

AN UNLIKELY CHALLENGER

In the locker room, already in his ring gear is a focused Mikey Unlikely. The #1 Contender to the FIST OF DEFIANCE is counting coins on a table.

Suddenly the door swings open then slams against the wall. The coins go flying as Mikey jumps. The challenger turns his head to see some familiar faces walk in. First is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in history... Elise Ares. Behind her, the muscle, the man, the myth, the box... Klein. Already dressed to the nines and ready to go, the SoHER need no introduction as she immediately begins speaking.

Elise Ares:

Hey look at us, right?

She smirks and shows off the hardware, does a little spin showing off.

Elise Ares:

Me... the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history. You, soon to be the first of DEFIANCE. Klein...

She looks back at Klein who smirks.

Elise Ares:

You're next Ace In The Hole right here. Not too shabby for a couple of wrestling fans just trying to make it into major motion pictures... was it? Did I say that right?

He sizes the intruders up before speaking.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey what's going on!? Yea I would see we all have some big matches tonight! Congrats on the incredible reign! I heard you had passed me a while back. What can I do for you guys?

Elise Ares:

It has been a while... maybe too long, we tagged that one time, yeah? Things still didn't feel right. We just didn't feel like... us. You know what I mean? The Sports Entertainment Guild. Those people totes hated us, but they hated us because we were good. We were damn good, and Angus can talk out there all he wants about having some kind of blackmail over karma to be as lucky as I've been but just like you I've worked DAMN hard to get to where I'm at and I just can't help that I look so "gorram" good while I do it.

Klein pats Elise on the back, and she resists the urge to pull her flask out of her... someplace, and start drinking on the spot. She's trying to be serious. For once. Mikey smiles.

Elise Ares:

But tonight... you have a shot at Oscar Burns. We could walk out of here with both of the singles titles and my man Klein right here being Ace In The Hole. I mean... I know I'll do my part, and I'm hoping you'll do yours because I have a proposal for you.

Klein's eyes grow wide, and right before he speaks Elise interrupts.

Elise Ares:

Not that kind of proposal, Klein. What do you think this is, 2017?

Mikey shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Wait, what...

She brushes past it.

Elise Ares:

You remember the days of being the Hollywood Heritage Champion, yeah? Picture this.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style makes a rectangle with her thumbs and index fingers like a movie screen in front of her.

Elise Ares:

What if after tonight... me and you... movie star vs. movie star... champion vs. champion? I've been on fire, Mikey. I'm feeling it. I've earned it. Nothing on this planet can stop us from taking this place over. It's destiny, obvs. Think of the ratings we could pull in for THAT. What do you say, champ? You think you can make a little girl's dream come true and give her a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE?

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer takes a second to think his answer through.

Mikey Unlikely:

You have been working hard Elise, you're right about that! You're the longest reigning HOHER of ALLLL TIME! You've been making waves, and taking names! Is that how it goes? Anyway... Long story short, I have the biggest match of my life tonight, and I can't afford to think ahead. I have to put it all on the line with Oscar Burns, and FINALLY win the FIST! So let's put this conversation on hold, and talk about AFTER I win!

There is a short, but awkward silence as Elise stares blankly back at her former SEG mate. She nods her head after a few seconds before looking back at Klein.

Elise Ares:

I think... that's a yes? It has to be a yes.

Klein and Elise begin jumping up and down like a couple of school girls. Mikey looks surprised.

Elise Ares:

Thank you so much, Mikey! We're going to Sports Entertain the HELLLL out of those people!

She leans over and gives the challenger a good luck peck on the cheek before turning her back to him and throwing her arms into the air. Klein throws his arms into the air as well.

Klein:

DOUBLE CHAMP!

Elise Ares:

DOUBLE CHAMP!

The two leave the locker room talking back and forth like a couple of teenagers. "I think that went well!" could be heard as the door closes, and Mikey is left alone in the locker room once again.

Mikey Unlikely:

What is wrong with that girl?

The scene fades as Mikey picks the coins up off the ground.

SHOW OPEN

Highlights from the past two months roll by quickly, telling the truncated story of each particular beefs that have been brewing in DEFIANCE, leading everyone to the road... DEFIANCE ROAD!



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

**BOX MAN COMETH!
SUB POP IS THE ACE!
IM HERE TO MAKE WRESTLEFRIENDS
BO KNOWS ... GEORGE?
KICK TEX-ASS!
HARMEN IS THE WILDCARD!!
STP! I'M AN OILMAN!
DEX IS A JOY!
LIGHT THE FUSE & BLOW THE GC UP!
NO JUSTICE NO PIZZA!
CORTEZ! KEELING THE GAME!
ELISE, ITS SOHER! 4EVER!
BURNS MIKEY DOWN!**

From the craning pan shot we cut to "Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland in the commentary booth.

RUNDOWN

Darren.

Angus.

Time to earn your paychecks.

Angus:

Who the fuck said THAT?!

DDK:

Did you not hear your headset, partner? That was Kelly Evans telling us it's go time.

Angus:

Oh, right. It's time, Keeps! We've made it.

DDK:

That we have, partner! Welcome, one and all, to DEFIANCE ROAD 2019! The last of our major shows until we hit DEFIANCE's major show, DEFCON! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland We've got all of DEFIANCE's major championships on the line, INCLUDING a Unification Match of the long-standing World Trios Championships and the World Tag Team Champions when the respective champions, STP and The Stevens Dynasty! And how will the Sexual Tyrannosaurus Platoon fare after what happened to Mack Brody?

Angus:

With a lot of strength and some good-natured Nazi jokes I've been working on all week?

DDK:

Of course, you have. We've also got the reigning and defending longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion Elise Ares looking to add another scalp on a growing list of talent who have tried to take the title. This time, the DEFIANCE turncoat, Gage Blackwood, is gunning for the title.

Angus:

Can't wait for that one! I hope Elise put a window in her stomach because with her head so far up her ass, she won't see a Gaelic Storm coming!

DDK:

Elsewhere on the card, we have a MAJOR match-up with future World Tag Team Title implications. No Justice No Peace, The Gulf Coast Connection, The WrestleFriends and The Fuse Bros all vie for the #1 Contender spot when they go head to head in a Four Corners Elimination match!

Angus:

Can't wait to see NJNP take out the party dorks, the gamer dorks, and the WrestleDorks!

DDK:

And we cannot forget the first-ever Ace in the Hole match! Six men go at it in a ladder match to determine the winner of our inaugural Ace in the Hole! Win and you can control your destiny as far as future title contention is concerned. A win in this match will GUARANTEE the winner a future FIST of DEFIANCE title match at a future event of their choosing! It'll be former FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens, former Southern Heritage Champion Scott Douglas, "The Wildcard" Jack Harmen, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez...

Angus:

PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING...

DDK:

The D and The D's former best friend, Klein!

Angus:

Can't wait! Bodies are gonna break, Keebs, just you watch!

DDK:

Last but certainly not least, we CANNOT forget our main event. The two-time and current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns goes one on one with "The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer" Mikey Unlikely. We've seen these two men with different in-ring ideologies try and remain civil with one another, but on our last DEFtv, all that went out the window when Mikey Unlikely had enough of Burns and attacked him, culminating in Mikey bashing him over the head with his own title.

Angus:

Serves Burnsie right. Once a McFuckass, always a McFuckass!

DDK:

Burns is cleared for tonight and no doubt will be gunning for revenge in our main event! And all that coming up through the night, but first we open our show with the DEFIANCE newcomer... the massive "Biggest Boy" Dex Joy going on on one against The Blackwood Backup... the veteran Shooter Landell! These two have not seen eye to eye since Dex joined DEFIANCE and made an enemy of Shooter from the get-go!

Angus:

CAUSE HE'S FAT!

DDK:

Was that really called for?

Angus:

I dunno... probably.

DDK:

Well, folks, let's get to our opening match and give you the rundown of how we got here!

SHOOTER LANDELL VS. DEX JOY

DDK:

Coming up first tonight, we have a good one for you and it will be a match between two big bulls! It will be one of the newest members of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy to take on the wrestling veteran Shooter Landell! Literally since Joy first stepped foot into a DEFIANCE Wrestling locker room we have seen Shooter take exception to his very presence.

Angus:

Well, it's probably because Shooter and Adler couldn't escape Dex Joy's gravitational pull Keebler Elf.

DDK:

And that was uncalled for. Dex Joy lost a previous singles match to Shooter Landell thanks to Gunther Adler and a pair of brass knuckles, but he bounced back with a win over Christiano Caballero on Uncut followed by a win in a tag team match with Elise Ares over Gunther and Shooter. But after that tag match I mentioned, Shooter and Gunther attacked Joy's arm with a steel chair! So Dex Joy may not be coming in at full health.

Angus:

He's probably going to sweat just walking to the ring and you expect him to be able to put up a fight against Shooter?

DDK:

He is a big man Angus, but he's in decent in ring shape for a man of his size and stature that can pop off drop kicks and dives from what we have seen. Shooter can ground him, but if Dex can work around that arm somehow he may have a chance.

Angus:

No he doesn't. He's going to get eaten alive by Shooter. Just you watch.

DDK:

Well we will see about that Angus. It is Dex Joy against Shooter Landell here at DEFIANCE Road!!!

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall!

ONE FALL!

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out.

Angus:

Do we seriously not pay any bills here?

DDK:

You've seen enough Dex Joy entrances to know who this is.

Angus:

I have seen enough of these entrances to last a lifetime.

The lights start to slowly come back in the Wrestle Plex, section by section until on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges ... charges ... charges ... and soon it's at 1000%!!!

♪ "The Tempest (Need For Speed Remix)" by Pendulum ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the first wrestler, from Los Angeles California ... weighing in at 390 pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp with his left arm being wrapped in both tape and a special elbow pad. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE faithful as he enters the squared circle.

DDK:

Dex has to wear that elbow pad by orders of our head of medical staff Iris Devine. He's been cleared to compete tonight but Dex has to be careful because Shooter can take advantage if he has a chance.

Angus:

And believe he he will!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are cheering on Dex Joy when he shows off his first official "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!" warning symbol t-shirt. The shirt comes off and goes into the crowd with Dex awaiting the arrival of one Shooter Landell.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The familiar guitar kicks in heralding the entrance of Shooter Landell. No dancing lights. No nonsense. All business as the lowan marches into the arena. Green trunks with one knee pad and a white towel around his neck, he tosses the towel behind him on the aisle. Working his shoulder on his way to the ring, he ignores the jeers from the crowd, who waste no time letting him know exactly how they feel. With him is Gunther Adler behind him!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent ... hailing from Council Bluffs, Iowa and weighing in at 260 pounds ... and accompanied by Gunther Adler ... please welcome SHOOOOOOTER LAAAAAANDELLLLLLL!

Adler and Landell are jeered by the fans but it doesn't seem to bother the pair. He points at Darren Quimbey in the ring before walking up the stairs, wiping his boots off on the ring apron, and entering the ring between the ropes. There is no joy for Joy where Dex Joy is concerned. He looks almost offended to be in the same ring as the super heavyweight but he wants to get rid of him once and for all. Joy slaps himself in the face to prepare himself for what is to come. Shooter looks ready to throw down also.

DING DING!!!**DDK:**

Shooter attacks first! Dex tried to go for a lock-up but Shooter didn't want any part of that and has now gone for the arm.

Shooter grabs at the arm of the Biggest Boy but before he can do anything he gets surprised when Dex strikes him upside the head with a punch. Chops from the Biggest Boy follow and Shooter finds himself reeling. Shooter strikes back with a punch of his own and then doubles over Joy with a toe kick. When Shooter heads for the ropes, he gets surprised to see Dex right behind him. Shooter ducks below him, but Dex amazingly runs over him and does a Lucha roll! He meets Shooter back on his feet and wraps both arms around his body before he pushes him against the ropes and then throws him into the mat with a big belly to belly release suplex!!!

DDK:

Wow-what a move by Dex!

Angus:

What the hell?!

DDK:

So far that wrap and elbow pad seem to be doing their job. No ill effects by Joy so far ... but he isn't done!

With Shooter grounded Dex Joy calls out to the crowd and runs for the ropes himself. As he comes back he stops and

swings his body one way before swinging fast in the other side to drop a pendulum elbow into the chest of Shooter. Shooter groans and he rolls back to his feet but when he looks up he doesn't expect to see something big coming at him ...

DDK:

And there goes Dex Joy out of the corner with a shotgun styled dropkick! How does he do this?!

Angus:

Defy gravity? Who the heck knows!

Shooter rolls backward and can't believe that Dex Joy is coming out so hot, but the fans seem to appreciate the Biggest Boy's efforts. When Shooter gets back on his feet Dex runs forward at a brisk pace but there is still plenty of impact behind the massive splash he takes in the corner. Dex then grabs his body and launches the veteran out of the corner in the style of a biel throw. The big takedown sees Shooter now retreating from the ring where he lands on the floor to try and catch his breath.

