

RUNDOWN

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...

Lights, cameras, and once again ... action! The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory start of the broadcast hype, except this time each building feud is highlighted briefly. Along with a variety of shots, of all your favorite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory. All this fun is accompanied by graphic effects and overlays. The footage from previous events dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena as pyro explodes around the entrance ramp.

And of course ... those all-important fan signs...

THE BROTHERS FUSE!
STEVENS THE HEATHAN
DOUGLAS OR DEATH!
FIST AND TURNS OSCAR BURNS!!
MORE BRAZEN!!
IN DEFIANCE PCP SMOKES YOU!
MUSHI MAN SMASH LORDS!
HARMEN IS BALD MAN!
BACK TO THE MAXX ... I MEAN FUTURE!
CLASH OF THE BRAZEN!!
CATALINA HAS A FAT ASS!
LAST (WO)MAN STANDING!!
PUT THOSE CLOWNS BACK IN THE BOX!
THE BOLD AND THE BRAZEN!!

And other such literary/smarky genius committed to dollar store poster board. We finally settle in on Darren Keebler and an very chipper Angus Skaaland, seated behind the commentary booth. Angus grins from ear to ear and fidgets as Darren begins the broadcast.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen! ... WELCOME to ASCENSION! 2018!! The SOLD-OUT Wrestle-Plex is stacked and packed with the FAITHFUL ready for DEFIANT ACTION!

Angus:

Nothing more DEFIANT than last night, Keebs! CLASH of the BRAZEN!

DDK:

I cannot disagree, partner! More on that later, folks ... but RIGHT NOW - DEFIANCE brings to you, our loyal viewers both in the arena and watching LIVE on HULU ... AS WELL, as the freshly debuted DEFonDEMAND! Available on ALL your streaming devices!

Angus:

If you DON'T ALREADY HAVE IT ... You missed CLASH OF THE --

DDK:

... yes, partner. We'll get to that later. Check your production sheet.

Angus:

Don't you ever interrupt me ag --

DDK:

We are simulcast to pay per view as well as the DEFonDEMAND network -so unfortunately we STILL have time constraints, Angus.

Graphics appear on the screen, highlighting each match as Darren references it.

DDK:

First up, the bitter student versus teacher -

Angus:

... turned bald asshole with a keyed car.

DDK:

ELISE ARES will go one on one with her former mentor -- JACK HARMEN!!

Angus:

I hope she does what I've repeatedly done to his car ... Destroy it.

DDK:

Well, aesthetically.

Angus:

IF THERE IS ANYTHING Elise knows ... it's GORRAM aesthetics!

DDK:

Well speaking of Elise, her compatriots ... the PCP will face on with the Jamie Sawyer managed TO THE MAXX! I'm sure you have something to say about that!

Angus:

Are you kidding? These two think flippy do moves are MISSILE DROPKICKS! LET'S GO!

DDK:

And it does not stop there folks! In, what I'm sure, will be a devastating display of force, power and --

Angus:

HOSSness?

DDK:

... brutality! The Former WrestleUTA --

Angus:

UTAH.

DDK: *[sighs]*

... Crimson Lord will face off with the masked brute - Mushigihara in an AMBULANCE MATCH!

Angus:

Fingers crossed, Mushi-man puts that looney toon in a pine box rather than the medic mobile!

DDK:

AND it DOES not stop there folks -- THE FUSE BROS have unwittingly unlocked new characters ... those who REFUSE to play by the rules of the game ...

Angus:

OR any rules at all!

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships are ON the LINE! As The Brother Fuse face off with the wacky and wayward Toybox!!

DDK:

I'm getting the cue folks - we have to get this show started ... AND in a hurry! Also tonight, "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS will defend his SoHer title against his long time agitator THE JAY HARVEY

Angus:

Damn it, Keebs!

DDK:

And of course ... our MAIN EVENT. The most important of them ALL - The FIGHTING CHAMPION - OSCAR BURNS defends against the FFC regulated ... the New Orlenes' Well indicted, maybe? SCOTT STEVENS for the FATE of the FIST!! Let's go to the ring now ... Darren Quimbey is standing by!!!

ELISE ARES vs. JACK HARMEN

We find ourselves in the ring with Darren Quimbey, microphone pushing up against his lips. The crowd hushes as they await to see how their night begins...

Darren Quimbey:

The following match, is a LAST MAN STANDING match, and is scheduled for ONE FALL.

The crowd erupts as the lights dim.

DDK:

We're getting straight into the action with one of the hottest rivalries in DEFIANCE. Jack Harmen. Elise Ares. Starting off strong!

Angus:

Starting off by KEYING A CA... wait, have you seen my keys?

DDK:

Why would I have your keys Angus?

Angus:

I swear I just had them right he...

All I wanna do is...
♪ "Problem" by Natalia Kills ♪

As the sirens wail, spotlights hit the ceiling as the silhouette of a woman strikes against the ceiling of the DEFplex. Slowly lowering, a shimmering trapeze descends from the heavens, and perched upon it is a woman wearing a long Tiffany blue sequinned jacket. Her LED lights flash "GAME. OVER. BALDIE." as she poses for her adoring fans. As it settles on the stage, two men appear from the shadows to grab the trapeze and help off the herald of bald-man destruction. She sheds her jacket to the floor to reveal a black and Tiffany blue attire, putting her arms behind her head and posing for the crowd before linking arm and arm with her PCP brethren. Together they march to the ring.

DDK:

It's a big night here for Elise Ares. She finds herself face to face with destiny, and a chance to finally earn the respect of her former mentor and teacher Jack Harmen is in the balance.

Angus:

I would've never believed these fans would take a liking to the Pop Culture Phenoms like they have. Look at this place, it's going nuts!

DDK:

Look at them all reaching out! Everyone wants some PCP!

Elise sanitizes up and begins to slap five with the fans reaching out over the rail surrounding her in the DEFplex. Suddenly Elise is devoured into the masses. The D and Klein start looking around, trying to find where it was their friend dissipated to. The music cuts and the lights hit with a clack. Cameras pan the crowd trying to pinpoint the focal point of a disturbance.

DDK:

What just happened?!

Angus:

We're trying to get a good look here guys, but we're not real sure what's going on.

Suddenly the crowd backs away as a madman starts swinging a chair around on the floor. As the camera focuses in, you can clearly see Jack Harmen trying to create some space by wildly flailing a chair. Jeers begin to fall from the sky as Elise Ares can be seen trying to crawl away from the maniac. Yet he pursues, dragging the steel chair behind him as the spotlight glistens off his bald dome. Back on the aisle, The D and Klein try to get their way into the crowd, but can't seem to find a way through as the rearranged members of the audience are forced backwards against the barricade.

WHACK!

A hard shot knocks Elise prone to the floor as Harmen stands over her. Grabbing a hand full of dark brown locks, Jack drags Elise through a sea of chairs before coming to a concrete wall where he throws the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE into it as hard as he can. From around the corner comes Carla Ferrari. Harmen points at Elise Ares face down on concrete floor, rips off his Scott Steven's appropriated "Fuck DEFIANCE" t-shirt and screams "COUNT! COOOOUNT!" Carla signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

I didn't know Last man Standing matches could start outside the ring Angus!

Angus:

I don't know a lot of things Keebs!

One.

Two.

Harmen reaches into his pants pockets and pulls out a taser. He begins to just let it shock a few times for the camera.

Three.

DDK:

What is this Lunatic Wildcard planning to do!

Four.

Elise begins to push herself up to her feet, trying to shake the cobwebs free. Harmen notices, leans in, and just jams the taser into Elise's side, right under her ribs. She spins, recoiling from the shock and clutches her side as she lands with a thud on her back. Harmen then just starts putting the boots to her, over and over. The only thing Carla can do is watch. As Harmen puts one final stomp, he turns to the Faithful.

Jack Harmen:

You... cheer, HER?!

There's a wild cheer in response, as Harmen shakes his head and begins to clutch at his ear drums. He walks back to Elise, still down and prone, and reaches down to pick her up by her long luxurious locks. Elise hooks Harmen's tights, and pulls him face first into the same concrete wall Harmen had used against her earlier. Harmen sees birds for a second before he slumps onto the ground.

It's here where Elise notices the taser.

Angus:

GET 'IM ELISE! TAZE THAT SONUVA-

Elise grabs the taser from the ground, and raises it to the ovacious Faithful. She lets it flicker twice, before she reaches

down and jams it into Harmen's gut. She does it again, and then gets his arm, and then his legs, as Harmen starts to twitch lying on the ground. She holds it up over the twitching body of Jack Harmen and then drops it like a microphone to the delight of the crowd. She shrugs before leaning against the wall trying to catch her wind.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Before Carla could even yell five, Harmen shambles up to his feet. Elise, seeing her opportunity rushes towards him and goes for a running Amethystation! However, Jack knows her well and grabs her in mid-air. A groan escapes the lips of the Faithful as Harman holds Elise in front of him by the throat before slamming her neck first back into the concrete wall. She falls into a heap on the floor as Jack Harmen soccer kicks her relentless to a gospel of boos. Carla jumps in and tries to get Elise some space to start a count before Jack shoves her aside and grabs the arm of Ares and begins dragging her across the arena floor.

DDK:

That might've knocked all the fight out of Elise, that was a rough shot and Carla is trying to get in there to make sure she's able to fight back.

Angus:

I don't know how he's back up again after that taser was put into play. Harmen must've been tased so many times in his life he's build up some kind of taser immunity! I'll have to put that into my notes...

The camera follows through the masses as Harmen drags Elise through now what appears to be a concourse area. Signs hang from the ceiling identify sections while Jack tosses Elise through the air like a garbage sack, watching as she skips across the floor helplessly into a collection of plastic trash cans. She crawls between them trying to escape, but Jack grabs the lids off of them and crashes them together like symbols around her skull. She falls to the floor and Jack spikes the lids off of her body before grabbing her back by the hair, but when he does, she pulls his arm and bounces his face off the lip of one of the trash cans sending him stumbling back.

DDK:

That's gotta hurt, but those trash cans don't appear to be empty... but they also don't appear to be full of trash.

Angus:

Yeah, we can't really get a good look at those. What is that? Production!

Harmen wipes his lip and looks for blood, and in the time passed, Elise Ares uses the trash cans to pull her way up to her feet. Jack goes to follow up and a superkick meets him right in the jaw! The Faithful watching on the DEFtron cheer on the Leading Lady as she takes an empty plastic trashcan and hits Harmen across the side of the head with it. He falls down to his knees and goes behind him, grabs his arms, and does a double foot curb stomp down onto what appears to be a copy of Lake Placid VI 2: THE LAKENING that fell out of one of the trash cans. After his Extreme Makeover, Carla goes to count, but Elise has other ideas dragging over two of the other trash cans.

DDK:

Is that a copy of Lake Placid VI 2: THE LAKENING soon to come straight to your home on DVD and BluRay?

Angus:

I've heard this is the most Croctastic one yet! With more gator per minute than any other Lake Placid movie, this is sure to go down as the Sharknado of Lake Placids!

DDK:

Is that a good thing, wait, what is this?!

Suddenly Elise dumps the trash can on top of Jack Harmen and dozens of cases of Lake Placid VI 2: THE LAKENING fall onto him like an avalanche of presumably amazing acting. She grabs the other and does the same as Harmen is buried alive under hundreds of copies of Lake Placid VI 2: THE LAKENING, which you yourself can buy soon. After the deed is done, Elise grabs more hand sanitizer out of her small boyshort pocket and begins to clean up while Carla counts.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

At the count of five Jack Harmen explodes out from under the future box office smashpile, and charges at Ares who quickly tries to tuck the sanitizer back into her tiny pocket. Harmen picks up Elise and throws her through a Men's Restroom door like a lawn dart, and she goes skittering across the awfully unsanitary floors.

Jack Harmen:

Your shitty movies can kill a lot of things, Elise, but it won't end me like it will your credibility!

DDK:

Actually, I kinda like the last Lake Placid movie. Like a car crash.

Angus:

You would, Keebs. Speaking of car crashes, do we have an update on my keys? Someone get some eyes on those!

Jack Harmen goes to pursue Elise into the bathroom, but a running dropkick from the Leading Lady smashes Jack's arm in the door with a loud crack. A roar from the crowd accompanies the grimace on his face, before he looks directly into the camera in frustration. He reaches out and grabs the camera, smacking the operator in the skull with the back of it before things start to get a little dizzy. The last thing we see is Elise Ares coming out of the door before a loud crack and everything goes to static.

DDK:

We appear to have lost eyes on the fight.

Angus:

For God's sake, can we please get someone else back there so we know what's going on? And where are my keys?!

DDK:

We're sorry folks, we're doing our best to keep you updated on the situation, but it's going to take a bit of time to scramble a new crew in that direction ...

CLASH OF THE BRAZEN

From backstage we return to Darren and Angus at the commentary table, who are clearly buying time.

DDK:

What a start to ASCENSION! Things have gotten out of control very quickly here tonight!

Angus: *[gitty]*

I know, Keebs! Isn't it great!?

DDK:

Speaking of great, Angus ... A subject close to your heart ... or well - whatever you have as a placeholder ...

Angus:

The key to your mother's house. Continue ...

DDK:

Last night a brand new BRAZEN Champion was crowned after a gruelling tournament! And ...

Angus:

AND ... you couldn't be bothered to come slum it down in BRAZEN. I got stuck with Greg Parker.

DDK:

I happen to know Greg and he's a lovely man.

Angus:

If you like him so much why don't ya -

Darren knows where this playground jab is going and so do we - so he saves us all some time.

DDK:

Sixteen BRAZEN competitors went head to head in one night tournament to crown the NEW BRAZEN CHAMPION!

Cut to video highlights from the event.

Angus:

It was a hell of a thing, Keebs! The guys really went for it and I could not be prouder!

DDK:

When all was said and done, two of the odds on favorites - Reinhardt Hoffman and Levi Cole clashed in a hell of a contest ...

Angus:

You WEREN'T There, Keebs. You aren't doing it any justice ... it was like this -

We cut back from the highlights just as we see Hoffman being handed the title by a nearly tearful Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Hold on ... we may have another crew on Harmen and Elise's location.

Darren appears to be getting a message via his headset.

DDK:

I guess not, but apparently as we speak - there is an altercation between Scott Douglas and Jay Harvey!

We cut to backstage as Angus quips.

Angus:

He finally found the LITTLE SHIT!

The scene is pandemonium with bodies everywhere. Two seperate groups of DEFsec holding back Scott Douglas and Jay Harvey, respectively. Head of DEFsec, Wyatt Bronson stands in the middle with his arms outstretched barking the order for this to cease.

Angus:

Let 'em go! Well ... LET *DOUGLAS GO!* McPissant is a flight risk!

Douglas struggles and fights to break free from black shirted men holding him back. Across from him, Harvey feigns to do the same but it appears to be more for show than intent.

DDK:

As we went off the air last week folks, we saw Scott Douglas chasing down Jay Harvey and Catalina. The pair were able to escape by car with little more than a shattered back window.

Douglas looks as if he is going to break free for a moment and goes rushing toward Harvey. Harvey's charade quickly falls apart as he backs up. The Faithful, watching along on the DEFiatron, can be heard albeit muffled popping for Harvey's potential harm.

Angus:

GET HIM!

But much to their chagrin Douglas is once again halted before he can get even halfway to the challenger for the SoHer. It appears we have a stalemate. Darren realizes this and moves the show along.

DDK:

As much as the paying audience - cleary ... would love to see this happen right here, backstage ... I'm afraid it's going to have to wait until these two get it between the ropes later on tonight!

Angus:

Where the hell are Harmen and Elise ... and where are my keys!?

DDK:

We will do our best to keep you abreast on both situations as the develop but RIGHT NOW we have The D and Klien ... the PCP facing off with the Jamie Sawyer managed: To The Maxx! Let's go down to ring!

Cut to the ring.

PCP vs. TO THE MAXX

♪ "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first! Being accompanied by their manager Jamie Sawyers.... This is the team of "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle! TO THE MAXX!

Jamie Sawyers comes through the curtain first. He wears a lime green suit with matching fedora. Even using a wooden walking cane, he clearly doesn't need for medical reasons.

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

DDK:

To The Maxx have been fairly impressive during their short time here in DEFIANCE, still undefeated in the DEF record books.

Angus:

Hard not to be undefeated when you're only facing the Dibbins Bros. PCP is a whole 'nother type of tandem, and the true test is tonight against the longest reigning DEF Tag Team Champions!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

A large American Flag waves proudly on the DEFia-tron, as a bunch of ten year olds rush out from the backstage area holding sparklers in each hand. They run around in circles at the top of the ramp as The D first emerges from the back. He holds his hands in front of his body, clutched at the wrist, and then raises his hand to the sky. He wears a golden monocle, and his tearaway Armani suit with a patriotic tone reminiscent of the American flag. Klein is out of the backstage area, and he begins to shoo away the children, before taking one of those elongated grill lighters and rushing to either side of the D. He leans down, and lights a roman candle on either side, as the D nods his head in approval, removing his monocle as the fireworks shoot out.

DDK:

Looks like The D and Klein are celebrating Independence day a little early Angus.

Angus:

'Merica Keebs. MERIKA!

As Wyatt Bronson quickly rushes out of the backstage area with a fire extinguisher and douses the candles, The D and Klein step forward and make their way down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

They are the longest reigning DEFIANCE tag team champions, weighing in at a combined four hundred and eighty two pounds... they are the D, Klein... the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Huge cheers. On the way to the ring, Klein in particular is taking extra time to slap the Faithful's hands, and sees a little boy wearing his own box head, and leans in for a big ol' hug. The D is chewing on a piece of straw, keeping his gaze toward To The Maxx in the ring, who are getting last minute instructions from Jamie Sawyers.

The D hops onto the apron, and tears away at his patriotic fake armani suit, tossing bits and pieces of it into the crowd. Klein slips into the ring, and tears off his PCP t-shirt down the center and promptly tosses that into the crowd himself.

DDK:

These two are ready for a fight Angus, I just hope Sawyers has properly prepared his charges tonight.

Angus:

Ready to see some action come to a conclusion here Keebs. And let's keep an eye on the surrounding ringside area, who knows what'll happen.

DDK:

Harmen and Elise could emerge at any time and add an additional element of chaos to the match, no doubt about that Angus.

Sawyer hops off the apron as Eric Wilson takes the lead for his team. The D turns to Klein and sends the big box man to the apron, as he's going to start things off for the PCP. Eric and the D head to the center of the ring, given instruction by Hector Navarro, and then asked to separate before the bell rings.

The D and Eric circle each other, before locking in a collar and elbow. The D powers into a side headlock and nods approvingly to the crowd. Eric grabs the hair and is reprimanded, before Wilson pulls the D into the ropes and shoots him off. But the D holds on tight, dropping to a knee rather than being whipped across the ring. He uses his free hand to point to his head showcasing his intelligence. Wilson grabs his hair again and gets yelled at by Navarro. Wilson tries for a belly to back, but the D leans forward, planting his feet back on the canvas. Eric uses this adjustment to slip out of the headlock and into a rear waist lock. The D rushes to the ropes and hooks the top, as Wilson back rolls out with a failed roll up attempt. The D turns and charges for a wild clothesline that Eric ducks, and the two men keep running off the other side. The D leap frogs over a ducking Wilson and the two continue charging. This time, it's the reverse, as the D ducks under a leap frog Willson, but the D stops on a dime, grabs Willson by his hair as he lands back on his feet and yanks him down back first to the canvas.

