot start by Slaine fizzled out quickly! Now Angel is holding court right now.

As Thomas goes slumping out of the corner, Angel picks him up in his arms and looks to be thinking Running Powerslam. Obviously, Thomas isn't keen on that idea and recovers enough to slide out behind Angel, going back to the knee again with a Chop Block! The blow stuns Angel and brings him to a knee, allowing Thomas to run off the ropes and connect with a Running Big Boot with Angel at his level!

DDK:

The giant is on his back! Can Slaine capitalize?

Thomas doesn't go for a cover but instead runs off the ropes and delivers a Running Pointed Elbow Drop to the head of Angel. As he flinches, Slaine shoots off the other side and connects with a Running Knee Drop! Now he tries a cover.

ONE...

Angus:

Shit, that's all he got? Yikes...

After getting shoved off violently, Slaine looks on in disbelief. He quickly decides to end things and tries to hook Angel's head with a DDT-like hold, but Angel shoves him back into the ropes. He goes running for Slaine with a Clothesline, to which the Mobile brawler ducks and comes off the ropes, Angel pushes his way past Slaine and also heads to the ropes, so when the two men collide...

Angus:

HOT DAMN! FLYING HOSSBODY!!!!

The crowd WINCES when Angel gut checks the brawler with a HUGE Flying Crossbody from the near seven-footer! Angel quickly rises to his feet and hoists Thomas Slaine up on his shoulder...

DDK:

Big Bad Bomb! The Splash Mountain Powerbomb connects and Angel covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

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

The crowd cheers on as Angel Trinidad raises his hands in the air in victory, almost looking at Slaine with an "aw, shucks" look for pasting him so quickly.

DDK:

Just like that, Angel makes quick work of Thomas Slaine! That Flying Hossbody is a dangerous weapon in his arsenal, same with the Big Bad Bomb.

Angus:

I totally get why Slaine was trying to jump Angel like that... but man, he had that ass-whooping coming for that.

Angel nods to the cheering crowd with a small smirk before climbing out and heading to the back after his dominant victory...

...Before cutting backstage where on a monitor, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez is watching the match by his lonesome.

NO TOMORROW

Cut back to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome, Gage Blackwood.

Darren's voice is calm and somewhat solemn as he stands in the ring, signifying this is not a typical wrestling promo or match. Gage Blackwood emerges from the rampway, without a wrestling theme. The Faithful cheer but then they see his condition and concern brushes over them.

Gage is on crutches and his left foot is in a cast. Although he is wearing black jeans and his recently released "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt, it's clear he has a lot of tensor wrap around his right thigh and groin area. His right arm is in a sling, although he is still able to grip the crutches with both hands. On top of all of this... his neck is in a brace.

His face is now shown, in close-up. It's black and blue. He has one black eye and the trademark scar on his forehead shows he has new stitches. It's a cringe-worthy scene but even through all of this, Gage gives a nod to the crowd and begins his way down the ramp.

DDK:

Folks, I don't know what we're in for here but this does not look good. Scott Douglas was also seriously hurt at DEFCON and just looking at Gage Blackwood, he seems to be in similar condition.

Angus:

Okay, I said some things at DEFCON that I didn't mean... eeerrrr, I meant them to some extent. Gage Blackwood isn't for me but wow what a beating he took at the hands of Shooter Landell post-match. I didn't expect to see him out here tonight. The kid has balls, I'll give him that.

It takes a while for Gage to make his way down to the ring. He stops a few times and acknowledges a handful of kids in the crowd. Finally, using the steel stairs and struggling the entire time he does, he's somehow able to get into the ring. Quimbey gives him the mic, pats him on the back and then exits.

If there was a theme song to close, it would do so here.

Blackwood raises the mic to his face but gets a cheer from The Faithful before he speaks. He pauses, takes it in as if it's the first time he's hearing this...

Gage Blackwood:

Thank you.

There's another long pause as the fans wait for more information.

Gage Blackwood:

Let's face it, I'm not the best on this thing.

Blackwood moves the mic in his free hand as he puts all his weight on the crutches.

Gage Blackwood:

So I'll try to keep this short. I thought DEFCON was my night. I was beaten up, I was beaten up bad. But then I got a second wind and somehow I pulled out the victory over Shooter Landell.

The Faithful cheer. There's a small "Black-wood, Black-wood" chant, although most fans are more interested in hearing what he has to say.

Gage Blackwood:

I overcame, I fought hard and got it done.

Blackwood lowers his head. It's clear he's getting emotional but trying to hold back.

Gage Blackwood:

Then the post-match happened.

The Faithful boo loudly.

Gage Blackwood:

No, no. It's okay. It's *okay*. You see, a lot of what has happened to me is actually my fault.

Angus:

I told you. It's his fault!

Gage Blackwood:

For months and months now I've been walking around *[clears throat]* excuse me, limping around, like I don't have any issues. Well let me set the record straight, I do have issues. I have more than issues... I have significant injuries.

There are some boos but again, mostly concerns.

Gage Blackwood:

It's been almost two years since I started in DEFIANCE and over the very first month, when I was beaten up by David Hightower, a man who is much bigger than I am... I felt it. I felt the injuries. But I always fought, you know. I always fought hard. Just like this past DEFCON, when I faced David Hightower at my first DEFCON I fought past everything, I put him through the announce table and dammit, I came out victorious...

There's a decent cheer for this.

Gage Blackwood:

Then I was ambushed by Chris Ross. I won't lie to you, it was through his numerous attacks where I started my serious injuries. I had a bulging muscle in my shoulder. It wasn't healing.

Blackwood once again tries to fight back his emotions. He becomes more relaxed with each word he says but also more depressed.

Gage Blackwood:

Yet I owed it to DEFIANCE and you, The Faithful, to keep fighting for this place. No one else would cheer for a guy who lost his first **THREE** matches in DEFIANCE but you all did. You saw something in me, even though I could barely speak a word on this microphone. Where other organizations would have tossed me out, you embraced me and I wanted to honor that. I wanted to honor that so badly...

Blackwood looks down at his t-shirt.

Gage Blackwood:

Fight, like there is no tomorrow. That was my internal motto. It's funny how long it takes certain catchphrases to hit you. This one hit me a few weeks ago but not a lot of good it does now...

DDK:

This is tough to watch. I think Gage is going to be out for a while.

Gage Blackwood:

So I fought Lisil Jackson and I fought Chris Ross and together, with others and with all of you, we got rid of the UTA.

A DE-FI-ANCE cheer begins.

Gage Blackwood:

Then came Crimson Lord. He finally put me on the shelf. I just couldn't recover fast enough to keep the fight going.

Finally, a tear starts rolling down Blackwood's face.

Gage Blackwood:

But dammit I came back!! NOTHING WOULD HOLD ME DOWN. NO ONE WOULD HOLD ME BACK.

Blackwood pauses and collects himself before his thick Scottish accent would take over, where no one would have an idea what he's saying.

Gage Blackwood:

And I fought like hell to come back once again, even if I came back at 50%. I stood beside my friend, Mushigihara and we took on The ToyBox. It was then I knew I had pushed myself too far.

Blackwood takes a pause.

Gage Blackwood:

But I still didn't listen. You fight like *there is no tomorrow*! If I'm still standing, I will keep going! And I did keep going. Enter... Shooter Landell.

BBBBOOOOOOOO.

DDK:

A significant reaction for one of the newest guys here and he deserves every second of this hate!

Angus:

I disagree. It sounds like he was doing Blackwood a favor.

Gage Blackwood:

You all saw the match. I got my ass kicked in and out of that ring. I had nothing to give. I got *lucky* I won. Then the beating of my lifetime happened. Ladies and gentlemen, I'm so sorry. It was a beating I deserved.

Angus:

Told you.

Gage Blackwood:

I've broken my foot in two places. I separated my right shoulder. I have three cracked ribs and a stinger in my neck.

There's a very long pause. Many tears start to fill Blackwood's face.

DDK:

This is awful...

Gage Blackwood:

But on top of it all, I've suffered a severe concussion and I will finally get to the point. Effective immediately, I have to retire from DEFIANCE and wrestling in general.

Shock fills the arena. The announcers don't even know what to say.

