

EMBARRESSED

The scene opens up backstage where a camera crew and DEFIANCE's own favorite power lady, Kelly Evans, standing in front of a DEFIANCE MAXDEF backdrop. In the bottom right-hand corner of the screen the words "Earlier Tonight" appear. The sound is unclear as the still shot closes in on the action, with the mic finally picking up Kelly, dressed in her power lady suit, mid-recording;

Kelly Evans:

We are just two weeks away from the first DEFIANCE Pay Per View of Twenty Nineteen... MAXDEF!

She smiles and rubs her hands together in anticipation.

Kelly Evans:

And what a main event we have in store for you all. We broke the news to you all just a few days ago, but I am pleased to confirm that...

At that moment she takes a step back toward the backdrop, her attention caught as the cameraman focussing in on her promo is shoved out of the way by a pretty irate looking FIST of DEFIANCE.

Kendrix:

EVANS! FUCK YOUR PROMO AND FUCK DEFMAX! JFK WANT'S MIKEY UNLIKELY, ONE ON ONE, RIGHT HERE TONIGHT!

Kendrix slams the palm of his hand against the backdrop, momentarily startling the boss lady who's holding her hands out flat in front of him.

Kelly Evans:

Jesse, be very careful here and remember who you're talking to. Calm the fuck down!

JFK takes the FIST off of his shoulder and finely tailored suit jacket. He takes a step toward her, encroaching in her personal space and holds the title right in front of her face.

Kendrix:

JFK knows exactly who he's talking to. JFK is talking to the boss who, for some reason, wants to devalue this title by allowing Mikey Unlikely to even compete for it. How much did he pay you? With your negotiation and matchmaking skills I'm guessing not enough, OBVS!

Evans rolls her eyes and shakes her head back at Kendrix with a wry smile. DEFsec approaches, catching the champs, eyes but Kelly waves them off.

Kendrix:

Whatever, you want JFK to defend the FIST against that poor excuse for a wrestler at MAXDEF...no problem. But you owe me him one on one tonight after he embarrassed JFK two weeks ago.

Kelly Evans:

I owe you?

Jesse nods his head defiantly and points his index finger onto his chest.

Kendrix:

That's right you owe me! Mikey interfered in my business on the last show. I had Elise Ares beat and that traitor comes out of the crowd, with none of your security in sight, and lays the champ out for Elise to pick up a dirty win in my first match as the FIST!

Kelly nods her head recalling the moment and affords herself a smile...which quickly turns to a frown as she jabs her finger into Jesse's chest.

Kelly Evans:

So you have forgotten who I am. Let me remind you, I make the rules out here, not you. As for your embarrassed feelings, you had it coming when I had to pay Mikey's medical bills following your unprovoked and vicious assaults on him two shows in a row.

Kendrix backs up and throws the belt over his shoulder again, an impressed look on his face recollecting his handy work earlier this month.

Kelly Evans:

I'm glad you think that's so funny. I'd wipe that smile off your face though, champ. You may be one of the most technically savvy and opportunist performers this company has ever seen...but you know more than anybody that what Mikey lacks in technical ability, he has one hell of a knack of finding a way to get the job done, doesn't he...bruv?!

That smile completely fades from the champ's face as the realization of Evans' words sets in. The champ holds up a finger.

Kendrix:

Woah, firstly, don't bruv me, bruv. I'll bruv you but you don't bruv me, got it? Bruvvvvvvv?!

Evans folds her arms, not impressed while Kendrix holds up two fingers.

Kendrix:

And secondly, no JFK hasn't forgotten that Mikey more often than not finds a way to win...cos JFK was Mikey's way!

Having heard enough, Evans waves Jesse's retorts off.

Kelly Evans:

Whatever, I'm tired of your pettiness now. But you know what, it's your lucky night. I'm in a giving mood. In fact, I, and I'm pretty sure the DEFIANCE fans, don't want to wait till DEFMAX to see Mikey Unlikely embarrass you again. So I'm gonna give you Mikey...right here...TONIGHT!

Kendrix perks up, that trademark smirk flashing across his face having got what he wanted.

Kelly Evans:

That's right, champ. Oh...but Mikey will be teaming up with the woman who beat you two weeks ago on DEFtv, the SOHER herself...Elise Ares!

Kendrix:

What?! Two on one, handicap match before DEFMAX? You've lost it, Evans!

Kelly rolls her eyes at Jesse's short-sightedness.

Kelly Evans:

Oh don't worry, you won't be alone out there. You see, it's going to be a tag match and I've managed to find you the perfect tag partner this evening. He's so perfect he even fits your main personality trait...Tonight, you'll team up with...The D!

This time it's Kendrix who rolls his eyes. He makes to leave, satisfied with the outcome but turns back for a final parting shot.

Kendrix:

Whatever you say, boss. I just hope your main event at DEFMAX actually happens. After all, the last two times I stared

Mikey eye to eye...well, let's just say you might have some more medical bills to pay, innit bruv?!

The champ dusts off his title and throws a wink the boss' way before exiting the scene. The shot fades out on a close up of Evans looking a tad concerned for her main event at DEFMAX following Jesse's threat.

RUNDOWN



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

And of course; those all-important fan signs:

THE LIGHT IS OUT
WHERE IS DOUGLAS?
SALMON LORD
WRESTLEFRIENDS ARE THE BEST FRIENDS
USA, USA, USA!
KENDRIX GETS FISTED
BLITZKRIEG THE REAPER
DEFIANCE RULES
UNLEASH THE ELISE!
STEVENS SHOULD BE LEAVIN'
CLUCKY IS OVER!
LIGHT THE FUSE, BROS!
RED JESUS!

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

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome ... once again the Wrestle-Plex for more DEFIANT action on DEFtv! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always - by my side, Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

Always, eh? You don't have to say it so shitty ...

Darren glances at Angus but quickly brushes it off and continues.

DDK:

DEFIANCE is abuzz as we learned just days ago via DEFIANCEwrestling.com that the main event for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE will be Jesse --

Angus cuts Darren off.

Angus:

McFuckass Lite.

DDK:

... Fredrick Kendrix defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against none other than.

Darren knows better on this one and just stops, turning to Angus.

Angus:

...

DDK:

... That's your cue.

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I start to say the name and then you interrupt with your crude nicknames.

Angus:

I am NOT your puppet, Keebs.

Darren sighs, shaking his head.

DDK:

Defending against none other than Mikey --

Angus:

MCFUCKASSSS!!

Darren is unphased.

DDK:

There it is. But we just learned moments ago the once brotherly Bruvs will ALSO face one another ... HERE TONIGHT!

Angus:

If there is a god... one McFuckass will kill the other McFuckass before committing harry carry!

Darren looks again to his partner, surprised but also disgusted.

DDK:

Jesus, Angus ...

Angus:

He'd do as well, I suppose.

Darren sighs once more and pushes on with the broadcast.

DDK:

But Kelly Evan's isn't the type to capitulate to the petulant demands of ... well, even - a champion!

Angus:

You get a word of the day calendar or something?

Graphics take over the screen each showing respective pictures of the matches as they are mentioned. Starting with Mikey Unlikey and Elise Ares on the right and Kendrix and The D on the left.

DDK:

That's right folks, it'll be the splintered Hollywood Bruvs versus the parted ways PCP in Tag Team action. Mikey Unlikely and the So -

Angus:

If you say anything other than Southern Heritage ... I swear to --

DDK:

ELISE ARES! Taking on the FIST of DEFIANCE and The D!

Angus:

Won't be the first time Elise has taken on the D.

The images move along and so does Darren, ignoring Angus ... it's normally the best tactic.

DDK:

And that is not all ... We always love to showcase the BRAZEN talent and tonight we can Theodore Caine taking on Vue'Due in singles competition.

Angus:

Vue ... who!? That's Butcher V ... V something. Damn, uh ... Virgil, no. Vanguard. No. *Vanglorious! This is protected by the red, the black, and the green, with a key, sisssssiiiiieeeeeeees!*

DDK:

... are you having a stroke?

Angus:

You wouldn't understand.

DDK:

Anyway ... In TAG TEAM ACTION! The Stevens' Dynasty take on Thugs 4 Hire!

Angus:

Pass.

DDK:

AND speaking of the Stevens' Dynasty ... the former and most recent FIST OF DEFIANCE --

Angus:

How dare you bring that up?

DDK:

Scott Stevens fresh off a suspension will square up with Titus Campbell!

Angus:

I liked Stevens a lot more two weeks ago.

DDK:

He was suspended, Angus.

Angus:

I stand by what I said.

DDK:

Also, the Fuse Bro's compete tonight against the ever intimidating No Justice, No Peace!

Angus:

Ssssssssssssy!

DDK:

And we'll see a member of the Light, half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team champions take on "Dantam" Ryan Batts in one on one competition.

Angus:

Cluuuuccccckkkyyy!

DDK:

All that AND more when we return ... stay tuned!

Cut to commercial.

THERE IS NO FAIRY TALE ENDING FOR LITTLE MAC

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

Lance Warner:

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

The Faithful fill the arena in boos as Bo and George enter the frame.

Lance Warner:

Tonight, you have a match against an unnamed team. Tell us, are you worried?

Lance asks as Bo smiles widely.

Bo Stevens:

No sirey!

Bo says with a chuckle.

Bo Stevens:

Bo doesn't do scared. Bo knows scared and that's the look when people see this behemoth behind Bo in person. That's scared Lance and Bo and George are far from scared.

George methodically grunts and shakes his head no.

Lance Warner:

Well, you must be nervous then since you have no idea who you are facing...

Bo interrupts Lance.

Bo Stevens:

Lance, it doesn't matter who comes out to that ring to face us because The Stevens Dynasty fears no one!

Bo edges in closer and raises the microphone up.

Bo Stevens:

You see Lance, unlike certain teams around here we get the job done. Unlike certain teams around here, we make good on our promises. Unlike certain teams around here, we are winners!

The former tag champion shouts as he smacks his cousin in the chest who doesn't flinch at all.

Lance Warner:

That other team you're referring to the Fuse Bros?

Bo Stevens:

That's why you're the ace reporter, aren't you?

Bo says sarcastically

Bo Stevens:

You see, the Fuse Bros think everything is a video game, but in reality, they are an above average team who happen to get lucky one night and extend that luck for a nice title reign.

Bo says as he claps.

Bo Stevens:

Bo applauds the accomplishment, but after you took the Knock Out Punch from Mike Tyson in the form of the ToyBox taking your achievements you fell and you fell hard. You haven't been the same, have you? I mean you lost to WrestleDorks and the big man behind me, but that was going to happen regardless though. The Game Shark and Game Genie ain't working for you anymore?

Bo asks with a smirk.

Bo Stevens:

You think you're going to be Little Mac and claw and scratch your way to the top once again beating Glass Joe and King Hippo...

George grunts at his cousin when he motions him after the King Hippo comment and Bo shrugs.

Bo Stevens:

Bo loves to be the bearer of bad news and there is no fairy tale ending for Little Mac in Mr. Dream's story because in reality, it's going to be a one hitter quitter as we play spoiler and knock you back down the ladder of success and go on to challenge for what's rightfully ours, the tag team titles.....BO-LIEVE THAT!

Bo leaves the frame and George looks towards the camera.

George Stevens:

K.O. GAME. OVER.

George says before leaving.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

VUE'DUE vs. THEODORE CAIN

Darren Quimbly:

Already in the ring hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana....weighing in at two hundred and sixty-five pounds....THEODORE...CAIN!!

Cain raises his arm in the air right after Darren introduces him.

Darren Quimbly:

His opponent hail...

Darren is cut off, as "The Baroness of The Light" Virginia Quell interrupts him much like she did two weeks ago.

Baroness: *[Heavy British Accent]*

Shut your mouth sunshine!

The Faithful clearly show their distaste for Gin, who is dressed in a long evening gown dress her red hair gently over the right of her face. With long white gloves on in a stunning purple dress.

Baroness:

Darlings, stand and meet the newest member of The Light! Now hailing from Blackpool, England...weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds!! "The Brazen Butcher"VUE' DUE!!!

♪ "My Roots" by In This Moment ♪

Butcher steps from behind the curtain, oil drips from his body, he has purple tights with sheet music going up the legs in white and a pink eye on the center of his tights. He has a torn sleeveless denim jacket on and now a white mohawk brushed over the left side of his head. Sporting new tattoos over the rest of his body.