Hector Navarro gets into the D's face and the D just says.

The D:

He started it.

Wilson rolls over to his corner and tags in Lance Mingle. Lance steps into the ring, and poses for the crowd who boos and jeers at him. The D then looks at Lance with a incredulous look, and poses the exact same way to cheers from the crowd. Lance stomps his feet in anger, and poses again, only to hear the boos. The D laughs and points at Lance, before posing again himself, only to be run over by a huge shoulder block from Lance. Lance grabs the D to his feet by his hair and irish whips him into To The Maxx's corner, before running in and sandwiching him with a back elbow. Lance tags in Eric, who leaps over the top back into the ring. Lance lifts The D into a spinebuster position, before slamming him down to the mat as Eric leapt with a perfectly timed leg drop.

One.

The D easily kicks out.

DDK:

Say what you will about their time in DEFIANCE Angus, but To The Maxx is using the right strategy here, trying to isolate the D in their corner.

Angus:

They want the D all for themselves Keebs.

DDK:

I wouldn't have said it like that.

Angus:

I would and did.

Lance Mingle runs his hands through his hair on the ring apron, as Eric guides the D back up to his feet by his head. Eric snapmares The D to his backside and takes a couple steps back. Looking to hit the neck whip he comes forward. The D has it scouted however and falls back, throwing a leg up kicking Eric in the face. The crowd comes alive.

“Exclusive” Eric Wilson rolls out of the ring, where he meets his tag team partner and manager. They form a huddle, as the D recovers and looks to see what they are doing. Finally Sawyers comes out of the huddle, and guides his guys to the entrance ramp. They wave off towards the ring and start to head up the aisle. Jamie Sawyers in front, To The Maxx behind him. They jaw with the fans as they start to leave.

Angus:

Ha! They’re leaving! They can’t do it!

The official in the ring begins his count. Klein looks over to The D, and gets the nod of approval. He hops off the ring apron, and walking quickly, he catches up with their opponents.

DDK:

Watch Out!

Klein grabs the back of their heads from behind and bashes them together like a couple of coconuts. They drop to the ground as the crowd laughs. Jamie, blissfully unaware, continues to head towards the curtain. By the time he’s turned around, he sees Klein carrying Eric Wilson over his shoulder back to the ring.

Angus:

This ain’t over until the big boxy bastard says it is!

As Klein rolls “Exclusive” back into the ring, The D approaches and goes for a quick cover.

1...

Kickout!

DDK:

Not enough for the classic style tag team!

The D tags in Klein as Angus on commentary makes a gleeful sound.

Klein comes charging in and lands some heavy forearms on the back of Wilson. He picks up Wilson with relative ease, and sends him off the ropes hard! Wilson comes back and Klein goes for a clothesline but Wilson ducks and keeps running. On the rebound now Wilson slides under the feet of Klein who tries to catch him between his legs to no avail. Klein turns around just in time to see “Lovely” Lance coming off the top rope with a pretty terrible crossbody. Klein ducks just in time as Lance splats in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Hahahaha! He missed completely!

DDK:

But Wilson is still running!

On the return Klein finally catches Eric Wilson with a huge spinning sidewalk slam. The crowd goes wild as both members of To The Maxx are down and Jamie Sawyers has lost it on the outside.

Hector Navarro tells Klein that Lance made the blind tag and is the legal man. He picks up Lance, and places an elbow between the eyes of the slightly round wrestler. Klein then grabs an arm, twist and wrenches it before dragging him back over to his own corner, where he tags in the D.

The D climbs the top rope, and jumps off with an axe handle smash on the shoulder of Lance. On the other side of the ring, Eric Wilson is visually upset.

Eric Wilson:

Referee! Disqualify them! That's MY MOVE! I Invented it!

The D sticks his tongue out in the way of his opponents corner, and guides Lance Mingle to his feet. On the way up Lance goes to poke the eyes of the D, but he sees it coming, dodges and pokes the eye of Lance instead. The referee goes to admonish him but The D cuts him off.

The D:

He tried it first! I'm just faster!

Lance swings wildly the wrong direction, temporarily blinded. He goes towards the wrong corner and Klein drops him with a uppercut on his way past.

Wilson drops off the apron. As The D comes off the ropes his ankle is caught by Eric and he drops face first on the mat before being pulled outside. Klein sees this and tries to get in the ring to stop it but Hector Navarro stops him and guides him back out, as Klein complains and tries to fight past. Meanwhile outside the ring. Wilson runs The D into the corner turnbuckle post. Wilson grabs the ring bell from the attendant and when The D slowly gets up, the fans nearby urge him to move. To no avail.

DDK:

OH MY! The D's Head was almost taken clean off with that ring bell! He's down! He's down!

Angus:

I don't like these guys Darren, but I appreciate some good teamwork.

Eric Wilson with the help of Jamie Sawyers rolls the D back into the ring. Lance Mingle goes for the cover as Klein finally sees he's not getting anywhere. Navarro turns around and counts.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Great resilience here by The D.

Angus:

You just can't keep the D down!

Lance grabs D up to his feet, and you can see a small trickle of blood begin to drip down his forehead to his cheeks. Lance tosses D into his corner head first, and tags in Eric. Lance grabs the D's arm, twists, as Eric climbs up to the top and leaps with his own double ax handle smash to the D's head and shoulder.

Eric Wilson:

THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!

The crowd boos back in response.

Wilson stays on the assault with a DDT to his bent over opponent.

Angus:

When these guys are from, that's a big move.

DDK:

WHEN they come from?

Angus:

Yea....as opposed to where!

Jamie Sawyers from the outside directs his troops. Eric Wilson has The D by the head and pulls him up and to the corner. He gets on the second rope and begins the the vaunted ten punches. He peels them off, one, two, three, four, five, and the D suddenly sits out, and moves. Wilson doesn't seem to notice as he punches. Six Seven Eigh....

Eric Wilson:

HEY! Wait a minute...

Too late, The D is up and hits a superkick to the back of Wilsons knee which in turn crotches him on the second turnbuckle. He clutches the top rope as his eyes cross and mouth drops open. The crowd in the arena laughs. The D who fell from the kick is exhausted. He slowly gets up and heads for his turnbuckle with Wilson clearly down. As he nears Kleins outstretched hand Jamie Sawyers hops up on the ring apron, distracting the referee. The D makes the tag and Klein comes in, The D grabs Wilson and sets him across his knee as Klein slowly, nervously climbs to the first turnbuckle. He shakes the ropes, trying to keep his balance.

Angus:

You gotta be kidding me!

Klein shakes his box no. The D in the ring nods yes forcefully! Klein takes a deep breath... and Hector Navarro jumps in front of him with both hands up for him to stop. He tells Klein to get out of the ring right now!

DDK:

Navarro never saw the tag! He thinks the D is the legal man!

Angus:

If he didn't see it, then The D IS legal!

The crowd boo's as Klein slowly gets off the first rope, back to safety. The referee is still forcing him out as The D drops Eric to complain to the referee about missing a legitimate tag. Eric Wilson sits up on the mat and low blows The D from behind, as the crowd "OOOOOOOHs".

Eric Wilson goes over and tags Lance Mingle. They both walk over and grab a leg of the D, and drag him all the way back to their corner. On the outside Jamie Sawyers claps.

Hector Navarro turns around as Klein is on the apron now, and sees both opponents in the ring. He runs over to Lance. Now he didn't see this tag! Lance shrugs. Checks his hair. And gets on the apron as the D is still down. Wilson slaps his partners hand and rolls his eyes toward Navarro.

They are both in the ring again now, and they are setting up on either side of the D. Navarro begins his five count. Wilson takes a moment to slap a dazed D. Suddenly, Navarro turns his attention to the PCP corner, aa Klein is now trying to fight his way into the ring. Hector holds him off as Lance and Eric exchange michevius grins.

DDK:

The Double D Puncher! Klein has the ref's attention and he's relenting, but the D just did a split and...

Angus:

HE D PUNCHED THEM!

Hector turns back to the ring to see both Lance and Eric clutching their manhoods in pain. Before he can react, the D rolls toward his corner and DIVES.

The Faithful explode.

Klein looks around from the apron and points to himself, like, asking if they're cheering him.

Angus:

YES YOU BIG LUG! HOSS IT UP BABY!

Klein nods and smiles, hitting the ring like a house of fire. Eric charges but eats a back body drop. Lance is next, missing wildly with a clothesline before Klein dumps him on his head with a German Suplex. Wilson charges back toward Klein, who lifts him up in a gorilla press above his head, and begins to just do reps to cheers from the crowd.

As Lance gets to his feet, Klein just throws Eric Wilson at him like a lawn dart, causing both men to tumble to the outside.

Klein heads back to his corner, as the D is barely there. Klein nods, and the D starts climbing the turnbuckle from the outside, while Klein starts to do so at a slower pace on the inside.

DDK:

What... what in sam hell?

Angus:

I always knew these two had eight screws loose outta seven.

As the D reaches the top, Klein stops at the second buckle. The D is then lifted above Klein's head in yet another gorilla press position, and as Lance and Eric recover outside, Klein CHUCKS The D on top of them with a huge cross body. All three men tumble as Hector shouts at the competitors to get back into the ring.

The D grabs Eric Wilson and tosses him in under the bottom rope. D reaches out and tags in Klein, as Wilson backpedals. The D charges and catches him with a stiff kick to the face, knocking him prone. Klein reaches down and lifts Eric Wilson onto his shoulders, and begins to airplane spin him around the ring.

Angus:

I love this one Keebs!

Hector shouts for the D to exit, which he does. He then turns to Klein and begins yelling at him. Klein stops spinning for a moment, falling to his knees, as Hector points to the outside. Klein, in a daze, tosses Wilson high above his head as he pounces off the mat, catching Eric with a $\frac{3}{4}$ ace crusher. Klein dives on top.

...

The Faithful begin to count, because Hector's not.

DDK:

Hector's waving it off! Wilson isn't the legal man! HERE COMES MINGLE! HUGE SPINEBUSTER! Center of the ring! And he's transitioning that into the Deal Sealer(cloverleaf)!

Lance has a tough time wrapping his legs around the tree trunkian legs of Klein, but is finally able to turn the big man over. Mingle nods to the Faithful as they scream in anger, his golden hair dancing up and down. Hector slides into position to check on Klein. Klein is just reaching and pulling at his box, looking for any hope of relief. He reaches out to the ropes, but can't reach them. They're a good at least 18 inches away. He reaches to his corner, the D's desperately leaning over the top rope, looking for the tag. He starts to sink, his face pressed against the canvas.

“LET’S GO KLEIN! LET’S GO KLEIN!”

Klein lifts his defeated head up, eyes wide staring through his box holes at the cheering Faithful. He places one forearm under his body, and then the other. Lance feels his positioning is being contested and tries to lean back, but Klein just shows so much upper body strength. He begins to pull, drag, crawling toward the ropes. Twelve inches. Lance tightens the hold, as Klein’s head hits the mat. He reaches out again, six inches. Mingle can’t believe it, and tries to sit further into the Deal Sealer, until Klein takes just one last leap.

DDK:

HE GOT THE TAG! Hector’s waving in the D, Lance lets go of the cloverleaf, but turns to eat a diving CROTCH TO THE FACE!

Angus:

He calls that “Suck it down.”

DDK:

There’s no way he calls it that. Wait. No, there is.

Lance tumbles toward Eric Wilson’s side, as Eric places his shoulders under Lance’s arm. They both climb to their feet, as The D has shook awake the fallen BOX man. They each go to either side of To the Maxx, measuring up their dazed opponents.

DDK:

DRIVE-BY AT THE WHISKEY A-GO-GO! Klein shoves Eric out of the ring as the D dives on top for the pin!

One.

DDK:

Sawyers thinks better of getting on the apron as Klein heads him off!

Two.

THREE!

DDK:

PCP have done it! They have defeated To the Maxx live here at Ascension!

Angus:

I may not like the pricks, but all the credit to To The Maxx, they tried every trick in the book and really shined here early. It just wasn’t enough tonight.

The D demands Hector Navarro raise his hand, as Klein eagerly jumps to the other side. Hands raised, the two circle around the ring, as Sawyers pulls Lance out of the ring and begins to huddle with Eric. Eric and Lance are both now shouting at Sawyers, but the camera can’t pick it up.

Inside the ring, The D and Klein circle, and then the D just jumps into Klein’s arms in a big bear hug.

DDK:

Wait... what? So, not them? Something else?

ANGEL ON THE OUTSFIELD

Angus:

What is it Keebs?

DDK:

We have some sort of commotion happening right now and we have a camera in route.

Angus:

Again? We're gonna need more cameras.

As the image changes, we see a cameraman jogging down a long corridor somewhere in the arena, and as the cameraman reaches for the door it bursts open suddenly causing the camera to fall to the ground and produce a sideways view of a bloody Angel Trindid on the cold, concrete floor with three men hovering over him.

BO Stevens:

BO told you the last JELLO dessert was his.

The Texan says as he walks into frame as Scott and Cary following in seconds after. Scott makes his way to the fallen Angel and bends down to survey the damage.

Scott Stevens:

You thought your actions wouldn't have consequences? Um, HOSS?

Stevens asks and Angel uses whatever energy he has left to swing...

Angel Trinidad:

Fuck... you...

...but misses Scott and gets leveled with a right hand in retaliation! Angel stays down while Stevens waves hand.

Scott Stevens:

You got blood on my hand!

Stevens yells before punching him again and again repeatedly.

Cary Stevens:

That's enough.

The Stevens Patriarch says and Scott delivers one final punch before wiping his hands on Angel's ripped and tattered Team HOSS t-shirt.

Scott Stevens:

I may have your blood on my hands this instant but you brought it upon yourself by helping Oscar Burns and we can't have that.

Stevens says as he motions for his cousin to back up. Scott gets to his feet and backs up a bit and both Stevens run full speed to an Angel Trinidad propped up on all fours and BO delivers a running punt while Scott delivers a curb stomp!

The crowd watching grimace with disbelief over what's just happened!

After their handiwork is done, both Stevens' cousins look at the damage done as Angel is now unmoving.

BO Stevens:

And he calls himself the HOSS Overlord?

Scott Stevens:

He's more like Angel on the Outfield.

Scott says as the Stevens Dynasty chuckles and head out of the screen but Scott stops and turns back towards Angel.

Scott Stevens:

Here is a parting gift.

Stevens reaches into his pocket and brings out a roll of pennies and tosses them at the unconscious and bloodied body of the HOSSome One.

Scott Stevens:

That's your severance from management and now clean this shit up.

Stevens says as he leaves the frame.

ELISE ARES vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

I'm being told that our camera crew has finally tracked down Jack Harmen and Elise Ares! They're heading to our parking lot!

Angus:

Oh God. That's innocent DEF Faithful property!

We see a cameraman hustling toward the scene, as Jack Harmen emerges from a side loading door to the DEFplex. He has Elise by the hair and cackles as if he were Jack Nicholson in the Shinning. He just takes Elise and throws her face first off the DEFplex wall as he notices the cameraman running up. He reaches up and pulls off a Scott Douglas t-shirt that was wrapped around his neck and throws it to the ground before spitting on it.

Elise, from the toss, stumbles over onto a vending machine, clutching it to remain upright. As the cameraman situates himself on the scene, Harmen charges toward Elise and Locomotives, but Elise drops off the vending machine at the last second. Harmen's boot crashes into the machine, and it tumbles and falls onto its side as Elise shoulder blocks Harmen in the gut and sends him back first into the concrete wall.

DDK:

I've heard from sources that Harmen and Elise cut a swath through the merch booth after exiting ringside, and now Elise is choking Harmen with a Clash of the BRAZEN t-shirt!

Angus:

See it now on DEFonDEMAND Faithful!

Elise grabs Harmen by the shirt around his neck and hip tosses him back first onto the overturned vending machine. A few of the tailgating fans who couldn't get tickets to the event begin surrounding the duo from a distance, blocked off by DEFSec, as Elise climbs up a neighboring vending machine.

Elise Ares:

Que Tal Eso?!

Elise leaps, hitting the double stomp on top of Harmen on the vending machine. She rolls forward from the momentum and then turns to watch Jack gasp and sputter for breath. She turns to a disheveled Carla Ferrari, who only now emerges from the backstage area.

DDK:

Finally, some order can be restored to this...

Angus:

... chaos?

Elise Ares:

Count 'im! UNO!

Elise starts counting in spanish as Carla looks around at the sea of Faithful surrounding the scene. Carla begins her count.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Harmen begins to stir, rolling off the vending machine onto his knees.

Six!

Harmen uses the machine and gets to an upright stance. Carla waves off the count as Elise charges toward Jack and leaps onto him with a lou thesz press, sending him sprawling backward on top of the machine once more. Elise then fires off Jack's own trademark barrage of crazy handed rights and lefts. Elise gets off of Harmen to wild cheers from the outside audience, as Elise poses for their benefits. As Harmen rolls off the machine, Elise charges for a soccer punt, but Harmen avoids it, stands and hooks Elise from behind, under her armpit and around her neck, before just tossing her over his head with an exploder suplex. Elise's legs smack the wall as she lands on top of the now shattered broken vending machine.

DDK:

That was a vicious toss by Harmen. Elise landed awkwardly, she's not moving at the moment.

Jack Harmen gets up and looks at Carla Ferrari, and doesn't say a word. He sneers.

One.

Harmen nods, and then turns to the surrounding Faithful in the crowd that has gathered.

Jack Harmen:

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHICH CAR IS ANGUS SKAALAND'S?!

Angus:

Wait, WHAT?!

Two.

Harmen begins to pace around the crowd of people, as a few take steps backward when he approaches. Harmen reaches into his tights and produces a wallet, and procures a fan of bills.

Jack Harmen:

Five thousand dollars to the person who tells me which car is Angus'.

Three!

Harmen waves the fan of bills.

Angus:

No! No! NO NO NO! STOP~! MY BABY!

Four!

DDK:

They... they can't hear you Angus.

Just as Keebler says that, Harmen turns to the cameraman and winks.

Angus:

HE HEARS US! STOP HIM! STOP!

Jack Harmen:

Any takers?!?

FIVE!

After a moment, no one really seems to know for sure. Harmen notices a car parked close to the building, extravagant, elegant, new. Surely Kelly Evans' vehicle. And just beside that, an older model, but something that's been pristinely taken care of. A 1970 El Camino SS, fully loaded, and looking only recently washed and waxed. Harmen licks his lips and pockets his cash.

Angus:

No! No! YOU GET AWAY FROM HER JACK!

Harmen stops, blinking, expecting the word "SIX" to be shouted by Carla. He turns as Elise dives at him and starts just throwing rights. Harmen is stunned, but fires back and we've got a plain ol' hockey brawl going in the parking lot of the DEFplex.

Angus:

Get him Elise! Drag him back into the building! Or into the road! Just keep him away from my car PLEASE!

DDK:

I'm pretty sure you keep a gun...

Angus:

Yes! Under the driver side seat, use it PLEASE. SAVE MY BABY!