Gage Blackwood:

Fight, like there is no tomorrow. Well, I can always look back and say I did that but my tomorrow has finally arrived.

Some of The Faithful clap, showing thanks to Gage Blackwood while others remained stunned at the news. A good minute passes. Blackwood pulls at his shirt. He looks around the arena and tries to crack a smile. He even takes a second and wipes the tears from his eyes.

Gage Blackwood:

I wanted to thank all of you, from Lance Warner who did my first few interviews, to DDK who has always supported me, to even Angus who rips on me all the time. The #WalkingBandAid moniker he gave me a few months ago blew up on social media and let's be honest, it was pretty true.

Angus:

I got a shout out!

DDK:

This is not the place, nor time...

Gage Blackwood:

Finally, I wanted to thank everyone in the back, all of the wrestlers who have supported me or even those who didn't. I will continue to be a part of DEFIANCE in some way but my wrestling days are now behind me. Thank you for letting this Scot live out his dream and I'm sorry it ended so abruptly.

With that, Blackwood drops the mic. While he had fought back more tears during those last few moments, they were in full force again. He waved to the crowd with his free hand before turning to crutch his way out of the ring-

Until...

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?!? HE HAS NO PLACE HERE!!!

Shooter Landell is seen standing on the rampway, sarcastically clapping Gage Blackwood out of the ring.

As The Faithful catch on, more and more of them boo with such anger. It takes Blackwood some time to realize what's happened as he was struggling to exit the ring but once at the bottom of the steel stairs he sees Shooter. Surprisingly, it doesn't phase him that much.

Gage Blackwood: [to Shooter]

Whatever...

Landell winks and smiles at Blackwood before turning around and heading to the back.

Blackwood makes his way up the ramp and The Faithful cheer again before Gage reaches the top, turns around and with lots of emotions running through him, raises both hands as he rests on his crutches.

Gage Blackwood:

Thank you, everyone. Thank you so much.

DDK:

This has to be so tough for Gage. I, for one, want to thank him for all he's done with DEFIANCE these past two years. I believe he said he will still be a part of DEFIANCE in some way but we can get more information to you at a later date. Thank you, Gage Blackwood. I'm sorry it ended this way.

Angus: *[very reluctantly]*

Yes, me too, Gage. Take care.

There's another minute of silence from the commentators as they allow Blackwood the spotlight by thanking the fans once more and finally turning around to crutch his way behind the curtain...

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

THE STEVENS DYNASTY vs SHO NAKAZAWA & MASCARA DE MUERTE IV

As we come back from commercial break, Angus and Keebs are ready to get the night underway with some tag team action.

DDK:

We are back ladies and gentlemen and now it's time for The Stevens Dynasty open challenge.

Angus:

Hopefully, some team comes out and beats the crap out of these idiots.

The sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

♪ We Are The Fighters

The Up All Nighters

We're Cut From A Different

Kind Of Cloth (Kind Of Cloth)♪

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, and Cary along with The Stevens Dynasty as they show their identity the faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

♪ Yeah, We're Going Full Throttle

Drinking Whiskey From The Bottle

We The Ones That Win

No Matter The Cost♪

♪ "When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds... **BO!**
AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEEEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSSTTTYYYYYY!"

Cary leads the charge as his son and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty looking to get back on the winning track. However, with the chaos that Scott Stevens has brought upon do you think they are focused or will that be a distraction?

Angus:

Who cares!

The Stevens Dynasty stare towards the ring and their expression is nothing but intensity and focus as they head towards the ring. Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up the ring steps and slowly step inside.

Dan Quimbey:

And their opponents.....

Quimbey says and the Dynasty look towards the stage as they stretch out.

♪ "Holy Driver" by Ronnie James Dio. ♪

DDK:

I know that music...

Two men wearing mask appear on stage. One is all black and is the incarnation of death while the other looks to be a dragon of some kind.

Dan Quimbey:

Representing BRAZEN.....Sho Nakazawa and Mascara De Muerte IV!

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa and Mascara De Muerte IV have answered the call! These two have had some success as a team in BRAZEN and could pose a legit threat to The Stevens Dynasty.

Angus:

Hopefully, because I'm sick of The Derp Dynasty's bitching and moaning.

Sho Nakazawa and Mascara De Muerte IV make their way down the ramp and get into the ring as Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And we are underway.

Bo and Sho Nakazawa start the match for their respective teams and Bo and Sho lock in the center of the ring and Bo uses his size and power to toss Sho to the ground, but the man from the land of the rising sun hits the mat and kips up to the delight of the crowd.

Angus:

Not the flippy shit.

DDK:

Speed is on Sho and MDM4's side.

Bo doesn't seem impressed as he goes to lock up once again but Sho uses his speed to avoid the attempt. Bo tries once again charging in with a head full of steam but the Japanese junior heavyweight moves out of the way and the crowd shouts.....

OLE!

DDK:

Sho having fun with Bo.

Angus:

Dancing doesn't win matches Keeps.

Bo lunges in again and as Sho steps to move out of the way Bo delivers a thrusts kick to Sho's midsection that doubles him over and Bo whips him towards the nearest set of ropes and as he bounces back tosses him into the air but Sho sends Bo scrambling to the outside as he nails a dropkick.

DDK:

Bo is becoming frustrated.

Bo continues to shout aloud and kicks the ring steps when he doesn't see Sho Nakazawa hitting the ropes and jumping on the top to hit a spinning corkscrew splash.

DDK:

SASUKE SPECIAL! SASUKE SPECIAL!

Angus:

At least that flippy shit did something right.

The crowd roars from the dangerous spectacle and Sho eats every minute of it especially when he turns around and eats the size fifteen of George Stevens.

DDK:

That had to hurt.

Angus:

No shit, Keeps. I think I saw a tooth fly out.

George lumbers back to his downed cousin and helps him to his feet when the two see MDM4 charging their way as he springboards to deliver a plancha, but his momentum is suddenly stopped by the immovable object known as George as he catches him in mid-air and delivers a slam.

DDK:

Texas Size Slam on the floor!

MDM4 writhes around in pain as Bo connects with a discus lariat to Sho Nakazawa as he gets to his feet.

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa just got Bo-Dazzled!

Angus:

That's the stupidest name I've ever heard for a wrestling move.

Bo and George pick up Sho and roll him into the ring and Bo tags in his cousin.

George picks him up and places him in the fireman's carry position as Bo hits the ropes and delivers a running swinging neckbreaker.

DDK:

Texas Tornado! That's it!

George looks down at Sho and doesn't look satisfied and Bo is asking what is he doing.

Angus:

What is that retard up to?

George reaches down with his massive paw and drags Sho to the nearest corner with ease. Once he has him positioned he slowly climbs the ropes.

Angus:

He's not...

DDK:

I believe he is Angus.

George bounces on the middle ropes and throws his legs out landing stomach first onto a prone Sho Nakazawa.

Angus:

That's it he's dead!

DDK:

That was a 10.0 on the old Richter Scale.

Hector slides into position and begins his count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

DDK:

And just like that, it's mercifully over.

DING DING DING

Angus:

Someone needs to call the funeral home because we got one body ready to transport.

Dan Quimbey:

And your winners by pinfall...**BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENSSSS
DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYY!"**

Navarro raises the Texans hands in victory as we cut back to Darren and Angus.

RECEIPTS

DDK:

Let's now go to a clip from earlier today... where Christie Zane -- Fans, I appoligize. I nearly missread this.

Angus leans over and reads the paper.

Angus:

Oh, shit! Dan RYAN!

Cut to Earlier Today.

Backstage where Christie Zane is standing with a microphone.

Christie Zane:

I'm here backstage before tonights DEFtv and believe it or not...

Dan Ryan walks into frame.

Christie Zane:

...I've managed to get a few words with Dan Ryan, who hasn't said much of anything since announcing his return by way of an attack on Jack Harmen about a month ago.

Dan Ryan:

Well, I wouldn't say a few words with, exactly.

Christie Zane:

What do you mean?

Dan Ryan:

Take a walk, Zane.

Christie Zane:

But I...

Dan Ryan: *[making a walking gesture with two of his fingers]*

Bye, Christie.

Zane sighs a big sigh but doesn't fight it any further. Ryan barely pays her any attention, and turns to face the camera.

