

RUNDOWN

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

BURNS BAY BAY, BURN IT DOWN!
THE D IS DYSFUNCTIONAL
RE-FUSE TO LOSE!
I CAME TO SEE JACK HARMON
UNLIKELY TO LOSE!
KERRY ON WITH HONOR
WELCOME BACK DOUGLAS!
STEVENS DYNASTY IS OVER
SHARP ISN'T THE SHARPEST TOOL IN THE SHED!
THE INDUSTRY STANDARD IS NOT CORTEZ
ELISE IS THE TRUE CHAMP!

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

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome back ... ONCE AGAIN ... to DEF IANCE!! Tonight will be one to remember, to say the least ... ASCENSION 2019!

Angus:

That's yet to be seen, Keebs.

DDK:

Well then HANG TIGHT, partner because we have a STACKED card here tonight!

Cut to the verses graphics as DDK runs down the ... run ... down?

DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

The Stevens Dynasty © vs. Jack Harmon & Pietro Geist**DDK:**

The Stevens Dynasty is set to defend the TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS here tonight against none other than Jack Harmon and the newcomer, the BROLIC GERMAN ... Pietro Geist!

Angus:

Any opportunity to dethrone these redneck Texans ... I'm on board! But ... if Harmon doesn't come through tonight I'm gonna key the *GORRAM* Mona Lisa into his car!

"Sub Pop" Scott Douglas vs. Gage Blackwood**DDK:**

And the first IN-RING, SINGLES, RETURN of Scott Douglas taking on the petulantly entitled Gage Blackwood!

Angus:

Gage got a raw deal here, Keebs ... someone has to pay for it!

DDK:

And that someone is Douglas?

Angus:

Well, if you have a habit of standing in front of runaway trains ... eventually, you're going to get run down! See what I did there?

Mikey Unlikely vs Scott Stevens: 3 of 3**DDK:**

Moving on ... Tonight we will see the third and final match up in the three-part serious pitting Mikey Unlikely against Scott Stevens! After several months of back and forth and several in-ring confrontations ... Mikey Unlikely or Scott Stevens will finally put this to bed!

Angus:

Any chance or a murder/suicide here? I'm flexible on which is which ...

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP***Elise Ares © vs. Andy Sharp******Fifteen Minutes of Fame Rules*****Angus:**

What does that even mean?

DDK:

Well, Angus ... I'm glad you asked!

Angus:

Are you?

DDK:

Sort of. Fifteen minutes on the clock ...

Angus:

And rules on the screen ...

DDK:

Pinfalls or Submissions count ANYWHERE. The competitor in the lead is recognized as the interim champion for the duration of the match... and at the end of fifteen minutes, who ever holds the lead will be the OFFICIAL recognized Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus: *[sarcasm]*

That's not confusing at all ...

FIST of DEFIANCE

"Twist & Turns" Oscar Burns © vs. "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez

DDK:

And of course! OUR MAIN EVENT of the evening ...

Angus:

I have a feeling, Keebs... New FIST right here tonight! Burn boy can grapple ... that is for sure but I don't think he has the slightest chance against this HULKING HOSS of a man!

DDK:

I wouldn't count out Oscar Burns, partner... not for a second!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. THE D

DDK:

Last but not least tonight we are kicking off ASCENSION 2019 with "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" going one on one with The D!

Angus:

Phrasing.

DDK:

This matchup has been a long time coming ever since Kerry Kuroyama took issue with The D and his ... rendition? ... of the Bruv Show! Let's take a look.

Cut to the recap.

The D:

WELCOME...

The D points over his shoulder to the floating television screen, which has the Bruv show logo on it. As he points, the graphic animates and some scripted writing appears under the bottom right of the logo. It says "Now w/ 100% more D!"

The D:

... TO THE BRUV SHOW!

Cut forward.

DDK:

What in the world is Kerry Kuroyama doing?

Angus:

Who cares? Do you see The D, literally, about to pop a blood vessel in there?

"The Pacific Blitzkrieg" walks out onto the rampway and makes his way to the ring.

The D:

Cut that music off! Cut! It! Off!

Cut forward.

Kerry Kuroyama:

There are so many things wrong with what is going on here ...

The Faithful pop and The D is ready to blow his top. There would be serious hell to pay if Flex Kruger wasn't "holding him back."

Kerry Kuroyama:

For starters, The Bruv Show? Really? I'd wager the pleather recliner wasn't even cold yet. I guess when you are finally out of coattails to ride ... you just start stealing jackets. "

Cut forward.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And you ...

Kerry turns his attention to the former HFIV.

Again.

THUD!

Shadow clocks Kerry with his microphone, slumping Kerry and causing him to drop the mic to the mat. The D immediately turns and shouts at Flex.

The D:

Protect the TV! I have no budget!

Flex stands in front of the TV and crosses his arms. O-Face laughs as Shadow stares down at the fallen Kerry. Shadow grabs Kerry and pulls him to his feet, taking him over to Flex and the TV monitor. Shadow shouts and mimics for Flex to get out of the way, but he stands his ground. The D rushes into the frame.

The D:

No! This is not Jerry Springer! This is the BRUV SHOW! I won't have anyone jumping through my television screens!

Kerry suddenly grabs Shadow and tosses him into the D, who falls into Flex and daisy chains all the way to the hanging BRUV-Tron. The three men crash into it, sending it teetering off it's hanging chain and crashing to the mat. The D turns around, eyes wide and places his hands in his hair, tugging at it. He turns to Kerry.

The D:

YOU! WHAT DID YOU DO! FLEX! GET HIM!

Cut back to the booth.

DDK:

Let's go to the ring.

Cut to the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Blue and white lights join the green as ...

...nothing happens. The Faithful's initial reaction slowly dissipates as Kerry Kuroyama does not emerge from through the curtain.

DDK:

I'm not sure, exactly what is ...

Angus:

Ol' K-Cuppy must be all out of juice! His K-Cup runneth DRY! Kerry can't carry the --

DDK:

Enough, Angus! I'm being told there has been an altercation, or ... well ... an incident backstage. Do we have eyes on Kerry, Josh?

Angus:

Oh, you can interrupt my rule of three and then go and break the fourth wall?

Cut to the backstage area.

Kerry Kuroyama is laid out, in his ring gear, face down on the cold concrete floor.

DDK:

It appears we do ... and I'm not exactly sure as to what has happened here but ... obviously Kerry Kuroyama is in NO condition to perform.

DEFmed rushes toward his prone position, attempting to access the damage. A twisted steel chair lay nearby.

Angus:

What the hell do you mean? I think it's pretty obvious Did you even watch that video package?

Iris Davine enters the frame and one of the DEFmed staff stands from his kneeled position to give her any information he has ascertained so far.

DDK:

Well, obviously ... The D and his bad company could certainly be suspected, Angus ... but there is no such evidence of that yet.

♪“I'm So Humble” by Lonely Island♪

BOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

What now ...

Cut back to the arena, specifically a wide shot of the rampway. Off to the left Darren and Angus can be seen looking toward the curtain as The D saunters out. He motions with a come hither finger toward the curtain.

DDK:

Well, Angus ... you might have been right.

Angus:

HA! I knew it... Wait, about what?

DDK:

I don't think for a second it's ANY coincidence that Kerry Kuroyama is laying face down backstage as The D comes out here ... no doubt with The O Face and Flex Kruger in toe.

Angus:

One of these things is not like the other.

Darren isn't quite correct. Rather than The O Face and Kruger; a somewhat reluctant Mark Shields shuffles through the curtain and out on to the stage. The Faithful's reaction to Shields is nearly as bad as The D.

DDK:

For the love of ...

Shields, however, isn't too keen to get involved in any new nonsense ... but The D is persistent.

DDK:

The D, now, demanding Shields follow him ... down to the ring?

Angus:

Little known fact, Marky "The Mark" Shields ... LOVES The D!

Yet to be seen, he does however follow The D.

DDK:

Don't tell me he ...

In the ring, The D calls for a mic as DEFIANCE's most reviled Officiant trails behind.

The D:

DEFIANCE! My lord are you people ugly.

Boos. A bunch of them.

The D:

I always forget. I hope for pretty women cheering me on, and no, I get tubbos and hairy hipsters cheering on a foreigner. A FOREIGNER.

DDK:

Kerry is from Seattle.

Angus:

Kookamonga, Keebs. He's gotta be a filthy foreigner.

DDK:

Kuroyama, you mean?

Angus:

Bless you.

The D:

It is all, the ALL AMERICAN MODEL of a man, the zenith, pinnacle of professional wrestling. I AM, THE D!

The D receives boos as he turns his attention to the DEFIATron. The D laughs.

The D:

But it looks like someone has beaten me to the punch tonight! Mark, it's not my fault Kerry is late to the party, so, without further ado, START YOUR COUNT!

The D hops up onto the turnbuckle corner and stretches out across the ropes. Mark Shield reluctantly calls for the bell.

DING ... DING

With his free hand, The D raises it and counts along with Mark Shields, who begins his count. The image backstage fades away to the DEFIANCE logo.

DDK:

This is just a travesty, Angus. Kerry Kuroyama and the D could have tore this house down!

As the D gets to three, he hops off, and starts to crack his knuckles, looking up to the entrance ramp.

Angus:

K-Cups is a phenomenal athlete, Keeps ... don't tell him I said that, but I doubt even he could drag the D to a passable match.

The D throws both hands up alongside Mark Shields as they get to six.

DDK:

C'mon! Not like this!

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

The fans absolutely pop at the music as they look toward the entranceway. The D's eyes go wide, and he begins to shout at Mark Shields to speed up his count.

Which, Mark, of course, does.

The D:

CUT THE MUSIC AND RAISE MY HAND!

The D looks toward the jeering crowd as Shields grabs his wrist and raises it high. The D raises his microphone with his free hand.

The D:

Now, YOU! TURD BURGLAR. Announce me as the winner!

The D leans over the top rope, shouting toward Darren Quimbey. Darren huffs, disgruntled. He gets to his feet, mic in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... via COUNTOUT... which is barely a win.

The D turns and stares daggers toward Darren's quip.

Darren Quimbey:

The D!

The D:

That's better. NOW, PLAY MY MUSIC!

♪ "I'm So Humble" by Lonely Island ♪

The D throws his arms out to the side posing.

DDK:

We'll be sure to bring you word on Kerry's condition as soon as we can!

Angus:

Kangaroo Cups is a tough son of a bitch. No way he stays down for too long. He's too damn dumb to do so.

The D demands Mark Shields raise his hand once again, as he lets out a jackal like cackle. The scene starts to fade away as the D shouts toward no one in particular.

The D:

Hey! Don't cut away from this! BASK IN THE EXPLOSION OF THE D!

FUSE BROS vs. WRESTLEFRIENDS

Cut to Darren and Angus, in the booth. Anywhere but on The D.

DDK:

We have an impromptu match coming up. The Fuse Bros., fresh off their victory against Resident Evil on Uncut 55 will take on The WrestleFriends!

Angus:

Pee break!

DDK:

This is literally ... the first match!

Angus:

NOT TRUE! I just saw K-Cups take the L!

DDK: *[sighing]*

Let's go to the ring ...

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match. Introducing first, "Bantam" Ryan Batts and Jack Mace... The WrestleFriends!

Angus:

"Batman" Ryan Batts? I thought Batman was Bruce Wayne.

DDK:

Bantam. Shut up.

Batts and Mace emerge to a good reaction. They greet fans down the rampway before entering the ring.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, Tyler and Conor Fuse... The Fuse Bros.!!

Another good cheer follows The Bros. as Tyler leads the way, followed by Conor behind him. Stoic and emotionally focused as always, Tyler rolls into the ring first while Conor hops behind him throwing air punches.

Angus:

Sadly, they don't look too beaten from last week.

DDK:

We'll see how they hold up.

DING DING

DDK:

Batts and Fuse tie together. A quick headlock from Batts but Tyler breaks free and throws him into the ropes. Player One sticks out his knee and Batts tumbles over from head to toe. Batts is right back up, however, but a hip toss sends him right back down. Again he's up... another hip toss and again he's down!

Angus:

Both these idiot teams can get off this stage as soon as possible. I don't care who wins. Just end it quick!

Ryan gets to his feet with a nod of respect towards the elder Fuse before composing himself.

DDK:

Batts rushes in but Tyler sidesteps him, hits him with a back elbow and then a Russian leg sweep!

Angus:

Looks like that victory against Resident Evil has put The Bros back on track...

Batts gets up but this time he ducks a clothesline. He hits Tyler with a right and then Irish whips him into the corner. Tyler goes in but uses the buckle to jump right over top of Batts who charges and hits the padding instead! Tyler connects with a neck breaker and then leaps towards his brother, making the tag.

Conor hurdles over the top rope and kicks Batts in the stomach. He goes for a tilt-a-whirl DDT but Batts slips out, takes three steps back and tags in Jack Mace.

Mace hurries in. For a much bigger guy he surprises Conor with his speed and connects with a shoulder block. Conor meets the mat hard. A scoop slam later and Mace bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

Big splash... misses! Conor rolls him up!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

It was almost over right there but Conor is right back to work. He dropkicks Mace in the back of his left leg and Mace falls to one knee. Conor goes off the ropes... oh he's hit with a thunderous powerslam! The ring shakes on impact!