Dex is now pumping a fist in the air and then twirls his finger. The fans that got to see this same move on Uncut see it happening again as he gets the crowd to start building a "whoooooooooooooaaaaaa!" chant. Dex Joy points at where Shooter isn't seeing what's happening in the ring. Dex charges ...

But Shooter catches him with a solid punch that knocks Dex back before he can land the Whoa-pe!

DDK:

The WHOA-pe gets blocked by Shooter after a rocky start in this match! Great move on his part.

Angus:

And a dumb move on Dex's part to tell people what he's going to do before he does it!

With Dex reeling from the nasty right hand by Shooter, he shakes his fist and then climbs back into the ring to follow up on Dex, but he quickly comes back to life and then knocks Shooter Landell on his back with a double axe handle to the chest. Shooter gasps for air when Dex fights back and hits a second one that has Shooter dazed and off of his game. Dex takes him to the middle of the ring and deposits Shooter down on the mat with a scoop slam. With Shooter down, he runs again but before he can hit whatever he can next Shooter once again rolls out of the way.

DDK:

Dex Joy could have been looking for that low cross body or that senton but Shooter wasn't just going to lay around and find out.

Angus:

Yeah, Shooter isn't an idiot.

Shooter is sitting on the ring apron but Dex Joy doesn't let up on trying to beat him so he grabs him by his hair. When he gets that far, Shooter finally surprises Dex with an elbow to the jaw and then follows that up by grabbing his arm with an arm wringer so he can snap it over the ropes!

Angus:

I told you! Smarter than Dex Joy, that's for sure!

DDK:

Dex Joy has been on fire, but after that counter by Shooter, I don't know how much more this is going to last!

Shooter now has the chance he sorely needs in order to capitalize on Joy's injury. Joy still isn't off his feet, but the big running kick to the arm by Shooter does its job. Dex reels in pain when Landell grabs his arm and folds it up neatly into a hammerlock then throws him into a corner!

DDK:

A weakness found! That elbow pad doesn't appear to be helping much now.

Angus:

Especially when Shooter is going all-in on attacking it!

Adler watches and the crowd is all over Landell's case when he grinds his forearm into Joy's face against the ropes. This isn't so much to hurt Joy so much as give him an opening where he can take the elbow and then bend it around the ropes. Dex is hurt and he tries fighting Shooter off with a couple of blows from the right side. Shooter blocks a punch and fires a quick elbow from the backside and then kicks the knee out from under Joy so he's finally down.

Now that Dex Joy has been brought to his knees, Shooter decides to get even dirtier by taking the elbow pad right of Dex's arm and throwing it out of the ring.

DDK:

Uh-oh. Shooter going in for the kill now! And if he can get in that Landell Lock on that bad arm? Kiss this match goodbye for Dex.

Angus:

He should've stuck to whatever other sport he played.

DDK:

Football.

Angus:

Nobody cares!

Dex is now reduced to screaming in anguish because of Shooter Landell kicking at the bandaged arm. Dex does not give up and he throws a chop into Shooter's chest that gets him to back off. Dex comes back up and throws a pair of good punches to the head of Shooter. Once freed from the move, Dex tries to get a running start from the ropes, but Shooter strikes him from the right-hand side with a big boot. That blow rocks Joy in a bad way but if that was not enough Shooter then decides that he's going to take Joy down with a divorce court style single-arm DDT into the mat.

DDK:

Joy now can't catch a break after that hot start! The elbow has been exposed and now he's going after it!

Angus:

And that serves him right. He needs to learn a little thing called respect and if Shooter is going to beat it into him, then I guess that's what has to happen, doesn't it?

Dex Joy is now reeling on the mat with Shooter rolling him over so he can go for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

And a kick out!

DDK:

Dex kicks out, but Shooter now staying on that arm.

Shooter does what Keebler is talking about and goes back to stomping on the arm. The arm continued to cause Dexy Baby problems as the boots continued to come down on the joint. More kicks followed and then Shooter decides he wants to slow things down by slamming his arm on the mat. He grabs the arm and does it again! And again! And again!

Angus:

Hahahaha that'll show you, big boy! This ain't no house for fat boy cosplay wrestlers.

DDK:

Just because he doesn't do that many wristlocks? And nothing I have seen about Dex Joy suggests a cosplay wrestler!

The Biggest Boy is now reeling on the canvas with Shooter Landell now clamping on a short arm scissors submission in order to try and tap him out.

Angus:

It doesn't matter if you're The Biggest Boy or Dexy's Midnight whatever ... everybody is the same size on their back ... well except for the bowling ball in his gut ...

DDK:

I don't know how you have a job still but that's neither here nor there. Dex is trying to fight his way out of the hold.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are starting to cheer on Dex Joy as he tries to maneuver himself back to a seated position, despite Shooter having the hold locked in. When he realizes Dex isn't going to go down so easily, he switches to a standing arm bar style submission. Dex uses the free hand and throws a punch with his good hand to strike him in the stomach, but Shooter keeps a pit bull like grip on the arm and holds him in place.

That is ... until Dex starts to scream and then shoves Shooter into the corner!

DDK:

Shooter has that hold locked in still and keeps the arm locked in ... but the official now making him let go.

Dex Joy finds himself a little bit of peace after Shooter lets go ...

SLAP!!!!**DDK:**

That was complete disrespect on the part of Shooter ... Dex isn't taking that lying down!

The sneer gets punches right off of his face by Dex! The big Los Angeles power house beats on his chest with his good hand and tries to take his best shot but he can go any further when big Gunther Adler on the outside grabs his leg. Not enough to trip him, but enough for Dex to turn to face him and enough for Shooter to clobber him in the side of the head with an elbow smash in the corner.

Angus:

Shouldn't have taken your eye off the ball big boy!

DDK:

Shooter takes Dex out of the corner and then goes for a hang man's neckbreaker! And it lands!

After Shooter has dropped Dex into the mat with the nasty neck breaker he goes for the big win.

One ...

Two ...

DDK:

Dex kicks out! He's going to fight!

Shooter sees him trying to roll over and get back up but when he does this he leaves his arm wide open so Shooter

runs forward a little and then kicks the left arm out from under him! Big Dex Energy crashes to the mat like a tumbling house and now he is left in a very vulnerable state while he holds onto his leg arm because it feels like it's on fire.

DDK:

Shooter Landell is wrestling a perfect match right now. No matter what he's trying to do to block that hold, Shooter has just had an answer for. And now with Gunther Adler lurking on the outside, he's got this match in complete control.

Angus:

And now he's about to rip a drumstick off of Joy!

And what he means by that is Shooter Landell going for an arm bar in the fujiwara variant now cranking back on the hold!!!

Dex is screaming in pain with it almost being music to the ears of Shooter. The hold continues to take its toll on Dex, so he does what he can do best and that his fight like heck to get to the ropes.

DDK:

And now Dex trying to fight! He's doing his best!

Gunther Adler is doing his best on the outside, giving some words of wisdom for Shooter Landell as the submission hold is taking its toll on him. The official asks Dex if he wants to give, but he simply bites the wrist tape on his arm, to try and fight through the immense pain.

Angus:

Oh lord, just tap! Just tap out!

DDK:

He's holding on! He's almost got to those ropes!

Dex is about to get to the ropes and stretches his right arm out ...

He is almost there!

Just a little more!

Angus:

No! Hah! Shooter pulls him back and then elbows the arm again!

DDK:

Smart by Shooter. It looked like Dex Joy was almost to the ropes, but he stopped that immediately and now he's got Dex on the ground.

Shooter goes for the arm again but when he tries to set up for the Landell Lock, Dex punches him again and the attempt is broken. But when Dex tries to swing he gets taken down with a massive STO leg sweep!

DDK:

He took down Joy! And now Shooter can beat him again!

One ...

Two ...

Dex's shoulder comes up!

Angus:

This kid has a death wish for his arm doesn't he!

DDK:

No it's called being a fighter! He's going to lay it all on the line and he's pretty respected for it in the short time he's been here.

Shooter then has Dex up and watches him rise to his feet and then decides to double him over with a kick. He switches his attack up by running for the ropes and then kicking Dex in the head and the blow rocks him. When he comes back for another move ...

Angus:

SHOOTER IS DEAD!

DDK:

What a massive spine buster by Dex!

Shooter is still staring up at the lights and looking like he can't believe what just happened while Gunther Adler is trying to will him to his feet with more pearls of wisdom such as ...

Gunther Adler:

Get up! Get up!

Meanwhile the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are cheering on Dex Joy as he starts getting to one knee and then the other before heading back to his feet. Knowing that he can't slug Shooter with his double axe handle strikes without doing damage to himself, he decides that he's going to break out an overhead elbow and spikes Shooter in the head twice. He rocks him and sends him with a full head of steam before he picks him up and drops him with a free fall drop!

Shooter is sucking wind and trying to stand again when Dex grabs him a second time and sends him for the ride but this time Shooter is ready and hits his left arm. Shooter is left standing but when he swings and goes for a roaring elbow, Dex ducks it and comes back with a big spinning clothesline!

DDK:

Shooter just got knocked out of his boots! Spinning clothesline!

Angus:

So he made himself dizzy before hit the clothesline big deal!

The Biggest Boy clings to his good arm and and waits for Landell to stand back up and when he does, it isn't good news for him when Dex throws him towards the ropes and then throws him up ...

DDK:

He landed the Dex Bomb! That pop up power bomb looked vicious!

Angus:

It did, but look at his arm!

The move has taken a lot out of Dex because he still holds his arm, but Shooter is laid out. He props Shooter up to a seating position and then launches himself at him with a low flying cross body!

DDK:

Can he get the win here?

One ...

Two ...

Shooter kicks out!

DDK:

I don't know how he did that, but he did! But I think Dex can feel the end coming up!

Still reeling from the big man from Los Angeles throwing himself at him repeatedly, Shooter is cradling his chest when he stands, but Dex is already up and unleashes a few palm strikes that rock the gritty veteran. Dex has him by the arm and spins him into a move he calls the Dex Driver ...

DDK:

Oh no! Dex Driver! But Shooter's boot clipped the official!

Angus:

Ha! Dummy!

Dex doesn't see the official yet and after he lands the big spinning slam, he hooks Shooter's leg ...

But no referee!

Dex sees him, but doesn't see Gunther Adler creeping up behind him ... and then clubbing him with a big northern lariat!

DDK:

What a shot! And of course, Gunther Adler is now putting the boots into Dex!

The crowd is on the case of Shooter Landell's partner in crime as the boots continue. Shooter eventually sees what's happening when Adler starts to help him up.

Now BOTH men are attacking him!

DDK:

Oh this has got to stop! Come on!

Angus:

The two on one beatdown continues! They're gonna beat on this fat kid and it's gonna be hilarious!

Dex Joy gets picked up by both men ... one on each arm and then they work together to whip Dexy Baby into the ropes. Both men try for a clothesline when Dex suddenly ducks underneath Adler, then shoves him right into Shooter! Landell gets knocked down by his own partner!

DDK:

Dex fights back! He's got Shooter down ... WOW!

Dexy's Midnight Runner slams right into Adler and the massive pounce shoulder tackle wows the crowd when he goes flying! Adler crumbles in the corner just as the referee starts to stir when an angry Shooter is back on his feet .. but Dex catches him and then slams him with a spine buster into the corner on his own partner!

Angus:

No, damn it! Come on! That's cheating!

DDK:

He didn't bring them into the ring!

Dex has the crowd in the palm of his hand now as he holds his fists in the sky and gets the crowd on him.

DDK:

They're both lined up ... JUMP FOR JOY!!!

Angus:

Good lord, they're both dead!

In this recreation of Indiana Jones, the boulder wins as Dex jumps at Shooter (and Adler) in the corner with a huge corner cannonball senton! Dex rolls Shooter out of the corner and then kicks the downed Adler out of the ring just as the official comes to. Dex pins Shooter.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

After Dex Joy hits the Jump for Joy ... he jumps for joy with one good arm because tonight, he's victorious!

DDK:

This was a big win for Dex Joy! Joy manages to beat the odds tonight despite Shooter Landell having help from Gunther Adler! Gage Blackwood may not be happy with his subordinates after this.

Angus:

Ugh, shoot me now he's gonna think he belongs here!

DDK:

You still doubt the kid? He took Shooter's best shots. He came in with the bad arm, but he overcame and he won. This was a star making performance by Dex and I think he'll be one to watch in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Angus:

BAHHHHHH!

Dex makes sure the official is okay and once he confirms it, The Biggest Boy jumps on the ring apron and nearly slips before he catches himself, shrugs like a dork and then celebrates the massive victory in tonight's opening match!

STAR POWER

The Faithful take their attention to the DEFiatron, a light flickers off and on from what they can tell it's the light coming from a tv in the foreground of the DEFiatron. With each flash from the television whoever is watching it in a dark room is seen. After a few flashes The Faithful have a pretty good idea just WHO it is with each split second the individual can be seen ...it's none other than Scrow. One of the newest Defiants in his right-hand looks to be a remote control as the tv continues to piece together everything he is doing as the promo continues.