Dan Ryan: *[suddenly smiling broadly]*

Hello everyone. It's so good to see all of you again, or, for you all to see me. Unfortunately I couldn't be with you there tonight, but I did want to say a few words to explain some of what's been going on.

Ryan looks down, pensive, then back up at the camera.

Dan Ryan:

I've heard your boos lately. I've heard the jeers and felt the ugly looks while I've bounced the Harmen family around the arena like so many racquetball matches. But, I forgive you. You can't get mad at stupid people when they don't think things through. Among the lot of you, I doubt you could solve a math problem with a calculator. So here, let me remind you all of a few things...

Ryan pulls his sunglasses off.

Dan Ryan:

You may all remember the long period of time last year during which Mikey Unlikely and UTA made their 'invasion' into

DEFIANCE. You may also remember that when all was said and done, I played Mikey like a fiddle, fooled his entire contingent and extracted control of DEFIANCE from his slimy little fingers. Now, what you will NOT remember, because there's no way you could have known, is that it was I who bankrolled the continued existence of DEFIANCE, and it was I who allowed Jack Harmen to take a modicum of control while I walked away to leave the company in the hands of the men who busted their ass for the company before and continue to do so now. What I did NOT do is walk away so that Jack Harmen could treat the company like his personal playpen. THAT... I did not do.

Ryan pauses for a moment while a buzz can be heard through the audience.

Dan Ryan:

So, what does that have to do with what's going on now? Well, I'll tell you. I've never been one to suffer fools, and apparently Jack Harmen thought I was fool. Maybe he thought they didn't have televisions where I went. Maybe he thought I would sit down in Texas and let him make a mockery of the company I ensured would continue to exist. Well... he thought wrong. So...

Ryan puts the sunglasses back on and relaxes.

Dan Ryan:

Let's lay it all out on the line. You cross me, and you don't get second chances. You don't take advantage of my kindness and live to tell the tale. So, from the moment I appeared back in that arena, in that ring, at any location or event bearing the DEFIANCE name, until the deed is done... if I see Jack Harmen, he gets an ass-kicking right there on the spot, no questions asked. And, as for his kid, believe me... I get that he thinks he's coming to his father's defense, no matter their relationship, but the kid means nothing to me. I don't care if he lives or dies. So believe me, if he wants to take his share of the Harmen medicine comin' Jackie's way, I'll be happy to give it to him.

The pre-recorded video begins to fade and Darren Keebler squeezes in a quick voice over before we cut to commercial.

DDK:

We'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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WHAT'S NEXT FOR OUR HEROES?

The camera pans backstage to the interview area and once again, Christie Zane, is about ready to interview some guests... because you know, that's what interviewers do. When they are allowed to stay for the interview.

Christie Zane:

Hi, everybody! I'm Christie Zane! And with me at this time are the two guys that beat The Stevens Dynasty at DEFCON... please welcome "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts... The WrestleFriends!

From both the left and right sides respectively, come Ryan Batts and his large tag team partner, Jack Mace.

Jack Mace:

What's going on, mates?

Ryan Batts:

Christie. Good to see you.

He extends a hand and Christie shakes it as Mace does the same.

Jack Mace:

...I've been told to watch my strength, love. I've slapped Lance Warner on the back too many times from what I'm told.

Christie Zane:

That's okay. But before we talk about DEFCON, what about what happened earlier tonight with Scott Stevens and your friend and mentor, Oscar Burns?

Batts shakes his head.

Ryan Batts:

You know, it's like this, Christy... The League of Extraordinary Graps do live by a code of conduct in fair sportsmanship, respect for your fellow wrestlers and for that ring. We're not blind to the fact that there are plenty of people in this sport that think cutting corners, breaking rules and outright disrespecting our sport gets them ahead... The Stevens Dynasty are two of those people.

Jack Mace:

And all THAT got them was a flogging, love!

Ryan Batts:

Indeed. We haven't had the chance to talk to Oscar just yet, but I know what he's been feeling... after being injured by Scott, having his title stolen from him last year and losing out on it again, no thanks to Kendrix and especially Scott... a man can only take so much. I can't say I would have done the same thing in his shoes if I had been through all that, Christie.

Christie Zane:

Yeah, he's got Burnsie all made now!

Mace laughs.

Jack Mace:

Understatement of the year, love.

Christie Zane:

Well, with the Tag Team division getting hotter and you guys winning at DEFCON, what's next for The WrestleFriends?

Batts smiles.

Ryan Batts:

Glad you asked, Christie. See, we won the RISE Tag League to get here. We won our debut match on the roster and thus far, we're undefeated as a tag team, even defeating Stevens Dynasty like we said. And with that in mind, we're ready to bring some gold to the group. That's why we're announcing tonight...

He looks over to Jack Mace, who finishes his thoughts.

Jack Mace:

We are letting our tag team power combine... and we're challenging the winner of tonight's ToyBox/Fuse Bros match to a future match for the World Tag Team Titles!

The crowd cheers at the thought as Batts smiles.

Ryan Batts:

We've proven ourselves worthy of our spots, we proved that we're here to stay at DEFCON... And when we get the chance, Jackie and I are going to prove that we're the best team going today! With respect to teams like Team HOSS, PCP, and the Fuse Bros... we want to put our name next to them.

Jack Mace:

That's right, love! I'd love some more gold and leather to go with this leather coat I fashioned meself!

He shows off his pelt coat while Christie Zane giggles.

Christie Zane:

Well, boys, good luck in your title chase.

Jack Mace:

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

Ryan Batts:

The Graps!

Jack Mace:

Hossing!

Ryan Batts:

Flippy things!

Jack Mace and Ryan Batts:

By our wrestling skills combined... we are The WrestleFriends!

The two hero/wrestlers dap fists and nod before heading off elsewhere.

ELISE ARES Â© VS KLEIN

A wide shot of the Wrestle-Plex shows the building nearly at capacity, waiting patiently for the announcement of Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship and is scheduled for one fall with a 30 minute time limit!

That's all the crowd needed to hear to get themselves back into the action.

DDK:

Much to our surprise, we found out earlier tonight that Elise Ares is going to start her run as self-proclaimed SoCal Champion by being a fighting champion and defending her title against who she feels are the people who helped her get there, Klein tonight, and on the next episode of DEFtv The D.

Angus:

If she makes it to next time! We make fun of that dumbass with the box on his head, but have you seen that guy fight? He's a HOSS in disguise! If his head is in the match this won't be an easy win for Elise. Her reign might end as soon as it starts.

DDK:

The real question is if he does, will he be the SoHer or SoCal Champion?

Angus:

No. That's not a question anyone is asking, except you. Because you were hit in the head as a small child and just now developed some serious mental condition. Should I call Iris?

♪ "Man In The Box" by Alice In Chains ♪

A familiar yet unfamiliar tune plays over the speakers and the Faithful turn to the entrance. Here he comes, the man in the box himself, Klein. The spotlight hits him and he immediately looks down at the ground and makes his way down the aisle. Fans reach out and try to slap him on the back, but The D is there to guide him towards the ring, speaking into his ear the entire time. Obviously trying to stay away from the cameras clearly focused on him, Klein looks focused and ready for his big opportunity. Well, as much as you can tell from a man inside of a box.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger, hailing from Hollywood, California by way of Philadelphia, PA. Weighing in at 263 pounds, HE IS the MAN in the BOXXXXXX, KLEIN!

Now in the ring, Klein begins to warm up and stretch against the ropes with The D going full corner man for the match. He's wearing a nylon jacket with a towel draped over the shoulder and all. He shouts words of encouragement and rubs the big man on the shoulders.

DDK:

You have to wonder if there is more to this than an earnest feeling of generosity towards her teammates. Is all this for real or...?

Angus:

You're trying to decipher the motivations of looneys. They're always this dumb, Keebs. Just roll with it.

DDK:

Why swim upstream?

All I wanna do is...

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

Iconic grunge is halted by the intro of "Paper Planes" by MIA before the modern alternative beat of Panic! At The Disco takes over. Golden and purple spotlights circle around the arena before pointing at the woman who is always the center of attention, Elise Ares. Her hips have an exaggerated swag as she walks out with the brand new SoCal Championship on her shoulder. At the top of the aisle she stops to look at herself in the mirrored faceplate complete with selfie lighting, and once she looks up to her own standards she lifts the strap over her head and struts down to the ring triumphantly.