Mace goes for a cover but only gets two. He pats Conor on the chest out of a sign of respect before picking him back up and lifting him over his head...

DDK:

Conor breaks free!

Cokebreaker to Mace!

Conor struggles to get to one leg and then the other. He turns to his corner, looking to tag Tyler but Mace grabs him by the right boot. Conor is trying to kick free while Mace maintains control getting to his own two feet.

Jack Mace seems to say "not so fast".

DDK:

Mace throws Conor into his body with a bear hug and then a belly to belly suplex!

Mace follows with a standing splash!

The WrestleFriend goes into the ropes, looking for a running splash this time but Conor moves!

DDK:

Barely able to roll out of the way!

Angus:

Ughhhh...

The youngest Fuse tries to use the ropes as his legs while Mace rolls on the mat, attempting to get his balance back as well.

DDK:

Oh Conor Fuse just jumps on Jack Mace's shoulders!!! He's trying for a hurricanrana but can't get him around!

Angus:

Mace is too big you idiot!

DDK:

Powerbomb by Mace! He tags Batts, who's on the top rope...

Elbow drop!

DDK:

It could be over!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Conor kicked out! He's still...

Batts wastes little time. He pulls Conor to his feet and hurls him into one of the two free corners. Batts follows with a flying forearm smash and then a headlock whip to the middle of the ring.

Wham!

DDK:

Conor with a superkick outta nowhere! This is his chance to tag out!

The crowd cheers on as Conor struggles to move in Tyler's direction.

Batts begins to stir.

Conor struggles more... but he's making progress.

More. More.

Batts tries to get to his corner, too.

DDK:

Both of them are close...

The fans cheer.

DDK:

Double tag out! Mace is in! Tyler is in!

Tyler ducks a clothesline and goes off the ropes. He looks for a crossbody block but Mace catches him! Instead of a fall away slam, however, Tyler lands on his feet! He goes for a roundhouse kick on Mace but Mace catches it as well! Then Player One tries for an enziguri but Mace ducks! Yet, Tyler lands on his feet. He turns to Mace and both of them stumble back for a moment to regroup. The display of counters from the two gets a major cheer from the crowd.

DDK:

Great displays of athleticism all around!

Tyler rushes at Jack and jumps into his shoulders. He begins reigning down a fury of left hands until Mace lifts him high in the air. Yet, ever elusive, Tyler slips out. Mace spins around to see where he is, narrowly side stepping a superkick!

DDK:

Mace wit a clothesline to Tyler!

But Tyler latches on to Mace's arm and doesn't go down. He scales up Mace's arm, then shoulder and now grabs his head. Using the ropes to run up, Tyler attempts a CQC but he's tossed halfway across the ring for his trouble!

Angus:

That was the right thing to do here. Tyler is still overmatched given the sheer size of Mace!

Mace charges, looking for another shoulder block! Tyler, nevertheless, rolls through and bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

Spinning heel kick by Tyler! Mace is down!

Tyler gets to his feet. Using everything he has he goes to the second rope and drops the elbow!

DDK:

Both Batts and Conor have recovered in their corners...

Tyler tags Conor. Together they attempt a double suplex to Jack Mace...

And hit it!

DDK:

Very skilled to pull that off! Conor is pointing to the top rope...

He measures Mace.

DDK:

Phoenix splash! What a maneuver by Conor Fuse!!!

ONE!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!!!!

DDK:

MACE KICKED OUT! CONOR CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Player Two looks up to his older brother, who also seems concerned but nowhere near as much as Conor. The younger Fuse gets up and pulls Mace to one knee, which is the best he can do given Mace's sheer size. Player Two goes to the second rope and drops a leg across Mace's neck!

DDK:

Conor is going back to the top...

450 FRAMES PER SECOND!!!

DDK:

He hits it! It's over!!

ONE!

TWO!!!!

KICKOUT!!!!

The arena becomes unglued!

DDK:

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!!!

Angus:

Mace is an idiot but a tough idiot!

Conor practically looks devastated. He glances up at referee Benny Doyle, as if to plead and ask Doyle to reconsider the two count.

Tyler, however, just cheers Conor on.

Tyler Fuse:

Get with it! We are still in this thing!!!

DDK:

Conor gets up. It's clear he's rattled right now... but Tyler is right. They are still in control!

Angus:

Tyler is telling his moronic brother to tag out. Even I have to admit that's a GOOD idea!

Conor does.

Tyler flies over the top rope and towards Jack Mace. With everything he has, he pulls Mace to one knee. Then a second.

Tyler screams as he grabs Mace's head and ascends to the turn buckle, about to run up them and hit his finishing bulldog move, CQC...

DDK:

Mace breaks free! He throws Tyler to the middle of the ring... and... yes! He tags Batts!

Batts comes in but he's immediately hit with a superkick!

DDK:

Tyler takes Batts head... CQC!!! It's over! He nailed it!

ONE!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!!!

Angus:

What's going on!?!?

DDK:

The WrestleFriends have worked this crowd into a frenzy! So much for this impromptu match!! It's madness!

Tyler's typical stoic look remains the same, albeit a little confused. He takes a moment and then goes to the top rope.

DDK:

FROG SPLASH BY TYLER! He tags in his brother, who's on the top rope now, too... A SECOND FROG SPLASH!
ONE UP, TWO UP!!!

Conor pins.

ONE!

TWO!!!!

Mace with the save!

DDK:

TYLER COMES IN... hits a missile dropkick on Mace! Conor from behind with a back stabber! Both WrestleFriends are down!

Tyler places both opponents in the middle of the ring. He goes to the top rope on one side while Conor goes up the other.

DDK:

Another TWO UP... aim coming!!!

...

...

DDK:

BATTS ROLLED OUTTA THE WAY!!! MACE ROLLED OUTTA THE WAY!!!

Angus:

Lost lives, Fuse Bros.!!!

And as The Bros get up, so do The WrestleFriends.

DDK:

THE DAY IS SAVED! to Tyler!!

Conor tries to get in the way...

DDK:

THE DAY IS SAVED! to Conor!

Angus:

Both Bros. are crushed with running snake eyes and a diving cutter!!

Batts covers Conor.

DDK:

COULD THIS BE IT!

ONE!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

IT IS OVER! Able to withstand everything The Fuse Bros. threw at them, Ryan Batts and Jack Mace survive!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

The WrestleFriends struggle to get to their feet but eventually, their hands are raised by the referee.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... Ryan Betts and Jack Mace... THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!!!

The crowd cheers as Mace and Betts wait for The Fuse Bros. to get to their feet.

DDK:

And you have to wonder how much that battle with Resident Evil took out of Tyler and Conor Fuse one week ago.

Angus:

Excuses, excuses. The Fuse Bros. are SHELLS of their former selves. The team who once owned this division has lost to just about, well, everyone...

Tyler gets up first, Conor second. The younger brother is clearly frustrated and sad, while Tyler remains stoic.

Ryan and Jack walk towards The Bros.

They extend their hands.

At first, Tyler and Conor just stand there. Conor takes a huff with his arms on his hips and Tyler brushes his hair. Then, without further hesitation, Player One and Two nod their heads and accept the handshakes. The arena cheers the signs of respect paid by both teams.

Some friendly words are exchanged as Tyler and Conor slide out of the ring, leaving The WrestleFriends to celebrate further.

Angus:

The Bros. are done. Tuck those tails between your legs boyzzz because it's over for you.

DDK:

I would never say never. That being said, this has to put The WrestleFriends near the top of the division again, if not next in line for the tag team championships.

As Tyler and Conor walk up the ramp, the scene closes with The WrestleFriends celebrating behind them.

THE STEVENS FAMILY vs. JACK HARMEN & GEIST

Without warning, darkness engulfs the arena.

Angus:

REAPERS!?!

♪ "Links 234" by Rammstein. ♪

The video screen shows a platoon of zombie soldiers marching in time with the stomping on the track. The song's main rhythm kicks in and the lights come back on with a boom and the entrance video zooms in on the lead zombie's nametag, which has "GEIST" written on it.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challengers... Being accompanied to the ring by Lorelei Albrecht... PIIIIIIETROOOOOO GEIIIIIST!"

Lorelei leads the way, as the pair march down to the ring. The gorgeous woman makes her way to the steps, while the German vertical leaps onto the apron and steps between the ropes. Geist begins to pace back and forth like a caged animal, as Lorelei positions herself in their corner with her hands on her hips.

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osborne. ♪

Showing some energy tonight, Jack Harmen bursts through the curtain and raises the devil horns up with both hands upon reaching the top of the entrance ramp. He points to the ring with them before jogging and bouncing down the ramp, stopping a couple of times to slap a few fans' hands. He slides into the ring under the bottom rope and slaps the mat with both hands before standing up and displaying the devil horns once again. While the crowd is unsure of their feelings toward his partner, they are firmly behind Harmen tonight.

The sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena and is followed by a gunshot, turning the cheers into jeers in the blink of an eye.

DDK:

This is posed to be one hell of a match up! Quite possibly the Stevens Dynasty's greatest challenge as Tag Team Champions to date!

Angus:

No one is dating these tag team chumpions, Keebs!

♪ "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... they are two-thirds of the DEFIANCE WRESTLING TRIOS CHAMPIONS.....AND THE DEFIANCE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.....BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEVEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYYY!"

Like always, Cary is at the head of the pack, carrying the Tag championships over his shoulders, with his son and nephew in tow, each with the Trios championships around their waists. Always the bragger, Cary holds the tag titles up, making sure everyone watching could get a good view of them and associate them with those titles.

DDK:

Not a whole lot of subtleties here.

Cary parades around the ring with the titles, while the other members of the Stevens clan make their way up the steps and into the ring. He soon joins them in the ring and in posing with their collection of gold, as the tag champions stand on the middle rope.

Angus:

I hope they choke on it.

DDK:

... the belts?

Angus:

Yeah, sure ... those too!

Referee Hector Navarro displays the title belts to everyone in attendance before handing them off to stagehand and calls for the bell. Geist is eager to fight and looks to take off right after Bo, who is the designated starter for the tag champions. Harmen chuckles and pats his massive tag partner on the chest.

DING DING!

Harmen:

Easy there, big fella. I got this one. You'll get your chance to stomp these asshats. I promise.

With a sigh, the Todesengel slips out to the apron, leaving his possibly psychotic tag partner to start things off.

DDK:

Looks like Jack Harmon will start this one off here tonight ...

Harmen turns his attention to the youngest of the Stevens bloodline, who was smirking at him confidently. The two adversaries circle the ring and Bo puts a quick stop to an attempt at a collar and elbow tie-up with a boot to the gut. A big right hand follows, putting Harmen down on his ass.

Bo keeps on him with a boot to the gut before pulling him up by the ear and buckling his knees with a headbutt, which sends Harmen tumbling down across the second rope.

Bo Stevens:

Thought you were going to whoop my ass, old-timer.

DDK:

Bo with some sharp words ... and a sharper kick to the ribs!

The kick sends Harmen rolling off the ropes and to one knee, where he is pulled up just to be rocked in the mouth with another right hand. Bo pins him against the ropes and the sound of a wicked knife edge chop soon echoes through the arena.

Angus:

That's nasty! Sounds like --

DDK:

Nails on a chalkboard?

Angus:

Keys on a clear coat!

An Irish whip sends Harmen into the ropes. A clothesline attempt by Bo finds nothing but air and so does the back elbow that follows it.

DDK:

TILT-A-WHIRL HEADSCISSORS!

The quickening pace is definitely not in Bo's favor. He struggles to keep up and darts towards his opponent, only to have Harmen leap frog him. Bo bounces off the ropes and is blasted in the mouth with a picture perfect dropkick.

There's definitely some spring left in the legs of Harmen and he made sure everyone knows it, as he does a kip up. He stomps his foot while motioning for Bo to stand, possibly looking for that high impact boot to the mouth called "Locomotive". Stevens is able to just barely duck under the incoming kick, but he couldn't avoid the thrust kick to the gut that doubled him over. Before he could react to what happened, Bo finds Harmen hopping onto his back.

DDK:

CODE RED!

The referee slides into position...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Harmen can't keep his enemy down and both men hurry back up to a vertical base. Harmen's experience shows through, as Bo is rushing to keep up, leaving him wide open for Harmen to easily trip him with a kick to the left knee cap. Bo's face slams face-first into the mat and he instinctively gets to his knees, just so Harmen can clock him in the jaw with a low dropkick.

DDK:

Things are firmly in Harmen's control now!

... and he leads Bo over to the corner.

Harmen:

Come get some, big man.

Harmen offers his hand and doesn't have to wait long for it to be accepted.

TAG!

Geist slips into the ring, as Harmen fires their opponent into the ropes. Harmen with a dropdown, forcing Bo to hop over him and get run over by a stampeding German.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! I might like this Guest fellow...

DDK:

Giest!?

Angus:

He's not an apparition, Keebs!

Bo isn't getting a second to even breathe with his adversary gripping him by the throat with both hands and violently yanking him up off the mat. In the blink of an eye, he finds himself flying through the air and crashing into the corner.

