

EMOTION

The scene opens in the parking lot, the lens focuses in on the backdoor of a low riding stretch limo. The shot zooms out slightly as the driver, dressed professionally, opens the backdoor of the car. Two dark brown leather shoes pop out into the cold air. The shot refocuses, zooms out and reveals the FIST OF DEFIANCE standing tall as boos are heard over the live feed.

DDK:

A huge night in store for Jesse Fredericks Kendrix tonight. First title defence against his former bestest friend in the whole world, Mikey Unlikely.

Angus:

Jeez, are you actually talking like that idiot now as well?

The driver hands Kendrix his suitcase. The champ, suited and booted himself, raybans on and hair faded on the sides and tied back (held by a manly man knot, of course), surveys his surrounding with a look to his left and then over to his right. He ignores the camera and makes his way towards the arena entrance.

OSV:

Kendrix, how are you feeling going into what must be the most emotional match of your career against Mikey Unlikely?

Kendrix stops in his tracks upon hearing the question, looks over at the camera, the interviewer successfully grabbing his attention...however it results, in Kendrix, grabbing the camera from the cameraman and turning it on the man who dared to ask the question himself, Lance Warner.

Kendrix:

Listen yeah, Lancey boy. This is how it feels to be the star of the show. Unfortunately for you, you look like a piece of shit who's dressed up in the same suit he wore to his graduation. Say something, Lancey. Go on talk.

Warner just looks at the lens, completely out of his comfort zone, devoid of anything to say.

Kendrix:

Didn't think so, bruv.

The feed closes in on Warner as the camera regains focus on the champ.

Kendrix:

Listen up, Lance, hold that camera still and watch how it's done.

The champ removes his shades, sticks them in the inside pocket of his suit jacket before holding his hands flat out in front of the camera to set the scene.

Kendrix:

Tonight, the world will see two of the very best entertainers in the business go one on one in the ring for MY FIST OF DEFIANCE.

Jesse slaps the palm of his hand firmly against the title draped over his shoulder. He then points to the arena.

Kendrix:

Tonight, a sold-out crowd will witness two of the greatest visionaries, two of the greatest minds and two of the greatest talkers on the mic today, fight for the greatest prize in wrestling. That's why the FORMER...Hollywood Bruvs main event and the bellends in the back and the one holding the camera right in front of me can only dream to be in our position.

He looks over at the title for a moment, takes a deep breath and steadies himself before focussing on the lens.

Kendrix:

Mikey is the greatest sports entertainer there has ever been. He can do it all, movies, music, greatest HOHER Champion of all time. Mikey is wrestling ROYALTY. He comes and goes as he pleases because he is Mikey Money!

Jesse affords himself a stroke of the beard, a pause followed by a single raised finger.

Kendrix:

But the one thing that is beyond Mikey...is J...F....K! The one person that has always been one step ahead of Mikey Unlikely is J...F...K! Mikey Unlikely owes his wrestling career to Jesse Fredericks Kendrix. Mikey Unlikely thought he could once again make himself relevant in this business by using the new FIST OF DEFIANCE'S spotlight.

A smug shake of the head dismisses that thought instantly as he points toward the arena entrance.

Kendrix:

Tonight, Lance...has got nothing to do with emotion. The bruvv are over! The moment I won this...

He holds the title out in front of the camera for all to see.

Kendrix:

Meant that JFK became the greatest in every aspect of this business. Whether it be visionary, opportunist, on the mic and most importantly in the ring...and I did it all without Mikey Unlikely's help.

He drapes the title over his shoulder once more and points at the lens.

Kendrix:

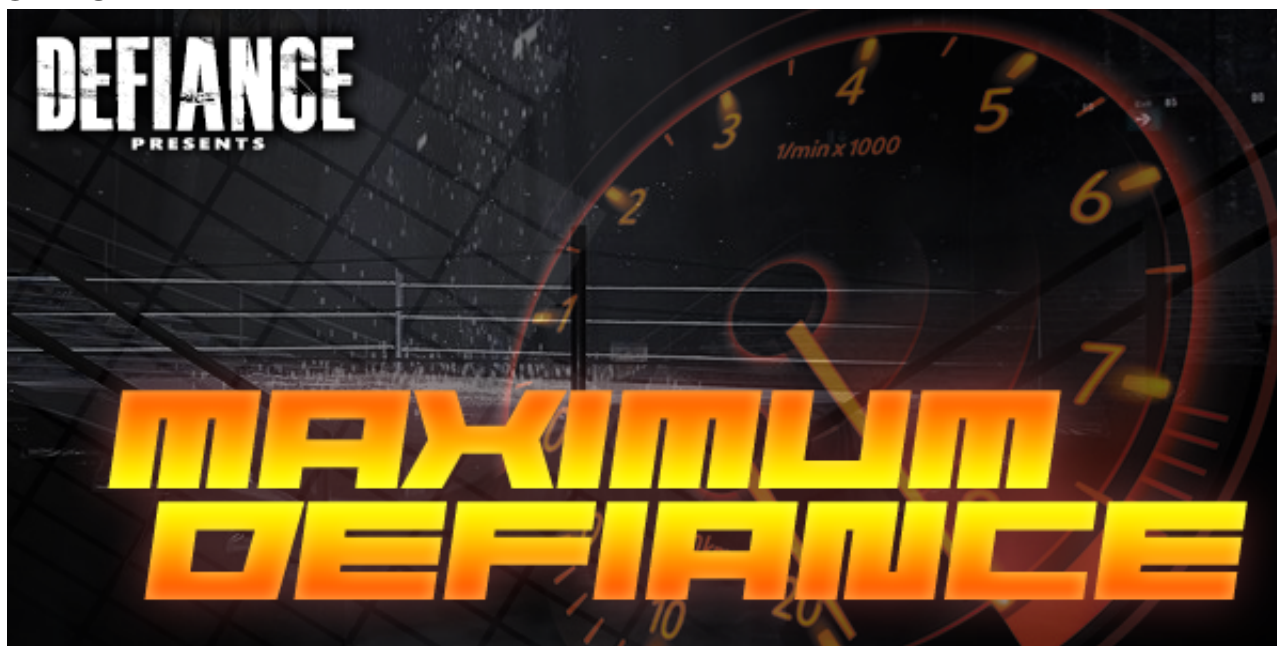
Tonight has nothing to do with emotion for JFK. Tonight, I am all about getting business done, and Mikey...it will be done incredibly quickly and efficiently because you know you cannot hang with JFK in the ring. Tonight I will afford you one last, oh so very quick moment in JFK's spotlight and prove to the world that JFK has outgrown Mikey Money, that JFK has outgrown the Hollywood Bruvs...

Jesse looks out in the distance before throwing a wink back at the camera.

Kendrix:

...and that JFK walks out the same way he walked in...as the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

RUNDOWN



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

BRUV VS BRUV: A MCFUCK OFF
MUSHI MUSHI
OF MICE AND DYNASTIES
FUSE BROS RESET THE GAME
PRAY FOR PHOENIX
WRESTLEFRIENDS PLAYING WITH TOYS
ELISE TAKES ON THE D, NIGHTLY
THE LIGHT IS DIM
CRIMSON KORESH
ASSASSINATE JFK
TEXAS (STEVENS) DEATH MATCH
ELISE THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE
FUCK 'EM UP, KCUPS
ANGUS OWES ME MIKEY MONEY

DEFIANCE's intrepid announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler begins the broadcast as the camera continues to capture the Faithful going wild.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the FAITHFUL! Welcome ONCE again to DEFIANCE! We are LIVE here from the Wrestle-Plex for a sold-out night of ACTION! Nearly one year ago - we found ourselves staring down the barrel of a possible closer ...

Darren pauses.

DDK:

uh, BUT here we are for the fourth annual MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

The mics pick up a bit of background noise at the commentary table as a cut brings it to view. Angus appears to have just set down and is settling in.

DDK:

Nice of you to join me.

Angus, scooting his chair in, pauses and turns to Darren and replies in all sincerity and with a big smile on his face.

Angus: *[nodding]*

You know, it really is. You are welcome!

DDK:

Well, folks, my broadcast partner seems to be in high spirits and who can blame him with ALL THIS --

Angus:

Action. We get it. BUT you are correct - my spirits could be NO HIGHER! Tonight! Ohhhh, tonight! The McFuckass Twins are going to beat the shit out of each other and I can ONLY hope ... that they both DIE!

DDK:

Jesus, Angus!

Angus:

Jesus. Satan. I don't really care which way they go ... as long as they GO!

DDK:

Never one to sugar coat... or to even think about what he is saying, for that matter... My partner is none the less correct in that the current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE will defend his championship tonight against his longtime partner and former friend -- Mikey Unlikely! At the top of the broadcast, we heard some words from Kendrix ...

Angus turns toward Darren with fire in his eyes.

Angus:

I swear to GOD, Keebler ... if you play any portion of that clip ...

Darren is taken aback.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

Why else do you think I was late!? What else could have stopped me from being here on time ... hell, I've been here drinking since noon!

DDK:

Wait ... you've --

Angus:

Scratch that! Roll the clip!

DDK:

Well, Angus ... as this is a broadcast with a time limit ... we need to move on and ...

Darren's tone brightens as he jumps back into professional broadcaster mode.

DDK:

Tonight!

The tale of the tape graphics begin and change with Darren's announcements.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. SHOOTER LANDELL

DDK:

The GOD BEAST Mushigihara takes on the man who ended Gage Blackwood's career, Shooter Landell, one on one.

THE STEVENS DYNASTY vs. THE FUSE BROS

DDK:

Bo and George Stevens attempt to settle the score with the former Tag Team Champions, The Fuse Bro's ... will the Brothers Fuse come out with the high score, or will The Stevens Dynasty stand victorious when it's game over.

Angus:

Really ... ?

REAPER OF THE LIGHT vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

"The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama has a bone to pick with the masked impersonator who attempted to sully his good name. Will Crimson Lord's new enforcer REAP what he has sewn or will Kerry Kuroyama be ... blinded by the light.

Angus:

What the fuck are you doing?

BATTLE FOR BRAZEN

ULTIMO PHOENIX vs. "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

AND ... coming off a huge victory last night at CLASH of the BRAZEN, Victor Vacio takes on the young spry upstart, ULTIMO Phoenix to decide: Who goes who stays ... Only ONE can stay at the top!

Angus:

Ok, that's not as bad ... just lay off the punny shit.

TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

THE TOYBOX © vs. THE WRESTLEFRIENDS

DDK:

AND for our FIRST Championship bout of the night ... The Toybox defend the DEFIANCE TAG TEAM titles against The Wrestlefriends. With their powers combined ...

Angus:

NOPE! You can stop that one right there.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

LADDER MATCH

ELISE ARES © vs. THE D

DDK:

AND ...

Angus:

Jesus, this is long.

DDK:

As longtime friendships implode, where jealousy and spite have become the --

Angus:

She's ok, mostly. The D - stands for Douche. The SoHer is AN IMPORTANT TITLE. They are gonna fight. See, now ... how hard was that?

TEXAS DEATH MATCH
OSCAR BURNS vs. SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

AND ...

Angus:

What happened to this being a "broadcast with time limits?" Christ! IF there is any truth in advertising, Scott Stevens dies tonight.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Also, The McFuckasses.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Maybe The D.

DDK:

AND ...

Angus:

Really?

Darren leans toward Angus, nudging him.

DDK:

You'll like this one ...

URIEL CORTEZ vs. ANGEL TRINIDAD

The final graphic for the first match of the night pops up and Angus nearly squeals.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. ANGEL TRINIDAD

Angus:

Here we go, here we go, here we go, Keebs...

DDK:

Your most anticipated match of the night, eh, Angus?

Angus:

Gotdamn right!

DDK:

We've seen this one build up ever since DEFCON: Night Two when then-debuting "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez was confronted by Angel Trinidad. Cortez is now managed by The Family Keeling but before that time ever happened, Trinidad and Team HOSS were managed by Junior, then Thomas respectively. Since then, we've seen The Family Keeling try to persuade Angel out of taking this match even offering up their services again. He turned them down flat, signed the contract to make this match happen and here we are now.

Angus:

ALL THE HOSS, KEEBS!

DDK:

Tonight, the undefeated "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez gets his toughest challenge to date by far, going one-on-one against "The HOSS Overlord" Angel Trinidad!

And to the ringside area, we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... 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 solo-going Angel Trinidad!

DDK:

Angel has said so himself that his recent lack of success comes from a host of problems including dealing with family issues, but a win here tonight would not only put him back on the right track but spoil the party of his former managers.

Angus:

The Family Keeling know everything about Angel including in-ring. No way they didn't tell that big beautiful bastard, Uriel Cortez, what to watch for.

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. He settles inside and paces around calmly, waiting for Uriel Cortez to arrive.

Junior Keeling:

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

...But before that, first comes Junior Keeling with a Family Keeling-branded headset and a FANCY 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 extra debonair tonight in a gray Brooks Brothers business suit. Behind him, out comes “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez, sans music.

DDK:

What’s going on here? Is Cortez foregoing the typical Keeling entrance?

Thomas Keeling smiles as he looks at a pacing Angel Trinidad in the ring. Cortez has a knowing smile with Junior while Thomas points to the ring.

Thomas Keeling:

Angel... you’ve been wanting this match for some time, correct? That you’d been willing to do a lot to get it, whether it be harassing us endlessly or call us out. You even signed a contract to make that match happen, yeah?

Angel nods and waves for Uriel to get to the ring, but Thomas holds up the contract that was signed from the last DEFtv for this match.

Thomas Keeling:

This contract right here? The one you signed and didn’t even bother reading because you’re impatient. You want to fight. You have a lot of skills as a giant, Angel, but I know your weakness and it’s your brain. You don’t think. See... you signed this contract without hesitation instead of the one that I would have given you to rejoin The Family. In your impetuosity, you signed this without reading while I gave that other contract you tossed away... to somebody else....

DDK:

What does he mean?

Thomas smiles.

Thomas Keeling:

So somebody else will be getting rich with our help, Angel. And as for THIS match contract you signed... you didn’t just sign up for a contract to fight Uriel Cortez... you’ve signed a contract to fight our giant, Uriel Cortez...

He gestures to the entrance behind him as Angel looks confused.

Thomas Keeling:

And The Family Keeling’s NEWEST client. A man that this place ALSO spit out and left for dead in a gutter somewhere after Mikey Unlikely and his SEG group destroyed him back at DEFCON 2016. A man that has won five world championship, a host of other secondary championships a career spanning fifteen years in the sport across multiple promotions! A man with athletic ability without peer! This man...

♪ “Rabbit’s Revenge” by Tom Morello, feat. Bassnectar, Big Boi & Killer Mike ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly between hues of gold and red as the music blasts loudly. The crowd then comes to the realization of the newest member of The Family Keeling...

Thomas Keeling:

Presented by The Family Keeling... standing 6’4” and 230 pounds...

Junior adds in.

Thomas and Junior Keeling:

“LORD OF THE SKIES” ANDY SHARP!

DDK:

ANDY SHARP! The former three-time ACW World Heavyweight Champion, Toronto Wrestling Champion and tSC Champion... he's back in DEFIANCE! The last time we saw him was indeed three years ago. He was Mikey Unlikely's first major opponent in DEFIANCE if you look at the history books, but now he's back! And aligned with the Keelings!

Angus:

UGH, LORD OF THE FLIPPY-DOOS! He's an athletic freak, but he's all about that flippy bullcrap!

Sharp looks out to the crowd behind red-tinted shades and a thick, unkempt beard, garnering jeers from the crowd. He walks over to the Keelings, gives them a fist bump and then Uriel Cortez as this two-on-one handicap match now appears to be happening.

DDK:

And Andy Sharp and Angel Trinidad have history. When Trinidad was an ACW rookie, Andy Sharp was the man ruling the roost there.

Sharp and Cortez head down to ringside as Angel isn't waiting for either man to head to the ring. He walks up to Cortez and blasts him with a right hand while The Keelings scatter up the ramp like cockroaches! Angel then grabs Angel by his throat. Sharp tries to throw a right hand and throws him into the ring as Trinidad follows...

DING DING!

DDK:

I guess we have a handicap match! It's Angel Trinidad against Uriel Cortez and now the returning Andy Sharp!

Trinidad goes to whip Andy to the corner and follows him, but Sharp does indeed live true to his word as Lord of the Skies and doesn't miss a step as he runs up the buckles and AMAZINGLY backflips over Trinidad, landing on his feet behind him!

DDK:

That was incredible! Andy Sharp has athletic ability second to none for his size and doesn't appear that he's lost any of that.

Angus:

Damn it, I wanted my one on one HOSSFITE!

Sharp runs the ropes and ducks underneath a Clothesline from Trinidad, runs back around and ducks a second one. Trinidad then tries a Back Body Drop to catch Andy, but the incredible Canadian star rolls forward and lands on his feet, smirking and waving at Angel before the tag goes to Uriel Cortez. He winks at Angel and climbs out to the floor.

DDK:

Andy Sharp has been a career fan favorite, so I can't imagine what The Keelings said or did to get somebody like him on their side.

Angus:

Money talks and bullshit walks, Keebs, that's the way of this business.

Cortez smirks and steps over the ropes while Andy is more than happy to watch the HOSSFITE play out from the safety of the ring apron. He blows a kiss at Angel Trinidad while Angel gets to finally size up with the person he wanted to fight since his debut back at DEFCON 2018. The crowd starts to cheer on Angel as he comes face to face with the massive Cortez, whose smile hasn't left him the entire time that he has been present in front of his fellow giant. He even looks to Angel...

And taps his jaw.

DDK:

Is... is Uriel giving him a free shot?

Angus:

Man, I'm PUMPED! HIT HIM!

Angel obliges... with a Bell Clap of all things! The blow stuns Uriel slightly and allows him to follow up with a huge right hand, striking The Titan of Industry across his jaw. The blow manages to stagger him back, but The Titan comes back with a SICK Open-Handed Chop to the chest that actually doubles Angel over!

DDK:

Good LORD, the nosebleeds could hear that!

Angus:

HOSSFITE!

Uriel has Angel reeling with another STIFF chop to the chest, sending him back into the ropes. Angel guts it out and fires back a pair of knees before trying to send Cortez into the ropes. The massive Californian braces himself and casts another knowing smile at Angel before sending HIM flying into the ropes. Angel bounces back with a Shoulder Block that manages to send Uriel stumbling back into the ropes, but...

Angus:

TITAN TO AIR MISSILE! JAY-SUS!

Uriel comes flying back with an EXPLOSIVE Flying Shoulder Tackle that not only takes Angel Trinidad off of his feet, but it's one that sends him rolling out of the ring at the same time! The crowd cheers on - more so for the collision than anything - as Uriel picks himself up.

Thomas Keeling:

You got him, now stay on him, Uriel!

Uriel nods and makes the tag to Andy Sharp, who waits on Angel Trinidad. Still recovering, The HOSS Overlord limps around only to see The Lord of the Skies FLY off the ring apron with a Running Shooting Star off the ring apron, knocking both men down!

DDK:

What an incredible move by Andy! He flew right into Angel and now he's down on the floor!

Angus:

God, when did that do-gooding Canadian turn into such a flippy dickbag?

Sharp stands up after the crashing move and holds his ribs smiling and grinning like a jerk while the crowd jeers him. He then gestures to Cortez to help him get Angel back into the ring. The Titan of Industry complies and Sharp heads into the ring with him, putting the boots to the fallen Angel now.

The Lord of the Skies then leaps over the ropes on the ring apron only to flip back inside with a Slingshot Senton across the chest of Trinidad. He doesn't stop there and continues running the ropes, only to come back and catch him in the back of the head with a standing Somersault Leg Drop!

Angus:

Ugh, will he cut this crap out? I'm confused! I want to like him, but... ugh, this flippy junk, I can't.

DDK:

The Family Keeling have been picking apart Angel Trinidad. Andy with the tag back to Cortez and both Thomas and Junior have a pair of HEAVY hitters in that ring. Andy, a multiple-time World champion in multiple promotions and Cortez, a RAW monster.

Sharp holds his boot down on the throat of Angel and waves bye-bye to the HOSS Overlord as Cortez enters the ring and CHOPS Angel in the chest again. He then crushes him in the corner with a Body Avalanche! He throws Angel on the mat with no trouble and then bounces off the ropes before delivering a very targeted Elbow Drop to the heart!

DDK:

Nothing that fancy or pretty from the 375-pound Cortez! Now the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

He's being out-HOSSED and out-flippy-doe!

Uriel tries to end the match quickly. He hooks him by the side. He goes for The Industry Standard and Sharp watches with glee as Angel goes up... elbow! Elbow! Elbow! At the apex of the lift, Angel elbows his way free and lands on his feet before charging at Sharp and clocking him with an elbow that sends him off the ring apron. He turns back to Cortez and lands a trio of hard right hands.

DDK:

Angel fighting back!

Angel continues to wail upon Cortez with right hands before heading to the ropes. He hits the ropes once and misses an elbow, but Angel keeps on running...

DDK:

FLYING HOSSBODY! HE JUST FINALLY KNOCKED CORTEZ OFF HIS FEET!

The Keelings both watch on with valid concern as Angel just gut-checked their massive client with The Flying Hossbody. The crowd cheers The HOSS Overlord as he holds his gut in pain, rallying for his own comeback by pounding the mat. He positions himself in the corner and pulls himself to his feet. Thomas Keeling watches on as Junior bites his nails with nervousness..

Trinidad waits on Cortez as he gets back up...

DDK:

TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT! He has Cortez down! Can he go for the cover?!

Angel Trinidad inches himself over and covers The Titan of Industry.

ONE!

TWO!

...FROG SPLASH TO THE BACK BY ANDY!

DDK:

....DID YOU SEE THAT?! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

Angus:

Where'd King Flippy Shit come from?

Sharp rolls off of the fallen Trinidad holding his rib cage from the impact of his old signature maneuver breaking the

fall. The HOSS Overlord looks worse for wear holding his back in pain while Sharp walks over and pats Cortez on the shoulder, ordering him to finish the job. Now, an angry Cortez kicks himself away from Angel to end things and sits up. He hooks him by the side ...

Angus:

WHAM! INDUSTRY STANDARD!

The massive Waist-Lift Side Slam SPIKES Angel Trinidad into the canvas, but not before Sharp returns to his corner and points to the top rope. The Lord of the Skies does a lot more showing off by leaping to the top rope in one go. He measures the fallen Trinidad...

DDK:

What the hell was THAT?! He executed that Corkscrew Flip and drops that vicious Elbow Drop into the chest of Angel Trinidad! Between whatever that was and the Industry Standard, is that enough?

Sharp poses on the chest of Angel while pulling back one of his massive legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

He lets the limp leg fall to the ground and crawls to his knees. He looks out to the crowd before pushing himself up from his knees and landing on his feet.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ AND "LORD OF THE SKIES" ANDY SHARP!**

The 34-year-old Canadian saunters around the ring like owns the joint before walking over to the fallen Angel Trinidad.

Andy Sharp:

You're still the same big bitch you were in ACW years ago, Angel!

The crowd jeers at Sharp and Cortez dabbing fists in the middle of the ring, all the while Thomas and Junior look happy with themselves.

DDK:

Impressive showing especially by Andy Sharp and Cortez, though let's be honest this was a handi... wait, what's this?

Thomas slides a chair into the ring at the feet of Sharp and Cortez, who both grin. Angel limps and can barely fight back, getting a right on Uriel! The Titan of Industry stumbles back, but Andy comes in with a hard Thrust Kick, catching Angel on the jaw before Cortez angrily runs the ropes and drops all 375 down across Angel's chest with a Running Senton!

DDK:

Oh, my God! Angel can't be good after that combination! Now they're making an example out of Angel Trinidad.

Angus:

This wasn't the one on one HOSSFITE I was promised! That was like a HOSSFITE divided by one Flippy-Doo at best!

Sharp puts the chair over the ankle of Trinidad near the corner while an angered Cortez starts to climb. The seven-footer climbs to the middle rope and with all his might, jumps down and CRUSHES the chair over Angel's ankle! The Bronx monster howls out in pain and clutches at the ankle!

DDK:

No, no, no! Nobody asked for this, come on! What point are the Keelings trying to make here?

Angus:

They're done with the past, Keebs, that's what. The Family Keeling are now looking to the future.