DDK:

Crimson looks to have turned yet another to his cult.

Angus:

How many more does he plan to turn to his ways?

DDK:

Butcher has had a tough past few months and it looks like he is not messing around here tonight. He looks like a whole new man tonight.

Vue follows Quell to the ring, they stop at the front of the ring. She removes his jacket. The two touch each other's foreheads and Vue' Due slides in the ring he spins and quickly attacks Theo while he is stretching.

DING DING

Vue stomps Cain down into the corner and quickly goes for a blatant choke in front of the referee. He lets go of the choke before the count of five. He picks up Cain and pulls him to the center of the ring and drives his knee into the face of Theo and stomps down Cain's face slams against Vue's knee and he falls backward.

The Baroness outside claps as she points at a few evil ones supporting the heroes of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

It looks like Butcher has a bit of a vicious streak now. It seems all his frustrations over the past months is being taken out on Theo here.

Vue picks up Cain and gut wrench suplexes Cain to the mat. He stomps on him a few times. Before picking him up

once more and lifts Cain up into a screwdriver!

Angus:

That pink goober seems to have pulled out a side of Butcher he has kept hidden for years.

Vue wastes no time and picks him up and drapes him over the second rope, he goes off the ropes and ropes and lands on top of Cain forcing him to straddle the ropes. Vue' Due argues with Benny Doyle, as he backs away.

DDK:

What is Gin doing here she just reached into her dress?

Baroness pulls out a pair of brass knucks from in between her breast and she clocks Cain across the jaw! She slides them back in between her breast in front of the jeering Faithful at her actions.

Angus:

Did you see that I better give her a strip search for that weapon she just used?

DDK:

You honestly think she is going to let you do this, and frankly, that was totally uncalled for!

Cain falls to all fours stunned Vue pushes past Doyle and lifts Cain to his feet while he is still slouched over he goes off the ropes...

DDK:

EVENFLOW DDT!

Angus:

Cain is out, what a violent DDT by Vue'Due!

Vue covers Cain while The Baroness makes her way back into the ring. Benny is down for the count.

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "My Roots" by In This Moment ♪

Darren Quimbly:

The winner of the match... "The Brazen Butcher" VUE' DUE!!!!

Vue stands up Benny tries to raise his arm and he pulls his arm from Benny. The Baroness raises Vue' Due's arm in victory!

DDK:

It looks like Brazen has just got themselves a man that is out to punish those that defy The Light.

Angus:

I don't think Butcher is messing around anymore, and the Brazen roster better watch out he looks like he means business.

WANT TO PLAY?

Cut to Backstage.

One half of the WrestleFriends, "Manpower" Jack Mace is heading down a hallway checking his wrist wraps for a moment. While his partner Ryan Batts is wrestling Jestal tonight, he does always want to be ready. He stops suddenly when he notices a child with their back turned to him.

Jack Mace:

Well, hello little mate. What're you doing back here. You lost, kiddo?

The child turns around acknowledging Mace. It's a little girl with pink eyes Mace staggers back a bit as the child looks up at him with her innocent eyes...

WHACK!

Mace hits the floor hard, the camera moves upward and it's Jestal with Clucky.

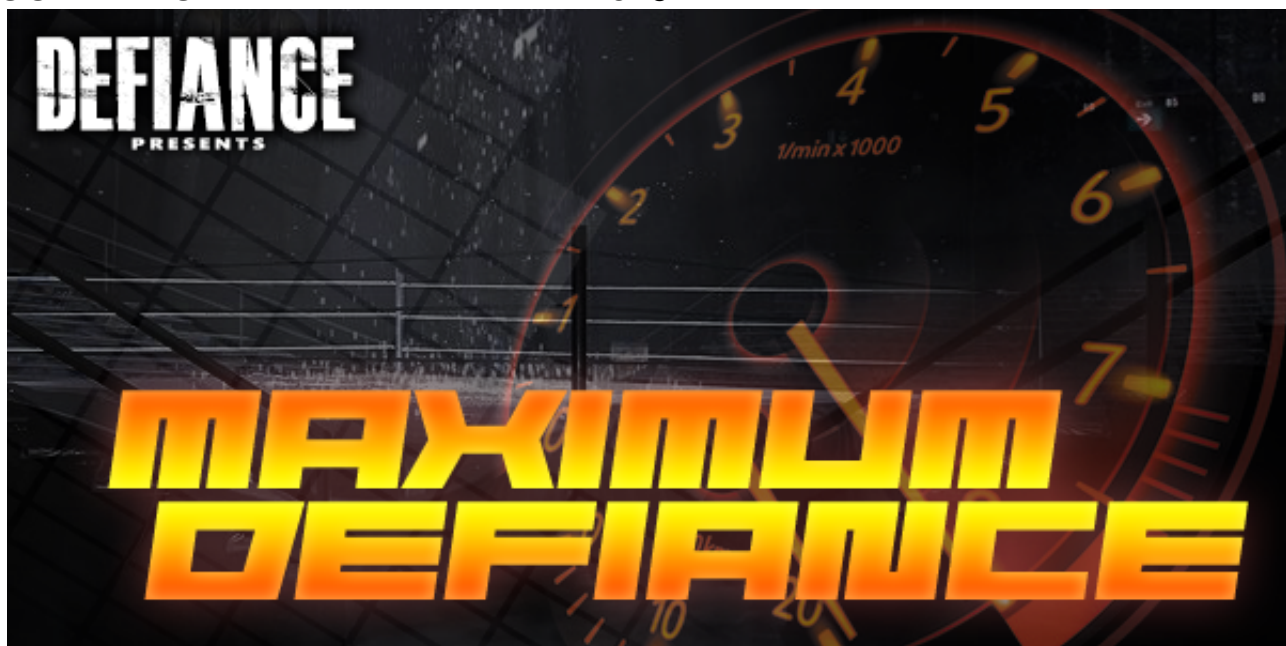
Jestal:

Nice move Clucky you sly devil!

Jestal looks at the child who just points toward the gorilla position. Jestal winks at the child and laughs on his way to the ring. The child looks down at Mace for a minute, then wanders off camera.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXDEF 2019



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MÃXIMA DEFIANCE

Cut back from commercial and Christie Zane is backstage with a microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time... Ultimo Phoneix!

The camera pans a bit the right as Phoneix enters the frame and sticks his mark. Even with his homemade mask obscuring his obviously young face, it's easy to see, he is genuinely pleased with himself for doing so.

Zane:

Ultimo, to say your time here in DEFIANCE, so far ... has been challenging might be a bit of an understatement.

Ultimo rolls his shoulders slightly and nods in regretful acknowledgment.

Ultimo Phoniex:

Well, Christie ... those who never fall, never learn how to get up. And --

Ultimo is cut off as a blur of black and brown obscure the screen in rapid fashion. Christie screams out and retreats off frame as Ultimo is blindsided. The audio becomes muffled for a moment until the camera audio becomes our main source and the commentary team return to the broadcast.

DDK:

That's ... That's Victor Vacio!

Angus:

I think you mean Vicous Taco!! Get him!

Indeed, Vacio now stands over the bushwacked and befuddled Ultimo Phoenix. Vacio seethes as he inhales and exhales deeply throw his mask.

DDK:

I think it goes without saying ...

Angus:

THAN DONT SAY IT!

DDK:

We need security.

Angus:

Damnit, Keeps.

Nearly on cue, DEFsec comes in hot. Quickly getting between Vacio and the Firebird. One black-shirted team member tends to Phoenix while the lions share blockade Vacio from further violence.

Phoniex:

I've been nothing but above board with you, Victor!

Ultimo Phoniex speaks out as he's mostly pulled to his feet. There is still an unfortunate but inherent kindness to his voice even as he intends to voice his frustrations.

Phoniex:

I had but ONE point on my agenda for this interview tonight! I intended to be professional and civilized but you ... you ... well, you ARE A JERK!

Vacio bucks at the comment but the mass of men between him and Phoenix keep it to just that.

Phoniex:

My kindness has been taken for weakness ... and my respect for this sport has been taken advantage of -- I will not stand for it. YOU and ME, Victor ... MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Vacio cocks his head up with a look of intrigue. The Firebird is fired up and has no patience for Victor's stoic and overdramatic nonsense.

Phoniex:

What do you say!? Huh!? ...

He said it like he meant it but quickly the younger man begins to over think and his overall well-natured attitude causes him to undercut himself ever so slightly.

Phoniex:

In ... ah, in English --

He lays back into the aggression just to punctuate a polite request.

Phoniex:

PLEASE!

Vacio crosses his noticeably larger arms over his obviously larger chest and takes a step back from the ever-ready DEFsec. He responds indignantly in Spanish, but very slowly ... as if that is any help.

Victor Vacio:

¡Tu contrato contra el mío!

Phoniex breathes deeply and lets it out in an exasperated breath.

Phoenix:

We've gone over this. I DON'T SPEAK SPANISH! And I know for a fact ... YOU speak English! Work with me here!

Vacio stands eerily still. Once the moment has become appropriately awkward he responds, shaking his head and muttering under his breath.

Vacio:

Pinche güey ...

Angus:

Can we get some subtitles!?

Vacio:

Your contract ... for mine! I should be the DEFIANT ...

Vacio unfolds his arms and teeters his open hand side to side as he continues.

Vacio:

... you may pass for BRAZEN.

Darren snorts in holding back his laughter, knowing full well how Angus will take that.

Angus:

HOLD ON!

Vacio drops his previously folded arms and steps closer to the man-made barrier.

Vacio:

En Maximum DEFIANCE, donde te vuelvo a vencer, si vives, vas BRAZEN y me quedo aquí.

With that, he turns and exits the frame.

DDK:

I'm not sure he can set ...

Angus:

I'll allow it.

DDK:

I wasn't referring to you, Angus.

As DEFsec relaxes and breaks ranks, the camera pushes into a close up of Ultimo still held aloft by a member of the security. He asks sheepishly.

Phoniex:

Any chance you ... speak Spanish...?

Cut back to ringside.

THE STEVEN DYNASTY vs. THUGS 4 LIFE

DDK:

Up next, Ladies and Gentlemen we have the Stevens Dynasty Open Challenge.

Angus:

And they are in for a rude awakening Keebs, trust me.

DDK:

Alrighty.

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

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Angus:

I'm going to guarantee that the Derp Dynasty is going to get their asses kicked tonight.

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

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty looking confident and ready for tonight and at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Their confidence is about to be shattered!

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

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

DDK:

Uh Oh.

Angus:

Damn right Keebs!

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

DDK:

And the donation box is filling up quickly.

Angus:

Because they know Derp Dynasty's hospital bills are going to be expensive they need all the help they can get. I hear

T4H also started a GoFundMe page for them as well.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Boyd and Holt hit the ring and fist bump with one another before Boyd hands the donation box to the official. Their music fades as Mark Shields signals for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

And here we go.

Holt gets the start for his team and Bo smirks and tells his cousin he has this as he takes the start for his team.

DDK:

Size and power vs speed and agility. Who is going to prevail first?

Angus:

Holt is going to send Bo to the Hurtlocker.

The two wrestlers circle each other and Holt goes to lock up but Bo ducks underneath and pushes Holt in the back. Holt quickly turns around and grabs Bo by his hair and sends him to the mat and does a Lex Luger-esque taunt and yell that sends Bo scurrying to his corner and tagging him the Mastodon, George Stevens.

Angus:

See that Keebs? Boo wants no part of Holt.

DDK:

You may be right, partner, because how is Holt going to overpower the behemoth George?

Holt may be an inch taller but he's giving up about two hundred pounds to George and the two giants stand in the middle of the ring waiting for the first to make a move.

DDK:

This is like an Old West duel at High Noon.

Angus:

And The Thugs will win....if not they will bribe their way to victory.

The two continue to stare at one another before George holds his hand up and motions for Holt to grab it. Holt cautiously grabs it and does so with George's other hands and the test of strength begins!

DDK:

What strength! Neither is moving an inch.

Angus:

My guys ain't no slouches Keebs.

Byrd is on the apron clapping and getting the Faithful to cheer louder and as Holt feeds off of the energy he grabs George's hands and twists them up causing the Texan to shout out in pain.