Trapped in the corner is not a situation Bo wants to be in. He gets a crash course in why Geist's fists are to be feared by everyone on the roster. Rights and lefts of all shapes and sizes batter his torso and face before he is pulled by the waist of his tights into the waiting arms of the German.

DDK:

HEAD AND ARM OVERHEAD SUPLEX!

The Uberkrieger is relentless. Whether Bo wants to or not, he is sent tumbling into his opponents' corner. Geist glares over at George, almost wishing he would try getting involved, as he makes his way over to the wobbly Bo. Once again, the Todesengel pins his enemy in the corner. A stiff overhand right is followed by a blistering chop to the chest that turns Bo's legs to limp noodles.

TAG!

Blind tag by Harmen. He watches on as Geist spikes Bo with a uranage that perfectly positions Stevens.

DDK:

TOPE CON HILO!

The slingshot, front flip senton is expertly executed and Harmen uses the momentum to casually roll back to his feet, where he can't help but shoot a cocky smile over at the Big Crawdaddy. The Lunatic helps Bo back up and looks to be going for a suplex. Instead, he corkscrews harshly to the mat.

Angus:

SNAP NECKBREAKER! See ... I can yell out moves too, Keebs!

DDK:

Geist and Harmen are, ingenious, targeting the smaller of the two champions and don't want to give him any chance of tagging George in.

Angus:

Show off.

Bo again visits the challengers' corner.

TAG!

Geist tags himself in courtesy of a slap to his teammate's back. Harmen holds Bo in the corner with his shoulder in Stevens' gut, allowing the Uberkrieger to rock his head back with another brutal right hand. The German drags his opponent from the corner and sends him racing into the ropes. Geist lowers his head just a split-second too early, allowing Bo to kick him in the chest. That stood The Todesengel upright and Bo immediately swings for the fences.

DDK:

BO-DAZZLED!

Angus:

BO-what? That can't be what that half-a-tard call it.

DDK:

The discus lariat was on target, but ... Geist refuses to budge.

Darren is correct and Bo cannot believe his eyes with his opponent snarling back at him.

DDK:

This ... this PANZER ... is here to fight!

WHAM!!!**Angus:**

I don't think that means what you think it means.

DDK:

I don't expect you to have anything near the wherewithal to understand that reference.

A hellacious right forearm turns Bo inside out, making the entire arena cringe. Geist hoists his enemy up, throwing him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and carrying him over, so he can offer his hand to Harmen.

TAG!

Nothing pretty about it, the Todesengel angrily slams Bo to the mat and stands beside him, while Harmen dashes to the ropes. The German tosses his own teammate into the air, where Harmen lands safely and standing upon his shoulders. He remains there for just a few seconds, possibly showing off just a bit...

DDK:

He's wasting time ... this could cost him!

... and then, takes to the skies.

LEAPING ELBOW DROP OFF OF GEIST'S SHOULDERS!

DDK:

Harmen hooks the leg, COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO!!! Bo is able to use his strength to throw off the smaller Harmon!

Stevens knows he has to do something and do it fast. Just as Harmen grabs him by the hair, Bo goes right for the eyes, blinding Harmen and giving him a chance to scurry over to his corner.

TAG!

The Big Crowdaddy's giant hand slaps his cousin's back, bringing him into the contest for the first time. Bo rolls out to the apron, while the massive George climbs into the ring. Bo may have had the slight size advantage over Harmen, but George takes that to the next level. Geist immediately offers his hand to his partner. The Big Crowdaddy is the one he wanted to battle. Yet, he is going to have to wait for his turn because Harmen waves him off.

Geist:

Lass mich rein...

Harmen:

Nein Danke. Ich habe das unter Kontrolle.

Angus:

What the hell is going on!? Harmen's a Na --

DDK:

ANGUS!

Harmen's confident smirking is replaced by look of pure focus while the gigantic George meets him in the middle of the ring. Geist begins to stomp on the mat with Lorelei slapping it in time, hoping to hype up his partner up for the David and Goliath battle to come. The crowd soon joins them. Harmen and his humongous enemy meet in the middle of the ring. Harmen is not going to give his huge opponent a chance. He uses his superior speed to avoid George's attempt to grab him and instantly tries to chop him down with low kicks to the outer thigh.

DDK:

Vicious kicks by Jack Harmen!

Angus:

I think you mean Hier Harmen, Keebs!

Stevens just can't seem to catch the speedy Harmen and a flurry of punches catches him in the kidneys. His adversary hopes to use a quick pace to control the situation and sprints to the ropes. However, the Big Crawdaddy knows how to put that to an end in a hurry.

VADER ATTACK!

A charging bull named George Stevens flat out runs over the incoming Harmen. He knows how to use his weight to his advantage. The Big Crawdaddy mercilessly stomps down on Harmen's stomach, making sure to hold it there for just a few moments before slowly stepping over with his other foot.

Angus:

I hate to give any credit to these inbreeds ... but I gotta call a HOSS-a-HOSS!

George trades evil stares with Geist, as he pulls Harmen up. He lifts his enemy's chin, so he could have a clear shot.

SMACK!!!

An open hand slap nearly caves in Harmen's chest and puts him down on the mat in a heap. Slow and deliberate, the pace is just how the Big Crawdaddy wants it. Displaying his own strength, Stevens pulls his smaller foe from the mat and military presses him into the air. He stares right at Geist, as he callously tosses Harmen behind him, which also happens to be over the top rope and all the way to the floor.

DDK:

And it is a LONG way down for Jack Harmen!

Angus:

YAS, he hit ZEE FLOOR!

The German's rage gets the better of him. He climbs into the ring and George is there to meet him. The pair go nose to nose, with the referee looking like a toddler standing between the two. With Hector Navarro distracted, Cary makes sure Bo will not miss the chance to capitalize.

Cary Stevens:

Move, boy!

Bo pounces on the fallen Harmen, driving boot after boot into his chest before sending him into the steel steps. The sound of Harmen crashing into the steps grabbed the official's attention, just as he was able to get Geist back to his

corner. Bo rolls Harmen onto the apron and holds his hands up innocently while heading back to where he is supposed to be.

Bo Stevens:

I was just helping him. I swear!

Harmen starts trying to pull himself with ropes, but he gets some unwanted help with George grabbing him by the throat. With a giant-size pull, the Big Crowdaddy yanks him over the top rope. Harmen lands safely on his feet and puts all he has into a barrage of punches and kicks that breaks George's grip. He dashes to the ropes and then, slips under a big boot attempt. Harmen ricochets off the middle rope for a possible moonsault. Not today...

DDK:

RUNNING POWERSLAM!

And just like that, Stevens puts an end to his enemy's rally. Instead of going for a cover, George captures Harmen's wrist and slides him into the Stevens' corner.

TAG!

After casually making his way into the ring, Bo confidently struts over to his fallen foe and mockingly scrapes his boot across Harmen's face. Things are well in hand and he knows it. He is full of swagger, as he raises his fist into the air victorious, knowing the crowd will boo him out of the building. Just the reaction he wants.

Angus:

Harmen is seeing stars! What he always wished he saw in the mirror!!

Harmen is dazed ... making him easy prey for Bo.

DDK:

EXPLODER BO-PLEX!

Harmen is dumped right on his head by the expertly executed suplex. A cover by one half of the tag champs.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!!

Harmen is able to slip his shoulder up with just a few moments to spare. Bo shoots an unhappy look to Navarro, thinking their count was just a tad bit too slow for his liking. He rises up to his feet and begins to stretch out his right hand, while waiting for his adversary to slowly battle up to a vertical base. Just as Harmen gets there, Bo strikes.

DDK:

IRON CLAW!

Angus: *[mocking]*

YELLING STUFF!

Squeezing with all of his might, Bo applies as much pressure as possible to Harmen's temples. The challenger's knees buckle and he drops down to one knee. It's clear to everyone that Harmen is fading and fading fast. While his tag partner isn't much of a cheerleader, the luscious blonde on the outside is and Lorelei begins to rhythmically pound on the ring apron. In no time at all, the crowd begins to clap and stomp along with her, rallying behind Harmen.

It takes a few moments, but the challenger wills himself back up and shows his fortitude by kicking away at Bo. It

takes a few shots to break the hold. Bo isn't going to let their advantage escape, so he thumbs Harmen in the eye.

An Irish whip sends Harmen into the corner. He catches Bo coming in with a pair of boots to the face and uses the impact to slip over the top rope to the apron. Harmen takes to the skies with a springboard. His trademark Thez Press is what he is thinking of. Too bad for him that Bo had other ideas.

DDK:

BELY-TO-BELLY BO-PLEX!

Angus:

REALLY!? ... hold on do you think this moron named it after himself OR ... does he just think that's what Suplexs are called!?

Back with things in control, Bo drags Harmen up and slams him chest first into the corner. He looks like he is going for a belly-to-back suplex, but instead seats his enemy on the rope, and climbs up behind him.

Angus:

OHH! Alternate theory ... if involves BoJangles somehow ... eh? Eh?

Harmen wastes no time in smacking Bo in the jaw with a trio of back elbows to which Bo tries to fight back with some clubbing strikes of his own. Bo's attempt to retaliate is cut off fast courtesy of Harmen whipping his head back, driving his skull into Stevens' nose. Bo is seeing stars, as his foe hooks him in a three-quarter Nelson.

DDK:

SLICE BREAD #3 OFF THE TOP ROPE!!!

Angus:

Come on! That's not a real thing ... I might believe you if it were "BOBERRY BISCUIT #12 OFF THE TOP WARMING RACK!" Maybe ... or atleast I wouldn't hate you as much.

Harmen found his opening and now, things are dead even. While his opponent lies motionless on the mat, Harmen slowly crawls towards his corner. Geist's gigantic arm is stretched out as far as it can go, offering the chance to tag, while their adversary starts to stir. Harmen is just mere inches away when he puts all he has into a final leap towards his teammate.

TAG!

DDK:

Bo back to his feet!!

And is nearly cut in half by the German.

DDK:

SPEAR!!!

Right hand after right hand rains down on Bo's face, only to stopping so the Uberkrieger can catch Bo's cousin with a leaping forearm strike to the jaw that sends him tumbling off the apron.

Geist is far from finished with Bo. Luckily for him, Bo runs right towards him and he launches Stevens into the air.

DDK:

BEERDIGUNG!

Angus:

You are just making this shit up now ...

The pop-up spinebuster rattles the ring, nearly driving Bo through it. Cary leaps up onto the apron, hoping to buy his family some time and he soon wishes that he hadn't.

DDK:

YAKUZA KICK!

The running big boot sends Cary flying off the apron and into the security barrier.

Angus:

CARY-ER PIGEON! See I can yell nonsense too.

George tries to retaliate on behalf of his father and receives a huge haymaker for his troubles, causing him to stumble back and fall to his ass.

With all distractions neutralized, Geist pulls Bo up and hoists him up on his shoulder for what looks to be a powerslam. Stevens squirms with all he has to break free and land safely behind the German. Bo slacks him with a forearm to the back and darts to the ropes. The Todesengel dashes to the ropes as well and they meet in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

AUTOUNFALL!

Angus:

ARE YOU SPEAKING IN TOUNGES!?

Bo flies across the ring and into the ropes, finally landing harshly on his head and neck, after being flat out run over by his foe. Geist is in full control and with the cheering crowd and Lorelei fuelling him, he stomps his foot on the mat before motioning for Bo to get up. Bo soon does and instantly his foe grabs him by the neck with both hands. Whatever Geist is planning to do is rapidly changed with the appearance of George, who climbs into the ring. Using his own teammate against him, the Uberkrieger launches Bo through the air and right into the Big Crawdaddy, knocking the larger Stevens back out to the floor.

A dazed Bo instinctively stands up and staggers out to the middle ring and right into the waiting arms of his enemy. Geist once again grips him by the throat with both hands and this, time tosses him into the air vertically.

DDK:

GEH ZUR HOLLE!

Angus:

That's just pronographic!

Another thunderous slam, this time in the form of a sit-out powerbomb, plants Bo in the middle of the ring and Geist holds him for a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!!!

Not one to argue with the referee, Geist looks over to his corner to check on the condition of his teammate, who he finds to be still hurting. This change of focus gives Bo the chance to roll to the ropes. However, that doesn't save him

from the Todesengel. The German snatches a handful of hair and starts to pull him up. From the floor, George reaches in and grabs a hold of his leg. After casting Bo aside, Geist stomps away at the largest member of the Stevens clan, gaining his freedom. Unfortunately, tending to the Big Crowdaddy left him wide open for Bo to strike.

DDK:

JUMPING NECKBREAKER! What a maneuver from Bo!

Angus:

Always gotta keep your head on a swivel Keebs. Esp with the inbred Stevens family.

Bo wastes no time in hurrying to his corner where George meets him.

TAG!

Angus:

HOSS BABY!

Geist slowly rises back up to his feet and he cannot hide a smile upon seeing the gigantic George enter the ring. This is the match-up that the two larger competitors want and they are going to get it. The two mammoth men circle. George's face looks to be made of stone with no signs of emotion at all, as he stares a hole through his enemy. On the flip side, Geist is nearly frothing of the mouth, while he subtly snarls. His eyes full of rage.