As they're just punching away, Elise takes this moment to kick Jack Harmen square in the testicles. He goes down to his knees in pain. Elise smiles at her handiwork, and grabs Jack by his cueball head and ear, dragging him toward an outdoor convenience awning. There are a few DEF fans in line, some with tickets, some without, as Elise charges over and just HURLS Harmen over the countertop and into the server's area. Harmen's foot smashes into the glass of a popcorn machine as he tumbles. Elise hops over the countertop, landing on Harmen before just laying in with rights and lefts once more to wild cheers. Elise gets up and starts grabbing whatever she can from the counter, specifically condiments and sauce trays, yanking them off the countertop onto Harmen's prone body. Elise stops, looking down at her handiwork as Harmen is covered in ketchup and mustard and broken glass.

Elise Ares:

Oh God. I have to touch him. He's SO DIRTY NOW.

Elise shrugs, grabbing a cash register from the countertop, and yanking it free from the wall before dumping it straight on top of Harmen's gut.

Elise Ares:

Maybe that'll work.

Elise quickly scurries out from behind the counter, as Carla has to climb on top of it to see Harmen and start her count.

One / Uno!

Elise shouts alongside Carla as she raises her own hands high in the air, mimicking Carla's tone and cadence.

Two / Dos!

Three / Tres!

Elise stops counting with Carla and rushes off screen. Carla remains kneeling on the counter top.

Four!

Five!

Harmen begins to stir, using the shelving to try to lift himself. One of the shelves isn't sturdy and it dislodges causing Harmen to fall back down.

Six!

Seven!

Harmen gets back to his feet, rubbing his chest and realizing just how much condiments cover his body. He sighs in annoyance, trying to climb back over the countertop when...

A sudden burst of water SPLASHES him in the face.

DDK:

Elise Ares has an industrial pressure washer and she's just spraying it into Harmen's face!

Angus:

Way more effective than hand sanitizer!

Harmen gets thrust back from the water spray, crashing into one of those revolving hot dog holders. Elise continues to spray him until he's thoroughly cleaned, and then reaches over and grabs him by his ears, dragging him back over the countertop. Harmen coughs and sputters up water as Elise drags him over to a chain link fence, which separates some of the internal DEFplex arena from the outside parking lot, and just starts raking his face across it. Elise takes a step back, and charges, going for a high knee, but Harmen moves, and Elise crashes through the chain link fence.

Angus:

Freedom!

DDK:

Elise took a tumble there, and we're going to have to place extra security by that fence so some of the unpaid Faithful won't get access to a free show now Angus.

Harmen reaches down and grabs Elise by her hair, and begins dragging her over toward the first couple parking spaces nearest the backstage area, where Angus' car resides.

Angus:

No. No no no no no no!

DDK:

I know she's your baby, but do you have to Cleveland Brown it?

Angus:

I just got her Keebs! They can't do this to me!

Harmen smiles toward the camera and slams Elise's head into the hood of the El Camino.

Angus:

I WILL END YOU JACK HARMEN!

Harmen smiles and laughs as he looks at the fallen Elise. Harmen then blinks, a bit confused, and leans to see inside the vehicle. He proceeds to open the unlocked driver's side door, and slams it into Elise's back. Elise tumbles, as Harmen repeats this blow three more times.

Angus:

Stop. Doing. That. STOP!

Harmen notices something in the car, and does a second glance. His smile turns cheshire like as he procurs...

Angus:

I LEFT MY CAR KEYS IN MY CAR?!

DDK:

How very trusting of you.

Angus:

I got to the building late Keebs. Sometimes, you gotta trust the Faithful. But I don't trust this wily crazy sonuva lunatic! Put those keys down! This is Grand Theft Auto!

Harmen walks up to the cameraman, and jiggles the keys. He gets really close and for a moment, all you can see are his eyes.

Jack Harmen:

A man's imagination is worse than sight. Just... imagine what will happen to your car Angus.

Angus:

Won't somebody think of my car?!

Harmen reaches out, grabbing the camera from the cameraman, who protests until Harmen threatens him with the machine. We then see Harmen LAUNCHING the camera so it crashes through the driver's side window, and shatters it's lens on the front passenger seat of the car. It sputters, we see picture, then static, then picture, and finally rests on static, as the camera cuts out.

Angus:

My... My... My car.

DDK:

Angus, the show must go on, and we've gotta find another cameraman to send out to cover this action Angus. At this point, we may need to rent more cameras themselves!

Angus:

I DON'T CARE ABOUT CAMERAS KEEBS! JACK HARMEN IS DEAD TO ME! DEAD! D-E-D DEAD!

I'M IN CONTROL!

The image stutters back to life and settles on the locker room with a few chairs set up. A door is kicked open and loud voices come into the scene. Jay Harvey comes into the frame, quickly followed by Catalina.

THE Jay Harvey:

He's not getting one on me! This is my time! I'm in control!

Jay Harvey paces around the locker room, his mind going a mile a minute.

Harvey:

I got him exactly where I want him and he knows it! He can't stand it!

Catalina is right there nodding her head, knowing her man is right.

Catalina:

He knows his time as champ is finished. Game Over for Mr. Douglas.

Harvey peaks his head up and smiles.

Harvey:

Game Over on the title reign of the people's champion. Tonight... tonight, I become the new Southern Heritage Champion.

Catalina puts both hands on Harvey's face. His skin is red with rage. Spit flies from his mouth as he breathes deeply.

Catalina:

He's no match for you. You've gotten into his head... hit him where he hurts. He's on the ropes and you know what to do next.

Harvey lets out a deep exhale. Catalina glides her hand down from his face to his chest.

Harvey:

I swore I'd make his life a living hell. I promised to take everything from him. Tonight I take what he cherishes most.

Catalina comes in close to her man. Her tone goes more soft and sweet... and devilish.

Catalina:

I know you will, Baby. Tonight is all about your Ascension.

She puts on a smile as Harvey looks into her eyes.

Cut back to the arena.

CRIMSON LORD vs. MUSHIGIHARA

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

A white spotlight shines on the backstage curtain, soon after the lights quickly flash off and on.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an AMBULANCE MATCH! In this bout, there are no countouts, no disqualifications, no pinfalls, and no submissions! Victory can ONLY be attained by placing your opponent into an ambulance, and closing the doors! Introducing first...

Crimson ascends from under the stage, no jacket no hoodie. The camera is positioned just below him to give that ominous shot of the seven footer.

Darren Quimbey:

From Chicago, Ill weighing in at three hundred and forty-eight pounds.

Crimson slowly looks over his shoulder as he has fully ascended from below the stage. Crimson turns around as the drums from his theme cut for a moment in the song. Crimson heads to the ring, shots of light show his emotionless look heading to the ring. Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up to the apron.

Darren Quimbey:

"THE MESSIAH OF PAIN" CRIMSON LORRDD!

DDK:

Here comes probably one of the most unstable men in DEFIANCE to date.

Angus:

Messiah of Pain more like one bottle short of a six pack.

Lord pulls himself up on the apron and steps over the top rope. He stares off in the direction of where the ambulance is parked by the Wrestleplex stage. Crimson Lord then stares at the arena entrance in time for...

♪ "Eyes of the World" by Rainbow ♪

Angus:

Wait... this isn't the usual heavy stuff, is it, Keebs?

The dramatic, synth-heavy introduction of this 1979 masterpiece fills the WrestlePlex to the chagrin of a confused crowd amidst the darkened arena. A few small strobes light up the entrance, leaving no clue as to who might be coming out, until...

"OSU!"

The familiar war cry of the God-Beast BELLOWS through the speakers, right before Cozy Powell's pounding drums and Ritchie Blackmore's masterful riffs kick in.

"OSU! OSU! OSU! OSU!"

The Faithful respond in kind to their hero, who emerges from the strobes, bedecked in a rather unusual piece of armor; shining like black iron, his armor covers his entire head and chest, the head portion shaped with curved horns and what appears to be a mastodon's trunk in front.

Cut to Angus Skaaland, who holds one hand out, his fingers spread in a "V" gesture, and Darren Keebler, who points to the sky in reverence.

To Graham Bonnet's words, the God-Beast stops right at the ambulance situated at the arena entrance, before slapping the door with a meaty hand.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan! Weighing in at two hundred ninety-seven pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

The monster sees the crowd. Feels their cheers. But he doesn't reach out to them. This is personal. He stops right at ringside, pulling his armor off his body and placing it, standing up, on the ground. The ensemble releases several jets of smoke, which doesn't seem to faze the monster, who just stares through his war paint at Crimson Lord.

DDK:

Mushigihara, noticeably, without Eddie Dante here tonight.

Angus:

I dunno how that would swing for the big man, Keebs; on one hand, without that guidance, he's at a disadvantage, but this isn't your usual wrestling match. This is a damn FIGHT, and that's not the sort of thing Dante excels at as a manager.

Mushigihara enters the ring, staring daggers at his assailant who just stands across the mat and chuckles. Brian Slater nods his head, before calling for the opening bell...

DING DING DING!

Which sends Mushi PEELING to the other corner, greeting Crimson Lord with a THUNDEROUS avalanche! The crowd goes wild, as the God-Beast follows up with a salvo of hard rights to Crimson's face!

Angus:

You KNOW Mushi's mad right now, because he NEVER throws punches!

DDK:

Yes, Mushigihara has always preferred open-handed strikes, but like you said, Angus, this isn't a match, it's a WAR.

The God-Beast manages to get Crimson to stop squirming for a moment, allowing him an opening to unleash a salvo of chops!

SMACK

"OSU!"

SMACK

"OSU!"

SMACK

"OSU!"

SMACK

“OSU!”

The chops keep flying, until Mushi finally starts to slow down and eventually stop, allowing Crimson Lord to pull himself out of the corner and drop to one knee, clutching a chest that seems to have been ripped wide open!

Angus:

JESUS! I don't think I've ever seen Mushi get THIS mad before!

DDK:

You're right; even when he was wearing the black hat, he was VERY seldom predisposed to THIS level of violence!

Crimson snaps a glance at Mushi, who just responds by bouncing off the ropes and rebounding with a nasty kick right in his face! Crimson Lord goes down, and Mushi follows by mounting him and UNLOADING HIS FISTS!

Angus:

OK, now I KNOW I've never seen Mushi this mad before!

DDK:

Mushigihara's seen his partner Gage Blackwood and his manager Eddie Dante suffer at the hands of Crimson Lord, and he has PLENTY to be mad about!

Mushigihara has one hand atop the Messiah of Pain's head, and the other pounding knuckles into his face! Once Crimson looks like he's down and out, the God-Beast rolls out of the ring and starts walking toward the ambulance.

Angus:

He's so mad he forgot to bring ol' Nutty McNutterson with him!

He signals to the EMTs manning the ride to get out of his way, and they do; Mushi pulls the doors open and reaches in...

Angus:

HE'S GOT... THE STRETCHER?

Indeed, the God-Beast has procured an actual metal stretcher, and as he stares back towards the ring, it's obvious he does NOT have good intentions on his mind.

DDK:

This match just got even MORE violent!

Mushi smiles at his new implement, and starts wheeling it to the rig in record time, before tossing it into the ring, and rolls in with it, just as Crimson Lord is starting to rise to his feet. Mushi steadies the stretcher, and Crimson looks at him just in time for...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

He rams the stretcher right at Crimson's head, but the Messiah of Pain manages to get his hands up and block it, grinning at Mushi and forcing him into a battle of strength.

Angus:

I don't think this is the kind of position Mushi wants to be in! That fifty pounds difference can be a killer!

Yet, through leverage or whatever else, Mushi is winning this show of force, as Crimson is slowly being pushed back, even as he gets to his feet...

WHAM!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

WHAT A LARIAT!!!

The camera splits to a picture-in-picture to give us another look at what happened; as Mushi and Crimson push the stretcher towards each other, Crimson quickly sidesteps it, causing the God-Beast to lose his balance and lunge forward, **LEANING** into the explosive lariat Crimson Lord fires at his dome. Both men are still down as the PiP disappears, but CL is the first to stir.

DDK:

Crimson Lord finding an opening and taking advantage of it, he managed to catch the God-Beast off guard and get a good blow in!

Crimson is the first to get to his feet, while Mushi is still loopy from that lariat; CL takes advantage of this by pushing him out, with his feet, under the ropes and following him, grabbing the stretcher on the way. Mushi starts to rise, but a boot to the head puts paid to that, before Crimson raises the portable portion of the stretcher, and **SLAMS** it onto Mushi's back! Crimson pulls Mushi by the hair to his feet, and **SLAMS HIS HEAD** into the ring apron!

The God-Beast reels from that, completely helpless as Crimson grabs him again and wraps his head around the post, sending him collapsing to the floor. Crimson chuckles to himself as the jeering crowd lets its feelings be known.

DDK:

The crowd does NOT appreciate Crimson Lord's actions here tonight...

Angus:

Well, Keebs, it's anything goes, so unless Mushi's got a way to stop him, then who will?

Looking down the aisle at the parked ambulance, Crimson grabs the downed God-Beast by the wrists and begins **DRAGGING** him down the aisle, stopping on occasion to stomp him on his face. Eventually, they reach the ambulance, and Crimson motions for the EMTs to open the doors wide open.

Crimson Lord looks down at the God-Beast and laughs, before pulling him up to his feet and getting ready to whip him into the parked ambulance... only for Mushi to lower his center of gravity and refuse to budge! Mushi then sprigs to his feet and clocks Crimson with a **STIFF** forearm, that knocks him into a seated position on the bumper, only for him to rise up and hit the rushing God-Beast with a big boot that sends him staggering! Crimson gets back on the offensive, pulling him to the side of the ambulance and **SLAMMING** Mushi's head repeatedly into the steel! Noticeably stunned, Mushigihara stands helplessly, leaning onto the ambulance as Crimson walks a considerable distance away, before **CHARGING TOWARDS...**

THUD!!!!!!!

DDK:

Crimson and Mushi right into the side of the ambulance! What a huge force. The force was so tremendous that the ambulance trailer looks to be in bad shape.

The side of the ambulance has a noticeable indentation from Crimson shoulder tackling Mushi into the side of the vehicle. Crimson staggers out of view, Mushi slowly pulls himself out of the indentation and rolls across the side of the ambulance until he is right in front of the door.

Angus:

Can you believe that, the weight and strength of both these monsters to leave a side of ambulance dented?

The God-Beast continues to lean against the door of the ambulance, showing signs of exhaustion. The camera catches Mushigihara's eyes widened and in a split second he jumps out of the way as a sledgehammer comes flying across the camera view and shattering the ambulance window. The camera catches Lord trying to pull the hammer out of the ambulance.

DDK:

CRIMSON JUST TRIED TO TAKE MUSHIGIHARA'S HEAD OFF!

Mushi quickly responds while Lord tries to pull the hammer out of the window. He opens the door and slams it into the chest of Lord! The seven footer staggers back holding his chest. Mushi pulls the door back closing it only to swing it with even more force striking a covered Crimson. CL drops to the floor. Mushi puts his hands on his knees for a moment trying to catch his breath.

Angus:

Crimson met the door of that ambulance not once but twice. These two are practically using the ambulance as a literal weapon right now!

Both men continue to take their respective breathers. Lord is still trying to recover from the door shots. Mushi moves toward him and picks him off the ground from his one knee position. He tries to throw him into the open door...BUT Crimson reverses it and send Mushigihara slamming into the door closing it upon colliding with it.

DDK:

That door is taking a pounding at the moment.

Crimson walks over to the door and opens it up. He then walks over to Mushi on his hands and knees holding his chest. He picks him and to a "OOO" from the Faithful the utter strength of the seven foot lifts Mushigihara up on his shoulder!

Angus:

The power of Crimson Jesus!

Crimson runs at the door and hits it with Mushi's back with such force the door rips off the ambulance to the floor only for Crimson to powerslam Mushigihara back first onto the door! The God-Beast immediately grunts in pain while he holds his lower back.

DDK:

These two men have ripped off the door to the ambulance, is there going to be anything left of the vehicle to finish the match with? At this rate the way they keep dismantling it with their bodies who knows.

Crimson gets back to his feet and gets on top of Mushi and begins to fire away with blows across the skull of the prone God-Beast. Shot after shot Mushigihara can barely defend himself from the onslaught of CL.

DDK:

Crimson finally lets up and looks to be a bit disoriented...oh no don't you do it Crimson! That's a human being there!

DDK's warnings are him catching a glimpse of what Crimson has his eyes on.....THE DOOR lying on the pavement. Mushi's is moving a bit but nothing along the lines of fully recovered. Crimson looks at the door for a few moments then back at Mushigihara on his hands and knees.

Angus:

I don't think he cares Keebs. HE HAS THAT DOOR IN HIS HANDS!

Lord lifts the door over his head and drives it downward toward Mushigihara's back.

DDK:

Mushigihara JUST GOT OUT OF THE WAY! Crimson is trying to take this too far here!

Mushi crawls to the front of the ambulance on its side, and pulls himself up. Crimson walks around the ravaged door and grabs the back of Mushigihara's head and slams it into the hood of the ambulance. Mushi holds his jaw for a moment stumbling away from the ambulance. Crimson pursues his adversary. He throws a few forearm shots to the back of The God-Beast's back and grabs him by the back of the head and tries to throw him back into the ambulance. THIS time its Mushigihara reversing it sending crimson gut first into the front side of the ambulance!

DDK:

Crimson is down, but Mushi is having a hard time recovering.

Suddenly Crimson who has pushed himself up with help from the hood hears the war cry of Mushigihara.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Crimson turns around and sees the God Beast making his way toward him. Lord moves to the front of the vehicle. Crimson climbs to the top of the truck, Mushi continues to hold his lower back and eventually follows the psychopath.

DDK:

Crimson appears to not want the God-Beast to pursue.

Angus:

Well, he is not going to get his wish Mushi is climbing on top of the ambulance.

Crimson shakes his head and climbs onto the trailer of the ambulance. He starts to back away as Mushigihara gets on top of the hood of the truck and toon to the trailer. The faithful look on in excitement. Crimson swings at Mushi, but its blocked and Crimson is being rocked back and forth by punches from the God-Beast. CL is getting very close to the end of the trailer. One final punch and Lord is teetering on the edge.

CL quickly gets his balance and drives a low blow rocking Mushigihara back a few steps. It allows crimson to get to more stable ground. Lord drops a few forehand hammer shots to the back of Mushigihara while the God-Beast struggles to regain his composure holding his groin.

Crimson lifts Mushi up into a powerbomb the fans look on in shock.

Mushi hits the top of the trailer hard so hard the roof collapses and Mushi falls right into the trailer!

The faithful look on in a few moments of horror before shouting "Holy Shit" over and over.

Crimson is on his knee and looking down into the hole left by the powerbomb. The seven footer starts to laugh hysterically.

DDK:

Dear lord....the weight of Mushigihara put a hole right in the top of the ambulance I have never seen anything like that before!

Angus:

All Crimson has to do now is close the doors and he has won this thing. All this psychopath can do is laugh.

Crimson slowly pulls himself to a vertical base and looks down in the hole. He then looks over his shoulder and walks toward the doors of the trailer as he reaches the edge of the trailer he reaches down to grab a hold of the door and before he closes one of the doors he looks back over his shoulder..then down at the door. He lets go off the door and starts to walk back to the hole in the roof.

DDK:

What is he doing he could of won the match?

Angus:

You are asking what a maniac is doing? Crimson is nuts!

Crimson looks down in the hole...suddenly he jumps down in the hole!