The newly-sponsored Andy Sharp actually LAUGHS at the fallen Angel while Cortez stands behind him proud of his handiwork. Thomas and Junior all clap now with Andy Sharp front and center, taking a knee and kissing the mat before yelling "It's great to be back!"

DDK:

The Family Keeling have a new crown jewel in Andy Sharp while Uriel Cortez as the muscle... this could be a very formidable group.

Sharp and Cortez dab fists again, standing over the broken body (specifically ankle) of the Family Keeling's former protege before the foursome head to the back.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. SHOOTER LANDELL

DDK:

Our next match is Mushigihara against Shooter Landell. Gage Blackwood suffered a career-ending injury at DEFCON two months ago at the hands of Shooter. Instead of shutting his mouth, Shooter ran it, poked fun at Gage Blackwood and wouldn't give it up. Enter long-time friend Mushigihara to get some payback on Shooter. Although Blackwood's career is now over, at least he can see *some* form of retribution. I'm still sick from this whole thing, however.

Angus:

Still sick? *Sick!*? We've been over this a thousand times! You act like Shooter meant to end Gage's career. Obviously he didn't mean to go *that* far. It was Gage's fault for going into the match with so many injuries! Anyway, I digress. Let's get to it!

The scene shifts from the announcers to the video picture of Mushigihara vs. Shooter Landell, to the ring where Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, from Council Bluffs, Iowa... Shooter Landell!

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The crowd boos as Landell slowly walks out from behind the curtain. He's wearing his gray hoodie overtop of his wrestling tights and no shirt. He strolls down the rampway, not paying attention to the jeers he receives. He rolls into the ring and rests on one of the turnbuckles, as if to say with his body language he really doesn't care.

DDK:

Typical Shooter, looking rather arrogant already.

Angus:

It's not arrogance, Keebs. It's confidence. Con-fi-dence!

DDK:

Whatever.

Shooter's theme song comes to a close. It's not long before...

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The Faithful stand and cheer. Out comes The God Beast and his manager, Eddie Dante.

DDK:

Major ovation for one of DEFIANCE's best, The Japanese Juggernaut!

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, being accompanied by Eddie Dante, from Mito, Japan... The God Beast, MUSHIGIHARA!!!!

Mushi and Dante have their eyes locked on Shooter. There's no hand-slapping to the crowd from Dante. There's no playing up the cheers. It's all business for the two of them as Mushigihara tightens his fists together, making sure Shooter better take him seriously.

The camera goes to the ring. Shooter's still in the carefree, I-don't-give-a-fuck pose he was in before his opponent's entrance began.

DDK:

Payback is a bitch! And in this case, payback is The God Beast!

Angus:

I wouldn't take Shooter lightly.

DDK:

I don't think Mushi intends to.

Mushigihara approaches the stairs. He walks up, steps over the top rope and the 6'4", near 300-pound man of pure muscle goes directly towards Shooter and gets right in his face. Referee Benny Doyle has to step in-between them. Mushi goes back to his corner.

The crowd is hot, cheering for The God Beast the entire time.

DDK:

You can see the intensity from Mushi. You have to wonder where Gage Blackwood is watching this, too.

Angus:

No, I don't have to wonder. Gage is best *not* watching this. I side with Shooter when he said it's best for Gage Blackwood to move on.

Dante exits the ring but not before pointing at Shooter and telling him he will get his. Landell finally takes his hoodie off and tosses it out of the ring. Doyle goes to both men, pats them down and tells them the rules. Shooter's face finally gets into "battle mode".

DING DING

Wasting no time, Mushi storms towards Landell unleashes his fury on him as the crowd goes wild!

DDK:

And Mushi's already a house of fire! He has been waiting a LONG time to get his hands on Landell and he's not letting the chance go to waste!

Clubbing Landell with forearms and right hands, The God Beast almost seems catatonic, driving on nothing but pure anger and HATE. The monster lets a headbutt loose, before grabbing Landell by the head and CHUCKING him out of the ring. The crowd is riled up and starts chanting "OSU!" for the big man to hear. He nods as Shooter tries to get back into the ring.

DDK:

Kick to the stomach by Mushi... SUPLEX back into the ring!!

Mushigihara screams "OSU!" into the rafters and gets the same reply from The Faithful. He goes to lift Shooter but gets kicked in the side of the head!

Mushi stumbles back but then annihilates Landell with an inside-out clothesline! The Monster of Mito waits in the corner and bursts forward...

DDK:

Dropkick by Shooter to Mushi's right knee! Now a DDT follows!

Shooter stands and smacks his hands together as if that was a piece of cake. He turns...

DDK:

Big boot by Mushi! You can't keep the monster down for long!

Angus:

I have to say, Mushi is resilient. However, Shooter is of similar size so he should be able to take it.

Mushigihara gets to his feet. He blocks a right forearm attempt from Shooter, bounces off the ropes and hits a lariat to Landell. As he goes to pick him up, Shooter puts a quick thumb to his eyes.

DDK:

Thumb in the eyes! I don't think Doyle saw it! Followed by a chop block from Shooter, sending Mushi to the mat!

Landell kicks at The God Beast while he tries to get up. Finally able to get on one knee, Shooter looks for another DDT. However, Mushi pushes him back into the buckle. The Japanese Juggernaut rushes in but Landell ducks. He goes for an elbow smash, yet Mushi moves this time and kicks Shooter in the chest. Mushigihara hurls Landell into the corner across the way and follows through with a hard lariat! Shooter's head snaps back and then The Japan star begins to unload on his opponent.

DDK:

Right hands by Mushi... a lot of right hands! Straight into the stomach, now into the chest... he's getting payback for his friend, Gage, that's for sure!

Angus:

Putting my stupidity aside, this match has DQ written all over it if Mushigihara isn't careful.

DDK: *[baffled at the sharp comment]*

That actually *was* putting your stupidity aside.

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I take it back already.

The God Beast is building a ton of momentum and continues the punches. The Faithful are loving it and chant on as he does! However, referee Benny Doyle is already at a count of four. He's about to hit five but instead gets in the middle of Mushi and a dazed and confused Shooter Landell.

Benny Doyle:

Mushi, you need to stop or I'll disqualify you!

The God Beast doesn't hear him.

Angus:

Just like I said!

DDK:

More rights! More rights! I'm conflicted. I want to see this but I don't want a DQ, either!

Doyle threatens Mushi one final time.

Benny Doyle:

Don't make me...

Finally, Mushigihara takes a small step back. The Faithful boo the referee's decision and The God Beast's compliance.

WHACK!

Shooter's spit flies in the air as Mushigihara comes back in with another lariat, also laying all of his weight into Landell, causing him to flip his head back and lose his saliva!

DDK:

Mushigihara takes three steps back again...

WHACK!**DDK:**

Another lariat!

Three steps back.

WHACK!**DDK:**

A third lariat!

Angus:

Actually, it's a *forth*. He hit him before he started the punching...

DDK ignores the comment and goes back to calling the match.

DDK:

With all of Mushi's power, he chucks Landell to the other buckle across the way! Shooter hits chest first and stumbles backward...

Clothesline from hell!

DDK:

Shooter's down!!! Mushigihara is signaling for the end!

The God Beast goes to pick up his opponent but gets a quick thumb to the eyes instead! Doyle doesn't see it. Mushigihara's arms shoot back as he tries to wipe the blurring away.

DDK:

Another cheap shot by Shooter!

Angus:

Still, Keebs. Shooter is in no position to take advantage! It simply bought him some much needed time!

Finally, Mushigihara gets his vision back. He picks Landell up and Irish whips him into the corner where he first began the onslaught. Mushi rushes in...

WHAM!**DDK:**

Big splash by The God Beast!

Commence another beat down of right hands.

DDK:

Benny Doyle has seen enough! Once again he gets right in there and pulls Mushigihara back!

Benny Doyle:

This is your last warning!!

Mushigihara listens but as his attention is turned to the referee, he doesn't see Shooter stumble out of the corner. With

the last bit of energy Shooter has, he runs towards the monster...

OOF~!

Powerslam by Mushi!!

DDK:

HEY, BENNY DOYLE IS KNOCKED OUT!

Indeed, as DDK mentions, Benny Doyle has been knocked out! The heels of Shooter caught Doyle in the side of the head and instantly put him on the canvas! As Mushigihara looks for a pinfall and The Faithful begin to count, he finally comes to realize there is no referee to do so.

DDK:

The ref is out!! My god, what a powerslam by Mushi to Landell! The ring has not stopped shaking from impact!!

Angus:

No good it'll do here! There's no one to count!

Mushigihara drops Shooter's leg from the pin and moves towards the referee. He starts to revive him.

On the outside of the ring, Eddie Dante shouts for Doyle to come-to. As Mushigihara tries to move Doyle's arms, it's nothing by dead weight.

Mushigihara stands and looks at Dante on the outside. Dante is still shouting at Doyle to get up. By now, a good minute has passed and Shooter is struggling to his feet.

DDK:

Dante instructs The God Beast to go after Shooter while Eddie slides into the ring and rolls the referee over to the apron...

Dante continues to (attempt) to revive Doyle while Mushigihara leans over to Shooter...

DDK:

Another thumb to the eyes!! I believe that's three of them! Shooter to his feet... bounces off the ropes... OH MY GOD!! OSU PRESS!!! MUSHIGIHARA HITS SHOOTER WITH AN OSU PRESS!!!

The Faithful count again, even though The Monster of Mito doesn't cover him just yet.

DDK:

We need another referee down here!!

Mushi turns back to Dante who's still reviving the ref.

DDK:

This match has been won twice now! It's all Mushigihara in this one, too. Shooter hasn't stood a chance against The God Beast!

Angus:

And yet he's still in this thing, you know. I haven't heard the bell ring!!

Mushigihara and Dante look at each other as if they both understand Doyle is not getting up.

Dante looks around and then back up at the monster.

Eddie Dante:

Make him pay. Do it for Gage.

The Faithful who can hear this pop loudly. Mushigihara exits the ring and pulls back the apron. He takes out two steel chairs and tosses them into the ring! In Mushigihara follows. He picks one up...

DDK:

Mushi's measuring Shooter...

CRACK.

DDK:

Mushi hammers Shooter in the back with a chair!

Angus:

What the hell is this!? THIS is cheating, dammit!

CRACK!

DDK:

Another! And this shot is much harder!

Mushigihara tosses the chair to the side. He decides to exit the ring again... pulling out a table. The entire arena explodes!

DDK:

The God Beast slides in with the table... he's propping it up against the corner of the ring!

The Faithful start a "MU-SHI MU-SHI" chant!

He walks over to the fallen Landell and smiles sadistically. Taking him by the little hair Shooter has on his head, The God Beast stomps towards the wood.

Hip toss---

BLOCKED.

DDK:

Low blow by Landell!

CRAAAASSSSHHHH!!!!

DDK:

HIP TOSS BY LANDELL! MUSHI GOES THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

That was clearly all Shooter had in him. He falls to the center of the canvas. The fans boo and Dante runs over to see if Mushigihara is okay.

Angus:

Yes! What a desperation move by Shooter! Hit the low blow, put The Monster from Mito through the table and use every last bit of energy you have!

DDK:

While Mushigihara crashed hard, there's still a good chance he recovers *before* Shooter Landell! The Iowa native took way more of a beating than he has so far...

As DDK says this, both Shooter and Mushi stir. The Faithful are rallying behind Mushigihara and he is feeding off their energy...

DDK:

Both men are up!! But look out... Shooter has the second chair that was laying in the ring...

CRAC--

SWOOSH!!

DDK:

Shooter misses!! Mushigihara bounces off the ropes...

CRAC--

SWOOSH!!

DDK:

Shooter misses AGAIN!

Mushigihara comes back with a right hand. However...

DDK:

A SECOND LOW BLOW BY SHOOTER!

CRACK!

DDK:

THIS TIME HE GETS HIM WITH THE STEEL CHAIR!!

Shooter tosses the chair away, seeing Benny Doyle finally coming to.

DDK:

Oh no. Not this way!

Angus:

Yes, this way!

Shooter covers Mushi.

After a good moment, Doyle is able to see what's happening, crawl over and start the pinfall.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!!

The arena is unglued!

DDK:

MUSHIGIHARA KICKED OUT!!! MUSHI KICKED OUT!! SHOOTER CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

An irate Landell gets to his feet and kicks Doyle in the back of the head. There was no way of Doyle knowing what even struck him since his head was down.

Landell screams into the crowd. He turns back to Mushi, about to inflict more damage but then...

He realizes Eddie Dante in the corner of the ring.

DDK: *[pleading]*

No. Shooter, no.

Shooter smiles. He patiently walks towards the manager.

Dante tries to reason with Shooter but it's obviously not working.

DDK:

This is too much...

Shooter grabs Dante. He pulls him directly to his feet and then crushes him with a headbutt! Dante crumbles to the canvas as Shooter laughs. He picks the manager up again and hurls him into the corner. Then he gets the chair.

Angus:

Hurt him, Shooter! End him like you did-

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Angus:

Yes, like you did Gage Blackwood!

DDK:No, you idiot! *Gage Blackwood* is making his way down the ramp!

Some of The Faithful cheer at the sight of Gage, although given his condition there's a great deal of concern. Blackwood is still using crutches. While his right foot is no longer in a cast, he's sporting a walking boot in its place. His arms are not in slings, however, he wears a neck brace and shows faint bruising down his arms.

Blackwood struggles to get down the rampway as fast as he can. Landell notices this and grabs Dante by the neck. He's grinning ear to ear.

Shooter Landell:

Get to the back! Don't you have a show to produce!?!?

Blackwood's not listening. It takes a while and it's rather cringe-worthy to watch but the Scot makes his way to the apron and continues to stare Landell down.

Gage Blackwood:

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

It didn't take much to convince Shooter any further. He simply replies with...

Shooter Landell:

Okay.

Landell drops Dante.

Shooter stands there, just watching Gage Blackwood. The silence creates an awkwardness. And then he says...

Shooter Landell:

You'll do.

Landell begins to walk towards Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

NO. GET OUT OF THERE GAGE. GET. OUT. OF. THERE!

The Faithful watch in horror as Blackwood doesn't move away. Instead, he continues shouting at Landell. Fearless. Not backing down.

Gage Blackwood: *[shouting]*

WHAT MORE CAN YOU DO TO ME THAT YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY!?

Shooter gets to the apron. He leans over and starts pulling Blackwood up and into the ring, his crutches and all. He throws Blackwood on the canvas, laughing hysterically as he does. It takes Gage seemingly an eternity to pick up his crutches again and get back to his feet.

DDK:

We need this match stopped right now. Can we get someone out here, please!? ASAP!!!

Shooter only stands there, as Blackwood collects his crutches and brushes himself off. Landell knows he's in control and can end this at any second...

He slowly marches towards Blackwood.

DDK:

My god, Gage is strong. He's not backing down...

Blackwood braces himself for a fight while Shooter continues to wait it out... building more fear in the crowd...

Until he realizes the longer he's standing there, just a few feet from Blackwood, looking him over, measuring him up for another beating of his life... the crowd isn't booing. In fact, they're becoming louder.

And louder.

And louder.

Tap, tap, tap.

Shooter turns around.

DDK:

MUSHIGIHARA WITH A RIGHT HAND TO SHOOTER! ANOTHER RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!!! THE FAITHFUL ARE LIVID!!!

The God Beast unloads on Landell! Then he throws him around his shoulder...

DDK:

POWERSLAM!

Mushigihara bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

LEG DROP!

Mushigihara screams into the crowd...

DDK:

OSU PRESS!!!

Mushigihara runs to the corner...

DDK:

DEATH STAR!!!

Mushigihara goes for The Chaos Engine...

WWWWWHAAAAAMMMMM!!!!

...

...

Silence.

...

...

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?!? GAGE BLACKWOOD JUST HIT **MUSHIGIHARA** WITH ONE OF HIS CRUTCHES!!!!

The arena stays quiet. There aren't even boos as The Faithful try to process what's happened. There, in the middle of the ring lays Shooter Landell from the beating he just took at the hands of Mushigihara. Furthermore, there lies Mushigihara, from the crutch he just took over the top of his head...

From Gage Blackwood.

Blackwood methodically drops the crutch, which has completely folded itself in half. Suddenly, he lets the other one fall from his armpit to the canvas.

He is blank-faced. Stoic. Zero emotion appears.

As the fans come-to and realize what's happened, boos slowly fill the arena. Then, all in one calm and quiet motion, Blackwood casually unstraps his walking boot and places it in front of him, beside the crutches. Next, he removes the neck brace and lays it on the canvas beside them, too. And finally, he stares Mushigihara down one more time before turning to exit the ring. Blackwood leaves and walks up the ramp showing no ill effects or injury.

He's hit with a few plastic coke cups, some empty, some half-full but it doesn't even phase him. Gage won't look back, not even once... still leaving the announce team baffled at what to say.

DDK:

I... I...

Meanwhile, Shooter Landell has come to. Not completely, but working from approximately 10% awareness is enough for him to drape the arm over the fallen Mushigihara and for Benny Doyle to once again come to at the worst time and make a count.

ONE.

...

...

TWO.

...

...

...

...

THREE.

DING DING DING

The bell sounds but not even Darren Quimbey is alert enough to announce the winner just yet, nor does any theme music play.

Angus:

This is incredible!! Oh my god!!!!

The announce team goes to replays as finally Quimbey gets on the mic and clarifies who the winner is and Shooter Landell's theme music airs on the PA.

DDK:

I am stunned, folks. Gage Blackwood turns on Mushigihara. Gage Blackwood turns on *Mushigihara*, his friend, by helping Shooter Landell, the man who ended his career!?!?

Angus:Well, technically he didn't *help* Shooter...**DDK:**

Is Blackwood's career even over?

Shooter finally comes to, although it's clear he doesn't know what transpired.

DDK:

I have no idea.

The replay of Blackwood smashing the crutch over Mushigihara's head is shown a few more times before the scene goes back to the announcers.

DDK:

This is disgusting. Hopefully, we can get answers soon.

Angus:

Bold move, that's for sure. Looks like the kid as balls after all!

THE STEVENS DYNASTY vs. THE FUSE BROS.

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is a rivalry that is as blood thirsty as Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns. The Stevens Dynasty and The Fuse Bros collide!

Angus:

That's impossible, Keebs.

DDK:

Angus, these two teams have been at each other's throats for almost one year. The latest clash was the triple threat match for a shot at the tag titles when they collided with WrestleFriends. Back track even further passed the singles matches and sneak attacks to last September when the Fuse Bros. and Stevens Dynasty torn the house down at DEFIANCE Road. However, this rivalry goes deeper when Bo and Scott Stevens were the unified UTA and DEFIANCE Tag Champions and they lost them to Conor and Tyler at DEFIANCE 100 when we thought that would be the last show.

Angus:

Damn, you're right. I didn't know it had been almost a year.

DDK:

Good thing for The Fuse Bros. is that they have momentum against The Stevens Dynasty.

Angus:

The hell you smoking? Conor and Tyler have been laid out every time they face the Derp Dynasty.

DDK:

That is true partner, but every big time match The Fuse Bros. always pull out the victories.

Angus:

So they lose the battles but win the war?

DDK:

Exactly.

Angus:

Let me call my bookie real quick and get on some of this action.

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

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

The video screen shows three shadows. Then George, Bo and Cary appear as The Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEEEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYY!

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

Angus:

That's right. Five hundo saying the Derp Dynasty take the "L" tonight.

The Stevens Dynasty stare towards the ring. Their expression is nothing but intensity and focus as they head towards it.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty looking for a victory to get them back into the tag title picture.

Angus:

They're about to make me a rich man.

Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up the ring steps and slowly step inside.

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

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, Tyler and Conor Fuse, The FUUUUUUUUUUUUUSE BROS.!!!

A big ovation is followed while Player One and Two emerge. Tyler is a few steps in front of his brother and as always, a few notches more serious. Conor, meanwhile, smacks some of The Gamers hands and flows behind.

DDK:

It's been a tough few months for The Bros. Even though I said they've been winning big matches their entire DEFIANCE careers, they have recently lost the Tag Team Championships and lost to No Justice, No Peace, as well.

Tyler and Conor arrive at their corner and the elder Fuse enters first.

DING DING**DDK:**

Bo and Tyler start it off for their respective teams.

They meet center ring where it is Tyler doing the trash talking this time. He reminds Bo they beat him for the Tag Team *Achievements* as Player One makes a belt motion around his waste. The Texan doesn't move, doesn't flinch, doesn't even say a word.

Angus:

The hell is this idiot doing? Focus on the match numb nuts! I got money on the line!

The trash talking by Tyler is brought to an immediate halt as Bo slaps him across the face sending Tyler to seeing nothing but red as he lunges at Bo who side steps him and lights his chest up with knife edge chops!

DDK:

Tyler's chest is turning more and more red with each chop.

Bo backs Tyler towards The Stevens corner and George holds him as Bo continues the chop fest.

Angus:

Come on ref! Do your job!

Brian Slater yells at George to let go but the Mastodon doesn't listen and he begins his count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

FIV.....

George lets go and Bo starts choking Tyler in the corner which causes Slater to count again.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Bo releases the choke and backs away while Slater's attention is diverted. He yells at Bo for breaking the rules, giving the opportunity for George to land some clubbing blows to the chest of Tyler!

DDK:

The tag experience of Bo and George working like a well-oiled machine.

Angus:

Yeah, well machines break down eventually. Particularly machines made in *Texas*.

Bo rushes back to his corner, driving a shoulder into the gut of Tyler! He continues to drive the shoulder into the stomach of Tyler as his brother, Conor, is pacing ferociously on the apron. Bo tags his cousin into the match and the gigantic George steps through the ropes and drops a leg across the chest of Tyler! He yells for Slater to count.

ONE.

TWO.

No.

Tyler kicks out! George tags Bo back into the match and immediately puts Tyler into a reverse chinlock.

DDK:

Quick tags by The Stevens Dynasty as they continue to isolate Tyler from his brother.

Bo tosses Tyler to the turnbuckle and then connects with a powerslam! He gives a sarcastic thumbs up to Conor as Player Two anxiously waits for something to happen. The Gamers rally to get behind Tyler but Bo also continues to beat him down.

DDK:

Lots of stomps follow! Bo is really laying it to Tyler, that's for sure!

Bo whips Tyler to the corner and comes in hard with a splash! Tyler bounces out and Bo knee blocks him back down. Now into a sleeper, it seems to be academic this is the time Tyler has to come through or the match will be lost.

Bo Stevens: *[to Conor]*

You're all washed up now. Both of you idiots!

Conor tries to come in but the referee stops him. Then, as Conor goes back to his corner, George jets in instead and knee drops Tyler while Bo holds him on the mat.

DDK:

Another cheap shot by The Stevens!

The air is out of the arena as Brian Slater turns back to see Bo with a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Gamers come alive! Tyler is put into another headlock but this time he's feeding off their energy!

DDK:

Tyler's coming to! He's trying to get a last wind!!

Tyler with an elbow to Bo. A second elbow. A third elbow!

DDK:

He breaks free!!

Player One goes to the ropes, ducks a clothesline and spins back around. He kicks Bo in the stomach and looks to hit CQC-

DDK:

SIDEWALK SLAM BY BO STEVENS!!

Angus:

That has to do it, Keebs! Even I would say...

Bo looks for the pinfall but instead, he picks Tyler back up.

DDK:

Jawbreaker by Tyler!!!

MAJOR POP.

DDK:

Tyler leaps towards his corner and tags his brother!! Conor is in!!

The hot tag is fast and furious. Conor Fuse nails Bo with a left hand and then in comes George Stevens. Conor ducks the clothesline attempt and kicks George in the stomach. With everything he has, Conor locks George's head underneath him and hits Tyler's move, CQC, on George!! The ring shakes upon impact!!

DDK:

Bo charges at Conor... Conor ducks this too! Kick to the gut... CQC on Bo!!!

Conor Fuse:

THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT!!!

Conor shouts into the crowd and The Gamers reply with cheers!

Angus:

I hate Conor Fuse.

Player Two takes George and kicks him out of the ring by using both feet and the ropes as leverage to do so. Then he

places Bo in the middle of the canvas and goes to the top rope...

DDK:

The Faithful are on their feet...