Just as the two look to lock up, the Big Crowdaddy swats Geist's arm away and batters his torso with a left-right combination. A left-handed haymaker misses, but George follows it with a right to the ribs that doesn't. Another try at the left is caught at the wrist and the Uberkrieger counters with a devastating overhand right to the jaw. That opening is all Geist needs. He lands a left hook to the ribs of his own and follows it with a second, this time to the jaw, and a boot to the center of George's chest that sends Stevens stumbling back into the corner.

Without mercy, Geist rocks his foe's head back with right hand after right hand. The pace of the punches slows, but the Todesengel refuses to give George even a split-second to recover. He roars loudly and starts chopping the ever living hell out of Stevens. The barrage is too much for even the Big Crowdaddy to take. His knees buckle and he falls to his bottom in the corner. That doesn't stop the German at all. He transitions to stomping George again and again. Every stomp right to Stevens' face.

George is barely able to stand, but his rival assists him in getting upright and then, backs him into the ropes. An Irish whip attempt is countered and Geist slips under a charging clothesline. The two men simultaneously hit opposite ropes and the German surprises everyone by running through the Big Crowdaddy, putting him down with a shoulder tackle.

Angus:

YES! It's my wet dream!

Geist points down at his foe with his left, while doing the cutthroat gesture with his right. His elbow pad is torn from his arm and sent soaring into the crowd. The Uberkrieger rushes to the ropes. His attempt to build up a head of steam is brought to a sudden stop, as Cary tries to trip him. The German turns around to bring the troublemaker into view and reach for them. By doing so, he allows Bo to clock him in the side of the head with a superkick.

The sneak attack works like a charm and Geist stumbles back to the middle of the ring, where George is waiting.

DDK:

TEXAS SIZED SLAM! The ring just SHOOK!

Picture perfect execution on the brutal slam and George is in perfect position for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Thr-NOOO!!!

Geist's shoulder explodes off the mat with only a fraction of a moment to spare. George may not be the sharpest tool in the shed, but he knows how to count to three. He can't believe that his foe has escaped defeat. Hector Navarro confirms it is still just a 2-count.

The Big Crowdaddy pulls his foe up and positions him across his shoulders in the fireman's carry, before walking over to his cousin.

DDK:

Big double team manuever coming here Angus.

Disregarding the referee's demands that he return to the apron, Bo slingshots himself over the top rope and points to the far ropes. However, George is unable to keep Geist in place. The German slips down behind him and shoves him right into the rapidly approaching Bo.

The collision wipes out the smaller of the two Stevens, sending him tumbling out of the ring and leaves the larger one dazed enough for their opponent to wrap his arms around the Big Crowdaddy from behind.

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX! What strength! My lord in heaven!

Geist shakes his head and slaps himself in the side of the head to clear out the cobwebs enough for him to refocus. He knows this is his opportunity and he looks to his eager tag partner.

TAG!

Harmen blasts off like rocket, dipping under a clothesline from George, to hit to far ropes and dropkick the big man in thigh. In the blink of an eye, Harmen is up and hitting the adjacent ropes, so he can connect once more. This time to George's stomach. The challenger keeps the tempo fast. He leapfrogs the doubled over Stevens and baseball slides under a big boot and the bottom rope to the apron. Harmen springboards off the top rope, looking for a hurricanrana, but the Big Crowdaddy catches him.

A trio of right hands strike George in the forehead, which allows Harmen to hop down behind him. Harmen backs up to the nearest corner. His massive opponent sees him there and takes off towards him. It is just what Harmen wants. He delivers another dropkick to George's thigh. This time, George goes tumbling face-first into the middle rope.

DDK:

The big man taken down a peg.

Angus:

Harmen's got him wide open... he's looking to capitalize!

Using the opening, Harmen slips out to the apron and just as his enemy turns to face him, he takes to the skies with a springboard.

TORNADO DDT!

Harmen spikes George in the middle of the ring, putting him just where he wanted him. Harmen hurried over to the

corner and ascended it as fast as he could. He was not going to let up at all.

***** 1/2 FROG SPLASH!

Harmen gets all of it and hooks his adversary's leg the best he can. The referee runs and dives into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOO!!!

DDK:

I thought that was it!

The Big Crowdaddy is able to shrug off the smaller Harmen and he rolls out to the floor for safety. Harmen sees an opening and takes full advantage of it.

BASEBALL SLIDE DROPKICK!

The attack sends catches his foe in the jaw, which makes George collide with the security barrier. Cary sees things getting out of control and barks an order to his nephew.

Cary:

Get a move on! Take Harmen out!

Without question, Bo slips into the ring and tries to blindside Harmen. However, Harmen catches him coming out of the corner of his eye and backdrops Bo over the top, where he lands across the dazed George's shoulders in a fireman's carry. Neither has any idea that they are in the path of a speeding, German, freight train.

DDK:

SPEAR! What impact!

The impact on the larger Stevens causes him to fall back, Samoan dropping his own cousin on the floor. Geist pulls George up and rolls him back into the ring. Harmen is bursting with anticipation while standing in the far corner. He stomps his foot and the crowd joins him, matching the sound. The larger Stevens struggles to get vertical. As soon as he gets there, Harmen explodes out of the corner.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!

Angus:

I feel like you're just shouting at me.

The running Yakuza kick is on the mark and George plummets to the mat. Harmen immediately goes for the cover, yet referee Navarro is nowhere to be found.

Out on the Floor, Cary has grabbed Lorelei and is holding her hostage, drawing both Geist's and the referee's attention to him. Cary slowly backs up the entrance ramp, pulling Geist further and further away from the ring.

Harmen rises back up to his feet, as he needs to bring the official's attention back to the action in the ring. He is

completely clueless to the fact that Bo has slithered into the ring behind him with a steel chair in hand.

BANG!

DDK:

The referee didn't even see that! Turn around ref!

Angus:

Watch instant replay already!

The steel chair is driven harshly into Harmen's back, taking him down to his knees. Bo fires the chair to the outside and immediately captures his foe's head under his arm.

DDK:

GAME CHANGER!

Angus:

I don't know how they do it...

The rolling cutter slams Harmen face-first into the mat awkwardly, turning out his lights in an instant. Bo drapes George's arm across Harmen and tugs at referee Navarro to get his attention.

The referee drops down to count the fall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING!

Cary grins and shoves Lorelei to her client, as his job has been completed. He took off to the back as fast as his legs could carry him, not wanting to incur the wrath of the angry German. Realizing what happened, Geist rushes back to the ring.

Seeing their angry enemy coming their way, Bo wastes no time in pulling his colossal cousin to the ropes and out of the ring. The duo stumble over to the timekeeper's table and snatch their titles, knowing good and well that they will need to make a quick escape. Bo cannot stop himself from holding his half of the Defiance Tag Team titles high in the air.

Geist kneels down next to the lifeless Harmen and is soon accompanied by Lorelei, who checks on their ally. Rage courses through the German's veins and he rises up to look at the crafty victors, as they scurry away to safety.

Geist:

Ich werde deine Seelen haben...

Bo only smiles back in return, kissing his title before raising it back up for all to see, while his teammate holds his mouth in pain with a bloody split lip.

DDK:

The Stevens Family are able to defeat the newest monster to DEFIANCE in Geist, along with the crazy wildcard Jack

Harmen. But not without a bit of chicanery.

Angus:

Their days at tag team champions are numbered Keebs. I can feel it. Until then, my boys in BRAZEN are gonna have NO tag titles to fight for!

DDK:

Perhaps Scott will be just as lucky as the Stevens Family was tonight, and we could have a new number one contender.

Angus:

Oh fuck me, no. Please.

WHEELED OUT

Cut to the backstage area, the loading area to be specific. One of the large bay doors is open with a running Ambulance occupying it's space.

Iris Davine walks alongside a stretcher carrying Kerry Kuroyama as it's wheeled toward the ambulance by paramedics.

Iris Davine:

Don't worry about a thing, Kerry. You are going to be perfectly fine ... they are just going to run some tests and prove me right.

Iris delivers with a warm smile and stops just short of the back of the double doors. The medics continue on and begin, gingerly, loading Kerry into the back of the ambulance.

Scott Douglas steps into the frame; next to Iris.

Scott Douglas:

How's it look? ... really?

Iris turns, slightly surprised by Douglas.

Davine:

He'll be perfectly fine ... I promise. Don't think about it another second.

Davine pauses for a moment...

Davine:

Shouldn't you be ...

Douglas:

Heading that way...

Davine:

How's the --

Douglas interrupts as he turns to walk away.

Douglas:

Perfectly fine ... !

Douglas' image gets smaller and smaller as he gets further from the camera. The camera operator pans back to Iris, who's facial expression doesn't look like she believes what she said ... or what he did.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as we just heard our Head of DEFmed say -- Kerry Kuroyama should be JUST fine! He will be transported to the local medical center ...

Angus:

Hospital.

DDK:

... for some routine testing and likely cleared and released before the night is out.

The ambulance doors slam and Iris turns toward the noise.

Angus:

Ever the optometrist, Keebs.

DDK:

Twenty, twenty ... Angus.

Angus:

What's that got to do with K-Cup-a-Noodles?

DDK:

Moving on!

The scene fades on Iris' sightline afixed as the Ambulance pulls off from the Wrestleplex and the red flashing lights slowly fade in the distance.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

Cut back to the commentary booth.

DDK:

Folks, up next we have a matchup that The Faithful and my partner here especially have been looking forward too.

Angus:

Someone is going to die tonight.

DDK:

Angus!

Cut to a video package.

Scott Douglas emerges from the curtain and takes the ramp in slow motion as Darren's commentary from the night echos over a music bed.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is back in the DEF Arena for the first time since DEFCON 2019!

Cut to Scott Douglas in the ring with Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Scott, let me be the first to welcome you BACK to DEFIANCE!

Flash Forward. The Faithful boo as Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler come into focus, pointing directly at Douglas while they hurry down to the front of the ring apron. Darren's voice once again echos over the clip.

DDK:

Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler and we have to wonder what in the world are they doing out here?

Landell and Adler split up and circle the ring as Douglas pushes Lance away, anticipating a fight. Lance bails out of the ring and we get several slow motion shots of Douglas and his opposition on the outside of the ring. Suddenly the footage returns to normal speed as both men jump on the apron.

DDK:

This doesn't look good!

Flash Forward. Several shots make up a truncated version of the fight between Douglas and Gage Blackwood's henchmen. Scott starting out strong, the pair coming back and Douglas once again regaining the upper hand. Until...

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannonn ♪

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Angus:

NOW this is going to get GORRAM INTERESTING!

Cut to Blackwood coming through the audience. Cut to a close up of his bewildered eyes in a trance-like state. Cut to Gage hopping the guard rail as the footage slows back a dramatic crawl. His wild eyes meeting glares with the returning hero of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

LOOK OUT DOUGLAS!

As Darren's exclamation echoes over the music bed; cut to Adler crashing down on Scott Douglas with an axe handle smash. Cut to Landell joining in and the pair pummeling Sub Pop Scott. Cut to Scott fighting the two off once again.

Cut to **SMACK!**

...all fight in Douglas becomes lost.

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD WITH THE GAELIC STORM!

Gage Blackwood:

YOU'RE NEXT!!

Cut to another Gaelic Storm.

Gage Blackwood:

YOU'RE NEXT GOD DAMMIT!!!!

Cut to a close of a rabid Gage Blackwood as drool rolls down his mouth.

The video package fades on this shot of Blackwood as "You're Next" echos once more.

Angus:

How come they give you all the good voice over? I was barely in that! Too dramatic for my taste anyhow...

DDK:

Hardly the time or place, partner.

Angus:

Says the man with all that real estate in the video package!

Angus scoffs as Darren professionally moves on.

DDK:

Anyway, as we just saw ... that was the inciting incident that would cause a serious of backstage disruptions. After another attack attempting to re-injure Scott Douglas ... the former SoHer went on the hunt himself demanding satisfaction.

Angus:

Is he a cowboy now? I demand satisfaction, yeehaw!

DDK:

This is why you aren't on the "overly dramatic" video packages. Anyway! This match has all the makings of a knock drag-out fight. Gage Blackwood has his mind made up that Scott Douglas doesn't deserve the respect or adulation of The Faithful and has added the Sub Pop star to his To-Do List. And ... Scott Douglas has never been on to back down from a fight.

Angus:

For better or for worse.

DDK:

Indeed but one has to wonder ... is Scott Douglas at a hundred percent? Over the past three weeks, he has taken quite a beating at the hands of, not only, Gage Blackwood but also Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell.

Angus:

Scott Douglas has never met a beating he wouldn't take, Keebs. And here lately Blackwood has met on he wouldn't hand out...

DDK:

I can't dispute that.

Angus:

You better not.

DDK: *[sighing]*

Let's go to the ring!

Cut to the ring, Darren Quimbey standing by.

Darren Quimbey:

The following bout is set for one fall!

♪ "Smilin' & Dyin'" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

The Faithful come to their feat as Douglas emerges through the curtain in his standard tattered cut off jean shorts and black t-shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

.... from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty two pounds ... "SUB POP" Scottttt Doooouggglasssssss!