DDK:

CL is now inside the trailer with Mushi! This match can't end with both men in the ambulance!

The camera crew rush around to get a shot inside the ambulance. Before they can get a clear view of Mushigihara, Crimson slams both doors!

Angus:

Lord just locked both himself and Mushigihara inside the ambulance...In all the ambulance matches i have seen in my career this by far is the first time I have seen both men inside the trailer.

The faithful begin to boo as they have no idea what is happening inside the ambulance. They do know something is going on because the ambulance is rocking back and forth. However there is no camera feed for them to watch.

DDK:

HOLY SHIT! THE GOD BEAST JUST SPEARED CRIMSON OUT OF THE AMBULANCE!

The faithful once again chant in unison of "HOLY SHIT"

The cameras finally catch a view of both men on the floor, one of the ambulance doors hinges has been bent. Lord is on his back blood slowly forming under his back, arms, most likely from his flesh sliding on the concrete floor from the spear. Mushigihara doesn't look much better the back of his neck has a few nasty lacerations..to go along with the back of his shoulders and arms bleeding as well. Mushi lies on his stomach a arm over the chest of Crimson who lies there on his back.

Angus:

This has got to be the most brutal ambulance match I have had the pleasure to call. These two monsters have completely destroyed that ambulance.

DDK:

You sure have a point there. Both men have not moved for a while now. Miss Davine has arrived our head of medical.

Iris's team surround both men, a lot of attention is paid to Mushigihara's deep laceration on the back of his neck. Medical continue to try to stop the bleeding, their white towels drenched in blood. Crimson clearly is not in any better shape either. He has been rolled to his side, the camera catches for a few seconds the damage of The God Beast's spear from the ambulance. Crimson's back looks like a bad motorcycle accident.

DDK:

Faithful this may be it for these two. We are sorry for not keeping our view to these two battle scarred men. It looks like both men are in serious condition. Iris is on her cellphone, man its like a massacre on the floor by the ambulance.

Angus:

Look at all those towels drenched in blood, man have you ever seen anything like this before?

DDK:

Nothing to this degree Angus. Faithful I am being told sirens are going off backstage. We have dispatched a camera man we should have some sort of view in a few moments.

Iris's team of medics, are really having a hard time controlling the amount of blood coming from both men. She waves in the back and two gurnees pushed by more medical arrive to the scene. Mushi has stirred a little but clearly is groggy. Iris is right there trying to reassure The God-Beast. Crimson also seems to be moving a bit now both men gasps of pain can clearly be heard from the cameras.

While both men are attended too. The show moves to a video package of Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens later tonight. As the video package ends the show catches up with both Mushigihara and Crimson Lord both on stretchers. Both men are on their stomachs due to the severity of their injuries to their backs. Two ambulances are parked backstage their lights illuminating the parking lot in blue and red lights.

DDK:

Well, fans it appears this match is over. Both men clearly are in no condition to continue the match.

As the stretchers arrive at the ambulance more medical appear exiting their respective vehicles. Crimson now starts pushing medical away from his stretcher.

Angus:

You have got to be kidding me! Crimson is back on his feet! His back looks like shredded beef!

Iris tries to talk reason to the seven footer.

DDK:

CRIMSON JUST BACKHANDED IRIS DAVINE!

Iris quickly hits the floor hard, Lord looks at her for a minute with a sadistic smile on his face.

Mushigihara:

OSU!!

Crimson quickly looks into The God-Beast direction.

DDK:

THE GOD BEAST IS UP TOO! How in the world are both these men still standing!

Before Crimson can react Mushigihara dives from off camera and tackles Crimson who trips over his stretcher and lands on the pavement. Lord shouts in agony as his back hits pavement.

Angus:

The God-Beast is unloading on Crimson where is he getting this from?

CL can barely defend himself from the onslaught of punches from Mushigihara. The God Beast finally staggers to his feet. He can barely stand on both feet and keeps dropping to a knee. He looks over at Iris being attended to. He looks back at Crimson who has rolled on his side holding the back of his head.

DDK:

Mushigihara can barely stand and it appears this is not over yet.

Crimson gets to his hands and knees he catches The God-Beast making his way toward him. Lord tries desperately to get to his feet. The more he struggles the quicker it seems his stamina drains. He looks over his shoulder and Mushi is within hands reach, he tries to crawl from the incoming monster. Clearly he is not fast enough and Mushigihara catches him he lifts him to his feet. Lord delivers a few shots not having a whole lot of momentum behind them. The God-Beast also returns the blows pretty much to the same effect.

Angus:

They are just fighting off instinct now.

They fight toward one of the ambulances, medical has stayed clear from them. Crimson swings and Mushi ducks and grabs the back of CL's head and his free arm and hurls Crimson into the ambulance he was going to be put in.

DDK:

Crimson is in the ambulance! Mushigihara has the win all he needs to do is close the doors!

He shuts one door, but as he reaches for the other door Crimson pulls himself out and hits a few blows to the skull of The God-Beast! Both doors are now open. Mushi puts his hands on his knees and quickly drops to a knee. That burst looked to be all of Lord's remaining energy as he is on his hands and knees still inside the ambulance.

Angus:

Neither man refuses to lose. Man I think these two would fight all night if they could.

DDK:

THE GOD BEAST just nailed Crimson with the ambulance door!

Crimson falls backward into the ambulance! Mushigihara closes one door...and slowly but FINALLY closes the last door!

DING DING!!

Mushi slaps the door leaving a smeared blood hand print on the back. The ambulance quickly speeds off.

DDK:

Mushigihara has just won one of the most hellacious matches I have ever seen!

Darren Quimbly:

The winner of the match.....THE GOD BEAST MU! SH!! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Brain Slater raises Mushigihara's hand, before The God-Beast falls face first on the pavement. Slater motions for the medical to help. Iris looks to be recovering she is shaken up, but looks like no serious injuries. The rest of her staff quickly rush to Mushigihara's aid. They assist the big man up and help him to the stretcher and slowly help him up onto it. Mushigihara looks to have passed out most likely from excessive blood loss. The team load him into the second ambulance. They quickly secure him and close the doors and peel off out of the Wrestleplex.

ELISE ARES vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

As always, we'll keep you all updated on information as we kno...

Angus:

THAT'S MY FUCKING CAR!

Angus screams in anguish as the El Camino screeches into frame and slams into the side of the emergency medical vehicle. With a thud, Jack Harmen goes rolling across the concrete. Smoke begins to rise from the front of the car as Elise Ares jumps out of the driver's seat. She climbs onto the roof and jumps up and down pointing at Harmen, screaming in Spanish jibberish. Terrified, Carla Ferrari exits from the passenger seat, eyes wide and slowly begins to count.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

DDK:

Elise Ares hit Jack Harmen with a CAR. Are you KIDDING me?!

Six!

Angus:

Not just a CAR, MY CAR. THAT'S MY GODDAMN CAR AND I HOPE IT KILLS THE MAN FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY BABY!

Seven!

DDK:

Jack Harmen was riding on the hood as it came into frame, Angus. Certainly not the impact it would take to kill a man.

Eight!

Angus:

STAY DOWN. DIE! DIIIIIE!

Nine!

The crowd collective gasps in shock as Jack Harmen awakens from near death to rise to his feet. Elise Ares jumps up and down in frustration before sliding down off the hood of the car. Carla says something to Jack that's lost in the chaos of paramedics exiting the ambulance to scream at the trio about getting this car out of the way. Elise Ares pays no mind as she rains a series of kicks onto Harmen, who tries to cover up and get away. As she gets up close Harmen turns around and sprays hand sanitizer into her eyes.

DDK:

Look at that! Jack pick-pocketed the sanitizer from Elise's shorts!

Angus:

Keebs, that's the only way he'd ever get into her pants!

DDK:

I don't think you'll have any better luck.

Angus:

I thought we were friends Keebler.

EMTs rush out from either side of the ambulance yelling at the duo to get out of the way. Jack Harmen grabs Elise by her hair and flings her into the side of Angus' car.

Jack Harmen:

Go around! Go around and fuck off!

Harmen starts fiddling in on the drivers side door. After a moment, the hood pops open, and Harmen tries to get it to start. He floods the engine, and then removes the cigarette lighter and walks to Elise, shoving it into her mouth as she tries to scream through Harmen's muffling palm. With a flurry, Harmen uses his free hand to hip toss Elise into the back of the El Camino with a thud.

Angus:

What is this, karma?!? No, can't be. I'm awesome.

Harmen hops into the back of the car as we hear the ambulance back up. Harmen lifts Elise between his legs for a powerbomb or something, but Elise back body drops Harmen over her head, into the cars upright hood as Harmen crashes it closed. Harmen rolls off of the car as the ambulance, a bit worse for wear, drives off into the night.

Elise stands victorious in the back of Angus car, as she watches Harmen begin to crawl on the floor toward a garbage can. Elise hops off and gives chase, as Harmen gets to the bin. He pulls himself up with it, but it flatters to his side, so Harmen just rolls it at Elise. She hops over it. Harmen grabs another and does the same thing, and as Elise hops over it and closes the gap, Harmen smashes a garbage can lid into her chest and just under her jaw.

Jack grabs Elise by her hair and drags her on the ground to a nearby entrance to the DEFplex proper, and then just launched her through a plate glass window divider. Harmen snickers.

Jack Harmen:

Don't go running from me now Elise.

Harmen hops over the opening, scattering glass shards as he carefully crosses the threshold back into the DEFplex. A fire alarm goes off in the distance due to illegally entering through a fire exit.

DDK:

Wait, Angus, what is happening at ringside?

The cameras cut, and we see the D & Klein setting up a table.

Angus:

It's the PCP! BIG POP! GO KLEIN!

PCP then set up another three to create a square, and then put another table on top of that. Suddenly, screeching out from the side entrance just behind commentary, Jack Harmen charges, pushing one of those grey plastic garbage bin containers. As he reaches the edge of the stage, Harmen pushes it like a wild shopping cart. It collides into the side of the stage with a thud, tumbles to its side, and Elise rolls out of the bin, covered in a half eaten banana and various other disgusting objects. Surely, the most pain she's ever been in.

Angus:

I will KILL him!

DDK:

Angus.

The crowd POPS as Angus gets up from his seat, shouting almost nonsense at Jack.

Angus:

You, breaking, murder, kill, motherless, mother fuc, ahhhhhhh my CAR!

Harmen winks over to Angus and tosses him his car keys.

Jack Harmen:

Left it running for you... well. Kind of.

Angus starts trying to get up from the desk to wild cheers, as Keebs does his best to restrain him. The D and Klein notice this going on, and the PCP rush to intercept and stop Angus from getting too involved.

As Harmen turns back to Elise, but she's not there. He turns back to the announcer's desk, and Elise LEAPS at him.

DDK:

Amethystation! There's your karma Angus! You can settle down now!

Angus:

NEVER! But yes, that is good. Front row seat. KILL HIM ELISE! MAKE HIM DEAD!

DDK:

Elise and Harmen have been battling for over an hour now Angus, each competitor's tank must be hitting E soon. I don't care what sort of conditioning you're in, you can't put yourself through this chaos and skate out the other side unscaved.

Angus:

GOOD! HE DESERVES ALL THE SCARS.

Her fist connects across the temple of Jack Harmen, sending him stumbling backwards towards the edge of the announcer's platform. The crowd cheers as he flails his arms trying to regain his balance before Elise uses her last bit of strength to get back up to her feet and give him a good shove, sending him sailing through the air before plummeting through the pyramid of tables! As the crowd jumps to their feet in excitement, The D and Klein share a slow motion 80's style high five.

One!

Carla begins the count as Elise looks over the edge and sees all of the tables shattered in pieces under the body of Jack Harmen while laying on her stomach. Her eyes are wide in disbelief.

Two!

Angus:

YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT YOU PIECE OF GARBAGE! I HOPE YOU'RE PICKING SPLINTERS OUT OF YOUR ASS FOR THE NEXT SIX YEARS!

Three!

HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!

Four!

Elise Ares slowly gets to her feet as Carla counts on. She looks down at her former mentor. You'd think if this were the end she'd feel a burden lifted from her shoulders...

Five!

She turns her back, almost as if she can't even watch.

Six!

Then suddenly she flips off of the platform gracefully into the air. An exhausted phoenix splash rotates into a double-knee drop across the chest of Jack Harmen. After impact Elise goes rolling through the debris, leaving a trail of shattered boards in her wake.

DDK:

OH MY, JEEEEESUS!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! DREAMS DO COME TRUEEEEEEE!

Even Carla, Klein, and The D look on in concern as both competitors lay across a wasteland of wood. Jack Harmen and Elise Ares. No movement except for their deep, exhausted breaths. Screams of excitement and horror rain down from around them as Carla reluctantly starts to count again.

One!

Two!

Three!

Each second seems to take thirty.

Four!

Five!

Klein and The D huddle around Elise Ares, non-verbal screams resonate from their eyes (or eyeholes?) as each second passes.

Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Harmen's mouth opens and The D begins to run his hand through his hair.

Nine!

Elise Ares, beaten and broken, pushes herself up to her feet completely out of her mind. Wandering around for just a nano-second before Jack takes a deep breath and opens his eyes.

TEN.

The crowd roars as Jack Harmen closes his eyes again. Klein and The D lift Elise up off the ground and she screams out in pain, but it's drown by the roar of the crowd, as is the ring bell to signify the end. "Problem" by Natalia Kills

begins to play. Elise almost falls back over again before Klein produces a flask from... er... somewhere. Probably the hammiverse underneath his box mask. Putting it to the lips of Ares, her eyes shoot open like Popeye after a spinach injection.

DDK:

She did it! She actually did it!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!!!! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner... ELIIIIIIIISE ARESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

PCP go into the crowd to celebrate. Elise Ares is up on the shoulders of her PCP brethren, chugging a flask of unknown probably alcoholic substances. She throws the flask into the air with excitement, and Klein nearly drops her on her head plowing through the crowd to try and find it. Meanwhile the crowd is carrying their party girl hero above them, crowd surfing her way back to the aisle with The D next to her.

Angus:

Be lookout Keeps.

Angus' headset dumps to the announce desk, as we see him rush over to the unconscious Jack Harmen. Angus starts fishing around in Harmen's tights and pulls out the five grand from earlier in the evening. Angus shouts at Jack.

Angus:

CONSIDER IT A DOWN PAYMENT.

We see a wide shot of the crowd, as Elise is crowd surfed through the crowd, and Angus returns to the announce desk from the downed Jack Harmen. The jovial celebration continues as EMTs come out from the back to check on the defeated mentor. They are also there to ruin the party, pulling Elise Ares down from the crowd and onto the aisle to get a good examination. This doesn't stop The D, however, who keeps the party going by standing on the barricade and jumping back into the crowd again.

DDK:

What a comeback Pay-Per-View for DEFIANCE! Can you believe we still have THREE title matches left to go?

Angus:

What a night!

ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES

As the image fades from the ring to the offices of DEFIANCE management, in particular, the office of one Kelly Evans. As we go inside her office she sits behind her giant desk and has a less than enthused expression plastered on her porcelain colored face.

Kelly Evans:

Well, it seems like the Stevens Dynasty think they are running the show around here, but I RUN THIS SHOW!

Kelly says as she points to herself before continuing.

Kelly Evans:

The inmates cannot and will not run this asylum as long as I am in charge. Do you understand.

Kelly informs everyone as she leans forward and clasps her hands together and places it under her chin.

Kelly Evans:

Because of the Stevens Dynasty's actions earlier tonight with the brutal assault of Angel Trinidad, effective immediately, Cary and BO Stevens will be banned from ringside during the Main Event.

The announcement causes the faithful to cheer loudly.

Kelly Evans:

If Cary and BO want to test me I beg them to try because if I catch a whiff of Cary's cheap cologne or BO's B.O. they will be fired on the spot and not wished the best in their future endeavors.

The faithful cheer even louder.

Kelly Evans:

But, that's not all.

She says with a huge grin across her ruby red lips.

Kelly Evans:

Not only will they be fired, but as a consequence of their actions, Scott Stevens' FIST of DEFIANCE match will not take place and will be suspended effective immediately while forfeiting any and all future championship opportunities when I deem it eligible for him to return to the company.

The faithful go ballistic the announcement and the grin doesn't leave Kelly's face.

Kelly Evans:

So I bid good luck to both competitors in tonight's Main Event and a reminder that actions have consequences. So the ball is in your court, not so gentlemen.

Cut back to DDK and Angus at commentary.

DDK:

There you have it from the horse's mouth!

Angus:

You calling Kelly a horseface, Keebs?

DDK:

Kelly Evans, laying down the law, and has effectively even the playing field for tonight's main event! The question

remains - how will the Steven's Dynasty react?

Angus:

Can it really be considered a Dynasty with one moron and two halfwits?

Keebler sighs, shaking his head, and decides to soldier on.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen ... Ascension rolls on as we approach our first title match of the night! Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Cut back to the ring, where Darren Quimbey stands ready to announce the next match.

THE FUSE BROS © vs. THE TOYBOX

Darren Quimbly:

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

The loud roar of delight comes from the DEFIANCE Faithful here in the Wrestleplex.

♪ *Hungry for Another One* by JT Music ♪

Jestal skips out from backstage. He has a shirt on and a pair of mc hammer pants with suspenders over the shirt. One of the "Achievements of The Fuse Bros" a Tag Team Championship belt wrapped around his chest. Soon followed by Dandelion who has the other "Achievement" AKA the Tag team Championship belt around her waist. She hugs Jestal from behind with her eyes closed and a smile on her face. The two make their way toward the ring to a heated reaction from the Faithful.

DDK:

Here comes the thieves in the night.

Angus:

What are you talking about they are our Tag Team Champions.

DDK:

They stole those championships! Tonight finally both Tyler and Conor have a chance to get them back!

Darren Quimbly:

Introducing first...from The Funhouse.....Jestal, and Dandelion...THE TOYBOX!!!

Just hearing the name "ToyBox" sends alot of jeers throughout the Wrestleplex

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... Tyler and Conor, the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions... The FUUUUSE BROS.!!

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

The Faithful cheer as the video game song plays. Out walks Tyler and Conor, both with serious expressions, not taking this upcoming battle lightly.

DDK:

I think every week we've seen The ToyBox get one over these guys. It's no wonder they both, even Conor, look serious.

Angus:

I thought they were the champions? [sarcastic] Where are their *Achievements*?

DDK:

Well if they focus, they might get them back tonight for good.

Angus:

Ha!

Tyler slides into the ring and Conor goes straight to the apron. There's no joking around here. A stoic older brother is followed by a stoic younger brother. While Conor does look to be holding back his energy, he stares a whole straight into Jestal.

Mark Shields looks over to the timekeeper as Dandelion steps into the ring.

DING DING DING

DDK:

And we are off! Tyler and Dandelion lock up! Tyler looks for an armbar but Dandelion very quickly slips behind Tyler and rifles a few stiff elbows into the back of his head! Off the ropes she goes... ducks a clothesline... kick to the stomach and a smooth DDT!

Angus:

That woman, let me tell you...

DDK:

Shut up. Dandelion goes to the ropes and drops the elbow. Again, she drops the elbow. She has Tyler's number, that's for sure.

Dandelion moves towards the ropes again, but this time instead of bouncing off them she jumps upon the second rope, spins in mid-air and catches Tyler as he's on one knee with a flying elbow. The assault doesn't stop, as she leaps to the second rope and hits a back elbow this time. Jestal smiles, pleased in his corner while Conor's already growing concern... just gets more intense.