450 SPLASH!!!!

Conor bounces up in the air upon impact and hits Bo again with a secondary "mini" splash since he crashed down so hard the first time.

DDK:

This one is over!!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!!

Everyone in the arena is stunned.

Conor can't believe it. He's practically beside himself!!

DDK:

BO... BO KICKED OUT???

Angus:

Bo kicked out??? I'm with you on this one!

Conor looks at Slater but Slater tells him it really was a two count. Player Two takes a moment to collect himself and then goes to the rope...

DDK:

Cary kicks Conor from the apron!! Slater never saw it!!

Conor turns around and wastes no time. He leaps out of the ring and lands right on top of Cary, taking him out! Cary basically folds like an accordion underneath the younger Bro.

The Gamers are frantic! Conor slides back into the ring, scoop slams Bo to the middle of the mat again and goes to the top rope.

ANOTHER 450 SPLASH---

NO!!

DDK:

This time George has Conor's leg!!!

Conor doesn't care. Now he leaps out of the ring and onto George's shoulders! However, George catches him!

SLAM!!!!

DDK:

Oh my god!! Running powerslam by George!!! He just drove Conor through the ringside padding!!!

Angus:

I think he heard you, Keebs.

...That's because George is pulling apart the padding and exposing the concrete below!

DDK:

This is not good! Slater is telling George to step away from Conor... this could get The Stevens disqualified, too!

Angus:

Idiots, all of them...

George puts Conor on his shoulders and walks away from the concrete. It's clear he's just about to gain momentum and run towards the exposed flooring before Tyler Fuse gets in the way!

DDK:

TYLER WITH A CHOP BLOCK TO GEORGE!! George drops Conor! Tyler follows this by hurling George into the ring post!!

George bounces off hard but doesn't fall! Instead, he goes right back at Tyler with a clothesline from hell...

That misses.

DDK:

TYLER WITH A SUPERKICK TO GEORGE! It STILL does not put him down! Another superkick! A third! My god, George Stevens is a **monster**!

Angus:

Correction, inbred **monster**.

Meanwhile, Bo has fully recovered and exits the ring. He takes Conor Fuse and throws him into the squared circle. The two begin fighting it out, exchanging punches.

DDK:

Slater trying to maintain control. He's shouting at Tyler to stop it on the outside...

Yet, inside the ring, Bo spits in Conor's face, hits him with a low blow and then the Game Changer!

Of course, at this time, Brian Slater turns around.

DDK:

After a cheap shot, Bo is going to steal this one!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

Not just yet!! There is still fight in The Bros.!!

The Gamers cheer as Bo slams his hands on the mat! Tyler and George are struggling to fight each other on the outside, while Bo exits and chop blocks Tyler from behind!

Bo Stevens: *[to George]*

Get back in there.

Both Stevens enter the ring. Conor is just coming to...

Slater tells them to stop but George maintains his innocence as he starts to walk backwards towards the ropes.

Bo lifts Conor to his feet.

Bo Knows Suplexes.

The three of them are hit perfectly. Bo tags his cousin in.

George rushes towards Conor, screaming as he does...

DDK:

BIG SPLASH!!

George gets up and brushes himself off. He's signalling for the end as he pulls a broken Conor Fuse, whom has no ideas where he is, to his feet. George whips him into the corner. However...

It's the wrong corner.

DDK:

TYLER FUSE IS BACK AND MAKES THE BLIND TAG!!!

As George powerslams Conor, Tyler leaps in and connects with a flying forearm. It stuns George but doesn't knock him down!

Superkick.

Superkick!

Superkick!!!

Angus:

How many kicks is that!? Tyler can't get this hick down!!!

Finally, Player One rushes to the ropes, jumps and tries for CQC-

DDK:

SIDEWALK SLAM BY BO!!!

The Gamers boo and Slater yells at Bo to get back as this is his last warning. While Bo tries to reason with the referee, Conor Fuse gains a second wind, enters the ring and charges at The Stevens Family member. He clotheslines them both over the top rope!

DDK:

Conor with a clotheslines to Bo, BUT IN COMES CARY WITH REVENGE!! HE SPEARS CONOR TO THE FLOOR!!!

CRACK.

DDK:

And a DDT by Bo to Conor on that exposed cement for good measure!!

Slater sticks his head out of the ropes and then calls for someone to check on Conor Fuse. While this is going on, George takes Tyler up, looking for a Texas Sized Slam.

Tyler slips out.

DDK:

CQC TO GEORGE!!! THAT COULD BE IT! THAT COULD BE-

DING!

Bo was able to slither his way into the ring and hit Tyler with the ring bell. He struggles to move the much larger George but is eventually able to, placing his arm overtop of Player One. Bo exits, tosses the ring bell under the apron and then whistles while he walks back to his corner as if nothing happened.

DDK:

THIS IS BULLSHIT!! BO HAS NOW INFORMED BRIAN SLATER THERE'S A PINFALL ATTEMPT IN THE RING.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

If there was a bell to ring, it would go here.

Angus:

The losing continues for The Bros. I just lost money, too.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners by pinfall..... BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENSSSS
DYYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYY!

DDK:

This is pathetic! The Fuse Bros. are on a major losing streak but as no fault of their own. Screwed over by The ToyBox and now The Stevens on numerous occasions.

Bo celebrates as George comes to. They exit the ring while Bo embraces the victory and shouts back at an unconscious Tyler and Conor. All three Stevens walk up the rampway together.

DDK:

I don't know what tomorrow brings for The Stevens but they'll get theirs.

REAPER OF THE LIGHT vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

Folks, it is NONSTOP action here tonight!

Cut to the stage as the green laser lights and fog kick up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

We once lost faith in Kerry Kuroyama and thought for sure he has taken back up the mantle of the Green Reaper, pledging his allegiance to none other than Crimson Lord's Light.

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

DDK:

... BUT just a few weeks ago, Kerry popped up on DEFtv and outed this Reaper Of The Light as an imposter! Tonight ... the score is to be settled!

Angus: *[sighing]*

Let's take it down a notch, Keebs.

Kerry makes it to this ring just as the lights in the arena all turn pink and then flicker off...

♪ "Black" by Norihito Sumitomo ♪

A column of pink light goes horizontally across the stage as smoke begins to fill the arena. Slowly a silhouette of an androgynous figure rises from the smoke, illuminated by only the occasional column that goes past. Once it reaches its full height, the head of the figure looks over its shoulder to show two piercing pink LED eyes atop a familiar mask. Its body moves towards the ring and it begins to creep forward, stalking its prey from behind creepy pink eyes.

Angus:

I'm-a-need him to take it down a notch as well.

DDK:

Honestly, partner, you can't assume Reaper's gender. Historically at least ONE of the Reaper's have been a female.

Angus:

Are you sure? What's their pronoun, KEEBS!? Nothing worse than this PC Bull ...

A spotlight hits the stage as Reaper exits, illuminating Crimson Lord as he steps out from behind the curtain, his eyes

glowing a vibrant fluorescent pink. Following closely behind; to his right WynLyn, to the left Dandelion and next to her, Jestal. Pink eyes for the lot of them, including Clucky the rubber chicken sitting atop Jestal's shoulder.

Angus:

I stand, corrected.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... accompanied by THE LIGHT!! ... from ... Seattle, Washington? ... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-nine pounds? ...

Darren is slightly thrown by the identical entrance information. He quickly shuffles through his cards to be certain he has the right one. He does.

Darren Quimbey::

THE REAAAAPPERRR of the LIGGGGGHHTTTTT!

Crimson Lord and the rest of his Light remain on the stage as the Reaper stalks toward the ring.

DDK:

Crimson Lord, obviously intends to watch on from his perch atop the rampway.

The camera cuts to a camera following Reaper's walk to the ring. Behind him in the growing distance, the Light watches on eagerly.

Reaper stops just in front of the ring as the eyes flash, looking as if they momentarily lose power, causing Reaper to slam it's hand against the side of the mask. The LEDs flash back on in a deep yet bright green, simultaneous taking the arena out of the darkness and into a sea of swirling green lights as it paces forward.

DDK:

I'm starting to lose track, what does all this even mean?

Cut back to Crimson Lord on the stage. He is blind the eye color change but the Emerald Green light show raises a question. He tilts his head inquisitively as the rest of the Light turn toward him, confused. He simply holds a hand up to signal for them to stand down. He looks as if he is interested to see where this will go.

Angus:

It's not that hard, Keebs. The wizard, Zordon, with the help of his assistant Alpha 5, enlists five teenagers to become the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers to battle Rita's Repulsa's invasion of the Earth. In season 2's two-part "White Light" saga, Lord Zedd sends his monsters Nimrod, A.C., and D.C. to attack, who easily overpower the Power Rangers, leading Zordon and Alpha to come up with a plan to recruit a new Ranger. Initially the teens are put off at the idea of a newcomer out of their loyalty to Tommy, but are thrilled once they discover that it is actually Tommy himself, who has now become the new White Power Ranger with his powers created by the Light of Goodness, which are unable to be stolen by the forces of evil ...

DDK:

... that is a children's television show from nearly thirty years ago.

Angus:

Is that not what we are talking about?

DDK:

No.

Angus:

Cause it really seems like it.

DDK:

It's not.

Angus:

But ...

DDK:

No!

DDK:

Anyway, this thing from the outside looks like Kerry. He moves like Kerry. He seems to be pretty damn good at what he does and seems *SET* on destroying Kuroyama and taking his place on the DEFIANCE roster!

The Reaper slides into the ring under the bottom rope and crawls for a few inches towards the Pacific Blitzkrieg before flipping up to its feet. It's dead, mechanical green eyes pierce the soul of Kerry Kuroyama before it reaches out and points at the third-generation superstar, before making a quick slashing motion around its neck with its thumb. The music dies down as an electric crowd buzzes with anticipation.

The pair stand in the center of the ring, neither backing down. It is time for Kerry to fight to keep his legacy.

Angus:

Do they have to be ... so close?

DDK:

Who? ... Angus ...really? A face mask?

The camera quickly cuts to a wide shot of the stage and commentary. Darren glaring at Angus and his shenanigans. Angus glaring at The Light and their infections. Jestal glaring at his rubber chicken.

Angus:

You never can be too careful, Keebs!

Cut back to the ring.

Benny Doyle calls for the bell as the pair cautiously back down from one another and slowly begin circling.

DING DING**DDK:**

The Pacific Blitzkrieg and the Reaper of the Light lock up for the first time in a sanctioned match as Crimson Lord watches on from the stage.

Reaper overpowers Kerry and shoves him back into the turnbuckle. The Reaper doesn't follow and instead hangs back; gloating in the chorus of disapproval from the Faithful.

DDK:

This maybe a mistake for Reaper.

Angus:

Oh, yeah. You don't want to underestimate old KCups there...

Kerry shakes it off and returns to the action, shooting in for another lock-up. Reaper, again with the advantage, turns this out into a Twisting Wrist Lock. Kerry rolls through, flipping and popping back up having turned the tables.

DDK:

Reversal by Kuroyama!

Kuroyama hooks the elbow and turns into a Hammerlock. Reaper, not to be outdone, reverses the Hammerlock before reaching over and grabbing a standing side headlock.

Angus: *[mocking]*

Reversal by Pinky Green! ... is that what we're going to do here?

DDK:

You mean call the match? ... That is our job.

Before Reaper can take advantage of his positioning, Kerry spins out, raising both hands up high and briefly applying a top wristlock. Reaper is having none of it and snatches it back down, synching in the headlock.

Angus:

Says you.

Kerry, with no other recourse, drives Reaper into the ropes and shoots him off and drops down. Reaper steps over and continues to the other side. Crimson Lord's henchmen returns and Kerry leapfrogs him and speeds toward the ropes. Reaper, however, stopped dead in his tracks and spun around ready for Kerry.

DDK:

Fast paced action at the start of this one, folks.

Kuroyama charges and Reaper leapfrogs him this time. Kuroyama mirroring Reapers previous movement stops and turns on a dime.

Angus:

An obvious statement that the "folks" can obviously see.

Reaper lands on his feet and the pair leap, flat-footed, and throw simultaneous dropkicks. Neither attempt hits there mark and both pop back up to their feet. The pair cock back ready to throw blows in unison but find themselves at a stalemate as the Faithful ignite in applause.

DDK:

The only thing obvious here, folks ... these two are quite evenly matched and *so far* neither man can get the upper hand!

Both opponents are slow to back down at the risk of giving either the advantage. Reaper breaks the stalemate with a hand high in the air calling for a Test of Strength. Kerry hesitates, glancing around the ringside area, as the boisterous Faithful cheer.

Angus:

Don't do it, K Cups!

Kuroyama decides to commit and locks fingers with the black-gloved Reaper but as they raise the second hand...

DDK:

OHH! Never underestimate the deviousness of anyone who would align themselves with Crimson Lord.

Angus:

Never trust the infectious!

Reaper plants a boot in Kerry's mid-section, doubling the Pacific Blitzkrieg over. Reaper steps forward and tips Kerry up by the chin before grabbing him around the mid-section and tilt-a-whirling him up into position.

DDK:

Reaper set up for a Pile Driver here... NO! Reverse!

Kerry shifts his weight and Reaper is forced over backward until Kerry's feet are back on the mat. Rocko Demon's star pupil power the Reaper upside down and now has the masked entity in the same position. Reaper, however, uses the momentum to carry on through and scurries down the back of Kuroyama.

DDK:

Incredible! This match might as well have been held in a mirror, partner!

Angus:

Listen to yourself, Keebs. That makes zero sense ... and that is coming from ME!

Kerry is quick to adjust and reaches back grabbing Reaper's masked head and snapmares him over. Reaper rolls and pop back to his feet charging, just as Kuroyama throws a Lariat but it is easily ducked. Again, Reaper stops and turns as Kerry turns about.

DDK:

Hurrican --

Angus:

That's what you get for doing FLIPPY SHIT! You infected freak!

Reaper's attempt is halted by the man he has been impersonating and finds himself sitting on top of Kuroyama's shoulders and gripping the back of his head trying to avoid being power bombed. Before Kerry can capitalize off the reversal, Reaper jams a thumb in Kerry's eye. Kerry releases Reaper, who lands mostly on his feet as Kerry stumbles backward with a hand over his eye.

Angus:

As much as I despise the flippy ... I do love the tricky!

DDK:

Well --

Angus:

I wasn't done yet.

Benny Doyle admonishes Reaper for the dirty tactics as the now deflated Faithful boo his transgression.

DDK:

Go ... ahead?

Angus:

It's tricky to rock a rhyme. To rock a rhyme that's right on time ... it's tricky ...HEY, it's tricky.

DDK:

Jesus ...

Reaper brushes Doyle off and stalks toward Kerry who has taken respite in the corner. Reaper heads toward Kerry, who pushes himself out of the corner and returns to the fight, impaired.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama ... fighting with one eye, here.

With one hand still over his eye, he attempts a kick to the midsection but it's caught.

DDK:

Dragon Screw Leg Whip!

Angus:

Dragon Who? What Whip?

Kerry is down as Reaper gets back to his feet and stays on the attack, looming over the Asian American star. Kerry pushes himself up to all fours on his way back to a vertical base but Reaper puts an end that with a stomp to the hand. Kerry flips over and lands on his back clutching one hand with the other.

The Faithful's resonant booing spikes once again with the dirty move. Benny Doyle warns Reaper once again but whoever is behind those cold electronic eyes doesn't seem to care.

DDK:

Blatant disregard for the rules!

Angus:

By any means necessary, Keebs. I'm honestly just surprised the Pink Coalition up here hasn't gotten involved yet.

On cue, the camera cuts to Crimson Lord and the members of The Light still watching from the stage. Crimson stands stoic and emotionless and his more underlings seem to be much more pleased with the turn of events.

DDK:

Don't speak too soon, Angus.

Cut back to the ring where Reaper is hoisting Kerry up from the canvas.

DDK:

Scoop and a slam! Looks like the Reaper is going up to the top rope!

Angus:

That's a Flippy-Don't!

Kerry isn't ground as long as Reaper would have hoped and he crawls to his feet laying in a right-hand stunting Reapers top rope attempt. Kerry steps up on the middle rope but ...

DDK:

Eye rake! Again! All due respect to Benny Doyle but he's got to get control of this dastardly imposter!

Benny does attempt to call down Reaper for the illegal actions but it's interrupted as he flings himself over Kerry for a Sunset Flip Power Bomb.

ONE!

TW --

KICK OUT!

DDK:

Kuroyama kicks out one and a half!

Kerry's kick out flips him over and before he can react, The Reaper floats over and grabs him by the ankle.

DDK:

HALF CRAB! Referee Benny Doyle checking with Kerry Kuroyama.

Kerry doesn't respond to Doyle. Instead, he is occupied with pulling himself to the ropes for the break. The Faithful begin to chant once again, getting behind the Pacific Blitzkrieg. What begins as "Let's go, Kerry" is overtaken by the simpler:

KERRY! KERRY! KERRY!
KERRY! KERRY! KERRY!

DDK:

This could be it for --

Angus:

KCups! Keurig and the Angry Inch!

DDK:

Alright ...

Kerry digs in and fights for ever inch closer and closer to the ropes.

Angus:

Kokamo!

DDK:

...

Angus:

Kellogs! Kettle BELLS! Chamomile!

DDK:

Ok ... now you are just naming off words that you think start with the letter K.

Cut to a ringside close-up and Kerry's middle finger is tipping the rope as he suddenly is drawn further away from the camera.

Angus:

Game over, Konami.

DDK:

I think that is racist.

Cut back to the hard camera and Reaper has walked Kerry back to the center of the ring and really sits into the half crab.

Angus:

If you've gotta ask, Keebs ... it probably is! Shame on you.

DDK:

YOU said IT!?

Benny Doyle leans into Kuroyama asking the question that could end it all.

No response.

DDK:

This might be all she wrote, folks.

Angus:

Angela Lansbury?

Darren ignores Angus as Doyle asks once again if Kerry submits.

No response.

DDK:

Hold the phone, SIGNS of LIFE!

Kerry snaps to and plants both palms flat on the canvas and pushes himself up, swinging his sweat-soaked hair back and forth in a firm no movement.

Angus:

Looks like the Blitzkrieg is in more a Stalingrad situation ...

DDK:

The thing you know ... and DON'T know; astonish me.

Angus:

I am an enigma, Keebs... you are missing stuff.

Indeed he is. Kerry manages to lift himself high enough to flip under, throwing Reaper backward and causing the release of the hold.

DDK:

What?

Reaper rolls through the ropes and finds himself on the ring apron.

Angus:

Your job.

DDK:

Oh sh -- Uh, Kerry Kuroyama is still in this one!

Angus:

There you go.

He is and he isn't. He escaped the submission hold but as he pulls himself to his feet, with the help of the ropes, it is the damage has been done. His limp is visible as he tries to find his footing and go on the attack.

Reaper is up on his feet as well, on the apron. Kerry approaches, pushing through the pain. Reaper swings a big right hook.

DDK:

Kerry DUCKS!

Angus:

Mighty DUCKS!

The duck leads to clutch, the clutch to a suplex - up and over the ropes. Reaper goes mask over ass and lands back in the ring.

DDK:

COVER! KERRY ...

ONE!

DDK:

Could ... !

TW --

Angus:

Nope!

DDK:

The Reaper of the Light kicks out before TWO!

The Faithful are electric, filled with hope and buzzing for the Pacific Blitzkrieg. On the ramp, Crimson Lord does not look pleased with the direction of the match.

Reaper is the first to his feet as Kerry struggles with the bum wheel.

DDK:

Reaper charging!

Kerry drops down and brings the top rope with him. Reaper nearly spills to the outside but manages to find his footing on the apron. Kerry pops up on the good foot and slingshots himself into a baseball slide at Reapers ankles. Reaper springboards himself up and over - back into the ring as Kerry lands on the outside.

DDK:

What incredible timing by the Reaper!

Kerry turns just in time to catch the brunt of Reapers boots coming through the top and middle rope. Kerry stumbles back toward the ramp. He isn't downed but the fast-paced transaction took its toll. The Faithful's exuberance is quickly dashed as Reaper seems to be back in control.

The camera cuts to a nodding and pleased Crimson Lord on the ramp way flanked by the light.

DDK:

Reaper going HIGH RISK!

Productions directs the stage camera to do a 180 and we get a wide shot of the Wrestleplex Arena as Reaper launches from the top rope and crashes down on Kerry, at the base of the ramp. The Faithful pop, reluctantly but nonetheless.

Angus:

Now that I like! No Flips, No Do's ... just tossing your body, albeit incredibly infected, at another human being. If you can't HOSS! ... TOSS!!

The pair lay in a crumpled heap at the foot of the ramp as The Light beams with pride. Back in the ring, Benny Doyle hesitates but begins the ten count.

ONE!

The Faithful startup, "KER-RY!" Kerry and his would-be doppelganger begin to stir.

TWO!

KER-RY! KER-RY!
KER-RY! KER-RY!

THREE!

Reaper makes it to a knee. Kerry as well.

FOUR!

Reaper throws a punch but the masked man is wobbly. Kerry blocks it and throws one himself.

FIVE!

The pair take to their feet while trading blows.

SIX!!

Kerry looks to have the advantage. In the background, at the top of the ramp Crimson Lord holds his arms out wide, keeping The Light at bay.

SEVEN!!!

Reaper slips a punch and returns a knee to Kuroyama's midsection, before going for the pump-handle.

EIGHT!!!!

DDK:
KUROYAMA DRIVER!!!

Before Reaper can get a proper grasp of Kerry, up on his shoulder; Kerry slips off and down his back.

Angus:
NO!!

NINE!!!!!!

Kerry spins the Reaper around ...

DDK:
Kick to the gut!

... graps the wrist and pump handles Reaper up.

TEN!!!!!!

Benny Doyle calls for the bell as Kerry executes the Kuroyama Driver on the base of the ramp. The Faithful ignite and Crimson Lord has to baredown to keep The Light from rushing to his assistance.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:
This match has been RULED ... a DOUBLE DISQUALIFICATION by way of COUNT OUT!

Kerry attempts to stand after delivering the devastating move to The Reaper but instead stumbles backward before landing on his ass closer to the ring.

DDK:

I think I speak for everyone when I say ... We didn't want to see this one end this way.

Angus:

Oh, this is still going on? I've been preoccupied by the presence of the unclean up here next to us ...

The camera cuts to the stage were Crimson Lord and the Light as the slowly turn around putting their backs to the recovering Reaper.

Cut to a close of the Reaper struggling to his knees, one LED lit eye flickering like a dying star ready to blink out of existence at any moment. In the distance the gassed and heaving, Kerry Kuroyama sits; his gaze fixed on the strange nearly ritual like betrayal taking place before him.

Cut back to the stage as Crimson Lord steps forward and heads toward the curtain.

Angus:

Oh, was it something I said!?

Crimson passes through the curtain and the members of the Light follow. Except for Clucky ... The pink-eyed rubber chicken tumbles from Jestal's shoulder as he passes through the curtain. A second later a clownish hand just out from the curtain, grabbing Clucky; who begins facing Reaper. A second clown like hand emerges from the curtain, assisting in the rotation of the rubber chicken.

Angus:

EVEN Clucky has turned his back on Reaper! ... or is it his beak?

DDK:

Vulcanized rubber anatomy aside ... This turn of events has raised MORE questions than answers!

Indeed. Kerry slowly pulls himself up from the floor, leaned against the ring apron. He is highly confused ... but also paranoid. This could be a trap.

Angus:

No shit! A fucking RUBBER chicken just forsake his only begotten Reaper! The Polyphonic Conjunctivus Spree is surely down a tambourine now ... or AT LEAST a didgeridoo.

Cut back to the Reaper, his glitching backlit mask flickers and struggles to remain illuminated. The green briefly gives way to pink before reverting back to its original Emerald hue. This continues and picks up speed for a moment before both eyes light fully Green - only to extinguish and go dark.

DDK:

Certainly not the endings we wanted or expected here tonight.

Kerry, disappointed in the outcome heads backstage with his head hung low.

Angus:

I did. *GO GO POWER RANGERS!! Might Morphin POWER RANGERS!*

Benny Doyle checks on the lightless Reaper but he shoved off as Reaper struggles to the back.

DDK:

Again ... NO!

ULTIMO PHOENIX vs. "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO

Cut back to the commentary booth, where Darren and Angus prepare for the next match.