DDK:

Scott Douglas, returning to the ring in singles action for the first time since DEFCON!

Angus:

And maybe the last.

Scott throws his hands up for another small pop on top of The Faithful's already raucous ovation before heading down to the ring.

DDK:

Scott's got to keep his head in the game here but I'm sure that within itself will be tough as his close friend, Kerry Kuroyama was taken out of the building earlier tonight on a stretcher.

Angus:

If Scotty wastes one second thinkin' about ol' K Cups ... Gage is gonna serve him up a hot Irish coffee.

DDK:

Gage is Scottish, Angus.

Angus:

Same thing in my book.

DDK:

The Great Big Book of Nonsense. Zero Copies sold.

Angus:

Unprofessional, Keeps ... un - pro - fessional!

♪ *"Unstoppable" by Danson* ♪

It's not long before jeers fill the arena and out walks Gage Blackwood...

With Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell not far behind.

DDK:

Hey now! That wasn't part of the plan! Last I heard, Scott Douglas challenged Gage Blackwood one-on-one, man-to-man! No outside interference. No henchmen!

Angus:

Well, they technically have not interfered, yet.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland... being joined by Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell... GAGGGGE
BLACKWOOD!!!

Blackwood leads the way, wearing his black-red-green kilt designed tights and his "What Have I Done For You Lately?" t-shirt with certain names crossed out on the back of it. He tears it off, looks to throw it into the crowd but instead decides to spit on it and throw it on the ground.

Landell and Adler follow, both wearing blue jeans and their gray hoodies. They trail Blackwood to the ring apron as the Scot enters. Gage looks at Scott with disgust while The Faithful begin to anticipate a fight.

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell!

Angus:

Expert analysis, Keeps.

The tension builds as both men stand there, eyeing each other up.

"LETS GO DOUGLAS!"

"BLACKWOOD SUCKS!"

"LETS GO DOUGLAS!"

"BLACKWOOD SUCKS!"

And so forth.

DDK:

Blackwood roaming around the ring, looking for an opening...

Angus:

Let's get to it already! Somebody hit somebody!

Blackwood lunges forward but then backs away. The Faithful boo. More chants follow.

*"SCOTT IS BETTER" **CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP***

*"SCOTT IS BETTER" **CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP***

*"SCOTT IS BETTER" **CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP***

Blackwood sneers towards the crowd. He gives the middle finger to Douglas.

Gage Blackwood:

I don't give a damn what they think...

After more circling around the ring, the two combatants finally lock together, eliciting a pop! Blackwood is immediately tossed to the mat!

"SUB POP! SUB POP! SUB POP!"

Shaking it off right away, Blackwood gets back up and into another grapple. Again, he goes down hard!

The Scotsman turns to his duo on the outside. Landell and Adler stand motionlessly under their gray hoodies as Gage gives a huff. He rushes at Douglas and ducks a lariat, going into the ropes and coming back at his opponent, leaping in the air...

DDK:

High knee from Douglas! Blackwood down for a third time!

The Sub-Pop star goes right after Blackwood, following up with a fury of rights. The Faithful get behind him more and more, Douglas lifts Blackwood to his feet and tosses him out of the ring!

DDK:

What a roar from these people! This is not the start Blackwood wanted, that's for sure!

Angus:

Hell, not the start I wanted! These two hate each other - break somebodies face!

Douglas takes a moment, goes off the ropes and a...

DDK:

Suicide dive! Douglas goes flying between that top and middle rope and catches Blackwood, slamming Gage into that unforgiving guardrail!

Angus:

Not exactly what I meant but it's headed in the right direction!

Douglas hurls Blackwood into the ring apron and then rolls him back in. He takes a quick glance at Landell and Adler, who still do not move a muscle. Douglas slides in.

DDK:

Knee drop... MISSED by Blackwood! Douglas lifts him up and a quick pile driver gets Gage to the mat!

Blackwood is quick to his feet but met with an arm drag. Once again, Sub Pop sends Gage into the corner with numerous forearm smashes!

Angus:

I hope Gage came to play? Because Scotty *GORRAM* did...

Douglas hits one more forearm smash and takes three steps back. Then, all in one motion he lands this impressive standing dropkick to Gage's face! A big cheer follows and Blackwood stumbles to the middle of the ring. Grabbing Blackwood by the tights, Douglas attempts to throw him into the ropes but instead, Blackwood simply falls out of the ring!

Douglas looks around. He rushes at Blackwood while he's getting up...

A baseball slide later and Douglas rifles Blackwood's head off the ring apron a few times before rolling him back in. Again, Landell and Adler do nothing but watch.

DDK:

Ever so quick to recover and Gage is on his feet... but he misses Douglas with a roundhouse kick as Scott goes off the ropes...

A powerslam is attempted by Blackwood but Douglas wiggles out! He hits a neck breaker to Blackwood followed by a Russian leg sweep to place him in the middle of the ring...

DDK:

He's going up!

Douglas wastes no time getting to the top and measuring Blackwood, until...

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOO.

DDK:

Hey now! Adler and Landell just knocked Douglas off the top rope and crotched him in the process!

Angus:

They don't call it HIGH RISK for nothing! ... hey, put that in your *GORRAM* video package.

Referee Benny Doyle saw everything. He immediately replaces the boos with cheering by tossing the two of them out!

DDK:

Yes! Exactly! A referee doing his job here, folks!

Landell and Adler seem shocked under their gray hoodies, however, they don't put up much of a fight as Doyle informs them that if they do, he will disqualify Gage Blackwood! More cheers follow!

DDK:

Douglas is pulling himself together, though. Blackwood is still down on the canvas...

The crowd anticipation grows louder and louder with each moment, as Douglas repositions himself on the top rope, measuring Blackwood. Douglas himself looks surprised he's had time to recover and get back to his perch. With a shrug of his shoulder, he jumps...

WHAM!!!

Silence.

DDK:

MY GOD! MY GOD GAGE BLACKWOOD JUST HIT SCOTT DOUGLAS IN MID-AIR WITH THE GAELIC STORM!!!!

Angus:

I guess he came to play, alright! Playing possum, I love it! See what I did there, Keebs?

Keebler ignores him.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HAS SHOCKED EVERYONE HERE...

He's a little slow to cover but nonetheless Benny Doyle must count since he never made an original DQ call...

Blackwood screams and in a blur, rushes towards his opponent, looking for that final blow...

DDK:

Spinebuster slam by Douglas! He got there before Blackwood could do anything!

Douglas with a quick leg drop and then fights his way to the top rope again...

Angus:

This didn't work out so well the last time... So, obviously Flippy Doo gotta flip...

The moonsault attempt...

CONNECTS.

DDK:

I can't hear myself think! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE!!! Whether they like each other or not, Angus... when it comes to never say die, there are certainly some parallels here!

Douglas rolls back. Trying to get a second wind, he's using the ropes to get up. Blackwood, too, is stirring...

DDK:

Blackwood with a big clothesline AND THEY ARE BOTH over the top!

Gage is the first up. He takes Sub Pop by his hair and Irish whips him as hard as possible into the ring post! He follows with a hard clothesline, knocking Douglas to the mat!

Then come the boots.

Boot. Boot. Boot. Boot boot boot. Bootbootbootbootbootbootboot.

The crowd continues to jeer.

Finally pissing him off, Blackwood stops and looks into the front row.

Gage Blackwood:

I am doing you a favor!!! I am the hero of this story, not... him!

Blackwood spits on a squirming Douglas as the boos go up another octave. Gage pinpoints one fan he wants to take things further with...

With his blood boiling, Blackwood's Scottish accent becomes thicker and thicker, once again to the point it's barely understood.

Gage Blackwood:

Shut th' fuuc up! Ya wance cheered fur me 'n' ah hae dane hee haw wrong!

Angus:

Did he say hee-haw?

Blackwood spits at the guardrail in front of the fan. He grins sadistically and calms down momentarily...

Gage Blackwood:

Nae bother. Noo watch me murdurr yer ma fave starn...

Yet, Blackwood seems puzzled.

It's because all he hears are cheers.

DDK:

Douglas is behind Blackwood!!!! And Scott Douglas is PISSED OFF!

He spins around Blackwood by the shoulder.

DDK:

DOUGLAS WITH A FURY OF RIGHT HANDS! It's Douglas' time to unload!!!

RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT. RIGHTRIGHTRIGHTRIGHT!!!

Douglas rolls back into the ring to break the count-out before whipping Blackwood headfirst into the steel steps.

Angus:

Gage is in trouble... Scotty looks like someone just told him Kurt Cobain died!

Douglas continues the pummeling with right hands as Doyle encourages him to bring it back inside before starting the ten count once more. Scott doesn't acknowledge the plea and instead pulls Gage up and Irish whips him across ringside sending him crashing into the guardrail!

DDK:

Scott Douglas has lost it, folks!

Angus:

Anger is a good color on this kid, Keeps!

Douglas doesn't stop there! Instead, he charges toward Gage with a head full of steam...

DDK:

OH! Gage got the foot up and a BIG BOOT turns Scott Douglas around quickly!

Angus:

You've gotta love with desperation pays off! Especially in the form of a big boot right in the *GORRAM* mouth!

Douglas stumbles with a hand over his mouth trying to regroup as Blackwood stalks toward him. As Douglas haplessly turns about...

DDK:

CLOTHESLINE! Gage Blackwood chops down Scott Douglas with a hell of a force!

Douglas nearly bounces off the ringside mats with the force of the impact! Blackwood reaches down and grabs a handful of hair but doesn't seem to have the energy left to pull Douglas up. He instead let's go and rolls inside the ring and instantly back out, breaking the count.

Blackwood again with a handful of hair is able to pull Douglas up this time and with a grip on the back of his jorts roll him up on the apron.

DDK:

Blackwood, thankfully, taking this into the ring now...

Angus:

Speak for yourself, Keebs! Outside is double the damage, guaranteed!

With Douglas laid out on the apron, Blackwood positions him with his head hanging off the side before dragging himself back in under the bottom rope.

DDK:

I don't like the look of this, partner.

Angus:

Well, Keebs... that's the difference between me and you. I prefer to reserve judgement. I'm just a super fair guy that way.

Blackwood takes the top rope and turns toward the Douglas, partly on the apron.

DDK:

What...?

Angus:

Okay, NOW ... I judge. What is all this top rope nonsense?

With no fanfare whatsoever, Blackwood leaps from the top rope and comes crashing down on Douglas' chest with a knee!! The impact caused The Faithful to gasp as Douglas folds up and is sent back to the floor!

DDK:

Oh my... we may need medical out here!!

On impact, Blackwood was sent hurling the ground as well but obviously fared better than Douglas. Benny Doyle hits the floor and checks on the competitors as The Faithful stand in near silence.

Angus:

See, Keebs... I told you that top rope stuff is impressive! As long as it doesn't involve any *GORRAM* flips!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, my partners' buffoonery aside... I apologize this match may be over already.

ONE!

Angus:

Nope!

Benny Doyle, obviously, is satisfied with the competitor's ability to continue and has returned to the ring and began the ten count.

TWO!

Gage Blackwood is already up to a knee but is favoring the other knee heavily.

THREE!

Gage pushes against the ring steps his head previously dented to assist.

FOUR!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood is the first back to his feet.

Angus:

Foot.

FIVE!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

He's back to foot.

Angus is correct as Gage doesn't look very confident in his right knee's ability to hold weight.

SIX!

DDK:

That being the case, Gage will still be the first back to the ring as Scott Douglas isn't looking very good whatsoever.

Angus:

He's breathing. That's normally the only prerequisite for this idiot to not know when to quit.

SEVEN!

Douglas is breathing and as Angus suggested, therefore, moving toward the ring but it isn't at a quick pace.

EIGHT!

Douglas is at the apron as The Faithful rally behind.

NINE!

DDK:

He's not going to make it.

Suddenly, Blackwood interrupts Benny Doyle.

Angus:

What the hell are you doing!?

Gage Blackwood:

Nae nat like this.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood WANTS to finish this match!

A small smattering of applause breaks out for Gage as he motions for Doyle to back off and allow Douglas to get into the ring. Even Scott looks surprised and is obviously leary.

DDK:

This could be a trap.

Angus:

This *better* be a trap!

Blackwood, gingerly stepping with the bad knee, continues to invite Scott back into the ring. Douglas is hesitant but throws his knee up on the apron. He slowly raises himself up being extremely cautious of the normally devious Scotsman.

DDK:

As Scott Douglas returns to the ring, it looks like we will have a proper end to this -- OH! That's just simply uncalled for.

Catching Douglas in between the ropes and head low, Blackwood runs a single knee into Douglas' head! The Faithful's brief respect for Gage is quickly dashed and the deafening chorus of boo's make sure there is no question. Blackwood drags the nearly lifeless Scott Douglas into the ring.

Angus:

I knew it!

Gage holds Douglas prone by the head, in the center of the ring soaking in the hate from the crowd before exploding into a snap suplex.

DDK:

Back to the well, this looks like it could be The Scottish Trinity once again!

To his feet and bringing Scott with him, Gage prepares for the second suplex of three but takes his time. Pivoting around the ring, playing it up for the bitter audience.