Angus:

Squeal you big, fat piggy. Squeal!

George squeals in more agony as Holt tightens his grip before George hears the instructions of his father and spits into Holt's eyes breaking the hold.

DDK:

Well, that's one way to break the hold.

Angus:

DQ! DQ!

Shields warns George who shakes out his hand trying to shake out the pain as Holt is trying to wipe the saliva from his eyes. Cary yells out more instructions and George nods at his father and staggers Holt with a right hand.

Cary Stevens:

AGAIN BOY!

George does as his father commands, but there is a problem....

DDK:

Holt catches the right.

George swings the left.

DDK:

Now the left and George is trapped.

Angus:

Beautiful.

Holt begins to use his head as a weapon as he delivers rapid-fire headbutts to George. Holt delivers a stiff shot to the face of George that dazes the Texan and Holt lets out a primal yell as he musters all of his strength to lift up George and deliver a massive underhook belly to belly suplex.

DDK:

HOLY SH.....

Angus:

HOLY SHIT IS RIGHT KEEBS! I'M SURPRISED THE ROOF DIDN'T COLLAPSE!

The Faithful go ape shit as they cheer for Holt to make the tag to Byrd.

DDK:

Holt is inching closer to Byrd. Will he make it?

Angus:

Of course, he'll make it Keebs. What kind of stupid question is that?

Cary and Bo are screaming at George as Holt sees the outstretched hand from Byrd and leaps towards it making the tag causing Emilio Byrd to come in and begin stomping away on George when Mark Shields steps in to put a halt on the assault.

Angus:

What is that idiot doing?

Shields tells Byrd he didn't see the tag and Emilio goes ballistic as he shoves the ref and Mark shoves back and the two have words long enough for Bo to sneak in and deliver a low blow to Holt before slithering out like the snake he is.

DDK:

Shields didn't see the tag as he was distracted by Bo and Cary and he didn't see that.

Angus:

He's worse than NFL refs!

George makes the tag to his cousin and Bo rushes into the ring and begins stomping away on Holt before mounting him and raining down right hands.

DDK:

Bo with rights to the face of Holt.

Bo makes a quick tag to his cousin and George delivers a leg drop across the throat of Holt and yes at the ref to count.

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

DDK:

Holt was able to get the shoulder up.

Angus:

Gonna take more than that to keep Holt down.

Bo tags himself in and begins stomping away on Holt. Bo yells instructions at his cousin and the two pick him up and throw him into the nearest turnbuckle.

DDK:

Bo is measuring Holt.

Bo whips his cousin into the corner and the Faithful come alive as Holt staggers George back with a boot to the face.

Angus:

The tougher they are Keebs.

DDK:

The harder they fall, partner.

Bo sees George stagger back and fall to the canvas and rushes towards Holt only to be caught and taken to the Hurtlocker with a massive sit-out powerbomb.

Angus:

HIT IT WHERE IT HURTS! WHERE THE FUCK IS THE REF?!?!?!?

DDK:

He's tangled up with Cary.

Byrd rushes into the ring and hits the ropes knocking Cary off of the apron and Shields turns around seeing the pin and drops to the canvas.

ONE

TWO

THR ...

NO!

Bo gets the shoulder up in the nick of time.

Angus:

Bullshit! That was three!

DDK:

Probably so.

Angus:

Probably?!?!?!? It's a fact!

Holt makes the tag and Emilio comes flying in like a bat out of hell and pushes Bo into the nearest corner and delivers rights and lefts to his ribs before winding up and delivering a hard right hand that slumps the Texan in the corner.

DDK:

Byrd with The Wind Up.

Byrd tags in Holt and the two look to finish off Bo.

Angus:

The end is near Keebs, I can smell it

Holt picks up Bo onto his shoulders and Byrd begins to ascend the turnbuckles, but before he can fly Cary jumps onto the apron with a few choice words as he tosses something to his nephew that Byrd and the official do not see.

DDK:

Cary may have tossed something to.....

Angus:

Get that idiot off of the apron!

Cary jumps off the apron when he sees his son, George, pull the leg of Byrd and get crouched on the top turnbuckle and Holt drops like a sack of potatoes after taking a punch from Bo and the Texan lands on him and Shields drops down to make the count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

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

Bo and George pull themselves up to their feet as the official raises their hands high into the air.

DDK:

A tough loss here tonight for Thugs 4 Hire, but they showed they could hang with one of the top teams in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

We were fucking robbed Keebs! Don't sugar coat that shit! We should've won!

The Stevens Dynasty continue to celebrate their win in the ring as the image fades to backstage.

SOUTHERN BELLE

The scene opens backstage, where a beautiful blonde looks back into the camera. With a smile plastered across her, the always recognizable Christie Zane stands ready to deliver. Her dress and makeup as normal are on point, and her mouth opens to welcome in the viewers.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentleman, I present to you our current DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, Elise Ares.

In the background, you can hear the muffled rumble of the crowd when Elise Ares appears on screen. Her LED sunglasses rest upon perfected dark brown hair. A royal purple and gold cross top has become the norm since her SOHER victory, and the championship rests upon her shoulder in the frame, stars & bars and all. Behind her Klein steps into view of the camera, notices he is in direct view, and quickly darts away stage left.

Elise Ares:

Thank you, Christie. I think this might be our first one-on-one?

Zane:

Well, there was that one time, it was a while ago but I remem...

Elise Ares:

We don't talk about that, Christie.

There is a look of confusion across Christie's face as Elise smirks a bit.

Elise Ares:

It was a joke. Geez, those always worked better in the past.

Zane:

Thank goodness, I didn't know where you were going with that. Something elsewhere I don't really know where you're going with it is the SoCal Championship. A few weeks back you debuted a brand-new "SoCal" Championship with selfie technology. The very next week, your best friend and tag partner since your very first days here in DEFIANCE The D turned on you, dumped you for another woman he calls "O-Face" and stole your championship. What were your intentions with that title, and where are you at mentally right now dealing with all of that?

Elise looks back at Klein over her shoulder and shakes her head in an effort to process everything that's happened and what to say.

Elise Ares:

I'm just trying to have fun, isn't it totes obvs? Ever since I was a little girl I was drilled with "respect" for this business and told how super-duper serious and honorable this "craft" is. While I do understand how things work in this business, I also know that being super-duper serious is super-duper BORING. Am I right, Klein?

He shrugs in the background, Elise doesn't pay attention.

Elise Ares:

What's wrong with throwing in a little dance? Taking a little selfie? Doing something for all those Aresites out there? Nothing. Now that being said, I understand all the prestige and the tradition of this championship. The SOUTHERN Heritage Championship. It's no secret that I wasn't born in Hollywood, Christie, I was just destined to be there. I was born in Havana, Cuba, and last time I looked that's SOUTH of the United States. That's SOUTH of here. Who could be more SOUTHERN than me?!

Christie Zane has no response to this, in her dumbfoundedness, she looks at Klein, who responds by shrugging once again.

Elise Ares:

So I will PROUDLY wear this championship with this Southern Heritage flag on it and represent EVERYTHING it stands for. I will tak...

Klein taps her on the shoulder and she turns around and he shakes his box "NO" emphatically.

Elise Ares:

I won't?

Klein continues.

Elise Ares:

I meant not EVERYTHING... I guess?

Zane:

Well being from Cuba you're probably not familiar with American history?

Elise Ares:

Well... I mean... Christie, once I was known as the SOUTH Beach Starlet, but you can just call me a Southern Belle. The Belle of the Ball that is DEFIANCE Wrestling. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, not that stupid bitch O-Face or whatever the hell she is.

Zane:

Have you ever met this woman? Who is she?

Elise Ares:

Dead is who she is if she thinks she can just step into my shoes and take my Netflix money! Without me, Lake Placid is a campy, over-played concept with a bunch of hacky lines and unbelievable special effects. Might as well be on the SyFy Channel. I MADE that franchise. I MADE SportsClips. Everything I've ever touched is GOLDEN. Without me, The D is NOTHING.

Zane:

He's made mention in recent weeks that without everything he taught you, you're nothing.

The Southern Heritage Champion pauses for just a moment, trying to catch her words up to her brain. You can almost catch emotion across her face for just a moment before she defaults to a cocky smirk to fight it back.

Elise Ares:

He did. He taught me a lot... but this isn't 2016 anymore, Derek. I'm a grown ass woman who came to DEFIANCE and did a lot of leaning. He's not the reason for the season. I am. I came here and I made MYSELF, and if he wants to run his mouth and try to prove me wrong he'll have his chance because at Maximum DEFIANCE I'll put this title on the line... and he'll put the SoCal up next to it, in a ladder match.

Zane:

Breaking news here!

Elise Ares:

In that ladder match, I'll do what I do best... I'll climb to the top, and I'll grab that brass ring all by myself. The cream always rises to the top Christie, and all those Aresites know that you're looking at the biggest star that DEFIANCE Wrestling has ever seen.

Zane:

And you'll get your chance to show him tonight in a tag team match with...

Christie Zane pauses, and the camera pans to show Mikey Unlikely in the frame walk up next to Elise Ares.

Instinctively she grabs her championship belt on her shoulder and holds it close to her. A cheer arises in the background as he looks down at her championship.

Mikey Unlikely:

I remember those days pretty well.

Zane:

I'll leave you two to gameplan.

Klein goes to step between the two but Elise puts her arm out to let him know it's okay.

Elise Ares:

I know you haven't been here in a while, but I don't think I have to remind you about where we left off, do I?

Mikey:

Nope, I remember. I expected this to be just as awkward as it is.

Elise Ares:

Well, I want to make it very clear to you... you don't run this show anymore. If we're going to get this done tonight, things are going to be TOOOOTES different.

Mikey:

We'll get to that, let's talk about things for a bit, maybe you'll feel a little better about it.

Elise pauses and looks back at Klein. He doesn't answer. Gives no tell one way or the other before Elise looks back at her former SEGmate.

Elise Ares:

Sure. Let's see what you've got.

With those words, the two walk off screen with Klein reluctantly trailing behind.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

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MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

DDK:

Here comes Kerry Kuroyama! Two weeks ago, he returned to DEFTV to rectify the action taken by the slanderous Crimson Lord! I'll, be honest folks ... Even I was convinced it was Kerry under that mask.

Angus:

I was never fooled by it all. I knew it wasn't him the whole time. I never doubted Karate, for a second.

Kerry comes through the curtain and heads down the ramp, slapping a few hands before entering the ring to a reasonable ovation from The Faithful. He calls for a microphone from a ring side crew and takes center stage in the middle of the ring.

Kerry:

You know ... I was sitting at home about a month ago, recovering ... convalescing, if you will. I tuned in to DEFTv ... only to see this --

Kerry turns to the DEFiaTron and on cue a scene from DEFTv 114 plays.

Crimson Lord:

Tonight I enlighten a returning member of The Light. It is the time my child for your walk of repentance!

♪ Revolve by The Melvins ♪

A hush comes over the crowd as they recognize that theme song.

DDK:

No ... no, this can't be?

Angus:

Not Kuriieg ... has he infected K-cups too?

The music abruptly stops and the arena goes dark. Cell phone flashes, flashlights and even a lighter or two attempt to relight the darkened space.

DDK:

Is this a power outage?

Angus:

No, Keebs... I can still hear you -- WAIT! Don't tell me ...

As Angus feared, two green led orbs light up in the darkness.

Angus:

GORRAM Reapers.

The arena lights return and The Green Reaper stands atop the DEFIANCE stage once more.

DDK:

It appears ... well, Kerry Kuroyama has, once again, taken up the mantle of the Green Reaper!

The production truck cuts to shots of The Faithful in utter shock as the Reaper makes his way to the ring.

Angus:

I honestly thought we were done dealing with these amateur lighting technicians. Especially the green one!

The Green Reaper enters the ring and stands before Crimson Lord.

Crimson Lord:

Ser Kuroyama, you wish to repent your sins and become my Reaper of The Light?

The Green Reaper nods and takes a knee. The Faithful along with DDK and Angus are speechless.

Crimson Lord:

Then rise and atone for your evil ways.

The Green Reaper stands up and bows his head.

DDK:

What the... Lord has Kerry up on his shoulders...what in the world is he doing?

Angus:

Obviously, Keebs ... he changed his mind. He's batshit crazy.