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnd the champion, hailing from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba. Weighing in at 122 pounds, SHE IS the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... The QUEEEEEEN OF SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT STYLEEEEE, ELISEEEEEEE ARRRRRRRRRRES!

Rolling into the ring, Elise marches across the ring and climbs to the top rope to pose for the Faithful with her new championship.

DDK:

Say what you will about the SoCal, you can't deny it contains the history of the Southern Heritage championship, and she earned that beautiful belt. The perfect accessory for the champion with things to do.

Angus:

But it's not an accessory, it's a historical prize Keeps! People have shortened their lives for the chance to hold that championship belt for only a few DAYS. We just got the Mikey stink off of it...

DDK:

Elise Ares is one of those people who fought, bleed, climbed up hill twenty miles in the snow with nothing but a bikini on... Her life certainly didn't get extended by Jay Harvey in a cage at DEFCON.

Angus:

I ain't takin' away from her al'right Keeps. Gorramit, just, why are good cupcakes topped with shit sprinkles.

Elise Ares relinquishes the SoCal to Carla Ferrari, who she then attempts to show how to use the selfie lighting feature but Carla doesn't give a damn and lifts it over her head to display what's on the line as the music stops. Elise calls Klein to the middle of the ring. They shake hands and back into their corners before the bell rings.

DING DING

DDK:

Let's see how real this match is, Angus! Klein and Elise, one on one! Never thought I'd see the day.

Klein shows a bit of reluctance to face his Pop Culture Phenom teammate, but Elise bolts past and goes for a single leg takedown. She succeeds but when she tries to capitalize the size advantage comes into play and she's throw off. Ares rebounds by throwing Klein with an arm drag. Klein answers with his own arm drag followed by a clothesline that rocks the champion. She gets up a little slow from that, but Klein isn't being super aggressive, giving her the chance to shake it off a bit as he signals for a test of strength. Ares cocks her head to the side and says "Really?" before hitting him in the chest with a lightning fast dropkick.

DDK:

Klein may not be used to the speed of his PCP partners. He's hardly in the ring against them.

Angus:

Yeah, but pretty sure he's used to tossin' 'em around the ring like play toys.

The Man in the Box is knocked off his feet, but recovers, showing great agility for a big man but not as much agility as

the champion who is all over him with a series of strikes. Open hand chops and kicks force Klein into the corner. Carla calls for a rope break and Ares lifts up her hands and backs away, giving a camera a good shot at the splint that still covers her fingers from her match at DEFCON. Klein escapes the corner as Elise backs away, but knows the nature of his opponent and sidesteps her as she tries to catch him off-guard by charging him. She finds nothing but turnbuckle and staggers back into the arms of Klein who plants her chest first into the mat with a reverse powerslam. Elise immediately rolls across the canvas grasping her midsection while The D yells at Klein to stay on the attack. Klein looks over and makes a whimper crying motion and the D shouts to man up. Klein does, dropping his massive frame onto the champion and grounding her with a side headlock.

Angus:

If Klein wants to be a real champion here in DEFIANCE, he's going to have to learn to be aggressive and stay aggressive.

DDK:

He's definitely showing some empathy towards his friend in the ring, but those shots still look BRU-TAL.

Angus:

Oh, they hurt like a bitch, but he needs to do A LOT more of them to keep Elise down.

There's nowhere for Ares to go so she kicks her foot wildly before just barely clipping the ropes. Carla calls for a break, and Klein does just that bystanding and counting alongside Carla. He even chortles a "Ha-Ha-Ha!" when she finishes. As Elise pushes to her back, Klein hurls her into the middle of the ring with a modified fallaway slam. Ares scrambles to get up after impact but is knocked back down with a shoulder block. Up and then back down with another. Up and then back down with a third. Finally, she's forced to roll out of the ring to gather herself and Klein looks back at The D for approval. He gets what he's looking for with a thumbs up. The Box nods in approval while Elise looks frustratedly back at him with her hands on her hips on the outside while Carla counts, unable to figure out how to get around his rare combination of strength and technical expertise. Klein, a few steps behind, starts counting alongside Carla, until Carla shoots him the dirtiest look ever and he retreats.

DDK:

Klein better remember he's in the ring for one of the biggest prizes DEFIANCE has to offer. He's not the official, he's the executioner!

Angus:

If you mean of brain cells, yes. Right now, Klein's giving Elise all the time to recover on the outside.

Elise gets up onto the apron and Klein backs into his own corner, giving the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE space to get back in the ring. Ares charges the Man in the Box who drops to the mat forcing her to jump over, she does, and clears the rest of the ring completely landing on the ropes and springboarding back towards him as he gets back up to his feet.. He catches her on his shoulders, and immediately a look of panic crosses her face as he goes to slam her down into a powerbomb. Instincts kick in and Ares flips him over with an impressive hurricanrana and grabs the leg. Klein doesn't see the pin attempt coming.

ONE!

TWO!

T... KICKOUT!

No luck for the champion as he powers his way out.

DDK:

Just a two count, she almost caught him sleeping, Angus!

Angus:

That'll only work once, Keebs! Now he's on to her, that may not have been a smart move!

DDK:

Wait, how did she just do that with a box on his head?

Some things are better left unanswered as Elise knows she has to keep the pace quick and follows up with a basement dropkick to the box as he tries to get back up to his feet. It connects sending him back down with a backward somersault towards the corner. There he grabs the ropes and tries for a break, but Elise Ares begins stomping away with The Blacklist. She looks for where The D usually would be and he suddenly pops up in the spot and she raises her hand to "tag him." D hops off the apron instead as Elise doesn't actually go through with the motion, as she continues the stomps. She raises her hand to the D again, who hops onto the apron, but Elise just turns back to Klein and lets loose with one more round. The D grunts as he hops off the apron. Carla breaks the move up to the jeers of the crowd, who were enjoying the moment. The champion knows how to entertain the crowd and goes to do her "Que Tal Eso?!" dance but is leveled from behind by a huge forearm before she can even really get started.

Angus:

That's no time to showboat, Elise! All you've done is make him sp-angry!

DDK:

... Spangry?

Angus:

100% HOSS! Hates Spanish. Doesn't understand it. Assumes everything is about his mother.

Clearly frustrated that Elise went for the dance in over-confidence, Klein jerks her back up off the mat and throws her over his head with a massive German suplex! She folds in half on impact and rolls over to her side where Klein rips her up once again and sends her into the ropes, she comes back on the rebound and eats a HUUUGE lariat that flips her inside out and she lands on the back of her head. Klein hit her so hard he actually grabs his arm as she lays on the mat. Klein leans in to check on Elise, who quickly rakes the eyes. Klein steps back and then hooks Elise's top. The crowd begins to get into the match for more than just Elise shenanigans as Klein yanks her by her top as if she were her dead weight back up to a standing position. She staggers around before Klein hoists her up in a stalling vertical suplex. Upside down, the champion is helpless as Klein holds her in place. In an impressive show of strength, he keeps it up and the crowd begins to count.

ONE!

TWO!

Klein begins to now spin, holding Elise upright.

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Klein, showing even more power, releases the hand bracing her and continues to hold her up with only one hand. Half the Faithful gasp in awe while the others continue to count.

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIG...

Suddenly Elise begins to fall in the wrong direction towards of the front of Klein, and on the way down she hooks her arm behind his box and rolls him up in a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd roars as Klein powers out just a second too late and Elise rapidly crawls back to the corner.

DING DING DING

DDK:

She did catch him!

Angus:

OH MY GOD, how did he get caught napping TWICE?!

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

The D jumps into the ring in shock as Klein is stumbling into the corner, trying to regain his balance. Elise pulls herself up to her feet and is awarded her SoCal Title back, as Klein watches his chance slip away. She clutches it against her chest and looks across the ring at her friend still staring at his hands through the holes in his box and The D on one knee comforting him. The expression of jubilation quickly turns to concern.

DDK:

Regardless of HOW she did it, she did do it, and Elise Ares is still our Southern Heritage Champion! Doing what she does best, Angus, taking advantage of the opportunity presented to her.