DDK:

He's just gloating now...

Angus:

Yes! And he should... this one is all wrapped up!

Gage, having had his fill of boasting, wrenches up for the vertical suplex. Douglas makes it nearly horizontal before abruptly returning back to his feet.

DDK:

Douglas still has some fight!

But so does Gage. He bares down again to suplex Douglas over.

DDK:

Scott Douglas blocks the suplex!

He follows up the block with a quick knee to the gut, still tied up in that suplex grasp...

Angus:

See this is why you never celebrate too early.

DDK:

Hardly what you were saying a few moments ago.

The tables have turned and Scott's trying to keep it that way. Another quick knee lift to the gut is all he needs to reach down and grab Blackwood's knee...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!! SUB POP SUPLEX!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!

Douglas floats over and makes the exhausted cover.

Doyle is in position.

The crowd counts along, LOUDLY.

ONE!

TWO!

THR -- KICKOUT!!!!

The Faithful can't believe what they've just seen!

Angus:

Someone let the air out this crowd!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood just kicked out of the Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster that we've seen put away many men!

Angus:

And he got all of that one too!

Both men lay flat on the matt.

Doyle begins the standing ten.

ONE!

DDK:

Love him or hate him, Gage Blackwood just did the impossible!

TWO!

Angus:

Love him! As long as he closes the deal. My admiration is for closers, Keebs.

THREE!

Douglas begins to stir and reaches out for the ropes.

FOUR!

Gage isn't too far behind him.

FIVE!

"Sub Pop" Scott makes it a knee.

SIX!

Gage follows suit.

SEVEN!

The Faithful ignite as Douglas makes it vertical.

DDK:

Douglas is up!

Angus:

So is Gage!

With the tension in the match at an all-time high, Blackwood looks at Douglas and screams... and with a tiny amount of blood trickling down from the trademark scar above his left eyebrow, he rushes towards Douglas with absolutely everything he has left.

DDK:

DOUGLAS SIDE STEPS THE CLOTHESLINE... spins Gage around... DDT is escaped by Blackwood...

Blackwood takes three steps back, looks for a ...

DDK:

HIGH KNEE ... NO! Blackwood misses... Douglas off the ropes...

WHAM!!!

...

...

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HIT THE GAELIC STORM!!! HE JUST LEVELLED SCOTT DOUGLAS!!!

Blackwood simply falls into the pinning position, perhaps not even sure himself if he's making a pinfall attempt.

Doyle counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Angus:

Oh my god... HE CLOSED THE DEAL!!! Gage Blackwood beats Scott Douglas!!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Danson ♪

The Faithful are stunned. Pins could be heard dropping in the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... GAGE BLACKWOOD!!!

Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler come sprinting down the rampway. They slide into the ring and scream at Benny Doyle to leave as they try to revive the fallen Scotsman. Another referee comes to check on Scott Douglas.

DDK:

This has to be Gage Blackwood's biggest DEFIANCE victory yet!

Angus:

And look how it happened! He turned his back on the people. He gave up that do-gooder BULLSHIT and he has never been closer to success than tonight... then right now!!

DDK:

Scott Douglas gave one hell of a fight, though! This really could have gone either way!

Finally able to, in some way, understand what has happened, Gage Blackwood is pulled to his feet and slowly dragged out by his teammates. A faint, albeit evil smirk crosses his face momentarily before fading away to confusion once again as he is helped up the ramp.

Angus:

Wow.

DDK:

I still don't think Scott Douglas entered into this tonight at one hundred percent but what a fight he put up!

Douglas begins to get a standing ovation as he's helped to one knee. The Sub Pop star shakes some cobwebs out of his head before rolling out of the ring while the referee follows like a doting mother.

DDK:

Hell of a fight, that's for sure.

Angus:

For once, we agree.

The scene fades as Blackwood goes behind the curtain and Douglas begins an extremely labored walk up the rampway.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. SCOTT STEVENS

The camera scans the crowd before landing back on the commentary booth.

DDK:

Coming up next, it's a match that's been building for months! Let's take you back!

The screen cuts to a video package of the feud between Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens.

- We see replays of Mikey and his "biggest fan" Jack Stevens.
- We see Scott attack Mikey and the jealous rage that followed.
- Highlights of their match at Acts of Defiance 2019 air, with Mikey lying on the mat, while Stevens walks out victorious.
- Then we see clips of Mikey's fiery speech at DEFtv 121. Followed by Mikey beating 3 other people to become the FIST of DEFIANCE Number one contender.
- We see Mikey putting his Contendership on the line at DEFtv 122 in a best of 3 series with Stevens.
- Then finally we see highlights of the first two matches, including the 3 man beatdown that finished match one, along with the steel chair assault. We see match two where Mikey was tapped out after furthering his shoulder injury. The scene fades on Mikey looking up the ramp angrily after Scott Stevens.

Angus:

It's been a long time coming that's for sure Keebs, The question is, is McMikey ready to go tonight? He's been feeling the effects of the brutal attack by the Stevens family!

DDK:

You're not wrong partner, that left arm of Mikey Unlikely has been heavily bandaged and repeatedly torn apart by Scott Stevens.

Cut to Darren Quimbey, who takes his place in the center of the ring and brings the mic up to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following matchup is scheduled for one fall and is the final of the best of three series! The Winner of the series will be the NUMBER ONE CONTENDER FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE! Both men are tied at one win apiece which makes this match, THE TIEBREAKER!

The fans cheer loudly.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first...

♪ "Battle without Honor or Humanity" by Hotei♪

The fans come alive as the single spotlight hits the center of the stage. Mikey Unlikely walks through with a large smile and aviators on his face. His left arm has a much bigger elbow pad than the right, and we can see some gauze around the shoulder of Mikey keeping it tight.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing *this week* from Long Beach, California ... Weighing in at 225 lbs. He is The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer.... This is Mikey Unlikelyyyyyyyyy!!!

Mikey bounces on the stage, and looks out across the fanbase who cheer. He makes his way down and takes the

steps into the ring instead of his normal rolling into it. He enters the ring quite gingerly but tries to hide his discomfort.

DDK:

Mikey looks to be in great shape as usual but you have to wonder about that arm!

Angus:

It's certainly a glaring weakness at the moment Keebs, and we can fully expect the SNAKE Scott Stevens to go right for it.

♪ "Ain't No Rest for the Wicked" by Cage the Elephant ♪

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 crowd knows 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, weighing in at 256 pounds...he is one-third of the DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPIONS.....SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

The crowd boos loudly as Stevens makes his way onto the ramp. Stevens smiles wide looking down at the ring at Mikey.

DDK:

Confident as ever.

Angus:

Let's call it false confidence!

Stevens walks down the ramp, sizing Mikey up in the ring, as he steps in and poses in all four corners. Unlikely steps out of the ring to give Stevens a chance to get in, and also to keep watch for a sneak attack. Stevens holds the ropes open telling Mikey to come inside.

DDK:

Stevens, the humanitarian. Holding the ropes open for Mikey to come back inside.

Angus:

I hope Mikey breaks his face in.

Stevens laughs as Brian Slater motions the former FIST of DEFIANCE back to allow Mikey Unlikely back inside. Once inside, Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go.

Stevens comes out of his corner full of arrogance and cockiness while Mikey comes out a bit cautious. Stevens makes crying noises as he points to the arm of Mikey.

DDK:

Stevens reminding Mikey of what he did to his arm.

Angus:

Stevens about to lose to a one armed man Keebs.

Stevens continues to mock Mikey and the Blunt Blowin' Maniac delivers a right hand to the face of the Texan staggering him.

Angus:

Stevens got rocked!

Stevens staggers towards the ropes and Mikey continues the attack by running at Stevens and sending him through the ropes with a knee to the gut.

DDK:

Stevens crashes to the floor!

Angus:

Told you Keebs!

Stevens quickly gets to his feet and goes to enter the ring, but pushes away after he sees Mikey approach him and the Faithful begin to boo the Texan.

DDK:

Stevens not wanting any of Mikey right now.

Angus:

He's a coward Keebs. A fucking coward!

Stevens continues to stall on the outside and Mikey slides out on the opposite side of the and sneaks up behind the Texan and throws him into the nearest ring post. Mikey begins to put the boots to the fallen FIST as the crowd cheers him on. The former tag team and Southern Heritage champion picks up Stevens and rolls him back into the ring. Mikey rolls inside and delivers a running boot to the face of the Texan just as he begins to sit up. Cover.

ONE.

TWO.

Kickout.

DDK:

Stevens kicks out at two.

Angus:

Only a matter of time Keebs. Only a matter of time.

Mikey drives a forearm into the face of Stevens and turns him onto his belly and locks in a variation of a camel clutch.

DDK:

Mikey with a variation of a camel clutch locked in. Will Stevens tap?

Slater asks if Stevens wants to quit and the Texan tells the official to politely fuck off. Mikey favors his left arm and soon can't hold the lock in anymore. Unlikely breaks the hold and shakes it off as he walks around the ring, messing with the gauze on his arm.

DDK:

Not only is that uncomfortable for Mikey Unlikely but it's causing quite the distraction for Stevens to catch his breath here.

Keebs is right, because as Mikey is adjusting his elbow pad in the corner, Stevens comes running up and drives a running knee into his back slamming Mikey chest first into the turnbuckle.

Stevens points to his head, implying he's intelligent and follows up by pushing Unlikely back into the corner, puts a boot up on Mikey's bad shoulder and pushes over and over against the second turnbuckle. The Hollywood superstar cries out in pain. Stevens pulls on the top rope some extra leverage and it isn't long before the official is breaking it up.

Angus:

Brian Slater isn't going to put up with this long Keebs!

Stevens pulls Mikey to the center of the ring and rolls him onto the mat before applying an armbar.

DDK:

This is a direct assault on the Left arm of Mikey Unlikely, and why not, with the large bandage it's basically a "hurt me here" sign.

Stevens wrenches on the arm and tells official Brian Slater to get in there and ask Mikey. Unlikely refuses to give up to the submission hold, however. He slowly edges his way towards one side of the ring and with his toe eventually grabs the ropes so that the hold can be broken. As Stevens tells the crowd that this match is about to be over, Mikey rolls to the outside for a few extra seconds of rest.

DDK:

Scott Stevens now, the leader of the Stevens family, on his way to the outside chasing down the number one contender. Here he comes! No Mikey takes him down with a drop toe hold on the outside!

Mikey stands up to capitalize and as he grabs Stevens, Scott pulls Mikey down and over himself sending him face first into the steel stairs.

Angus:

He's going to be so pissed when he sees his face Keebs, that's how he makes his money... now me? I think his acting is ok, but his face... could use some work!

DDK:

Since when do you know about face work? Have you been watching the Kardashians?

Angus:

What about my car dashboard?

DDK:

Nevermind. Back to the action, Mikey now on the outside is hurt. Stevens is getting himself together, and now wants to get the action back into the ring.

After rolling Mikey into the ring Stevens goes for a cover.

ONE...

TWO..

Kickout!

DDK:

Unlikely barely got his bad shoulder up. That had to hurt! He's still in it though!

Stevens gets back up and runs off the ropes, he tries to hit a running leg drop on Mikey Unlikely but Mikey rolls out of the way. Stevens lands hard and Mikey pushes himself off the mat. He stands up quickly and takes down a sitting

Scott Stevens with a basement clothesline.

Angus:

BOOM! What a shot! He used his hurt arm because of the angle and gave it all he had, but you can tell that took almost as much from Mikey as it did for Stevens!

Mikey shakes it off and pulls up Stevens. Unlikely goes for the Suplex but finds he cannot pick up the big Texan with one arm. Instead, he goes for the DDT but doesn't get all of it.

Both men are down and Brian Slater begins a count. Both men get to their knees before he reaches seven and stands up. Mikey Unlikely runs at Scott Stevens and hits him with his good arm as both men go sailing over the top rope and to the outside **HARD!**

The crowd gets loud for Mikey, who slowly gets up on the outside. Stevens meanwhile has his hands under the ring as he is trying to recover. He pulls out a blue steel chair gets the camera catches him smile.

DDK:

Mikey using the ring post to get up... but wait...OH NO MIKEY!

Unlikely ducks as the steel on steel **CLANG** rings out. Stevens misses the chair shot and hits the ring post instead. The reverberation of the chair knocks it out of the hands of Stevens. He turns around and Mikey nails him with a dropkick on the outside that sends Stevens sailing to the ground Suddenly with a burst of adrenaline Mikey is up and breathing heavily.

"LETS FUCKING GO!" The crowd reacts to Mikey's sudden tenacity.

He grabs Stevens and rolls him inside the ring. Mikey climbs to the top turnbuckle using only one hand. Once up there he sizes up Stevens and jumps.

DDK:

Frog Splash by Mikey! He's going for the cover! Brian Slater in position.

ONE...

TWO...

Stevens grabs the ropes with one of his arms to break the pin. Mikey slaps the mat in frustration. He waits for Stevens to get up. Stevens does and turns around.

DDK:

THE BELL END! Mikey just used his old Tag Team partners move!

Angus:

Oh no... he's not here is he? You know what JFK stands for right Keebs? Just Fucking Kill me!