Crimson walks to the empty turnbuckle and locks Kerry's feet on the turnbuckle...

DDK:

ENLIGHTENMENT!

Lord quickly turns around on his knee with hand touching the mat in a superhero pose as The Reaper lay motionless on the mat, face first.

Lord gets to his feet and picks up the microphone.

Crimson Lord:

Now Kerry Kuryama is no more henceforth you are my Reaper of The Light. Rise my child ...

The masked Reaper slowly but eventually pulls himself up to his feet. The Green led lights in his mask flicker from the previous impact.

Crimson Lord:

... and be reborn in the glory of The Light!

The flickering green ceases and the LEDs reignite in a distinctively pink hue.

The show returns to Kerry in the middle of the ring. The Faithful await what he has to say after that clip.

Kerry:

I sincerely regret my time as under that hood ... and the things I did during that time. I can't take them back ... I can only apologize, hope to be forgiven and move forward ... Obviously, everyone now knows that was not me on that screen ...

He points at the DEFiatron with the Pink Reaper still on the screen.

Kerry:

And ... that will never be me again!

The Faithful pop for Kerry's declaration.

Kerry:

Now, that is out of the way ... I am happy to announce that I am medically cleared to return to action as of two weeks ago ... And currently my dance card for Maximum DEFIANCE is empty ...

The paying crowd begins to light up with excitement at the possibility.

Kerry:

And to be quite frank, I THINK ... it's time to once AND FOR ALL put to rest this BLIGHT on my reputation and past!

Kerry looks toward the entranceway, with a determined look.

Kerry:

So Crimson Lord ... you and you merry band of Pink Juveniles, your imposter included, come on out here and accept my challenge!

♪“Black” by Norihito Sumitomo ♪

DDK:

Looks like Kerry is going to get his wish! Here comes this army, Lord has built.

The black lights shine on the entranceway as Lord steps from behind the curtain followed by The ToyBox, then Virginia Quell and the newly christened Brazen Butcher Vue' Due. However, there is no Pink Reaper among them. Lord stares at Kerry in the ring with a devious grin across his face.

Lord:

I am the way, I am the path to righteousness, I am...

Kerry quickly interrupts Lord.

Kerry:

Yeah ... yeah... yeah ... Save the nonsensical rhetoric. I see the you and the rest of your Bazooka Joe fan club, but it appears you are missing someone.

Lord:

I..

Kerry interrupts again.

Kerry:

Shut up! We are ALL sick of your rambling! Where is your Reaper of The Light!

The Faithful ignite as Lord looks at The Light for a moment then back at Kerry and raises the microphone to his mouth.

Kerry:

You know wha --

Kerry drops the microphone before he can even finish his thought. He exits the ring, pulling his shirt off as he heads up the ramp.

DDK:

Kerry is showing no fear as he is making his way up the ramp toward The Light!

Angus:

Kerry may be brave but its six against one! This may end in walking INTO the light! Get it, Keebs!? Like he's dead ... get it?

Before Kerry can reach Lord, a figure hops the guardrail and nails Kerry from behind!

DDK:

Who is that?

The figure removes his hood to reveal the Reaper of the Light.

Angus:

It's the IMPOSTER!

The Reaper turns Kerry around and suplex's him on the steel rampway. Kerry recoils from the impact grabbing at his back.

DDK:

This is terrible! Crimson Lord and The Light are clearly ... AMUSED by this.

The Faithful boo as The Reaper picks up Kerry and drives his shoulder into his gut, his momentum carries the two back to the ring where Reaper drives Kerry's lower back into the apron. Kerry yells out in agony before crumbling to the ringside floor.

DDK:

I get the unsettling feeling ... he is not done!

Kerry struggles to his feet still clutching his back. By the time he can make it to all fours and still prone, Reaper throws a vicious kick to Kerry's midsection. Kerry flops over to his side near the steel ring steps. Reaper quickly begins to pull up the ringside mats and expose the cold concrete floor.

DDK:

He is trying to end Kerry's career here!

Angus:

I told you it was not smart to try and take on six men. He left himself open to this think next time, Kerry!

The Reaper pushes the lifted floor covering away and picks up Kerry locking in a DDT and positioning him over the exposed concrete.

DDK:

NO! Don't do it!.....DDT on the concrete! You son of a bitch!

Angus:

Kerry is not moving, this is not good.

The Reaper slowly gets up taking some of the brunt of the blow himself. Kerry has not moved as he lays face first on the concrete floor. Reaper walks around the ring and snatches the microphone from Darren sitting at ringside. He walks over to Kerry and takes a knee next to him and raises the microphone to his mask.

Reaper: *[Distorted Voice...almost robotic]*

See you at MAXDef!

♪"Black" by Norihito Sumitomo ♪

DDK:

It appears The Reaper has accepted Kerry's challenge for MAXDEF but what condition is Kerry going to be in two weeks from now!

The Light claps as The Reaper slams the microphone on the ground and stares down at Kerry.

The Light part as DEFmed begins to funnel out from behind the curtain on their way to Kerry. Reaper breaks his stare and heads up the ramp.

DDK:

We have plenty more action to come, folks! But right now, our crack medical staff is going to make sure the recently returned Kerry Kuroyama is ok.

Angus:

Ok? K-Cups just took TWO lumps of concrete ... and no cream!

DEFmed continue to check on Kerry as he attempts to sit up. They wave him off but he continues. The Faithful pop as he continues to push to his feet. The medical staff assists and help Kerry to the back.

DDK:

Well, you still have to wonder what state The Pacific Blitzkrieg will be in --come MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in two weeks -- although it is nice to see that he is back on his feet!

Angus:

Barely! Hell, I'd be surprised if we ever see Kokomo again!

Kerry and the medical staff assisting him, dissappear behind the curtain.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. TITUS CAMPBELL

DDK:

Next up ladies and gentlemen is the in-ring return of the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens, since being suspended and forced by management to stay home.

Angus:

The fucker should've been fired, Keebs!

DDK:

Maybe so partner, but he has a bit of a challenge here tonight as he takes on Titus Campbell.

Angus:

Damn right he does Keebs. Titus is coming off a big win last week on Uncut and he's looking lean and mean while Stevens looks fat and drunk.

DDK:

I'll take your word on it since I haven't seen Stevens at all today.

Angus:

I have, and he was smelling like cheap booze and ass. He's going down.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 310 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

↪ *"Labrinth" by Earthquake feat. Tinie Tempah* ↪

Flashing lights dance from the entrance, silhouetting a huge man with his arms extended wide, showing an almost impossible wingspan. Stepping out into the spotlight is a massive, mountain of a man. Wearing a black varsity-style jacket with silver sleeves and a matching pair of silver sunglasses, "Wingman" Titus Campbell tosses off his "WINGMAN" flat-brimmed hat and drops his jacket to the ground. The African-American giant smirks and bops a bit to the beat before walking down to the ring. He nods to the cheering fans - his Flight Crew - and hands off his shades to a fan in the front row before entering the ring. He waits on his opponent as his music cuts.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights, light up the arena.

DDK:

The sounds of Queen is the calm before the storm.

Angus:

Ummmmmm. Shouldn't they be playing the music now Keebs?

No music as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen is a giant hand that slowly closes into a FIST as letters slowly appear and form a message and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... **SCOTT STEVENS.**

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, THE FORMER FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPION!!! ...SCOTT!
STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises up his right fist high into the air. As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes

his head at the vocal bashers.

DDK:

Stevens not fazed by the Faithful here tonight.

Angus:

He's gonna be fazed out of these company when he loses tonight.

Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring talking smack and flipping off the DEFIANCE filth in the crowd until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising the two unofficial state birds of Texas before dropping to the canvas as a loud chant erupts from the crowd.

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

"FUCK YOU, STEVENS!" Clap x5

The Angry Texan shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for the bell to ring.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go.

The former FIST comes out of his corner looking to lock up, but Titus is more concerned with the faithful.

DDK:

Stevens not looking thrilled that Titus doesn't realize the match has started.

Angus:

When he Stevens ever happy?

The Angry Texan shoves Titus in the back and tells him something unkind.

DDK:

Stevens...just told Titus to quit fooling around and start the match.

Angus:

That's not what he said Keebs.

DDK:

Well, I've used all my cuss words for the week and if I use one more Kelly will fine me.

Titus smirks and brushes the Texan off as he plays to the Flight Crew.

DDK:

Did Titus just brush off the former FIST?

Angus:

He did Keebs and I love it!

Stevens' frustration begins to show as his face turn a slight shade of red as he grabs Titus by the arm to spin him and gets cracked in the mouth by a right hand.

DDK:

Right hand by Titus!

Stevens staggers back and before he can regain his composure he's sent flying into the ropes by the giant foot of Titus.

Angus:

Eat The Feet!

DDK:

Very funny.

Angus:

I know. Thinking of going on tour.

As the disoriented Texan slingshots forward Titus sends him flying.

DDK:

Nice biel from Titus.

Angus:

Look at him run. COWARD!

Stevens slides out of the ring and kicks the ring steps in frustration which leads the former FIST to lose his focus and get into it with the Faithful.

DDK:

Stevens looks like he's about to deck some fans in the front row.

Angus:

I hope he does so he can get cuffed and tased.

Stevens doesn't see Titus climbing up the turnbuckle and as he turns around Titus jumps connecting big a massive shoulder tackle that sends the Texan over the barricade and The Flight Crew going ballistic.

Angus:

Did you see that, Keebs?!?!?!?!?!?

DDK:

I did partner and Titus could be on his way to victory.

Titus reaches over the barricade and begins to pick up Stevens. Titus hooks him and lifts him high into the air and holds him up while posing.

DDK:

Is he flexing?

Angus:

Damn right he is, Keebs.

Titus brings him back over with a vertical suplex and Stevens his writhing in pain, but instead of continuing the attack Titus showboats with the crowd.

Angus:

What the hell are you doing?

After a moment, Titus picks up Stevens and rolls him into the ring follows while hooking the inside leg.

ONE

TWO

Kickout

DDK:

Stevens kicks out at two.

Angus:

...

Titus doesn't like the count by Hector Navarro but the official stands by his decision, so he presses on.

DDK:

Titus questioning the call by the official.

Angus:

If you weren't posing you could've won.

Titus reaches down to pick up Stevens, but the crafty veteran rakes the eyes and if you blink you would've missed....

DDK:

TOXIC STING!

Stevens sits up and looks at Titus with disgust as he knows he was shown up and that drives Stevens to let out a primal yell as he jerks Titus up and places him between his legs to deliver a massive spike piledriver.

DDK:

Cover by Stevens.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Stevens pushes himself off of Titus once he hears the ring.

Angus:

He has the match won. He had the match won.

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of the match by pinfall...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

DDK:

Stevens picks up a major win here tonight leading into Maximum DEFIANCE.....

THIS IS YOUR FUTURE

Stevens takes one last look at the defeated Titus Campbell before making his way over to the ropes and demanding the microphone from Darren Quimbey.

DDK:

Stevens appears to have something to say.

Angus:

Hopefully, they will cut his mic.

Heavy breathing can be heard as the microphone picks it up and Stevens looks around the arena before looking towards the stage.

Scott Stevens:

Do you see that Oscar?!?!?!?

Stevens yells.

Scott Stevens:

That will be you at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Stevens says as he points towards Titus.

Scott Stevens:

He could've had the match won, but he had to gain the these.....people's approval.

Stevens says with disgust in his tone.

Scott Stevens:

And because he wanted their approval he took his eyes off of the prize and it cost him...JUST LIKE THAT!

Stevens says with a snap of his finger.

Scott Stevens:

You need to wake the fuck up Oscar and realize these people's approval doesn't matter because I won't be facing them at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Stevens says with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens:

I'll be facing you where you'll have an opportunity at my FIST of DEFIANCE Championship rematch, but you'll never receive it because the pay-per-view will be your last match in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

The Faithful boo and the Texan rolls his eyes.

Scott Stevens:

You hear them, Oscar? They boo me because I tell the truth. I am not making idle threats I'm stating the fucking facts.

The Faithful boo even louder.

Scott Stevens:

You may have this new fire and this new attitude but deep down you aren't ready for me.

Stevens states as he lets out a sigh.