DDK:

Folks, this next matchup has been spurred on by the bully tactics of a bitter and sour human being hiding behind a black mask. Victor Vacio has ...

Angus:

... been killing it! Oh, man ... WHERE do I start! He put that sniffling little fool in his place --

DDK:

Ultimo Phoniex, that promising young man that ...

Angus:

Don't interrupt me, Keebs! AS I WAS SAYING ... He ...

Darren says nothing but looks at Angus knowing full well he lost his place.

Angus:

He ... DAMNIT, Keebs!

Darren turns back to the camera with a slightly smug smile.

DDK:

If I had to guess, partner ... you were going to tell us how Victor Vacio took home the Number one contendership to the BRAZEN title last night at --

Angus:

THAT'S IT! He smashed and punked that smashed up little punk AND in a feat of astonishing astonishment ...

DDK:

It's astonishing you are paid to talk for a living.

Angus:

KEEBS ...

Angus turns to Keebler wagging a finger. He holds for a beat trying to get back on track.

DDK:

... won the trophy

Angus:

SHUT UP! ... won the trophy AND secured his spot as the number one contender to Reindhardt Hoffman's BRAZEN championship.

DDK:

I won't take that away from.

Angus:

You can't.

DDK:

I'm not trying to --

Angus:

Good, 'cause ya' cant!

Darren gets annoyed with Angus' petulant persistence.

DDK:

You know what, Angus. You right! I can't ... Because the unappreciative bully didn't even ACCEPT the damn trophy!

Angus:

Whoa ... whoa ... let's bring it down a notch, Keebs. Righteous indignation doesn't fit you quite that well ... I have here --

Angus pauses and dips under the commentary desk, he returns with the aforementioned trophy. He places it on the desk between Darren and himself.

Angus:

The New HOPE Trophy! Which I am going to personally present to Victor Vacio!

DDK:

Now, you know his name?

Angus:

If we could have Victor ...

A guitar riff and pounding synth beat kick in.

♪ "Phoenix" - Scandroid ♪

Angus:

Son of a bitch!

The Faithful mildly pop for the masked underdog as male vocals prophesize of the public address system; "from the ashes, you will rise," and out steps... a pasty, pudgy luchador in a red mask and singlet.

The Energetic synth track belying his lack of dynamism, Ultimo takes center stage on the rampway and waves at the soldout DEFarena.

Angus:

I hope he walks off the stage again.

DDK:

What is this...?

The Faithful's modest appreciation of the young man's never say die attitude goes from decidedly mild to a near pop. Ultimo is caught off guard by the added adulation but basks in it anyhow.

Angus: [muffled]

My man ...

Phoniex, so taken by the moment, doesn't realize that Victor Vacio has sauntered out from behind the curtain and crossed the stage behind him. Meeting Angus with the trophy outstretched, Vacio snatches it from The Motormouth of Malcontent without any of the lip service and fanfare previously planned.

Angus:

Rude ...

With the same apathetic stride that brought him out, Vacio heads toward Phoenix.

DDK:

This is not how things are done!

Vacio cocks back the trophy and the Faithful ignite.

Cut to a shot of Phoniex's awestruck face; his eyes as big as saucers, his mouth agape, as the Faithful get EVEN louder for him.

CRRRAAACCCCCCKKKK!

The trophy shatters as it strikes Phoniex's masked skull. Plastic and metal rains down on the stage milliseconds before the dumbfounded Phoenix drops to his knee's to then collapse to on the stage.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! With that shitty red mask, I can't even tell if he's bleeding!

DDK:

Ultimo Phoenix NEVER knew what hit him!

Vacio stands over the slumped Ultimo, emotionless ... staring down with dead eyes.

Angus:

A GORRAM TROPHY! That's what hit him! Obviously a cheaply made trophy ... hey, matter of fact I need to talk to someone about this BRAZEN budget.

DEFmed rushes out, initial leary of Vacio. Victor slowly turns his head to see them before turning his attention back to Phoenix and slowly backing away.

DDK:

ANGUS! Not the TIME or the PLACE! Victor Vacio just destroyed this young man! AND maybe HIS CAREER!

DEFmed rushes in to tend to Phoniex as "The Lost Cause" stares. The Faithful jeer and boo with everything they have after such a dastardly act.

DDK:

He could have had an EASY win! He could have pinned the kid and taken his place here on the main roster ... WHY!? WHY attack this hapless upstart!?

Angus:

Keeps ...

DEFmed has Phoneix on the backboard and are moving him to the stretcher.

Angus:

I don't think that man ... give one shit ... about anything.

With Ultimo safely strapped down, DEFmed ushers him through the curtain as the hate continues to rain down on the stoic Vacio.

Angus affects a dramatic tone and an attempt at an accent.

Angus:

Some men just want to see the world burn.

DDK:

For the love of ...

Darren tosses his notes for the match toward the commentary table and they scatter. Vacio turns and walks off just a slow and carefree as he came out.

Angus:

THE. SIZE. OF. A. TANGERINE!

Angus, still standing, turns to his partner.

Angus:

Michael Cane, Keebs. Batman! Michael Cane! ...

Keebler doesn't respond and Angus slowly takes his seat. He glances over and gives it one more shot.

Angus:

Batman?

Darren ignores him and continues on with the show. Angus shrugs it off.

DDK:

Folks, we will keep you updated on Ultimo Phoniex's condition -- the very second we have ANY news. I'd like to apologize for everyone here at DEFIANCE for the actions and intentions of Victor Vacio.

THE TOYBOX Â© vs. THE WRESTLEFRIENDS

The logo for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship appears on the television...

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is for the DEFIANCE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

The Faithful cheer loudly, when they hear the announcement and immediately after Darren announces the next match the voices of The WrestleFriends echoing through the WrestlePlex!

Multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

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

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

Out from the back, the crowd continues to cheer the number one contenders! The lights appear and standing on the stage back to back are the members of the Oscar Burns-trained WrestleFriends!

The small, but deadly "Bantam" Ryan Batts in his "I'm The G** Damn Bantam!" shirt, along with the wild man, "Manpower" Jack Mace complete in a black body-length sleeveless singlet and a massive grey wolf pelt! Batts waves around a black and yellow rally towel with the WrestleFriends logo as Mace follows behind.

Darren Quimbey:

First coming to the ring at a combined weight of 538 pounds... the team of "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts... THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!

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

The crowd quickly turn sour when they hear the voice of "The Majestic" Crimson Lord over the PA!

Crimson Lord V/O:

BEHOLD THE ENTERTAINERS OF THE LIGHT!!

DDK:

Well, fans there is the traditional toybox given to the champs by Crimson Lord. The big question is which combination of The ToyBox are The WrestleFriends going to get tonight?

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

♪ "Gimmie All Your Lovin" by ZZ Top ♪

A black light shines down on Dandelion who is standing just to the side of the entranceway. Clucky is strapped to her shoulder. Dani is in black jeans, with a Green ToyBox Shirt. She has a bass guitar, around her shoulder a pair of black

shades. On her shoulder, Clucky has a similar attire a black suit jacket with a green dress shirt no pants a fedora hat with black shades as well. With a little mini guitar positioned across his torso.

Angus:

Looks like we got The Roulette tonight, this should be interesting considering Ryan Batts seems to have issues hitting women.

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

DDK:

The ToyBox have played a well-oiled game against the WrestleFriends in the past couple of months, and that rubber chicken sitting on Dandelion's shoulders has been used over each WrestleFriend's head. Clearly, an X-Factor since Jestal got the chicken back.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Angus:

Mace and Batts discussing strategy in the corner, As Navarro is handed the championships by Jestal and WynLyn. The WrestleFriends got lucky they did not draw Elegance can you imagine how Ryan would be able to be a factor in that match had that happened?

Jestal looks to be starting out the match, as is Mace. The last time these two met Mace was tricked by one of WynLyn's Hive members. Clearly, Mace has some payback instore for the dastardly clown. The two size each other up and the lock up. Manpower clearly with the power here pushes Jestal back into the corner. Navarro quickly there to try and break the two apart. Mace slowly backs away with his hands up. Jestal slowly comes out of the corner he slaps his shoulders a few times as the two circle one another again. Soon after they lock up once more, again both men try to jock for permission and this time Jestal pushes Mace back. Once more mirroring the same gesture, Jestal backs away letting Navarro have his way, but before he steps out of range he drives a kick into the gut of Mace. Then quickly runs with not much run room to body splash Mace in the corner.

DDK:

Uh Oh looks like Jestal may have made a mistake here!

Angus:

Not smart by The Mad Prince.

The camera catches Jestal's eyes widen, Mace has his arms wrapped around Jestal, it would appear the body splash had no effect on Jack! Mace turns and throws the five-foot jester over his head into an overhead belly to belly. Jestal quickly slides out of the ring, met by his fellow ToyBox members. Mace hypes The Faithful up here. Along with Batts on the apron, Jestal continues to talk with WynLyn soaking up ten count. He slides at the nine count. He stands in his corner with a blank stare across the ring toward Mace motioning for the clown to bring it on.

DDK:

The WrestleFriends are here for a fight! Tonight is no longer time for games they seem to be all business here.

Angus:

When your done riding their dicks, how about you get back to being an unbiased play by play analyst. After all, we both know Jestal is just toying with Jack.

Jestal slowly makes his way back to the center of the ring, and the two meet once more and lock up. Again each man trying to jock for position. Mace pushes Jestal against the ropes and irish whips him off! Jestal returns and is met with a *BIG BOOT!* Jestal jumps to his feet staggering around, Mace picks him up once more and into a sidewalk slam! Mace hooks the leg!

ONE

TWO..

WynLyn hops in the ring and stomps Mace in the back of the head breaking the count. It brings Batts into the ring for a moment. Navarro has his attention taken from the legal men. Mace picks up Jestal and lifts him up as Navarro returns to the legal men. Jestal is hung upside down in a stalling vertical suplex for what would seem forever. Mace finally falls backward and quickly covers once more not giving Jestal a chance to feel the pain from the suplex.

ONE

TWO..

TH..

Again WynLyn breaks the count. Mace gets off the cover and quickly turns to WynLyn. She quickly retreats to her corner. Mace points at her for a moment, before returning once more to the jester. He picks up a dazed Jestal and goes off the ropes and returns with a tornado forearm across the skull of the Mad Prince! The impact throws Jestal through the second ropes to the outside. He quickly gets up clearly dazed and confused he has his fist up and starts punching wildly at the air before falling face first to the floor. Dandelion quickly checks on her brother as Navarro again goes for the ten count. Mace again hypes The Faithful as he waits for the clown to return.

DDK:

The WrestleFriends, are riding this wave of momentum here and The Faithful are loving every second of it.

Angus:

Ride it while you can WrestleGoofs, sooner or later you're going to find out just why The ToyBox are the DEFIANCE Tag team Champions!

Jestal once more gets his barings with help from Dandelion. He slides in the ring at the eight count. Mace tags in Ryan. Jestal still clearly has no clue where he is at the moment. Batts irish whips the clown to the ropes, he drops down Jestal steps over, Ryan turns around leap frogs the returning jester, as Jestal returns once more Bantam spins Jestal in a 360 into a backbreaker. He goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO...

WynLyn yet again gets there just in time to break the count. Mace quickly enters the ring and stopped immediately by Navarro! Batts keeps his focus on the clown, as he picks up Jestal and locks in a side headlock before hip tossing him over and holding the headlock. Navarro turns his attention once more to the legal men. He continues to check Jestal if he wants to give it up. The clown shakes his head. Batts continues to apply pressure, even though the jester fights to a

vertical base. Jestal is able to push Batts off to the ropes.

DDK:

WynLyn has become a bit of a nuisance here, saving her tag team partner twice already.

Angus:

Its called tag team wrestling Keebs, can you imagine if these idiots left as the NEW Tag Champs?

As Bantam returns he body blocks Jestal sending him crashing to the ground once more! Ryan waits for the clown to return to his feet just poised to dash from the ropes as he bounces off them awaiting the clown. Jestal staggers to his feet, Batts tries to run at Jestal and Dandelion grabs his foot. Batts is distracted, Jestal quickly chop blocks the right knee of Ryan dropping the young man to the ground. Mace shouts at Navarro about the interference. Jestal quickly grapevines the bad knee and drives his knee into the side of Batts knee!

DDK:

Come on its three against one!

Angus:

It was only a matter of time before The WrestleFriends would make a mistake. Batts can't even run without tripping over his own feet.

DDK:

Are you kidding me Dandelion clearly grabbed his foot!

Angus:

I don't know what match you were watching, I never saw such a thing.

Jestal quickly gets up and drags Batts bad leg and all toward his corner and quickly locks in a figure four leglock. Ryan quickly sits up in pain running his hands through his hair. Dandelion hops on the apron and takes Navarro's attention from the submission hold. Wyn hops off the apron and pulls on Jestal's arm Batts yells in more pain with the added leverage.

DDK:

Mace quickly in the ring, and come on Navarro is stopping him The ToyBox are clearly cheating here!

Angus:

The champs cheating? Look at Jack getting in the ring ILLEGALLY!

Wyn lets go just as Navarro turns around and pretend to be mouthing off at fans. Navarro turns his back to Jestal checking on Ryan....and AGAIN WynLyn takes advantage of the Navarro's back turned and grabs Jestal's hands and pulls. Navarro clearly asking Ryan if he gives noticing the pain he is in even more. Mace has once again gotten in the ring, to point out the clear cheating at the hands of the champions!

DDK:

This is ridiculous, come on Hector use your eyes!

Angus:

I know The WrestleFriends should be disqualified for all the interference by Mace.

Navarro again admonishes Mace for getting in the ring. Wyn has once again gotten back on the apron and into the ring and drives a knee across the skull of Ryan. Jestal quickly releases the figure four and slides out of the ring and slaps his hand. Wyn lifts Batts legs up and turns him around into a boston crab!

DDK:

Boy the champs are finding cheap shortcuts to frustrate The faithful and Jack Mace over there just seething to get in

the ring

Angus:

That's why they are the champions!

Navarro asks Wyn and Jestal about the tag, Jestal clearly lying slaps his hand on the apron. Batts keeps slamming the mat in tremendous amounts of pain. However, amongst all this, he refuses to give up!

DDK:

No matter how many dirty deeds The ToyBox tries in this match Ryan Batts refuses to give up here!

Angus:

Good, I love to see Jestal and WynLyn dislocate his knee for being so stupid and not giving up!

Wyn looks back at Jestal, he slaps her shoulder, He gets in goes off the ropes and drops a leg on the back of Batts head! Wyn exits and Jestal goes back to the leg he pulls Ryan's right leg up in the air and slams it into the mat. Ryan quickly grabs his knee in pain. Jestal pulls on Batt's leg trying to pull it back before dropping an elbow which quickly gets a reaction from Ryan. Jestal grapevines the leg in a submission style twist on the knee. Ryan is struggling to fight through the pain as Navarro is right there asking him.

DDK:

Batts seriously needs to make a tag The ToyBox have really worked over on that right knee of his.

Angus:

What they have done is take any type of aerial attack away from Bantam it's freaking brilliant!

Batts realizing he is not anywhere near Mace he goes for the next best option the ropes. He crawls toward them as Jestal tries to apply more pressure.

DDK:

OH COME ON! WynLyn once again getting in the ring ILLEGALLY Angus!

Angus:

Did your screen just go fuzzy on you?

Navarro quickly gets in WynLyn's face about the interference! She quickly retreats to the apron. Jestal reaches back and tags her back in. Jestal releases the hold and Ryan quickly turns toward Mace who is begging for the tag, trying to get The Faithful to cheer on Bantam! Wyn blows a kiss at Mace before dropping an elbow to the back of Batt's head stopping his attempt at a tag. She picks him up and bends his knee back and lifts him up into a knee style breaker! She quickly transitions into folding Batts knees and slapping his ribcage and grabs his arms and tilts herself back into a surfboard.

WynLyn:

Ask him!

WynLyn shouts at Navarro. Ryan shouts in response...

Batts:

NO!

After a few minutes, Wyn rolls to her side with Ryan still in her clutches. She releases his arms but keeps his legs tied up and arches her back backward into a bridge in a version of a figure four!

DDK:

Ryan has been in this match for too long, he seriously needs a tag desperately!

Angus:

Keep him from Mace WynLyn!

Bantam continues to struggle through the pain but continues to fight and refuses to give up. He tries frantically to reach for the tag to Mace. The two WrestleFriends get within fingertips reach, suddenly Jestal strikes Mace knocking him off the ropes. This quickly gets Mace back in the ring and quickly stopped by Navarro. Wyn releases the hold and drags Batts to her corner by her legs. She tags Jestal in, the jester gets in he hooks Batts legs over the front of his shins and arches his back and grabs a hold of Ryan's chin in a version of another surfboard with a camel clutch twist.

DDK:

WynLyn and Jestal have dictated the flow of this match, and have bent the rules to their favor throughout the match up!

Angus:

This would be over already if Ryan Batts knew what was best for his career!

Batts struggles to reach for the ropes, inch by inch he finally is able to grab the bottom rope. Navarro gives Jestal a standing five count. The jester refuses to break until the four count! Jestal tags Wyn back in Batts looks toward Mace in the far reaches of the ring. He tries to crawl toward him. Wyn lets him spend some more energy before stopping him just before the tag. She picks him up and irish whips him back into her corner. She winks at Mace before turning around and dashing toward Batts....

DDK:

BANTAM MOVED! Wyn just knocked Jestal off the apron!!

Angus:

No Wyn's is hurt someone call someone to help her!

Wyn holds her chest as Jestal hits the floor quickly being checked on by Dandelion. Batts is getting a huge ovation from The Faithful cheering him on to make the tag. Inch by Inch he crawls to Mace jumping around trying to reach as much as he can.

Mace:

Come on Ryan a bit further!

Wyn gets her composure a bit she turns around and the camera catches her eyes widen as Batts is about to make the tag. She runs toward him Batts uses what energy he has left and jumps up and tags in Manpower! The Faithful explode as the hot tag is made. Wyn quickly backs off as Mace in an explosion of adrenaline moves quickly toward WynLyn who notices Jestal is still not the apron. She quickly throws a punch and it's blocked and she is quickly dropped with a fist from Mace. She quickly gets up and is picked up in a spinning body slam. She quickly grabs her lower back falling on her face. Jestal slides in the ring and is met with a big boot. Wyn gets up and jumps on the back of Mace trying to lock a sleeper. The powerhouse spins around not allowing Wyn to fully lock her legs around his stomach. He grabs the dazed Wyn and snapmares her over Jestal quickly gets up and Batts is back in the ring and flies off with a flying forearm sending Jestal tumbling to the outside. Ryan gets to his feet hobbling around he exits the ring and follows Jestal to the outside.

DDK:

The Faithful are on their feet here The WrestleFriends have got the Tag Champs backpedaling here!

Angus:

Mace is a house of fire!

WynLyn pulls herself to her feet realizing she is all alone with a man who clearly has the advantage over her in size. Jack waste little time and grabs a hold of Wyn in a bear hug and launches her over his head in a suplex the young

woman screams in pain as she hits the mat. Batts is back to his feet stalking Jestal.....

WHACK!

Dandelion clobbers Batts in the bad knee with Clucky!

DDK:

NOT AGAIN! That damn chicken again! This time to the bad knee of Ryan Batts!

Angus:

Did you see Ryan's leg give way, he clearly is hurt and it serves him right for not giving up when he had a chance!

Ryan screams in pain holding his knee in screeching pain. Jestal slides in the ring as Mace has WynLyn up in a Gorilla Press, as he turns around...*SPEAR!* Mace hits the mat and WynLyn falls on top of him, Jestal has slid out of the ring and with Mace's legs close to the apron Navarro is down for the count. Jestal quickly grabs the boots of Mace from outside the ring holding them down!

DDK:

HE HAS JACK'S FEET HECTOR!!!

Angus:

Wyn has him come on!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Machinima ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match and STILL THE DEFIANCE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!.....THE TOYBOX!!!

Wyn quickly exits the ring. Jack gets to his feet and in shock yells at the referee about his feet being held. Dandelion has the championships in her grasp. Mace's arguments to Navarro seem to not change the result as he exits the ring and raises the hands of The ToyBox, Mace in utter shock and disbelief. He walks around the ring and then notices Ryan outside screaming in pain holding his knee and DEFMedical assisting him. He quickly exits the ring to check on Ryan.

DDK:

The ToyBox have stolen this from The WrestleFriends what a dastardly defense here tonight at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Dastardly? They did what needed to be done to shut these guys up finally. They thought they were top shit all this time and The ToyBox took them down a peg!

Exhausted The ToyBox backtrack up the rampway WynLyn and Jestal holding the championships above their head and Dandelion holding Clucky up in the air. Jestal breathing heavy but all laughs, Wyn still favoring her lower back exhausted herself, but all three members clearly proud of themselves.

DDK:

The ToyBox remain champions tonight, and The WrestleFriends need to regroup who knows how bad of an injury

Ryan Batts may have here tonight.

Angus:

Justice has been done tonight and I couldn't be happier to see The ToyBox walk out of here tonight still champs!

ELISE ARES Â© vs. THE D

DDK:

Folks, it was three years ago today, the Pop Culture Phenoms made their DEFIANCE debuts, defeating BRAZEN's Louisiana Bulldogs. My, how times have changed the landscape, Angus.

Angus:

These dweebs went from licking the boots of the entertainer, and our main event challenger, Mikey Unlikely, to banding against him and his opponent tonight, the FIST JFK and became BELOVED by the Faithful. Elise Ares has turned that into a cherished singles career where I got to see Jack Harman shaved bald Keebs. BALD!

DDK:

And now, just a little over a month ago, The D attacked his partner, his friend, his cohort in crime, the newly crowned Southern Heritage champion. And this has got to be a little bit about jealousy, isn't it?

Angus:

Definitely. This isn't just about a title Keebs, this is about the D feeling second fiddle to the TRUE, HEIRESS of the FAITHFUL, Elise Ares.

DDK:

You're, overly supportive of Elise these days.

Angus:

Well, they're both flippy dos...

DDK:

But Elise is hot.

Angus:

Sue me. Alright. Plus, she's actually better than she was three years ago. The D? Only thing he's been better at is being a grade a d-bag.

♪ "I'm So Humble" by Lonely Island, feat. Adam Levine ♪

A large "The D" logo shines over the DEFIATron, as a single spotlight illuminates the entranceway. A red carpet is rolled out before his feet, as numerous, very attractive female paparazzi wearing bright red evening gowns surround the entrance. Stepping out from the back, holding the SoCal championship over his shoulder and the O-Face dangling from his left arm is the D. He wears a fine, exquisite three piece armani suit, with large Oakley shades and slicked back hair. As he emerges, the female paparazzi start to scream like they just saw Adam Levine at the Halftime of the Superbowl. Cameras flash, blinding the duo. Flanking behind the D is Flex Kruger, who's added a bow flex dumbbell and the BRAZEN championship to his entrance.

DDK:

There he is, the...

Angus:

Smuggest, most arrogant, douchebaggery filled nonsense this side of the equator.

DDK:

What about the FIST?

Angus:

I meant whatever is vertical on the globe.

DDK:

Hemisphere?

Angus:

Yeah. Brain fart. I just hate him so much.

The D just smiles and laughs, and tries to shield his eyes at the blinding light. He struts toward the ring as the O-Face just laughs and cackles. The O-Face is wearing a tattered tank top of the D's new DEFIANCE t-shirt, "D on your Chest," and ripped blue jeans shorts and standard wrestling boots.

DDK:

Look at these women Angus.

Angus:

How many of them are strippers?

DDK:

All of them Angus. Of course. But one of these women is not like the other. The O-Face, who we know very little about except her excitable personality and her relationship with the D. If ever there was a Yoko Ono, she is it to the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Angus:

They're all egotistical Keebs. Remember the SEG? It's always been about ME, and it was only a matter of time. She just sped the process up.

The O-Face and Flex hold open the middle rope as the D raises his head to the Faithful and sneers. He spits toward the first row, hitting the DEFIANCE logo on the barricade to boos before he enters the ring. O-Face jumps in after, jumping onto the D's back in a piggyback. The D holds up the SoCal Championship in front of him, as Flex weasels his way in behind with his BRAZEN title displayed prominently.