Angus:

I don't know how she continues to come out of the fire without a burn, but she does again and again. I can't tell if that girl is just lucky or if there is a real method to her madness.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style walks across the ring to her fellow Phenoms and gets down on one knee herself. Klein doesn't seem to respond right away, so Elise reaches out and puts her hand on his shoulder and her head against his box before patting it. Klein immediately stands up, startling Ares and causing the music to cut off. She looks back at him unsure as he is up to his feet now looking at the ground. Reluctantly, Elise takes a step forward to try again and The D begins to lift his hands as if warning her to stop before Klein grabs her and embraces her in a hug. A look of relief crosses the face of Ares with a smile. The Man in the Box lifts the arm of the champion and she smiles for the crowd. "Live For The Night" begins to play instead as The D pats Elise on the back.

DDK:

A clean victory for Elise, and despite a little frustration from Klein... with good reason, Ares looks to defend her championship next DEFtv against The D.

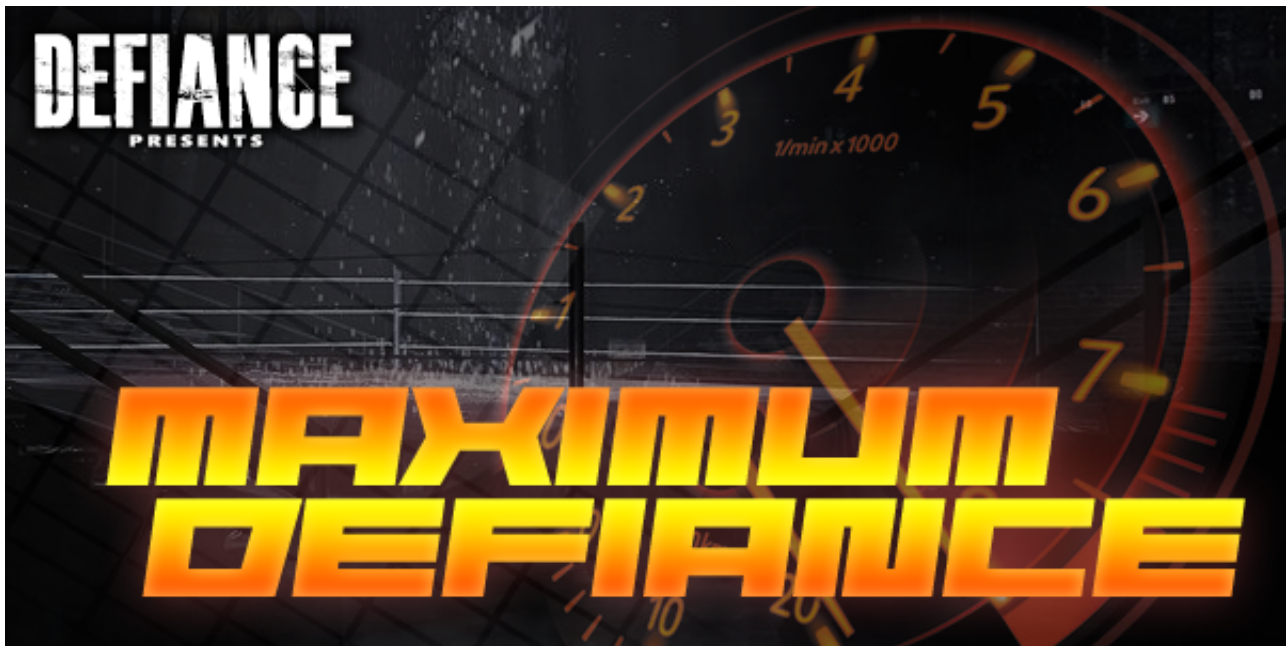
Angus:

That might be a fun one to watch, Keebs. I hate that piece of crap she's wearing around her waist, but even I can't figure out how she continues to do it. She's got a four-leaf clover up her ass or something, but it's damn fun to watch, as much as I hate to admit it.

DDK:

Folks, stay tuned through these BREIF messages - we'll be RIGHT BACK!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019



Get you tickets now! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

WELCOME TO THE NEXT LEVEL

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

DDK:

Here they come, The Fuse Bros. and STILL the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions!

Angus:

Great, let's go to commercial!

DDK:

I'm told the Bros. have a huge announcement to make as well!

Angus:

They're retiring too? Oh my God, please. *Please*. First Gage Blackwood. Scott Douglas, goodbye. Now Tyler and Conor. This is a great day, Keebs.

DDK:

Scott Douglas never retired.

Angus:

You see the dirt sheets on his injuries? He's done.

DDK:

Dirt sheets? That was our own website!

Tyler and Conor head down the ramp. As always, Conor is very energetic and Tyler is much more stoic. However, tonight both of them seem to be a little like the other. Tyler appears much happier and Conor, to some extent, calmer and focused.

The Fuse Bros. walk up the stairs and enter the ring as a small amount of orange and green pyro goes off behind the hard-camera ropes. Their theme song comes to a close and Tyler Fuse asks for a microphone.

A "SAVE THE DAY!" chant starts up. Conor feeds the cheers as he points to his t-shirt.

Conor Fuse: *[muttering a cheap plug]*

Buy yours today!

Tyler Fuse:

Thank you, everyone.

Angus:

And... you retire, right? Just get on with it!

Tyler Fuse:

First on the agenda, what happened at the end of our match at DEFCON...

DDK:

Yes, that's right. The Fuse Bros. were confronted by these, uh, these men dressed in black.

Angus:

Very weird to say the least.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's just say my brother and I put that to bed and they won't be returning anytime soon. Now onto the real business at hand...

Tyler holds his *Achievement* up. Conor does the same.

Tyler Fuse:

DEFCON was a very tough battle but at the end of the day, my brother and I are still standing as the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions!

SAVE THE DAY!

SAVE THE DAY!

SAVE THE DAY!

Tyler Fuse:

Two-hundred-seventy-four days and counting... so I'll get right to it. I don't need to drag this on too long.

Tyler tosses Conor the mic.

Conor Fuse:

We've done all we can here in DEFIANCE. We have defended these *Achievements* on every occasion!

Angus: *[extremely hopeful and also surprised he's right]*

Oh my God, this IS a retirement speech!?

DDK:

Shut up; just listen.

Conor Fuse:

The ToyBox were format-able opponents.

Angus:

What an idiot. The word is *formidable*.

Conor Fuse:

The Stevens were tough to put down.

The Gamers begin to sense where this is going...

Conor Fuse:

The ToyBox were cheaters but for a second time... we hit them with a *GAME OVER*. We have done it all here in DEFIANCE.

Conor pauses to display a confused look. Tyler does the same and takes the mic back. Then with a smile...

Tyler Fuse:

Or have we?

Conor asks for his own mic.

Conor Fuse:

TWO-HUNDRED-SEVENTY-FOUR DAYS AND COUNTING. The second-longest Tag Team *Achievement* reign in DEFIANCE history!

Tyler Fuse:

Objection! The second longest?

Conor Fuse:

Yes, that's right dear brother. The *second*-longest reign.

The Gamers start a faint chant for the team with the longest reign... although it's not completely audible.

Conor Fuse:

And when MAXDEF rolls around we will become the longest reigning *Achievement*-ers in DEFIANCE history!

Tyler Fuse:

But we're not going out like that.

Conor Fuse:

Oh no. No no no no no. We will defend these titles one more time, on DEFtv 115 when we will only be a few days shy of breaking the record!

Tyler Fuse:

And we know who we want to defend them against...

The chants grow louder for the team The Gamers want to see.

DDK:

I can get behind this!

Angus:

Bloody hell. I thought this was a retirement.

Conor Fuse:

We want it all. We want the big time! We want the best team DEFIANCE has to offer...

Tyler Fuse:

But our door is open to anyone...

Before Tyler can even finish his sentence...

Crimson Lord V/O:

BEHOLD THE ENTERTAINERS OF THE LIGHT!

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Music ♪

The Bros. look toward the entrance way at two pairs of glowing pink eyes in the blue light. One is lower than the other which is obviously Jestal and to his right is the other glowing eyes. The light quickly flashes an assortment of colors. Jestal stands in the middle of the two ladies, Clucky seems to be harnessed to his right shoulder looking toward the ring. The ToyBox now appear to have pink eyes, just like Crimson Lord.