Scott Stevens:

Your little rant after your last match told me everything I needed to know. You questioning my facts and deflecting and questioning me. You telling the world you **HAD** me beat....had being the operative word because if you had beaten me you would be the FIST of DEFIANCE right now, but instead, you were the one looking at the lights getting pinned.

Stevens says bluntly.

Scott Stevens:

You're more concerned about doing the right thing for these people and trying to beat me for them that will be **YOUR** downfall.

Stevens says as he points towards the stage.

Scott Stevens:

Just look a Titus here.

Stevens says as he points at Titus.

Scott Stevens:

He sought their approval and it cost them just like it will cost you.

Stevens says sternly as he leans on the ropes.

Scott Stevens:

It took a matter of seconds for me to take control of the match and win. There was nothing sexy or flashy about it except it was effective, and that's my specialty Oscar.

Stevens says with a nod.

Scott Stevens:

You want to have a fighting chance against me you need to tone the Filth out and do this for **YOU** and not them.

Stevens says as he points to the crowd drawing more boos.

Scott Stevens:

You've constantly let them down with every promise you make to them and you're going to let them down at Maximum DEFIANCE when I've defeated you for the last time. And that isn't a promise that is the fact because I don't make promises I can't keep and you know better than anyone I keep my promises!

Stevens says emphatically as he drops the mic and exits the ring while the image fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: CLASH OF THE BRAZEN

*This YEAR ... DEFCON Night **IS** CLASH of the BRAZEN - LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!*

LET'S MAKE A DEAL (SANS WAYNE BRADY)

Angus:

AND WE'RE BACK! HOSSFITE OF HOSSFITES KEEBS!

DDK:

Maybe depending on how this goes, partner. Coming up, Lance Warner will be mediating a contract signing between "The HOSS Overlord" Angel Trinidad and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. Now, both parties have agreed to a no-contact clause tonight unlike how most of these things go, but The Family Keeling have promised a counteroffer to the proposed match Angel wants with Uriel for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. The Keelings will give Angel the choice of either that match or this proposal they've cooked up for their former client. Without further adieu... let's go to Lance Warner.

And Warner now stands in the ring dressed for the occasion with two contracts neatly placed on a table.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, this will be a public contract signing between Angel Trinidad and Uriel Cortez. With that, let's welcome first... "The HOSS Overlord" Angel Trinidad!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The crowd roars in approval as smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp. Stepping into the arena through a cloud of smoke is the 6'10" New Yorker. The HOSS Overlord pounds on his chest and lets out a howl for The Faithful! Dressed in jeans and a black vintage IWO t-shirt in homage to his mentor and Team HOSS member, the retired Capital Punishment, Angel heads to the ring and steps over the ropes. He takes his place in his respective corner as his music cuts.

Lance Warner:

And on the other side of this potential MASSIVE encounter... being presented by Thomas and Junior Keeling aka The Family Keeling... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

♪ "Sing From The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The fans let out jeers as the massive giant from California stomps his way out from the back, looking dapper in a tailored black pinstriped suit. Adjusting his collar, the Titan of Industry slowly makes the march toward ringside while Junior and Thomas Keeling both stand on either side of him, looking confident.

DDK:

I still can't believe the size of this man, Angus. Easily one of the largest men we've ever seen in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

A PRIME CUT OF BEEF, KEEBS! AND WE MIGHT GET A FIGHT!

The Keelings both walk up the steps and head into the ring while Uriel surveys the crowd and looks Angel dead in the eyes. The Titan of Industry steps up the ring and over the ropes with ease before heading towards the table. Angel doesn't take his eyes off of Uriel Cortez while he and The Keelings take their sides on the table. The music cuts out.

Lance Warner:

All right... Angel, as you can see, two contracts have been prepared for you front and center in this ring. The contract on your left is for a one-on-one match at the PPV against "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. And the other is a special contract produced by The Family Keeling Talent Agency. Thomas Keeling will now explain its contents.

Thomas nods and turns on his headset before picking up the second contract.

Thomas Keeling:

Angel... I know that we did not part ways on the most amicable of terms when we last worked together, to say the least. It was regrettable, it was shameful and it was wrong of me to call out those problems two weeks ago in the public

manner that I did.

Angel leans back against one of the corners and rolls his eyes.

Angel Trinidad:

Just shut up and get to whatever pitch you two have lined up.

Junior Keeling:

Right to the point, I get it! Lay it on him, Pops!

Thomas Keeling nods.

Thomas Keeling:

Gladly. Angel... you have to know that I meant every word. You are a man whose physical gifts make other wrestlers jealous! You're a star in the making! You've gone toe to toe with the very top of DEFIANCE's best and have come close... oh, so close... to putting yourself among them on a few occasions. But time and time again... you're your own worst enemy. Attitude problems. Your own youth and hubris leave you too short-sighted to see the big picture. That's why I'd like to put this into proper perspective.

He looks at the left contract.

Thomas Keeling:

Now, you can sign this.

He points at the table.

Thomas Keeling:

And you can fight my client. You won't win, but I know that you'll try your damndest. Then you'll go on to continue meandering about between DEFIANCE and BRAZEN, waiting for the next opportunity that may or may not come.

He now turns to the right contract.

Thomas Keeling:

Or... you can sign THIS contract, Angel. This one brings you back to The Family Keeling Talent Agency! With more money than you ever made before!

Angel Trinidad looks over the contract.

DDK:

You don't think Angel's going to do this, do you, Angus?

Angus:

I mean, he's The HOSS Overlord... but Thomas Keeling is right. Angel Trinidad's own attitude has had him sidetracked more recently.

Thomas Keeling:

Imagine this: you and Uriel Cortez... the BIGGEST tag team in DEFIANCE history! Bigger than Team HOSS could ever be! And with our financial backing... you and your son... You'll all be taken care of for the rest of your life. And with The Family Keeling behind you again... we'll pick up where you left off when you ended Dusty Griffith's career. You'll go RIGHT to the top and RIGHT for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Southern Heritage! World Tag Team! You can have it all!

Thomas points again to the contract.

Thomas Keeling:

What do you say, my boy? Sign this and let us welcome you back to the Family!

Junior slides the right contract closer to Angel.

Junior Keeling:

Come on, Angel! Remember the fun we used to have just schooling whoever the hell tried stepping to Team HOSS? We beat EVERYBODY and we could do that again!

Angel takes a moment to look over both contracts.

Angel Trinidad:

Well... we DID have good times with Team HOSS, didn't we? And you're right... my career hasn't been as good as it could be recently. I got jumped by The Stevens Dynasty, missed several months, and then lost a chance to defeat Oscar Burns. I had to fight just to get on the DEFCON card...

*"PLEASE DON'T SIGN!
PLEASE DON'T SIGN!
PLEASE DON'T SIGN!
PLEASE DON'T SIGN!
PLEASE DON'T SIGN!"*

The Faithful make their feelings very clear on what they want Angel Trinidad to do as he waves the contracts in each hand.

Angel Trinidad:

I made those mistakes myself... but they're mine to make and nobody else's. After all the bad I did...

He turns to The Keelings.

Angel Trinidad:

I'd rather learn from my mistakes than repeat them again... and the biggest mistake *I* ever made was listening to you snake-oil-selling pricks. Take your offer and shove it up your ass!

The crowd POPS when he throws the right contract at Junior, bouncing it off his head! While Junior winces in pain, Angel then takes the match contract and throws it down on the table, signing in without hesitation!

Angel Trinidad:

I'll be seeing YOUR big ass at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Trinidad throws the contract over to Uriel Cortez, who catches it in his giant mitt. Uriel flashes a smile at Angel before he signs the contract himself and drops it on the table.

Angus:

The HOSS Overlord has made his choice, Keebs! WE'S GETTIN' A HOSSFITE!!!!

DDK:

Angel not buying what The Family Keeling are selling him anymore! And what's more, one of the biggest physical matches in recent memory will take place!

Angel steps over the ropes and climbs out of the ring, heading back up the ramp. The Family Keeling watch their former client go and Thomas wants to say something, but Uriel stops him. The Titan of Industry picks up the microphone that Angel left behind.

Uriel Cortez:

Angel...

Trinidad stops and turns to face the ring as Uriel says his first words since debuting in DEFIANCE.

Uriel Cortez:

Angel, my friend...

The booming voice of Cortez gets his attention as he turns back to face him. Uriel takes the contract and holds it up for his future opponent to see.

Uriel Cortez:

...You will regret touching the pen to this paper... And you'll regret EVER crossing me.

The Titan of Industry drops the microphone against the ground as Angel flashes him a smirk. The HOSS Overlord shows no fear of the massive client of The Family Keeling before he heads up and to the back. Thomas and Junior exchange glances before they motion to Uriel to come along.

DDK:

Foreboding words by Cortez. That one may not be a technical masterpiece of any kind, but will definitely be a fight.

Angus:

HOSSFITE HEAVEN!!!

THE FUSE BROS. vs. NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match for one fall! Introducing first, the team of Roosevelt Owens and Theo Baylor... No Justice, No Peace!!!

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪

DDK:

An old feud rekindled here as The Fuse Bros., who have lost their last few matches are battling BRAZEN'S No Justice, No Peace.

Angus:

Yes, the fight from a year ago when Team HOSS and The Bros. joined "forces" to defeat NJNP whom defected to UTA.

The two members of the stable march down the rampway. They enter the ring and begin flipping the fans off.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, Tyler and Conor Fuse... The Fuuuuuuse Bros.!!!

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

Tyler and Conor emerge. They don't look particularly happy but Conor does take his time to greet some of the kids in the front row as they make their way down the ramp.

DDK:

We haven't heard from The Bros. since they were attacked at the hands of Bo and George Stevens just over two weeks ago!

Angus:

And I for one am okay with that. A silent Tyler and Conor... DEFINITELY Conor... will do wonders for my life here!

DDK:

They are struggling since they lost the Tag Team *amen* *Achievements* to The ToyBox last month. I'm also being told the match is now official for MAXDEF. It will be The Stevens Dynasty against The Fuse Bros.!

Angus: *[sarcastic]*

Great...

DDK:

Not a tornado tag, however. I believe that was their last encounter. This time, regular rules apply.

Angus:

Hard to see it NOT ending in a DQ. Bo's an idiot too, you know.

Tyler gets into the ring while Conor goes to the corner. Referee Mark Shields turns to the time keepers table.

DING DING**DDK:**

Tyler Fuse to start and he tangles up with Theo Baylor. Baylor pushes Tyler to the mat. Player One lands hard but gets right back up and into another grapple... thrown down by Theo again!

Baylor poses for The Gamers to boo.

DDK:

Not one to be kept down, Tyler is back and into a third grapple... thrown down once more!

Angus:

The Fuse Bros. have lost whatever it is I hate admitting they originally had!

Theo poses and bounces off the ropes. He looks for an elbow drop and connects! Conor shouts to his brother from the sidelines as Baylor goes off the ropes for try two...

DDK:

A second elbow drop!

Theo's grin is ear to ear.

DDK:

He's looking for a third elbow drop... NO! Tyler rolls out of the way! Baylor to his feet... hip toss by Tyler! Baylor to his feet again, another hip toss by Tyler! The Fuse Bro goes to the ropes... hard dropkick straight to Baylor's face! I think you spoke too soon, Angus.

Angus:

Bollocks.

DDK:

Tyler walks over and tags his brother. Conor flies across the top rope and lands on both feet. He waits for Baylor to rise and begins striking him with kicks and knees to the face. Working Baylor into the corner, Conor Irish whips him across the way!

Baylor hits the buckle chest-first and stumbles out backwards. Conor connects with an atomic drop, bounces off the ropes and hits a huge leaping bulldog! The Gamers cheer as he gets to his feet and points to the top!

WHAM!

DDK:

Player Two is absolutely blindsided by an incoming Roosevelt Owens with a clothesline from hell!!

Tyler shouts from his corner as Owens goes back to his. Mark Shields tries to restore order but in typical Mark Shields fashion he doesn't really care or know what to do.

DDK:

Baylor recovers and whips Conor into a headlock! Conor is trying to fight out of it... he breaks free after firing three elbows into Baylor's chest. Off the ropes Conor goes...

Angus:

Huge shoulder block sends Conor back down! Yes!

DDK:

Baylor makes the tag to Owens. Owens walks in slowly...

Owens struggles to get off the ropes and towards Conor Fuse but once he gains enough momentum...

KNEE DROP.