Dandelion hurls Tyler into the turnbuckle. He bounces off, but this time he ducks the elbow and pushes Dandelion straight into the corner.

DDK:

Tyler with a dropkick! He seems a little reluctant here... I'm not sure if it's because he was already beaten-

Angus:

Probably thinks she is a princess of some sort. These guys are idiots.

Tyler hip tosses Dandelion to the center of the ring. He then lifts Dandelion lightly up by her hair and scoop slams her back down. Off the ropes Player One goes, only to be kicked in the back by Jestal!

Conor Fuse:

CHEATERS! Cheaters! They don't have a code for that- they don't have a code for that!

Jestal only smiles back and raises his hands, in a way implying he doesn't have any "codes" in his hands.

Tyler, meanwhile, turns back to Jestal but that's enough for Dandelion to recover, sneak up behind him and roll the Tag Team Champion up...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Oh almost! Damn!

Tyler gets up first and grabs Dandelion's arm. He looks over to Conor as if to say he won't get distracted again as he twists Dandelion's arm and she tries to fire back with her free hand, but misses. Tyler gives one kick to the solar plexus, lets go of the arm and bounces off the ropes.

SMACK.

Jestal kicks Tyler again.

Mark Shields, the typically incompetent referee, was spaced out and missed the interference anyway. And now, like the over-emotional player he is, Conor Fuse tries to get into the ring. That's when Mark Shields stops him.

Conor Fuse:

Can't do that! He can't do that!

Mark Shields:

Do what? I didn't see anything!

Conor gets more frustrated as the time passes. It doesn't help Jestal has entered the ring and is kicking Tyler Fuse to the canvas at this time, either.

Conor Fuse:

No codes... no cheat... aaaahhhh!!

Player Two tries to lung forward, but Shields stops him. Finally realizing there's nothing he can do, Conor goes back to his corner.

DDK:

The full physiological advantage is with The ToyBox!

Angus:

It's always been with The ToyBox. Some gamers these Fuse Bros. are...

Jestal hurries back to his corner before Mark Shields can catch him. Next, Dandelion twists Tyler's arm and kicks him a couple of times in the stomach. Then she whips the champion into the ropes and raises her right knee really high. Tyler slams into it, flips head-over-heels and back to the mat. There's a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Angus:

Barely alive! Keep it up you ToyBox!!

As Dandelion kicks away at Tyler, Jestal jumps off the apron and walks over to the timekeepers table. He picks up the Tag Team Championships... or "Achievements" and holds them up high with a smile. This infuriates Conor Fuse again. He screams and points from his corner.

Conor Fuse:

NO! DON'T TOUCH THOSE! THOSE ARE OURS!!!

Angus:

It's so easy to do... get under that guy's skin. He has to be on the spectrum, right Keebs?

DDK:

[not even entertaining Angus' comment] Jestal going back to his post and Dandelion lifts Tyler up. She walks him over to The ToyBox's corner and looks for a tag...

But as Jestal's hand reaches out, Tyler kicks it away. He then dropkicks Dandelion who slightly bumps Jestal back from entering the ring as well.

DDK:

Tyler with a left hand to Dandelion. He hurls her into the ropes and connects with a high knee smash! Now a Russian leg sweep... followed by a pendulum backbreaker!

Tyler falls to a knee. It was clear those moves took something out of him as he's still recovering from the Jestal beating. Player One limps towards his corner... where Conor is shaking the ropes and The Faithful (or Gamers) are getting louder and louder...

DDK:

Tyler's almost there... he leaps... makes the tag!!

The fans pop! Conor motions for the jester to get in the ring. Dandelion looks back at him and then points at Jestal. Conor shakes his head while Dandy takes a few steps toward her brother and extends her hand to the clown. He slaps it and in steps the jester. Conor slaps his shoulders a bit as he circles the ring with the clown.

Conor Fuse:

You were NOT authorized to cheat... payback is a bitch!

Angus:

Jesus... calm down buddy. He did what every tag team does, get a referee distraction and start beating up the legal man.

They make a full circle and Jestal tags his sister back in before Conor is able to lock up with the jester. Player Two clearly is annoyed by the tease.

Conor Fuse:

What!? Get back here? Get back here and fight me!

Dandy steps into the ring. Conor gets ready to lock up with her only for her to tag Jestal back in.

Conor's eyes narrow.

Their game continues to play and Conor frustration builds as they both tag in and out never staying in the ring for longer than a few seconds. Conor finally has had enough and he rushes forward, not giving a damn who the legal person is when he gets there.

WHAM!

DDK:

Jestal just took Conor's head off with a high angle dropkick!

And then, as the boos continue to reign... Jestal smiles again and tags back in Dandelion. She goes to work.

Kick, kick, kick, all square in the back. She whips Conor into the ropes and then connects with a dropkick of her own, right into his face. A fury of right hands follow and this crowd went from 0 to 100 in the last few moments, filling the ring with jeers.

Tyler, who has recovered, tries to shout what's coming to his brother, but Conor can't hear a thing. Dandy lands a second rope elbow drop and a hurricanrana. Then a tilt-a-whirl DDT and a pin attempt.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Conor barely got the shoulder up. Some of The Faithful thought it might be over. Dandelion turns back to Tyler and gives him a wink. She drags Player Two by his hair and hammers his head into the second turnbuckle again and again.

Angus:

I love this! That idiot Conor needs to check his emotions in the ring... or he's gonna end up like this every time!

DDK:

You know, two months ago you were on their side...

Angus:

Two months ago, I thought DEFIANCE was dead...

Dandelion looks for another DDT but this time Conor wiggles out of it. He drops to his knees when the female star comes in for a short-arm clothesline and then bounces off the ropes...

WHACK!

This time it's Player Two who's hit in the back with a Jestal kick.

Jestal looks at Mark Shields, who didn't catch it and then looks at Tyler and waves. Player One isn't as annoyed as his brother was, but he does shake his head.

This time, the DDT connects by Dandelion.

DDK:

Well I hate to say it, but it's all ToyBox in this one.

Angus:

They absolutely have The Fuse Bros. number, that's for sure. And their titles!

Dandelion gets to the top rope. She walks across it, showing an amazing display of balance and lands one of her trademarks, The Starbright.

In a series that happens pretty quickly, she takes Conor and hits a rolling cross armbreaker, three strong, stiff kicks to the back of Conor's head and then a corkscrew from the top rope.

DDK:

Another pin... this one is over!!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

KICKOUT.

Barely.

Tyler jumps off the apron and starts slamming the mat with his hands. Dandelion

puts Conor into a sleeper, but the crowd is trying to rally. Over time, Player Two's expression changes from dazed to slightly confused... to maybe, just maybe, getting a second wind.

He gets to one knee.

He gets to two knees.

He throws an elbow into Dandelion.

Then, with everything he has, he flips her over top of his back and to the floor, breaking the hold.

Conor stumbles backwards and as Dandelion tags Jestal, Conor goes right into The Fuse Bros. corner.

DDK:

Tyler tags in! He's ready to go!

The fans pop as Tyler gets the hot tag and storms in. He ducks a right hand from Jestal and then side-steps a dropkick. He takes Jestal's head and fires it into the top ring post. Bouncing off the ropes, Tyler connects with a spinning heel kick.

Hip toss.

Hip toss.

Dropkick.

Snap suplex.

Player One stands tall and his look intensifies as The Faithful cheer him on.

Dandelion rushes into the ring, but Tyler turns around in the nick of time and stops her dead in her tracks. It's enough for Dandy to backtrack into her corner but it's also enough time to give Jestal time to recover.

DDK:

Jestal chop-tackles Tyler by the legs!

Next Jestal tries to spear Tyler! Player One quickly reverse the oncoming two hundred forty pounder, sending the jester diving through the ropes to the floor face first. Jestal staggers to his feet holding his face as Tyler climbs the turnbuckle and waits patiently for the right moment to strike the clown. When that moment arrives, he flies off the top rope with a shooting star press!

The Faithful shout in amazement at the move!

DDK:

A rare top rope move from Tyler!! Normally it's his brother who's airborne!

Angus:

Really don't care...

Both men lie on the floor, as Dandelion quickly enters the ring only to quickly get knocked down by Conor with a clothesline!

Angus:

HEY! Where are *his* codes!?

Conor notices both Tyler and Jestal slowly getting to their feet. As both men get up he pulls back at the top rope and launches himself over and into a flying crossbody, crashing into the two men outside!

The Faithful continue their cheers of the high flying spots.

Dandelion holds the back of her head as she flips over to her hands and knees. She slowly gets to her feet. The guys outside the ring are making their way to a vertical base. Dandy notices this as she gets to her feet. The fans can almost sense there is even more coming. She runs in a crescent running motion and launches herself over the top rope into a Flosbury Flip! The men all crash to the floor with her on top of them!

The Faithful now echo "Holy Shit" chants throughout the Wrestleplex while the tag teams lie outside the ring. Even referee Mark Shields for the moment was in disbelief, which he slowly returns to earth and starts to count both teams out.

"ONE."

"TWO."

"THREE."

"FOUR."

"FIVE."

The first man to their feet is Tyler.

"SIX."

"SEVEN."

The first woman to their feet is the only one in the match, Dandelion.

"EIGHT."

Tyler slides into the ring and then slides back out.

Tyler Fuse:

Not this way-

SMACK!!

Right into a superkick from Dandelion.

With the count broken, Dandelion smiles and looks into the crowd. They boo her, even after performing the high flying move.

Angus:

Sounds like the appreciation is gone. Ungrateful these fans are, huh...

Dandelion struggles but lifts Tyler up and throws him back into the ring. Then she helps her brother up and he gets back inside, too.

Both legal men are trying to recover, while Dandelion walks back to her corner and, eventually, Conor does the same.

Jestal gets up first. Tyler still isn't moving. He looks over at Dandelion and gives a facial expression as if to say, it's over. Once he takes Tyler's hair, though...

DDK:

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

DDK:

OH BARELY! BARELY A KICKOUT BY JESTAL!

Angus:

It's not over!? [relief] It's not over!!! I thought it was over!

Jestal is up quickly since the roll up didn't take anything from him. He kicks at Tyler, pulls him up but is met with a jawbreaker!

The Faithful get very loud again, as Conor stirs in the corner. Player Two is battling his own pain but he is slamming his hands together as loud as possible, getting the crowd behind him... waiting for that tag...

Tyler inches closer. Jestal hasn't moved yet.

"FUSE BRO-THERS! FUSE BRO-THERS!" The Faithful chant.

Closer and closer. Jestal is still down.

Angus:

God dammit, get up! Get up Jestal! Your sister is right there!!

Finally, Jestal moves. But it's too late.

SMACK. (Tag.)

POP. (The fans go wild.)

Conor walks into the ring, holding back his rage. This time, he's a little smarter and he won't let his emotions get the better of him.

Player Two walks up to Jestal. The Tag Team Champion smiles.

Conor Fuse:

Finally.

DDK:

Player Two with a fury of left hands to Jestal! The crowd is livid here... Conor hurls Jestal into the buckle and a BIG SPLASH!

As Jestal wobbles out of the corner, Conor perches himself on the second rope...

DDK:

Missile dropkick!!

Conor goes for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

At the last second, the fans scream out. Everyone thought it was over, even Conor who has his hands on his head. Player Two gets to his feet but as he does, he realizes it's too late.

DDK:

Superkick by Dandelion!!!!

The boos fill the area as Dandelion proudly walks back to her corner. The kick was swift and extremely stiff, as Conor laid motionless.

Some time passes while everyone awaits to see who's going to recover first. Jestal begins moving and fights to the ropes. Using them, he starts to get up.

That's when Tyler Fuse, who's fully recovered in his team's corner has had enough.

DDK:

Dandelion looks to get into the ring again but she's knocked down by Tyler from the outside!

Unaware, Jestal begins to move towards his corner in an attempt to tag out, realizing Conor is recovering, too. As Jestal tries to wave his hand for a tag, he clues in that no one is there. Jestal looks toward his corner and all around in bewilderment of where she could of gone. He looks through the ropes and see his sister laid out on the floor. He pulls himself out from between the ropes and realizes he is all alone. The camera catches the shocked look on his face and his eyes and shoulders slowly turn over. The tension rises. Conor looks ready to pounce.

Conor Fuse:

[in reference to Dandelion being knocked out] We didn't have codes for that, either.

Jestal continues to try and figure out what to do. He shouts down at his sister to wake her up, but it seems Tyler knocked her out. He raises a finger suddenly, looks at his shirt and rips it open!

♪"Superman Theme" by Hans Zimmer♪

Everyone including The Fuse Bros. look around in bewilderment as the song plays over the PA system.

DDK:

What in the world...is that a Superman Theme?

The camera catches a giant red and blue shield with a giant J in the center. The clown seems to no longer be worried. He sticks his chest out, turns around and charges toward his adversaries...

Angus:

KEEBS LOOK! ITS SUPER JESTER!

The music screeches like a broken record when Conor nails a yakuza kick dropping Super Jester to the mat like a sack of potatoes!

DDK:

Well that ended rather quickly. [can't contain his amusement] Conor tags Tyler!

Angus:

NO! Super Jester! Dandy help him!

Without hesitation, Conor flies off the top ropes into a splash! Just as he gets off the prone clown, Tyler is waiting on the top rope as well... for his time to strike.

DDK:

2-UP!! Tyler pins Jesta!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

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

The Fuse bros theme blasts over the PA, with a considerable pop from the Faithful here tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and STTTTILLLLLLL the Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor, The FUUUUUUUSSSSSE BROS.!!!

Mark Shields hands them the Achievements and Conor falls to his knees, clutching one of them like it's the first time he's seen it. Tyler rubs Conor's hair as the two embrace for a short moment.

Douglas/Harvey Promo Package

Cut to Darren and Angus at commentary.

DDK:

There you have it folks, the Fuse Bro's RETAIN and ... regain their stolen Tag Team Titles, here at Ascension!

Angus:

Tonight ... I believed a man could fly.

DDK:

Well, I'm glad that could take your mind off of you car, partner!

Angus remembers.

Angus:

Son of a BITCH! I'll KEEL HIM--

Darren seems to enjoy riling up his partner just before launching into the next segment.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentleman, The Southern Heritage Championship, originally debuting in 2013, has only been held by twelve men. There have been come impressive runs most notably Mikey Unlikely ...

Angus:

McFuckass.

DDK:

... at two hundred and forty four days ... and David Noble at three hundred and eight days.

Angus:

Think I remember him.

DDK:

Tonight, Scott Douglas ... currently the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion defends his title against a man who has spent the past two months picking away at Scott Douglas' life brick by brick ... THE Jay Harvey!

Angus:

What did I tell you about that!?

Cut to video.

♪ *Broach - So Close* ♪

Fade up from black revealing clips playing in varying speeds to match the swelling music. We are brought back to the match between Scott Stevens and Scott Douglas. Douglas is out of the ring and all of sudden the lights go out.

DDK:

REAPER! REAPER! Codename REAPER is in the ring with Scott Stevens!

Angus:

Not this shit again!

We move on to Codename Reaper assaulting Scott Douglas, now he is seen choking Douglas in the corner with his boot.

DDK:

Douglas needs to get out of there!

Codename Reaper goes for his mask and reveals himself to be Jay Harvey under the disguise. The crowd is in shock.

THE Jay Harvey:

Oh my lovely bunch of glue drinkers! Did you miss me? Haha!

Harvey's devilish laugh echos as a result of the post production for the promo.

Harvey:

You and me have some unfinished business.

The clip smash cuts to second later

Harvey:

I'm not going anywhere and I'm going to get what I want...

Harvey, dressed as a Reaper from the neck down, drops the microphone on the fallen body of Scott Douglas and the clip slows down as he raises his right arm in the air.

We fast forward to the following DEFtv where Jay Harvey took on Kerry Kuroyama. Different pieces from the match hit your screen but it culminates with Harvey using Scott Douglas' own finisher to win the contest. We go to the aftermath.

Harvey:

Scott Douglas! I told you... I would make your life a living hell until you gave me what I wanted.

The footage slows down as the vocal echos until suddenly the a quick cut restores the normal speed and catches the clip back up to where it would have been.

Harvey:

Do you think I'm not worthy of the title you wear around your waist?

Again we go slow motion as Harvey chuckles, wiping sweat from his eyes. As the echo of "your waist" fades out, again we cut hard to what would be the correct time code.

Harvey:

... when I break your friend's arm... Maybe you will stop hiding and put your title on the line!

Harvey goes back on the attack, landing some more boots. He grabs Kuroyama's left arm and sets up a Grounded Hammerlock Inverted Armbreaker. The slow motion kicks back in as he lunges backward wrenching the arm. Darren's commentary can be heard over the slow clip at normal speed.

DDK:

Douglas! Douglas!

A quick shot flashes of Scott Douglas coming out from behind the curtain.

Back to the ring, and now at full speed - Harvey ducks out of the ring, in a hurry - as Scott Douglas makes his entrance. Douglas tends to Kuroyama.

Cut to Harvey in slow motion, laughing.

Next we go to Terry Anderson and Douglas in the medic's office with Kuroyama. Anderson is heated and Douglas doesn't seems aloof at best.

Terry Anderson:

... this is exactly what Harvey wants.

Cut to Kerry ailing on the medical exam table writhing in pain in slow motion.

Cut back to Anderson

Anderson:

... he knew the risks when he stepped through those ropes.

Scott stares through Anderson, his gears turning in slow motion.

We cut away but we here Anderson's voice continue into the next clip.

Anderson:

Don't play his *game!*

"game!"

"game!"

"game!"

The next clip is Anderson, in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex parking lot.

Anderson:

Damnit, I thought you were smarter than *this* ...

"this ..."

"this ..."

"this ..."

The screen goes black for a moment. The music continues but through a low pass filter that muffles it. We hear Darren from later in the same night.

DDK:

... Truly a sad sight, ladies and gentlemen ... we would like to welcome you back, live from the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex and in the same breath apologize for the disgusting attack perpetrated by THE Jay Harvey.

The screen and music come back to life with Scott Douglas hastily walking through the backstage area, near the rear exit. His head is on the swivel and his face says nothing but rage. His duffle bag slung over his shoulder as the airline baggage tag bounces with each deliberate yet hurried step.

Cut to a few seconds later when Lance Warner enters the frame in hopes of stopping Douglas for a word but instead, after a stutter step, ends up walking with the Southern Heritage Champion.

Lance Warner:

... any news of his current condition?

Smash cut.

Scott Douglas:

I said I have nothing to prove to Harvey... and I don't. But now ... I've got a score to settle.

The clip slows down as Douglas exits the frame and the music fades out.

Cut to Darren and Angus at commentary.

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS © vs. THE JAY HARVEY

DDK:

Angus, the talk is over. The promotional videos have ticked off their last frame ... Jay Harvey must now face Scott Douglas one on one - face to face.

Angus:

It's about GORRAM time!

DDK:

Let's go to the ring ...

Cut to the ring with Benny Doyle and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL ...

The Faithful pop for the long awaited bout.

Darren Quimbey:

... and is for the Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first ...

♪ "Natural One" - The Folk Implosion ♪

The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he winks at Catalina. The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey bypasses the ring steps and makes his way around the ring, followed closely by Catalina.