Jestal:

So, we are out here to right the wrong you two caused at DEFCON!

The Faithful jeer toward the clown's voice. He just looks out at them.

Jestal:

Come now my duckies surly you saw the travesty these two committed in broad daylight. We are out here to demand you two gaming dimwits give us a shot *one last time* at those championships right here TONIGHT!

Conor interrupts Jestal.

Conor Fuse:

Man, c'mon. We've beat you two TWICE now. Two Game Overs. Goodbye. Go home.

WynLyn shakes her head.

WynLyn:

Jes, we both know the two nerds in that ring who probably have never seen a girl naked before don't have a pair to give us one more shot. I mean look at them, their about as delusional to real life as you can get. After all, they think all of this...

She waves her arm out into the sea of The Faithful.

WynLyn:

... Is nothing but one big game.

Jestal looks toward her then back to them in the ring.

Jestal:

A game huh, I do like a nice game so what do you say boys how about we play a game... you can call it a secret passage you found. Unfortunately for you, that passage leads to us once more... your rightful Tag Team Champions!

Angus:

Once more?

Conor marches around the ring very irate but even Tyler has heard enough.

Tyler Fuse:

This has got to end. We granted you a match at DEFCON when you didn't even deserve that and you lost. There are no more rematches. Make no mistake, we are done with The ToyBox. We are moving onto bigger and better things...

Jestal smirks beneath his make-up.

Jestal:

Oh really? Well, how about I tell you the real reason we not only deserve but will take a DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship match right now...

Jestal motions to the DEFIATRON behind him.

It starts up, playing the end of their match a few weeks ago and specifically the part where Jestal is thrown into The ToyBox's corner and then when Dandelion takes the pinfall.

Jestal:

My sister was not the legal opponent when you pinned her. As you can see, she did NOT tag me, I did NOT tag her and the outcome at DEFCON, therefore, DOES NOT COUNT.

Dandelion pulls the coin out from her tights, waving it towards The Bros. while collecting even more boos.

DDK:

This is idiotic. News to The ToyBox: life isn't fair! You lost, get over it!

Conor is fuming. He's on the ropes yelling towards them, outlining how the coin was useless, how a loss is a loss and that they just need to move on.

Jestal:

Tag Team Championship match... right... now!

Jestal snickers at them and heads to the ring followed by Dandelion and then WynLyn.

Angus:

Yes! I'll take it! Make the match Fuse Bros. Make it and *lose*! Conor wants to talk about cheating? Dandelion's coin being a fake? Well, there you have it, Keebs. COLD HARD FACTS. The Fuse Bros. did not win at DEFCON! The match is still on!

DDK:

How can the match still be on when it's over? Referee mistakes happen and I'm sorry Jestal, Dandelion. You lost. It's still in the record books as a loss.

Conor continues to shout at The ToyBox from the edge of the ring. Once the challengers approach the apron, they walk around to a different side of the squared-circle, away from Player Two, before entering.

Jestal gets into Tyler's face. Dandelion gets into Conor's. WynLyn stands in the center of the ring.

Jestal:

Tag team title match NOW.

Tyler removes himself from Jestal's face and pulls his brother away from Dandelion's. The Bros. begin to quietly discuss things as the crowd cheers them on. Tyler turns back to The ToyBox.

Tyler Fuse:

We aren't ones to back away but I side with my brother... that was a fake coin to begin with.

Dandelion shrugs and puts the coin back in her tights.

Conor Fuse:

And a loss IS A LOSS. Game. Over. I told you this!

All three members of The ToyBox emerge on the champions again, about to get into their faces once more until...

Tyler Fuse:

But we would never back down. Never. Do you want one more shot? It's on.

Conor Fuse:

GAME ON!!!!!!

DDK:

And just like that Conor Fuse leaps onto Dandelion with a fury of left hands!!! Tyler hammers Jestal with a clothesline and WynLyn gets the hell out of the ring!!

The Gamers pop loudly as Conor and Dandelion continue to brawl while Jestal gets up and takes a further beating from Tyler!

DDK:

We need a referee out here! We need one right now!

On cue, Mark Shields comes running out, although that's not saying much since he's slow and lethargic without a lot of care for his profession.

DDK:

Conor clotheslines both himself and Dandelion over the top rope! Now he goes for an Irish whip into the apron...

CLANG!

DDK:

No! DANDELION KICKED CONOR BELOW THE BELT AND HURLS HIM INTO THE STEEL STAIRS!

Angus:

Add WynLyn to the action, she's hammering the hell out of Conor with rights and lefts! This is great!

Inside the ring, Jestal tosses Tyler into the corner but Player One leaps over Jestal who comes in hard... turns him around... takes his head and runs up the ropes...

DDK:

'CQC' BY TYLER!!!

Dandelion slides into the ring and pushes Tyler from behind. He turns but eats a kick to the stomach and a DDT.

DDK:

WynLyn is on the outside screaming at Mark Shields to get into the ring and call for the bell!

THE FUSE BRO'S Â© vs. THE TOYBOX

DING DING

DDK:

And Shields CALLS for the bell! This isn't fair... the teams haven't evenly recovered from this brawl!

Angus:

Fair? FAIR!? I thought you said life wasn't fair! *[mocking DDK]* You know, referee mistakes happen!

DDK:

Shut up!

Jestal shakes himself off with help from Dandelion. He turns and goes to the second rope, only to stop and go to the TOP rope! The jeers come in as The Gamers can sense where this match is going...

DDK:

I don't believe this... Conor's down on the outside... Tyler is down in the middle of the ring... HUGE SPLASH BY JESTAL. HE HAS TYLER'S LEG HOOKED. WE MIGHT HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!!

Shields finally clues in that he's called for the bell and there should be a pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

TYLER KICKED OUT, AT THE VERY LAST SECOND!

Angus: *[sigh]*

If Mark Shields was competent, that was clearly a three.

DDK:

If Mark Shields was competent, he wouldn't have started this match yet!

The kickout doesn't bother Jestal. Instead, he hits Tyler with a pump handle backbreaker and points to the top. WynLyn cheers him on.

DDK:

JESTAL GOING TO THE TOP... AGAIN!!! Not known to be high flying, he's looking for a second splash!!

Jestal measures Tyler. The Faithful try to wake Player One up by shouting as loud as possible.

DDK:

BIG SPLASH--

NO!!!

DDK:

TYLER WITH A ROLL UP! HE MOVED AND HOOKED JESTAL INTO A PIN!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

DDK:

NO! NO THREE! THAT'S A KICK OUT BY JESTAL!

The air comes out of the arena after they realized it wasn't a three, either.

DDK:

Tyler trying to get to his feet... Jestal beginning to get to his...

Angus:

Let's get this over with quickly, ToyBox!

DDK:

Jestal connects with an inside-out clothesline to Tyler! He walks over to Dandelion and tags her...

Jestal: *[to Tyler]*

THAT'S WHAT A TAG LOOKS LIKE.

Dandelion enters, looking powerful and confident at the fallen Bro.

DDK:

ROLL UP BY TYLER!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! SO CLOSE AGAIN!

Angus:

Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades...

Dandelion gets to her feet, shocked. Then she looks down and realizes Tyler is still nowhere near recovered. She huffs from relief and walks back to her corner, measuring one half of the champions before performing a handspring back elbow, sending Tyler to the corner. She snapmare's him to the center of the ring and kicks him square in the back. Then she crushes Player One with an implant DDT. Dandelion takes the coin out of her tights again and tosses it into the crowd which brings a chorus of boos.

Angus:

There, she doesn't even need it! It *was* fake, afterall.

DDK:

This does not look good for the champions. Conor is still out by the steel stairs, too.

Dandelion whips Tyler into the turnbuckle. He hits it hard and flips all the way up the padding, finally resting on the top. This sends Dandelion to join him while The Gamers become even more restless.

DDK:

Dandelion is setting Tyler Fuse up for... OH MY GOD!!! A HANDSTAND PILEDIVER FROM THE TOP ROPE TO TYLER FUSE! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

Angus:

I SAW NEW CHAMPIONS. THAT'S WHAT I JUST SAW, NEW CHAMPIONS!

DDK:

Dandelion takes a moment to collect herself... now hooking both legs!!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!!!