That's when we get our first glimpse... of the SELFIE cam.

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK. I WILL KILL.

DDK:

I'm being told that the D has paid for a live camera feed into the SoCal championship's selfie camera this evening.

Angus:

I WILL. EVERYONE. EVERYONE IS DEAD.

DDK:

Calm down, Angus.

Angus:

No. If you cut back to that camera Tony even ONCE MORE.

DDK:

As the belt hangs from the rafters, it'll be a unique look at the action Angus.

Angus:

No. NOOOOOOOOOO. FUCK NO. GORRAM FUCK NO. I QUIT. I QUIT KEEBS. I GORRAM FUCKING QUIT.

DDK:

Sit down, Angus. You have a 401k. And you're saying fucking twice.

Angus sneers as the D and the crew finishes their pose with a cheesy smile.

Angus: (Through gritted teeth)

... Congrats to Flex for winning the BRAZEN championship.

DDK:

Yes, you can see that programming and much more on DEFonDEMAND. Clash of the BRAZEN IV was quite the show, wasn't it Angus?

Angus:

New number one contender, new champion, it's a new age Keebs. BRAZEN is so prosperous. Why does DEF have to be this way?

All I wanna do is...

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

The lights shift to purple and gold, then the crowd goes wild. Elise Ares bursts out onto the stage holding the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship high above her head. With a smirk on her lips, she wears a long, flowy sequined robe of purple and gold fastened just below the neck. At the end of the robe is Klein, holding it so it does not touch the ground. Once she gets to the beginning of the aisle she stops. She wants to make damn sure The D sees her holding that title over her head, and as she does, Klein begins to make waves in her robe like Superman's Cape.

DDK:

And here she is, Angus, your DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, Elise Ares.

Angus:

And there IT is, more importantly, Keebs... the most beautiful GORRAM belt to ever grace God's green Earth!

DDK:

Well... that's up for debate, but what's not is the fact that Elise Ares never saw it coming. One minute she was the star of the Lake Placid Universe, then it all came crashing down with some Netflix cash.

Angus:

That shit isn't REALLY on Netflix, right? Like these movies don't REALLY exist do they?

DDK:

Well... I mean...

Angus:

....No. Wait, this whole thing isn't a joke?

As she takes a step forward, suddenly invisible lines rip the robe off of the champion to reveal her usual Queen of Sports Entertainment Style ring attire on the champ, but the underside of the robe is strung up for the world to see. A giant sequined banner that says "FUCK YOU, DEREK." The crowd roars with approval as Elise points up at it. Klein steps forward now that the robe has been pulled into the sky and out of his hands and looks up through his box. He then looks over at Elise who is still emphatically pointing up at it and Klein begins pointing with her.

DDK:

Well... The D isn't pleased about that!

Angus:

I LOVE IT! That makes up for all the bullshit she put me through for my beloved!

DDK:

She's certainly sending a message.

Angus:

I think he got it!

The D lunges toward Elise but is held back by Kruger. He then tries to get Carla to have DEFIANCE officials take down the banner, but she doesn't have the power to do so... and why would she do it anyway? The D continues yelling at Flex to tear it down but he doesn't know how... while surrounded by ladders. Elise sways her hips as she swaggers down to the ring, pushing her LED sunglasses off the top of her head and over her eyes where they begin to flash "YOU" "TOO" "BITCH" "FACE." Klein passes Elise and walks up the stairs first, opening the ropes for the champion who as suggestively as always bends over and enters the ring. She pushes the sunglasses down her nose and shoots a wink over at O-Face who immediately rolls her eyes. Ares the holds the championship into the air right in the faces of The D and O-Face before Carla steps in and asks for the title.

DDK:

And there she is, the official for tonight's matchup, Carla Ferrari. She has been there for some of the biggest moments of the Pop Culture Phenom's careers, and tonight, she sees them, just like we, square off.

Angus:

I hope she gets paid ten percent more than her peers. Not because she's a female and I'm for equality, but because she deserves it having to consistently deal with these loons.

The D takes one last look at himself in the almost mirror reflection of the SoCal championship before he hands it over to a relatively impatient Carla Ferrari. She shows the D the SoHer, as the D just waves her off. She raises the SoHer to the championship crowd and begins to fasten it to the hook dangling in the center of the ring. The D notices this, and gets frantic, yelling at Quimbey to toss him a microphone.

The D:

Wait! WAIT! You put the SoCal up there WITH it! The rules state you need to grab BOTH BELTS. BOTH. NOT ONE. This ain't EASY MODE, Elise. You look trashy tonight, by the way. Love that.

The D winks, leers and tosses the microphone over his shoulder without a care. Darren stumbles into the cheering hands of Flex Kruger as he barely catches it before it hits the ground. Flex just gives Darren the death stare, as the D begins to loosen his tie.

Carla sighs, looks to Elise, who nods her on. Carla straps both titles into the hook, and then the two belts are lifted high above the ring to their usual position, just below the banner that says "FUCK YOU DEREK"

(Elise impatiently)

Darren Quimbey:

This next matchup, is a ladder match, for the Southern Heritage Championship!

The D gets angry and starts screaming at Quimbey, but Quimbey ignores him.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, angry at the moment... from Southern California, HOLLYWOOD, weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety-six pounds... accompanied to the ring by the BRAZEN Champion, Flex Kruger...

Kruger flexes at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

... and his... female friend, Ms. O-Face.

O-Face sticks her tongue out at Quimbey, spitting on him as she does and shouts.

The O-Face:

It's THE!

Darren sneers, wiping the spit from his face.

Darren Quimbey:

He is ONE HALF, of the LONGEST reigning DEFIANCE tag team champions...

The D “nixes” him with his hands and then quickly walks up to Quimbey. The D puts his arm around his shoulder and starts whispering. Quimbey sighs.

Darren Quimbey:

No. I'm not saying that... HE IS THE D!

Fans cheer as the D throws a tantrum. He tosses his five hundred dollar tie onto the ground and begins to stomp on it with his much more expensive shoes. He points to Elise and shouts off mic as the O-Face tries to console him down by rubbing his chest. Darren Quimbey turns from the D toward Elise.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT... from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba. Accompanied by...

Quimbey pauses as Klein hands him an index card.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by her... totes amazing bestest friend Klein. She is the defending DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion. The recently imitated, never duplicated, ORIGINAL LEADING LADY OF DEFIANCE! The QUEEEEN of Sports Entertainment Style... ELISEEEEEEE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

DDK:

Wait... did Quimbey just say "Totes?"

Angus:

It's a dark day, Keebs.

DING DING

DDK:

And we are OFF!

As Elise goes in to engage, the D raises a hand and tells her to stop in place. He begins to gingerly remove his outer suit jacket and places it over the top rope handing it to Flex. The D begins to give Flex instructions.

Angus:

Oh, come on! This match has already been delayed enough by your ego already!

Elise just rolls her eyes and charges to wild cheers. The D is caught off guard, sent into the corner from the rights and lefts tossed by Elise. The D tries to cover up, but Elise is relentless as Carla just watches on with a smile. The D musters his strength to shove Elise away, causing her to land on her hands and knees.

DDK:

Elise on fire here early, the D able to gain some breathing room.

The D smiles, winks at her and charges, as Ares has just enough time to hit an arm drag. The D lands hard, gets up, charges and eats a second. He recovers and charges for a third time, but stops as Elise goes for the arm drag but just gets her extended arm grabbed. The D wraps it into an arm wringer and then spins it into a hammerlock behind her. Elise is just confused as she reaches back, grabbing at the D's hair. Elise jumps off the mat and then rolls forward, taking the D over with a snap mare. Elise off the ropes into a soccer kick into the D's spine, and then into a beautiful looking backflip double stomp onto the chest of The D.

DDK:

Oh, I didn't think Elise had that in her repertoire.

Elise Ares:

Que Tal ESO!

The Faithful finish "ESO!" with her as she mounts the D and just starts striking down onto him with very stiff elbow shots. After about four or five, we can see that she's busted the eyebrow line above his left eye and hits one more exclamation elbow for accentuation. She then rips and tears off his white button-up shirt underneath his suit. She stands, notices the blood, and wipes the blood off with a disgusted look on the D's shirt. As the D tries to sit up, Elise charges and soccer kicks him square in the chest, sending him sprawling back down. She tosses the shirt into the crowd.

DDK:

No love lost here tonight Angus. That was probably a seven hundred dollar shirt!

Angus:

KICK HIS SMUG FACE INTO LAST THURSDAY!

The O-Face climbs onto the apron and Elise charges, smacking her with an elbow and sending her flying into the waiting arms of Flex Kruger. Flex catches her, and O-Face starts smacking his chest to put her down. Elise charges back toward the D, who catches her with his own arm drag and then locks in an armbar, putting pressure from his knee into the small of Elise's back. The D looks up, the trickle of blood congealing down his cheek as he shouts.

The D:

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

Angus:

Sure about that idiot?

Before he uses his free hand to just drive an elbow into Elise's exposed mid cage. And again. And again, until the force causes the armbar to loosen and Elise slump to the mat. Once there, the D drops a double ax handle to her chest and then dives into side control with a flurry of rights to the temple. The D grabs Elise by her hair and tosses her outside at the feet of Flex Kruger. He shouts.

The D:

DEAL WITH HER!

Flex is confused but just shrugs and takes a seat directly onto the back of Elise Ares. O-Face starts taunting Elise. Carla starts yelling at Flex who just pleads innocence and as if he can't hear her. Meanwhile, the D slips out of the ring and starts heading up the ramp to where the ladders are.

DDK:

And the D looks to be the first one who looks to be bringing the ladders into the fray.

Angus:

Wait, where's he going?

The D indeed grabs the ladder but heads back toward the entrance...

Back to the banner.

DDK:

Oh lord, this man's ego knows no bounds!

The D sets the ladder below the banner on one side and climbs the ladder as slow as one would normally climb a ladder in a wrestling match.

Meanwhile, at ringside, Klein comes bullrushing and just shoulder blocks Flex Kruger off of Elise and into the barricade. The O-Face barely gets out of the way, but then she leaps on top of Klein's back and just starts trying to swat at Klein's head. Klein starts to spin, and O-Face's legs go stiff and Klein begins to spin around with O-Face hanging onto his box before she slips and just falls to the outside.

DDK:

Elise is coming up here Angus! Get ready to move.

Elise doesn't pay the situation any attention and goes charging toward the entrance ramp. As she reaches the D, he's ripped one side of the banner down and stands proud. He doesn't realize Elise is very quickly climbing the ladder on the same side directly under him. The D looks down and starts trying to kick at Elise, but it's too late as she's hooked him in an electric chair position. The D starts to flail wildly, trying to off balance Elise but he still has hold of the banner. Elise takes a few steps back but the D has hold, and leans forward and ties the banner through the ladder. Elise keeps trying to pull back, and the DEFIatron literally SHAKES before the other side of the banner RIPS off, and Elise, the D, the ladder, and the banner all go tumbling off the stage and off camera.

There's an ooooh and a bit of a hush.

Angus:

... That was fast.

DDK:

I can't imagine that's what Elise was thinking of doing when she grabbed the D, but some quick thinking from the challenger has turned an electric chair into a NASCAR level wreck.

Angus:

Heh. She grabbed the d...

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

What? You said it.

The crowd cheers as Elise pulls herself up from the wreckage, looking like a woman who survived a shipwreck. She just rolls herself back up onto the entrance rampway. The D pulls himself up from the pile of carnage and just takes a wild swing at nothing before falling to a knee. He picks himself back up but then falls forward onto the barricade, barely keeping himself propped up. Elise pushes herself to her feet as the D rolls himself onto the ramp. The two lock eyes, and charge, laying into one another with flurries of rights and lefts. Well, it would have no doubt been a flurry, but after a single simultaneous punch, the two grasped their faces and turn to each other, shocked. Their eyes widen, realizing... they just got punched in the face.

THEIR face.

And NOW comes the flurry of rights and lefts with no disregard for the other.

DDK:

And I thought this match would CLEARLY be no blows to the face!

Angus:

...

DDK:

I mean punches or impacts to the face! What is wrong with you tonight?

Angus:

Nothing at all, Keebs! Just can't believe the VIOLENCE we're seeing here tonight. They're punching each other... IN THE FACE. It's the wild west! There are no rules! Might as well bring back the DOC!

DDK:

Are... are you done?

Angus:

One more. DEFIANCE. We. Punch. Faces.

The two trading blows begin to wear each other down, their punches seeming a bit softer and lacking the energy and enthusiasm at the start. So Elise goes for the eyes. Then the D does the same. Blinded, the two go back to trading blows before both drop to their knees at the same time for a low blow. Both take it in the chest and they just keep throwing hands. Suddenly, the D reaches over the barricade and rips a cell phone out of the hand of a fan recording the match against the barricade and chucks it at Elise. The phone hits the side of her head, she turns around to say something and the D immediately charges her. She ducks out of the way as he tries to grab her and pulls a flask out of her wrestling bottoms and hits him in the back of the head with it. With a thud it goes spinning into the air and the D goes rolling down the aisle back towards the ring. The champion goes to follow... but she grabs a ladder first.

DDK:

These two are experts at skirting the law, but in a ladder match, the only thing that matters is the person who's able to pull those titles off that hanging hook.

Angus:

We're going to see them both try to pull the craziest shit out of their asses Keebs, I'm callin' it now. That flask and the banner and we're only, like, five minutes in. This is wacky town Keebs, and Klein was elected mayor.

Klein is cheering Elise on as she reaches the ring and slides the ladder in underneath the bottom rope. She pauses for a second, turns back to the D, and grabs her discarded flask before kicking the D square in the forehead as he reached out for the same flask. Elise tucks the flask back into her bottoms, then turns back toward the ring and slides into cheers. Except for the one guy pissed about his phone. As she picks up the ladder, it takes her longer than usual because... ladders are heavy.

DDK:

Elise having a bit of trouble with that ladder, it's a bulky contraption and honestly, trying to make sure it doesn't catch on the ring ropes as you set it up is a bit tricky.

Angus:

She's got it fine Keebs, stop making excuses.

As Elise sets up the ladder and slams her hand down on the center support, she notices the D climbing up on the outside of the ring, using the draped ring apron to pull himself up. She takes a look and smiles, rushing off the far side and diving over the top and onto the recovering D.

DDK:

THERE SHE GOES!

Angus:

She's dumb as hell but damn is she pretty! That tope is pretty good looking too!

The crowd roars as she lands it perfectly. Adrenaline causes Elise to stumble right back up to her feet, which is followed by a rhythmic dance in celebration. It's cut short, however, to a chorus of jeers as O-Face grabs her by the

hair and throws her into the barricade with a loud thud. Klein sees what's going on and rushes to her aid, only to have Flex Kruger cut him off. Klein begins to try and shove past him but Carla rolls out of the ring to break it all up. Meanwhile, O-Face helps the D back up to his feet, where he grabs Elise in a daze and throws her into the barricade again like he just did it himself and brushes his hands.

Angus:

And there's The D, trying to take all the credit from his star again!

DDK:

Regardless that's two hard shots into the railing for Elise. D better start thinking about getting up that ladder and winning this thing.

The D stands over Elise slapping her and telling her that he made her before throwing her under the bottom rope and into the ring. Outside Flex keeps running his mouth keeping Carla occupied as O-Face follows the D into the ring, where he shoves Elise into the corner with his boot and begins stomping away before taking a step back and inviting O-Face to do the same. She does and the crowd voices their displeasure before she steps back and lets the D rain down hard boots to the head and chest of the SOHER champion.

DDK:

Hitting Elise with her own tag move with the help of the woman he replaced her with, now that's low!

Angus:

As much as I hate the little prick, that's how things go in Hollywood. One minute you're dictating the Blacklist, the next minute you're on the other end.

Carla finally returns her attention to the ring just to notice O-Face sliding out. She admonishes the D as the D asks her to admire his handiwork, a fallen stomped Elise. The D grabs Elise out of the corner and snap mares her, before locking in a rear chin lock. The D looks up and shouts.

The D:

SEE! I CAN WRESTLE!

*You Can't Wres-tle! *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap**

The D:

I'M DOING IT RIGHT NOW!

The D breaks the chin lock and just drops elbow after elbow into Elise's right shoulder. He turns and runs off the far side ropes with another soccer kick to her spine. She screams and falls on her back, as the D places on boot on her chest and just steps over her to boos.

The D:

Que Tal ESO BITCH!

DDK:

That was unnecessary Angus.

Angus:

I honestly don't know what's necessary anymore Keebs.

DDK:

That wasn't.

The D reaches down and grabs Elise by her hair to a sitting position. He begins to slap the side of her head once, twice, a third time, before Elise fires to her feet with wild shots to the gut. Once she's able to stand, she smacks a few

knife edge chops into the D's chest, sending him reeling into the ropes. Elise tosses him off the far side and the D walks right into a leaping spinning heel kick. Elise jumps to her feet, looks to Klein who gives her a thumbs up.

DDK:

These two know each other so well. The D uses a spot from Elise, and Elise counters with her own stolen spot of the D!

Angus:

All with Klein's approval!

Elise is measuring the D from the corner. As a dazed D gets to his feet, Elise takes off, but O-Face and Flex yank and pull the D out of the ring.

DDK:

I think Elise might have been going for Amethystation there... but she's climbing the ladder instead!

With the D being tended to by Flex and O-Face on the outside, Elise takes the opportunity and starts to quickly climb the ladder. The D slides back in as Elise's fingertips just barely are out of reach of the dangling straps. He quickly rushes up on the opposite side and starts throwing haymakers at her midsection. Elise doubles over, as the D grabs her hair and slams her face first into the top rung of the ladder. The D hooks her under her arm, and moves to side position, before catching Elise in a $\frac{3}{4}$ headlock. In a shock, as cameras go flashing, the D backflips from the top of the ladder, taking Elise down with him.

DDK:

NETFLIX MONEY! OFF THE TOP OF THE LADDER! THAT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!

Angus:

Elise Ares is OUT Keebs. But I think that might have taken just as much out of the D! That drop Keebs, that drop.

DDK:

I don't know who took the worst of that. I mean, Elise took the brunt of the impact, but the D had to contort and fell from a much greater height.

After a good ten count of lack of movement, some growing concern, the D starts to crawl. He reaches the bottom rung of the ladder, and starts to use the ladder to pull himself up. Elise meanwhile, is now stirring and crawling toward the bottom rope out of instinct. As the D is able to place his boot on the bottom rung, Elise is just able to get to her feet in the corner. She turns and sees the D on the second rung now, and rushes toward him. From behind, she grips the D by the waist and with a quick tug SLAMS him back first off the ladder. Elise then turns and kicks the ladder down, sending it sprawling into the corner, held upright by the top rope. Elise turns her attention to the D, who's crawling to a neutral corner, and then just starts stomping the beejesus out of him. After a moment, she looks at the Faithful, and high fives above her head as a fake tag, and goes back to stomping away at the D.

DDK:

Could we consider that a Blacklist Angus? I'm going to give it to her.

Angus:

I just like seeing the snot stomped out of that mangey d-bag.

Elise grabs the D out of the corner and drags him to the center, before hip tossing him onto the laid out ladder. The D clutches his back in pain as he rolls off just as Elise dives with an attempted elbow drop. Elise hits nothing but ladder, and clutches her arm and side before rolling to the opposite side of the D. The two see each other, and start throwing punches over the ladder, before Elise shoots up from her kneeling position, kneeing the ladder up and into the face of the D. The D spins back, his spit flying into the air before he just face plants on the canvas. Elise looks to the ladder, it's been broken by their falls beyond repair. She lifts it, slowly, and then chucks it over the top as if it were a rumble combatant. But now, she's going to need to get a new ladder.

DDK:

Elise has the D down, he might be unconscious Angus, but Elise is going to need to get a ladder before she can climb and regain her SoHer championship!

Angus:

I'm so glad you're not calling it the So-Her title.

DDK:

Oh, look at that. I forgot.

Angus:

Please no.

Rummaging around underneath the ring, even though there are at least two additional ladders around ringside, Elise disappears completely under the tarp. After a few moments, we see that fine ass purposefully back up in full display. But alongside Elise...

DDK:

That can't be...

Angus:

Where do you even find THAT much glitter and fake diamonds THAT big?!

A smirk crosses the face of the Southern Heritage Champion as she looks upon her greatest creation. A ladder covered from top to bottom in glitter, gaudy ass fake gems, and gold paint trim. A sports entertainment ladder fit for a queen.

Angus:

I'm blind!

Elise carefully slides the ladder into the ring. Meanwhile, on the other side, O-Face has slipped a ladder inside to the D, who's using it to push himself to his feet. He looks confused but picks it up as he stands, and turns to face Elise. Ares has entered the ring and picked up her bedazzled ladder. The D looks with a "the fuck" expression before Elise charges, and the D takes that as a cue to meet her. The two ladders collide, as the former members of PCP bounce off each other, their hands hurting from the clang. They adjust how they hold the ladder, as the D swings the top half toward Elise. Elise uses her ladder like a shield, blocking it, before she raises the bottom half of her ladder to strike D's chest. The D uses his other side of the ladder to block it, and the two remain locked in a struggle before they push off and give themselves a bit of distance from one another. With both screaming wildly, the two CHARGE at each other and LEAP at one another.

CLANG

Elise and the D strike each other with resounding impact and just fall down from the blow like a couple of crash test dummies. Their bodies are laid sprawling, stuck and contorted between the separate colliding ladders.

DDK:

... I... I can honestly say I've never seen that before.

Angus:

Say what you will about these two, you'll see things you never expected. And that you never wanted.

Seconds tick by like minutes before Elise Ares crawls out of the car crash. She isn't quite sure what direction she's moving in, as shown by her movement towards Flex Kruger at ringside. Once she becomes aware, she stops and looks back to see the D just now rolling out of the pile himself. The D just swats at the air around him, dazed. If we could see into his brain, he'd be successfully swatting little birds flying around his head. The D clamors out of the

wreckage but then just face plants again on the canvas. This seems to wake him, as he crawls to the nearest ropes, crawling toward O-Face's shrieks of "COME ON!"

Flex climbs up onto the apron as Carla turns and starts to reprimand him. Flex shouts about "No Rules!" Meanwhile, O-Face slides into the ring and CHARGES toward Elise.

And Elise just turns and slams her rear into the face of the charging O-Face, taking her out. O-Face rolls out of the ring, clutching her eye. Elise reaches into the rear of her tights and pulls out her flask, gives a wink and shakes it to make sure there's still something inside. She turns to meet the D, who fumbles with something before getting super close and throwing some flame paper at Elise that makes it seem like a small fireball. Elise backs off, blinded, clutching her face.

DDK:

Did O-Face give that to the D before she attacked!?

Angus:

All's fair in love and the SoHer title.

DDK:

The So-Her title.

Angus:

No. Just no.

As Elise stumbles blinded, the D does a split and just uppercuts between her legs.

DDK:

Da D-Punch-Ah! Maybe not as effective against... well...

Elise winces in pain and goes "Ow!" before kneeing a split D square in the jaw. The D just falls onto his back, face up.

It's here where we go to the Selfie Cam for the first time, as we see a vantage point from above the ring. We see the unconscious D lying face up on the canvas, as Elise starts to pick her bedazzled ladder back up. She starts to set it up in the center of the ring and then tries to kick the D's ladder out of the ring.

The ladder slides out into the waiting hands of Flex Kruger. Flex smiles and starts to bridge it across the outside of the ring. Flex turns to the crowd and points to his head as if to show off how smart he is to which the crowd boos.

Angus:

Look at this goober, Gorram thinking he's smart. He's strong I'll give him that.

Elise does a double take to Flex but then turns back to the D, slamming the recovering former tag partner in the back with a double ax handle. Elise grabs D up and shoves him into the corner, before charging and striking him in the face with both knees. D slumps over, as Elise hooks him in a headlock and charges toward the ladder. She climbs three steps up and then pivots, pushing back off the other way. The bedazzled ladder teeters as Elise pushes off. She spins and is able to leap over the top rope and ace crusher stun gun's The D's head on it as she falls.

DDK:

Cuban Necktie! Over the top. She almost landed straight on that ladder though Angus!

Angus:

Ring awareness. It's coming together.