DDK:

Jay Harvey and Catalina coming to the ring. Harvey has been on a quest for DEFIANCE gold since being a part of the WrestleUTA invasion almost a year ago.

Angus:

He's finally getting his shot here at Ascension. He's got his work cut out for him. Scott Douglas has had enough of Harvey's shit and I can't wait to see that ass whooping!

Darren Quimbey:

He is accompanied by the lovely Catalina... He has informed me to refer to him as "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeyyyyy!

Jay Harvey and Catalina stand on the opposite side of the ring and look down the entrance ramp. "The Natural One" and Catalina share some words as the fans continue to boo.

DDK:

I feel like if you looked up antagonist in the dictionary you'd see a picture of Jay Harvey.

Angus:

Funny, I looked up asshole and saw his picture too!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ Smiling and Dyin' - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite at the sound of the incredibly familiar Green River song.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Harvey bails out of the ring as we cut to the ramp way.

Darren Quimbey:

... the current and longest reigning Southern Heritage CHAMMMPPION! "SUB POP" ... SCOTT ...
DOOOOUUGGGLLLAAAASSS!!!

As the grunge tune kicks into full gear, Scott Douglas comes through the curtain with the Southern Heritage title gripped tightly in his right hand. He pauses on the stage for a moment and takes in the cheering capacity crowd.

Angus:

Give 'em hell, Scotty!

Douglas skips any further fanfare, switching the title from one hand the other as he takes off his leather jacket - dropping it to the stage. In an instant he's ring ready and heads that way with focused demeanor.

DDK:

This could be the end of the longest run any one person has had with that title, partner!

Douglas makes it to the ring as Harvey and Catalina keep themselves strategically maneuvered with the ring between them as the music continues to blare through the arena. Rather than play cat and mouse with the devious pair he instead takes the stairs, enters and takes a good look at the SoHer before handing it over to Benny Doyle.

Jay Harvey walks around the ring, still wearing his entrance attire. He locks eyes with Douglas who moves closer and closer toward the ring ropes. Douglas beckons Harvey in with hand motions as Harvey does the opposite pointing and calling on Doyle to back the champion up. Benny Doyle does his best to talk Douglas away from the ropes allowing Harvey the space he needs to enter the ring.

Douglas begrudgingly takes a few steps back and Harvey makes his way up the ring steps. Harvey and Douglas stare daggers through one another as the tension and excitement in the sold out Wrestle-Plex builds to a fever pitch.

Harvey puts one leg through the ropes and pauses. He shakes his head and makes his way back down to the ring floor, getting a rise from the Faithful. Douglas is incredulous. He questions Doyle holding his hands up and pointing toward Harvey while questioning Doyle. Seemingly insisting he do something about this.

DDK:

Jay Harvey... delaying the start of this Southern Heritage title match.

Angus:

He's scared, Keebs! Look at him! He can't even muster up the NUTS to get in the ring with Scotty!

Harvey slowly walks around the ring and Scott has had about enough. Benny Doyle, now ducked between the top and middle ropes is trying to talk some sense into Harvey on the outside. Expressing he can't ring the bell with Harvey on the outside. Harvey doesn't seem to give a shit. Catalina is steps behind the challenger giving him the necessary confidence boosting talk.

DDK:

He can't win the title on the outside ...

Jay Harvey continues to delay the start of the match, taking his time before finally walking back up the ring steps. He stops on the apron, kicking the dirt of his boots, keeping his eyes on Scott Douglas. Douglas moves - not toward Harvey - just in general. This of course prompts Harvey to call upon Benny Doyle to keep Scott back. Doyle rolls his eyes but acquiesces with a lackluster motion toward the champion.

Angus:

For christ sake! Grab this little shit by the hair and DRAG him in the GORRAM ring!

The crowd is growing restless and more agitated by Harvey's tactics. Harvey finally steps through the ropes and into the ring; but he isn't ready just yet. The challenger makes a show of how slow and deliberately he removes his jacket. The Faithful begin to boo louder and louder as he holds the jacket over the top rope by it's color, his other arm draped beneath the body. Catalina slowly ascends the ring steps and once on the apron, accepting Harvey's entrance gear.

Angus:

It's not the GORRAM Shroud of Turin - take it off, drop it on the floor and GET YOUR ASS KICKED!

Douglas, in his corner, is rubbing his taped hands and forearms, rotating his neck and rolling his shoulders. The champion is showing restraint but is clearly ready to pounce. Referee Benny Doyle stands dead center and gives both combatants a look.

Both men are ready, the crowd is ready, and so are the people at home.

Doyle retrieves the SoHer Title belt from the neutral corner, folding the flaps in under the plate as he comes back to center ring. He raises it high and shows it to the hard camera before depositing it to a stage hand and calling for the bell.

DING! DING!

The bell sounds and Jay Harvey immediately makes his exit from the ring. Scott Douglas abandons his charge toward Harvey at mid ring as the crowd is in an uproar. Harvey drops down to the ring floor and is all smiles. The fans along ringside scream at Harvey but it doesn't stop him and Catalina from exchanging a exuberant high five. A semi full beer careens past the pair, a near miss. Harvey snaps toward the direction the cup came hurtling from and wags an antagonizing finger back and forth.

DDK:

This is burgeoning on the ridiculous.

The two have a good laugh and Scott Douglas has had a enough. Scott slides under the bottom rope and b-lines it for Harvey. Harvey darts in the opposite direction and the two are now in a foot race. Harvey cuts the corner and goes to slide into the ring but Douglas grabs at his left boot and Harvey is caught.

Angus:

KILL 'EM!

Douglas pulls Harvey back to the outside and just unloads lefts and rights. The crowd is on their feet getting as much pleasure from Douglas' assault as the champ himself.

DDK:

Benny Doyle seems to be a bit more lenient than normal ... as he hasn't started any sort of count.

Angus:

Can it, Keeks! Everyone WANTS this!

Douglas continues to rain blows down on Harvey and the crowd loves it. Harvey tries to mount some defense but Douglas' fire is too much. Scott Douglas grabs Harvey by the hand and waist and sends Harvey shoulder first into the nearby ring post.

DDK:

This has really backfired on Jay Harvey! He just careened into the ring post!

Harvey clutches at his right arm in pain but before he can regroup he is thrown into the guardrail. The fans behind Harvey are taking great joy in the ass whooping they are witnessing.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is possessed! And ... Benny Doyle seems completely complicit in this ... this - MAULING!

Angus:

I said CAN IT, KEEBS!

Harvey is the recipient of another fury of fists from Douglas. Douglas looks to the crowd and grabs a soda from a fan and smashes it into the forehead of Jay Harvey. The crowd is rocking as Douglas Irish Whips Harvey back first into the side of the ring.

DDK:

I'd expect this kind of nonsense from Mark Shields ... but Doyle?

Angus:

I said ... wait, you know what - have you ever seen Douglas in a match that Doyle didn't officiate?

Benny Doyle has had enough and calls for Douglas to get this back into the ring, and begins a count.

DDK:

Finally, Official Benny Doyle calling for some ORDER in this match.

Douglas rolls Harvey under the bottom rope, quickly following him into the ring. Jay Harvey crawls toward center of the ring and makes it to his knees before turning to face Douglas.

Harvey pleads with Douglas for mercy but mercy isn't in the cards tonight.

DDK:

Harvey, now ... begging off Scott Douglas!

Angus:

Don't stop! Get him!

Douglas exchanges words with Harvey as Harvey continues to try to reason with Douglas. Catalina jumps up on the ring apron gaining the attention of Benny Doyle. Doyle rushes over and two begin arguing about whatever.

DDK:

LOW BLOW! Low blow by HARVEY!

Angus:

That o'possum playing son of bitch!

Angus pronounces the O as the Faithful erupts in a giant boo.

DDK:

Jay Harvey, in one fell swoop - EVENED the playing field!

Douglas drops to the mat and grabs his... you knows. Catalina's job is done and she drops down to the ring floor. Jay Harvey breathes a big sigh of relief and takes a second to pace around the ring mocking the champ, drawing the continued ire of the Faithful. Once he feels he sufficiently pissed off even the cheapest of seat, he turns to the ailing Scott Douglas. With a well placed boot ...

DDK:

Harvey is choking the life out of Scott Douglas!!

Benny Doyle continues to be lenient but yells for Harvey to let up on the illegal hold. Harvey doesn't drag the situation out, rather he lets Douglas go... but the damage is done. Harvey paces the ring a bit mocking Douglas, pantomiming grabbing his crotch and then his throat as if he was the one hurt. Harvey is in clear control but the toll taken on the outside of the ring has left him looking a bit dazed as he rubs his eyes. Harvey steps back and leans against the nearby ring ropes. Harvey backs into the ropes and comes off to drop a knee right on the face of Scott Douglas.

DDK:

Jay Harvey gaining the advantage behind Referee Benny Doyle's back. Classic Jay Harvey.

Angus:

Well it was good while it lasted. I liked when Douglas smashed that soda into Harvey's mug!

Scott, recoils from the knee drop and is seeing stars as he flails on the mat. Jay Harvey takes his time just as he has from the start of the match, pacing around Douglas as he tries to struggle back to his feet. Harvey measures the ailing champ and picks his spot wisely, locking Douglas in a Rear Chin Lock. Harvey brings both men down to the mat, cinching the hold tighter and tighter.

DDK:

All the stalling and illegal blows aside, partner - I think you have to admire Jay Harvey's strategy.

Benny Doyle is in the perfect place, asking Douglas if he wants to quit. Harvey taunts Douglas and the crowd, pissing everyone in the Wrestle-Plex off.

Angus:

I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING!

Douglas is turning red and having a hard time breathing. The crowd is trying their best to get Douglas back into the match. The claps and stomps are in unison; shaking the arena. Douglas isn't looking good.

DDK:

Scott Douglas could be going to sleep folks!

Angus:

It can't end like this!

Harvey moves his legs back and props them on the bottom rope, putting more tension on the choke.

DDK:

Blatant cheating by the challenger!

Harvey pulls his feet from the ropes and lands back on his knees. The sound causes Benny Doyle to look up from the hold - and all though the rope is shaking - there is nothing to correct.

Angus:

DOYLE! For GORRAM SAKE ... the ROPE is MOVING! How do you think that happened you MORON!

Doyle goes back into checking on Douglas which allows Harvey to put his feet back on the ropes. The process repeats

and Harvey may have this in the bag.

DDK:

Harvey continually with taunting Douglas ... Scotty looks to be going in and out of consciousness. I don't know how much longer he can last.

Benny Doyle pops his head up and catches Harvey with his feet on the ropes. Doyle leaps up and kicks Harvey's feet off. Harvey gets vertical and has it out Doyle.

Angus:

It's ABOUT TIME!

Douglas is gasping for air as Harvey and Doyle continue to bicker about Harvey's feet being on the ropes. Harvey gets his head back into the action and sees Douglas stirring. Harvey leans back into the ropes and comes at Douglas connecting with a Basement Dropkick to Scotty's jaw.

DDK:

Devastating Dropkick by Harvey!

Angus:

I think that fan in the second row just got one of Douglas' teeth as a souvenir!

Harvey keeps the pace slow and goes in for another Rear Chin Lock. Douglas is now on his ass and isn't looking good.

DDK:

Harvey is wearing his opponent down, sucking the life out of both Douglas and this sold out crowd; who is obviously pro-Scott Douglas!

Harvey again is yapping in the ear of Douglas.

THE Jay Harvey:

You're nothing, Douglas! Give up! I'm the REAL Champion!

DDK:

Jay Harvey adding more insult to injury.

Angus:

I don't think I could live in a world where Jay Harvey holds DEFIANCE hardware. I might have to quit the business.

DDK:

Are you serious?

Angus:

Probably not... I won't like it but I'll just have to live with it.

DDK:

You sound just like Jay Harvey.

Angus:

CAN IT, KEEBS! ... [muttering] new t-shirt.

Harvey digs in deeper and deeper trying his best to cut off the flow of oxygen to Scott Douglas' brain. The fans once again try to get Douglas back into the match with their cheers and claps. Doyle makes sure he watches Harvey to ensure no more fuckery is afoot as Douglas reaches out aimlessly for the ropes.

Harvey bares down, leaning on Douglas with his forehead pressed to the back of Scott's skull. Douglas is waning but the Faithful, as the name would imply ... aren't giving up.

SUB POP SCOTT
SUB POP SCOTT
SUB POP SCOTT

DDK: [yelling over the crowd]

This capacity crowd clearly behind the champion!

Angus:

He won't be for long if he doesn't GET THE HELL UP! Jesus, Scotty!

Douglas is nowhere near the ropes and a break isn't an option. The lights are starting to go out and in a move of pure desperation; Douglas cocks his head as forward as it'll go against the arm of Harvey - choking himself that much more - before flinging his head backward the few inches he can muster. The back of Scott's head catches Harvey in the forehead and if nothing else surprises the challenger.

Angus:

There it is! Do THAT! MORE OF THAT!

The crowds chant starts to die down with Scott's second swing and being to be replaced with hopeful oh's and ahs. Doyle backs away on impact as Harvey's eyes roll into the back of his head momentarily. Blood covers the challengers forehead but it's uncertain if he is busted open or if Scott is.

DDK:

These ... well - uncharacteristic ... headbutts are certainly having an effect of Harvey! But at what cost to the Scott Douglas!

Harvey remains steadfast and though his grip has loosened; he maintains the chin lock. The small amount of space between the two, given from the second strike, allow Douglas to push toward his feet. Instead he winds up on his knees with the everpresent Harvey still attached around the neck.

DDK:

This is a turning point folks. If Scott Douglas cannot get free from the hold - all is lost!

Douglas winds up again as a dazed Harvey attempts to lean in a sure up the hold.

Angus:

OHH! I love it!

Douglas lands the third strike and it's enough to break the hold. Harvey is sent reeling backward as Douglas collapses forward.

DDK:

The question here is; WHO IS BLEEDING!?

Douglas crawls toward the ropes, grabbing at the middle to pull himself up. On the other side of the ring Harvey, who managed to stay on his feet, is leaned against the ropes. Nearly sitting on the second. The challenger wipes the blood from his forehead and checks the back of his hand. A second swipe clears the majority of the blood and he doesn't appear to be busted open.

DDK:

Well that answers that! Scott Douglas seems to have split the back of his head open with those headbutts!

Doyle checks on Harvey and then Douglas to be sure both competitors can continue. Harvey shrugs him off which Doyle takes as a confirmation - he stalks toward Douglas before Doyle can get a definitive reply.

DDK:

Jay Harvey, unrelenting ... is BACK on the attack.

Harvey reaches down and grabs a handful of bloody hair, pulling Douglas the rest of the way to hit feet. Once there, he leans the champ into the ropes and sends him to the other side of the ring. On the return, Douglas manages a shoulder block that momentarily drops Harvey. The crowd's enthusiasm begins to build.

DDK:

Big shoulder block! Speed is Douglas' game! This MAY be the first hole we've seen in Harvey's plan of attack!

At the moment of impact, Douglas instantly changes direction and heads to the opposite ropes. Harvey flips to his stomach and Douglas steps over continuing to the other side. Jay pops up as Scott returns once again with a head full of steam but the challenger is ready and throws a big lariat.

DDK:

Douglas ducks!!

The Faithful go nuts as Scott ducks under, hits the ropes once again. Harvey's own force spins him around and as Douglas approaches again ...

DDK:

Lou Thesz Press!

Harvey is now mounted atop of Scott and reining down fists as the back of Douglas' head stains the mat with blood. Benny Doyle attempts to admonish Jay Harvey for the closed fist but he isn't hearing any of it. Doyle begins the five count but it is only after a dozen or more blows Harvey snaps up and off of Douglas and paces the ring, catching his breath.

Angus:

I think McPissant bit off MORE than he can chew!

DDK:

That may be but ... the CHAMPION ... is the one currently bleed all over the ring mat.

Harvey, having caught his breath, returns to Douglas and it looks like he intends to rain down more fists. Just as he attempts the first blow, Scott throws his legs up, hooking the shoulders and bring Harvey down to the mat.

DDK:

PIN!

ONE!

Harvey rolls out of the surprising yet lackluster pin attempt, flipping over - and before Scott can go anywhere - returns with a double legged pin of his own.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO!

At the strike of two Douglas raises up and pushes down on the back of Harvey's head, causing the challenger to flip and be pinned himself.

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

NO!!!

Again, Harvey is able to roll out. Both men are now quick to their feet, though wobbly. Douglas staggers toward Harvey and the challenger bests the champion with a double leg takedown, followed quick with a flip over and into a pin.

ONE!

At the strike of one, Douglas clutches his opponent around the torso and bridges up.

Angus:

Holy shit!

On their feet, Scott maintains the waist lock as they rotate to a gutwrench position. The rotation continues until Douglas has Harvey's arms locked and looks to be going for another pin attempt.

DDK:

BACKSLIDE! NO!

Harvey breaks the weak lock freeing one arm, allowing him to spin around and knee Douglas in the midsection. He follows it with a handful of hair and strike to the face. Douglas is stumbled and Harvey follows pushing the champ into the ropes and sending him for the ride once again. On the return Douglas is ready to attack but Harvey sidesteps and uses his momentum to send him over the top rope and down to the outside. Douglas spills over and crashes down to the mat covering the concrete floor.

Harvey drops down to the mat and lays on his stomach, breathing heavy. Benny Doyle glances at Harvey and then Douglas. Doyle makes his way to the floor and checks on the status of Scott Douglas. Doyle is calling for a medic to come down to the ring to check on Douglas.

Two medics come rushing down to the ring and right to Douglas and Doyle. The crowd goes a little quiet as the uncertainty of the situation is unclear.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is hurt, folks.

Angus:

GORRAM SHIT! Not now! Not LIKE THIS!

DDK:

Let's go to the replay. Look at the way Douglas' head hits the bottom of the guardrail.

Angus:

SON OF A BITCH!

Douglas is speaking with the medics which is a good sign. Medics are careful not to disturb Douglas for fear of aggravating any injury that Douglas could possibly have. Benny Doyle is in the thick of it as well.

Catalina is screaming at Harvey who is still down on the mat. She tries her best to get her man's attention and to get him back into the match.

The medical crew continues to assess Scott Douglas who is still down on the protective mat. Jay Harvey is coming to and is puzzled by what is going on. Harvey drops to the ring floor and pushes the medics out of the way to get at Scott Douglas. Benny Doyle gets right in Harvey's face and the two bicker.

Harvey:

You're not! You're not taking this from me!

Doyle:

He's injured! Get off of him!

Harvey:

Then call the match and hand me my title right now! Call the match, Benny!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is in a hard spot right here. He has to think of the well being of Scott Douglas. But he can't end the match like this, can he?

Angus:

Dollars to GORRAM Donuts ... Scott Douglas would rather die than hand this piece of garbage his title and Benny Doyle knows that!

Jay Harvey brushes passed Benny Doyle and goes for Scott again. The arena erupts as Harvey drags Douglas to his feet and tosses him into the ring. Benny Doyle puts his hands on his head still not sure of what to do in this situation.

Harvey rolls Douglas to the middle of the ring and makes a pin attempt. He hooks the leg and Benny Doyle is nowhere to be found. Harvey turns back and screams at Doyle to get into the ring. Catalina is right in the mix and screaming at Doyle to make the three count.