Unlikely shakes off his bad arm, picks up Stevens once more and hooks him for what appears to be a reverse DDT.

Angus:

ROLL CREDITS! I don't know if he got all of it because of his arm Keebs!

Pin attempt!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DDK:

HE GOT ENOUGH!

The crowd erupts as Mikey takes the win.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner and FIST OF DEFIANCE Number One Contender.... MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey lays on the mat for awhile catching his breath. Scott Stevens slowly rolls out of the ring and falls to the floor. He holds his head.

Brian Slater finally helps Mikey up and raises his arm in victory (his good arm).

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely made it his personal mission to BEST Scott Stevens in a wrestling match, without help, without shenanigans, mano e mano. Tonight, he accomplished that goal.

Angus:

Hell of a match Keebs, Mikey's got more guts than I ever gave him credit for. Stevens took him to both the mental and physical limit over the past few months, We saw a different side of both men, that said FUCK STEVENS.

The crowd cheers Mikey as he makes his way up the ramp exhausted and humbled by their response. He waves before headed through the curtain.

ELISE ARES vs. ANDY SHARP

Cut to a panning shot of The Faithful, loud and ready ... until --

The image starts to cut out, the crowd noise continues and the image returns but holds as a still. The audio begins to stutter as the still image becomes delayed live footage ...

DDK:

Ladie -- gentl --

The audio gives out as the footage speeds up in an attempt to catch up ... only to give out once again. The image briefly attempts to return but only manages to strafe small digital blocks across the screen.

Production finally pulls the trigger and dumps the feed ... replacing it with;

**We are currently experiencing technical difficulties.
Our feed will return as soon as a *DEFIANTLY* possible...
PLEASE STAND BY...**

OSCAR BURNS vs. URIEL CORTEZ

The feed finally comes back to life as Darren mid-sentence.

DDK:

-- it to the end of the evening! After Elise ...

BEEEEEEEEEP!

Production makes use of the five second delay and bleeps the spoilers with the intent to air the recorded version at a later date.

DDK:

-- the FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns is going to try and

BEEEEEEEEEP!

Again, they got you.

DDK:

... versus Family Keeling clients. Oscar Burns defends his title in his biggest challenge to date - in both the figurative and literal senses - against the seven-foot one, three-hundred and seventy-five pound "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

Angus:

That match was crazy. Secondly, Burnsie is crazy. He made this mistake in his first reign as the FIST... he put his title on the line against all comers and had his reign cut short by Scott Stevens. And now he's in that ring against not only an undefeated giant but a giant that HAS beaten him before.

DDK:

But we know Oscar Burns. Burns is the type of man that would rather go down in a blaze of glory than sit around and wait for the fight to come to him. In a way, you might be right, Angus.

Angus:

That's how you know I'm right, Keebs... as soon as words leave my mouth. I think we're gonna have a new champion, plain and simple. This dumb Kiwi has grown on me for representing DEFIANCE to his fullest, but Uriel Cortez is A) undefeated, B) has The Family Keeling managing his career and C) again, he's BEATEN Oscar Burns.

DDK:

Well, let me counterpoint that... Burns knows what it's like to fight giants and win. When almost nobody else had defeated Crimson Lord, Burns was the one who figured it out. If Burns can lock a submission of some sort of Cortez, he has a chance.

Angus:

We'll see if Cortez even lets him do it.

DDK:

Another matter altogether. Coming up fans, your main event of Ascension. It will be the LARGEST man on our DEFIANCE roster getting his first opportunity at a major championship. The undefeated "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez goes one on one with the man he pinned on our last edition of DEFtv... the FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns. With that said, we're gonna take it to ringside for our final match of the evening with Darren Quimbey doing the introductions.

The camera then goes to ring with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

"ONE FALL!"

Darren Quimbey:

Yeah, that's annoying... uh, I mean, this is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

The DEFIANCE Faithful ROAR in approval. That reaction QUICKLY changes.

Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking suave AF in a different suit than the one he wore earlier tonight, at someplace a little bit higher on the totem pole than Men's Wearhouse. He looks out to the crowd and takes in the jeers as he switches on his customized Family Keeling headset to speak to the live crowd. No doubt peeved over the unfavorable outcome for Andy Sharp, the brains of The Family Keeling ignored all of the jeering and focused on introducing his client.

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies and gentlemen, there's a big difference between the man that claims to be the FIST and the man that will be your NEXT FIST here in moments. Burns THINKS he can beat my client... but my client KNOWS he can defeat Oscar Burns. Please welcome... your NEXT FIST of DEFIANCE...

He points to the stage behind him.

Thomas Keeling:

Presented by The Family Keeling... Standing 7'1"... weighing in at 375 pounds... **"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 to the ring. All business tonight.

Angus:

Look at him, Keebs. Cortez looks laser focused AF right now. He's got that Big HOSS Energy right now.

DDK:

The facts are the facts right now. Uriel Cortez has been on a big match roll heading into this match. He defeated former Trios and Tag Team Champion Klein. The former BRAZEN Champion and Oscar Burns' friend, big Jack Mace. He pinned Burns himself with his Industry Standard finisher in order to win his tag team match on our last DEFTv. Everything is coming up Cortez, as they may say.

Angus:

Well, if he wants that to be a thing nobody's gonna stop him!

Cortez is inside the ring now with Thomas Keeling watching over his shoulder. No Junior or Sharp tonight. Cortez leans back in the corner, basking in the jeers of the crowd. The DEFIANT Giant wants for Burns to make his appearance.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... you REIGNING and DEFENDING FIST of DEFIANCE... From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out...

And the crowd roars!

The original yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt is up, along with his familiar orange wrestling gear.

DDK:

And here comes the two-time and current FIST of DEFIANCE! Staring down a monster across from him, but Burns doesn't look scared.

Angus:

That's cause Burnsie is kind of an idiot sometimes where putting out these challenges is concerned.

DDK:

We've seen Burns go to great lengths to get that title back. Put his career on the line against Scott Stevens, a man who until that point he had never defeated one on one. Same for the former champion, Kendrix, who did everything he could to throw Burns off his game, only to tap out at Acts of DEFIANCE and hasn't been seen since. He fought like hell to win that belt and now he's gonna fight like hell to keep it.

Beside him, both Ryan Batts and Jack Mace on either side of him slap hands with Burnsie on the ramp. Burns shoos them backstage and the two best friends oblige, leaving Burns to handle his business inside the ring. Once he gets to the ring, he climbs the turnbuckle and holds the FIST up, looking down (but not more more height) than the full height of Uriel Cortez, looking across from him with a confident smile.

DDK:

Like his match against Kendrix, no WrestleFriends at ringside. Burns goes this alone.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! He takes off the shirt and points to multiple sides of the arena to see who can garner the most noise before he then points to the one facing the hard cam for tonight's big show. He tosses it into the audience and then remains quietly in his corner as he hands the title over to referee Brian Slater. The title is raised for the masses to see one final time before both champion and challenger meet up in the ring. Burns doesn't take his eyes off The Titan of Industry. Cortez looks down at Burns with a look to suggest the title is as good as his.

DING DING!

DDK:

Here we go! Is The Titan of Industry going to have record-setting undefeated year leading into becoming perhaps the largest FIST of DEFIANCE in DEFIANCE history?

Angus:

He's gonna try, that's for sure!

The FIST of DEFIANCE makes the first move of the match and tries going for a single leg on the big man...

Angus:

NOPE! DUMB!

Burns gets THROWN quickly with a casual Gutwrench-style toss across the ring as Uriel Cortez smugly walks away and raises both hands for the jeering masses! Burns looks at him from the canvas for a moment and then rolls back up before Cortez can try anything else. The big man walks over to Burns, but he ducks under the attempt at a lockup. When he turns around, Burns surprises him with an on-target Dropkick to the chest!

The first one staggers Cortez and that's when Burns gets on his feet and fires off a second Dropkick to the chest that backs The Titan of Industry into a corner! Twists and Turns then tries to rush at him in the corner and fires off a HARD European Uppercut under the jaw. He then fires a second one that catches him a second time! Then Burns grabs his left arm and tries for a submission or an arm wringer of some kind...

THWACK!

DDK:

Holy LORD, you could hear that all the way up here! One Chop and Burns is DOWN!

Burnsie is on the ground after one shot from Uriel, left gasping for air! Uriel manhandles Burns off the mat and puts the Kiwi grappler into the corner...

THWACK!

A second and even more vicious Chop leaves a red mark on the chest of the FIST of DEFIANCE, but he doesn't get much of a reprieve. Uriel grabs Burns and starts to whip him across the ring, only to suddenly shift him back to the same corner and CRUSH him with a big Running Corner Splash! The blow rattles Burns, but Uriel is still staying on him by grabbing his head and throwing him out of the corner. Cortez rushes at Burns...

DDK:

No! Burns moves!

Burns rolls out of the way of the Elbow Drop that misses! Uriel grabs his left elbow in pain, which gives Burns the chance to go on the attack with big Jumping Stomp!

Angus:

How the hell did Burns survive that barrage?

DDK:

I don't know, but I think he found an opening on that arm!

Uriel shows pain for the first time in this match as Burns then grabs the massive hand and SLAMS it down on the mat followed by a second Jumping Stomp! Thomas Keeling looks worried for his client momentarily, but when Burns tries to grab the limb for some sort of Armbar...

DDK:

NO WAY! ATOMIC THROW BY CORTEZ! BURNS JUST GOT LAUNCHED ACROSS THE RING!

Uriel had just grabbed Burns and LOBBED him halfway across the ring with an Atomic Drop, opted to simply throw him from that position! Burns crashes hard to the mat and the force sends him out to the floor at the feet of a proud Thomas Keeling.

Angus:

He's gotta be loving this! He's got literally the biggest meal ticket one person could have and he's ruling the roost right now!

Cortez sees Burns scrambling on the outside, but knowing the old champion's advantage, The Titan of Industry knows he has to pin or submit Twists and Turns if he wants to become the next FIST. He steps over the ropes and then climbs out to the floor to follow Burns, who is still winded from the Atomic Throw from earlier. Burns is now trying to stand when the massive Uriel creeps up behind him. He swings and Burns ducks, only to fire back with yet another European Uppercut. The blow doesn't do much and when he tries a second shot, Burns gets grabbed and SMACKED right down with a big Clothesline on the floor!

DDK:

It's like trying to hit a European Uppercut on a brick wall. Uriel's just that massive.

Angus:

...How many brick walls do YOU know hit back, Keebs?

DDK:

Uriel has Burns up, where's he gonna take him?

The FIST of DEFIANCE gets lifted up off the mat and THROWN onto the ring apron...

THWACK!

...another vicious chop from the massive Californian lights Burnsie up and the shot knocks him back into the ring! The blow knocks some sweat off of the champion's body and the crowd reels from sympathy pain.

DDK:

That blow just turned the tide of this match in one go! That sweat you could see from up here.

Angus:

That wasn't sweat! Uriel hit his Kiwi ass so hard, it was his soul leaving his body!

The crowd watches the champion clutch his chest in pain with a very confident Uriel now stepping back onto the apron and then climbing over the ropes back into the ring. Burnsie gets scooped up off the mat and then thrown to the ropes, right back into a vicious Shoulder Block that knocks the FIST of DEFIANCE onto his back. He DRIVES a big Elbow Drop into the chest of Burns, laying on top of him for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

That was only the FIRST fall of this match and already that was a close one! What does Burns have to do to weather this storm and fight back.

Angus:

Not getting beaten to shit might help first!

The FIST of DEFIANCE coughs up after kicking out, but Uriel is clearly softening him up for something bigger. He slowly grabs Burns by a handful of hair and then throws him down. He backs up a few steps and then tries a big Splash, but the New Zealander moves! Uriel misses again with the big move and Uriel Cortez is now finally where Burns can mount an offensive.

DDK:

Uriel misses the big Splash on the mat and now what's Burns' doing?

Angus:

Finally not getting beat up?

He stands over The Titan of Industry as he waits for him to try and stand, only to stop him with a huge Dropkick to the knee! Thomas Keeling starts to worry for his massive client a little now as the defending FIST comes off the back side of ropes and lands a Chop Block to the same leg, catching Uriel and then dropping him to the ground. Uriel stumbles backwards when Burns finally lands another Dropkick that sends Uriel back to the corner again.

DDK:

He's got Uriel on the ropes! Now Burns going for a big move...

Burns creates distance between himself and Uriel before charging in the corner and firing a huge High Knee that catches him in the chest. The blow stuns Uriel long enough for Burns to hit the ropes and come back, only to strike

again with a second High Knee to the chest! Uriel looks winded when Burns grabs him by the head and pulls him out of the corner and jumps on his back...

DDK:

Sleeper!! He's got him in the middle of the ring!

Angus:

Or not!

Uriel learned from his last match with Burns when he busted out a Guillotine Choke and RAMS Burns into the corner! Burns still holds on, but The Titan of Industry catches him a second time. The champion finally go when he gets WALLOPED with another Clothesline that once again sends Burns to the mat!

DDK:

Oscar had that flurry of offense, but Uriel Cortez is just too much thus far. He doesn't need a lot of fancy moves or holds, he just needs to catch you and hurt you.