Ares lands just next to the ladder Flex set up. As the D is strung on the top rope, Elise hops up onto the ladder, runs across and hooks him, driving his neck into the rope. She eventually starts dragging a reluctant D up and over, as he

tries to fight and hook the ropes. With his legs on the top rope and Elise holding his upper body, Elise gives one final tug and the D body splashes on top of the ladder. It does not give much, but the D wish it did.

DDK:

These two, are going to kill each other. I mean it. I don't even know if they're trying to, but they will.

Angus:

And to think, three years ago I would be loving every blow. Now, I'm still loving it, but ... it feels weird.

As Elise lands on her feet, Flex Kruger steps underneath the ladder and between her and the D. He stands there flexing toward her and then crosses his arms over his chest. O-Face starts consoling the seemingly unconscious D who is half dangling off the ladder, half barely hanging on. Elise rolls her eyes and pfffts a bang out of her face before trying to step through Flex. Flex steps in her path. So Elise shrugs and slides back into the ring and starts quickly climbing the ladder. Flex's eyes go wide as he makes a break for it, but...

Angus:

BOX MAN!

DDK:

KLEIN! KLEIN EVENS THE ODDS!

Klein spins Flex around and lifts him, before spinebusting him on top of the now empty ladder. O-Face pulled the D off and is tending to him, as she notices Elise climbing the steps in the ring. Four. Five. O-Face's eyes go wide as she rushes in, Carla trying to step in her way, but O-Face just SHOVES her off her feet.

DDK:

Oh, come on! That's got to be a disqualification!

Angus:

It should, but there's only one way to win this one Keeps.

O-Face is quicker than Elise on her side, and gets up to meet her and starts just screaming in her face. O-Face then headbutted Elise, causing her to stagger. O-Face tried it again, but Ares dodges and just raises one knee to clock her in the head, causing O-Face to timber off the ladder in a large Ooomph.

DDK:

It's just Elise! Elise and the two SoHer titles, dangling just inches from her fingertips!

Elise climbs the last step, as, on the outside of the ring, Flex reverse an Irish whip and SHOVES Klein into the corner turnbuckle post. Flex notices Ares and slides in, grabs one side of the empty bedazzled ladder and lifts, tilting it back just as Elise finally swats at the title. She looks back, worried, as Flex tips the ladder over and Elise goes crashing over the top rope, through the ladder the D had previously face planted through.

DDK:

Oh, come on! She had this! What are all these people even doing out here!

Angus:

Almost is worthless in wrestling. Ares had it within her fingertips and it's the BRAZEN champ that stops her.

The D pulls himself to his feet using the ring apron. He looks wide-eyed at the fallen and broken Elise Ares. He looks to the ring, where Flex is finishing resetting the ladder in the center of the ring. Flex waves the D on, as a groggy O-Face gives him the last shove in. The D gets to his knees, then to his feet but stumbles back down to a knee. He gets held upright by Flex and the D assures him he's okay. Flex encourages him to climb, as the two turn.

Klein stands before them and shakes his head no.

DDK:

OH, YOU BETTER THINK TWICE!

Angus:

I can't wait to see what Box Man does!

The D starts trying to reason with Klein, but Flex attacks and cuts that off. Klein sees it coming, and back body drops Flex over the top rope and onto O-Face.

DDK:

And the D is all alone with Klein!

The D looks wide-eyed at Klein, and backs off, shaking his head no and begging him. Telling him to think of the good times. Klein's head jerks back, his body stiffens, as he takes a deep inhale.

Angus:

Don't listen to him!

Klein raises one finger and points out of the ring toward Elise, who is just starting to stir from her fall. The D laughs, waves her off, and puts his hand around Klein's shoulder, escorting him to a corner of the ring as they talk. The camera's get very close to pick up what they can.

The D:

- don't need her. We were fine before, HEY! Get outta here!

The D swats away at the cameraman before Flex walks up and stands in front of it. The D continues talking to Klein, as Klein nods.

Angus:

NO! Klein! What are you doing!

Klein and the D turn back around and face Elise Ares, who had just slid into the ring. As Ares stands, she looks over to Klein with a very hurt face. The D shouts.

The D:

SEE! YOU WILL HAVE NOTHING! NOTH-

The D is pushed toward Elise by Klein, as Elise LEAPS.

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION! ELISE ARES JUST COLD CLOCKED THE D WITH THE HELP OF KLEIN!

Klein rushes up to Flex and lifts him from behind into an inverted airplane spin, spinning and spinning with the rotation after rotation counted alongside the Faithful. With a final heave, Klein tosses Kruger into a neck breaker. Flex rolls out of the ring.

Elise turns to climb up the ladder, but standing in her way is Klein.

Angus:

MOVE BOX HEAD!

Elise Ares tries to get past Klein but he further steps in his way. He starts miming toward Carla, being down in the ring and still not recovered. Elise gestures to the fallen Flex and sees O-Face trying to climb into the ring, only for Elise to charge and knock her off the apron. She turns back to Klein and waves him to move. Klein shakes his head no. He then rips off his shirt...

... revealing a referee's shirt.

Angus:
AGAIN!?

DDK:
Klein is... taking it upon himself to dish justice and order to this match?

Angus:
Order? To THIS match!?

Elise finally relents, annoyed but compliant. She grabs the D and tosses him into the nearest corner. She lets loose with a resounding knife edge chop to his chest. The D's dried blood on his cheeks from the earlier wound long since closed is just about the same shade of red as his chest. Elise then lets loose with two kicks to the D's ribs and then a spin kick to the face sending the D reeling. Klein meanwhile, is checking on Carla while keeping one eye on the action.

Elise turns from the D and sees her opportunity, and begins to climb the ladder, not as briskly as before. The D meanwhile, is fumbling with the corner turnbuckle for some reason. After a moment, he removes the turnbuckle pad and the tag rope, and rushes toward Elise. He climbs the same side of the ladder she is, and then wraps the tag rope around Elise's neck, then HOPS off the ladder with a neckbreaker. Elise's head snaps from the whiplash as the D sits up and cackles like a mad man.

DDK:
There is something not right with this man Angus.

Angus:
The D is looking more and more psychotic every time I see him. I just imagine he's murdering prostitutes in his hotel bathroom.

The D tries to stand to his feet but one leg gives out on him and he spins, landing on one fist. He pushes up to his feet and stumbles into the nearest corner face first. Luckily, not the one with the removed turnbuckle pad. It's here where O-Face hops up on the apron with a water bottle and begins to squirt water into the D's hair and in his mouth. He drinks it up like a prize fighter in the fourteenth round.

Sneering his head over his shoulder, he notices Elise pushing herself to her feet. With a smile, he takes a step to her with his back still turned. He notices Klein in a referee's shirt and shoots him a "the hell?" look before turning.

DDK:
DOUBLE SUPERKICK! Both members of the PCP had the same idea at the same time!

Angus:
You work with someone long enough, you start to think like them.

DDK:
I hope I'm rubbing off on you.

Angus:
I hope the D isn't rubbing off on anyone.

DDK:
Neither do I.

Angus:
Laughing

DDK:

What. (moment) Oh. Yes.

Klein starts a count, as Carla finally gets to her feet. She notices Klein and looks at the double down and questions Klein. Klein tugs at his referee shirt and tries to mine that Flex and O-Face had interfered. Carla says she knows and orders Klein out of the ring, who reluctantly complies. He keeps his ref shirt on and starts cheering for Elise to get up on the outside. O-Face slams her hand once into the mat and reaches out to the fallen D.

DDK:

It may just be too much for both competitors. You've heard that matches like these, the ladder matches, the steel cage matches, they shave YEARS off of careers, and neither Elise or the D are spring chickens these days.

Angus:

They knew the risks. The SoHer is worth it Keeps. It's worth more than a lot of things.

After a few moments, D and Elise begin to stir, and then fight to their feet. Right hand from the D. Right-hand return from Elise. Right hand. Right hand. Right. Right. And a hockey brawl breaks out, as Elise gains the upper hand and backs the D into the corner. But the D hooks Elise by the tights and YANKS, pulling her face first into the exposed corner turnbuckle post.

DDK:

That missing turnbuckle pad! That's a dastardly act, Angus!

Angus:

I told you we'd see every trick in the book tonight!

Elise slumps against the turnbuckle, as the D gets to his feet, and just kicks her head off the middle turnbuckle so she falls down to the mat. The D adjusts his shoulders and holds his hand as if he were adjusting a tie, as Carla starts yelling at him about the missing turnbuckle pad. The D shrugs, pleading ignorance, as Klein is mime shouting on the outside. The D walks over to the bedazzled ladder and starts to climb.

Each time he climbs a single rung, he wipes his hands on his slacks as if the ladder is disgusting, before hesitatingly grabbing the edge to continue his climb.

DDK:

This is no time to care about appearances D!

Angus:

Do you see who you're talking to?

The D is near the top now, and just has two more rungs to climb. Elise is barely stirring, but she's near enough to grab the bottom rope and aware enough to start climbing. The D starts to feel a tug at his boot as he's about to comfortably reach the title belt, and looks down to see Elise. He starts frantically just kicking and trying to stomp her, which Elise is able to avoid before just yanking him down by his boot. The D lands on his feet, exposed.

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION! Square in the jaw! The D is KNOCKED OUT!

Angus:

But Elise isn't much better off. She's just moving at the moment, that's about her only advantage.

DDK:

Maybe the only one she needs as she starts to climb.

Elise Ares, with the Faithful cheering and swelling in joy, climbs rung after rung of the ladder. She reaches up, and her

nails scrape against the very bottom of the plate. She takes another step up...

Before she's YANKED off the ladder and POWERBOMBED.

DDK:

What are Thugs 4 Hire doing here now!? Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt have just interfered in this match, how many people has the D hired?!

Angus:

I hope not enough Keebs.

Byrd and Holt pick the D up and start shaking him away. It's here where Carla has lost all control and flees the ring to ringside for her safety. The D nods to Holt and Byrd, thanking them, as he looks up to the dangling SoHer title. He takes a step onto the bottom rung.

When he notices Klein has slid into the ring. The D rolls his eyes, as Holt and Byrd step between Klein and the D. The D keeps climbing, as Klein fakes a charge toward the Thugs and actually goes wide, to the other side of the ladder. He lifts the bedazzled ladder's free side and topples it to the side. The D, only on the second rung, hops off and shouts over at Klein, as Thugs 4 Hire start to just slam right hands and ax handles into the box man. The ladder itself folds closed as the D starts directing traffic.

DDK:

Business is Good on Klein! That Back suplex clothesline combo, such velocity.

Angus:

And look at this smug bastard. The D thinks he's got everything figured out.

The D smiles and turns around, and his face contorts in confusion. Where is the ladder? Where is Elise. He turns...

DDK:

ELISE HAS THE LADDER! INTO THE D! INTO BYRD! INTO HOLT! SHE'S SPINNING ANGUS! SHE'S SPINNING!

Angus:

Twirl beautiful girl TWIRL LIKE OUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

Elise keeps spinning, knocking Flex Kruger down and O-Face off the apron, Holt and Byrd take another shot, as the D barely ducks the first shot but eats the second rotation. After a few spins, Elise lowers the ladder and falls to her butt, dizzy. She raises a thumbs up to Klein, but she can't see him and just tries to stand. She wobbles but rights herself. She reaches down and grabs the bedazzled ladder, and sets it up, but it's way off from where the ladder should be set to get the title. She looks up, thinks it's good, and starts climbing as the Faithful try to warn her.

DDK:

Elise Ares could have this in the bag, but her depth perception must be off! She's nowhere close to where she should be!

Angus:

Never discount the flexibility of Elise Ares.

Ares gets to the fourth rung and looks up, and her eyes frown. She notices how far away she is, and gently starts to try to HOP the ladder over. She manages to reposition the ladder, but the time it takes her allows the D to recover. He climbs up the other side. O-Face jumps onto the apron and then springboards ONTO Elise's back. Thugs 4 Hire recover and flank the D, as the D shouts.

The D:

It's over! I'M DONE PLAYING.

DDK:

Great. Now all of the D's minions are returning to the fray. And with no disqualification, there's not much that can be done.

Angus:

I'm sure Kelly can find creative ways to make their lives miserable Keebs. Give her five minutes.

Boyd grabs Elise and hits an inverted atomic drop, and Holt charges with a spear that levels Elise Ares. Flex Kruger now enters and hooks Elise before dropping her with the Flex-Plex. The D smiles and laughs as O-Face climbs on top and just starts laying into her with rights and lefts.

DDK:

This is just disrespectful to the proud history and legacy of the Southern Heritage Title. The D should be ashamed of himself for trying to win it like this!

Angus:

That doesn't look like the face of someone who's ashamed. He looks proud Keebs. Proud.

The D throws both hands out and absorbs the jeers of the crowd.

Angus:

Look at him. So punchable.

The Faithful start to swell in cheers, and the D uses his hands to try to calm them down. It's only when he turns around he realizes they aren't cheering for him.

They're cheering for Klein.

Angus:

The Boxman returns!

Klein stands alone across the ring, fists clenched, looking almost exclusively at the D. The D laughs, taking a few steps to Klein. After a few soft words, the D extends a hand.

Stiffened shoulders, Klein charges forward and takes both members of Thugs 4 Hire off their feet with a double shoulder block. Flex tries for a wild right but Klein ducks, able to hit him with a German suplex that sent Flex skittering under the bottom rope. Klein returned to catch Holt in a spinebuster. Byrd charged forward for a right, but Klein ducked and caught him with a back body suplex that sent Byrd over the top rope. Holt rolled outside himself stunned from the blow.

DDK:

Oh boy! You can't talk your way out of this one D! This is it!

Klein starts to stalk toward the D, who shakes his head, saying it could all be the same again. It's here where O-Face jumps onto Klein's back, scratching and clawing. The D laughs, going to go for the ladder. Klein reaches up and like a monkey picking a gnat out of his hair, tosses O-Face off his shoulders. She rolls out of the ring, leaving the D to turn around to see a pissed off Klein. He stops mid-climb, only one foot on the ladder.

The D:

Seriously! Will you give it up already!?!

Klein reaches up and begins to remove a few latches. He then removes his box entirely, revealing a short blonde buzz cut forty year old. He looks at the D, tears welling up in his eyes, and just shakes his head.

DDK:

Woah.

There's a bit of an awkward silence as the D's eyes go wide at seeing Klein's face revealed on DEFIANCE programming. He said he never would. But... he just did.

Angus:

He... is... traditionally handsome. Not what I expected.

The D's facade fades, his brow contorts into that of sympathy and pain. He reaches out to Klein, placing his hand on Klein's shoulder.

The D:

I'm sorry.

The D and Klein lower their foreheads into one another, sobbing. The D's seems to quickly fall into hysterics as the two men embrace in the ring.

Before the D hooks Klein and flips.

DDK:

NETFLIX MONEY! NETFLIX MONEY ON KLEIN!?

Angus:

After. After all that? Klein unmasked! He reached out to you! HOW DARE YOU!

The D stands up, smug and basking in the boos. He looks down at the fallen Klein, and just spits on him. He looks super proud of himself.

Angus:

The D is just the worst.

The D turns to climb the ladder...

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION! Elise Ares was waiting! She just knocked The D clear out of the ring! She's alone, with the ladder set up! Could this be the karma that the D deserved! Could Elise do it right here!

Angus:

Go, Elise! Go!

Elise steadies herself and the ladder and begins her slow climb to the summit. She takes a deep inhale with each step, clutching her ribs and her injuries. As she approaches the pinnacle, she reaches up, the belts just swaying out of her reach. She takes one more step to the zenith and unlatches the hook. It was followed by a swell of cheers.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner, and STILLLL..... SOUTHERN... HERITAGE... CHAMPION! ELIIIISSSEEEEEEE....

AAAAAAAARRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSS!

DDK:

Wow, Angus. Elise Ares is able to defend her SoHer title against her former partner, and it feels like it's truly the end of the Pop Culture Phenom era. Three years, a tag team title, a trios title, they've done so much, and now... they tore each other apart.

Elise Ares hugs and clutches the SoHer title at the top of the ladder. She looks over to her custom made SoCal Championship, admires her reflection in the mirror.

We see our second shot from the selfie cam, as we look directly at Elise. She shouts “D, this is for you.” before kissing the SoHer championship plate. She raises the rightful belt high to huge cheers from the Faithful. Then she just drops the SoCal, and we watch ourselves fall away from the reigning champion.

We return to our normal wide shot, as Elise slowly climbs down the bedazzled ladder. Klein is there by her side, and is a shoulder to lean on. He goes to grab the SoCal title, but Ares shakes her head and tells him to leave it. She then realizes that Klein isn’t wearing his box, but instead carrying it in his free arm. She spends the rest of the time of her celebration walking up the rampway asking Klein questions about why he’s always looked so camera ready. Klein winces at every mention of the word camera as they two head backstage.

O-Face, Flex, and Thugs 4 Hire enter the ring, the first two helping the D to his feet. Thugs 4 Hire stand there, as Holt crosses his arms over his chest. The D blinks.

The D:

What do you want?!

Emilio Byrd just raises one hand and makes the motion that he wants his cash. The D looks around at Flex, and then to O-Face, and then back at the Thugs.

The D:

You didn’t help me win the title! I owe you NOTHING!

Byrd and Holt nod, looking to each other none too pleased. Flex just nods in agreement as O-Face shouts “Yeah!”

DDK:

That does not appear to be the correct answer, Derek.

Thugs 4 Hire turn back to the D, and charge. Holt spears Flex out of his boots, as Byrd grabs the D in a bear hug. The D shakes his head wildly to stop as O-Face jumps onto Byrd’s back. Byrd just backs up into the nearest corner, which happens to be the corner with the exposed buckle. O-Face crumbles, as Boyd tosses the smaller D in the air to spin him into an inverted atomic drop. The D clutches his D, before Holt charges into him with a back-breaking spear.

Angus:

That’s why you are ALWAYS a man of your word Keebs! Never promise something you aren’t willing to deliver.

DDK:

The D bit off too much tonight, he bet it all in black and the house won. And look at that, Emilio Byrd just got a nice top to a suit out of it.

Angus:

I love it! Elise Ares retains, and the D is left destroyed. Plus, the best belt is now the ONLY Gorram SoHer belt. It’s like Christmas, Keebs!

Hurtlocker Holt compliments Emilio on his newest threads.

OSCAR BURNS vs. SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

We're down to our last two matches on tonight's card and for this next match, the stakes could not be any higher for two men looking to finally be done with one another. Ever since Maximum DEFIANCE 2017, the careers of "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and "The Angry Texan" Scott Stevens have intersected many times, but with the common denominator being Burns has yet to defeat Stevens one-on-one. Since the days of the UTA's attempted invasion of DEFIANCE, these two have been at one another's throats. Both men wanted this match so badly that they've each put up something major to make it happen.

Angus:

Scott Stevens is putting up his contractually-obligated FIST of DEFIANCE Title rematch he got after losing the FIST to McFuckass Lite. For Burnsie, the King WrestleDork is putting up his DEFIANCE career.

DDK:

After issues went unresolved after Kendrix's victory at DEFCON 2018, these two wasted no time in getting right back into their bad blood on DEFtv 113 in a massive brawl that saw multiple members of staff suffer injuries. As a result, both men were barred from being in the same arena until tonight, but that didn't stop either man from laying the challenge. Burns wanted another chance to regain the FIST and get Stevens out of his hair so he challenged him for his future title shot. Stevens offered up his FIST of DEFIANCE rematch and counteroffered with this match being a Texas Deathmatch - his specialty match - as well as Burns putting up his DEFIANCE career. Burns accepted without hesitation and the rest is history.

Angus:

I hope Burnsie finally beats this annoying former UTA smug prick. You know me, Keebs, I am never a biased man...

DDK: *[dryly]*

No way... But either way this issue spanning over a year and a half that saw both men hold the FIST of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens put Oscar Burns on the shelf for three months last year... this all finally comes to a head tonight and after this match, these two are done with one another. With that, all said and done... let's go to Darren Quimbey at ringside to announce our second to the last match of the night.

The crowd buzzes with anticipation for the end of this on-again-off-again blood feud to finally be done as Darren Quimbey begins.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Texas Deathmatch and the rules are as follows! No DQ, no count out, falls count anywhere! In order to win, you must pin your opponent, which then will start a mandatory ten-count for the participant to get back on their feet. If they fail to do so, they will lose the match!

He continues.

Darren Quimbey:

As a reminder, both men have wagers at stake. If Oscar Burns wins, he will take the contractual rematch of Scott Stevens for a FIST of DEFIANCE title match. If Scott Stevens wins, the DEFIANCE career of Oscar Burns will be over.

With all that said... the crowd goes silent for the first intro...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out... but far from his normal yellow-themed shirt and orange attire. For perhaps the first time in his DEFIANCE career, he's decked out in his custom DEFIANCE fist logo with "WE LIKE GRAPS" on the back, complete with black jeans and boots. He stops on the entrance ramp and kneels down, surveying the landscape before him

Angus:

Wow, Burnsie isn't dressed like a wrestler for once. This shit's serious, Keebs.

DDK:

Scott Stevens has been the one man in DEFIANCE that Burns just cannot figure out. Burns has pinned Stevens once in a tag team match over a year and a half ago, but in these big matches, he's 0-2 against Stevens. And if he goes 0-3, Angus, he's gone. That's how much being the FIST means to Burns, that he's willing to put his career on the line to get it.

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 a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! Tonight, he isn't worried about autographing his shirt and throwing it into the crowd. He's dressed for a fight tonight; one he asked for in the first place and one he'll regret if he loses.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the arena.

DDK:

I guess Stevens is continuing to go with no music...

Angus:

He doesn't deserve music, Keebs!

No music as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen is a giant hand that slowly closes into a FIST as letters slowly appear and form a message and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... *SCOTT STEVENS*.

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, THE FORMER FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPION!!! ...SCOTT!
STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises up his right fist high into the air. As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers.

DDK:

Stevens not fazed by the Faithful here tonight.

Angus:

FUCK HIM UP BURNS!!!!!!!!!!

Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring talking smack and flipping off the DEFIANCE filth in the crowd until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising the two unofficial state birds of Texas before dropping to the canvas as a loud chant erupts from the crowd.

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

The Angry Texan shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for the bell to ring.

DDK:

Look at these two men. You hear descriptions in these big-fight matches about how you can feel hatred radiating from one another... AND LOOKS LIKE BURNS ISN'T GOING TO WAIT!

Angus:

Yeah, No sportsmanship tonight, no shaking hands, Burnsie! Just kick his prick ass!

DING DING

Right at the bell, Oscar Burns CLOCKS Scott in the jaw with a vicious Forearm Smash that catches his rival off-guard! Stevens fires back with a right hand!

Forearm!

Fist!

Forearm!

Fist!

Forearm!

Fist!

Angus:

Pretty much how I envisioned this match going from the jump, a damn fight!

DDK:

Burns still not using punches, but that's a product of his training. He's spent years honing those elbows and uppercuts to be just as deadly if not more so.

Off the jump, Burns blocks a punch and comes back with a stiff European Uppercut, followed by Burns CRACKING him with a back elbow to the mouth. Stevens reels while Burns turns behind him and hooks the neck for what looks like a Dragon Suplex from the get-go.

DDK:

No! Stevens stomps on his foot! Now he's looking for the Toxic Sting... NO!

Burns has it countered and shoves him to the ropes. Twists and Turns greets him at the ropes and CRACKS him in the mouth with a Running Elbow Smash against the ropes before running again. When he comes back, Stevens greets him with a boot to the face that sends Burns reeling. He doesn't go down immediately, but he then kicks Burns low and goes for his piledriver, the Moral Compass....

DDK:

Both men looking for a home run swing early!

He lifts Burnsie up, but the crowd cheers when he frantically kicks his legs and boxes Stevens' ears in the process to get him to let go. Burns then maneuvers him towards the turnbuckle...

DDK:

Release German Suplex right into the corner! Right from the start, both men want to end this, especially Burns who's fighting for his CAREER tonight!

The crowd grows louder as Burns tries to roll towards Stevens for a cover, but the smart veteran has enough wherewithal to head to the floor in order to create some distance between he and his rival. The crowd continues buzzing as The Team Graps Cap now waits on the ring apron waiting patiently for Scott Stevens to rise. The Angry Texas finds himself completely stunned off of the opening salvo of Burns and when he finally starts to stir, he doesn't like what comes his way...