Doyle has reservations but slides back into the ring and counts the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

GODDAMN SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKS OUT!

DDK:

HOW?!

Angus: [dumbfounded and laughing]

HOLY FUCK! Look at the stupid look on HARVEY'S FACE!!

Harvey's eyes are wide and he goes back for another pinfall attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jay Harvey gets in the face of Benny Doyle, insisting his hesistance has cost Jay Harvey the win and the SoHer.

DDK:

This is incredible! The entire Wrestle-Plex are up and on their feet and make no bones about it ... they are behind Scott Douglas!

Harvey pushes Benny Doyle as the two continue to go at it verbally. Doyle is continuing his leniency and keeps telling Harvey if he doesn't stop he will disqualify him. Harvey puts his hands on his hips and backs out of the predicament.

Scott Douglas is still down on the mat, barely breathing. Harvey drops his head and seems fascinated with his opponent. Harvey raises his head and shakes it in possibly a sign of respect for Douglas. The respect soon fades and Harvey goes back on the attack with vicious boot stomps.

Harvey stops his onslaught and walks away from his opponent, toward the crowd.

Harvey:

This... is... over!

"The Natural One" goes back to Douglas and grabs him by the hair. Douglas' eyes are shut and spit flies from his mouth. Harvey continues to try to lift Douglas but the deadweight is too much at this stage of the game and Douglas drops down to the mat.

DDK:

Both of these men are spent, Angus!

Angus:

Harvey still hasn't put Scott Douglas away! Douglas is showing why he's been the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion! That son of a bitch has a lot of heart and a lotta FIGHT!

DDK:

Jay Harvey has been a thorn in Scott Douglas' side since Harvey arrived here in DEFIANCE. Harvey has attacked Douglas, attacked his best friend, then his mentor... now Harvey is just toying with Scott Douglas!

Harvey slaps at Douglas' head as Scott tries to will himself back to his feet. Harvey finds the strength to get Douglas up and looks to be setting him up to finish the match with Douglas' very own finisher. Harvey gloats as he has Douglas right where he wants him, all smiles.

Angus:

NO! DON'T YOU ...

Harvey's eye grow big as Scott Douglas uses every last bit of piss and vinegar to switch the momentum and execute the Sub Pop Suplex. The Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster puts Harvey down and Douglas as well. The crowd is on their feet, cheering for Douglas to go for the pin.

Cameras on the hard cam side get a shot of some fans in the front row with their hands on their heads, jaws on the ground.

DDK:

Douglas has to capitalize ... NOW or NEVER!

Angus:

Put a fucking finger on him, something!

Benny Doyle eyes are on both men, watching to see what happens next. He's reluctant to start a standing ten count given the circumstance. Douglas begins choking, still having trouble breathing as he holds his neck. Douglas throws his right arm out and lays it over Harvey's passed out body.

Benny Doyle drops to the mat and the crowd counts along with him.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Harvey kicked out!

Angus:

Noooooo!

The crowd is in shock, they all felt like this one was over. Douglas rubs his hand on his face, unable to believe that Harvey kicked out after the Sub Pop Plex.

DDK:

What else is Scott Douglas going to have to do?

Angus:

I'm sad to say it but that might have been Scott's best chance to put Harvey away.

DDK:

You may be right, Angus.

Scott Douglas is beaten, bloodied, and definitely bruised. He manages to power himself to his feet, holding his neck and hobbling around the ring. The Faithful stand on their feet and cheer the man who has given them so many awesome moments in his time in DEFIANCE.

Douglas tries not to let the moment cloud his mind, he has a match to win. Douglas slowly gets to the nearest corner and begins slapping the top turnbuckle. The crowd is white hot right now. Douglas rests his head on the turnbuckle, catching his breath in the process.

Angus:

I can't tell if he is trying to hype the crowd up or convince himself he enough left in the tank!

DDK:

It's instinct! Scott Douglas is showing that fighting spirit!

We cut to a camera shot of Jay Harvey down on the mat with his eyes closed. We go back to Douglas who steps one foot through the middle and top rope. The crowd is electric, they know what is coming next.

DDK:

I think Scott Douglas is going to go up to the top rope!

Angus:

A champion pulls out all the stops to keep their title and to stay on top, Keebs!

DDK:

I don't know where he is getting this from!

Angus:

Douglas is taking all that rage... He's thinking about everything that Harvey has done to him in the past few months and it's fuel for his fire! This is for the asian! For the drunk!

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

It's a incredible moment, Keebs ... but I still call 'em like I see 'em.

Douglas is on wobbly legs as he gets to the outside of the ring and begins climbing the ropes. Douglas is moving as fast as a man, who has been in an all out war, can go. The crowd can sense the end and the few who may have foolishly taken a seat; are now back up and waiting with baited breath.

Scott continues to struggle to make it up to the top rope. The crowd is giving him all the strength he needs in his moment. Nearly there and the fans are seen slapping hands and camera flashes are going off.

Douglas stands on the top rope, determined, with a passion. He points down at Harvey's lifeless body.

DDK:

This is it! Douglas is gonna hit the Fremont Plunge!!

Angus:

GAME OVER MR. HARVEY!

Scott Douglas goes for it, leaping off the top rope and executing a beautiful Shooting Star Press. The camera flashes go off in bunches as he sails through the air. Blood and sweat flung from his hair, highlighted by the stuttered flashes creating something like a strobe effect.

DDK:

Harvey moved! HARVEY MOVED! Scott Douglas missed the Fremont Plunge!

Angus:

SHIT!

Scott Douglas knocks the wind out of his lungs as he crashes to the mat. Harvey is out of harm's way and drags himself back toward the ring ropes. The air has been let out of the Wrestle-Plex as Scott Douglas crawls toward the nearby corner.

Harvey looks like a madman as he watches his prey struggle. Harvey jolts up and rushes his opponent. He lands a brutal knee strike flush to Douglas' jaw. The Wake Up Call connects, Harvey keeps the pace going as he drags Douglas up and into the center of the ring. The sound of a headset slamming down on the commentary table can be heard.

DDK:

Angus ... !

Jay Harvey lifts Douglas up and drapes him across his shoulders into a Fireman's Carry position. Harvey wastes no time before dropping Douglas down and landing a vicious Knee Lift to Douglas' face. Douglas is out and Harvey goes for the cover.

DDK:

NO!

ONE!

DDK:

NO!

TWO!

Angus: [picking up his headset]

NO! PLEASE GAWD NO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd is in utter shock, they can't believe what they just witnessed. The crowd is silent, you could hear a pin drop. Jay Harvey looks like a kid in a candy store though. Catalina rushes into the ring and tackles him in a joyous celebration.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... AND **NEW** DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... **"THE NATURAL ONE" THEEE JAAAAAY HAAAARVEY!**

The Dynamic Duo hug and scream, realizing the dream has been achieved. Cameras cut to a young fan whose hands are on his head, tears filling his eyes. We switch cameras and see Benny Doyle holding the Southern Heritage Championship which is soon ripped from his hands by Catalina.

She presents him the title he has fought so hard to attain. Harvey is on his knees and accepts the championship title belt. He holds the title close to his chest for a second or two and then just stares at the faceplate.

Harvey rubs his hand on it and then brings it to his lips, giving it a kiss. Harvey slowly and painfully gets to his feet and raises the Southern Heritage title in the air. The crowd is still beside themselves as we get a shot of Scott Douglas passed out on the mat.

DDK:

I... I'm at a loss for words, folks. We have a new Southern Heritage Champion. After three hundred and fifteen days ... Mighty Casey has struck out.

Angus remains silent as an alternate camera angle briefly shows the returning medics, along with Kerry Kuroyama - arm still in a sling - heading toward the ring. Douglas at this point has rolled toward the apron and Benny Doyle down on one knee - lends whatever support he can.

We cut back to the new SoHer and Catalina continuing to celebrate to a silent crowd.

DDK:

This is a sad day in DEFIANCE, folks - and I would be lying if I said this didn't feel like a second coming of the Invasion.

We cut back briefly to the ring apron where Scott Douglas has been stabilized and loaded onto a stretcher. The medics begin to wheel the former SoHer up the ramp as we return to the only two people in the building enjoying themselves.

Jay Harvey has no cares and complete tunnel vision as he makes his way to the corner and climbs up to the middle rope to show the Wrestle-Plex and the rest of the world that he is the new DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion.

DDK:

One era ends and a new one begins... Jay Harvey told the world he was going to win the Southern Heritage title and he did exactly that.

Harvey holds his title high in the air as the fans wake up from their shock. A thunderous boo comes over the Louisiana crowd as half filled cups and other debri begin to reign down on the ring. We zoom in to Harvey holding his title up with

a smug, yet well deserved look, on his face.

DDK:

Folks, we have the MAIN EVENT still to come! I'm going to have to talk my broadcast colleague down from the ledge it seems - and by the looks of it we are going to have clean up this ring! In the meantime, I'm being told we are going backstage ... to Jamie Sawyers ... ?

Darren can be heard, muffled and meant to be off mic. "This night ... holy sh - " The audio cuts as we cut to backstage.

NOT BRAZEN ENOUGH

We cut to the backstage area, where we can see To The Maxx walking quickly through the arena. Both members of the team, still wear their wrestling gear with jackets over top of their bodies. They have their bags with them. Behind them Jamie Sawyers is trying to keep up!

Jamie Sawyers:

Guys! Guys! Where are you going!? What's the matter?

"Exclusive" Eric Wilson slows down but doesn't stop.

Eric Wilson:

Look Jamie, you said we would be good here! You said we'd be safe! Now you got us out here wrestling a guy with a freaking cardboard box over his face!

Now his partner chimes in.

Lance Mingle:

YEA! We could have gotten Mesothelioma out there!

A thought crosses the mind of Eric Wilson and he stops for just a half beat.

Eric Wilson:

I THINK WE'RE ENTITLED TO FINANCIAL COMPENSATION!

They hit the back door and it swings into the night. Through the doorway head To The Maxx with their bags towards a waiting taxi. Over his shoulder, Lance let's Sawyers know where they are going.

Lance Mingle:

We're headed for Brazen, we saw that awesome show over the weekend! I think we should test our luck there!

Jamie is wide eyed and stupefied as the scene cuts to black before returning back to the commentary booth once again.

OSCAR BURNS © vs. SCOTT STEVENS

DDK:

Well, Angus, it's been an unbelievable night, but we've finally reached the summit of our evening.

Angus says nothing but the rustling of a headset can be heard.

DDK:

It will be Oscar Burns defending the FIST of DEFIANCE versus "The Angry Texan" Scott Stevens in a match that harkens back to last year when the UTA invasion began.

Darren takes a beat and unsure of Angus' intentions, fills the potential dead air.

DDK:

... and well --

Angus cuts in, as if nothing ever happened.

Angus:

I hope Oscar finally has an answer for this twat, Keebs. Remember last year at Maximum DEFIANCE when the nightmare that was the UTA Invasion happened... Stevens beat Burns.

Darren isn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. He rolls with it.

DDK:

Indeed! Granted, Burns has beaten Stevens in a tag team match one time, but in two other outings including a recent tag team match on DEFtv 104, Stevens has twice pinned Oscar Burns. History isn't on the champion's side in this one, but knowing Burns he'll have to dig down deep to find a way to finally get the proverbial monkey off his back.

Angus:

I dunno... Oscar's going into this one alone and we saw what those Stevens bastards did to Angel Trinidad. THANKFULLY, Kelly barred those other hicks from ringside for this match, so Burns has him mano-e-mano. Screw The Stevens Dynas-hols or whatever they're called.

DDK:

Stevens Dynasty.

Angus:

Stevens Shit Sandwich. Whatever. Point is, Burnsie has been issuing open challenges left and right with that title and can't let himself get burned out like Cayle Murray almost did.

DDK:

Oscar Burns has been a great champion and has fought off some names, but his biggest test by far happens tonight on the biggest stage he's had since winning the title. Can Oscar Burns finally defeat Scott Stevens one-on-one or does the challenger continue to have his number? We'll take it to Darren Quimbey for the main event introductions.

The rowdy Faithful start to die down for the intros as the opening bell rings.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and will be contested for the FIST! OF! DEFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFIIIIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNCEEEEEEEEE!!!!

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area as the vile war cry of a certain Texan is heard throughout the arena.

"FUCK DEFIANCE!"

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. and the cheers that filled the arena quickly turn into jeers of pure hatred as they 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 and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters.....SCOTT STEVENS as "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play.

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of a staircase in the arena and a group of security wearing #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirts make their way down the stairs and Scott Stevens appears at the top. The faithful continue their expletives towards the Texan who simply smirks.

As Stevens makes his way down the steps soda and food are thrown his way, but Stevens doesn't lose his focus as the garbage hits him.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds, he is the challenger...**SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!**

The FUCK DEFIANCE Security push the more rabid fans out of the way to insure the Texans safety as he makes his way through the faithful until he reaches the barricade and stares at the empty ring.

Stevens slowly hops the barricade making his way around the ring to 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 letting them know what he thinks of them as he delivers the double state bird of Texas to the masses before dropping to the canvas and awaiting his opponent.

♪ "Edge of Infinity" by Minnesota ♪

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out... but in far more colorful attire - for this occasion, he's gone bright orange with his yellow "DEFIANCE: We Like Graps!" t-shirt! Burns turns around, he raises the FIST of DEFIANCE championship overhead to a HUGE pop from the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

And hisopponent... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... he is the REIGNING and DEFENDING FIST of DEFIANCE... he is the Technical Spectacle! He is the Guru of the Graps! He is the The Joint Chief of Jointlocks! This is "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

Angus:

Damn it, Burnsie, one on one... come on, you can take this asshole.

DDK:

That remains to be seen, Angus. Like you pointed out, the first time these two met one-on-one on PPV, Stevens won. Granted, it was a distraction from Carla Ferrari who he put in harm's way to take advantage...

Angus:

And Burns is a goody-good. Stevens will take advantage in places we know Burns won't.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd as he lifts the title over his head. He looks right at Stevens, who gets in his face before Benny Doyle breaks the two up. Burns grimaces at his long time rival and plants a kiss on the surface of the title before handing it over to Benny Doyle.

DDK:

The biggest title we've got in DEFIANCE. We're about to start.

Angus:

I want his arm, Burns! Rip it off and give it to me! I need a new ass-scratcher!

DDK:

...Ew.

DING DING DING!

The second that the bell rings, Burns moves in for the kill and wants to grapple with Stevens, but The Angry Texan quickly hides in between the ropes.

Scott Stevens:

Break, asshole, break!

Burns growls at him and Stevens smirks in between the ropes.

DDK:

We know Burns is a great technical competitor in between the ropes - perhaps the best technician that we've ever had as FIST of DEFIANCE - but Stevens has been so good at getting under his skin for as long as these two have been fighting.

Angus:

Stop being right, you twat. I hate that.

The Joint Chief of Jointlocks watches as Stevens slinks back in between the ropes to the ring, but when Burns does it again, Scott now decides to take a powder from the ring. Oscar watches him pace around the ring, but stands his ground.

DDK:

Not sure what Stevens is thinking here... he doesn't have the champion's advantage and if he gets counted out, he loses.

Scott walks over to ringside and casually grabs a chair before unfolding it and setting it down.

Scott Stevens:

Come on, Burnsie, you wanted me so bad... here I am!

Burns thinks twice before letting Stevens try to get under his skin again, but not before Stevens decides one more ploy...

SPITTING ON HIM!

Angus:

Oh, come on, what a load of bullshit!

DDK:

Blatant disrespect shown by the challenger... and Burns has seen enough!

The crowd goes wild when Burns finally goes after Stevens but just as the champion gets out of the ring, Stevens rolls back inside the ring with a big grin on his face!

DDK:

Stevens once again playing mind games with the champ here!

Burns climbs back towards the ring without thinking, but the second that he does, Stevens catches him with an arm...

NO!

DDK:

Oscar just suckered him in!

Stevens' attempt to swing at Burns at the onset of the match end with Burns LOCKING him in an Armlock while trapped in the ropes!

Angus:

All right, that new ass-scratcher is on its way!

DDK:

Again... ew.

The hold gets locked in and unlike most holds, Burns keeps the hold locked in until the referee makes the count of four. At four and a half, Burns lets go and falls to the floor while Stevens peels back, holding his arm in pain. Now that an opening has presented itself, Burns slides back into the ring and CRACKS Stevens in the mouth with a hard Elbow Smash!

With the crowd firmly in his corner, Burns watches as Stevens goes slumping into the corner now. He grabs his arm and sets it up in a Hammerlock before RAMMING his arm viciously into the corner!

DDK:

It looks like weeks worth of these sneak attacks and mind games have finally caught up with Stevens.

Angus:

Good!

Burns folds his arm again and CRACKS him into the corner a second time! With that, Oscar trips Stevens up on the ground and he's already got him in one of his many irregular arm locks. With some clever joint manipulation, Stevens is already screaming in pain as his arm is being bent in ways it should not be... and while this goes on, Burns grabs the finger.

DDK:

This is where Burns needs to keep this! If he keeps it on the mat, he'll have the best chance at retaining!

The Kiwi Grappler continues to crank back on the arm and with it fashioned under his own arm, he CRANKS back on the fingers! Scott howls out in pain, which is music to the ears of the Faithful... and Angus.

Angus:

That's good shit, Keebs! I'm gonna record this and listen to it in my car on the way to the arena from now on.

The Faithful revel in the pain being caused by Burns as he holds the Top Wristlock. With his arm behind him, Burns turns him over onto his shoulders and goes into a cover.

ONE!

TW- NO!

Stevens kicks out, but Burns grabs the arm and goes right into another lock! The pain continues for the challenger who now rolls over and grabs the ropes before the hold can fully be locked in.

DDK:

Like him or not, that's smart wrestling on the part of Stevens.

Angus:

I don't. And it's not. He's a chickenshit.

Now heading to higher ground, Scott Stevens tries to shake the pain out of his arm and limps around, but not before Oscar Burns sees a free shot and cracks him in the back of the head with a huge Baseball Slide Dropkick, knocking him back into the barricade!

Burns slides out to follow Stevens as he remains slumped over the barricade. He grabs the arm in an Arm Wringer, CRACKS him under the jaw with a pair of hard European Uppercuts and then slams his arm into the top of the barricade!

"BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!"

Oscar acknowledges the Faithful and continues to grab the arm of Stevens. He rolls up to the ring and then right back out to reset the official's count.

DDK:

I don't honestly think we've ever seen this side of Burns too often. We know from his battles with Crimson Lord over the WrestleUTA World Title that we know he can get vicious when he needs to, but he's really just taking Stevens to school.

Angus:

As well he should! He's done nothing but poke the bear. And if Oscar can keep being this vicious, he's gonna have a long reign as the FIST!

With Stevens still left reeling, Burns grabs the arm and then leads The Angry Texan over to the steps...

CLANG!

He SLAMS the bad left arm of Stevens on top of the steps! He then throws Scott Stevens back into the ring while grabbing the arm yet again. This time, Burns applies a vicious-looking Keylock, WRAPPING it around the ring post! The challenger cries out in pain but if he's looking for sympathy, then he won't find it here tonight at all against the likes of The Faithful or the DEFIANCE wrestlers.

Angus:

Shit, this is vicious. I gotta record some more Stevens pains of anguish.

DDK:

Now Burns back into the ring and now he's got that arm trapped.