Scrow:

Look at that already accepted.

He pushes the remote once more for a couple of seconds, then whispers his next few lines.

Scrow:

Scrow knows if they accepted HIM then they are sure to accept Scrow.....right?

He does it once more and gets on his knees in front of the television, this time the scene switches view taking a perspective of in the background where the back of Scrow's head is in the foreground and a clear picture of the television is now seen. Now the final piece of the puzzle is connected. Scrow has been watching the Dex Joy and Shooter Landell match up specifically the ending of it. Audio from Angus and DDK is heard in the portion of the end of the match.

DDK:

Do you still doubt the kid? He took Shooter's best shots. He came in with the bad arm, but he overcame and he won. This was a star-making performance by Dex and I think he'll be the one to watch in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Angus:

BAHHHHHH!

Dex makes sure the official is okay and once he confirms it, The Biggest Boy jumps on the ring apron and nearly slips before he catches himself, shrugs like a dork and then celebrates the massive victory in tonight's opening match!

The camera pans to The Faithful clapping for him, Scrow suddenly puts his hand which looks like a glove with long fingers covering Dex.

Scrow:

If that is all it takes to be accepted by them, that will be child's play to Scrow.

Scrow removes his hand from the television and stares at the now full shot of Dex Joy on screen in a whisper.

Scrow:

Scrow will show this robust Dex Joy who truly is the better of the two.

In his normal tone.

Scrow:

Scrow will show The Faithful that Scrow is just as good as Dex Joy is.

You see the remote raised once more to the television and a button presses and the DEFiatron goes black....then for a split second Scrow's face flashes on the screen before the DEFIANCE Road logo appears once more on the DEFiatron.

UNIFICATION MATCH: THE STEVENS DYNASTY Â© v. STP

DDK:

I'm not sure exactly what to make of that but ... I'm told we are headed backstage for a pre-match interview; with The Stevens Dynasty!

Cut to backstage.

Lance Warner stands alongside the Steven Dynasty. Bo and George, in their ring gear with the tag titles in hand, flank Cary.

Lance reluctantly begins his would-be interview as he is pretty certain of the outcome.

Lance Warner:

Bo, George...

As Lance expected, Cary snatches the microphone away.

Cary Stevens:

That's enough of you, your cheap suits and your piss poor attempt at sports journalism! I'll take it from here Lance-o-not!

Lance throws his hands up to show no resistance as he back out of frame. He either knows' it's a losing fight or he saw what was coming.

Cary:

Now then...

WHHAAAM!

Cary drops the microphone causing a bassy thud to come across the broadcast just after the clang and well, wham ...

The camera jostles side to side recoiling from the impact/the cameraman tried to get out of harm's way. Once corrected, Pietro Giest stands over Bo Stevens with a dented steel chair laying nearby.

Cary quickly accesses the situation and begins screaming at George to take action.

Cary:

Get 'em! Get those Nazi bastards!

George hops to and goes at Geist. The pair swing widely and brawl with reckless abandon.

DDK:

Folks, this is not what was intended here... A simple interview to hype up the match coming has turned into all-out bedlam!

If it hasn't, it's about to. George and Giest brawl and toss one another from side to side, crashing into rolling equipment cases and random backstage hallway doors. The fight travels with each blow, as one back peddles for footing or stumbles forward with momentum; it's two steps forward for everyone back.

Angus:

This is fantastic, Keebs! The natural sworn enemy of the United States ... annnnd that *"Not-A-NAZI" about to kill each other!!*

Cary seems to have stayed behind to tend to Bo as he is no longer in view. Giest and George's traveling review of who can draw blood first winds up near the production room.

Or as the guys and one girl who works in there call it... The Production Closet.

Angus:

DON'T SHOW HOW THE SAUSAGE IS MADE!

The production room door swings open with a PA headed for assuming more Mountain Dew and slim jims as Giest and Stevens stumble fight their way into the small control room. One of the guys at the control board is caught in the melee and knocked out his chair.

Production Guy:

What the --

On the screens in front of the board are several views of the arena, one of Bo laid out with Cary standing over him, seemingly chastising him for being laid out, the action in the room filmed from just outside the doorway AND the commentary booth, where Angus is grinning from ear to ear.

Giest, with George by the nape of his ape sized neck, slings his Texan into the control board. The crew inside gasp in fear of such a large man slung by another large man into or around such delicate equipment .. but everything remains online and functional.

Production Guy 2:

Security!! Can we get SECURI --

He is interrupted by George shoving Geist into him. Production guy two stumbles back and crashed into the face of a server cabinet.

Black.

Digital clutter.

Buffering...

THE NEXT LEVEL

Still buffering ...

A nearly unacceptable time has passed since the stream froze.

Suddenly ...

The Gamers give a cheer as The Fuse Bros. stand behind the DEFIANCE ROAD backdrop, mics in hand.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's get to this. No Justice, No Peace... you've played us all for fools. You took us out two weeks ago. You took the Gulf Coast Connection out two weeks ago. And you ended off pummelling The WrestleFriends, too. I was told Gulf Coast just got cleared to wrestle as of last night. I'm not even sure they'll be up to speed. You've played us all against each other and this past calendar year has not been so great to The Fuse Bros. But tonight, it all ends. Tonight we reach new heights and begin a new run in DEFIANCE. This four way is ours for the taking. You will see.

Tyler turns to his brother. Conor's grin is ear to ear. He looks to speak but as the anticipation grows, Player Two lowers his mic.

He leans forward and picks something up off-camera. Then he brings it into focus.

Once again showing off the over-sized piñata shark from a few weeks ago. It's light blue and stretches out at least five feet wide. It's heavy enough where Conor is awkward at holding it. He talks without a microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Time to *Power Up!* It's time to use our new weapon... THE GAME SHARK!

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

Look, brother, I'm kind of sick of this *gaming* stuff right now. It's not time for power-ups. It's time for us to get back on track and score a big victory. We're not taking a back seat in this tag division any longer, okay?

Tyler walks off leaving Conor standing there holding the oversized piñata, a little confused.

Conor Fuse:

I was just trying to help... you know, trying to even the odds.

He scurries off after his brother.

Angus:

Are we back?

DDK:

Well ... it --

Angus:

I'm not talking if we aren't ...

DDK:

In that case, Angus. No... we are not back. Shows over, you can go home ...

Angus:

Nice try, Keebs! I can read you like an audiobook! I assume those *nerds* figured out where to put the 1 in the 0 to get us back online after that dirty Redneck and Nazi clash tried to kill our PAY PER VIEW!

DDK:

It was worth a shot! Those of you Faithful watching along LIVE at home on DEFonDEMAND ... we apologize for the outage and will refrain from any and ALL spoiler ...

Angus:

ohhh, I can spoil this before the dirt sheets can!

DDK:

... NO! You can not! Folks, once again ... we apologize and a re-airing of the full match WILL take place on this weeks coming addition of UNCUT!

WRESTLEFRIENDS vs. NJNP vs. FUSE BROS vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen this match is a four-way elimination tag team match! Once a team is pinned they are eliminated! Introducing first, the team of Tyler and Conor Fuse... THE FUUUUUSE BROS.!

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

As their song plays, Tyler walks out first followed with Conor whom is carrying the large blue piñata game shark along with him. It's a real struggle for Player Two to bring this thing down but he's determined to do so as Tyler looks back from time to time and shows displeasure. The Bros. make it to the ring as Tyler slides in and Conor has a hard time finding a home for his new "shark" on the steel stairs because of it's size.

Angus:

That right there, is an idiot.

DDK:

Conor? Or the shark?

Angus:

Both, actually.

Darren Quimbey:

The second team... "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace... The WRESTLEFRIENDS!!!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

There is another loud cheer for this team as the lights flash on and off and standing on the stage back-to-back are The WrestleFriends! They make a quick beeline to the ring. As they enter the squared circle, Batts throws the rally towel into the crowd before taking off his cape. Mace removes his pelt and they exchange signs of respect with The Fuse Bros.

DDK:

These two teams have had plenty of battles recently.

Angus:

All forgettable...

Darren Quimbey:

The third team, Aaron King and Theodore Cain... GULF COAST CONNECTION!

♪ "When The Saints Go Marching In" (techno Remix) ♪

DDK:

We're being told The Crescent City Kid will not be here tonight as he was the only one not cleared to wrestle after the brutal beating from No Justice, No Peace on DEFTv.

Angus: *[sarcasm]*

That's too bad.

King and Cain make their way down as the fans and the 3 other teams, in particular, await the faction they've want to get their hands on the most...

Darren Quimbey:

The final team... being accompanied by Theo Baylor and The Neighborhoodlum, Felton Bigsby and Rosey Owens...
NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!!!

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪

The four members come out and they all look extremely proud of themselves. It only helps fuel this arrogance more as Gulf Coast and Conor Fuse are going crazy in the ring, telling NJNP to get down there ASAP. Tyler couldn't be bothered and, of course, The WrestleFriends, continue to be the peacemakers.

As the legal men get into the ring, it's revealed Rosey Owens will start against "Bantam" Ryan Batts.

DING DING**DDK:**

And RIGHT as the bell sounds to a very loud chorus of boos, Rosey Owens tags Conor Fuse!

While the rest of the teams seem to be irate at Owens for not "man-ing" up for their recent actions, Conor is irate for a different reason.

Conor Fuse: *[to Rosey Owens]*

You can't tag me first, I'm the *Second* Player!

The boos continue to mount, not at Conor, but at Rosey. Tyler rolls his eyes and ensures Conor it's okay because it's multiplayer rules. Before Conor can even comprehend if this logic is correct, however, Owens grabs him by his hair and throws him over the top rope and to the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Gutless.

Owens goes to his corner, extremely proud of himself. Batts, ever the good sport, waits for Conor to get to his feet before asking if he's ready. Conor nods and the two of them lock up.

DDK:

Well, we'll be in for good wrestling here, that's for sure.

Batts pushes Conor into the ropes but Conor slips away and works Batts into an armbar. Batts runs to the ropes and tries to flip over Conor but Player Two lets go of the hold before he does so "Bantam" lands on his feet, with nothing to show for it.

Ryan smiles warmly and the two lock up once more. Batts Irish whips Conor into the ropes and then hits an uppercut. Player Two stumbles back but pops up outta nowhere with a standing dropkick! However, showing off how similar the two opponents are, Batts jumps right back to his feet and connects with a roundhouse kick on Conor. Then he goes to the second turnbuckle and flies off with a crossbody block, which is rolled through by Conor Fuse, lifting Bantam off the canvas and into a fall away slam!

The Gamers/Faithful clap for the display of athleticism shown by both men.

DDK:

I could watch this all day!

Angus:

You only.

Batts gets up and makes the tag to Jack Mace. Conor welcomes the challenge, although Mace points towards No

Justice, No Peace.

Conor Fuse: *[to Jack Mace]*

Hey, I want a peace of them, too!

Aaron King shouts from his corner.

Aaron King:

We all do!

Conor, however, nods and runs right over to Rosey Owens, tagging him back in.

But Owens won't move.

Boos fill the arena.

DDK:

This is a joke. NJNP have got to know their actions have consequences...

Angus:

Um, they do have consequences. And they don't care.

Finally, Owens enters but before Mace can move towards him he leaps across the ring and tags Tyler Fuse!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Angus:

Look, I think this is super smart. Right now, why do they have to fight at all? Let everyone else take each other out and THEN "get what's coming to them", as you said, Keebs. Although they won't be getting anything less than a victory let me tell you.

Player One enters, not looking happy. Nonetheless, he gives a show a respect to the big Jack Mace and wastes no time...

DDK:

Mace attempts a lariat but Tyler rolls on the mat and bounces off the ropes... he leaps at Mace but he's caught and hit with a delayed body slam! Mace gets to his feet, he goes off the ropes and looks for a leg drop but Tyler moves just in the nick of time! However, WOW, Mace was able to absorb the canvas well enough and get back on his feet in a hurry!

Tyler kicks at Mace's chest but Manpower shoos him away. Instead, Mace sends Tyler into the ropes and follows him, looking for a shoulder block but Tyler jumps on top of Mace's shoulders and begins to reign down left hands into Manpower's head.

THUMP.

DDK:

Oh what a powerslam by Mace! He's looking for a pin... OH NO! REVERSED BY TYLER!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

I don't know how Tyler was able to reverse the move and get the big man on his back, but he did and he almost eliminated The Friends right then and there! These two teams have had a number of battles recently and all of them have been very good! This is no exception!

Angus:

I'll give you the fact the two teams know each other well and I'm pretty sick of it to be honest.

DDK:

Mace to his feet. Tyler to his. Mace looks for another lariat, Tyler drops to his knees. He toe drops Mace, who actually stumbles down to the mat. Tyler goes off the ropes and dropkicks Mace in the side of the head! That one looked like it hurt!

Player One stands and gets The Gamers into it. He calls for CQC, one of his trademarks holds but as he struggles to pull Mace to his feet... he's sucked into a big bearhug.

Mace is friendly with his opponent, out of a sign of respect.

Jack Mace:

Can't get me down yet, friend...

Tyler tries to struggle free...

Tyler Fuse:

Yes... yes... I can...

DDK:

Tyler breaks out! Kick to the stomach... CQC!! TYLER HITS IT!

Mace shows poise, however. He gets to one knee and then Theodore Cain reaches out and tags Mace on the back. As Tyler turns back towards the action in the ring, seeing this has pissed him off.

Tyler Fuse:

What?

Theodore Cain is quick to tell Tyler what he wants.

Theodore Cain:

Tag *them* in.

Cain says, motioning towards NJNP.

Theodore Cain:

We want *them*.

Tyler puts his hands on his hips.

Tyler Fuse:

No kidding. We want them, too.

As this argument happens, Rosey Owens, Felton Bigsby and the other two members on the outside continue to look pleased with their work.

Theodore Cain:

We have nothing left to show you. We want to show them.

This infuriates Conor in his corner as he starts shouting at Gulf Coast.

Conor Fuse:

YOU TWO CAN BARELY FUNCTION RIGHT NOW. You're useless!! Give us No Justice, No Peace!

And finally, Jack Mace gets back to his feet and tries to play peacemaker with Ryan Batts.

Jack Mace:

Look, guys, can't we all just get along and realize-

WHACK.

DDK:

Just like that! Tyler Fuse has superkicked Theodore Cain in the jaw!

This causes Aaron King to throw himself over the top rope and right towards Tyler, while Conor screams "oh hell no!" at the top of his lungs and joins in to save his brother. Ryan Batts enters the ring as well and once again The WrestleFriends are left trying to pull everyone apart, along with referee Brian Slater who's wondering why he signed up for this match.

Slater's strong enough to move some guys apart but only for a brief amount of time. As King attempts to knock Conor in the side of the head he hits Batts instead and sends him to the canvas. While not irate, Mace tries to confront King on who he intended to hit with his right fist. King doesn't care and goes hammering Mace instead, not giving a damn about the clear size difference.

DDK:

Madness everywhere!

However, No Justice, No Peace simply stands on their apron, all smiles and do not make a move.

Until...

DDK:

Oh my god!

The crowd pops as The Crescent City Kid, crutches and all, limps down the rampway, his eyes locked on all members of NJNP.

DDK:

The Crescent City Kid is here!

Angus:

And in NO shape to fight, that's for sure!

DDK:

I agree, I don't think this is going to end well but he's coming down regardless and he has these fans behind him!

The Crescent City Kid gets to the end of the rampway. He drops his crutches, sucks back as much air as he can and with everything he has, "sprints" towards the NJNP corner.

DDK:

This crowd is getting loud-

OOUFF!!

DDK:

THE NEIGHBORHOODLUM JUST APPEARED OUTTA NOWHERE AND TOOK THE KID'S HEAD OFF WITH A SPEAR!

Cue the rest of NJNP getting involved, making it a solid 4-on-1 beating.

DDK:

AIM COMING!!! CONOR FUSE CLEARS EVERYONE OFF THE CRESCENT CITY KID WITH A FALCON ARROW SPLASH FROM THE TOP ROPE!!!

Conor pulls himself up to a loud ovation from The Gamers. Fueled with their cheering, Player Two doesn't waste time, either. He tosses Rosey Owens into the steel stairs. He hits The Neighborhoodlum with a spinning roundhouse kick and then he takes Theo Baylor and drops him face-first on the guardrail!

DDK:

Conor's clearinghouse!

The younger Fuse looks down at The Crescent City Kid, whom he's had his recent differences with as well.

Conor Fuse:

You'll still get yours. For now, I'm just evening the odds.

The Kid looks up at Conor as if to say "thank you".

Somehow, however, unbeknownst to all, Felton Bigsby escaped the entire beating and barely felt the impact of Conor's falcon arrow dive. Instead, he jumps onto the apron where all the madness is finally beginning to simmer down in the ring and he tags Tyler Fuse blindly in the back. Brian Slater sees this.

He waits for Theodore Cain to turn around.

DDK:

Clothesline from hell! I don't believe this but Bigsby is pinning Cain!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

Angus:

HA! Amazing!

DDK:

And just like that, Gulf Coast is done!

Darren Quimbey:

The first team eliminated is Gulf Coast Connection.

Boos follow as Bigsby turns right back to The Fuse Bros. corner and tags Tyler in.

Player One stares Bigsby cold, who leaves with a very satisfied smile. As everything has calmed back down in the ring and NJNP recover outside, Aaron King helps roll Cain out of the squared circle and they both collect The Crescent City Kid before very disappointingly going to the back.

DDK:

What a shame for Gulf Coast. They couldn't get their revenge here tonight.

Angus:

They were barely *functional* anyway, Keeps. Better days ahead for them.

DDK:

That's actually a really nice thing you said.

Angus:

Well, I feel sorry for them. They're idiots.

DDK:

Should have known.

The fans await what's happening next as Tyler's the legal man but needs another wrestler to face...

Slater turns to NJNP but Bigsby has "strategically" exited the ring to check on all of his fallen mates. Batts and Mace shrug.

Ryan Batts:

Happy to continue where we left off.

Again, Tyler shows another sign of respect and waits for Batts to enter.

The bell goes again and the two circle around the ring. They lock in a grapple as Batts swings Tyler's right arm behind his back. Tyler tries to break free by hitting Batts with his free elbow but he can't reach him. Finally, Tyler spins around and sends Batts to the canvas on a belly-to-belly suplex. The crowd cheers as Tyler rushes into the ropes but Batts hits the floor upon seeing this so Tyler jumps right over him. Off the next set of ropes he goes and Batts hits a front missile dropkick!

DDK:

Tyler is down but as always he is right back up. Arm drag by Batts. A second arm drag by Batts. Batts into the ropes and a hip toss by Tyler!

Tyler looks into the rafters, as if he's coming up with a new *game* plan. He sees Conor awaiting for the tag in his corner but before he goes over, Tyler rushes at Batts and goes straight into a deadlift German suplex instead!

DDK:

Very impressive!

Angus:

Eh, I've seen better.

Batts considers tagging Mace but positions Tyler in the middle of the ring before he walks over to their corner. Mace tells Batts to go to the top rope... as "Bantam" does and measures Tyler quickly.

The crowd and announce team is unsure what Batts was going for because Tyler moved at the last second. But in an extremely fluid motion, Batts changes his trajectory in mid-air and lands on his feet! Tyler gets up and looks for a small package but Batts rolls through that... the two wrestlers counter each other a couple of times more before Batts has worked Tyler to the middle of the ring again and locked him into a crossface.

DDK:

He's got the Criss Cross Applesauce on Tyler Fuse!

Angus:

Stupidest name ever. Where do they get these names from?

DDK:

Tyler's in the middle of the ring!! He might have to tap!

Angus:

This would be one hard pill to swallow to his brother after saying they needed to get serious and win... haha he's gonna tap out!

The Gamers get on their feet as Batts pulls back but Tyler is trying to fight out of it. Mace cheers Batts on while Conor shouts from his corner. NJNP, meanwhile, have recovered and Rosey Owens stands with Felton Bigsby in their corner. They don't seem to care as long as someone is eliminated.

DDK:

Tyler is trying his hardest... he's moved Batts a little.

The camera zooms in on Batts' being impressed by Tyler moving towards the ropes. It's like he's hoping to see Player One escape but also understands at the same time that means he doesn't win. Paradox...

DDK:

Tyler is halfway there! Batts tries pulling back again...

The Gamers shout as Tyler raises his hand... he looks to throw it down...

DDK:

Wow!! Tyler rolls out of it! He has Batts pinned!!! THIS COULD BE A VICTORY OVER THE WRESTLEFRIENDS...

ONE.

TWO.

THRE--- KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

OH NO!!! NO!!! IT WAS **SO** CLOSE!!! Tyler can't believe it!

Smack.

Rosey Owens tags the back of Tyler Fuse.

Angus:

Waiting for the right time to strike, thank god!

DDK:

Owens, ever the opportunist NJNP has been tonight, he going for the quick victory here!!

POWERBOMB to Batts.

POWERBOMB to Tyler, just for good measure.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, hey!! Referee, I'm sick of this!

Owens runs to Conor and knocks him off the apron!

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Rosey Owens:

Shut up, kid.

DDK:

Oh no... look out! The Neighborhoodlum AND Theo Baylor are going after Conor Fuse as well!

As referee Brian Slater turns to see this, he ejects the two outstanding members from the tag match. The fans go wild with approval!

Baylor throws a fit as The Neighborhoodlum kicks the side of the ring post and screams bloody murder.

DDK:

Well, Slater did a good job here but...

Bigsby has entered the ring.

Both Bigsby and Owens, the legal representation of NJNP are standing in the middle of the ring, bating Jack Mace to enter and "play with them".

DDK:

This does not look good for Mace. Rosey Owens matches him in size.

Angus:

Matches him in size? Rosey Owens is *triple* the size of Jack Mace!

DDK:

Yeah but Mace is the better athlete.

Angus:

Either way, we agree, it's trouble for Mace.

Mace is reluctant but starts to enter. He knows he's not the legal man but he also knows things could get a lot worse with Slater fighting the rest of NJNP to the back and not paying attention to what's happening in the ring.

Ryan Batts is down.

Tyler Fuse is down.

Conor Fuse is down.

Felton Bigsby:

C'mon big man.

Rosey Owens is all grins.

Rosey Owens:

Yeah bud, c'mon...

The second Mace puts his first leg into the ring the two of them strike.

DDK:

I KNEW IT!

Jeers fill The WrestlePlex and NJNP hammer Mace down with everything they have! Right forearm shots, knees to the side of the face, rakes to the back. Manpower never stood a chance.

DDK:

BIGSBY WITH A SPLASH TO MACE! AND NOW OWENS WITH A SPLASH TO MACE!

The NJNP members take Ryan Batts and hurl him out of the ring. He lands in an awful position on his shoulder and shouts in pain as he does.

Finally, as Baylor and The Neighborhoodlum leave for good, Bigsby tells the referee that Mace and him are the legal men. Slater has nothing to do but believe him at this point.

DDK:

This does not look good for Manpower, let me tell you.

Bigsby takes his time and marches around the ring. He soaks in the jeers and sees all the fallen members around him. He kicks Tyler Fuse to The Bros.' corner and then signals for the end. Another big splash is on its way and the end of Manpower, Jack Mace, for good.

Bigsby begins his charge, but he's stopped.

He tries to charge again, but he's stopped.

Not the sharpest guy in the world, he can't seem to understand why his feet aren't moving from underneath him.

Well... his one foot that is.

His left foot.

Then he looks down.

Tyler Fuse is holding on with everything he has.

Bigsby is furious! The Gamers begin to cheer as Tyler won't let go, not even after Bigsby starts kicking and screaming! Rosey Owens has lost patience and comes racing in but Brian Slater stops him!

DDK:

About time! Slater is doing the right thing here!

That's when The Gamers get unusually louder. Bigsby doesn't understand, since Tyler still hasn't done anything more but hold onto his foot and Mace is clearly laid out across the way.

It's Conor Fuse. And he isn't alone.

In his hands he's holding the giant piñata game shark.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, hi there.

Conor looks to crack Bigsby over the head with it but out of nowhere Jack Mace rushes in and hits the most earth-shattering Piccadilly Press on Bigsby! The ring shakes and Conor falls into his corner! Mace makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!!!

THREE!!!!

DDK:

MACE DID IT!!! Give an assist to The Bros. as well!! Goodbye No Justice, No Peace! That was a helluva crossbody!!!!

Angus:

This is awful! NJNP got shafted!! They played such a great *game*, too, as those idiot Bros. would say.

Darren Quimbey:

The second team eliminated is No Justice, No Peace!

Mace rolls over on his side. Bigsby can't believe it. Owens *definitely* can't believe it. While Felton is much more injured from the move and exits the ring, Rosey Owens pushes Slater to the side and begins going off on Mace again!

DDK:

Well I guess it doesn't matter now so he can do what he wants!

The fans continue booing until they see Tyler AND Conor Fuse get on the top ropes across from each other...

DDK:

Oh Rosey, better look up pal!!

DOUBLE MISSILE DROPKICKS!!

Owens flies backwards, hits the ropes and falls completely out of the ring! Slater turns to check on him while Tyler and Conor get to their feet to a roaring approval! Jack Mace, meanwhile, begins to stir and gets on one knee.

DDK:

And we are down to the way it should be, The Fuse Bros. and The WrestleFriends once agai-

CRAASSSSSHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!!

A thunderous shock sweeps through the crowd as Conor Fuse stands ovetop of Jack Mace, after annihilating him

with the piñata game shark.

The piñata explodes into a million little pieces covering the entire canvas while Conor dances around like he's won the lottery. The typical stoic expression on Tyler Fuse's face changes to one a little more demonic as he falls to his knees and hooks Mace's legs.

DDK:

I... we... have a cover?

Brian Slater turns around to see this and quickly slides into position.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

I don't believe what I just saw.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... Tyler and Conor Fuse... THE FUUUUSE BROS!!!!

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

The Gamers don't know whether to cheer or boo but as Ryan Batts recovers on the outside and enters the ring, their reaction would soon be made clear.

The Bros. music closes. Ryan Batts seems puzzled.

DDK:

Batts is trying to make sense of what happened. He sees Jack Mace laid out... and the ring is just covered in that... uh... piñata...

Angus:

I don't know, Conor lost it there for a second.

Conor shrugs his shoulders. He doesn't know what to tell Ryan Batts.

DDK:

LOW BLOW BY TYLER FUSE!!!

SMACK!

DDK:

SUPERKICK BY CONOR FUSE!

DOUBLE CHAMP

Cut to backstage; to the interview area with the always lovely Christie Zane about to get a word in.

Christie Zane:

Hi, folks, Christie Zane here! And standing next to me... well, he's out of frame, but he'll actually BE standing next to me physically in a second... FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns!

A muffled ROAR from the Faithful can be heard as walking into view is none other than the FIST himself, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. The technically savvy New Zealander has the belt over his shoulder when he greets Christie with a curt nod.

Oscar Burns:

Christie.

Christie turns to Burnsie and begins to ask what will no doubt be a line of riveting questioning.

Christie Zane:

So... Mikey hit you with your title last week. I bet that hurt, didn't it?

Almost put off by the question in its ridiculousness, the normally jovial Burns looks anything but his normal self, but he brushes his feelings aside.

Oscar Burns:

GC... I'm doing fine enough and I was cleared several days ago to compete tonight. Honestly, love, my pride is hurt more than anything for being such a good, trusting Kiwi. I actually thought Mikey would be straight up, but we all saw how that turned out. Now, Mikey...

Burns turns to the camera to address his opponent for the main event.

Oscar Burns:

...You won't shake my hand and that's fine. I know that we haven't seen eye to eye, but I thought we could settle our differences in the ring like we should. You've been through a lot to get here and so I have I. But... you didn't like what I had to say, so you packed a sad and attacked me. Fine. That's on me for getting my hopes up for a split second, thinking you hadn't gone all Old Testament Mikey. But I want you to hear me, and I mean REALLY hear me.

He emphatically puts a finger in his ear.

Oscar Burns:

Like I said, trusting you when you were spinning a yarn was on me... But tonight, Mikey, what happens to you in that ring is on YOU. You...

Applause interrupts the FIST of DEFIANCE like a shot. Coming into view, the camera now catches the Southern Heritage Champion Elise Ares giving her fellow champion a round of applause, as well as her closest confident Klein, who is eating popcorn from a tub and watching the champ. Naturally, she's still rocking her own Southern Heritage Title on her waist.

Elise Ares:

Oh, he's so gonna go all Daniel Day-Lewis on Mikey. Just you watch.

Klein nods while Burns turns his attention to his sometimes-ally and fellow utilizer of the Octopus Stretch submission.

Oscar Burns:

Er... GCs, can I help with something? Kinda taking the piss outta Mikey Unlikely here.

Elise Ares:

And trust me, if anyone in DEFIANCE understands needing to take the piss out of Mikey Unlikely... it's me. Well, and anyone else who's seen his movies, am I right?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE waits for a laugh out of Twists And Turns but gets nothing but a look of confusion.

Elise Ares:

I'm TOTES kidding, Burnsy, geez... lighten up. I know you have a big match tonight and all, but I've seen first hand how hard you train. Remember the time that you taught me how to do the Sunset Stretch? Honestly, you might've saved my career that day. I've used what you taught me and I've gone straight into the records books, Burnsy. The GREATEST Southern Heritage Champion of all time.

She moves her hands across the sky like an imaginary marquee. Klein nods approvingly.

Oscar Burns:

I'm glad it's stuck so well and it's all sweet as for you. You were a quick study, and I'm happy to see it still works but... why are you here, love?

Elise Ares:

I'm glad you asked. You see, I've been a girl on fire. I feel alive. I feel unstoppable, you know what I mean? It's something that only a fellow champion can understand. I've broken the record of the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history... don't know if you've heard.

Everyone within earshot has heard, several times.

Elise Ares:

I just have to see how far I can go. Which leads me to you. Obvs. All of my Aresites have been BEGGING to see just how I measure up to the champion. Tonight, after you beat Mikey Unlikely, how about we do this thing, right? Me and you, Burnsy. Champion vs. Champion. Let's see who is the best of the best. What do you say?

There is hesitation from Oscar Burns, who tries to be both proud and tactful.

Oscar Burns:

You're very deserving, Elise, and you've shown yourself to be one heck of a champion and a fighter, GC. I'd love to defend this championship against a woman of your caliber, but I have a very big match tonight against Mikey Unlikely... and a champion can't afford to look too far ahead. At least until I settle my issues with Michael Unlikeable.

Elise stares blankly back at Oscar Burns, then back at Klein, then back at Oscar Burns.

Elise Ares:

Excuse me if I don't follow, because I don't speak Kiwi... no matter how cute it is. So then it's a date, yes?

Oscar looks confused about Elise's inability to process the English language.

Oscar Burns:

I'm a fighting champion, Elise, you know this. If I'm as successful as I've trained this hard to be, then I'll be happy to give you a shot.

An immediate fist pump comes from Elise Ares as she runs her forearm across her forehead as if she was sweating it for a second

Elise Ares:

You heard that Klein? We're set. After you win Ace In The Hole tonight... and I win the FIST of DEFIANCE and become a double champion, there will be no one left to tell us that we aren't the real KING and QUEEN of SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT!

Klein:

DOUBLE CHAMP!

Elise Ares:

DOUBLE CHAMP, BABY! Oh crap, Klein, you have a match!

Klein's eyes grow wide as he looks at a clock just off-screen!

Elise Ares:

GO GO GO GO!

The two Pop Culture Phenoms scamper off-screen, leaving Oscar Burns and Christie Zane dumbfounded in their wake. After a few long seconds, Burns looks over at his counterpart.

Oscar Burns:

GC... now if you'll excuse me, Christie, I'm going to finish what Mikey Unlikely started.

The FIST of DEFIANCE exits stage left, leaving Christie Zane alone to try to wrap her head around what exactly it was she just witnessed.

ACE IN THE HOLE

Cut to the arena. The ring is in full view from the bottom of the rampway for a moment before pulling back and exposing a ladder in the foreground.

Cut to a graphic and a quick music stinger.



Cut to the hard camera. In the ring, Lance Warner and Benny Doyle stand at the ready. Doyle holding a velvet bag, shaped very similarly to a title belt.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the FAITHFUL! Before we begin tonight FIRST EVER ... ACE in the HOLE ladder match! I take great honor in being able to introduce you to the freshly commissioned and handcrafted... ACE of DEFIANCE belt!

Lance turns toward Benny Doyle, who begins to remove the velvet bag.

DDK:

Quite the history-making occasion here tonight at DEFIANCE Road, Angus!

Angus:

Why did he say it like that? ...belt? Why not Championship belt?

Doyle struggles a bit before...

DDK:

That is because; this belt serves as a trophy, a symbol of victory and the holders right to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Then why a belt!?

...unveiling the brand new gold-laden belt.

Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen... the ACE of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Bronson?!

Doyle carefully secures his grip with the straps folded behind the front plate and holds the belt up for the crowd to see. The Faithful pop with the initial physical and figurative exalting and continue in waves as he stakes it around the ring to each side of the ropes.

Warner:

The winner of tonight's ACE in the HOLE, the competitor who is able to ascend the ladder and bring down the ACE of DEFIANCE, will be eligible with proper notice to a title match for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The Faithful pop once more at the possibilities as the hook it lowered from high above the DEF-Plex arena. Benny Doyle reaches out, taking hold of the hook and secures the new belt before signaling for it to be raised once more.

DDK:

There it is folks! The stage is set and tonight we will see...

Once it is at the proper height, Warner and Doyle quietly exit the ring as Darren Quimbey enters.

Angus:

... Scott Stevens' head lobbed off in a freak ladder accident!

DDK:

Angus!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ...

♪ "Smilin' & Dyin'" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

.... from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-two pounds...DEFIANCE's Favorite Son! ... "SUB POP" SCOTTTT! DOUUGGGGLASSSSSS!

Scott Douglas emerges through the curtain in his standard tattered cut off jean shorts and a black t-shirt. He throws up a quick Judd Nelson-esque fist to a pop from the Faithful before giving a knowing look toward the ladder at the foot of the rampway.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is no stranger to that apparatus. He and Mikey Unlikely battled over the Southern Heritage Title at ACTS of DEFIANCE last year over who would be the one true Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

Apparatus? ... you mean that run of the mill, standard as hell ... LADDER!?

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

♪ "Dead Man Walking" by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

Plays throughout the arena.

DDK:

New music or old, the Faithful still hate Scott Stevens.

Angus:

I hope he falls and ends his career tonight.

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... SCOTT STEVENS.as

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

Quimbey can barely be heard over the crowd as a spotlight hits the darkened stage to reveal Scott Stevens.

DDK:

The former FIST has a look of confidence on his face.

Angus:

He's probably just constipated, Keeps.

Stevens makes his way down the ramp and pays no attention to the Filth cursing him out and throwing trash his way.

Angus:

Stevens doing his probational duties of being a trash can for our great fans here.

Stevens climbs the ring steps and makes his way into the ring. Once inside, he stretches out on the ring ropes.

The lights go out in the arena. After a moment's delay...

♪"I'm So Humble" by the Lonely Island (feat. Adam Levine)♪

A spotlight illuminates the ramp, showing the D standing on a gigantic double throne. Four of BRAZEN's talent are dressed like court jesters, holding him above their heads. On one side of the D is O-Face, who's wearing a lacey frilly goth dress that flowed off into sharp metal corners at the edge of all the hems. The D wears an Armani suit, wearing a golden monocle and a top hat.

DDK:

What the-

Angus:

Is he the Monopoly Man?

Behind them, Flex Kruger wears a traditional Roman Gladiator outfit, and begins to whip the BRAZEN talent. They reluctantly trudge to ringside.

DDK:

The D has been part of DEFIANCE for over three and a half years Angus.

Angus:

It's amazing how fast time flies when you hate someone.

DDK:

Recently he's been getting into it with Kerry Kuroyama, and it was Kerry that provided the D with this opportunity tonight.

Angus:

Yeah, by branding him in the face with a chair.

DDK:

You gotta wonder why Flex is out there.

Angus:

C'mon Keeps, it doesn't matter. He can't stay out here. This is a ladder match.

DDK:

There are no rules Angus in a ladder match. The only way the match ends is when one man ascends, and retrieves the prize.

Angus:

There are some rules Keeps.

DDK:

Really? You're gonna talk to me about rules?

Angus:

Why else would Benny Doyle even be out there?

The cabal of D's entourage reaches ringside. With a large heave and a grunt, the BRAZEN JOKERS set the large contraption they were carrying the D and O-Face down. It bridges the gap of the ring apron and the guardrail. Now on three sides of the ring are varying sized ladders, while off to the left side of the entrance ramp is a large beautiful adorned platform and throne.

Darren Quimbey:

Yay. It's The D. BOO.

The D glares daggers at Darren Quimbey, snarling. He walks off the platform onto the ring apron, and kicks the dirt off his boots before entering the ring.

DDK:

I think Benny Doyle heard you Angus.

On the outside, Benny Doyle rushes over to Flex. He just sighs, bridging his temple before pointing to the large throne. He just throws his hands to his side in frustration. Flex shakes it off, holding and pointing to a book that says "RULES" on the cover, scribbled in the sharp edged writing of what could only be described as a serial killer's ransom note.

DDK:

I. I don't think that's DEFIANCE's official rulebook, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah. Ours is red.

Flex pleads his case, and Doyle makes a sign that he's on a short leash. Flex smiles, and then returns to occasionally whipping the BRAZEN "Jokers."

DDK:

That's just uncalled for.

-♪"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains-♪

The Faithful erupt as a nervous Klein steps out from the backstage area onto the ramp. He wears a t-shirt with a BOX on it. The box has a Bronson Box inspired mustache, which Klein has actually grown himself.

DDK:

I did not know Klein could grow facial hair that fast.

Angus:

There's a lot of things we don't know about Klein Keeps. It took us three years to see his face.

Klein humbly walks to the ring, waving to the crowd. Every now and then, he notices the camera filming him during his entrance and he tries to duck out of frame. The camera man has a hard time keeping up with him.

DDK:

Klein isn't particularly used to the spotlight. If there are polar opposites, I'd say it's the former partnership between the D and Klein.

Angus:

And they've had a few wars themselves over the past few months. The D beat Klein to challenge Elise for her SoHer. Klein beat Flex to get himself to the dance.

Klein reaches ringside, as Flex stands there threatening. He cracks the whip. Klein just looks at him with one eye closed. Then he notices the camera and quickly slides into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

From Philadelphia Pennsylvania, weighing in tonight at two hundred and seventy-two pounds, he is the Man Who Thinks Outside the Box, KLEEEEEIIN!

Klein politely waves to the crowd. The D snickers at him. Up next.

Junior Keeling:

AHEM! HEY! UP HERE, DUMBASSES!

The camera then pans up to the stage where Junior Keeling greets the fans like the non-Scott Stevens bag of shit that he is. In a fancy gray sport coat, he grins.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing the voice behind the voice of our Titan of Industry and your FIRST ACE of DEFIANCE... My pop, Thomas Keeling!

The booing is even louder when Thomas walks out behind his son and nods on the stage, looking fancy in a Brooks Brothers gray pinstripe suit and dress shoes.

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies and gentlemen... as my son just so eloquently stated... your FIRST ACE of DEFIANCE and monster these five other men are forfeiting their careers to tonight... Standing at seven foot one...

Junior Keeling:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

Weighing in at 375 pounds... Presented by The Family Keeling...**"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

And a new theme now...

♪ "Legend Has It" by Run The Jewels ♪

The fans jeer as the MASSIVE mountain of muscle from California steps out onto the stage, also in a new black suit. He unbuttons his coat slowly, hands the massive coat to Junior and then undoes his cuffs so he can wrestle in his dress shirt and pants. The monster eyes the current participants of the match one by one before entering the ring.

Angus:

New tune... but same New HOSS Overlord, Keeps.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez has been on a tear since he took out Andy Sharp and qualified for his match. He's looked as dominant as I've seen him.

The music cuts as Uriel enters the ring and shoots a glance at the other competitors. Stevens stays away and shoots the giant the bird. Uriel ignores him and eyes The D. Scott Douglas doesn't move and stares up at the giant, then Uriel shoots a death glare at Klein. The Family Keeling maintain a safe distance from the action at ringside. As Uriel now takes a corner to himself, a steam engine rumbles toward the screen on the DEFiatron.

"ALLLL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA HA..."

♪"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne♪

A light cloud of steam and fog surrounds the entrance ramp as Jack Harmen parts the smoke. He throws up his devil horn taunt, while wearing his new "CRISIS ON INFINITE HARMEN'S" t-shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles, California. He weighs in tonight at two hundred and seventeen pounds... he is your Friendly Neighborhood Lunatic... JACK, HAARRMEN!

Harmen takes a moment to soak in the cheers, before storming his way to ringside. As he passes by one of the set up ladders, he just walks underneath it without missing a step.

DDK:

The Wildcard, Jack Harmen. He probably has the most experience in a match like this, wouldn't you say Angus?

Angus:

It's probably a toss up between him, Stevens and Douglas, to be honest Keeps.

DDK:

Are you still keying his rental cars?

Angus:

I'm told he started riding a bike here. So I key that now.

Harmen reaches ringside and climbs to the top turnbuckle, before throwing his devil horn taunt high above his head. He looks down at the throne that's bridging the ring and the guardrail and points to the D in confusion. He then laughs, hops off the turnbuckle, and just plops down into the seat.

The D immediately goes into a fit of rage, shouting at Harmen to get out. Flex rushes over, whip in hand, raised in a threatening manner. The D protests and shouts at Benny Doyle to get Harmen out of the chair, as Jack just yawns toward the D's general direction. The D climbs onto the turnbuckle and yells, pointing at Harmen who doesn't pay him any attention.

There's a roar of cheers as Klein rushes up behind the D and shoves him off the top, into the seated Harmen and sending the throne toppling onto it's back. Meanwhile, Scott Stevens rushes Douglas and takes him out with a Lariat. Uriel Cortez and Stevens pounce, stomping onto the fallen Sub Pop as Doyle calls for the bell.

DDK:

We are OFF Angus! Klein getting things started QUICK!

Angus:

And the vultures pounce on Scotty. Of course!

DDK:

No love lost between Stevens and Douglas, and I'm sure Uriel just sees the opportunity.

Stevens keeps putting the boots to Douglas and grabs him, tossing him face-first into the turnbuckle. He starts laying in with rights and lefts as Uriel turns back toward the center of the ring, looking across at the humble powerhouse Klein.

Angus:

HOOOOSSSSSS! FFIIIIIEEETO!

Klein waves at Uriel, and then that transitions into a "come hither" taunt. Cortez obliges, raising his gigantic palm and SLAMMING it into the chest of Klein. He falls to a knee but doesn't go down, his front now bright red. Klein rears back and does a double palm overhead slap to Cortez's chest. Uriel winces slightly but doesn't physically move. He smiles toward Klein, raises his palm once more. The following strike echoes throughout the DEF-Plex, as Klein doesn't go down but clutches his chest. He spins away from Cortez, wincing before returning to meet Uriel. Klein takes a moment and lunges, headbutting Uriel back a few staggering steps.

Angus:

This is everything I've ever wanted! CHRISTMAS AT THE SKAALAND HOUSEHOLD!

DDK:

These two are just beating each other senseless!

Angus:

I KNOW! IT'S GOOOOOOR'RAM GREAT!

Cortez returns, huge overhead chop. Klein backs off, but returns with a double knife edge chop to the chest. Tomahawk double chops to Klein's shoulders, sends him down to his knee, before Cortez leans in and headbutts Klein down to the mat. Klein rolls to the apron, as Stevens throws Scott Douglas toward Uriel. Cortez catches him in a bear hug, gripping him tight. He looks to the corner and adjusts Douglas so he's only gripping him by one arm, as Jack Harmen FLIES with a cross body. But he's caught by Cortez, and now Douglas and Harmen are both victims of a two man bear hug. Cortez starts to swing both men around, their feet dangling off the ground.

DDK:

What an immense display of power from Uriel Cort---OH BOY!

Klein recovers behind Cortez and hooks him, sending him, and vicariously Harmen and Douglas flying over head with a german suplex. Cortez takes the brunt of it as Douglas and Harmen land on top of Uriel. While Klein lands, Scott Stevens is there to pounce with boots to the ribs and then one nice stomp to the face.

Angus:

That opportunistic scum of the earth. YOU MAKE NOTHING GREAT.

DDK:

Stevens certainly picking his spots, much to the D's pleasure it seems.

The D has recovered across the ring and shouts encouragement at Stevens. Scott glares over to the PCP member, grabs Klein and throws him toward The D. The D raises his hands in protest but it does nothing to stop the huge shoulder block Klein does. Klein falls to his knees in a bit of lost adrenaline. The D flies onto his back and then back rolls into the bottom turnbuckle with a thud. Stevens hitches up the knee brace and charges, as Klein sidesteps and shoves him toward the D. Steven's knee-trembler, while not fully effective, does catch the seated D square in the jaw. Scott stumbles from the momentum, as Klein reaches back and hits him with a neckbreaker.

Klein stands and looks across the ring at a furious Uriel Cortez. Cortez picks up a slight rag doll Scott Douglas and TOSSES him at Klein. Klein catches him, and sets him down, making sure he's okay. Klein turns back and now Cortez just chucks Harmen at him. Klein again catches Harmen, but this time throws Harmen back at Cortez. Cortez catches Harmen and then belly to belly's the Lunatic up and over the top rope, back onto the wooden platform. It appears that Flex Kruger has taken the throne itself off of the platform with the help of the BRAZEN Jokers, and is now setting it up on the rampway for the eventual coronation, one supposes.

Cortez roars back in the ring at Klein and Douglas, charging forward and taking both down with a double lariat. Cortez keeps running and slams into the corner turnbuckle, sandwiching the D. Uriel bounces out SPEAR's a recovering Scott Stevens out of his boots! There's an enthused sense of appreciation for the sheer athletic talent of Uriel, even if he is not a fan favorite. Uriel gets to a knee and looks out to the crowd before adjusting the collar of his dress shirt, flashing a smug smile.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez! My lord. That's gotta make the Family Keeling's ecstatic! And now Uriel Cortez is ALL ALONE in the center of the ring.

On the outside, Junior and Thomas celebrate before quickly grabbing a medium-sized ladder and awkwardly sliding it into the ring. Uriel picks up the ladder with one hand, and steadies it, using the second to open it directly underneath the Ace in the Hole. Cortez looks to the entrance ramp and sees Flex Kruger trying to get inside. Once the ladder is set, Uriel takes one step toward the apron and Flex immediately bails, hands raised in submission.

Flex Kruger:

I'm cool. I'm cool.

Cortez glares down at Flex.

DDK:

Flex may have made a wise decision to bail. Uriel is a man on fire!

Angus:

But it may have been the right move Keebs, Uriel hesitated!

Uriel turns back to his set up ladder and sees Jack Harmen on the other side of the ring apron. Cortez goes to him, as Harmen springboards off the top rope. Uriel goes to catch him, but Harmen just lands to the side of him and on the ladder, while quickly rushing up in a fit of adrenaline. The crowd gasps as Harmen's fingertips clutch the title, just as Cortez shoves the ladder out from under him. Harmen's able to leap before it falls and lands on his feet behind the Titan of the Industry. Harmen catches Uriel with a stiff superkick. Cortez stumbles back and onto his knee. Harmen off the ropes.

DDK:

Locomotive! No! Uriel steps into it and hooks Harmen, ATOMIC THROW! Just clear across the ring Angus!

Angus: [almost crying]

This is all I've ever wanted.

DDK:

Cortez is a man possessed Angus. This may be his match to lose.

Uriel turns back to the ladder and...

GLITTER TO THE FACE.

Uriel shakes it off, spitting some out of his mouth as he stares down the D. The D just freeze frames, hand outstretched, covered in glitter. Nervous, the D stammers.

The D:

She - She said it'd blind you.

HUGE headbutt takes the D off his feet. Cortez lifts the D by both his legs and does a wheelbarrow suplex the HARD way, using just the D's feet. The D lands with a HUGE thud. Cortez stands, never releasing the D's ankles, and then spins him like a Cesaro spin before lifting him in a deadlift like a spinebuster. Cortez hooks the D under the arms, tosses him high in the air, and just powerbomb deadlift drops the D onto the exposed folded up ladder.

O-Face and Flex on the outside both react in a squeamish way.

DDK:

Ooooh, I kind of wish I didn't see that.

Angus:

Show it again. SHOW IT AGAIN! AWH Come on!

Cortez stands, only to be clipped in the back of the knee by Scott Stevens. It takes all the energy out of the Faithful before boos slowly rise to a cacophony. Uriel falters to one knee, as Stevens keeps on the leg with numerous stomps, slow and methodical. Each one takes a recovering Cortez back to a single knee. Uriel doesn't stop fighting, stumbling to the corner to remain upright. When he does, Stevens knees him in the gut, and places the focused knee so it hangs on the middle rope. Stevens then just soccer punts it with a resounding echo.

Meanwhile, in the center of the ring, the ladder has been set up by Scott Douglas and he begins climbing. Stevens turns around and notices Sub-Pop a third of the way up and rushes to the opposite side. The two start climbing, each trying to strike with rights either around or through the ladder. Stevens reaches out and grabs Douglas by his hair, pulling him face-first into the ladder. Stevens then just holds him there, tugging at the hair as Scott kicks his legs against the bottom rungs.

Klein clobbers Stevens from behind, hooks him on his shoulders, and tosses him like a powerbomb into the prone and caught in the corner, Uriel Cortez. Douglas meanwhile, falls off the ladder, clutching his face.

DDK:

Oh man, that pull by Stevens into the ladder may have bloodied Douglas.

Angus:

Just the first Keebs! I don't think any of these men escape this match without permanent injuries!

On the outside, Flex tosses the D back in. The D turns and sees Klein across the ring, and begs off, shouting at Flex.

The D:

Why?!

The D turns back to Klein and raises both hands in surrender, and then points to Uriel Cortez in the corner. He nods to Klein goads him on, and rushes past him. The D starts kicking Uriel in the gut, over, and over, as Uriel begins to pull his leg out from the middle rope.

The D turns back to Klein and mimics a tag, which gets a pop from the crowd. The D then steps aside and lets Klein through, if he wants.

DDK:

The D trying to get Klein back into the PCP with their patented Blacklist!

Angus:

It's just a bunch of kicks.

DDK:

I don't know if Klein was ever invited to the blacklist!

Klein steps forward, but Uriel powers out of the corner with a HUGE running shoulder tackle, taking the D off his feet. Klein and Uriel come face to face once more, as Klein hits him with a clubbing forearm. Uriel with a European uppercut. Klein with another forearm, and a second, before Uriel hits another European uppercut, that staggers Klein. Cortez closes the gap, pushing Klein into the ropes and sending him off the other side.

Klein tumbles out over the top rope to the outside, the top rope being pulled down by Jack Harmen. Harmen springboards into the ring, catching a stunned Uriel with a springboard Lou Thesz press, before raining down rights and lefts wildly onto the Industry standard.

DDK:

Jack Harmen igniting the fuse! He's just going crazy Angus.

Angus:

He can't go something he already is.

Harmen hops off and shouts to the Faithful who cheer in response. He notices the D recovering to his feet, and charges.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE TO THE D! Up and over! And one to Flex too! Getting too close to the action!

Flex tumbles off the apron as Harmen looks around the ring. He sees no one on the move and quickly rushes up the ladder.

DDK:

He's wasting no time! Harmen is already at the top!

Harmen reaches up, trying to fumble with the hook, but he causes the belt to sway away from him. On the return, Scott Douglas is there to strike Harmen in the back. Douglas starts to climb up behind Harmen, hooks under his armpit and takes Harmen off the ladder with a belly to back suplex.

DDK:

Scott Douglas bleeding all over Harmen's ribs with that belly to back. You saw the ring bounce, and that was only from maybe the fourth rung!

Douglas rolls over onto his knees and sees Uriel in the corner. Douglas charges, leaping onto Uriel before slamming a few rights into him. Sub-Pop grabs the top rope, spinning and huracanrada's Cortez up and over the top rope. Douglas holds onto the ropes to land on the apron, only for Scott Stevens to rush up and catch him with a running knee-trembler. Douglas tumbles off of the apron into the guardrail on the outside.

Stevens sneers at Douglas as he falls.

DDK:

Stevens wasting time on a personal grudge here. Precious seconds he could be using to climb to the ACE!

The Scorpion turns to the ladder and starts climbing. He does so at a semi-brisk pace, but it's not fast enough to outrun Klein, who slides back in the ring. Scott sees Klein enter the ring and decides to hop off the ladder. As Klein reaches his side and grabs the middle rung, Stevens catches him with his patented superkick. Klein tumbles into the ladder from the impact, sending it teetering and collapsing onto the mat.

DDK:

Remember the Alamo! Klein's taken down like a ton of bricks!

Angus:

Stevens playing this smart, picking his spots. Most people would have just tried to keep climbing.

DDK:

Are you complimenting Scott Stevens?

Angus:

No. You're the asshole.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I mean Stevens. Stevens is an asshole.

DDK:

That's better.

On the outside of the ring, The D has gotten to his feet and is shouting at the collection of four jesters that surround his destroyed throne.

The D:

You should have protected it with your LIVES! Now! Make sure I win this.

The D slips back into the ring and notices Stevens across the way. The D charges and Stevens ducks a right hand.

DDK:

TOXIC STING!

Springboard shoulder tackle dive from Scott Douglas, but Stevens doesn't even turn around.

DDK:

ANOTHER TOXIC STING!

From the other side, Harmen's in mid-air as Stevens leaps and catches him mid-dive.

DDK:

AND ANOTHER! When will it end!

Angus:

HOW BOUT NOW KEEBS!

Klein enters the ring and lifts Stevens onto his shoulders. He starts to spin Stevens around the ring, getting a rotation, and a second, a third until the D gets up and eats Stevens' legs. Harmen's up next and takes Stevens' skull to his own. Douglas is last, colliding with Stevens' legs and taking a tumble. Klein steadies himself, and just as he spins Stevens for the final $\frac{3}{4}$ neckbreaker, the Texan rakes the eyes and slips out, landing in front of Klein.

DDK:

NO WAY! TOXIC STING TO KLEIN! Scott Stevens has just decimated the entire field of the Ace in the Hole!

Angus:

Not the entire field Keeps.

Uriel Cortez has risen and stands directly behind the recovering Stevens. Stevens hears the crowd's noise rise, and instinctively reaches behind, hooking Cortez' head. He goes for a leap, but Cortez HOLDS Stevens in mid-air. Stevens

kicks his legs, once, twice, before Cortez just CHUCKLES the former FIST of DEFIANCE halfway across the ring. He lands with a bounce on his back before rolling to the apron.

Cortez cracks his knuckles as he eyes, Stevens'. But from behind, the D spins him around and...

DDK:

FIRE IN THE FACE! The D just caught Uriel by surprise!

The D hooks Uriel Cortez and before Cortez can react, backflips into his version of the Destino.

DDK:

Netflix Money! The D is the only one standing Angus!

Angus:

Oh COME ON!

The D looks up to the rafters, seeing the dangling Ace in the Hole championship. He looks around the ring for the ladder.

DDK:

Wait, where's the ladder?

Angus:

Can't climb without a ladder dingus!

The D quickly assesses the situation and rushes to the corner where his throne once was. He shouts over the top rope to Flex to hand him a ladder. Flex scours under the ring and slips a ladder into the D. The D quickly picks it up, and sets it up in the center of the ring. The D ascends.

The Faithful laugh.

The ladder is only six feet at most, and even at the peak of the ladder, the D could not even think to reach the belt hanging 12 feet high above the ring. He turns to Flex.

The D:

THE HELL!?

The D had gotten about two thirds up before he abandons the ladder, kicking it over to the side. The D rushes over to the neutral corner where he last saw the ladder and leans over the top rope.

WHACK.

The ladder see-saw slams into the D's skull, sending him sprawling onto his back. The devilish grin of Jack Harmen appearing as he slowly stands to reveal himself. Harmen grabs the chair that was the pendulum point and slides into the ring. The D rushes to his feet, clutching his face, where it looks like a tooth dislodged itself and was sent flying up into his nose.

DDK:

Oooh. The D not looking like the Hollywood star he thinks he is.

Angus:

I think I've got a new lock screen Keeps.

The D reaches up to touch his mouth, a bit of blood covering his palm. He turns to Harmen and shouts.

The D:

YOU!

Harmen catches him in the gut with the top edge of the chair, doubling the D over before WHACKING him square in the small of the back. The D arches back in pain, down to his knees, trying to crawl away from Harmen. Jack slams the chair twice more into the D's back, before the D can crawl his way under the bottom rope and land with a thud near the BRAZEN Jokers.

DDK:

And there goes The D. Harmen has another chance to get up that ladder!

Angus:

I'm going to laugh out loud after I say he just beat The D. Hahahaha. Because masturbation joke, Keeps!

With the path more or less cleared, The Wildcard grins at the fans who are fully supporting the idea of him becoming the first-ever Ace of DEFIANCE. The vet reaches for another ladder nearby and starts to head towards it, but when he gets there...

Douglas is there to stop him.

DDK:

Uh-oh, Douglas is back and he does NOT want Harmen to have the ladder!

Angus:

The crazy and the grunge. Let's do this!

Douglas tries to pull the ladder but when Harmen tries to pull it back, Douglas lets it go and surprises Harmen, sending him flying back! Douglas slides into the ring and levels Harmen with a big Running Clothesline, then heads over to grab the ladder. But before he can do anything with it, Harmen is already back up and cracks him with a Dropkick, knocking him into the ladder in the corner!

DDK:

Ooooooh! Harmen just stopped Scott Douglas in his tracks!

Harmen throws Douglas against the ladder and props up his prone body before sliding back across the ring to no doubt gear up for another Locomotive...

OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd goes nuts as Douglas THROWS Harmen overhead with a big Belly to Belly Suplex against the ladder in the corner! The Lunatic crumbles in a heap and now Douglas is up and about, taking notice of both Scott Stevens on one side of the ring starting to rise, along with Klein on the other side.

DDK:

Uh-oh, Douglas is gearing up for something...

Angus:

Stevens! Stevens! Take out Stevens!

Douglas grabs the ladder after wrecking Jack Harmen and hoists it up. Seeing Stevens start to get back onto the ring apron, he takes the ladder and spins...

CRACK!

Angus:

HA! SUCK IT DOWN!

Klein tries to get back into the ring on the adjacent side, but Douglas sees him coming as well...

CRACK!

DDK:

And one for Klein! Douglas now in the driver's seat!

He finally decides enough is enough and starts to prop the ladder in the center of the ring when he sees the massive Uriel Cortez starting to rise on the outside once again, holding the back of his head and his face in pain, but still locked onto Douglas.

Angus:

Awww, shit he's back up! The Family Keeling present a killing machine!

DDK:

Douglas sees him coming, though! Dropkick to the knees to take the big man out!

The crowd rallies behind DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son as he looks out to the stumbling Cortez before he runs off the ropes...

DDK:

Suicide Dive! He catches Uriel, but he's still on his feet!

Scott recovers from his landing, but The Titan of Industry is still on his feet. Douglas slides back into the ring and the Faithful continue to cheer him on as he goes for one more...

DDK:

Suicide Dive Number two! He's got Cortez reeling, but he is STILL on his feet!

Angus:

Because he's the world's best-dressed unrepentant killer, Keeps, that's why!

After recovering from his second dive, he heads to the ring apron and quickly starts to ascend the buckles. He looks out to the fans quickly as The Titan of Industry is still stumbling...

DDK:

TOP ROPE MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR! DOUGLAS FINALLY TAKES CORTEZ DOWN!

Angus:

Now he's The World's Best-Dressed Floor Mat!

DDK:

If Scott Douglas has a chance to make it up top, this is it!

SUB POP SCOTT!

SUB POP SCOTT!

SUB POP SCOTT!

With the entire Ace in the Hole field now down for the proverbial count, he slides another ladder back into the ring and now Sub Pop starts to set it up. When he starts to finally climb up the ladder...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Hey! What? What the hell is Junior Keeling doing?

The Family Keeling's younger half tries to grab onto the leg of Scott Douglas to try and keep DEFIANCE's Favorite Son from getting up the ladder.

Junior Keeling:

Hey! Hey! Hey! Stop! That's not your...

Douglas gets pulled off the ladder from halfway up, but lands on his feet...

DDK:

WOW! Douglas just POPPED Junior Keeling with that right hand! He's down!

Junior crumbles like a scrap of paper and Douglas kicks him out of the ring, but when he turns...

DDK:

NO! NOW FLEX KRUGER GETTING INVOLVED!

The heavy for The D CRASHES into Douglas with a massive Shoulder Tackle that launches him into the corner! As the crowd jeers the hell out of the former BRAZEN Champion, he motions and waves for a beaten and battered D to get back into the ring.

Angus:

Aww, shit, The D can win!

DDK:

He can! And Flex is gonna help him!

When The D is still slow to move, The D motions for Flex to hoist him on his shoulders, so he does just that. Once Flex has The D on his shoulders, the Faithful jeer the hell out of the duo as Flex slowly helps him up the ladder.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

But as Flex manages to get The D about halfway up, Klein has not only returned to the ring... but he also SLUGS Flex in the back and THROWS him out of the ring completely! The D looks down and now sees his erstwhile partner now start to climb the other side, forcing him to hurry the hell up and try to get to the top...

DDK:

The D is trying to get to that title belt! But Klein isn't that far behind him on the other side!

The crowd voices their support for Klein as he meets The D towards the top of the ladder. The D throws a couple of rights, but Klein comes back and lays into him with a big Clubbing Forearm to knock him senseless...

DDK:

Uh-oh, what's Klein doing now? He's... he's got The D on his shoulders...

The crowd is going CRAZY as Uriel Cortez now steps over the ropes, pops the bones in his neck and GRABS Klein by the legs just in time for...

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez, the Industry Standard ... just powerbombed Klein while holding The D aloft his shoulders!

Angus:

Always took Klein as more of a Box Man ... didn't think he'd be so into holding The D.

Klein and The D both writhe in pain, after less than graceful landings, as Uriel admires the damages he has brought forth.

DDK:

With such destruction in the ring, you still manage to make childish jokes!?

Angus:

Aww, Keebs. Thanks for noticing!

On the outside, the slinking an opportunistic Texan finds himself face to face with Scott Douglas and the pair have some unresolved issues. The stare down goes chest to chest and then nose to nose as the pair trade extremely heated words. Jack Harmon, recovered on the outside himself sees the pair and obviously has some issue with Scott Douglas circumventing his chance to take this whole thing home. Inside the ring, Uriel Cortez notices The Wild Card heading toward the pair of Scotts. He as well has a score to settle with Jack.

Angus:

No, No! What are you doing you HOSS SIZED DUMBASS! Get that tiny ladder, use the bottom rung, GRRRAB the belt! ... then go crack that Lunatic's skull!

DDK:

I'd have to agree, Angus!

Angus:

Don't do that, it's weird ... and I don't like it.

DDK:

Well, I think you are correct! At least in that, Uriel Cortez has the opportunity to win this won right here, right now! Victory really ought to be paramount over vendetta!

The Family Keeling seems to agree as they scream from ringside but the big bull of a man has seen red. Harmon is red in this analogy.