DDK:

STILL ALIVE!!! TYLER MUST HAVE ONE MORE LIFE TO GO!

Angus:

Ahhhhhh I hate this!

The Gamers are rallying heavily. Dandelion sits up and can't believe it. She looks over to her brother as her face becomes more tormented.

DDK:

Dandelion plants Tyler in the center of the ring with another implant DDT. She heads up to the top...

Out of nowhere, Tyler gains a second wind, runs all the way up the ropes and connects with a belly to belly suplex sending them both crashing to the mat!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT HAS TO BE ALL TYLER HAS LEFT!

Meanwhile, Conor starts to make his way to The Fuse Bros. corner. However, he stills looks groggy and he is holding his right shoulder very tightly.

DDK:

Tyler will have to tag out if he can make it!

Angus:

Tag out? Conor might be in worse condition!

The two crawl to their respective corners. As they both reach them, Dandelion tags Jestal who rushes in and quickly grabs Tyler by the leg, pulling him away from Conor who has finally recovered. Tyler fights to get away. He manages to get to a vertical base but Jestal won't let go of the leg.

DDK:

ENZIGURI! Jestal is down! Make the tag, Tyler. MAKE THE TAG!

The Gamers are filling the ring with chaotic cheers, urging Tyler to get there.

BIG POP.

DDK:

A TAG IS MADE!

Dandelion has stormed into the ring and gets nailed with a clothesline, just as Jestal gets to his feet and receives a standing dropkick sending the clown tumbling to the outside! WynLyn hops on the apron and Conor goes to strike her but she quickly leaps off before he can. Dandelion tries to attack from behind only to be turned inside out by a discus clothesline! Conor works the crowd into a rowdy manner!

DDK:

The champs are looking to finish this!

Angus:

I can't hear myself think!

Dandelion rolls out of the ring, now being checked on by Wyn. Jestal manages to get back in and Conor kicks Jestal in the gut and then jumps up into a guillotine ace crusher! Jestal is down!

DDK:

This is it! The Bros. are going for 2 UP...

Angus:

No... move Jestal for the love of GOD move!

Just as Tyler reaches his perch Dandelion hops on the apron and shoves him off the top rope, as his chin slams into the guardrail outside!

Angus:

Thank you Dandelion!

Conor notices his brother's predicament and before he can leap off Jestal tumbles into the ropes, forcing Conor to straddle himself across it! Jestal takes advantage and flips Conor over the turnbuckle and delivers a few stomps before picking Conor up and Irish whipping him to the ropes! Jestal ducks his head but Conor slams the breaks and delivers a swift kick jerking Jestal upward and followed by a rocking tilt-a-whirl DDT! Conor goes for the cover!!

DDK:

That should do it! The champions will retain--

But Wyn has the referee's attention while The Gamers shout the actual pinfall!! Conor is slamming his hand on the mat until he finally notices Mark is being distracted by WynLyn! Conor gets up and pulls the ref from WynLyn, yelling at him about the pinfall! Wyn hops off the apron and grabs Clucky sitting on a chair at ringside...

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. had the match won again! Wyn has done her best to keep Dandelion and Jestal still in this match!

Conor turns away from the referee but right into a thumb to the eyes and a shoulder block by Jestal! Jestal is signalling for his finisher, THE KILLJOY!

DDK:

Not this way!

The KillJoy is applied!!

Angus:

TAP YOU MORON. TAP TAP TAP TAP TAAAAAAAAPPPP!

DDK:

THE KILLJOY IS LOCKED IN! CONOR HAS NOWHERE TO GO!!

Angus:

A valiant effort, Fuse Bros. but you will NOT be the longest reigning *Achievement*-ers!!

DDK:

Conor is fighting... trying to get to a rope. Tyler has recovered to some extent and he's in the Fuse Bros. corner...

The Gamers become more stressed! They shout everything towards the ring! The tension is building! It looks like Conor can't handle it anymore...

Until...

DDK:

Conor breaks free!! TAG TO TYLER!!!

A massive eruption as Tyler hits a crossbody block on Jestal. Dandelion comes running in...

DDK:

CONOR FUSE CATAPULTS HIMSELF OVER THE TOP ROPE AND TOSSES DANDELION OUT OF THE RING!

Conor follows with a suicide splash!!!

Tyler's going to the top but he's suddenly stopped.

DDK:

WynLyn has Tyler's ankle!

He kicks her off, but not before she is able to secretly slide Clucky, the rubber chicken into the ring, past the referee and towards the fallen body of Jestal.

Angus:

What the...

DDK:

WynLyn is on the apron again, getting right into Tyler's face! He didn't see that stupid chicken... it's right beside Jestal... and Jestal is stirring on the mat!

Mark Shields tries to break WynLyn and Tyler Fuse up. He's successful but of course he doesn't turn around...

Tyler, however, does turn around!

THUMP.

Jestal clocks Tyler with the loaded rubber chicken! Tyler drops quickly from the blow!

DDK:

Wait a minute! What the hell is in that chicken!?

Angus:

YES. YES!!!!!! YESSSSSSSSS!!!! Whatever is inside Clucky, Tyler Fuse is out cold!

The Gamers sense the end is coming and jeers fill the arena. Jestal smiles, dropping to one knee and then two!

DDK:

WYNLYN TELLS MARK SHIELDS TO *DO HIS JOB!!!* YEAH, GO AHEAD... YOU ALREADY MISSED THE CHEATING!

Jestal hooks both legs...

DDK:

No! Not like this!

On the outside, Conor Fuse sees this and tries to get into the ring but at the very last second Dandelion grabs his left leg!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THREE.

DING DING DING

There's a stunned silence, followed by booing.

DDK:

NO!!!!

Angus: *[beside himself]*

THE TOYBOX HAVE DONE IT!!! YES THE TOYBOX HAVE DONE IT! THEY ENDED THE REIGN!!! NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! They have saved us from another long draw out parody of a video game these FORMER champions!

♪ *Hungry for Another One by JT Music* ♪

Conor rests on the apron, looking on in utter disbelief. The camera stays on him for a moment as all he's able to mutter is a very soft and devastating...

Conor Fuse:

No.

Dandelion rolls into the ring as Shields hands the championships to The ToyBox as their theme plays. They each go to separate corners and raise the titles to a chorus of jeers, followed by pink and blue colored confetti falling from the rafters, similar to when The Fuse Bros. celebrated their victory at DEFCON.

Wyn hops on the bottom rope with her arms stretched outward.

Darren Quimbly:

The winners of the match... AND THE NEW DEFIANCE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... Jestal and Dandelion... THE TOYBOX!

DDK:

This is a travesty!!! And now with Crimson Lord at their side, who knows what kind of reign The ToyBox will have?

Angus:

They don't need that pink-eyed goof! They did it without his help!

The ToyBox continue to celebrate like they won the Super Bowl! Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse collects himself and slides out of the ring, kneeling beside his brother. He looks equally devastated. Conor can't be consoled because he doesn't even notice who's beside him. His tunnel vision is unmatched.

DDK:

I can't fathom this! The Fuse Bros. were screwed! They deserved better!

Angus:

Better? BETTER!? They got what was coming to them! This was supposed to happen at DEFCON!

DDK:

Fans were out of time! This was one wild show! Have a good night!!

As the logo appears on screen, the show ends as confetti fills the ring. It covers The ToyBox and their titles. It covers the former champions and their heartbroken expressions. It covers the crowd and their sense of confusion. All while Dandelion and Jestal continue to pose with the titles.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE

OH NO YOU DON'T!

The stream suddenly comes back to alive and is showing the DEFplex. Where Mikey Unlikely is finishing up his entrance in the ring. He's got a bandaid on his face from the attack earlier in the night, with the words "BooBoo" written on it. Mikey has a mic in hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know this show isn't ending until we get our celebration right?

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, The chorus of the track hits soon after bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring, his index fingers point to the sky before he turns to face the arena with that smirk.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, there he is, the brand new FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

How on earth has it come to this, Keebs? It's at times like this that one has to consider his salary and say, is it worth being put through this?

Making his way to the ring, Jesse brushes off the jeers as he points up at Mikey applauding him in the ring before pointing his finger right back at his JFK.

Angus:

Didn't the credits already hit? Do we have to be here still?