DDK:

Pin by Owens!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Owens can't believe it! It might have even been a three but Shields' hand *was* kind of slow coming down after all...

Owens wobbles about as he tries to get up, given his massive size. This allows Conor just enough time to get one kick in, hitting Rosey in the side of the head! He stumbles back, Conor pulls everything together and leaps towards his corner, connecting with his brother's outstretched arm...

DDK:

Hot tag made to Tyler!

Player One charges in and meets a left hand to Rosey and then a left hand to the incoming Baylor. Another left to Owens and this time a hip toss to Baylor. Finally, Tyler bounces off the ropes and crossbody blocks Owens to the canvas!

DDK:

Baylor charging towards Tyler...

Tyler moves and Owens eats the elbow instead!

DDK:

Tyler is pointing to the top rope!

A recovering Conor Fuse goes up there...

He looks to jump but suddenly can't!

It takes the announcing team (and The Gamers) a moment to figure out what's going on.

DDK:

Hey now! That's Bo Stevens holding on to Conor Fuse's ankle!

Angus:

I think he came from underneath the ring!

Conor is trying to break free. Shields turns to Player Two wondering what's going on (he clearly doesn't see Bo).

Into the ring comes George Stevens.

CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL TO TYLER FUSE.

DDK:

George is holding Tyler down... he's telling Owens to get to the second rope!

It takes a while but Owens goes up there. Meanwhile, Bo has knocked Conor down from the top rope and to the floor below!

DDK:

OWENS JUMPS OFF...

BIG SPLASH!

George rolls out of the ring and meets Bo on the outside. The Stevens walk up the rampway.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Angus:

Yes!!! Hurray!! Payback is a bitch and No Justice, No Peace finally have Justice AND Peace!!!

DDK:

Ugh...

DING DING DING*♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

Your winners of the match, Theo Baylor and Roosevelt Owens... No Justice, No Peace!!!

NJNP exit the ring and begin bad-mouthing The Gamers, telling them they're better than The Fuse Bros. and deserve a title shot now. As they continue to argue with a couple in the front row the cameras turn to The Stevens halfway up the ramp.

The scene jumps to The Fuse Bros., both out. One in the ring and one outside.

Bo nudges George. They begin to make their way back to the squared circle...

RED DEAD REDEMPTION 2: LOSERS ALWAYS LOSE

Bo throws Conor into the ring and then joins George.

DDK:

This is uncalled for! The Stevens Dynasty cost The Fuse Bros. the match against No Justice, No Peace and now they want to make sure they are nice and weakened for the pay-per-view.

Angus:

Just shows what kind of pussies The Derp Dynasty really is.

Bo grabs Conor and delivers a rolling cutter while George grabs Tyler and delivers a powerslam.

DDK:

Game Changer and Texas Size Slam by the Stevens Dynasty!!

The Gamers rain down boos but The Stevens Dynasty aren't fazed by the noise. Bo tells George to pick up Conor. George does so and puts him in the electric chair position as Bo climbs the turnbuckle. George turns around, jumps and drives Conor's face into the canvas with a bulldog.

DDK:

1836.

The boos get even louder as Bo tells George to pick up Tyler.

Angus:

Now what?!?

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty making sure both Fuse Bros. feel their wrath here tonight!

George has Tyler in the Fireman's Carry position while Bo hits the ropes and delivers a running dropkick to the face of Tyler!

DDK:

Texas Two Step!

Bo and George survey the damage before Bo calls for a microphone. Once the live mic is in his hands Bo begins to berate TheFuse Bros.

Bo Stevens:

How did you ever beat us?!?!?! How?!?

Bo says as he delivers stomps to the brothers.

Bo Stevens:

You lost your achievements to The Toybox. You lost to No Justice, No Peace and just like we've left you laying week in and week out you will lose to us at Maximum DEFIANCE because losers always lose. BO-LIEVE THAT!

Bo shouts as he adds an exclamation point when he delivers a final boot to the face of Conor before dropping the mic and telling his cousin to go.

DDK:

Strong words from TheStevens Dynasty and The Fuse Bros. definitely have their backs against the wall at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Angus:

It's like The Fuse Bros. are going in rewind. They beat The Stevens. They beat No Justice, No Peace. They beat The ToyBox. Now they've lost to all of them except The Stevens in a tag match...

As The Stevens Dynasty heads to the back the image fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

WRESTLEFRIEND

Back from the break "Bantam" Ryan Batts has found hud tag partner Jack Mace barely conscious and being helped by DefMedical.

Batts:

Jackie! Jackie, what happened? I've been looking everywhere for you!

Jack Mace:

I dunno, mate... I saw some kiddo backstage with what looked like really bad pinkeye... Then black.

In the background ♪ *"Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr.* ♪ Has already begun to play. Batts clearly looks uncertain on what to do. He looks toward the gorilla position but then quickly back at Mace.

Medical Staff Member:

You better go Batts you have a match, we will take care of Jack for you.

Ryan stands up and takes a deep breathe realizing he is most likely up against all three members of The ToyBox... Not to mention the Tag Team Champions no doubt behind this. He watches the medical staff use a flashlight, flashing it into the eyes of his partner. He puts his game face on and heads to the ring, ready to deliver a beatdown to a clown.

"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. JESTAL

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 205 pounds... representing The WrestleFriends... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

Voices are now heard over the PA as multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

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

Out from the back, wearing his signature yellow cape and "I'm The G** Damn Bantam!" t-shirt, Ryan Batts marches out with a look of determination on his face, no doubt sore over what transpired a short time ago with Jack Mace getting assaulted by The ToyBox.

DDK:

I can't believe that The ToyBox got the drop on Jack Mace like that... and not only that, but Ryan Batts has to contend all three members of The ToyBox.

Angus:

The WrestleDorks thought everything was coming up Milhouse for them when they won the #1 Contendership a few weeks ago, but that's far from the case. Batts got cheap shot at commentary two weeks ago because he took Jestal lightly.

DDK:

That's why this singles match is happening now. Before The WrestleFriends try and take the World Tag Team Titles from The ToyBox, "Bantam" Ryan Batts takes on Jestal in a singles match, and with what happened to his partner, Batts may not be in the best of moods. Let's go to ringside now with Darren Quimbey for the intros.

And we do just that. Because wrestling. Dur.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent... hailing from The Funhouse... weighing in at 260 pounds, he is one of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, representing The ToyBox... **JESTAL!**

♪ "Kefka's Theme (Zenji Remix)" ♪

Jestal steps from the back with Clucky firm in his grip. He is laughing hysterically at Batts who looks ready to blow a gasket.

With Jestal out by his lonesome laughing in the ring, Batts throws down his cape and makes a beeline toward the ring.

Angus:

Oh, no where is WynLyn and Dandelion?

DDK:

The mind games continue but from the looks of it Batts in no playing mood tonight!

Angus:

It's not often there's somebody that Batts has a height advantage on, you can tell though Jestal has to be up to something here.

DING DING

The second Jestal enters the ring, Batts quickly tries to get the jump on him. Jestal rolls out and has himself a smirk and a quick jaunt around ringside, almost not afraid of Batts. The second that he eggs Batts on to try and take the fight to him, Batts goes to the floor just as Jestal rolls back inside. When Bantam tries to get back into the ring, Jestal kicks him right in the shoulder, sending the WrestleFriends member to the floor!

DDK:

Smart thinking by Jestal! Don't let his appearance or demeanor fool anybody... he knows what he's doing in the ring.

Batts grabs his shoulder in pain on the floor and the clown of The ToyBox wastes no time going right for it, going low (keep the jokes to yourself) and shoving Batts into the barricade, shoulder-first! Ryan howls in pain and clutches his arm on the floor while Jestal gets back to his feet and pummels Batts across the back. He manages to negotiate Batts back towards the ring and shoves him inside before heading to the ring.

DDK:

Smart strategy by Jestal. If he works over that arm, Batts will have trouble using his suplexes and other leverage techniques.

Angus:

Jestal's a creepy little dude. We need more WynLyn out here! Dandelion... eh, six outta ten.

Jestal goes for the knee again and tries to secure a Fujiwara Armbar on Batts, but the WrestleFriends member fires off a few elbows to stun him, also getting clown makeup on his elbow pad. After Batts stays upward, he grabs Jestal by the waist for a German Suplex attempt, but Jestal elbows his way free by attacking the left arm. He grabs onto Batts, but the Cali native grabs him by the neck and PLANTS him with a Reverse STO!

DDK:

Nice counter there by Batts! Now what?

Batts then fights through the pain in his shoulder and elevates Jestal off the mat before lifting him up and DRIVING him down with a Deadlift German! The move clearly takes something out of Batts, but he holds onto the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Nice sequence of moves by Batts! Now he's going for the arm! Jestal may regret not having backup out here!

Jestal tries to get back up, but now Batts runs forward and hits a vicious kick to the arm, kicking it right out from under Jestal! One of the Tag Team Champions holds his left arm in pain, but things get worse when Batts grabs the arm and slams it into the mat. He does this twice, making Jestal wince before he lands a Jumping Senton, right across the arm of Jestal!

Angus:

An eye for an eye and an arm for an arm... oh, shit and a finger! Fingers!

Batts angrily grabs the arm of Jestal and grabs his fingers, PULLING each finger back and eliciting screams from the Tag Team Champion! Jestal tries to scurry away, but Bantam holds onto the lock and tries to secure the Fastest Arm In The West!

DDK:

He's trying to end this now... NO! Jestal gets to the ropes!

The Mad Prince of the ToyBox gets a foot on the nearby ropes, making Batts release his hold. Jestal heads to the apron holding his arm in pain but when he sees Batts coming, Ryan grabs him by his hair and tries to pull him back to the ring. Jestal then does something smart and grabs Batts' bad arm before SNAPPING it between the ropes! Bantam recoils and falls on the mat, clutching his elbow!

DDK:

These two are trying to take one another apart!

Angus:

Yeah, it's kind of cool! Which freaky dude can rip off the other's arm first?!

Jestal sees his chance and goes back into the ring. He shakes the pain out of his own arm before dropping an elbow into Batts' arm... no, two. Make that three. No, four. Four Elbow Drops.

Muah ha ha.

DDK:

Jestal is a great technician in his own right! And it looks like he's gunning for the submission.

Jestal grabs Batts as he tries to hobble up to his feet. Batts lands a pair of elbows with his free arm, only to leave himself wide open for a kick to the arm while kneeling and a Double Kneebreaker to the arm! Batts writhes around in pain as Jestal turns him over and tries a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Jestal's working that arm and shoulder expertly... and now he finally has the Fujiwara Armbar now!

Angus:

Is the WrestleDork gonna tap to the clown from Spawn?

The crowd jeers Jestal as he has the arm locked in tightly with a Fujiwara Armbar, cranking back while Batts fights like hell to get to the ropes! He tries to crawl and while he has the height and reach, Jestal and his weight don't make things easy.

DDK:

He's almost there...

Batts finally gets to the ropes! He gets his free arm on the ropes and the crowd cheers as Benny Doyle orders Jestal to back off. The Mad Prince of the ToyBox doesn't even pay him any mind and continues the hold, but Batts finally inches his way through the ropes. When Jestal slinks past Benny, Batts grabs Jestal by his outfit and shoves him to the floor before he manages to finally get back to his feet. His arm is killing him, but Batts feeds off the crowd...

Angus:

Don't tell me he's gonna make with the flippy-do nonsense. He's...

DDK:

FLIGHT OF FANCY CONNECTS!

The Somersault Suicide Dive catches Jestal on the floor and the crowd goes nuts! Batts angrily fires back to his feet and hits his left arm with his free hand to get some feeling back. He picks up Jestal by the back of his gear and rolls

him back inside before heading to the top...

DDK:

He's looking for Let Gravity Do The Rest, but Jestal rolls out of the way at the last second!

Jestal does just that, heading to the floor again as an angry Batts climbs off the top turnbuckle. He heads to where Jestal is lying, but he suckers him in and drags him to the ground with a Drop Toe Hold before trying a Rolling Cross Arm...

DDK:

NO! BATTS WITH THE REVERSAL INTO A MODIFIED JACKKNIFE!