DDK:

Running Knee Strike off the ring apron by Burns! Both men down now on the floor and Burns now goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Damn, I thought that would have been it! One thing I didn't think about, Keebs, is that Burns hasn't been able to pin or submit Scott Stevens in these big matches... now he's gotta pin him and put him down for a ten-count after that?

DDK:

Fair point, but this is a different Burns than the quirky, hand-shaking technical marvel we know. This is a man fighting to keep his career going. I've seen a few of these match types in my time and you'd be shocked to see what people are capable of when put into a corner... something I know you've seen, too.

Angus:

...KILL THE FUCKBOI, BURNSIE!

The Technical Spectacle gets back up fires another Uppercut to the jaw of Stevens followed by rocking him with a hard Clothesline that sends him tumbling all the way across the barricade and into the audience! The Faithful in the front row flock away just a bit to give the two men space to fight and space for Burns to kick the ass of his career rival.

Burns then picks up Stevens by the hair and holds his leg out for a big twenty-something fan to hold. After that, Burns KICKS the leg of The Angry Texan while stretched out and sends him screaming in pain!

Angus:

Now THAT was some fan service! Hahahah! Eat a dick, Derp Dynasty!

DDK:

Even in the lawlessness of a match like a Texas Deathmatch, Oscar Burns still finds a way to work over a body part! And great call! If Stevens can't stand, that's a big part of the match right there!

Stevens slightly hobbles with his left knee, but Burnsie then finally goes low with a Chop Block in the crowd, doubling Stevens over in about the fifth row up! He curses to himself while Burns remains focused on the task at hand. He then grabs the other leg of Stevens and calls to the fans for a Figure Four Leg Lock of some sort, only for Stevens to use his free leg to kick Burns in the head until he lets go!

DDK:

That's a part of what Scott Stevens has been saying to Burns during the lead-up to this match. His connection with the crowd being too overwhelming for him at times. That may come back to bite him!

Stevens sits off the step and grabs Burns before surging forward, CRACKING him with a big ol' Lariat of his own, sending Burnsie flying back over the barricade and back into the ringside area! The crowd boos Stevens as he now looks out to the crazed Faithful.

Scott Stevens:

Save your stubs, assholes! You're gonna remember this night when I run his ass back to New Zealand for good!

After jaw-jacking with the Faithful, Stevens now grins as he grabs Burnsie and slams him viciously back-first into the ring apron. He turns him around and then does the same running him into the barricade! But before Burns can get any chance to wince, he gets rammed a third time into the ring post!

DDK:

Now Stevens is the better man in the brawls outside the ring and he just pinballed Burns all over the ringside area. Now... he's not wasting any time, he's going for a chair.

With Burns crumbled up against the ringpost, The Angry Texan shoves a ringside attendant out of his seat and then spits on him just because he's Scott Stevens and he's kind of a prick if you didn't know. He grabs the chair and has The Technical Spectacle all lined up...

DDK:

He swings...

Angus:

...HAHAH! AND HE MISSED! SUCK IT DOWN, SCOTTIE, SUCK IT DOWN!

Burns ducks right at the last second, sending the chair careening right into the ring post! An angered Stevens growls as Burns rolls into the ring and follows him inside... but when he sees Burns roll right back out the other side he tries to follow...

DDK:

No! Burns just suckered him in! He's got him by the leg! What's he doing?

Burns trips up the leg of Stevens, focusing on the left leg he started working before. He then grabs him by the leg, wraps it around the ring post...

DDK:

He's got him! Figure Four Leg Lock around the ring post! We don't see that move too often these days, but Burns has him locked in!

Angus:

Break his own foot off and kick him in the ass with it, Burnsie!

Stevens howls in immense pain as the hold is locked in! Burns shouts as he keeps the hold locked in while the crowd cheers him on, putting his rival through a lot of pain and displeasure that he was put through!

DDK:

Burns has targeted that knee in this match and though it's pinfall and knockout only, this is still a fantastic strategy!

Burns finally lets go of the hold but some significant damage could have been done to the knee of Stevens as Burns rolls back into the ring. He tries to pull Stevens back up by his hair and though his knee is killing him, he surprises him with a hard Headbutt that rocks Burns back to the ropes. The crowd jeers Stevens saving himself as he calls for Burns to rise. He kisses his fist and tries to catch him...

DDK:

The FIST... NO!

Burns sidesteps the Superman Punch and sends him hobbling into the corner, only to bounce back and CRACK him in the chest with the Hard Out Headbutt to the chest!

Angus:

Damn! That was awesome!

The wobbly Burns shakes his head before he turns Stevens over by his arms...

DDK:

HEADDROP-O-MATIC! THAT'S IT!

Burns DUMPS Stevens right on his head with the Wrist-Clutch Exploder in the middle of the ring as the crowd cheers him on! He goes for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd cheers with Burns rolling over now, holding his back from some of the damage done by Stevens and now rolling away.

DDK:

Oscar Burns just pinned Scott Stevens and now, Stevens has until the count of ten in order to stand, otherwise Burns wins and his FIST of DEFIANCE title match goes with him!

Angus:

And he mangled that leg! He may not be able to stand!

Scott Stevens doesn't move as the crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Stevens starts to stir and slowly maneuvers his way onto his stomach...

FIVE!

DDK:

Scott is trying to get back, but Burns did a number on him!

SIX!

Burns watches as his hated rival continues to get near the ropes...

SEVEN!

An angered and frustrated Stevens gets to the ropes...

EIGHT!

DDK:

And he's back on his feet by rolling to the outside! Like him or hate him, that was smart!

The crowd jeers as Burns shakes his head in disgust. Brian Slater's count has to stop so the match continues.

Angus:

Damn it!

DDK:

Scott Stevens now out on the floor and buying himself some time. Where's he going...?

The former FIST of DEFIANCE limps to the floor and leans back up to the ropes but when Burns tries to give chase, he kicks a leg upward to the middle rope, catching The New Zealander down under! (Shut up, it's close enough).

DDK:

Desperation move by Stevens right there! His title shot could have been taken from him just now, but somehow he pulled through and now he's got the advantage.

Burns is stuck between the ropes while an angered Scott SLAPS him across the face! The Faithful jeer as Stevens looks out to the crowd and then falls to the floor, draping Burns across the ring apron.

Scott Stevens:

Say bye-bye to your career, asshole...

He grabs Burns by the neck and then runs forward with a little speed, CRACKING him with his Running Knee Trembler called Don't Mess with Texas! Burns goes slumping halfway over the ring apron, but Stevens isn't done yet.

Angus:

Uh-oh, this some bad shit...

DDK:

HOUSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM ON THE FLOOR!

The crowd CRINGES from the impact of Stevens' DVD connecting on the ringside floor! Burns is completely out of it as he drops down and goes for a pinfall right there.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd now jeers Stevens as in a series of big key moves he's managed to turn the tide back his way. He hobbles around ringside trying to punch some feeling back into his knee.

DDK:

The count's going to start again! That Knee Trembler and Death Valley Driver on the floor might do it.

Angus:

Damn it, damn it, damn it, Burnsie... you stupid gullible dork...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Stevens smugly counts along with Brian Slater as the count continues.

FIVE!

Finally, Burns shows signs of life and raises an arm off the ground...

SIX!

DDK:

We're up to six! Can he beat the count or do we say goodbye to Burns for good?

SEVEN!

The Technical Spectacle uses the ring apron to pull himself up...

EIGHT... NO!

The count is waved off and Burns makes it to his **REMEMBER THE ALAMO!**

DDK:

What a Superkick! That knee just barely gave out on him, but there was enough of Remember The Alamo to send Burns back over the barricade and into the crowd!

Angus:

And who knows what the leader of Derp Dynasty's gonna do out there! Probably talk him to death to the next thirty minutes or something...

Stevens sacrifices his left knee a bit to nail the superkick as he grabs at his knee, but the damage looks worse for wear with Burns now out in the crowd, back where the two started brawling before in the earlier goings of this match. Now with a firm smile on his face, Stevens hobbles over the barricade with referee Brian Slater ready to follow both men.

DDK:

Stevens hobbling over to a down Burns and is making a cover.

Slater drops to count.

ONE

TWO

THR-

NO!

DDK:

Burns kicked out! Burns kicked out!

Angus:

Damn right he did Keebs!

DDK:

Whether it was by instinct or not by kicking out the match continues and the ten count is prevented!

Stevens yells out in frustration before mounting Burns and raining down his patented right hands on the former FIST. The Texan raises his right hand slowly into the air and balls up his fist before kissing it and slamming it into the side of the head of Burns.

Scott Stevens:

STAY DOWN YOU PIECE OF SHIT!

Stevens yells before unleashing a barrage of forearms and twelve to six elbows to the face of Burns.

DDK:

Stevens showing he can deliver forearm and elbow shots as well with those stiff looking shots.

Stevens continues the assault and a small trickle of blood begins to creep from the right eye of Burns.

DDK:

Stevens has drawn first blood!

Stevens smelling blood in the water continuing the assault before taking a second to admire his handiwork.

Angus:

This arrogant prick! I'm all about the blood, but because it's Scott Stevens, I just can't get it up for my bloodlust!

Stevens grabs the arm of Burns and quickly turns him onto his stomach and locks him in a crossface submission.

DDK:

Stevens with The Venomous Wrath of the Goddess Selket submission.

Angus:

The fuck you just say Keebs?

DDK:

I said The Venomous Wrath of the Goddess Selket.....

Angus:

Take the dick out of your mouth and enunciate.

DDK:

.....Stevens with a crossface...

Angus:

Better.

The Faithful boo the Texan as he wrenches back on the hold and their hero screams out in pain and blood begins to pour down his face!

Scott Stevens:

BLEED BASTARD! BLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!

Stevens yells as he pulls back further on the hold and it looks like Oscar is going to break in half.

DDK:

Blood is pouring down the face of Oscar Burns and you have to wonder how much he has left in the tank after being busted open.

Angus:

He doesn't have time to bleed Keebs. Not if he wants to keep wrestling under the DEFIANCE banner, he doesn't!

Burns begins to slowly fade and Stevens lets go of the hold and rolls Burns onto his back and hooks the leg as he covers his rival.

DDK:

Stevens with the cover.t

ONE**TWO****THREE!**

The Faithful boo as Stevens lifts himself up and a smile is plastered on his face as he sees Burns lying unconscious, not moving with blood all around.

DDK:

This could be it for Burns. I don't know what he's got left in the tank.

ONE

Stevens steals a beer from one of the Faithful in attendance and takes an early celebration swig while he admires his pending victory over Oscar Burns.

TWO

THREE

FOUR

The Faithful are yelling for Burns to get up.

FIVE

SIX

Angus:

GET UP!

SEVEN

Burns begins to stir... just barely. Stevens stops mid-swig.

EIGHT

Burns begins to get to all fours.

NINE

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

With his last ounce of strength lower body strength he jumps straight up to beat the count and Stevens can't believe it and neither can everyone else as they go ballistic for the man known as Twists and Turns!

DDK:

BURNS IS UP! BURNS IS UP! HE JUST SAVED HIS CAREER! PERHAPS FOR THE MOMENT!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

As Oscar lands on his feet he is dazed and confused and that was before a cold, hard Budweiser bottle hits him in the back of his head sending him crashing forward into a merchandise booth. The Angry Texan picks up his rival and delivers an overhead belly to belly suplex into the merchandise booth and the vendors hightail it before Burns hits them and as they exit Stevens enters and delivers boots to his rival as he looks upon the merch being sold.

DDK:

Stevens and Burns have made their way to the merchandise booth.

Angus:

And no, cheap asses, they'll still be full price if torn and tattered.

Stevens eyes a replica of the FIST of DEFIANCE Championship and takes it off of the rack and takes a long look at it.

DDK:

That's what it's all about for Stevens. He feels he should still be the champion and would still be the champion if it wasn't for Burns. The same title Burns was willing to put his career on the line for another shot at tonight.

Angus:

He lost. Plain and simple Keebs. End of the line.

Stevens turns his attention back to Burns and yells at him to get up.

Scott Stevens:

YOU WANT THIS?!?!?!? GET UP YOU SON OF A BITCH AND GET IT!

Stevens yells as Burns begins to pull himself up and when he turns around gets blasted by the Texan. The former FIST mounts his rival and begins to smash the title belt into Oscar's face and when he stops the center plate is covered in blood. Stevens signs his name rather badly into the red liquid before tossing the replica title to a fan.

Scott Stevens:

That'll be a collectors item after tonight.

The vile one says as he smears the rest of Oscar's blood onto his face like warpaint.

Angus:

I think he's cracking up Keebs.

DDK:

This match is couldn't be any more personal, Angus. I would expect to see someone crack up. He wants Oscar Burns out of his hair for good and we may see it any moment now.

Stevens picks up Burns and drags him towards a flight of stairs and places him rival on the bottom step, throwing a

few kicks to make sure he stays down. Stevens turns Burns over and opens his mouth and places it on the bottom step.

Angus:

He's not.....Look man, I'm all for violence, but even this is a bit much, especially since the roles aren't reversed and that's not Stevens with his teeth there...

The Angry TexaN backs up a few feet with the Kiwi in his sights.

Scott Stevens:

Time to bite the curb, bitch...

DDK:

This is getting out of hand, Angus... but there's nothing Brian Slater or anybody else can do about this!

Angus:

No shit Keebs. I know how Texas Deathmatches work!

Brian Slater starts to get into Stevens' way, perhaps out of instinct for the way referees are inherently supposed to look for the well-being of wrestlers - but that said, Stevens' give-a-fuck-o-meter is at less than zero. He shoves Brian out of the way and begins to line up for the kill shot as some of the Faithful watch on in horror...

The Texan - remaining classy as ever - hawks a loogie in the direction of a few fans as he turns his attention back to Burns and runs and hops into the air to deliver a curb stomp...

DDK:

Burns moved! He moved!

Angus:

Thank Jeebus!

Stevens quickly turns and when he does receives an up kick from Oscar that staggers him back. Stevens comes forward only to be sent back by a vicious headbutt.

DDK:

Hard Out! Stevens is staggered!

Oscar regains his composure enough to charge at Stevens but the Texan saw the attack coming and delivered a massive spinning lariat.

DDK:

DISCUSS LARIAT! A TEXAS SIZE LARIAT TURNS OSCAR INSIDE OUT!!!!

Both men are laying on the cold, concrete floor as the Faithful cheer for Burns to get up.

Angus:

Shit, shit, shit, this is gonna be Burnsie's best chance to finally stick it to this prick once and for all. But what's this Kiwi dork even got left?

DDK:

I don't know, but like I said, Angus... I've commentated many matches and when your back is against the wall like this, we can see anything.

No falls between either man, but after a few moments of either man not moving, it's Stevens that's back up first. He goes to pull Burns by his hair and looks to drag him back through a nearby curtain heading back in the direction

towards the ring. The camera cuts back to DDK and Angus at the commentation station.

DDK:

We knew this one was not going to be pretty, but we've seen things escalate in a bad, bad way. We're trying to get a camera back on Stevens and Burns... wait...

Angus:

That them? Back on the other side?

DDK:

Yeah... yeah, that was Burns being thrown through the curtain and Stevens right behind him!

A light shines on another side of the audience opposite from where the two men fought up moments ago, but now a bloodied Kiwi and the vicious Texan continue to exchange hits with The Faithful getting into it! A "YAY!" for Burns' forearm smashes is greeted with a "BOO!" from each right as the two fight back and forth down the steps.

YAY!

BOO!

YAY!

BOO!

YAY!

BOO!

YAY!

BOO!

The blows continue raining between the two, but Burns grits his teeth after another pair of right hands from Stevens. An eye rake from the man who lost the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCO 2018 catches Burns and stops him long enough for Stevens to palm the back of his head and THROW him into the barricade!

DDK:

And this fight is going back to the ring now, but Stevens has him lined up! He slams the back of Burns's head into the barricade violently!

Angus:

Do we have concussion protocols herein DEFIANCE? We probably should if we don't after this... mainly because I like my job and I like my checks going to me, not to pay against lawsuits.

The Kiwi Warrior is slumped over against the barricade with Stevens patting his knee brace. Seeing a chance to wrap this up, he charges in full speed ahead....

CRASH!!!!

Burns moves and Stevens' knee hits the barricade!

DDK:

Stevens misses with that knee!

Angus:

HA!

DDK:

Scott's in a severe amount of pain now! That knee wasn't bothering him after Burns assaulted it earlier, but that missed knee trembler might have just given Burns a big opening to exploit!

Angus:

Burnsie, finish this asshole!

The Team Graps Cap finally has an opening he desperately needs as he grabs Stevens by his side and then lifts him up by the knee...

KNEEBREAKER INTO THE BARRICADE!

DDK:

THAT WAS VICIOUS! BURNS DROPPING HIS KNEE INTO THE BARRICADE... NOW, WHAT?

Burns isn't done as he elevates Scott and drops him HARSHLY back-first across the guardrail with a Belly to Back Suplex!

DDK:

That's amazing! Burns is a technical marvel and using whatever he can to target that knee! He's wearing blood on his face, but Burnsie is working through this and finding an opening where he can chip away on the leg!

Angus:

Maybe Stevens will end up on a stretcher... make my dreams come true, Burnsie!

Stevens arches his back in pain on the ringside floor now as Burns takes a second to take off his shirt. He uses it as a makeshift cloth to wipe some of the excess blood from his face. He also takes a water bottle and pouring it on his head and face to get out some of the blood out of his eyes. With that respite out of the way, he grabs Stevens by the leg and then THROWS him into the barricade again, sending him tumbling right over and back towards the ring!

DDK:

We're about to go back where we started, Angus. Burns wants to end this thing right here, right now.

Angus:

As long as he doesn't fuck this up. I'd miss needling Captain Goody-Two-Shoes.

The Faithful continue to rally behind Burns as the fight goes back to ringside. He pulls Stevens up and leans him against the ring post before he BLASTS him under the jaw with a European Uppercut...

Again! And again! And again! And again and again!

Angus:

It looks like he's gonna try and Uppercut his head into the bleachers! Do it! Do it!

Burns finally throws Stevens down and then reaches underneath the ring apron. He grabs a small stack of chairs underneath the ring and starts to pile them up. The crowd continues cheering on Burnsie as he grabs each chair until he has a pile of about six in a row. He then grabs Stevens and looks for a Dragon... NO!

Stevens tries to get the leg in between his low blow-style, but Burns GRABS the leg! He KICKS the leg once again...

RELEASE DRAGON SUPLEX ONTO THE CHAIRS!

DDK:

HE JUST DROPPED STEVENS LIKE A BAD HABIT! DRAGON SUPLEX! HE'S DONE!

Angus:

End it, Burnsie! End it!

Burns crawls over, but he isn't done! He grabs another chair and then starts to slowly ascend the ring apron. He looks out to the crowd with a chair under his arm. He suddenly grins and then holds out the chair for all to see.

Oscar Burns (and crowd):

SWEET AS!

Instead of running for his typical Diving Knee Drop, he runs off the ring apron with the chair under his arm and SMASHES it right into the body of Scott Stevens!

"HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

BURNS JUST BURIED HIM WITH THOSE CHAIRS! AND NOW HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER!

Burns limps his own way through the wreckage and then eventually throws his weight across the top of Stevens' shoulders, going for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd ROARS for Burnsie as he kneels upward, now leaning back against the barricade with Brian Slater now starting the ten-count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

DDK:

He's got this! Stevens has yet to move!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Stevens finally starts to stand and grabs onto one of the chairs besides him!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Angus:

NO WAY! NO GODDAMN WAY!

DDK:

STEVENS IS UP AT NINE! HE USED THE CHAIR AS A PROP TO GET HIMSELF UP!

Stevens holds onto his leg, still searing with pain now but holds onto the chair and smirks at Burns, flipping him a single tall man. Burns shakes his head, not believing what he's seeing, but realizes he needs to end this. He doesn't stop and makes his way over to Stevens, grabbing him by the head and SMASHING it into the ring apron before throwing him back inside. Burns follows him in again and tries to end things.

DDK:

Oscar finally has Stevens on the ropes now! Can he finally end this battle between these two bitter rivals once and for all?

Angus:

I hope so! And that Stevens gets messed up!

Gritting his teeth, Burns has one of the chairs in hand. While he prides himself on being the ultimate sportsman, Burns knows what he has to do tonight and things like sportsmanship are out the window with a man like Stevens. The Kiwi grabs the chair and tries to land another blow...

DDK:

Burns misses with the chairshot!

Angus:

NO! DAMN IT!

Stevens cocks back as Burns has the chair in hand and WHACKS him with The FIST! The Superman Punch takes a lot out of him, but Burns goes down with the chair!

DDK:

Scott nails a chair-assisted FIST! That's gotta be all!

Burns doesn't move and for a few moments, neither does Stevens. But the former FIST of DEFIANCE and former UTA star slowly crawls over to Burns and hooks the far leg, laying across his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Angus:

YAS KIWI!

DDK:

BURNS KICKED OUT! BURNS KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT OF THE FIST!

The Guru of the Graps rolls over onto his stomach and doesn't move after what may have been his last gas, but he does kick out! An enraged Stevens sits up to a knee and screams at Brian Slater.

Scott Stevens:

YOU WASHED-UP PIECE OF SHIT! THAT WAS A THREE-COUNT! THAT WAS A THREE-COUNT!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE howls in frustration before he decides to roll to the outside. He limps back over to the timekeeper's area and steals both the ring bell and ring hammer.

DDK:

Oh, no... That ring bell and hammer. This is what Stevens did in the summer of last year in order to put Oscar on the shelf for three months. He attacked his throat with that hammer and rammed that bell into his throat off the top rope...

Angus:

Shit, only he's gonna be gone for good this time if he gets away with it again!

Burns hasn't moved out from his spot and Stevens now has the ring bell with very bad intentions in mind as he gets inside. He CLOCKS Burns in the side of the head with the point of the bell hammer and then DROPS him down with a hard slam before he grabs the bell.

DDK:

No, no, no, don't do this...

Angus:

The WrestleDorks and Derp Dynasty are all barred from ringside for this, too. No help is coming for Burns.

The crowd JEERS as Stevens holds out the ring bell and starts to head to the top rope, now waiting to end things for good just like when he took the championship away from the Kiwi. He heads up to the top and holds the bell...

Angus:

Damn it, even keying his car won't make me feel better if he wins!

DDK:

He's up... NO! NO! BURNS MOVES! BURNS MOVES!

Burns moves out of the way at the last second! Stevens' knee buckles as he lands, YELLING out in pain and dropping the ring bell! Burns smells blood and grabs a chair, WHACKING his knee with it! Stevens howls in pain again and collapses to the mat!

Angus:

DAMN! I DIDN'T REALIZE KIWI HAD THIS IN HIM!

DDK:

Any niceties were thrown out the window a long time ago!

The Guru of the Graps finally grabs onto the leg of The Angry Texan and scowls before lifting him up and DRIVING him across his knee with the Backcrackamajig! The Belly to Back Backbreaker nearly folds Stevens in half, but Burns isn't done. He goes to the ring apron...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

And with that, he FLIES off the top rope, drilling Stevens across the back of the head as he tries to stand with his signature Diving Knee Drop!

DDK:

Burns going after Stevens! Now he's going up top again!

Angus:

HIT ANOTHER ONE! CRIPPLE HIM!

Twists and Turns goes up a second time...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

...And takes flight again, hitting a SECOND Diving Knee Drop, this time targeting the knee again! Scott howls out in pain!

DDK:

Scott Stevens tried to end his career again just now and Burns now making him pay for it in spades! He's on the verge of victory!

Burns back up a third time, slower than he has been, but he looks out to the crowd...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

And a THIRD Diving Knee Drop finally connects, landing across the chest of Stevens before Burns pulls him up...

DDK:

HEADDROP-O-MATIC ON THE CHAIR! HEADDROP-O-MATIC ON THE CHAIR! IS THIS ENOUGH?

Burns defiantly rolls over and hooks the legs of Stevens, pulling back as far as he can go.

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!*

The crowd roars as The Team Graps Cap finally falls backwards and the ten-count starts for Stevens to get try and stand.

DDK:

HE'S GOT HIM! STEVENS ISN'T MOVING! STEVENS ISN'T MOVING!