Angus:

Yeah, just like that!

The massive challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE walks around the ring, once again enjoying his handiwork with Thomas Keeling telling him to focus and attack Burns while he has him down. He sees Burns starting to stand and when he charges across the ring...

DDK:

Burns suckers him in! He pulls the ropes down and now Uriel's on the floor!

It's true that he's already down. The Team Graps Cap looks out to Team Graps aka The Faithful and then out to Uriel Cortez, who is now stumbling around the outside. Burns then charges off the ropes...

Angus:

AIR BURNSIE!

DDK:

Elbow Suicida through the ropes! The crowd firmly behind Burns as he takes the fight to the giant here tonight!

Burns catches Cortez with the Elbow Suicida on the floor! The blow amazingly doesn't knock the big man down, but it does allow The Guru of the Graps to create some distance between he and Cortez. Burns then climbs back onto the ring apron looking for something. He pats his knee and the crowd knows what's coming next...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

DDK:

Burns gonna try the Flying Knee variant off the apron! Here he goes...

Angus:

Oh, crap!

To the surprise of many, Uriel catches Burns in mid-air! He turns the 243-pound Kiwi around in his grip...

FALLAWAY SLAM ON THE FLOOR!

DDK:

OH, NO! BURNS DOWN! HE JUST ATE THAT BIG FALLAWAY SLAM FROM THE CHALLENGER ON THE

FLOOR!

Angus:

God, I think he killed Burnsie! Awesome!

DDK:

ANGUS!

Sure enough, the crowd stops celebrating at all when Burns is down on the ground, favoring his back! Uriel took quite a spill himself hitting the move but he did just that to make Burns take more damage so it was worth it in the moment. The challenger takes a moment to pick himself up off the mat before he rips the dress shirt off he'd been wrestling in, now revealing his massive barrel chest and chiseled physique for the fans.

Angus:

Oh shit, the shirt's off. I don't think we've ever seen the shirt off. Dude wrestles in NICE clothes, gorram it.

DDK:

That should tell you Uriel is in this for the long haul, Angus. We haven't seen Uriel go too long in matches before, something Burns MAY have a chance to exploit if he can somehow turn this around.

The Titan of Industry picks Burns up and then rolls him back inside the ring before following him in. Once again, the giant takes the champion off the mat and then grips him in another Fallaway Slam... this time, he simply LOBS Burns over his body and drops him to the mat from seven feet in the air! The FIST of DEFIANCE lets out a loud howl of pain and thrashes around the mat with a confident Cortez knowing he's closing in on the championship. He turns over and throws Burns to a seated position before grinning...

DDK:

GOOD LORD! CHOP TO THE BACK!

The loud sound once again echoed through the Wrestle-Plex when Uriel kneeled over and finally went in for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

...The fuck he kick out of all THAT?!

DDK:

Like I said earlier, Angus, Burns went through as close to hell in his career as I think one man could go in the last year to get back to the top of DEFIANCE because he wants to represent the company that bad. But at what cost?

Angus:

The one where he gets crippled again like Stevens did to him?

Try as he might, Uriel Crotez continues to stay in his face as he picks him up off the canvas. Another pair of knee strikes doubles Burns over before Uriel has him by the sides and then elevates him off the canvas into a tight Bearhug!

DDK:

Great in-ring smarts by Uriel Cortez! Work over that back. It's simple, but as close to in-ring technical knowhow somebody like Cortez needs. He can just go right to this hold and soften him up for either the Industry Standard or the Industry Great!

Angus:

Yeah, no doubt Keeling's giving him this information.

Sure enough, Thomas does from ringside as he continues barking instructions at the giant, telling him to take the life out of Burns and then he can take the FIST for The Family Keeling.

Thomas Keeling:

That title's as good as yours, son! Keep on him!

The Kiwi grappler shakes his head frantically trying to grab the massive arms of Cortez to get him to let go, but nothing doing. He's just too strong. Burns then thinks quickly of what else he can do... so he busts out a Bell Clap!

DDK:

That's a unique move!

Angus:

Makes me miss Henry Keyes...

DDK:

And another Bell Clap by Burnsie! Uriel dazed for a moment... but locks the hold in even tighter!

He continues putting the pressure on Burns with the somewhat outdated, but entirely effective submission hold on Burnsie. Referee Brian Slater asks if he gives...

Oscar Burns:

No, GC! No!

DDK:

Now what's Burns doing?

Burns shrugs and does the only thing he can think to do...

Grabs Uriel's hair...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! JESUS! RIGHT TO THE FACE!

The blow actually stuns Cortez, but he still has his grip somewhat on The Guru of the Graps... so he HEADBUTTS him a second time, this time drawing blood from the lip of the giant!

Angus:

Did a guy calling himself Guru of the Graps just resort to street fighting tactics to break the hold? I LOVE this!

DDK:

We've seen those Headbutts drop people, but Cortez still standing, though he's got out of the hold!

Burns is stunned from the hold and can't follow up immediately, still clutching his back. An angered Cortez wipes the blood off his face and then picks Burns up...

DDK:

Industry Standard coming up... NO! NO! GUILLOTINE CHOKE! GUILLOTINE CHOKE!

The Faithful are going crazy now as Burnsie has the hold locked in tightly mid-ring with Cortez now down to a knee!

Angus:

Looks like Burnsie learned his lesson from when he got pinned by The Industry Standard two weeks ago!

After reversing his signature Waist-life Side Slam, the submission hold continues to take the air out of Cortez, who isn't moving as quickly as he once was. Cortez continues to try and lift Burns up and tries to reverse the move, but Burns quickly lets go... and he SPIKES Cortez down with a huge DDT!

DDK:

HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM DOWN! BURNS HAS THE OPENING NOW!

The submission master runs off behind Cortez as he tries to get up, runs off the ropes and FLATTENS him with a big Running European Uppercut from the kneeling position! The blow rocks Uriel in a major way and Thomas Keeling is beside himself now as The Guru of the Graps tries to chain some offense together. He rushes behind him...

DDK:

Another STIFF High Knee from Burns to the back of the head! Uriel is down! Uriel is down!

Angus:

Holy crap, Keebs, he might do it!

Uriel is on his back now and the crowd counts along as Burns goes for the cover with all his weight on Uriel's shoulders...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

BARELY a two-count for his first nearfall on the monster, but Burns is still staying on him!

Burns roars out to the Faithful who reciprocate several thousand fold. He measures up a rising Uriel and once again goes for the leg with another Dropkick! The blow drops him again and when he's on his knees, Burns unloads on the monster...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Burns stops and then fires off...

TEN!

DDK:

I don't think I've ever seen Burns fire off TEN of those European Uppercuts in a row, but he just did it!

Angus:

I know! Now where the hell is he going?!

The Guru of the Graps then heads up top and looks out to the crowd... and much to his shock, Uriel is STILL trying to stand. He shrugs and yells out to the crowd...

Oscar Burns (and crowd):

SWEET AS!

He then flies and NAILS Cortez in the face with a Flying Knee from the top rope! Burns doesn't think he's gonna stay down, so he goes back up once again quickly as Thomas Keeling looks like he's about to shit a brick in front of the live crowd...

Oscar Burns (and crowd):

SWEET AS!

And once again lands the picture perfect Flying Knee Drop off the top right into the chest of Cortez! The giant convulses after the impact, to which Burns crawls over...

DDK:

He's got him here! He's got him!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! NEITHER DOES BURNS!

Angus:

This dude is a FREAK!

Burns holds up three fingers to Brian Slater, but when only two come back, the Guru of the Graps looks on in shock. Thomas breathes a sigh of relief, but the crowd is still intent on seeing this one through with The Team Graps Cap. Burns shrugs and then tries going on the offensive again, looking for a body part to keep the giant down. He rushes at him from behind and goes back to the leg once again, clipping Uriel with another stiff kick at the knee before he tries to grab him for a Leg Lock...

DDK:

No! Uriel shoves him away with the good leg!

He SHOVES Oscar back into the corner and then starts to stand. Burns come back and tries to take it to the big man, but Cortez angrily THROWS him up in the air and flattens him with a Flapjack Toss! He kicks Burns aside and runs to the ropes...

DDK:

The big Splash connects!

The crowd CRINGES as the Standing Splash hits Burns, but Cortez isn't done. He favors the left knee that Burns has been targeting for the moment before he hooks Burns by the head in an Inverted Facelock set up...

DDK:

Inverted Facelock into the Elbow Drop! He calls that one Big Business and that might be it!

Uriel makes the cover now on Burns!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Angus:

What the shit?!

The crowd, Uriel, and even Thomas Keeling can't believe it, but the shoulder of Burns came off the mat right before the three after the succession of big power moves from the burly challenger. With Burns now in dire straits, the powerhouse now stands over Burns and looks to end things. Thomas Keeling balls his hands together to tell him what to do...

DDK:

Oh no... I think he's looking for The Industry Great! He tapped out both Klien and Jack Mace in the weeks leading to this match. He injured Klein with that modified Camel Clutch!

Angus:

There he goes!

Cortez then stands over The FIST and goes in for the kill...

DDK:

...BURNS STILL ALIVE! He slips backwards through his legs!

The crowd cheers on Burns as he gets behind Cortez and slips away to the ring apron, angrily making The Titan of Industry pursue him through the ropes. He tries to grab Burns by his hair, but he blocks a shot. The Titan of Industry then tries to get a kne eup...

DDK:

Oscar has the leg! He suckered him in...

And he DRAGS the redwood-like leg with a big Dragon Screw Leg Whip through the ropes! Uriel can't stand and collapses onto his back!

Angus:

That was slicker than cat shit on linoleum!

DDK:

And now Burns has Uriel down after that move! He's going up top yet again! This has to be a record of some kind for Oscar Burns!

Once more with feeling, the FIST goes up top with Uriel still winded and clutching his knee. Burns looks out to the fans and lets them fill in the blank...

Crowd:

SWEET AS!

...And with that, he once again dives off this time dropping a HUGE Divnig Knee Drop to the back of the head of the monster! Burns rolls through the hold and goes right to the left knee as the crowd goes apeshit!

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH III! THE MODIFIED HEEL HOOK! HE'S GOT IT ON, MIDDLE OF THE RING!

As big as the giant is, Burns has his mammoth leg tied on the floor, locked down with nowhere to go! Thomas Keeling yells at his client from the outside.

Thomas Keeling

DON'T YOU DO IT! DON'T YOU TAP OUT! MAKE THE ROPES! HOLD ON! DO SOMETHING!

Thomas even tries to push the nearby rope inward hoping that the grounded Titan of Industry can grab it, but Brian Slater YELLS at him to back off! Thomas angrily growls at the official...

Uriel tries to hold on...

DDK:

NO ESCAPE FOR URIEL CORTEZ! THAT HOLD'S LOCKED IN EVEN TIGHTER AND HIS HEEL IS BENT IN A BAD, BAD WAY!

He continues to hold the leg...

Uriel has the arm up...

TAP!

TAP!

TAP!

The Faithful EXPLODE as Burns collapses to the mat, letting go of the sickening heel hook/knee bar combination on the big man!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match and STILL the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Thomas Keeling buries his face in his hands, the complete disappointment of the moment evidently clear. Neither man from The Family Keeling had walked out tonight with gold and to make matters worse, the now-formerly undefeated Uriel Cortez had just been tapped out. He favored his knee and heel while on his back before rolling out of the ring in sheer disappointment.

Meanwhile, inside the ring, Oscar Burns was helped to his feet by Brian Slater and handed the FIST of DEFIANCE. Unlike the last time that he tried to make it to the third defense of the FIST of DEFIANCE, tonight Burns was successful in retaining his championship.

DDK:

And there you have it! "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns has submitted his biggest opponent yet and continues on as the FIST of DEFIANCE! What a victory from the brink of defeat! If Cortez had gone for The Industry Standard slam instead of The Industry Great submission in that moment, perhaps Burns might not have been so lucky.

Angus:

Yeah, Thomas Keeling is a genius of the sport, but telling him to go for the submission on a submission expert who knows how all that reversal and escape shit works... maybe not the smartest idea.

A disappointed and angered Uriel limps up the ramp, looking back at Oscar Burns with a snarl while Thomas Keeling storms off angrily at his client's lack of title success on this evening. Back in the ring, Burns poses with the FIST of DEFIANCE and then limps out of the ring to celebrate passing his biggest test to date as the reigning champion!

DDK:

It's been a hell of a night, but tonight Oscar Burns remains the FIST of DEFIANCE and now has Mikey Unlikely perhaps looking to finally claim that #1 Contendership he's been hanging onto... but those are answers for another night. Tonight, Oscar Burns is STILL your FIST of DEFIANCE after gutting it out against a VERY game Uriel Cortez.

Angus:

Yeah, he almost won it and that's damn impressive for a kid that I think only has two and a half years experience in the ring!

DDK:

Indeed, this won't be his only shot, but tonight... The Team Graps Cap does NOT disappoint! For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler saying good night! And thanks for joining us for Ascension!

Burns now JUMPS into the crowd and celebrates with The Faithful! A big title defense under his cap and a man of the people ready to take on all comers.



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