He folds Jestal in half and rolls backward into the modified cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd buzzes loudly as Batts rolls off of Jestal after the brilliant counter to his surprise submission attempt! Even he looks surprised that he landed it, but his penchant for roll-ups out of nowhere has given Batts the win in another match!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"BANTAM" RYAN BA...**

Jestal slides out and then back in the ring, with Clucky he tries to swing the rubber chicken at Batts. Bantam notices it out of the corner of his eye. He dodges it quickly and levels the clown with a hefty right across the top of the head of the clown....**SUDDENLY!**

♪ *"Invisible by Switchblade Symphony"* ♪

The Faithful quickly look to the entranceway. The DEFiatron has the word "ELEGANCE" in a pink with diamonds in the design.

Angus:

Look Keeps their here!

DDK:

Shocker here, and it appears this duo of The ToyBox is called Elegance I am guessing here.

The two with their hands held dressed in quite the revealing attire. The DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships around each one of their respective waists. They head to the ring.

Angus:

Look at the "Elegance" Keeps, I think I am in love.

DDK:

You're in love with two pink-eyed harpies, Angus?

Batts attention has clearly been taken off the retreating Jestal. Wyn and Dani reach the bottom of the ramp and give each other a kiss that, a lot of The Faithful men enjoy. They separate and walk to opposite corners. They climb the

turnbuckles, each bend over and move their chest in a horizontal motion. They hop off the turnbuckle and eye Batts now surround.

DDK:

The ToyBox clearly is not done with The WrestleFriends tonight!

Jestal again gets in the ring to distract Batts. He takes his attention off the two girls. He knocks Jestal to the mat again. Dandelion grabs him by the arm. He turns around quickly and she falls on her butt. Batts puts his hands on his head.

DDK:

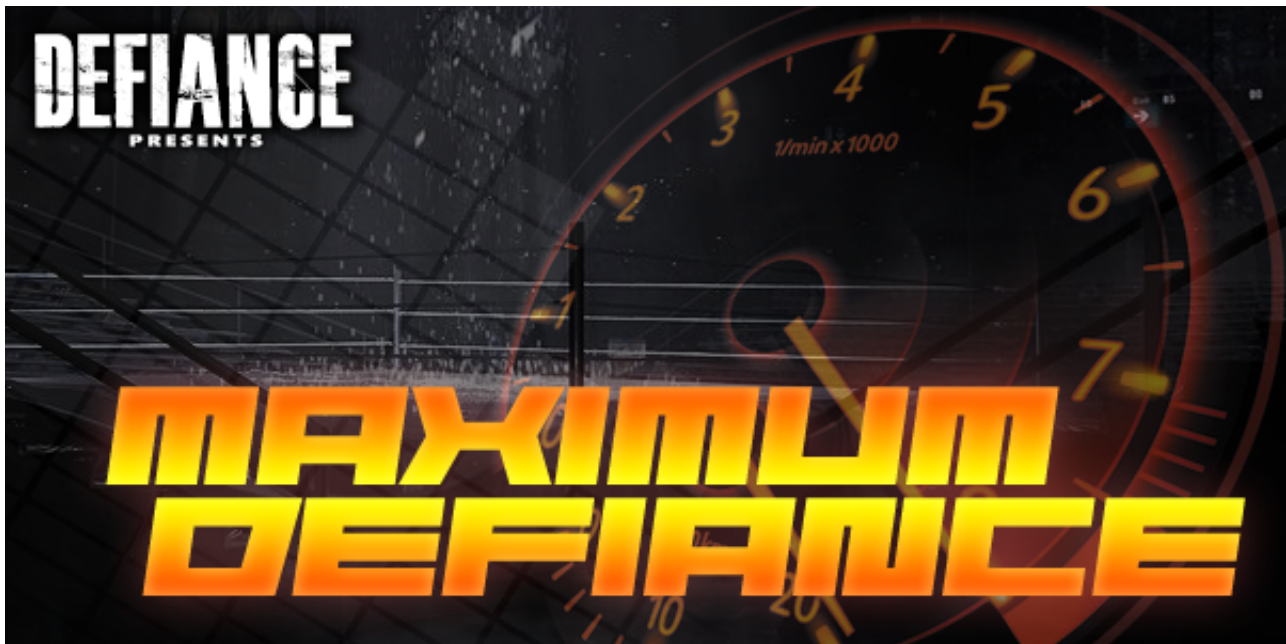
It looks like Ryan had no idea Dandelion was there. Did he not want to hit her?

Batts tries to apologize to Dandelion, Dani looks over at WynLyn behind Batts. Without wasted time she low blows Batts. Jestal slides in and slams Clucky across the back of Ryan's head, dropping the WrestleFriend to the mat in a heap.

♪ "Hungry for Another One" by JT Machinima ♪

DDK:

The Champs once more outsmarted The WrestleFriends. Clearly, Batts and Mace are going to have to rethink some sort of strategy to combat The ToyBox!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXDEF 2019

Get you tickets now! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

MIKEY UNLIKELY & ELISE ARES vs. KENDRIX & THE D

We cut back to the ring while we hear our commentary team talk over the scene.

DDK:

Well it looks like it's finally time for our main event partner. This week it's a Mixed tag team matchup!

Angus:

More like a mixed feelings tag team match! Two sets of former partners teaming up with one another, I've heard of strange bedfellows but this is just strange! Two years ago, all four of these goofs were all hanging out together with a box headed freak...

DDK:

Now... There's blood in the water, and everything has changed! Except Klein. He hasn't changed.

Angus:

There's GOLD in the water Keeps! That belt, the fame, the glory that comes with being the FIST, it changes people!

♪ "All Of The Lights" by Kanye West ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for one fall... On their way to the ring first...

Mikey comes through the curtain first. The crowd is pretty excited to see him and they let him know.

DDK:

Quite the turnaround for Mikey Unlikely lately. He was, slash is one of, the most hated DEFIANCE wrestlers of all time, but the crowd here tonight happy to see him!

Angus:

He's still McFuckass to me Keeps. It's going to take a little more than JokeFK kicking his buddy in the face to make me like him. After the attempted takeover, after all the ridiculousness I've got no sympathy.

Mikey poses on the stage before pointing back to the curtain.

DDK:

No red carpet, no crazy costume! Seems like a different guy to me Angus, and now he's sharing the spotlight!

Elise comes through the curtain and the crowd once more gets loud. Her trademark LED sunglasses read "S E G" before flashing over to "S W A G" when Klein walks out from behind her. The Boxman rubs the shoulders of his friend, Elise like a championship boxer before he sees his former SEGmate and jumps a bit. Klein puts Elise between him and Mikey Unlikely on the stage, she holds the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship over her head with a cocky smirk. She shares a glance with her former stablemate before they make their way down the aisle. Klein stays behind.

Darren Quimbey:

The team of Elise Ares, and Mikey Unlikelyyyy!

They get to the ring and Mikey does hold the rope open for his tag partner tonight to enter, Klein hurries to try and do the same but is too slow as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style enters the ring. Inside the ring, Mikey poses in one corner, Elise in the other making sure the entire world knows damn well who the SoHer Champion is on this night. Klein stands in the middle of the ring alone, awkwardly, before slowly putting his arms in the air.

DDK:

Both Mikey and Elise have a grudge to settle in this one. Mikey with JFK, Elise with The D.

Angus:

Don't you forget it was just last episode Elise pinned the FIST... I can't believe I said that...

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

There's a slight bit of confusion as the music hits, until the D emerges from the backstage area, wearing his finest three-piece white suit and carrying the fake SOCAL Championship on his shoulder. Flanking him on either side are O-Face and Flex. Flex, well, flexes, as O-Face literally dangles from the D's arm. She even violently rips off the top of his three-piece, revealing his chest. Her hand then scratches down to his abs as the D takes off toward the ring before her hand can get any further south. The D storms to the ring, wearing his silk white trousers and flashy expensive boots.

Angus:

Keebs, can we kick this guy in his namesake?

DDK:

The D turned on Elise two DEFTv's ago and has since won the number one contendership for the SoHer title. And you can see now, he's carrying around that, falsehood, the SoCal Championship.

Angus:

That belt can go die in a gutter, Keebs. I'm just glad my wonderful SoHer lives to see another day on the shoulders of Elise!

DDK:

At Maximum Defiance, Elise defends her SoHer against the D's SoCal in a ladder match to unite the titles, announced earlier in tonight's broadcast. But tonight, he's going to have to survive the wrath of a vengeful woman scorn... Good thing, he has the FIST...

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the center of the stage, immediately presenting Kendrix with his familiar entrance pose, only this time he has the FIST around his waist as he spins to face the crowd and show it off. He looks cockily over to his left and then to his right, throwing that smirk the audience's way before making his confident stride down the ramp towards the squared circle.

DDK:

Earlier tonight, Kendrix demanded Mikey Unlikely, one on one, after being, in his words, embarrassed by his former tag team partner culminating in his loss two weeks ago to the SOHER, Elise Ares.

Angus:

Kendrix had it coming, no matter how much I disagree with McFuckass, he had every right to get involved in JFK's affairs after the beatings he took from the FIST...which I also enjoyed. These are very confusing feelings for me.

Having ignored the chorus of jeers and less than polite names being directed his way, Jesse makes his way into the ring, ignores his tag partner and Elise and makes a beeline for Mikey, but the ref quickly gets in his way and cuts him off.

DDK:

Kendrix is losing his cool even before the match has started. Mikey has really got inside his head, how key could that be going into MAXDEF?

Angus:

As a technical contest, there is no way Mikey can outperform Kendrix. But half the battle inside the squared circle goes on inside your head, Keebs. And JFK is one of the smartest cookies out there. But you've got to remember, nobody knows Kendrix, including his flaws, like Mikey Unlikely and that could be pivotal at DEFMAX and right here tonight.

Having regained his composure and after showing off his title atop the top turnbuckle, letting Elise know how it's done, Kendrix hops back down and begins discussing strategy with The D in their corner. Flex tries to listen in but The D yells at him and shoos him away. O-Face laughs at him. As the official signals for the bell, it's Elise Ares and Kendrix who will square off. Mikey stands in the center of the ring for a moment staring over at Kendrix. JFK in his corner smiles back, The D whispering strategy in the ear of the FIST.

DING DING

Kendrix slowly begins to circle the ring as each partner hits the apron. Elise kind of circles kind of shakes her butt at the same time. Mikey on the outside is posing for a fan in the front row who requested a quick pic. Kendrix sees this out of the corner of his eye, and turns and hits Mikey with a big right hand knocking him off the apron.

DDK:

Wow! What a shot. Mikey hasn't been in a match in some time, let alone on the ring apron waiting for a tag. Kendrix took full advantage there.

Mikey on the outside holds his jaw as he can't believe he let himself get caught. Kendrix points to his head, as the D claps in approval. The D shouts at Kendrix as this exchange gives Elise the time to run up behind him and hit him in the back with a running forearm smash.

Kendrix leans over the top rope and Elise grabs him from behind. She goes for a side headlock but Kendrix reverses with a standing switch. From there he lifts her high into the air before turning and slamming her down face first. Elise not to phased tries to spin out of it but gets caught again. Kendrix lifts her up for another slam, but Elise manages to wiggle out of his grasp, land on her feet, kick JFK in the gut, takes a few steps back and hits a front dropkick to the side of JFK's noggin, knocking him down.

The fans clap loudly at the fast-paced action.

Angus:

That's the problem with wrestling Elise, she's crafty! She gets around!

DDK:

Did you just quote the Beastie Boys?

Elise goes to walk over to Mikey to tag him as he's back up. Kendrix from the mat grabs her ankle and pulls. Elise faceplants short of Mikey's outstretched arm. Kendrix pulls her back to the center of the ring and hops over her locking in a headlock in the process. Once more he points to his head while looking at Mikey.

Elise manages to get to her feet as Kendrix makes his way to his own, without releasing the hold. Kendrix pulls her back over with a headlock takeover, Elise brings her legs up shortly after landing and pulls JFK into a head scissors. He uses his power to turn her onto her back for a pin attempt.

ONE

TWO

Elise releases the head scissors, which breaks the pin in the process.

Kendrix gets to his feet quickly and when he turns around Elise is... gone?

Angus:

Wait... where did she go?

The camera zooms out and now we can see the entire ring, JFK stands alone looking around confused. He looks over to The D in the corner who shrugs back at him quizzically. Suddenly Elise dives into the ring from behind JFK, runs

and brings him down hard with a running back neckbreaker while yelling "SURPRISE!"