Angus:

COME ON COME ON COME ON...

Burns is spent and leans back in the corner seated after the ravaging salvo to make sure Scott Stevens stays down for good.

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!**FOUR!**FIVE!*

Stevens tries to move weakly, but when he does, his knee is shot!

SIX!

SEVEN!

DDK:

HE CAN'T STAND! HE CAN BARELY MOVE!

EIGHT!

Angus:

STAY DOWN, YOU PRICK!

Stevens tries to limp upward...

NINE!

...And falls.

TEN!

DING DING DING!

The Angry Texan collapses and the match is over!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!"**

Burns can't contain his joy and finally leans back in his corner, face partially caked with blood again, but smiling every bit of the way. The war is over.

DDK:

BURNS HAS DONE IT! HE HAS FINALLY GOTTEN THE MONKEY OFF HIS BACK! HE JUST DEFEATED SCOTT STEVENS IN HIS OWN GAME AND IN THE PROCESS, HE'S NOW YOUR #1 CONTENDER FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! EAT A DICK, STEVENS! GO KING WRESTLEDORK!

Brian Slater runs over to Oscar Burns and raises his arm as the victor of the match. Saving his job, becoming the #1 Contender once again for the FIST and finally taking out the man he never had an answer for until now.

DDK:

The Faithful have been supportive of Burns since his very first day here. He worked his ass off, became one of the key members in DEFIANCE's fight against the UTA Invasion and became The FIST... now, he has a clear path to do it again... wait...

The Team Graps Cap is about to leave the ring and celebrate one of the biggest wins in his career, but not before he stops to look at a visibly upset and defeated Scott Stevens. He has barely moved and now leans in the corner, head sunk in defeat.

DDK:

What's he doing?

Angus:

Hopefully, he guts this fool.

Burns doesn't take his eyes off Stevens. His tormentor for the last year and a half. The man he didn't have an answer for until this very night. A man that once tried to end his career...

...And a hand goes out.

Angus:

...wut.

DDK:

It looks like Oscar Burns wants to put this issue to bed for good. Burns had to dig deep to find the will to win, but he's still a sportsman first and foremost. This war is over.

Oscar looks at Stevens in the corner.

Oscar Burns:

Shake my hand, GC... we're done.

Stevens looks up at Burns in utter confusion and disgust.

DDK:

He's offering his hand. I can't believe Burns STILL wants to do this after everything that he's done, but that's the type of man he is.

Angus:

Please tell me he has some mace in his other hand or something. If he gives Stevens that arm, he's going to end him.

The crowd actually egg Stevens on to take it. Burns waits for Stevens to do anything as the leader of the Stevens Dynasty tries to shrug it off...

He then TAKES it.

DDK:

Wow... I... that's the LAST thing I'd expect him to do.

Angus:

Come on, Burns, help me key his car later at least!

Stevens may have shaken the hand, but he's still PISSED about the loss and rolls out of the ring. limps his way out of the ring where a pair of trainers attend to him and his knee after the battering he has taken throughout the match. Even after shaking Burns's hand... he ignores the attendees and heads to the back, leaving Burns in the ring to bask in the cheers of the crowd.

DDK:

There we go! Burns has finally put Scott Stevens in his rearview mirror and he has a future title match against the winner of either Kendrix or Mikey Unlikely and that match will be in a few moments!

The final shots of the aftermath are Burns leaving the ring to celebrate at the top of the ramp! Onward and upwards for Burnsie!

JFK & vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY

The camera comes to rest on the commentary table.

DDK:

Years in the making, across a multitude of wrestling promotions and it all comes down to tonight! Best friends, now enemies. As Jesse Fredericks Kendrix defends the FIST OF DEFIANCE against the man he's been attached to for years... Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

Oh yea Keebs, One year ago if you asked me if I wanted to see this, I would have told you that no one does. Here I sit today and I can honestly say, I'm looking forward to this one!

DDK:

REALLY? I'm very surprised partner...

Angus:

Well yea! Either way this goes, I'm going to watch these two idiots bash each others brains in! Every single strike is a win for fans. Either JokeFK beats the piss out of McFuckass, or The Hollywood Hypocrite has something up his sleeve for Kendrix... Should be exciting.

DDK:

Let's keep in mind these two have never faced each other one on one! This is a first time match up. Both guys know each other like brothers. Every hold, every mannerism, every strategy...

Angus:

HA! Mikey doesn't know any holds!

We cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen the next matchup is NO DISQUALIFICATION, scheduled for one fall and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

The lights go out. Large roar from the crowd at the mention of the top prize. Two spotlights hit the curtain.

♪ "Battle Without Honor" by Hotei ♪

As the song breaks builds and the beat drops Mikey Unlikely excitedly comes through the curtain, arms already in the air! The crowd comes to life with cheers. He's got green and white tights on.

DDK:

Quite the turnaround for Mikey Unlikely here in DEFIANCE. The fans are clearly behind him tonight!

Mikey makes his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first is the CHALLENGER! Hailing from Hollywood, California. Weighing in at 230 lbs. He is the WORLD'S GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! This is MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Angus:

I'm just glad he stopped with the huge elaborate entrances. It's too much. We're here to wrestle and to HOSSFITE, that's it. We're not here for sports entertainment purposes! DEFIANCE is much more than that!

Mikey slaps the hands of the fans in the aisle way before rolling into the ring. He's very excited to be here tonight. The crowd is cheering enthusiastically.... That's when the OTHER music cuts in.

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

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

DDK:

There he is, the FIST of DEFIANCE, making his way toward the ring and in his own words, looking to make quick work of Mikey.

Angus:

The Hollywood Bruvs are no more, Keebs, Kendrix made certain of that with some brutal and unexpected beat downs on Mikey. But, as much as I'm shocked, Mikey hasn't backed down, he's still standing and ready for a fight tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Jesse hops down from the turnbuckle, having rudely waved his closed fist at his less than adoring welcome from the DEFIANCE faithful he readies himself with some rather lacklustre stretching in his corner.

As the music fades and the lights come up the official meets both competitors in the ring. He reminds them this is a No Disqualifications match. He takes the FIST from Kendrix before holding it up in the center of the ring.

Mikey warms up in his corner, stretching over the ropes. Kendrix looks over at him and sneers.

DDK:

We've come a long way in a short time from The Bruvs. Mikey couldn't believe when his friend turned on him. He even tried to reconcile just to be attacked viciously again! Now whether it's for revenge, or for the FIST Mikey Unlikely gets his chance against Kendrix.

Angus:

Likewise Kendrix has the opportunity to finally separate his name from Unlikely. For as long as we've known both of these guys they have always been attached. With Hollywood, Hulu, and all the stupid things McFuckboi appears on, he casts a very large shadow... which is the real catalyst that got us to this point partner!

Benny Doyle signals for the bell.

DDK:

For the first time ever, Bruvs collide!

Mikey and Kendrix begin to circle the ring. Mikey with a pep in his step, Kendrix a little more calculated. The two size each other up before moving toward one another. As they do a "Mi-Key" chant breaks out across the arena which stops the pair. Mikey smiles, Kendrix scoffs. JFK drops to his knees and puts his fists up, as if now he's Mikey's size. Mikey is hardly offended as the pair go towards one another again.

Angus:

Please tell me this isn't a posing contest.

Finally a lock up in the middle of the ring, and Kendrix immediately pushes Mikey off and down to his back. He flexes as Mikey rolls to his knees. Mikey gets right up, recalculates and locks up again. Same thing happens. Mikey to his back and rolls through.

DDK:

Unlikely is unable to match power with the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

He should have known that coming in.

Once more Mikey shakes it off and wants to lock up. Kendrix is happy to oblige. They go to Lock up but Mikey ducks instead, when Kendrix misses the lockup and is off balance Mikey pops up and slaps him whole handedly across the face before backing up. The smack is loud and heard across the arena and a quick "Ohhhh" comes from the fans.

DDK:

He caught him flush! Kendrix is caught by surprise, but look at him now!

Angus:

Oh he's pissed!

Kendrix takes off after Mikey who dives through the ropes to the outside, JFK follows him, Unlikely circles the ring before sliding in the other side. JFK does the same thing and Mikeys there to catch him with a stomp to the back of the head.

Kendrix gets up through the onslaught but Mikey is putting punches and kicks into the back of JFK. As the FIST reaches his feet, Mikey hits the ropes and tries to come back with a flying cross body to knock the champion back down. Instead Kendrix catches him in mid air.

DDK:

Uh Oh! JFK has him!

Angus:

This isn't going to end well!

In fact JFK smiles as Mikey shakes his head no! Kendrix takes a few steps, turns and slams Mikey down with a powerslam variation. Unlikely arches his back off the mat after impact, obviously in pain.

Kendrix gets up and faces the crowd.

Kendrix:

How else did you think this was gonna go, Bruv?

He turns around, grabs the Hollywood stars arm, and twists his wrist as he pulls Mikey to his feet who cries out in pain. Kendrix says something to Mikey before hitting him with a short arm clothesline. Kendrix doesn't release the hold on the arm however, he pulls him to his feet again. Pulls for another clothesline, but Mikey ducks it, spins behind JFK's back. He pulls his arm that Kendrix has locked causing JFK to spin towards him, then Mikey puts a thumb to the eye of the champion. This finally breaks the wristlock. Kendrix stumbles holding his eye with his hand as the crowd laughs.

Unlikely runs and hits a dropkick. Kendrix stumbles and falls through the ring ropes to the outside.

DDK:

He got him! Kendrix falls to the outside. Mikey taking a moment to catch his breath.

Kendrix gets to his feet. Kicks the guardrail he's near. He walks up the ring steps and gets back into the ring. Mikey who's made it to his feet as well keeps his eyes on his opponent.

The two take a beat and begin to circle again. After a quick lockup, Kendrix this time wastes no time lifting a knee into the gut of the challenger. He sends him into the turnbuckle with an irish whip. Kendrix follows him in with a clothesline. This sends Mikey out of the turnbuckle trying to collect himself, Kendrix seizes the opportunity.

DDK:

He lifts him up. Body Press over his head! Look at the power of the FIST.

Kendrix talks trash with Mikey up in the air before slamming him down into the ring. Mikey's back clearly hurts again, he tries rolling to the outside to escape JFK, but the FIST follows him outside and from the ring apron drops a forearm across the back of Mikey, sending him face first to the floor on the outside.

Kendrix picks him up quickly, and drops him neck first across the fan barrier. Mikey holds his neck as he chokes. Official Benny Doyle tries to get JFK off of him, but Kendrix knows it's no DQ.

Angus:

Like him or hate him...and I hate him... but JFK can be relentless when he's not being a douche.

DDK:

You're right partner, Kendrix is big and strong, he's smart, and he's very dangerous. He's trained in Britian and brings a different style to the ring than most americans are used to, and that's a big advantage. However after teaming up with Mikey for several years, you have to think he's got the inside track on JFK.

Angus:

Not thus far.

Mikey tries crawling away from the FIST but JFK grabs a steel chair. The crowd gets to their feet trying to see. Mikey stands up next to the ring, using the ring post as a balance. Kendrix lines up the shot to hit Mikey's head in between the chair and the ring post.

DDK:

NO! NO! DON'T DO THAT! IT WILL KILL HIM!

Angus:

I DON'T THINK HE CARES KEEBS!

Kendrix:

This isn't Hollywood Bruv!

He swings hard for the fences, but Mikey drops to the floor just in time to avoid the hit. The chair rings off the steel on steel contact. Kendrix drops the chair, shaking his hands as the crowd lets out an audible sigh of relief.

DDK:

Too close on that one! He clearly doesn't care if he destroys his former friend. This isn't about the title to Kendrix, this is much bigger!

Mikey takes advantage. As Kendrix isn't paying attention he comes running down the ring apron, he had time to hop up on and takes down Kendrix with a sloppy diving clothesline to the floor.

The crowd gets excited.

Mikey sees Kendrix hold the back of his head and pounces on his chance, grabbing his opponent by his hair knot and bouncing his head onto the guardrail, sending Kendrix on a wobbly walk about towards the ring steps.

Angus:

McFuckass is giving some here, Kendrix looks totally unprepared for this aggressive side we're seeing from Mikey so far.

Following through with his attack, Mikey rams Kendrix head against the ring post and rolls the FIST into the ring. Wasting no time, Mikey hooks the leg.

DDK:

Mikey looking to win this now, KICK OUT AT TWO!

Angus:

Mikey almost became the FIST OF DEFIANCE early on here!

Mikey holds his hands to the back of his head knowing he was a second away from winning the FIST. He looks out at the crowd ringside chanting and fully behind him.

LET'S GO MIKEY!

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

Mikey takes in the crowds encouragement as Kendrix rolls back out of the ring and crawling away on all fours. Mikey soon follows his opponent, scouts him as Kendrix pulls himself up on by the apron. Mikey charges but Kendrix catches him just in time and helps Mikey run straight into the steel steps.

Angus:

Now he's in trouble. Mikey should have ignored the crowd reaction to him. He took his eyes off the ball.

Jesse shakes off the blows he took to the head and pounces on Mikey, who's holding his knee in pain. Kendrix doesn't help with a couple of stomps to the injured area. He helps Mikey up against the apron and runs a knee into his former bruv's gut, doubling the challenger over and straight into a vicious double arm DDT head first onto the ground.

DDK:

Dear god, what impact. And Kendrix is sat down beside Mikey, smiling. That's his best friend!

Angus:

Keebs, I know it's difficult to imagine still, but the Hollywood Bruvs are done. Kendrix only cares about one man now and that's himself.

Kendrix now rolls Mikey into the ring and covers the lifeless body of his opponent. The ref drops to his knees.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

KICKOUT FROM MIKEY! Kendrix wanted to finish this as efficiently and as quickly as possible and the champ is not happy with the count.

Kendrix, getting to his feet, frustratedly holds three fingers in the refs face but receives an adamant two back from the official.

Mikey throws his arm up to the middle rope trying to pull himself up but the effects of the DDT have taken a lot out of him. Regaining his composure, Kendrix helps his former best friend up backfirst against the ropes with a chop across Mikey's chest which echoes around the arena. He connects with another before irish whipping Unlikely to the opposite ropes, he bounces back and walks straight into a swinging neck breaker.

DDK:

Mikey is in big trouble here, the momentum firmly with the champion now.

Angus:

Surely it's only a matter of time now, Keebs. What's Kendrix up to?

As Mikey tries to recover in the ring, Kendrix rolls out, reaches underneath the apron and retrieves a table.

DDK:

That can only mean no good.

However, as he props the Table up against the bottom rope, Mikey bounces off the opposite ropes and hits a baseball slide lush against the table which knocks the head of Kendrix sending the FIST back first into the guardrail. The ringside fans adding insult to injury, hurling abuse at the hurt champion.

DDK:

Mikey's not resting on his laurels, here he goes again, SUICIDE DIVE!

Angus:

Looks like Mikey's taken a leaf straight out of JFK's book and he hit it flush, both men down on the outside!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

The crowd chanting along to the official's ten count. Both men need to get back to their feet.

Angus:

Well, technically, neither need to get up and I'm not quite sure why the ref's counting...this is no DQ!

Mikey is the first up to wobbly feet at the count of five and he helps Kendrix up off his knees before returning a chop across the FIST's chest as the crowd near by love what they're seeing.

WOOOOOOOOO!

Mikey hits another, and another...and another!

DDK:

Mikey looks like a man possessed, chop after chop after chop.

Angus:

JFK's chest is lighting up!

Mikey Unlikely:

Aaaaahhhhhhhh you wanted this! YOU GOT IT BRUV!

Kendrix stumbles out of harm's way momentarily, holding his chest in agony as he walks over to the rampside of the ring. Mikey soon notices his opponent trying to escape and follows, then runs and clobbers the champ with a forearm to the back of the neck, sending the champ down against the steel of the ramp.

DDK:

Momentum has shifted for sure and it's the challenger who's bringing the fight to the champ who looks like he wants none of an emotional and fired up Unlikely here tonight.

Angus:

I genuinely can't believe what I'm seeing. The arena is right behind McFuckass...hell...I think I may even be behind Mikey here!

DDK:

I never thought I'd see the day.

Nodding his head along with the admiration from the crowd, Mikey implores Kendrix to get to his feet as he stalks his opponent. Jesse begins to oblige as he gets to all fours. Mikey charges, looking for the running knee but Kendrix reacts, lifting Mikey up, over and down hard on his back upon landing!

DDK:

OHH, that was flesh against steel. Mikey landed hard on this back!

Having fallen on his behind executing the move, Kendrix is quick, albeit groggily onto his feet and wastes no time in letting Mikey recover at all. Grabbing Unlikely by the hair he whips him hard into the apron, back first, sending mikey bouncing off and down face first to the ground. Jesse looks over at the vitriol from the fans to his right and waves them off with a rude shake of his closed fist.

Angus:

Mikey is holding his back, he's hurt Keeps.

Kendrix wipes his hand across his lips, sensing the beginning of the end of this match. That smirk appears.

DDK:

That can't mean anything good coming up for Mikey here.

Kendrix moves back over and grabs the table they left lying earlier in the match. He moves it perpendicular to the ring and sets it up. Mikey around the ringpost is finally getting up, still favoring his lower back. Kendrix drives a forearm home before dragging Mikey to the table.

Angus:

What's he thinking of doing here?

Kendrix puts Mikey's head in between his legs.

Angus:

Powerbomb! Classic!

JFK lifts the challenger into the air, but Mikey slips over top and lands on his feet behind Kendrix. The fans get excited.

DDK:

Mikey escaped! Here it comes. Mikey with the superk....no! Kendrix pushes the foot away, spins Unlikely around and EUROPEAN UPPERCUT. Wow you could hear that one all the way up here. Mikey is on wobbly legs.

Kendrix goes to grab Unlikely again but Mikey drops to a knee and brings his arm up between Kendrix's legs.

Angus:

OHHHHHHHH

DDK:

Well that's one way to stop a champions momentum.

Kendrix falls to the ground clutching his groin. Mikey stays on one knee and catches his breath. Referee Benny Doyle leaves the ring to check on both men. He warns Mikey against the low blow, but it's no disqualifications.

Mikey is up first and he's pulling on Kendrix head to get him up. He rolls the reigning FIST into the ring. Unlikely hops up onto the ring apron and does a slingshot legdrop across the throat of the champion.

DDK:

Pinfall!

ONE ...

TWO ...

Kendrix kicks out at two. Mikey quickly gets to his feet waiting on Kendrix. When the FIST gets up Mikey comes running and catches him a bulldog, driving him right back down to the mat, Mikey gets up again getting fired up now. The crowd is with him every step of the way. Kendrix starts to get up and Mikey comes running again.

DDK:

Here comes the challenger again, he's got a lot of steam... Spinning wheel kick! What a move! Kendrix is knocked to the corner this time back first. HERE COMES MIKEY WATCH OUT!

Unlikely dives towards the corner but Kendrix sees' it coming. He ducks and lifts Mikey high into the air using his own momentum, Mikey comes back down feet first on the ring apron. When he turns around Kendrix comes running with a clothesline to knock him down to the outside apron.

Angus:

With authority! What a clothesline. Hope McFuckboi has insurance on his face!

Kendrix tries to shake off the onslaught he just took before stepping out on the apron.

DDK:

They are right next to that table Angus! Kendrix in control!

The champion hooks Mikey under his arm.

DDK:

Oh no! We saw this a few weeks ago! Kendrix drove Mikey through a ringside table with a hellacious Brainbuster! It looks like he's setting that up here!

Angus:

That's the move that put Mikey into the Hosp...well...

Angus and DDK together:

Private Medical Facility.

The crowd stops moving with a gasp. Kendrix hoists Mikey into the air and holds him there. One second, two seconds. Suddenly Mikey brings his knee down to the head of JFK. Kendrix rocks. Another knee to the head from the vertical position and JFK brings Mikey back down inside the ring to his feet.

DDK:

He escaped! Mikey with some forearms on Kendrix! Four in a row! JFK is reeling!

Mikey inside the ring climbs up a turnbuckle about 5 to 6 feet from Kendrix who's still standing on the ring apron.

DDK:

He's going to dive!

Angus:

He doesn't have it in him!

Mikey wastes no time whatsoever. He jumps from the top turnbuckle, soaring over JFK he cradles Kendrix head into

his shoulder and both fly off the apron and through the table.

DDK:

BLOCKBUSTER OFF THE TOP ROPE THROUGH THE TABLE!

Angus:

HOLY SHHHIIIT, I STAND CORRECTED!

DDK:

ALL HE'S GOTTA DO IS COVER THE FIST OF DEFIANCE HERE AND WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

Angus:

He's got to get him in the ring first partner!

On the outside Mikey slowly turns over onto Kendrix trying to get a cover. Benny Doyle rushes over to tell Mikey there are no pinfalls outside. Mikey slaps the mat in frustration and uses all he has to pull Kendrix to his feet and push him into the ring.

Angus:

Valuable time being wasted here Keebs! Nothing he can do though, he has to get him into the ring.

Unlikely gets into the ring and makes the cover again. Benny Doyle slides back in time.

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

KENDRIX GETS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES! OH MY THAT WAS CLOSE! WE ALMOST HAD A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Mikey sits up with a look of shock on his face. He puts both hands over his eyes and laughs. He stands up and runs to the turnbuckle. Once more he goes to the top.

DDK:

What's he got in mind here?

Angus:

Same thing Keebs, When you find a weakness you exploit it. JokeFK is holding his neck, he's feeling the effects. Unlikely SHOULD be going for the same thing.

It's True, as Kendrix makes his way to his feet, holding his neck. Mikey once again dives at what feels like the right time.

DDK:

He's doing it again! NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix catches him this time with a Bellend in mid air!

Angus:

GOODNIGHT!

Both men are laid out flat in the ring as Beny Doyle frantically checks on both competitors, the crowd get behind what they're seeing from both me.

Fight Forever!

Fight Forever!

Kendrix is the first to come to. His eyes open wide at the sight of Mikey's shoulders sprawled across the mat. He rolls his arm over sluggishly atop Mikey's chest.

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

HE GOT HIM! NO HE DIDN'T!

Mikey kicks out at the last moment. Kendrix holds his hands to his heads before kicking his feet out in front of him like a spoilt brat. He gets right up in the face of Benny Doyle. He bickers with him about the three count. Mikey rolls out of the ring, badly hurt and falls to the arena floor once more.

Angus:

The FIST NEEDS to follow up on that attack now! We just said how Unlikely was wasting time! DO THEY NOT LEARN FROM US!?

Mikey is half under the ring apron on the floor. He begins to stir after a moment. He sits up, back to the ring. Kendrix finally moves over, bends over and reaches through the second rope for Mikey's head. Mikey Swings upward and that's when we see the chair.

Angus:

YES! Ha! Wait....Ugh....Whatever...

Mikey hits Kendrix flat on the top of the head with a steel chair he got from under the ring. The shot sends Kendrix back into the ring, falling onto his back. Mikey stands up and holds the chair high into the air as the crowd goes nuts again.

DDK:

The challenger sliding into the ring with that chair now. He's pounding it on the mat!

Mikey Unlikely:

Come on Motherfucker!

There's a large swell in the crowd, Mikey seems to have won most of them over completely. Kendrix gets up, Mikey swings again, connecting flush! JFK drops again.

Angus:

TWO IN A ROW! STRAIGHT TO THE DOME!

When Kendrix begins to get up again he's bleeding profusely. Flowing from the top of his head.

DDK:

This is not good for the FIST. Kendrix is up! Mikey lifts the chair again!

Unlikely reels back as if he's going to swing again, but Kendrix drops to his knees with his hands in front of him in prayer motion.

Kendrix:

Wait! Wait! Mikey! Mikey! We're Bruvs! THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS! DON'T DO THIS PLEASE!

makes sure Unlikely is ok. As Mikey gets to his feet the fans go crazy for him. They cheer him once more.

“MIKEY! MIKEY! MIKEY! MIKEY!”

We go off the air however to another shot of Kendrix on the top of the ramp, staring back down at the ring at his former partner. Holding the title high.

Kendrix:

I'm better than you! OBVS!

DDK:

Thank you for joining us folks for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Another HUGE show for us! Make sure to catch us on DEFTV!

Angus:

Hopefully, Kendrix isn't there!

**THIS
IS
DEFIANCE**