DDK:

I'm afraid we do, partner. But love him or hate him...

Angus:

HATE HIM!

DDK:

...Kendrix did exactly what he said he was going to do at DEFCON and that was take advantage of the animosity and ongoing rivalry between Oscar Burns and the now former, FIST, Scott Stevens, by pouncing on the opportunity that presented itself to him.

The Hollywood Bruvs share a bruv hug in the middle of the ring which has now been decked out with giant inflatable JFK balloons tied off in each corner. Mikey has a carpet lacing the ring, and of course as soon as JFK hits the ring the confetti falls from the sky.

Coming down the ramp behind Kendrix is a giant object covered in a black shieth on a forklift. It's large and cylindrical.

Mikey has a mic as he welcomes his bruv with a smile.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ladies and Gentlemen, My best Bruv and yours! The man of the hour! ThE UNDISPUTED FIST OF DEFIANCE! JESSE FREDRICKS KENDRIX! JFK!

Mikey puts the mic in his armpit and claps trying to encourage the crowd. They are having none of it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Every single time we climb into this ring, some of the greatest competitors in the world show off their skills for you

people. DEFIANCE is the best of the best, and the top in the world. But even amongst the best, the cream always rises to the top, and folks here before you, you witness the CREAM OF THE FRAPPE!

Mikey waits for the applause that he's sure is coming... it doesn't.

Mikey Unlikely:

JFK and I got to know each other 4 long years ago and since then our relationship has blossomed! As have the in ring abilities of the man who stands before you today! I stand here one proud Bruv, I feel like we've all watched JFK grow up together people!

Mikey claps once more, wiping a tear from his eye this time.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, I'm about to pass you the mic, but I have a HUGE surprise for you first! If you'll all direct your attention to the entrance way.

A lady in a white work outfit pulls the black sheet off the item on the forklift and an enormous Frappe is revealed. Complete with one large straw in it. The condensation on the frappe drips onto the mat outside the ring. Kendrix eyes light up as he smiles and embraces his Bruv once more in the ring.

Mikey Unlikely: Bruv, I know exactly what your thinking, does she come with the giant frappe? The answer is yes, yes of course she does!

Mikey gestures if he can put the belt on the champ.

Kendrix removes his suit jacket and hangs it atop of one of the turnbuckles, Mikey readies the belt and as JFK rejoins him in the center of the ring, Mikey wraps the title around his Bruv's waist.

Angus:

This is the worst Keebs. They talked and talked and talked about it happening one day..but I never thought I'd see either McFuckass or McFuckass lite wear the FIST. GET THAT ICECREAM OUT OF HERE!

Kendrix milks the crowd's reaction (No Pun Intended), some cheers but mostly jeers, with his arms proudly held out wide presenting the gold to the world.

DDK:

Not the greatest reception for The new FIST of DEFIANCE, by any stretch of the imagination. Although he does have at least one fan right now.

Angus:

Look at that idiot Mikey clapping his heart out! God, why didn't the feed cut earlier?

Kendrix accepts the mic from his Hollywood Bruv, holds his head up high and slowly raises the mic to his lips.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

BOOOOOO!

Angus:

Those two goofballs are loving this.

The Bruvs finish off their gluefist, happy with the reaction they just received.

Kendrix:

Every. Single. Time. I play you bellends just like the pathetic sheep you all are. Just like JFK played both Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens in the same night!

Mikey and be caught by the mic saying "you the bruv"

Kendrix:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO THE GREATEST EDITION OF...THE BRUV SHOW!!!

Kendrix affords himself a little chuckle as he removes the latch on the belt, as well as a non existent tear from under his eyelid, he holds and checks out the FIST in front of him.

Kendrix:

Ah Jeez, this is so emotional. I mean, you know JFK, he's not one for speeches.

Angus:

Are you fucking kidding me?!

Kendrix breathes on the belt plate and wipes it clean before draping the belt smugly over his shoulder as that smirk appears for the world to see.

Kendrix:

Now, don't worry folks. We all know how these title celebrations go. The Champ talks for a bit, then someone's music plays interrupting and spoiling the celebration etcetera etcetera.

Mikey shakes his head behind JFK waving his palm by his neck.

Kendrix:

But luckily for all of you bellends out there that's not going to happen this evening because just like JFK masterminded putting himself into the title picture. Just like JFK masterminded winning the FIST...

Mikey energetically pats his Bruv on both shoulders.

Kendrix:

JFK masterminded the suspension tonight of both Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns!

He walks over toward the side of the ring facing the giant screen, slicking his hair back before leaning an arm over the top rope.

Kendrix:

You see, despite that brutish Stevens and everyone's favorite kiwi Oscar Burns...

WOOOOOOO!

Kendrix rolls his eyes at the applause for Burns

Kendrix:

...Despite Stevens and Burns putting JFK through hell at DEFCON, JFK did exactly what he said he was going to do...play his opponents off each other and pick up the pieces of a fierce and long running rivalry between two of DEFIANCE's very best...

He looks at his title once more and raise it high in the air upon returning to the middle of the ring.

Kendrix:

...To finally become the bestest wrestler in the universe, innit?!

Mikey claps along as JFK receives a mixed reaction of bos and cheers from the crowd.

Kendrix:

Scotty, you're good but you're not JFK! Because you're a ticking time bomb you're now sat on your arse with your inbred family. Burnsy, just can't help himself because he's got to fight the good fight at every possible occasion...and guess what?

Mikey and JFK both shrug their shoulders at each other, seemingly without a clue on how to answer.

Kendrix:

Burnsy is stuck at home too, twisting and turning in his PJs because his mommy won't let him watch a real Champion like JFK perform on TV.

Mikey grabs a couple of beers from the table and hands one over to Kendrix, who looks down at the belt on his shoulder before pointing, beer in hand, out at the crowd.

Kendrix:

You bellends know it...

He locks in on the in ring cameraman's camera lens.

Kendrix:

You lazy pricks at home know it...

Before finally making his way to the ropes and pointing his beer out towards the commentary booth.

Kendrix:

And Angus...

Angus shakes his head, being held down by Keebs before the shot returns to the champ in the ring, affording him self a sly smile.

Kendrix:

Angus, you little son of a bitch! YOU KNOW FULL WELL...that this right here...

Nodding over to the FIST.

Kendrix:

Is loooooong overdue for JFK.

The shot focuses back on Angus still being restrained by Keebs as Kendrix makes his way back to the center of the ring with his bruv.

DDK:

Leave it Skaaland, don't let him get to you.

Kendrix:

And because it's been long overdue I swear to each and every person affiliated with this company that JFK is no longer the future of this business because JFK IS THIS BUSINESS!

Kendrix takes clinks his beer with Mikey before taking a swig.

Kendrix:

And Bad news Bellends, JFK swears down that he waits for no one and no one will ever hold him back again! For example;

In the snap of a second JFK shifts his weight to one leg and extends his foot to the side of the face of Mikey!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! KENDRIX JUST SUPERKICKED MIKEY UNLIKELY!

JFK dives ontop of his “bruv” and reigns fists down into the face of Mikey.

Angus:

I... I... Don't know Keebs... I think Kendrix.... WOW.....

Kendrix picks Mikey Unlikely up off the ground and kicks him in the gut. Kendrix hits the ropes and comes back with..

DDK:

THE BELLEND! Folks I can't believe what I'm seeing Kendrix is full on attacking Mikey Unlikely. The Hollywood Bruvs.... THE KENDRIX CROSS! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

Mikey is in the middle of the ring, even on the carpet you can hear him tapping as his arm hits the mat over and over. Kendrix has a crazy look in his eye, he's not letting go. Finally DEFSEC come running down the ramp and try to break the hold that Kendrix has locked in.

Angus:

Kendrix just won't let go. They are pulling on him to get off... They got it! He let it go.

Kendrix gets pulled off Mikey as the hold is broken. JFK gets a few stomps in on back of Mikey's head who's now barely moving. Kendrix is going nuts in the ring. Three guys back him into the corner. Others pull out the Hollywood actor and wrestler.

We fade out as the camera zooms in on Kendrix crazed face.

DDK:

Folks I think we've witnessed the end of the Hollywood Bruvs!

The feed abruptly ends with Darren's thought.

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