Burns looks out to the crowd and Stevens tries to free himself from the FIST of DEFIANCE standing on his foot. Burns then grins...

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

Angus:

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHH!

After the succession of painful stomps, Burns then grabs the pained Stevens by now what has to be a not-very-good arm and then goes to work by trying a Hammerlock into what looks like a suplex... but no!

Stevens gets his good elbow to the back of Burnsie's head to keep the Kiwi Crippler from doing any more damage to the joint. The veteran brawler from Texas finally has an opening, so Stevens takes it to straight COLD-COCK the FIST of DEFIANCE in the head with a vicious right hand! He then follows up with a Headbutt of all things!

DDK:

Ouch! Stevens just might have bought himself some time with those shots!

Angus:

But can he use that arm well? Burns has been marking his territory all over it since the match started!

And it's very true as Stevens can't mount a follow-up right away while Burns takes a second on his knees to try and shake off the succession of vicious blows by the Angry Texan.

Scott Stevens:

Damn it!

He shakes the arm some more and tries to get some feeling going into it before he sees Burns start to get up. Using his slight height and strength advantage, he runs into Burns and throws him to and rams him into the corner using his good shoulder. The Joint Chief of Jointlocks lets out an "oomph" sound as Stevens runs cross-corner, only to come back with a HARD Corner Clothesline against his chest!

Stevens takes a second to recover his arm again and frantically tries to shake some feeling back into it while Burnsie remains slumped in the corner. He turns his fist back and CRACKS a good one to Oscar with a Knife-Edge Chop across the throat! Benny Doyle reprimands him for the questionable shot, but Scott shoots him an angry look and does it a second time, chopping Burns in the throat!

Angus:

Ugh, I wish I could like this guy. I'm all bout it-bout it when it comes to the brawlers but this guy is such a shit. Him and his whole clan.

Burnsie continues to eat more chops and punches from The Scorpion before he rears back on Burns. The FIST of DEFIANCE goes out of the corner, only to get kicked in the gut and taken down...

DDK:

REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

Angus:

Damn Superkick out of nowhere!

The blow catches Burns point-blank in the corner and now he goes slumping down! Steven kicks him over and goes for the cover and perhaps the FIST as well!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

DDK:

NO! The first big kickout from Burns!

Angus:

Don't give up, Burnsie!

Now the crowd jeers as Stevens grabs his #FUCKDEFIANCE t-shirt from ringside and looks like he's gonna choke him with it. The official steps it and Benny Doyle takes it away, throwing it out of the way. What he doesn't see is Stevens unwrap his wrist tape and STRANGLES Burns with it, much to the chagrin of the crowd.

Angus:

Dumbass! Disqualify him! Come on!

DDK:

We've seen there's no secret to how many wins he's been able to get by being a dirty cheat! Twice, he almost defeated Cayle Murray when he was champ.

Stevens then lets go of the hold and undoes the rest of his wrist tape, throwing it away before Benny is any the wiser. Now that Burns is in his sights, Stevens tries to hoist him up...

CRACK!

After a while of punishing Burns, he tries to pull the Kiwi Crippler back to his feet, only to get an defiant (see what I did there?) Elbow Smash to the gut. Stevens retaliates by firing back with another solid Knife-Edge Chop to the neck again!

DDK:

We often wondered what Stevens' approach would be to this and I think we just got our answer.

The Bad Ass from Texas watches Burns reel back in the corner now, coughing and trying to fight off the challenger, but the FIST of DEFIANCE hopeful throws a few right hands to trap Burns on the ground. He then pulls him out and nearly cleans his clock with a HUGE Discus Clothesline, to the neck and throat he's been working on! Burns spins ass over teakettle and Stevens quickly turns him over for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Don't you DARE let this choad have our belt, Burns!

DDK:

Burns with another kickout! But now Stevens stays on the attack!

The FIST of DEFIANCE gets behind Burns and hooks the neck before DRIVING Burns down again, this time with the Scorpion Death Drop Reverse DDT! He floats right into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Another kickout! But now Stevens trying to get more feeling back in that arm Burns worked over earlier.

Yet again, he shakes the hand and gets ready to fight. Stevens leans over Burns and goes to the ground and pound game...

NO!

DDK:

Burns now trying for the Graps of Wrath II! He found an opening right there!

The crowd starts going nuts as Burns tries to lock in the hold fully, but Stevens does have it scouted. The arm clearly bothers him still, but he has the arms interlocked and then tries to roll up Burns.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Burns lets go of the hold and tries to scramble to his feet, only for Stevens to catch him...

DDK:

NO! He tried that Crossface as a counter, but the left arm clearly in too much pain!

Stevens doesn't have a choice and flails about with the bad arm. When he tries to catch Burns unaware with with a charging Lariat using his good hand, Burns rolls him up and goes into an Inside Cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Stevens kicks out, but Burns keeps the pressure on by hooking the side of his leg and going into a KIDO Clutch!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

Burns is turning in yet another amazing singles performance tonight! He's trying to keep that title and put Scott Stevens in his rear view, but neither of these men are giving up!

Burns goes back up to his feet and scrambles, only to get caught with a HARD Double S Spinebuster from Stevens! The ring nearly shakes and Scott takes a second with his hand before quickly going into a cover with the FIST on the line!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Not so fast, asshole!

DDK:

Scott thought that he had the match won right there with the Spinebuster, but Burns STILL not willing to give up a third consecutive loss to Stevens in their matches together.

Scott continues to be enraged with the tenacity of the Kiwi Crippler as he continues to fight. As Burns groggily tries to get back to his feet, The Angry Texan growls.

Scott Stevens:

I'm taking that title! I'm not getting screwed again!

He SLAPS Burns across the face and sends him reeling into the ropes. The crowd groans and then JEERS the ever-loving hell out of the challenger as he now gears up for another move off the ropes. He might be thinking Texan Lariat - you know, a wrestling Texan's best friend - but as he comes back, Burns leaps and takes him up and over with a Hurricanrana of all things!

Angus:

That was... well, random!

DDK:

Indeed it was, but that's Burns. You think you have him scouted, then he busts out something like that!

The challenger goes down in a daze while the stunned, but still willing to fight Oscar Burns slaps the mat and himself to get himself motivated in the biggest test of his title reign yet. Looking to make a fourth successful defense since winning the title, he notices Scott now dazed in the corner. He rushes forward and nails a Running European Uppercut across the jaw!

DDK:

Burns comes at him with the big Running European Uppercut! Now trying for the Double Underhook Suplex, but Stevens fights it!

Oscar tries and he can't get Stevens up as he goes limp by falling to a knee to prevent the hold... however, that leaves him wide open for Burns to CRACK him with a standing High Knee to the gut and then he goes for a modified Cobra Twist by hooking the bad arm and TWISTING it back behind him!

DDK:

Oscar honing in that arm again! Jeez, I don't even think I know what to call that! A modified Cobra Twist, I guess.

Angus:

He can call that shit Double Trouble Dog Shit on a Stick for all I care. Long as this Stevens asshole doesn't have a good arm to use, then we're good!

The hold continues to put the pressure on Stevens and Doyle gets in, asking him if he wants to quit.

Scott Stevens:

AHHHH! NO!

He fights through the pain and does nothing else but hobble toward the ropes until he makes it and Burns has to let go! The crowd jeers the development as Scott went to check on him, only for him to come back and CRACK him in the mouth with his free hand!

DDK:

You can feel just how much they HATE each other, Angus! Now they're squaring up.

Angus:

Left hook! Right hook! North Hook! South Hook! Slug that shit out!

Stevens has caught Burns with a hard shot, but Burns fires back!

Elbow Smash from Burns!

Right hand from Stevens!

Elbow Smash from Burns!

Right hand from Stevens!

European Uppercut from Burns!

EYE RAKE FROM STEVENS!

DDK:

That's one way to win one of these exchanges.. Not the most legal.

Angus:

Like this feckless asshole knows anything about legal, Keebs. Pretty sure he was snorting coke, but I can't believe we can't prove it because we didn't actually see it. Got some lawyers with that DEFIANCE money, I bet.

Stevens then fires not one, but a trifecta of extra-explosive right hands that double Burns over against the ropes now. While Burns is decent with the Elbow Smashes and Uppercuts, Stevens' brawling ways appear to be too much for him to overcome for the moment. He hoists Burns up across the shoulders...

Angus:

Houston, We Have A Problem... and that shit isn't just irony, that's the name of that move!

Stevens goes for the cover on Burns now, hooking a leg with his good arm.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

Oscar won't give him that title lying down! Burns came to win and finally get the monkey off his back when it comes to Scott Stevens!

Stevens goes nuts and gets in Benny Doyle's face, yelling "THREE!" over and over again. Doyle yells "TWO!" right back and holds up two fingers to really illustrate his point. Realizing arguing with the ref is a fool's errand at this point,

he measures up Burns as he starts to stand. The crowd knows what's coming next from The Scorpion - a move that Burns has been felled by before.

DDK:

He's beaten Burns twice with this... TOXIC... NO, HE COUNTERED!

Burns SUDDENLY breaks his grip and snaps him over with German Suplex! Doyle starts to try and go for the count, but Burns opts to pull him upwards. Before Stevens knows it, he gets dropped with a Bridging Dragon Suplex!

Angus:

YUSSSSSS!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Angus:

NAAWWWWWWWW!

The crowd had just gone apeshit, but suddenly one could feel the energy being deflated like a balloon once Stevens' shoulder bounced off the mat.

DDK:

I don't know HOW he kicked out of that! We saw Burns used a similar combination of suplexes to finally get the title away from Cayle Murray! Stevens wants this just as bad as Burns wants to keep the title!

Stevens slumps over after Burns releases the full nelson and now the champ sits up, wondering what he has to do in order to finally put his challenger down for good. It doesn't take him long to figure out what that move is going to be as he hoists Stevens by his neck, looking to wrap a leg around the neck...

Angus:

He's gonna stretch out this prick, Keebs. Octopus incoming!

DDK:

He's going for it! The Graps of Wrath II!

He tries to set up Stevens for the hold, however, the challenger has the move scouted from their previous confrontations and tries to fight his way out, grabbing the leg and shoving Burns away. The champion then comes around again when Stevens strikes...

DDK:

TOXIC STING! HE LANDED THE TOXIC STING!

Angus:

No, damn it, no! This former UTA trash can't be our new FIST of DEFIANCE! Not when Squid Boy and Kiwi tried to fight them all off to keep our titles!

The crowd jeers like all hell when Stevens cackles! He rolls Burns over after hitting the Jumping Cutter and with his good arm, hooks the leg and counts with the referee.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...

DDK:

NO! BURNS JUST *BARELY* GRABS THE ROPES!

“RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!”

The Faithful go nuts that Burns just barely manages to wrap an index finger across the nearby rope! Stevens sits up and cheers when he hears the three-count come down, but doesn't see Benny Doyle waving it off!

Angus:

Almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, you asshole!

Stevens is in SHOCK as he stands up. He sees Burns' finger wrap around the ropes, so he pulls him away and goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

He pulls him away and goes for yet another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Burns is bound and determined to win this and he finally finds an answer to the Toxic Sting!

Scott Stevens:

NO! FUCK THIS!

The Angry Texan certainly lives up to his name as he rolls out to the floor. He shoves the timekeeper over and starts angrily lobbing objects into the ring, clearly blinded by rage in the fact he hasn't been able to win the FIST!

Two steel chairs!

A ringside flat screen monitor!

The FIST of DEFIANCE Title itself!

And now the ring bell.

Burns is dodging each blow, but Benny Doyle threatens a disqualification as Stevens continues raging out some.

DDK:

What's Stevens doing?! He's lucky he hasn't been disqualified already.

Angus:

Maybe he'll ragequit and go away!

The crowd is all over Stevens as the leader of the Stevens Dynasty heads back into the ring. The referee works to remove all of the clutter moved around the ring and then boots Burns in the gut. He goes for the Toxic Sting aga...

DDK:

BURNS GOT HIM! BURNS GRABBED THE ARM AND NOW HE'S GOING FOR THE GRAPS OF WRATH III! IT'S ALL OVER IF THAT CROSS ARMBREAKER GETS LOCKED IN!

Burns tries to get him with it...

WHAM!

The crowd GASPS!

DDK:

What'd... what'd he just do?!

Angus:

DAMN IT, HE HAD A WEAPON, DOYLE! PAY ATTENTION!

Doyle kicked the various objects out of the ring and didn't notice that Stevens pocketed the ring bell hammer, JABBING Burns in the throat with it!

DDK:

NO, THAT SOB USED THAT WEAPON! DOYLE DIDN'T SEE IT!

Burns gasps for air and clutches the throat - the very same that Stevens has been working over all match... and watch and JEER some more as he tucks in Burns' head and slowly pulls him up. The hammer is long gone as Stevens hoists him up...

Angus:

NONONONONONONO...

DDK:

The Moral Compass!

Burns gets his head SICKENLY driven into the mat and he bounces up before falling off to the side of The Scorpion. Scott sits up and doesn't waste any time going for the cover. The crowd now goes into complete shock as the official makes the count.

ONE...

Burns doesn't move.

TWO...

They hope for the shoulder to come up.

Something.

Anything.

THREE.

...It never comes.

The crowd almost goes dead silent as Scott Stevens now pushes himself up to his knees. The slyest of evil grins on his face over his deception.

Angus:

COME ON, INSTANT REPLAY RULE! COME ON, WILDLY INCONSISTENT REPLAY RULE! WHERE ARE YOU?!?! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DISQUALIFIED!

DDK:

Doyle never saw it, Angus. We have a new FIST of DEFIANCE champion and I don't believe this...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... and **NEEEEEEEEEWWWW** FIST of DEFIANCE... **SCOTT!**

STTTTTTEEEEEVVVVVVVEEEEEENNNNNNNSSSS!

The new champion doesn't wait for Benny Doyle to hand him the title and **SNATCHES** his new ill-gotten gain out of his hands, now walking over to the second turnbuckle and raising it high in the air!

Scott Stevens:

I did it! I did it! I told all of you worthless sons of bitches I was going to win and nobody believed me! I'm taking this shit to Disneyland!

He slaps the plate of the title and the crowd is in nothing less than complete disbelief over what they were seeing. Burns haplessly rolls out of the ring and clutches his throat in pain after being struck with the ring bell hammer that Stevens pocketed in the melee he caused.

Angus:

I'm all about somebody who can find an opportunity to win... ugh, but not this piece of Texas trash.

DDK:

We just witnessed Scott Stevens pull off the heist of the century. Burns was well on his way to victory and had the challenger dead to rights, but he hid that ring bell hammer and struck the same throat that he's been beating on all match.

BURNT OUT

Stevens takes a long look at his newly won championship and then he looks down at the floor as the former champion is still holding his throat and Stevens quickly dismounts the turnbuckle and reaches through the ropes and pulls Burns back into the ring by his hair.

DDK:

What the hell is he doing?

Stevens drives his metal knee brace into the throat of Burns causing the former FIST to roll around the ring gasping for air.

Angus:

DAMN IT, SOMEONE NEEDS TO STOP HIM!

Referee, Benny Doyle, tries to stop Stevens but the Texan decks the official and slides out of the ring looking for something.

DDK:

Stevens just decked an official and he's looking to cause more damage!

Angus:

SOMEONE GET OUT HERE NOW! SECURITY! WRESTLERS! SOMEONE!!!

Stevens finds what he is looking for as a sick grin forms over his lips as he picks up the ring bell.

Angus:

Bastard is going to inflict more damage with that ring bell

DDK:

Seems like it's poetic almost as Stevens used the bell hammer to win the title and he's going to use the bell to finish the job.

Angus:

I'm this close to slapping you!

Stevens mounts the top turnbuckle and dives off driving the bell into the throat of the former champion.

DDK:

Stevens is trying to end this young man's career!

Angus:

WHERE THE HELL IS THE POLICE?!?!? THIS IS ATTEMPTED MURDER!

Stevens drags Oscar back towards the corner and drops a stiff knee to stop his fidgeting before climbing up the turnbuckle and driving the bell into his throat once more and Burns flails around once again this time coughing up blood.

DDK:

Burns could have a crushed esophagus!

Stevens smiles as he reaches down and puts his hand into the coughed up blood and smears it across his face and chest like warpaint.

Angus:

This guy is sick!

Stevens turns towards the corner and proceeds to climb up but before he can jump, officials and security make their way into the ring and protect Oscar from more harm as EMTs follow closely behind.

DDK:

Finally someone gets out here to help Burns.

Angus:

ABOUT FUCKING TIME! WERE THEY ON A COFFEE BREAK?!?!?

Stevens throws his hands up and hops off turnbuckle and watches as medical personnel check on the former champion.

DDK:

Oscar, doesn't look to be in good shape partner.

Angus:

No shit! He's coughing up blood and their putting him on a stretcher Keebs!

Meanwhile, seemingly unsatisfied with his victory, Stevens heads over to the corner where he reaches through the

ropes and beckons for a microphone.

Scott Stevens:

Get this piece of trash out of my ring.

Stevens watches as the medical team strap down Oscar Burns to the stretcher but they don't do it fast enough to the champ's liking.

Scott Stevens:

I SAID.....

Stevens drops the microphone, goes over to Oscar Burns and pushes away the medical personnel and the referees trying to stop him. Stevens picks up the stretcher and places it right side up against the ropes threatening to flip the stretcher over. Agents, officials, and BRAZEN wrestlers such as Felton Bigsby, Fishman Deluxe, Rich Mahogany, Don Hollywood, Butcher Victorious, and others, come from the back and get into the ring to prevent Stevens from doing anymore harm and the Texan sees that he's outnumbered and backs up and acts like he is going to leave but flips over the stretcher causing Oscar to topple to the floor as the medical team rush out to check on him.

DDK:

Who in the hell does guy think he is!?

Angus:

Fire his ass!

Stevens just laughs at the sight while agents are yelling at him and wrestlers are threatening him as the champion slides out of the ring and picks up the microphone.

Scott Stevens:

I told ya'll to get that piece of trash out of my ring.

Stevens says as he looks at Oscar Burns' fallen and prone body on the video screen.

Scott Stevens:

Shut the hell up!

Stevens says to an agent that's threatening suspension.

Scott Stevens:

You ain't going to do shit!

Stevens yells at the wrestlers threatening physical harm.

Scott Stevens:

What did you expect to happen?

Stevens says towards the agents.

Scott Stevens:

This is why you paid me all that money because you wanted a champion that is marketable and will take this company to new heights and to do that you have to take out the trash.

Stevens says as he points towards the screen showing a close up of Burns.

Scott Stevens:

I told every single one of you that I was going to defeat this chump and become YOUR World Champion, and this is

the thanks I get?

The Faithful let Stevens hear it.

Scott Stevens:

You filth have been used to mediocrity at the top for a long time and that's about to change because I, Scott Stevens, am going to show you and this company what a real world champion looks like.

Stevens says as he drops the microphone and hops the barricade and slithers off into the crowd as the EMTs and officials check on Oscar.

Darren gives a parting thought as the screen slowly begins to darken and draw the live broadcast of Ascension to a final close.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen ... this is far from the parting images we wished to leave you with this evening. After watching two proud DEFIANCE champions decimated here tonight ... I have to repeat myself - this feels like the Invasion all over again ...

**THIS
IS
DEFIANCE.**