DDK:

What impact! Big move by Elise Ares there.

Angus:

But how did she?

DDK:

Let's take a look at the instant replay!

The screen in screen pops up on the right-hand side and we see Elise break the pin and slide between the ropes right away as Kendrix rolled to his feet. On the outside, she quickly ducked under the ring, until JFK was looking another way. Then she came out from underneath, dove back in and hit the move.

Angus:

Hat's off! That was good!

As the replay screen leaves the live shot shows Elise atop the top turnbuckle, the champs hair in her hand. She uses Kendrix to maintain stability as she balances and walks the top rope. She jumps toward the center of the ring looking for a bulldog but Kendrix manages to counter her grasp and fling her with her own momentum down to the mat.

DDK:

Ares went for high risk and it backfired. And now Kendrix is pounding stomps to the back and front of her head as the SOHER covers up

Mikey holds his hand out to Elise, encouraging her to make it back to her feet, however, he's taken aback when Kendrix finally makes a stop to the stomps, steps towards Mikey's corner and throws him a rather rude shake of the closed fist!

DDK:

Mikey looks gobsmacked.

Angus:

For once I have to agree with Kendrix.

As the champ refocuses his attention to the job at hand, Elise manages to halt Kendrix in his stride with a forearm to the gut. On both knees, she throws another as she gets to a vertical base but before she can muster any further momentum Kendrix drops her straight down to her knees and gasping for air with a huge knee to the gut.

DDK:

Kendrix off the ropes and double dropkick to the face. Elise is out cold, cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT.

Jesse gives the ref a look of derision and holds the back of his neck, still feeling the after-effects of Elise's neckbreaker. He grabs her by the hair and hauls her over to his team's corner and tags in a very hungry looking D to feast off the spoils left to him by the FIST.

JFK holds Elise up as the D just spits in the palm of his hand and then SLAPS the taste out of Elise.

DDK:

Oh, this is despicable Angus.

Angus:

And Ares isn't gonna take that lying down!

Ares' eyes go wide as she fights to her feet, but the D yanks down the top rope as she charges. Elise tumbles to the outside as the D wipes the sweat from his brow. He then turns to the official Benny Doyle. The D falls to his knees, crumbling, feigning a neck injury. On the outside, Flex and O-Face start stomping away on a downed Ares.

DDK:

Oh, come on! Turn around ref!

Mikey is also shouting on the apron, as Flex grabs Elise and tosses her back first into the surrounding guardrails. In the ring, the D nods that he seems okay, as Doyle turns and notices Flex and O-Face walking away. Flex is not very coy, throwing his hands up in the air as he does.

Doyle rushes over as Kendrix hops off the apron. JFK tosses his arms out and shouts.

Kendrix:

She tripped bruv!

Before tossing Elise back into the ring to more of Benny Doyle's admonishments. The D dives on top for a cover.

ONE

TWO

Elise gets a kick out, as the D grabs her hair and tags Kendrix back in. The FIST drives his mitts into the exposed ribs of Elise, held in place by the D. Doyle is there on four-count as the D exits. Kendrix grabs Elise and drops her in a backbreaker, before tagging back out to the D and shouting at him to finish her. The D sneers at Kendrix as he enters, and then drops down to lock her into a rear chinlock to the boos of the Faithful.

DDK:

Looks like there's a chance that Kendrix and the D might not be on the same page.

Angus:

Keebs, it was lucky those four shared the same locker room for six months without the universe imploding. Now that they all think they're more important than they are? They're just no longer compatible. No matter how you slice it.

DDK:

That's actually very astute Angus. SEG only came into conflict after their successes.

Angus:

I hate that their misery has to come through having success, but at least they're miserable.

As Klein slams his hands on the outside apron, O-Face and Flex yell at him to stop. But the Faithful take up the cue and pick up the stomps as Elise fights to her feet. One elbow. Another, and Elise takes off, only for the D to grab her by her hair. As she runs, she's yanked back and falls onto her back. The D takes a step onto Elise.

ONE

And then walks over her, taunting toward Mikey in the other corner. The D then charges, and soccer kick's the side of Elise, causing her to tumble back to the four-letter alliance.

The D tags in JFK, and the D tries to explain to him about one of the PCP's favorite moves. JFK just starts stomping

away at Elise, and the D is like "You got it!" as he joins in. Boyle then ushers the D out, who extends his hand high for JFK to tag in. Kendrix just gives him an eye, grabbing Elise and hitting a snap mare out of the corner. He locks in a rear chinlock and starts to jaw jack toward Mikey in the corner.

At this point, Unlikely is climbing onto the first and now the middle rope, trying to reach over the top and tag Elise. JFK then plants his knee into Elise's back, using both hands to pull back under the chin and bridge her on his knee.

The D, meanwhile, is on the outside of the ring being consoled by O-Face. Consoled is the PG version of what is certainly not currently happening.

DDK:

While Kendrix has control in the ring, The D is outside... okay, we don't need to show that on our broadcast.

Angus:

He has no shame.

DDK:

While the D... gets... okay.

Angus:

Hard, isn't it?

DDK:

You would say.

Kendrix grabs Elise and tosses her over his shoulder in a gutwrench suplex. The D climbs back onto the apron, as JFK walks over and slaps him without his knowing. The D turns, confused, shouting how he should have slapped him earlier. The D gets into the ring with a chip on his shoulder, as Kendrix just rolls his eyes. The D goes to grab Elise off the mat.

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE

TWO

Barely a kickout at the last moment. The D up and goes for a wild clothesline, Elise ducks into a backslide.

ONE

TWO

Kickout! The D kicks out Elise with such force...

...Into the awaiting tag from Mikey Unlikely!

DDK:

The unlikely response to Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey hits the ring like a man possessed. He takes the D down with a double ax handle. The D up fast but gets cut off again by the same move. Mikey grabs the D into a huge bodyslam, and then drops a fist into the D's face.

Angus:

... That's the first time I think I can say I enjoyed watching that move.

Unlikely charges toward Kendrix in the corner and knocks him off with an elbow. JFK falls into Flex who then falls into the barricade as O-Face screams and runs away. Unlikely looks over the top, satisfied to return the favor. Suddenly the D grabs him from behind and uses the ropes to kick off.

DDK:

NETFLIX MONEY! He just caught Mikey Unlikely! Dear God! Is that it Angus?!

ONE

TWO

NO! Mikey gets his foot on the bottom rope and Benny Doyle sees it before his hand hits the canvas. Doyle points it out to the D, who shouts and slaps his hand against the canvas. He shouts "Three!" as Doyle protests.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely gets the rope break, I thought that could have been it for the number one contender to the FIST.

Angus:

The D pinning the contender? To the FIST? Kill me.

In the ring, the D begins shouting down to his cohorts. The O-Face takes the initiative, and rushes around the ring, almost skipping around using the turnbuckle posts as pivots. She reaches the time keeper's table, and reaches out, YANKING the SoCal championship from them before tossing it into the ring. The D catches it, and begins to size up Mikey Unlikely.

As the D rears back, Elise Ares hits the ring and grabs the title belt. The D feels resistance, and turns to look, and FLASH, goes blind as the SoCal title takes a selfie. The D drops the belt, as Elise also backs off, blinded. The D wanders into Mikey Unlikely.

DDK:

ROOOOOLLLLLL CREDITS ANGUS!

Angus:

I feel bad feeling good about this.

DDK:

The D is OUT Angus. He is unconscious.

Mikey climbs on top for the count as Elise stands by him and counts.

ONE

TWO

THR --

NO! JFK pulls Mikey off the cover and out of the ring. Kendrix slams Mikey with rights and lefts, before slamming him face first into the steel post on the outside. Kendrix turns to the ring to stare down Elise, seeing the woman who pinned him and becoming further enraged. JFK slides into the ring, even at the protest of Benny Doyle, and charges toward Elise. Ares quickly slips out of the ring entirely to avoid the fuhrer of the angry FIST. Kendrix makes a big scene about Ares being in the ring as on the opposite side, O-Face and Flex Kruger have Mikey Unlikely back up to his feet and Kruger whips him into the barricade as hard as he can.

DDK:

C'mon! Those two are just man-handling Mikey outside of the ring! This has turned into a 4-on-3!

Angus:

Here come the reinforcements and it's about damn time!

O-Face screams as Klein comes around the corner and gives chase to Flex Kruger. The BRAZEN Bodyguy runs from the Boxman, going around the corner and leaving O-Face alone with Mikey. The crowd boos as she somehow manages to get Mikey up and pushes him into the ring. JFK puts his arms into the air and backs away from Doyle as Ares is back to her own corner yelling at Doyle to open his eyes and see what's going on behind him. It's too late as The D wearily sees Mikey sprawled out in front of him. He crawls across the ring and lays an arm over the chest of his former SEGmate.

ONE

TWO

THREE

NO! Just TWO!

The crowd roars as Mikey gets his shoulder up at the very last second. Stomps. Claps. Screaming. Anything the crowd can do to make noise is done as The D rolls over onto his back, hands over his face in frustration.

DDK:

He almost did it again!

Angus:

He had QUITE A BIT of help from outside the ring, Keebs. As much as I don't like McFuckass, there is nothing I can think of that I'd like less than going home tonight with the knowledge that McFuckass got pinned by The GORRAM D.

DDK:

Well back after they immediately separated I'm sure it probably happene...

Angus:

I try SO hard not to think about this stuff, Keebs. Please. Just stop.

Both men begin to stir and crawl back towards their corners. Despite almost scoring the pinfall, The D doesn't seem to be any more ready to stand up and strike than Mikey. As they inch closer and closer, the crowd gets louder and louder. The D extends and makes contact with JFK, who leaps into the ring and grabs the ankle of Mikey Unlikely! It's too late! As he's being pulled away he slaps the hand of Elise Ares who darts into the ring and unloads on Kendrix with a flurry of chops, elbows, and leg kicks. She backs the FIST into the corner and whips him across the ring then follows. JFK feels her coming and uses the corner to handstand and land behind her where she runs up the corner and does a backflip, landing on her feet before spinning around and slapping the FIST across the face.

DDK:

OOOOOH!

Angus:

What a slap! I think it's still echoing through downtown New Orleans right now!

JFK is PISSED, his disrespect from Elise Ares and Mikey Unlikely has finally driven him mad. He grabs Ares and throws her towards the ropes with a scream. As she bounces back he swings for a hard elbow but Ares ducks under and jumps up to the top rope. Springboarding back, she goes for her trademark flying punch Amethystation, before...

DDK:

DROPPED!

Angus:
MY GOD!

Kendrix catches her in mid-air with The Bell End. The crowd goes silent. Ares is out facedown on the mat and fuming with anger, the FIST shoves her onto her back and violently hooks the unmoving leg.

ONE

Mikey Unlikely stumbles back into the ring and goes to break up the pinfall.

TWO

He leaps, trying to get there in time.

Before he's snagged by the ankle. Faceplants. Then is pulled from the ring.

THREE

DING DING DING

Kendrix slams the leg of Ares down onto the mat and gets up to his feet, pushing the unconscious body of the SoHer out of the ring with his foot. Klein runs over to check on his friend.

DDK:
If that's not emphatic, I don't know what is.

Angus:
He DRILLED that.

DDK:
Is that what Mikey Unlikely has to look forward to at Maximum DEFIANCE?

Angus:
If this is what a pissed off Kendrix looks like, we might finally be rid of McFuckass once and for all.

Inside the ring, Benny Doyle lifts the arm of Kendrix as The D joins him in tremendous pain. As he gets to JFK, the SoCal Championship is thrown over his shoulder by O-Face before her and Flex Kruger lift him up onto their shoulders and begin to do a lap around the inside of the ring. Kendrix grabs his title and leaves while The D lifts the SoCal high up over his head.

DDK:
Kendrix scores the pinfall and suddenly The D appears to be going into the Hall of Fame.

Angus:
This is what we in the business like to call Amateur Hour.

The camera pans to the top of the aisle, where JFK looks back down towards the ring. On the floor outside are Elise Ares being tended to by Klein, and Mikey Unlikely seated, holding his back in pain. Slowly Kendrix raises the FIST of DEFIANCE into the air over his head and a smug grin crosses his face as we fade to copyright.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE