

FAR FROM THE TREE

EARLIER TODAY

The screen opens up and we see a black Cadillac Escalade slowly come into the parking lot of the WrestlePlex. The SUV slowly rolls into a parking space and the braking lights flash red brightly for a second before they turn off and the driver's side door opens and out steps Everyone's Favorite Texan, Scott Stevens.

The Faithful boo the former FIST of DEFIANCE champion as they see him on the screen. Stevens closes the door and makes his way towards the back of the vehicle and opens the back door and proceeds to take out a suitcase and a duffle bag.

Stevens then closes the door and heads towards the arena entrance door and an adolescent of about ten to twelve years old is following close behind.

RUNDOWN



Bright flashes, rolling cameras, and all the action in the world. The live crowd sees the intro video being played over the DEFiatron, as classic moments of DEF's current roster is played on screen. Footage of MAX DEF is briefly shown, Fuse and the Stevens, Kerry and the Light Reaper, the Toy Box retaining over the WrestleFriends, Elise retaining over the D by pulling the SoHers off the ladder, and JFK standing tall over Mikey Unlikely, FIST raised high.

The heavily produced and graphically enhanced video fades out. A sky jib crane shot of the cheering Faithful screaming their lungs out, holding all of your favorite signs while pyro goes off around them.

THE REAPER HAS GONE DARK
BURNS BABY BURNS!

IS MY SIGN GOOD ENOUGH FOR CAMERA?

(An image of Angus Skaaland dressed like Calvin peeing on Jack Harmen's car)

WHERE'D DAN RYAN GO?

SOHER IS SO HER AGAIN!

FLEX IT BABAY!

THE DYS-FUN-CTIONAL KEELINGS

WRESTLEFRIEND POWERS, ACTIVATE!

HOW WRESTLING? WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?!

THE GUY BEHIND ME IS GOING TO KILL ME

WILL WORK FOR DEFonDEMAND

The camera, in mid-crane shot, swoops down to our announce booth at the top near the entrance ramp. "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland stand with microphones, dressed to the nines.

DDK:

Faithful of DEFIANCE, if you missed Maximum DEFIANCE, you missed ONE HECK OF A SHOW.

Angus:

What are you doing?! You had three weeks to see it!

DDK:

Not to mention Clash of the BRAZEN Angus.

Angus:

We've got a new BRAZEN champ in Flex Kruger, and new number one contender in Victor Vacio!

DDK:

Vacio was also the dastardly culprit in the attack on Ultimo Phoenix. Who knows what condition he's in.

Angus:

But on the main show, all the champions retained their titles.

DDK:

Indeed. The Toy Box managed to fend off the WrestleFriends, Elise Ares claimed her rightful spot as the true So-Her champion...

Angus:

Don't call it that.

DDK:

And in the main event, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, say what you will about him...

Angus:

GORRAM ASS HAT.

DDK:

... was able to defend his FIST of DEFIANCE against the unlikeliest of challengers... Mikey Unlikely.

Angus:

I still feel a little dirty rooting for the guy, but it's hard not to when JFK is such a smug prick!

DDK:

And that's just all what happened in the past Angus! Just imagine what we have in store tonight on the one hundred and seventeenth edition of DEFTv! Flex Kruger defends his BRAZEN championship, and I hear Elise Ares has a big announcement.

Angus:

I've been meaning to ask the entire time we did the rundown...

DDK:

Don't call it that.

Angus:

Did... did Scott Stevens just adopt a ward?

DDK:

Maybe Stevens is doing one of those Make a Wish things?

Angus:

Yeah, but, why Stevens?

DDK:

I don't know Angus. I'm not their coordinator. Oh, I'm being told over the coms, it seems we're gonna start this show off with...

ANDY SHARPE vs. MINUTE

DDK

... the single return of "Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp to DEFIANCE as he takes on BRAZEN's own luchador, Minute! This one's going to be 100 miles an hour.

Angus:

Blah, the South of the Border midget Flippy-Doo against the large Canadian calling himself King of the Flippy-Doos! But he's joined up with The Family Keeling so I'm torn.

DDK:

In case you missed out on MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, still available on DEFOnDemand, Andy Sharp returned as the newest client of The Family Keeling and defeated Angel Trinidad before he and Uriel Cortez injured Angel in the process. We have no updates on Angel's timeline for return right now beyond suffering a shattered ankle, but we hope his recovery is a speedy one.

Angus:

Indeed, we need more HOSSeses. Now let's get to DQ and get the intros and this flippy garbage over with!

We get to Darren Quimbey. Chill, Angus.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, from El Paso, Texas, by way of Mexico City, Mexico... weighing in at 150 pounds... **MINUTE!**

♪ "Nightfall by Cliff Lin" ♪

The music hits and out comes the twenty-year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute. The luchador dressed in an all-silver mask and body suit comes out and soaks in a polite applause from the fans as he makes a beeline toward the ring. The second he rushes inside, he slides upward and does a front flip to his feet before waiting for his opposition.

Junior Keeling:

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

...But before that, first comes Junior Keeling with a Family Keeling-branded headset and a FANCY silver sportcoat. He adjusts the coat and points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing, my father and the true brains behind The Family Keeling Talent Agency... MEGA-AGENT to the Stars himself... Thomas Keeling! And The Family Keeling's Giant Wrestler, PRIME CUT Slab of beef and Head of Security... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

The jeers are even louder now as Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking extra debonair tonight in a gray Brooks Brothers business suit. Behind him, out comes "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, sans music. Cortez calmly brings up the rear as Thomas Keeling laughs.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son. Now allow US to introduce The Family Keeling's new Crown Jewel! A five time former world champion of other organizations, soon to add DEFIANCE to his impressive resume. The man that took out that nuisance, Angel Trinidad, for good! Standing 6'4", weighing 230 pounds... the man that OWNS the skies above any wrestling ring he's in...

Both Keelings continue.

Thomas and Junior Keeling:

PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING... **"LORD OF THE SKIES" ANDY SHARP!**

♪ "Rabbit's Revenge" by Tom Morello, feat. Bassnectar, Big Boi & Killer Mike ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly between hues of gold and red as the music blasts loudly and out comes Andy Sharp.

DDK:

Good lord, what an intro and entourage. This is a far cry from the Andy we knew three years ago.

Angus:

He went from being a sickening goody-good flippy-doo to being a greedy, power-hungry flippy-doo. I'd say he's on the upward path to being right.

Sharp and company head toward the ring with The Lord of the Skies leading the charge. He climbs up the turnbuckle, shoots Minute a laugh and then LEAPS off with a front flip before landing on his feet, showing off like an athletically-talented prick. Sharp takes off his red-tinted sunglasses and hands them to Junior and dabs fists with him as the bell rings.

DING DING!

Minute can't help but pay mind to the Keelings and the massive Uriel Cortez at ringside but Sharp doesn't go on the attack.

DDK:

This one will definitely be a good one. Minute has had some good showings in the past and at house shows with what he can do at the age of 20.

Angus:

Ugh, wake me when it's over.

Sharp wants a lock-up but when Minute tries, the foot-taller Andy raises his arm as high as it can go to mock his diminutive opponent. Minute responds in kind by KICKING the leg of Andy! Sharp flinches and Minute goes to work trying to soften up the tall Canadian with kicks. The crowd cheers on Minute, but Andy shoves him back. Minute does a backwards roll back to his feet and then a standing backflip to show off, then motions for Andy to bring it.

DDK:

It doesn't matter how tall the opponent is, Minute won't back down!

Andy chuckles and then backs up to show he can do it too, executing a standing back handspring back to his feet. He shows off, but when he does, Minute charges at him and turns into a Wheelbarrow Victory Roll...

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Andy better take this seriously otherwise Minute is going to spoil his singles return!

Angus:

God, lay into each other! This isn't a stunt show, this is a wrestling match!

As Sharp gets up, Minute goes with a pair of Dropkick to the legs, that stumble Andy into the ropes. Minute tries a Tiger Feint Kick, but Sharp moves out of his way. Minute leaps back into the ring, but Sharp shoves him into the ropes and does a kick, sending Minute into the middle rope. As he bounces back, Sharp leaves his feet and lands the Jecht Shot! The Jump Spinning Roundhouse sends Minute skipping across the canvas as Thomas and Junior cheer on the athletically gifted Sharp.

DDK:

That was an impressive exchange before Sharp lands the Jecht Shot, a tribute to one of his few friends left in the business, Seymour Almasy. Sharp really is so damn gifted, but I'm not sure where his head is at.

Almost as if he can hear him, Sharp wastes no time picking up Minute off the mat into a Belly to Back before flipping him over into an inverted Slam! With that, he doesn't attempt a cover, but kips to his feet and soaks in the jeers.

Angus:

It's in his ass, that's where his head is!

Sharp picks Minute up and throws him off to the corner where he follows in with a Leaping Knee Strike! He then throws Minute out of the corner and as he tries to stumble back, Andy leaps to the top turnbuckle and comes back with a Leaping Elbow Smash!

DDK:

What a move! Now Andy with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

But I don't want more flips! I want a piledriver! Punches! Something!

Sharp pulls Minute up and lays into him with a few hard Elbow Smashes before he runs the ropes and tries a Springboard Moonsault. To his surprise, Minute moves! Sharp lands on his feet and comes rushing at Minute, but a Thrust Kick to the knee sends Andy into the top rope where Minute finally lands the Tiger Feint Kick by spinning across the top rope!

DDK:

Sharp played around too much and got caught sleeping! Can Minute follow up?

The diminutive dynamo watches and Junior Keeling growls while Thomas and Uriel watch silently. Minute nails another Dropkick to the knee that doubles Andy over before running the ropes and landing a Running Dropkick to the side of the head! Andy is stunned and stumbles around when Minute hits the ropes...

DDK:

INTERCEPTAR! He landed the Springboard Tornado DDT! Can Minute pull out the upset?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Grr argh enough with the flips. If there's a wrestling hell for me, Keebs, this is it!

DDK:

Minute now has Andy dazed. Another Thrust Kick puts him down and now he's heading to the outside.

The Family Keeling watch their Crown Jewel in dire straits as Minute looks for the Springboard 450 Splash he calls the Minute Detail, but Andy rolls out of the way and heads to the apron! Minute lands on his feet and rolls through the

move, but doesn't expect Andy to come FLIPPING with a slingshot to the ring and nearly DECAPITATING Minute with a Slingshot Flipping Lariat!

DDK:

SHARPER IMAGE! WHAT AN IMPACTFUL MOVE! MINUTE'S DOWN!

Angus:

Way to take something cool like a Lariat and ruin it, Sharpie!

After Sharp lands the move, he doesn't waste time. He pulls Minute up into a Double Underhook. He hoists him over the shoulder before SPINNING with and crashing him down with a Corkscrew Neckbreaker!

DDK:

He calls that the Flippy-DON'T! I don't think I've EVER seen a move like that! Sharp now with a rather lax cover, but I don't think he needs more.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Sharp soaks in the jeers from the fans and an audible groan from Angus over commentary as Quimbey makes the call.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...

Thomas Keeling gives him a card and points at the wording.

Darren Quimbey:

Presented by The Family Keeling... **"LORD OF THE SKIES" ANDY SHARP!**

DDK:

And now The Family Keeling and Uriel Cortez join Andy... and what's Uriel doing?

He grabs the small Minute off the mat with one hand, hoists him up and for good measure. DRILLS him down with the Waist-lift Side Slam called The Industry Standard!

DDK:

Come on! Was that necessary?

Angus:

Yes! I need a HOSS palette cleanser to get the taste of flippy-doo out of my mouth.

DDK:

Minute now booted from the ring, which also disrespectful... and now Andy Sharp with a microphone.

MAKING A LIST...

A smirk on the face of Andy Sharp even amidst booing.

Andy Sharp:

Oh, screw that noise. I just gave you people a mini-epic in this ring... [looking to Minute on the ringside floor, attended to by a rainer] ...pun intended, Minute. I give you all a dazzling spectacle that only *I* can bring and THIS is the respect I get? That shit is so typical, DEFIANCE.

Andy takes in a breath before he continues.

Andy Sharp:

It's been a while, so let me catch you dipshits up to speed. In 2016, I was here in this promotion. I rubbed elbows with fellow greats like Lindsay Troy. Dan Ryan. Curtis Penn. Tyrone Walker...

Angus:

...Shoutout to MUHBOITAI...

Andy Sharp:

I was on the fast track to success like EVERY OTHER PROMOTION I've set foot in and made my bitch. That fast track was the Southern Heritage Title, then held by that Sports Entertainment PRICK, Mikey Unlikely...

"RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

Andy Sharp:

The night was DEFCON 2016. That title was as good as mine. I had his overhyped, talentless gimp ass beat every which way but Sunday. Then what happened? Unlikely and his associates, Sports Entertainment Guild, happened. They injured me. Tore me up. Took me out of the game and left me for dead. Another in a long line of people this place has chewed up and spit out...

The Canadian now starts to tremble with his fist clutching the microphone tightly.

Andy Sharp:

I lived in obscurity for two years after I got better. I wanted back, but because I love a little thing called the Mary Jane and wouldn't consent to its bogus drug policies, DEFIANCE repeatedly kicked me to the curb. So... I got with The Family Keeling. They helped me get clean. They got me straight and they promised me revenge against a place that's kicked them over more times than there are stars in the sky.

Now a grin.

Andy Sharp:

Now... I'm back. To my surprise, the people who I committed these crimes against me have gone on to become major successes... successes that were RIGHTFULLY MINE! So tonight... and every night going forward, I'm going to rewrite the history I was meant to have.

Sharp with the mic drop as Thomas and Junior Keeling each take an arm of Andy and raise it to the sky. The Faithful jeer before the foursome departs with Uriel Cortez behind them.

DDK:

He's right, Angus! All the members of The Sports Entertainment Guild have gone on to major successes and are still here today. Kendrix is now our FIST of DEFIANCE. Mikey had one of the longest reigns as Southern Heritage Champion. The D and Elise Ares had a record-setting Tag Team Title run along with Elise now being that Southern Heritage Champion. Does he have them in mind as a target?

Angus:

Then he'd be doing me a favor!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

Act XII “EVIL ERADICATED!”

♪ Hungry for Another One by JT Music ♪

DDK:

It appears we are going to have a visit from the STILL World Tag team Champions The ToyBox!

The trio step from behind the curtain. Jestal with Clucky in his hand, the girls with the championships around their waists. The Dandelion is in a pair of green torn jeans with a Yellow ToyBox shirt, while WynLyn is in a pair of purple torn jeans with a black halter top with the words “QB” on the front. Jestal is in a pinstripe blue and white jean shirt combo.

Quimbly:

Ladies and gentlemen the World Tag Team Champions ...THE TOYBOX!

Angus:

The ToyBox finally shut up the WrestleFriends at Maximum DEFIANCE! These three are going to be champions for a long time!

The trio enter the ring to a chorus of the traditional BooBirds. Jestal motions for a microphone as the girls pose on the turnbuckles with the championships. Before turning around and sitting on the turnbuckles opposite one another staring at Jestal in the center of the ring. They hold the championships up in the air in sync with Jestal raising Clucky in the air.

Jestal:

So the mighty WrestleFriends, who have run rough shot here in DEFIANCE, finally got stopped by your WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

The girls raise the titles up in sync once more.

Jestal:

So that is it, we have pretty much did it all. In the words of Crimson Lord, we have vanquished the evil in the DEFIANCE Tag Team division. There is no evil left to vanquish, and that means our job is done. So maybe we should just retire these belts. I mean after all what is left for us, we beat everyone. All that's left is to go down in the history books as the last remaining champions to hold these prestigious championships right?

The Faithful clearly do not like that idea. Jestal laughs at their response.

Jestal:

Hey...hey now don't get all your panties in a twist, we know the truth hurts. We will still be here to entertain you like we always do.

BooBirds continue.

Jestal turns from Dandelion and stares at WynLyn with a smile. She smiles back and then suddenly looks horrified!

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE! THE STEVENS DYNASTY IS HERE!

George pushes Dandelion off the top rope and she smacks her back onto the apron dropping her championship in the ring. Jestal turns around and Bo lays him out with a boot. WynLyn stands up as now George has gotten behind her.

Angus:

What is the Stevens Dynasty doing out here? Oh no WynLyn get out of there!

Wyn is trapped between the two massive beefsticks. She tries to get to the apron away from George, But Bo grabs a hold of her hair she drops the title to the outside. Bo pulls the woman in and lifts her up into a chokebomb! George

grabs the championship she dropped outside and enters the ring as Bo picks up the one left by Dandelion. The Dynasty stand over Jestal and WynLyn and raises the championships in the air.

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

The Faithful clearly no fans to the Stevens Dynasty either, as they continue their jeers now toward them.

DDK:

I think Bo and George have other plans in mind for those championships.

Angus:

No, how can you do that to The Queen Bee! The audacity of these delinquents!

FLEX KRUGER vs. JACK MACE

DDK:

We've got a big title match coming up, Angus, and I know you're excited for this one!

Angus:

HOSSFITE, KEEBS! A HOSSFITE between a musclebound chowderhead and a goody-good, but they both have that freaky derp strength. AND.... it's for the BRAZEN Championship!

DDK:

Indeed it is! At our last Clash of the BRAZEN Special, none other than Flex Kruger won the BRAZEN Championship in a Scramble Rules match over four competitors. Apparently, due to that victory, he demanded the chance to defend it tonight against ANYBODY whether that be BRAZEN or DEFIANCE... and "Manpower" Jack Mace of the WrestleFriends accepted.

Angus:

I know The WrestleFriends are former BRAZEN guys and won the first-ever BRAZEN Tag League so I'm cool with them wanting to go back to their roots, but this is because they lost out to the ToyBox for the World Tag Team Titles. Let's hope Macey doesn't screw the pooch here tonight, too.

DDK:

We're going to kick it to ringside where Darren Quimbey is ready with the intros for this BRAZEN Championship match right here on DEFTv!

And to the ring we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and will be for the BRAZEN Championship! Introducing first... being accompanied by "Bantam" Ryan Batts... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England weighing in at 325 pounds.. The challenger... **"MANPOWER" JACK MACE!**

The crowd cheers as the graphic for the top title in DEFIANCE's developmental league is on the line in a rare TV title defense! Multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

*FIGHTING SPIRIT!
GRAPS!
HOSSING!
FLIPPY THINGS!
BY OUR SKILLS COMBINED... WE ARE THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!*

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

The music plays and out come the two superheroes of the DEFIANCE! Mace in his furry white coat and faux pelt attire with Batts at his side, wearing his yellow and black cape. The two men march toward the ring with Mace about ready to fight. He climbs into the ring and absorbs a big cheer from the crowd.

Angus:

God, what a dork...

DDK:

And funny enough, this is actually Mace's first-ever singles match in DEFIANCE, mainly a tag wrestler. Can he make the most of this opportunity tonight?

The music cuts as Quimbey announces the champion.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

The D:

Take a leave Quimbey, I'll take it from here.

The dulcet tones of the D are heard over the pa system as he steps out from the back wearing his finest casual blue suit. The O-Face is dangling from one of his arms, the other, a microphone. He raises his hands to quite the crowd but they just start to boo him. He smacks the mic against his chest as he purposefully adjusts his tie.

The D:

AND HIS OPPONENT... accompanied to the ring by the hottest power couple Hollywood and DEFIANCE has EEEEEVER seen.

The D turns to O-Face.

The D:

That's us. We need no introduction.

The D turns back to the crowd and puts on his "announce" face.

The D:

He weighs in tonight at a crisp, clean, cut, ripped, chiseled, jacked two hundred and seventy five pounds. Tonight... I give you... the REIGNING, and DEFENDING... BRAZEN CHAMPION OF THE WOOOOOORLD! The LOOOORD Paramount, of Pectoral Perfection! TRIPLE P, **FLEX KRUGER!**

♪ "Flex" by SIP ♪

The theme plays and out comes the champ with a swagger. He raises his hands above his head and flexes, the BRAZEN championship around his waist, the D and O-Face flanked on either side. The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection stomps to the ring and flashes the title around before he enters. He raises the title right in the face of Jace Mace, jaw jacking and taking in jeers from the crowd. The title gets handed over to referee Hector Navarro, who raises it over his head. He hands it off to the side and calls for the bell...

DING DING

Mace cautiously approaches Flex and the two start in a test of strength. The two men start to tussle around the ring quickly with both The D and Ryan Batts shout words of encouragement for their respective men. Well, the D's is more discouragement for Mace than true empowerment for Flex. While Mace has the weight advantage, the power of both men is even as they tussle around the ring, going from each side of the ring to the next before they break off.

DDK:

About even between the two men, wouldn't you say?

Angus:

Shhhhh HOSSFITE...

Keebler groans as Flex dares Mace to hit the ropes to knock him down, flexing and smacking his chest. Mace adjusts his arms and runs the rope, but it's no go to get Flex off his feet. Flex tries now and Mace stands there, not rattled. The two big men run into each other with neither phasing the other until Mace dares him again. Flex does so but when he comes back, Mace keeps running past him and knocks him down with a Shoulder Block! The crowd cheers when Mace elevates Flex, spins around and then drives him with a big Delayed Scoop Slam for a two-count!

DDK:

Mace just outsmarted Flex there!

Angus:

Please, like THAT'S hard.

The Wrestling Teddy Bear plays to the crowd as a disgruntled Flex gets back up only to be taken down with some Bear Claw clubbing forearms! The D protests on the outside as Mace backs off from the corner and whips him across to the other corner. Mace charges, but stops when he sees O-Face on the apron, screaming some rather choice obscenities at him. Batts yells at his partner.

Ryan Batts:

Cover your ears, Jackie!

Hector orders her off the apron, so the D comes up now and shouts at Hector.

The D:

YOU GOIN' AFTER MY WOMAN Geraldo?

After a bit of protest, the D hops off and helps O-Face down, but the distraction works. Mace charges only to eat a pair of feet from Flex followed by a NASTY Lariat that finally knocks him off his feet! The Faithful wince from the impact.

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Flex finally takes down Mace! Can he get the win?

ONE! TWO... NO!

DDK:

Mace kicks out, but Flex is already on him with the Clubbing Forearms of his own. Right to the chest!

Mace gets winded by the blows to the chest and Flex stuns him with a boot to the gut before he AMAZINGLY hoists Mace into his arms before dumping him behind him with a big Fallaway Slam! Flex turns around and goes for the cover now with The D and O-Face cheering him on.

ONE! TWO... NO!

DDK:

Flex now arguing with Navarro. Not a smart move.

Angus:

And you think Flex is a member of MENSA or some shit? He's strong, but there's a box of rocks in that damn head. Or have you not seen him ever?

DDK:

Flex is smart enough to know to work the back of Mace! Batts trying to will on his partner as Flex rains down more strikes down on that back!

The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection continues to strike down on Mace's back, making Manpower wince. He flinches as Flex then throws a trifecta of shots to the back to weaken the big Brit. Sensing the Flex Plex coming, Mace feels his arms around his neck and breaks his grip and elbows his way free. The crowd cheers on the larger half of the WrestleFriends, but Flex grabs his belt and then hoists him up for a Torture Rack...

DDK:

No! He tries the Torture Rack, but Mace has the Sleeper locked in and falls behind Flex!

Angus:

Come on, Jackie! Show some balls! Choke him out!

Mace has the hold locked in with Kruger frantically kicking around. Flex maneuvers himself just so to where he can inch Mace to the side and shoves him to the ropes. He tries another Lariat that misses but when Mace comes back...

DDK:

PICADILLY PRESS! What a Running Cross Body by Jack Mace! Both men are down!

Both The D and Ryan Batts continue to cheer on their respective lackeys/partners with neither man starting up right away. It's Mace that gets up first with Flex holding his rib cage and starting to rise right behind him. Mace then whips Flex to the corner and follows him in with a big Clothesline, followed by a few more Clothesline shots to the chest. He then HOISTS Flex in a Bearhug and manages to dump the 275-pounder over with an Overhead Bearhug Suplex! The crowd rallies behind Mace as he goes for the cover.

ONE! TWO... NO!

DDK:

I can't believe Flex kicked out of that combination! We almost had a brand new BRAZEN Champion!

Angus:

That we did, but I love this! Two hosses doing all the hossing things!

Mace is the first to his feet after the kickout, but the former Trios and current BRAZEN Champion is on wobbly legs. Mace rushes off the ropes perhaps looking for another Piccadilly Press when The D grabs his leg and stops him! Ryan Batts runs toward him to stop him, but Batts gets cut off by O-Face, standing in between the two!

DDK:

We saw this come into play when WrestleFriends fought the ToyBox! They won't strike a woman!

Angus:

I'm not an idiot, Keeps! I'm down with female empowerment. #Samehere

DDK:

#Metoo

The D stands right behind O-Face and dares him to come at him. Batts takes one step and the D shrieks and kneels, hiding behind O-Face. Batts just rolls his eyes. The distraction gives Flex the time to crack Mace in the back of the head with a huge Running Clothesline followed by a huge German Suplex on the 325-pound Mace! Flex goes right to the cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Mace kicks out! Flex almost keeps the BRAZEN title, but Mace wants this!

Flex can't believe it and neither can The D at ringside! Flex angrily stands up now, nearly shoves Hector out of his way to get to Mace. He kicks him in the gut and tries another Flex Plex when Mace surges to life and squashes him in the corner. Flex comes flying out, but Mace launches him up, only to CRACK him with a Pop-up Headbutt on the way down! The blow completely rattles Flex and allows Mace to then connect with a sloppy, but effective Running Dropkick!

Angus:

Holy crap!

After popping the crowd with the amazing Dropkick, Mace picks up Flex in a Pumphandle...

DDK:

BIG FRIENDLY BOMB! HE HIT IT! THE PUMPHANDLE POWERBOMB CONNECTS!

The crowd goes CRAZY as Mace holds the legs!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

The crowd can't believe it! The D and O-Face can't believe it! Ryan Batts can't believe it! Not even Mace himself can believe it as he scoots away from Flex after the pinfall, jaw wide open!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and the NEEEWWWWWWWWW BRAZEN Champion... **"MANPOWER JACK MACE!**

Mace almost starts to gasp when Navarro hands him the coveted championship! The big British hick raises the title over his head and finally sits up as Ryan Batts enters the ring to join his friend, jumping into his arms with a big hug!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Flex Kruger has just been defeated! "Manpower" Jack Mace in his first singles match in DEFIANCE has won the BRAZEN Championship!

Angus:

That was some dope hossy shit at the finish, Keebs! Who knew the dork had it in him?

Mace raises the BRAZEN Championship over his head and The Faithful cheer on the member of the League of Extraordinary Graps for bringing the first title to the group. With the title in one arm and Batts in the other, Mace raises it high overhead while The D and O-Face are beside themselves at ringside.

DDK:

Starting off in BRAZEN as the winners of the BRAZEN RISE Tag League, Jack Mace finds singles glory here tonight! Congrats!

Jack Mace and Ryan Batts both head to the back, celebrating with the title in hand while Flex Kruger still has no idea what the hell just hit him.

BUT WAIT ... THERE'S MORE!

We move backstage where we see a smiling Christy Zane against a black and red DEFIANCE backdrop. She's wearing a nice dress and her hair is done up. The cameraman waits a beat before widening the shot and now we see she is standing next to Mikey Unlikely.

The fans cheer in the DEFplex.

Christy Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen at this time I'm joined by Mikey Unlikely. Mikey, at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, you went one on one with your former Bruv, Kendrix. After that was all said and done, JFK walked out with the FIST in hand. Let me ask you this. How do you feel?

Unlikely takes off his sunglasses and looks at Christy.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well to be honest Christy, I don't feel great. It's been a long time coming with Kendrix and even though it didn't turn out the way I had hoped, even though I'm not standing here the new FIST of DEFIANCE. I have to hope that Kendrix learned a lesson. I certainly did. You never know who you can trust in this business, even those closest to you.

Zane nods along with Mikey's point.

Christy Zane:

That's definitely understandable, but let's get to the big question on everyone's mind... What's next for Mikey Unlikely? You came back for a match against Kendrix, because of your relationship with him. Is it back to Hollywood?

Unlikely smiles and rubs his chin.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know you're right Christy, I had no intention of ever coming back and wrestling full time. This was an emotional few weeks for me as one of my best friends stabbed me in the back. I have a very good career in California. I have a very good career here as well. I had to make a decision however and I've decided to.... RETURN TO DEFIANCE WRESTLING FULL TIME!

The crowd becomes electric in the DEFplex again.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right I'm back and ready to take on all comers! I'm looking forward to what's next! There's one thing I've never done in DEFIANCE and that's hold the FIST, and I'm not leaving this place again until I do.

Christy smiles and brings the mic back to herself.

Christy Zane:

There you go DEFIANTS. Mikey Unlikely is back! That's all we have...

Mikey talking off screen.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh hey there buddy, how are you?

The camera follows Mikey's gaze to a small child next to the interview set. The young boy roughly 10 years or so, is wearing blue jeans, and a Stevens Dynasty shirt. The boy is holding an unopened action figure in his hands. He shakes when he talks.

Young Boy:

Excuse me, Mikey... I didn't mean.. I didn't want to interrupt you, but could I get your autograph?

Mikey lights up. Christy "awes" at the cuteness of the little boy.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well of course you can little man! Oh look at that, you already got my action figure. That's so cool. Who do I make it out too?

The boy hands the toy to the wrestler. Mikey pulls a sharpie from his pocket.

Young Boy:

My name is Jack!

He signs it and writes a short note.

Jack:

"Mikey Unlikely, Thank you for being a fan!" YES! THAT'S SO COOL! Oh thank you so much!

Mikey gives the little boy a fist bump before someone shouts from off screen.

OSV:

HEY! CUT IT OUT!

Into our view walks Scott Stevens. He's wearing the same shirt as the boy, and is visibly annoyed.

Scott Stevens:

Jack, what are you doing over here? Didn't I tell you to stay in the locker room? Now I have to go looking for you...

Stevens sees Mikey. Looks him up and down.

Scott Stevens:

Oh you... Listen Jack... Let's get away from this loser.... Guy couldn't even win the FIST.

Mikey side eyes Stevens. Shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen Jack, was very nice to meet you.

Scott Stevens: [Cutting off Mikey]

id I say you could talk to my son? Who the hell do you think you are?

Unlikely ignores the question from Stevens, and turns to Christy.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you for another great interview Christy! Have a good one!

Mikey walks past Stevens who makes sure to shoulder check him on the way by. Mikey continues to brush it off and keep walking.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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THE REAPER RETURNS

DDK:

Lots of excitement still left here on DEFtv, with the fallout of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE still unfolding. Don't blink, lots of surprises left instore.

Angus:

Why would blinking make them miss anything, Keebs? Is this NASCAR? ... wait, no that's just dumb, you could take a nap and miss nothing there. Left turn, left turn.

DDK: [ignoring Angus]

I, honestly, can't remember the last time when we left a big show like MAXDEF and all the champions retained. Things don't get any easier in DEFIANCE though, just tougher, and there are going to be a lot of people gunning for the Tag Titles, FIST, and the ...

Angus:

THANK GORRAM BABY JESUS the SoHer is back at last!

DDK:

With some impressive showings, we're certainly at no shortage of contenders here on the roster as we look forward to the march towards ACTS of DE...

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We Instrumental)" by Run The Jewels ♪

The lights go dark except for swirling rays of green around the Wrestle-Plex. A fog begins to roll from the entrance as flashing green lights highlight a figure rising from the fog, that's right, it's a GORRAM Reaper. The Green Reaper arrives alone and marches down towards the ring with a purpose. Dead green eyes cut through the darkness as it approaches ringside.

DDK:

I'd say it was an impressive, if not slightly confusing showing from the Reaper of Light at MAXDEF. There were color changes and spectators...

Angus:

And that weird-ass Crimson Lord coming out spreading his gooey, oozing pink eye to everyone in ten foot radius! My eyes are itching just thinking about it.

DDK:

Crimson Lord and The Light was indeed on hand. When his Reaper failed to put an end to Kerry Kuroyama the Light turned their back on the Reaper. Physically and by this individual showing one can only assume figuratively as well!

Angus:

I don't know anything about figures but as long as that creepy bastard stays away from me I'm happy.

DDK:

Reaper's status as a member of the Light withstanding, we saw what turned into one hell of a match end in a double count out! We never found out who the better man was.

Angus:

Man? Woman? THEY? Watch your pronouns, Keebs! This is a family show.

Sliding under the bottom rope and crawling across the ring, the former Reaper of Light rolls forward and into a standing position. It paces back and forth in the ring, seemingly restless as the music cuts off and the lights return to normal. Now leaning against the ropes face the entrance, it waits but nothing comes forth. Getting restless, the crowd begins to chant for Kerry Kuroyama. Never getting the finality they wanted from MAXDEF.

DDK:

I'm guessing it came out here to continue what it started at MAXDEF?

Angus:

I'm sorry, I think I made a mistake just a minute ago.

DDK:

This is new. I can only assume an apology to the LGBTQ community about your inability to use proper pronouns?

Angus:

Nah, I said this thing was slightly less weird than The Light. I was wrong. At least just as weird as The Light right now. Working on more.

Just as those words escape the lips of Angus, the Reaper of Light begins to bang its palm against the side of its helmet, making those deadeye-like green LEDs flicker a few more times before turning around and look back towards the staff members at ringside. It calls for a microphone, leaving the staff to scramble unexpectedly.

Angus:

C'mon guys, get it together! Stephen Hawking here needs a mic!

Finally, a microphone rolls into the ring, live, making a loud crack before it snatched up by the Reaper. Holding the mic in its left hand, it begins unsnapping latches, as it does the microphone can pick up bits and pieces of speaking. A male voice speaks with a Cajun drawl.

???:

Kerry, you're gonna make me do it, ain't ya?

DDK:

Is it talking?

Angus:

You mean HE?! HIM. It's a dude! Like I've been saying the WHOLE TIME.

DDK:

And he's going to take off his mask just like that?

As the full-headed mask drops to the canvas and sandy-blond hair drops down over a face looking towards the floor. Piercing ocean blue eyes peer down at the mat from under the locks, usually fairly well maintained but frazzled from being under the mask. The crowd murmurs about the identity of the man, but a few immediately recognize BRAZEN member Matthew LaCroix.

Matt LaCroix:

Gonna hang out backstage like we ain't gotta fight to finish. I did it. It's me. I took off the mask. All your prayers are finally answered. Why'd ya do it, Matt? How could ya come back to your hometown and play dress up, goin around and attackin' people, takin' orders from a giant pink bastard who has a clown and a chicken. Well I'll tell y'all a story. Get the youngins, gather round, and I'll tell ya how New Orleans treats their own.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix has been tagging with Sam Day in BRAZEN in recent months, but has yet to grab a foothold on the main roster here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

The guy is a phenomenal talent, but with his substance abuse problems in the past it's been real hard for anyone to put any real stake into his future. He's almost 35, how much time do you need to put it together?

The crowd's mixed reactions turn into mostly hushed questioning.

LaCroix:

I was born in New Orleans. Moved to Lafayette as a youngin, and moved back as a teenager to this city. I was the most successful amateur wrestler this state had ever seen. I took a full ride to LSU that I never got to use when my dad passed. So I took a pro wrestlin' job for SAWF. I made y'all proud, but when it closed I ran into some trouble. I got some demons, we all know about 'em. I kicked my can all around this state and made a lot of mistakes.

Matt pauses to reflect a bit.

LaCroix:

When I no longer had a home, I went to Japan and got right. Paid my dues in a dojo, got off all the bad stuff, and I made this sport mine again. I won a world championship and I became the best in the gorram world... AGAIN. Angus gave me a chance to come back home. I was happy to see y'all and I was gonna make up for all them mistakes I made along the way. Plannin' on puttin' on one helluva show, for all of you but when I got here...

His reflective mood turns into anger.

LaCroix:

Y'all gave up on me. All I heard was bets about how long it'd take me to find the bottle again. He's a drunk. He's washed up. Why y'all wastin' your time on that has-been? I walk out to the ring to no reaction in my own home. Not given a fair shake, forced to team up with Sam Day to find a place on the card. Sam's a good guy but I didn't come here for tag teams and BRAZEN shows. I came here for redemption. I came here to be the best in the world. I came here to leave no doubt in the world's mind that Matt LaCroix didn't drink away his shot. He fought for it.

The crowd boos as the man known in Japan as The Renaissance continues on.

LaCroix:

So when big pink came knockin' about a chance to get on the big stage I took it. I didn't give a damn about no light. Hell Kerry, I don't even hate you. No more bustin' my ass for you people to ignore me, and instead cheer some talentless hack in a Nicolas Cage match who couldn't lace my damn boots. I don't give a damn if you put me in a green mask, a pink mask, a clown mask... I'm gonna show up each and every week and I'm gonna tap out this roster from top to bottom until you don't have a choice but to recognize who in the hell I am. That starts with you, Kerry, at the end of the day I...

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

The Faithful pop for Kerry at the rebellious sound of the Melvin.

DDK:

Looks like Kerry Kuroyama has heard enough!

As the music would suggest, Kerry comes through the curtain and takes the stage; microphone in hand. His street clothes would themselves suggest he wasn't planning on competing here tonight. The music fades down as the vocals kick in.

Kerry Kuroyama:

... Matt, is it? I think I speak for everyone here in the Wrestle-Plex when I say ... we've heard enough of your dollar ben autobiography.

The Faithful pop in wild agreeance.

Kerry:

As far the struggle to get a foothold here in DEFIANCE, battling you way up from BRAZEN to the big show ... I get it. I honestly do.

Kerry paces a bit, back and forth on the stage, as he continues.

Kerry:

I've been there. I'll save you my memoirs and just leave it at that. I get it.

Angus:

We get it. Move on!

Kerry hears Angus, being only a few feet from the commentary desk, and turns toward him and Darren. Angus' eyes light up, surprised. He isn't used to being heard as he runs off at the mouth. After a beat Kerry turns his attention back to Matt in the ring.

Kerry:

My beef is you led these people on ... You put on that ridiculous Reaper get up that I once, unfortunately, wore myself, and while I healed up ... you let these fine people think I had been led astray by the SAME man who put me out. And that I can't stand for!

The Faithful rile up, them's fighting words.

Kerry:

... MAXIMUM DEFIANCE settled NOTHING!

The paying audience's overall volume continues to rise.

Kerry:

It's me and you, Matt! Let's put this to bed! Right now!

The crowds building excitement bursts at the demand of a rematch.

Angus:

Round TWO! I can get behind this, Keeps!

DDK:

Who is the better man? If Kerry Kuroyama has his way we WILL FIND OUT!

Matt stirs in the ring, clearly aggravated. The Faithful quiet, waiting with bated breath for LaCroix's response.

LaCroix:

You got it, boy.

The Faithful erupt once again and it looks like we've got a match...

LaCroix:

... but not tonight.

As hot and lively as the Wrestleplex was mere seconds before, LaCroix has deflated it twice as fast, he knows it and revels in it.

LaCroix:

You'll get 'yer match, boy... on my terms. When I'm ready ...

Kerry cuts in from the stage.

Kerry:

No time like the present, Matt!

The Faithful are clearly behind that idea. They want action and they want it now. Sadly for them, LaCroix isn't in a very giving mood.

LaCroix:

See Kerry, you're under the delusion that I or the world owes you somethin'. I learned the hard way that this world doesn't give a damn about you, Kerry, and it'll just take and take and take and never give back. I'm tired of livin' my life on someone else's clock. Whether it be waitin' for the next bottle or waitin' for BRAZEN management to let me know I'm good enough or DEFIANCE tellin' me our fight was finished when we both know damn well we weren't done.

Matt's stone cold expression is unphased by the jeers of The Faithful.

LaCroix:

As for as impersonatin' you Kerry, I can't ever trick this world into thinkin' I'm you. I'm too good. I ain't an impression if you're improvin' on the original. That's called an upgrade. I gave this world somethin' better. If you don't like it, tough. You'll get your chance to show me I'm wrong, looks like you're even gonna get to learn a thing or two along the way. You'll fail, but it won't be tonight.

Matt tosses the mic and drops to the mat, rolling out of the thing. The song of Matt LaCroix, not the Reaper of Light, "Scenotaph" by Emanuel begins to play as LaCroix makes his way up the ramp where Kerry just stands shaking his head in disappointment.

DDK:

BRAZEN no more, it looks like Matt LaCroix has had a lot on his mind since signing his contract. Angus, do you have any thoughts on this development?

Angus:

We really took a big chance on Matt. He's one of the most talented bastards I've ever seen in my life, but when you take a risk on a guy like him you have to take some time to make sure it doesn't blow up in your face.

DDK:

Well, it looks like Matt feels he's done his time, and he's looking to set his sights on DEFIANCE.

Kerry still hasn't moved as LaCroix approaches him at the top of the aisle. Southern Strong Style shoots him a glance and a smirk before bumping past him. Kuroyama shoves LaCroix back spinning him around. Matt points at his own eyes and back at Kerry before backing away into the backstage area.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs "LOVELY" LANCE MINGLE

When we cut back to ringside we see "Lovely" Lance Mingle finishing up his entrance and the lights coming back up.

♪ "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is set for one fall. Already in the ring, he is one half of TOO THE MAXX. Hailing from Fertile, IA. Weighing in at 260 Lbs. This is "LOVELY" LANCE MINGLE!

DDK:

One half of TOO THE MAXX here tonight will go one on one with Mikey Unlikely. Should be a good matchup.

Angus:

Classic wrestler vs Hollywood stuntman so yea.... Should be a hoot!

♪ "Battle Without Honor" by Hotei ♪

The lights die down and a single spotlight hits the stage. Mikey Unlikely comes through the curtain as the music hits the exciting part of the song.

The fans come unglued and cheer loudly for the Hollywood star. Mikey wastes no time, and sprints to the ring and slides in head first. Ripping off his vest as he makes his way to the nearest turnbuckle to boast.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.... He is coming to the ring from Hollywood, California....

Mikey whispers into Darren's ear.

Darren Quimbey:

Where I'm told he bought a "totally sweet new condo in Echo Park." He weighs in at 220 lbs. He is the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer... MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey goes to his designated corner and begins to survey his opponent. Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DDK:

And we are UNDERWAY here in this one on one matchup!

Lance and Mikey meet up in the middle of the ring and lock up. Lance uses his weight advantage to power Mikey back into the ropes. He pushes until he has Mikey all the way against them, before suddenly pulling the other way Irish whipping Unlikely in the process.

DDK:

Mingle sends Mikey Unlikely across the ring. Off of the ropes, Mingle drops his head. NO Leapfrog by Mikey... Off the ropes again... Mingle catches Unlikely with arm drag.

Both men get to their feet, but Mikey rushes Mingle again without hesitation. Another armdrag takes down Mikey.

DDK:

Setting quite the pace early on here partner.

Angus:

Well, so far two attempts by Mikey and nothing. Either he's stupid or he's trying to up the pace to wear out his larger opponent.

Both men get back up and Mikey rushes again. Mingle tries a third arm drag, but Mikey sees it coming and jumps

grabble Mingle with a head scissors takedown.

Angus:
Holy shit!

DDK:
Woah! Did Mikey just do a...

Angus:
Flippy wrestling move!?

Mikey stands up, collects himself, and looks down at his feet. He's surprised as any of us. A few fans chuckle.

The celebrating is short lived however as Mingle is back up and drops Mikey from behind with a forearm to the back of the head. Mikey rolls forward to the ring ropes and rubs the back of his head. Mingle meanwhile fixes his hair before telling Mikey to bring it on.

The two men get back to their feet and begin to circle once more.

DDK:
Alright, here we go again these two continue to feel one another out.

Angus:
I don't know if I want to do any feeling out with Lance Mingle, that guy has SOMETHING for sure...

DDK:
Athletic Prowess?

Angus:
Nope...

DDK:
Ring Awareness?

Angus:
Not what I'm referring too...

DDK:
Charisma?

Angus:
Chlamydia! Is more like it! Heyoooooooooooo!

Mikey ducks under the arm of Lance, and locks him up in a belly to back. Mingle tries to pull the arms off but can't so instead he stomps the toes of Mikey's boot. Mikey loosens up and Lance spins out to give him the advantage. He pulls up on one of the legs of Mikey and forces him face first to the mat before applying a side leg lock in the middle of the ring.

Mikey writhes in pain.

DDK:
Mingle has him here, it's locked in. Early in the match, he's looking to wear down Mikey's biggest asset... his speed.

Unlikely tries to roll free but is caught in the hold. He reaches for the ropes but is a couple of feet short. Finally, he turns halfway over freeing his pinned leg. He uses it to kick at Lance Mingle. Finally, after three or four blows, the hold is

broken.

Angus:

Mcfuckass up first! Here he comes!

Mingle ducks the clothesline attempt and when Mikey spins around Lance sends a kick to the gut. He hooks the head of Mikey and lifts.

DDK:

HUGE vertical suplex on the Sports Entertainer. Mingle could steal this one with the cover!

Benny Doyle slides into position. From the other side we can see Mingle has Mikey's tights pulled.

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

Kickout at two and a half! That was a close one! Mingle had the tights! Come on Benny!

Unlikely gets up and goes to the referee signalling his tights were pulled. Benny Doyle admonishes Lance Mingle who pleads innocent.

Unlikely and Mingle circle another time now. They must be dizzy, as Mingle attempts another lockup Mikey drops and hits the drop toe hold on the vet. Mingle lands face first holding his nose. Mikey gets right back up and drops a leg on the back of the neck.

Mikey lifts up Mingle to his feet. Unlikely hits the ropes again coming back with a crossbody block but Mingle lifts and slams Mikey down, reversing it into a powerslam.

Angus:

Ouch!

DDK:

Power move there by the bigger wrestler. Caught Unlikely by surprise.

Both men lie in the ring gasping for air as the crowd starts to clap. Slowly both with the assistance of the ring ropes make their way to their feet. Lance comes lumbering over with his arms up for the ax handle smash to the back but Mikey sticks out a leg cutting off Mingle with a kick to the gut. He doubles over. Mikey standing behind him now, reaches for Lance's head and tucks it under his arm.

DDK:

He's going for Roll Credits!

As Mikey swings his arm over to connect the lariat backbreaker combo, Mingle gets his balance and pushes himself out of the grasp of Mikey.

Angus:

It's broken!

Mingle now with a big clothesline...misses! As he spins around...

DDK:

Mikey jumps, he's going for a hurricanrana! Uh oh! Mingle caught him on the way down! He's lifting him back up!

Angus:

Here come a powerbomb Keeps! Classic reversal! Mikey is done!

As Mingle pulls Mikey back up into a seated position on his shoulder, Mikey hops over the head and rolls over his opponent with a sunset flip variation.

DDK:

Mikey reversed it! He's got Mingle pinned! GET IN THERE BENNY!

Doyle slides into position.

ONE....

Here comes "Exclusive" Eric Wilson down the ramp to make the save...

TWO...

Angus:

There's his partner! IS HE....

THREE!

The bell rings as Eric Wilson dives through the ropes in a late attempt to break up the pin. Benny Doyle quickly raises Mikey Unlikely's hand in victory as he makes his way to his feet.

DDK:

WOW, what a surprise ending there! Mikey Unlikely picks up the win!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen the winner of this match... MIKEY UNLIKELY!

♪ "Battle Without Honor" by Hotei ♪

Mikey dips out of the ring, narrowly avoiding the fist swinging of Eric Wilson. Wilson then checks on his partner as Mikey slaps hands on his way to the back. The fans are ecstatic to see Mikey pick up the win.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely's first win back here Angus. What do you think is next for him?

Angus:

He's probably going to hang out long enough to suck the spotlight, then go film something.

DDK:

Well, thank you for that candid reaction...

Angus:

You got it, Keeps!

TURN FROM THE LIGHT

DDK:

After Mikey Unlikely's successful victory over Lovely Lance Mingle, we now turn to... a somewhat tenacious conversation.

Fade to the DEFtv logo, as archival footage of Jack Harmen dressed as his previous persona High Flyer is shown on screen. There's clips of him diving off the top of a steel cage, diving off the top of a large Tron, and even one of him dangling upside down on the top of a cell wall, before backflipping onto a crowd of people.

Jack Harmen:

I've been a professional wrestler for over twenty five years now...

There's a shot of Jack Harmen running toward the edge of a scaffold and just free diving off the side.

Jack Harmen:

I've always considered myself the greatest high flyer this sport has ever seen. I even had it tattooed on my arm.

There's shots of Harmen's first run in DEFIANCE, including the clusterfuck tag team segment involving Team HOSS and DEF legend Ty Walker. Harmen punches someone and a huge brawl breaks out. We see shots from Executive Decision, 2014.

Jack Harmen:

But, wrestling is a dangerous sport.

There's quick insert shots of Harmen's medical records, with the relevant portions highlights and focused on.

Jack Harmen:

In 2000, I tore a muscle in my leg, which required extensive rehabilitation.

There's a shot of a young Jack Harmen, his leg caught in between the old school blue bars, as he loses grip and the top of half of his body becomes a weight that causes his leg to almost snap.

Jack Harmen:

It's never really been the same. I can't believe that was almost twenty years ago, and I'm still dealing with it. But I love wrestling. I always have.

We see footage from more recently, as Dan Ryan powerbombs Jack Harmen with the Humility Bomb, and proceeds to hit the Headliner off the top of a partially dismantled steel cage.

Jack Harmen:

When Dan Ryan attacked me at DEFCon, I attempted to brace myself on my landing. My knee twisted underneath and I heard a sharp crack.

The last image surrounding the DEFIANCE ringside is of EMTs tending to the fallen Lunatic, before we fade in to a medical center. Iris Davine is there, but the setting is much more sterile, clinical. It looks to be footage recorded on a cell phone.

Jack Harmen:

I'm here with Iris Davine and James Andrews, and I'm about to get an MRI and some x-rays to see the extent of the damage. I'm hoping I'll be well enough for MAXDEF, but Iris...

Iris looks unsure, and doesn't return Harmen's gaze.

Jack Harmen:

She's blunt with silence.

The footage fades into the X-Rays themselves, revealing a large gap between the bone.

Iris Davine:

You see that gap there? That's your MCL.

Jack Harmen:

Yeah. I've seen this before. It's good news, isn't it?

Iris Davine:

Better than the bad it could have been.

Cut to Jack Harmen's home, which is littered with large posters adorned with his face. The logos for the federations he's been in before have been blurred, but we do see a very prominent Acts of DEFIANCE 2018 poster, with him facing off against Cayle Murray. There's also a DEFIANCE Road 2018 poster next to it, with Harmen between Douglas and Stevens wearing his referee shirt. These have been placed most prominently in frame behind Harmen. Harmen himself, is propped up by crutches. Jack Harmen's twitter handle, @JackHarmen is displayed in the lower right hand corner.

Jack Harmen:

Surgery went well, rehabilitation is going to start next week, and I hope I can see you all at MAXDEF!

He pauses, looks off camera.

Jack Harmen:

I miss the ring.

Harmen reaches forward and the video clips stops. We see a burst of static, and another clip plays, this time with "Week 2" written in the lower left hand side.

Jack Harmen:

Had a bit of complication with therapy, they found a bone chip in the same leg, so I won't be able to continue until it heals. Iris has said I won't make MAXDEF. And with Ryan's contract coming up...

Harmen shrugs.

Jack Harmen:

Lost opportunity.

Harmen reaches forward the ends the clip, just as static hits the frame. We then see Harmen in his study, surrounded by books and dvds, mostly wrestling related. He has his head in his hands, and calmly looks up to the camera he had set. "Week 5" appears in the lower left hand corner.

Jack Harmen:

I can't keep up with social media anymore. I need to focus on my health. I'll be back, just... not as soon as I'd like.

Harmen gets up, wearing a large air cast now, and limps toward the camera. He then walks up and clicks off the camera, as we fade to the DEFtv logo.

There's a murmur of the fans, a somber sort of tone. We fade into the ring, where Angus Skaaland stands, holding a microphone. He speaks through gritted teeth.

Angus:

Ladies and gentleme...

Angus snarls.

Angus:

Jack Harmen.

♪ *Crazy Train by Ozzy Osbourne* ♪

The fans cheer out as a light fog billows out of the entrance rampway. Jack Harmen emerges, still wearing that same air cast. He's also dressed in street clothes, which feature an Elise Ares official DEFIANCE t-shirt. He cautiously makes his way down the entrance rampway, before reaching the ring. Once there, he takes a large inhale, and smiles before slipping and rolling into the ring. He uses the corner ropes to pull himself to a standing position. He checks on his leg, and limps toward Angus.

Angus:

First off, welcome back jackass.

Harmen just lets out a slight breathless chuckle, and nods.

Jack Harmen:

Good to be here fart face.

Angus:

So how's the rehab going? When am I gonna be able to see you punched in the face again?

Jack Harmen:

There were some complications, as you saw.

Angus:

I wasn't listening.

Jack Harmen:

Of course. But, rehab is on track and I'm hoping to be ready in the next few months. It's been grueling though, I will say. I haven't felt so utterly defeated like I had when I found out about those loose bone chips and I had to go under the knife again. But, while it's been physically and psychologically draining, I remain... ever DEFIANT.

The fans cheer. Angus looks Harmen up and down and goes to continue, but Harmen speaks instead.

Jack Harmen:

Listen, Angus, we got off on the wrong foot. I'm not saying we'll be friends, but perhaps we can put our rift aside for a bit? I mean, I get it, I always have. You, Angus Skaaland... you LOVE DEFIANCE.

Angus smiles, turns and nods to the crowd shouting "Gorram right!"

Jack Harmen:

But I'm an independent contractor. Always have been. And after all these years, all the places I've worked, I've... I've had a lot of feds I've called home Angus, and they've all withered and died, turned to ash in the wind. You know how many times I've told myself, I love this place. This will be the place I wrestle my last match in one day, only to have the place go tits up in two years time? And yet, after all this time... DEFIANCE stands strong. They, like all of the Faithful... they stand DEFIANT.

A bit of cheers. Harmen continues.

Jack Harmen:

And honestly Angus, that's all my career has ever been about. Standing DEFIANT, standing against power, or status quo, and demanding what you think is right. Granted, my opinions on right and wrong aren't always... the opinions of others... but the spirit that the Faithful imbibe, in both spirit and spirits, is so very intoxicating. I wanted to call DEFIANCE home, but I was worried I would eventually be disappointed.

Angus:

So, why are you not a jackass anymore?

Harmen takes a deep inhale, indulges in a brief moment of annoyance and returns to his previous demeanor.

Jack Harmen:

I wasn't all bad. I called Douglas Stevens down the middle. I showed Elise RESPECT, and she SHAVED MY HAIR. I had a lot of time to think during my rehab, and I realized I was already disappointed Angus. I was disappointed with how things were going, and I was disappointed in myself. (laughs) So, fuck it, why not take a chance? Take a leap of Faith to the Faithful...

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

DDK:

What is Lord doing out here, boy Angus now has two people he loathes in the same ring with him now. He can't be too happy right now.

Crimson with no fancy entrance dressed in a grey suit, heads to the ring. Harmen jaws with Angus, as though this was all Harmen's idea to bring out the Big Pink Bastard.

Crimson enters the ring, and holds his arm out trying to calm the two men in the ring. He walks over to the time keeper and motions for a microphone. The cameras pans the fans a bit. While this happens there are a few who are part of The Hive of The Light who stand out amongst the Faithful. The majority of them just a bunch of BooBirds. Lord takes the microphone and walks over to the two men. Harmen braces his injured leg and tries to position it away from Lord as he steps closer. Lord looks up and down and then glances at Harmen's head for a moment.

Crimson:

Now the reason I had to come out here...

He looks out into the disgusted fans before returning back to Jack, who looks confused and mouths the words "had to?"

Crimson:

Jack, your journey has been a long hard road since the days of the invasion. The one thing though my friend you have not strayed from is THE LIGHT!

The Faithful continue their distaste for even the mention of The Light coming from the supposed Savior of DEFIANCE.

Crimson:

You sound like your reconsidering your path. Well, frankly I am out here to advise you as a fellow soldier of The Light to not stray from its warming embrace. The Light has plans for everyone, and you Mr. Harmen it will guide you down the right path to glory once more.

Lord steps away from the two, he tilts his head a bit to the side.

Crimson:

BUT....

He turns back to face the two men in the ring.

Crimson:

If you continue down this path, than your treachery shall be dealt with by the righteous fist of The Light!

Harmen fake yawns at Lord, unimpressed. This cuts a bit as Lord grits his next words with serious purpose.

Crimson:

If you allow yourself to commit the sins of all these blasphemers who follow the ways of the evil ones and the Spiders they walk beside. THEN YOU shall be judged! Enjoy the rest of your evening.....brother.

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

Crimson drops the microphone and stares at Harmen who has his eyes glued solely on the seven footer. Lord exits the ring and heads up the rampway looking back a few times at Jack while he watches him leave.

DDK:

It seems the words of Jack have struck a nerve with Crimson Lord here tonight. Will Jack have a change of heart after hearing what Crimson had to say? Who knows the man is nuts! Will be right back!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

ELISE ARES © vs ????

DDK:

Our next pay-per-view is going to be ACTS of DEFIANCE, and let me tell you something Angus, if you thought Maximum DEFIANCE was hot...

Angus:

Excited about it already, despite your terrible shilling. You sound like literally every salesman I've ever heard in my li...

All I wanna do is...

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

Angus:

Speaking of hot!

DDK:

The Queen has arrived!

Gold and Purple lights engulf the Wrestle-Plex while the crowd erupts. With a smirk and trademark swagger, Elise Ares marches onto the entrance with unmasked Klein behind her. Holding the SoHer championship on her shoulder, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pauses and holds the belt up into the air while her trademark LED sunglasses flash "D" and "ENIED." Klein points enthusiastically to her shades and The Faithful approves as she struts her way down to the ring, continuing to hold the title over her head.

DDK:

What a showing at Maximum DEFIANCE, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style retained her championship over her former best friend and tag partner, The D, and Klein has a face!

Angus:

I don't know what I think about Klein having a face for a box, but let me tell you, Keeps. There might be nothing harder than beating someone who taught you everything you know. They can read you like a book, especially when you've done everything together as much as those two have. To survive both Jack Harmen and The D, despite what even I think of them, is a hell of an accomplishment for Elise Ares.

DDK:

And what's even more impressive is the SoCal seems to be gone for good, that's the old Stars & Bars above her head!

Angus:

I LOVE it! Good choice! There is hope for this kid yet!

Now in the ring Elise is posing against the ropes for The Faithful to see, Klein pats her on the back. She shakes her hips to her own music as a microphone is ran to her inside the ring. As the music dies down, the Queen of Sports Entertainment style takes off her LED sunglasses and throws them into the crowd.

Elise Ares:

If I find those on eBay I'm going to have someone find you and break your nose.

The Faithful laugh, Elise isn't. Klein points at them.

Elise Ares:

I mean it! And HELLLLOOOO DEFIANCE, how are we all doing tonight?

There is a roar of approval as the SoHer basks in her cheers.

Elise Ares:

Yes, Aresites, I'm just as excited to see you as you are to see me. Well, I'm not gonna lie, I'm totes excited but you

HAVE to be more excited to see me. Not only because I'm amazing, but because tonight I'm bringing back something from the past...

DDK:

Klein's box?

Angus:

A reference to a fuzzy history in "acting?"

DDK:

Another Lake Placid movie?

Angus:

Klein's album eXTREME?

DDK:

A SportsClips commercial?

Angus:

I literally can't pretend I give a damn any longer.

Elise and Klein look at each other and shrug before Elise smirks and puts the mic back up to her lips.

Elise Ares:

No, Skidd Row isn't coming back to DEFIANCE. This Pop doesn't need a Rock anymore, I am The Rock...

Klein gives Elise the Faithful's eyebrow.

Elise Ares:

...star of this business? Does that English? I'm talking about the Tag Team Open Invitational Challenge. Except I'm not a tag team, I'm just Elise... but I'm still a champion, and I think I can do this whenever I want? So it's not a Tag Team challenge as much as it is a Souther Heritage Open Invitation Challenge? That doesn't sound as good. Hang on...

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pulls her mouth away from the microphone and starts counting on her fingers.

Elise Ares:

The SHOCI. Wait, that would be the Southern Heritage Open Challenge Invitational. That still works! THAT! THE SHOCI! So if there is anyone in the back who thinks they have what it takes to take on the Queen of the South, this is your chance, come out here and make me more famous!

The crowd noise grows in anticipation, a few suspenseful seconds pass before the scene cuts to backstage. The D spits out a large amount of water on a television set, frying it instantaneously.

The D:

We have to go. NOW!

Flex looks up, holding the back of his head with an ice pack. He's clearly out of it.

Flex Kruger:

Now?

The D:

OPEN THE DOOR!

The D adjusts his casual suit tie and stands in front of the locker room door. Flex begrudgingly picks himself up and

walks over to it, as the D taps his foot impatiently. O-Face hangs off of the D's shoulder, egging him on.

Flex gives the D one last look of "really," before opening the door. The D then breaks off into a sprint, as O-Face follows, and Flex sighs, before walking out.

The D turns a corner and smacks right into the chest of Jack Mace. He collides into him and falls to the ground. O-Face is right there, helping him up, as The D scrambles to his feet and shouts at the trailing Flex. Mace gently rubs the championship plate of his BRAZEN title.

The D:

Remove this door too!

Flex catches up to them.

Flex Kruger:

That's not a door. That's the guy who beat me earlier. That's Jack Mace.

The D:

Open the Mace! Immediately!

O-Face leans in, gently rubbing a single finger across his pec. Flex walks up, and checks Jack Mace.

Flex Kruger:

No handle. Are you going to budge?

Jack Mace:

Nah, mate... just holding the door for somebody else...

Angus:

Elise would've found that handle in SECONDS! What a downgrad...

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

A cheer rises from The Faithful as the guitar kicks in. Wasting no time, "Bantam" Ryan Batts rushes down the aisle in a jog and slides into the ring. Klein bails to make room and Elise backs up into her corner. A quick cut to back stage shows "Manpower" Jack Mace smirking and walking away as The D looks up into the imaginary camera in the sky and screams "NOOOO!" as dramatically as possible. Back in the ring, Elise hands her title over to Carla Ferrari who has joined us and holds the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship in the air.

DING! DING!**DDK:**

I guess we figured out what that was all about, Jack Mace was throwing up a block!

Angus:

All is fair in love and war, Keebs.

DDK:

His partner "Bantam" Ryan Batts has the opportunity of a lifetime here tonight against Elise Ares, as he can go from relatively new DEFIANCE member to Southern Heritage Champion. Really step out of that shadow.

Angus:

Batts is an amazing technically skilled wrestler, but we all know what's holding him back.

DDK:

Opportunity?

Angus:

No, you idiot, his GORRAM boy scout B.S.! Elise can give him some pointers on cutting corners right now! She can put on a clinic!

Elise darts in and tries to get the upper hand early, but she's not match for the technical prowess of Ryan Batts. He puts on a clinic of hammerlocks, headlocks, and arm wrenches forcing the champ to use her speed and flexibility to escape only to be caught again. Eventually, Elise breaks the cycle with a missed thumb to the eye and a whip into the corner. Ares follows by running up Batts and doing a backflip off of his chest. Batts is confused by the lack of offensive impact, but instead Elise does a dance and takes the opportunity to shake her butt.

DDK:

That was... a flip?

Angus:

Maybe the thought is that letting him know she could've hit him is just as impactful as hitting him?

DDK:

You think so?

Angus:

I don't know, Keebs, you think I can get into the mindset of an idiot?

Batts rushes Ares who arm drags, he returns with an arm drag of his own. They trade once again, but Ares fakes the arm drag and kicks him in the knee instead collapsing the challenger. Ares follows through with a series of strikes against her opponent followed by an Extreme Makeover to a two-count. Ares tries to argue the count but gets rolled up, and almost gets beat before kicking out. Carla shows Elise the same two count as before.

DDK:

Ares almost got caught there!

Angus:

Almost beat at her own game, what a way to go out!

Batts grabs the leg of Ares to try and ground the champion, but she escapes to the outside of the ring. The challenger doesn't follow making Ares upset, she gets up onto the apron to try to explain to Ryan Batts that he's supposed to chase her around the ring. Instead Batts motions for her to enter the ring, she does so, but when Ryan goes in to lock up Ares grabs him and drops him over the rope with a Cuban Necktie. After impact he stumbles back grabbing his throat, Elise Ares sails through the air going for Amethystation but she's caught!

DDK:

Fastest Arm In The West!

Angus:

Holy crap, Keebs, he might do it!

Carla asks for submission but Elise refuses. The crowd goes nuts seeing Elise locked into his finisher but she manages to escape. Now Ryan Batts has a target, working the arm with a series of strikes, wrenches, and holds. Ares uses a rope break to take advantage of a forgiving Ryan Batts and goes on the offensive. A blur of kicks, flying head scissors, and hurricanranas bring Batts down on to the mat, where once again Elise Ares tries to hit...

DDK:

Amethystation connects!

Angus:

Ryan Batts with a great showing against the Southern Heritage Champion here, Keeps, but her willingness to do whatever it takes to win a match looks to be the difference.

The champion makes her way to the top rope and soars through the air with Your Feature Presentation. Approval comes from The Faithful as they count the final count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Ares is battle tested, but remains champion as her music hits over the speakers. Carla Ferrari runs her SoHer Championship over to her where she holds it up in celebration, soon after Klein joins her in the ring to join in fun. Ryan Batts reaches upwards from off of his knees and extends a hand to the fighting champion. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style turns around after posing for the crowd and shakes his hand.

Angus:

Ew, sportsmanship cooties! Get that ish outta here!

DDK:

Another successful defense for the fighting champion Elise Ares! Batts had her on the ropes a few times, but she outdoes the WrestleFriends member to keep her title! Batts and Mace both almost walked out of here with titles!

Batts takes a bow as Jack Mace helps him up the ramp before the two disappear from sight. Inside the ring, Klein and Elise Ares bask in the moment by having the large Klein lift her on his shoulders so she can wave the title around.

DDK:

Defeating The D in a ladder match and defeating a very game Ryan Batts. What's next for Elise after this?

Angus:

Funny you mention, Keeps...

Both Klein and Elise turn around as they hear the crowd reaction change...

Andy Sharp waving hello to the two.

SUPERKICK TO THE KNEE OF KLEIN!

DDK:

THAT'S ANDY SHARP!

Angus:

Apparently he's had enough of the goody-good BS too!

Klein falls and Elise is barely able to stand when Andy Sharp stands over her, doubling her over with a boot to the gut! He elevates her onto his shoulders, double underhook-style...

DDK:

The Flippy-Don't! He defeated Minute with that move earlier tonight... wait...

Angus:

What?

DDK:

Andy Sharp said he was going to rewrite history later... the Southern Heritage Title!

Sharp stands over an unconscious Elise now. Behind him, Klein is starting to get on his feet, albeit slowly. Sharp turns around to defend himself but before he can, he gets pulled out from under the ring by a pair of giant hands...

DDK:

URIEL CORTEZ! THE ENTIRE FAMILY KEELING ARE OUT HERE!

The Titan of Industry pulls Klein out of the ring and wastes no time hoisting him up before DRIVING him on the ringside floor with The Industry Standard! The Waist-Lift Side Slam deals its damage as Uriel stands up and calmly dusts himself off. Thomas and Junior Keeling climb into the ring to join Andy.

Angus:

Andy Sharp is gonna wipe some of these Sports Entertainment dorks off the map! I can't wait... well, I like DAT ASS, but... Oh, crap, I'm torn, Keeps.

DDK:

I'm glad THAT'S your thought process right now.

Sharp picks up the SoHer Title and hoists it over his head for all to see, taking in jeers from The Faithful as Thomas and Junior Keeling stand on either side of him.

Thomas Keeling:

Your next DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion! Right here, folks!

Andy then drops the title against the fallen body of Elise before the foursome head to the back. Sharp dabs fists with Uriel and with Junior as they head back up the ramp, looking back at the damage caused.

THE ONLY OPTION

Cut to backstage.

Lance Warner stands alongside Kerry Kuroyama.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with the "Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama who, after going to a double count-out at Maximum DEFIANCE with the masked man we learned - earlier tonight - to be BRAZEN talent, Matt LaCroix. Kerry, earlier tonight you laid out the challenge to Matt but you, nor the Faithful ... got what you wanted.

Lance shifts the microphone toward Kerry.

Kerry Kuroyama:

That's right, Lance. Like I said out there - I get it. Matt feels like his hometown has forgotten him. He feels like they wrote him off a long time ago and nothing he does will change it.

Lance adjust the mic as Kerry continues.

Kerry:

And that's fine to feel that way ... but ONE thing that isn't going to change it - is saddling up alongside that zealot, Crimson Lord ... AND you want to drag my name BACK through the mud as well!? That is where I take offense. Every man has their own path, Lance ... and I'm not here to judge.

Kerry pauses for effect.

Kerry:

BUT ... when a drowning man attempts to drag you down with him. Your only option is to FIGHT!

Lance pulls the microphone back to himself to ask an additional question but Kerry is already in motion and heading out of the frame.

Lance:

Well, I suppose that is all we are going to get from the Rocko Demon's stay pupil tonight but obviously, the Pacific Blitzkrieg is dead set on a rematch with the latest of the Reapers ... Matt Lacroix.

Cut back to the arena.

GLOATFEST

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the center of the stage. Soon appearing behind the curtain, looking particularly dapper in a sharp looking suit, his hair tied back, shades on and title draped over his shoulder, Kendrix pauses in the center, looks to his left and then to his right before throwing that cocky smirk the audience's way.

DDK:

What a battle it was at DEFMAX. The FIST, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix went to war with his now former Bruv, Mikey Unlikely.

Angus:

And he escaped with that title he's wearing around his waist. McFuckass himself surprised us all by putting up one hell of a fight.

Kendrix smirks over at the crowd to his right then to his left as he struts along toward the ring.

DDK:

He indeed escaped with the FIST two weeks ago and JFK is looking pretty smug about it right now.

Angus:

Keeps, he's always smug. Maybe it's just how his face is. Either way, I know I speak for everybody when i say that I want to punch it.

Having already circled the ring to a barrage of boos with his title raised above his head, showing off to the crowd, Jesse stands now in the middle of the ring, proudly looking over at the FIST draped over his shoulder as the rumbings continue in the crowd. He slowly raises the mic to his lips but he lowers it as the arena engulfs in boos.

DDK:

Everyone in the DEFplez are letting Kendrix know exactly what they think of him.

Angus:

Not quite everyone. Can you believe that their are actually pockets of cheers in here tonight.

Kendrix wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, trying to suppress a smile but it doesn't work and it's quickly followed by a full on grin at the less than appreciative reception he's receiving tonight. Laughing it off after being more than use to it, he brings the mic back up to his lips.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Good grief, those same pockets of dorks said Listen, Yeah?! Who let these people in?!

Kendrix looks at his wrist watch waiting for the boos to die down. He looks back out at the crowd and simply shrugs his shoulders.

Kendrix:

JFK has alllllllll niiggghhtttt cos he's the greatest FIST of a alllllllll tiiiiiiiiimmmmeeee, innit?!

DDK:

What a confident but incredibly arrogant young man he is.

Chuckling to himself he walks a few paces over to his right and then back to the center as the boos begin to die down.

Angus:

Great, another gloatfest...

Kendrix removes his shades from his eyes and folds them nicely into his jacket pocket.

Kendrix:

Take a good look, bellends. This is the result of what a real champion has to go through in order to be the best.

He points around his left eye which is a little swollen and dark.

Kendrix:

Two weeks ago, JFK bravely put his title on the line against the greatest sports entertainer in the world, Mikey Unlikely.

He takes a moment and looks toward the back.

Kendrix:

And Mikey...

He smiles as he looks over at his title and back at the stage.

Kendrix:

Mikey, Mikey, Mikey. JFK's gotta hand it to you. You brought it all and took me to the edge and back at Maximum DEFIANCE.

He points out at the crowd as he makes his way back to the center of the ring.

Kendrix:

Mikey, you had each and everyone of these dickheads chanting your name over and over.

WE WANT MIKEY

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP

WE WANT MIKEY

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP

Nodding sarcastically along with the crowd chants, Jesse brings the mic back up.

Kendrix:

Hear that, they love you man. They love you because two weeks ago you came this close to winning MY FIST OF DEFIANCE!

He brings his thumb and index finger agonizingly close to each other.

Kendrix:

Man, you brought it, you pushed JFK all the way, fuck, you were even jumping off the top rope hitting moonsaults on JFK

The crowd applaud.

MIKEY MIKEY MIKEY MIKEY

Kendrix:

Reign it in bellends! The only reason he brought it is because I taught him how to do it all! That's what happens when you hang around JFK for most of your career.

Angus:

There we go.

DDK:

A rather short lived show of respect from the Champion.

Kendrix:

If anyone was going to take my title away from me it was Mikey. Nobody knows JFKs strengths nobody knows JFKs weaknesses better than Mikey Unlikely.

Jesse walls over to the cameraman in the ring and looks dead focused into the lens.

Kendrix:

Why on earth did you think Mikey asked for the match to be no disqualification? It's because he know JFK HAS NO WEAKNESS!

Making his way back to the center, he laughs off the boos once more.

Kendrix:

I said it before the match and I'll say it again. JFK has proven to the world that not only am I the best on this mic, not only am I the best wrestler in this ring...I have now proven, TO THE WORLD, that I am the greatest sports entertainer in the world!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

JFK is literally the greatest thing to ever happen to you people. JFK brings out the best in every challenger who stupidly thinks they can wrestle this title away from me. Meaning you all go home talking about how great JFK is and how there is literally no point to DEFIANCE, without me!

He jabs his thumb onto his chest.

Kendrix:

There is NOBODY that can...

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

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out... and he still looks like he's wearing the wounds of a battle from a few weeks ago in by far his most grueling match against Scott Stevens in their Texas Deathmatch. Burns has on his "DEFIANCE: WE ALL LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt. With a more pensive aura, he approaches the ring.

Angus:

I've never been so happy to see this dork! Come on, Burnsie, twist this douche into funny balloon animal shapes!

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the number one contender is here.

The Faithful get loud for Burns, but he doesn't pay them mind. He ignores the outstretched hands and while he does let some fans try and touch him, he doesn't slap back. The loquacious fan favorite climbs into the ring and comes face to face with the FIST of DEFIANCE as his music fades. Kendrix can't help but grin.

Kendrix:

Look at that, I was wondering when you would show up...again.

Jesse is stopped in his tracks as the crowd get behind Oscar.

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

DDK:

Listen to this place. What an ovation for the man who overcame Scott Stevens at his own game and not only saved his career but earned a one on one match for the FIST at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Burns stares intently on Kendrix who holds his index finger out toward the crowd.

Kendrix:

Oscar, congratulations on your win two weeks ago but, gee, this is awkward. I don't know how to tell you this but everyone here tonight already knows how this one between me and you ends.

Jesse points between the two men standing face to face in the center of the ring.

Kendrix:

Just try and cast your mind back, Oscy.

Angus:

Oscy?

The Guru of the Graps indulges the FIST of DEFIANCE and only watches him as he continues to weave his verbal tapestry.

Kendrix:

You and me...We already did this! JFK's already beaten you one on one. That's how I got to DEFCON in the first place... thanks for that, by the way, mate. In fact...

Now this is a huge grin.

Kendrix:

JFK's already beaten you and Scott Stevens...at the same time. Which, frankly, means that no matter how incredible you and Scotty's match was two weeks ago. No matter how you saved your career...

Jesse now takes a step closer to Burns.

Kendrix:

It's rendered irrelevant! The best thing you can do for the sake of this title and for their entertainment...

He points to the other side of the crowd.

Kendrix:

Is to relinquish your number one contendership and hand it over to someone else in the back who wants to experience losing to JFK a few times just like you already have!

Jesse takes a step back and holds his arms out wide by his side that smirk on full show for the world to see.

DDK:

Surely Burns' isn't considering this! I mean, you can argue shenanigans from Scott Stevens gave Kendrix those victories if you look back, but...

Angus:

The facts are the facts! Kendrix is 2-0 against Burns! As much as I hate him, it might be true. Kendrix has Burns' number in that ring!

DDK:

So did Scott Stevens, but Burns turned that around.

Angus:

By putting his career on the line!

Kendrix can be picked up by the lowered mic stating "C'mon do the right thing, I'm bored of you." Still... Burns says nothing. Does nothing. The Faithful continue to chant for Burns but it doesn't seem to register with him as he continues staring a hole through Kendrix. Kendrix smirks.

Kendrix:

I got you shitting your britches, don't I? You know I'm right! Now just tell me and tell these people you're gonna give this redemption nonsense a break and we can both move on!

Burns says nothing still...

And in fact, gets closer to Kendrix, going nose to nose now with the FIST, who doesn't appreciate it.

Kendrix:

All right, you can play pretend tough guy, but I have a three feet bubble that Bellends need to stay out of... now give me an answer! You answer when I talk to you!

As he tries to back up, Burns walks forward again to stay close to him and The Faithful grow louder!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

Kendrix:

I TOLD YOU TO ANSWER ME!

He SLAPS Burns across the face... the crowd winces and then JEERS loudly as Kendrix smiles...

But not for long...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! YOU COULD HEAR THAT ALL THE WAY IN THE NOSE BLEEDS!

Angus:

YES! WASTE THIS ASSHOLE!

The Faithful go NUTS as Burns goes crazy and unloads on the downed FIST of DEFIANCE with a volley of vicious Elbow Smashes to the head! Kendrix tries to protect himself but the first headbutt had rung the proverbial bell of the hater of Bellends!

DDK:

Burns has seen and heard enough! Ever since DEFCON when Kendrix bested him, he has fought for this moment and now he's finally here and isn't going to squander it!

The New Zealander continues to wail on Kendrix with a series of elbows, but Kendrix finally blocks one and rakes the eyes of the challenger! Burns howls in pain as Kendrix continues to claw away at him until he backs off!

DDK:

A cheap shot by Kendrix! Now he's got an advantage!

Angus:

Now he's got him lined up!

Kendrix takes a few moments to shake off the cobwebs from the beatdown delivered earlier, but when he finally does so, he pulls himself back up and grabs the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt. He eggs on Burns to get back up as he holds onto his left eye in pain. He starts to head up...

Angus:

Shit, shit, shit...

DDK:

NO! NO! NO! BURNS CATCHES HIM! BURNS CATCHES HIM! OCTOPUS!

Burns sees the shot coming and sidesteps Kendrix, but not before he wraps his arms around his body! He sweeps him to the mat in a hurry and now has Kendrix locked tightly in the Octopus Stretch that he calls The Graps of Wrath !!

DDK:

BURNS HAS SEEN AND HEARD ENOUGH! KIENDRIX NEEDLING HIM LIKE THIS WAS ONLY GOING TO LEAD TO NO GOOD!

Angus:

That killer instinct he picked up from his recent fights with Scott Stevens didn't leave!

Kendrix continues to struggle in the hold as Burns pulls back on his arms, almost trying to tear him apart! He continues to pull and pull as Kendrix now screams in pain! The Faithful love this as Burns continues to lock in the hold as tightly as he can!

DDK:

Burns has him! And if he can lock this in at ACTS OF DEFIANCE, we're gonna have a new FIST of DEFIANCE!

The Team Graps Cap finally relinquishes the hold and at this point, Kendrix reels on the mat, barely moving as Burns stands up. He grabs the microphone and then the FIST of DEFIANCE. He takes the microphone and stands over a beaten and beaten Kendrix...

He then tosses the microphone down and holds the title high over his head, raising it to the loud cheers of the Faithful!

DDK:

Burns is a man of few words tonight, but that message was loud and clear! He's focused, he's intense and now that his issues with Scott Stevens are fully behind him, he's ready for Kendrix!

Angus:

Hell yes! Save us, Burnsie! Save us from this personal hell of Kendrix holding the title!

Burns drops the title across the chest of Kendrix and unleashes a roar that's reciprocated by the four-thousand strong of the Defiance Faithful! The DEFtv Logo appears on the tron and the final scene is Burns heading back up the ramp,

looking at the battered Kendrix, who still can't believe the sleeping giant he might have just awoken.

THIS
IS
DEFIANCE