The D and Klein begin to show some signs of life in the ring as Uriel exits it. He catches Harmen and swings him around by the shoulder before he makes it to the Douglas/Stevens pairing. Harmen doesn't hesitate and swings instantly. Uriel returns fire. Stevens swings on Douglas. Douglas swings on Stevens.

DDK:

We've got a knockdown drag-out fight at ringside!

In the ring, The D has painstakingly pulled himself to his feet by the ropes and found respite against the turnbuckle as he notices the ladder sitting perfectly positioned in the middle of the ring. This time it's of proper height.

Angus:

I don't like that look in his eyes!

DDK:

What look!?

Angus:

HOPE!

While all hell continues to break loose at ringside, Douglas squared off with Stevens, Harmen with Cortez, the Family Keeling screaming and yelling in stereo and Flex Kruger leading The D Cheer squad... The D staggers slowly toward the ladder.

Angus:

For all that is holy ... or unholy ... I'll go either way!

Almost as God himself or The Devil has answered Angus' first attempt at praying in quite some time; Klein suddenly comes to life.

Angus:

YES! BOXMAN! YES! I have faith!

The D is now on the ladder but only the first rung as Klein grabs him from behind. The D's face lights' up like The O Face ... well probably never has, but he is certainly terrified. He thought he had this all wrapped up as the chaos ensued around him but he forgot to think outside of The Box.

DDK:

Klein in full control! He has a real chance here! The underdog story come to life here in DEFIANCE!

Darren is correct as Klein pulls The D down from his one step toward glory and readjusts his grip, grasping The D ...

DDK:

He's got The D by the neck ...

Angus:

I believe you mean SHAFT!

The D, with both hands up, begging off Klein and the wrath he is seemingly ready to bring down.

DDK:

You ...

Before Darren can admonish Angus for being the nitwitted child that he is, his thought in interrupted by Flex Kruger hopping the apron and attempting to break this up.

DDK:

Flex Kruger, once again ... aborting justice in this first ever ACE in the Hole match!

Angus:

Well if ANYONE knows about abortions, it's that chick right there!

The Faithful pop in surprise as Elise Ares rushes down the ramp and snatches Flex Kruger down from the apron.

DDK:

That's Elise ARES! The longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE ... who has a title DEFENSE against Gage Blackwood later TONIGHT!

Elise keeps Flex from having much more impact than he has already had tonight but her appearance certainly catches Klein's eye. Now on the floor, amidst the chaos of Jack, Uriel, Scott, and Scott, Flex takes a swing at Elise, causing Klein to let loose of The D.

The D drops to his knees.

Elise ducks Flex's heavily telegraphed attempt and pops back up to slap Kruger across the face before taking the

former BRAZEN champion by the ear.

Angus:

See I knew all Mexicans were catholic.

DDK:

What!?

Angus:

That's a real GORRAM NUN move if I've ever seen one.

DDK:

Catholicism is staunchly against abortion... so your new "joke flies directly in the face of your last "joke."

Angus:

Well, Keeps ... Comedy much like Religion is very subjective.

DDK:

Wait, wha -- No! LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

Angus:

Also, very catholic.

Angus' nonsense aside, The D from his knee throws a stiff forearm into the crotch of the distracted Klein. Elise, however, does not notice as she is a good twist and half deep on Flex's ear and he ushers him toward the ramp way past the screaming and tantrum throwing Keelings.

DDK:

This is egregious!

The D pulls himself back to his feet and with relative ease, dumps the freshly crotched big man over the top rope and down to the floor. Klein nearly clips Harmen and Cortez on his way down, but the pair simply lean back and continue clashing over top the big former box man.

Angus:

ONE OF YOU IDIOTS GET IN THERE! GET IN THERE! STOP HIM!

The D now finds himself alone in the ring with the ladder ... right where it needs to be. He can hardly believe it himself and jerks his head around all sides of the ring to verify. He is nearly too taken aback by his almost assured victory that he doesn't know what to do with himself, or the ladder, or the belt, or his forthcoming title shot.

On the outside, Jack Harmen and Uriel Cortez's brawl spills into Stevens and Douglas' ... In the four man melee, Uriel frustrated with the prolonged back and forth decides to put an end to this once and for all. The Titan of Industry launches at The Wildcard just as Scott Stevens pushes Scott Douglas toward Harmen ...

DDK:

OH MY!

The giant Cortez spears Douglas AND Harmen through the time keepers table and into the barricade. The table flips and collapses as the bell is cast aside and gives off a low resonating version of its normal DING. The aftermath shows Scott Stevens nowhere to be seen as the three man car crash lay there in a heap of wreckage and pool of potentially multiple donors.

DDK:

The D is on his way up!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

I've never hated such a great joke before now but I have to say ... BONER!

DDK:

Laugh now, Angus ... I think you're first official winner of the ACE in the HOLE, the inaugural ACE of DEFIANCE may, in fact, be The D!

The Faithful's boo's suddenly become a mix of cheers, confusions and well still alot of boo's.

Angus:

Don't you blaspheme! Don't you BLASPHEME IN HERE!

DDK:

What is this now!? This hooded figure!?

This hooded person hops the guardrail and slides in the ring. The D, taking his time and making a spectacle out of his ascent, doesn't notice the mystery man.

Angus:

...hooded figure?! It's a guy in a grey hoodie, Keebs! Matter of fact, I'm pretty sure it's ...

The "figure" snatches his hood down as he turns his back to The D, the Faithful become unhinged with the reveal.

DDK:

KERRY KUROYAMA! KERRY KUROYAMA!

Kerry glances back at The D show boating mid ladder, gages the range ...

DDK:

Springboard off of the middle rope!

Mid-air, the newly returned and possibly still suspended Kerry graps The D by the neck, crashing down in a brutal ...

DDK:

Neckbreaker! Kerry Kuroyama just took out The D!

Angus:

Pull Out is the BEST method, Keebs!

The ladder teeters in the center of the ring as the two's collision rocks the ring. Kerry springs up as The D rolls, hopefully, out of harm's way toward the opposite corner.

The Faithful can not believe that Kerry has returned nor that he has thwarted The D's highly potential victory. In all the chaos, one person has been forgotten.

Ringside, Scott Stevens' peers up from the apron and once again ... sees an opportunity.

Angus:

Hold on! What the ...

DDK:

Scott Stevens ... who steered clear of that train wreck moments ago.

Stevens slinks into the ring like a snake to the ledge before ascending a tree.

Angus:

Steered clear? MANUFACTURED! This opportunistic little gorram ... uh, turd!

The Faithful take notice and who they previously forgot now becomes the center of their extremely negative attention. Kerry's return and hero's welcome, dissipated in an instant.

DDK:

You've been flabbergasted beyond actual profanity, Angus. If that does not tell the tale of this match, I don't know what will.

Their hopes dashed. Douglas, layed out. Harmen, layed out.

Angus:

Your mother will!

Both by Cortez, himself ... non responsive atop his own wreckage.

DDK:

And Angus is back folks!

Even the Keelings have piped down and stand back quietly taking in what could happen.

Kerry Kuroyama turns to see Scott Stevens across from him, only the twelve-foot A-frame between them. The slinking Stevens also sees Kerry and stops in his tracks... The tension builds as the pair stare at one another. Who will make the first move ...

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama, robbed of his opportunity to BE in this match by The D ... now standing meer feet away from the man who took his place.

Angus:

Man is a strong term, Keeps! KNOCK him out, K-CUPS!

The stare-off continues. Scott Stevens frozen, one foot nearly up as if he thought stillness would directly be related to visible ... ness.

Angus:

Don't just stand there! Do six flips into a dropkick that launches that ladder into Steven's Texas sized stupid head!!

Kerry looks around the Faithful, who's boo's for Stevens slowly turn into a chant for him.

K-Cups! K-Cups! K-Cups!

But when the tension is at it's fever pitch ... Kerry waves his hand as if to grant passage to Scott Stevens before leaning back on the top rope, flipping - although not six times - and landing on the floor. His hand resting on the apron and he and the rest of the Faithful watch their least favorite Texan climb the ladder.

The short-lived chant turn back to boo's ... More of the Faithful are watch Kuroyama and wondering what the hell he is thinking as Stevens stomps rung by rung to the top. Even the Family Keeling have glaringly suspicious eyes for Kuroyama.

DDK:

This one is all but finished folks ... Not the way ANY of us wanted to see this end.

Angus:

I saw The D so close to capturing the title and I thought to myself ... Ok, Angus old boy, it is always darkest before The D. BUT WHAT IN THE GORRAM FUCK AM I SEEING!?!

Kerry starts to back up the rampway as Scott Stevens balances himself on the last run before the top.

Angus:

That's AN OSHA VIOLATION! DQ!

Stevens reaches up and takes hold of the brand new ACE of DEFIANCE belt ... with a bit of resistance, unlatches the snaps and pulls the title down.

DING DING DING

The belt dangles from his right hand as he braces himself with the left, readjusting his body on before sitting down on the top of the ladder.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... AND FIRRRST ACE in the HOLE ... Scottttttttt STTTTTTTEEEEEVVVEEEEEENNNNNSSSSS!!!

Perched atop the ladder with the smuggest of all grins to have ever been grinned, Scott Stevens soaks in the anti-adulation of the Faithful with the ACE of DEFIANCE slung over his shoulder.

DDK:

I really don't know what to make of this partner!

The boo's are deafening as sodas, beers and nearly anything else begin to come hurling at Scott Stevens, perched high on his bridge to victory.

Angus:

Oh you don't? You had a HOSS led around by two shit stains ... two shit stains ... and greasy failed band leader and Hertz Plus member. Odds were a shit stain or shit stain adjacent was going to take this! I just didn't think a COFFEE SHIT STAIN would have been both the HOPE and the downfall of what SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, no matter the result this was a HELL of a match up between some truly die hard competitors ...

Angus:

I wish a few of them would DIE HARD all right ...

DDK:

But we have much more action to come tonight and I think we may need to get Scott Douglas, Jack Harmen and ...

Angus:

Like come out to the Coast, we'll get together, have a few laughs - Die Hard!

DDK:

... Uriel Cortez some medical attention while we ...

Angus:

Tossed of Nakatomi Tower, DIE HARD! Hans Gruber - in the movie and in real life - DIE HARD!

DDK:

ANGUS!

Angus:

What too soon? Spoilers? I don't even know which lines I'm crossing anymore.

UNACCEPTABLE

The scene goes to Shooter Landell sitting on a locker room bench, his arms on his knees as he is bent forward, trying to relinquish the anger from the loss at the hands of Dex Joy.

The fans boo as Gunther Adler comes into focus as well. Standing to the left side of Landell, Adler pats him on the back.

Gunther Adler:

We will get him back, I swear.

Landell continues to sate in anger.

A few moments pass before the locker room door is heard opening up from behind the camera. In walks Gage Blackwood. The Faithful boo once more... this time, much louder.

He stands there, motionlessly. His eyes are first locked on Landell and then locked on Adler.

Angus:

I think some tough love is coming!

Finally, Blackwood lets out a huff.

Gage Blackwood:

You two disappointed me. But I have been waiting for this opportunity for over two years now.

Blackwood gets right into Adler's face. Landell stands and comes eye-to-eye with the two of them as well.

Gage Blackwood:

Tonight, it's about me. Your loss will have no relation to what I will go through tonight and where I will end up. A new chapter begins...

Blackwood turns and walks out of the picture and ultimately the locker room.

Gage Blackwood:

A chapter that's long overdue.

Angus:

Oh boy, that match is coming up!!

SOHER: ELISE ARES Â© v. GAGE BLACKWOOD

The scene opens with Darren Quimbey front and center, ready for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a SINGLES MATCH, scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

Yeah babay! A new champion is going to be crowned!

DDK:

This match has ended up being a singles match because despite their best efforts neither Shooter Landell nor Gunther Adler were able to secure a victory over Elise, allowing Gage to pick the stipulation.

Angus:

Hell, I like Gage's chance in a regular singles match! Less shenanigans for Elise to be able to pull.

DDK:

Let's not pretend Gage Blackwood is completely above pulling "shenanigans", Angus. Also our champion, now the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history, has shown that she's able to adapt and overcome despite the match choice.

Angus:

All good things must come to an end, Keebs, and I only assume the bad things will too.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger... from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing 210 pounds... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

The jeers began the moment the words "the challenger" came from Quimbey's mouth. It takes a few moments but Blackwood eventually marches out to even more boos. He's wearing his normal wrestling attire under a similar designed Scottish kilt as he makes it way down to the ring.

DDK:

This is definitely Blackwood's biggest match to date here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

And just think, to walk into DEFCON as the SOHER Champion, wow!

DDK:

He hasn't won yet.

Angus:

Yes, but you said *yet*...

Blackwood gets in the ring and takes his kilt off. He doesn't soak in the boos or shows off to the crowd. He's only focused on one thing...

The music cuts off and there is a long pause, building anticipation for the arrival of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. As a song queues over The WrestlePlex, the fans hesitate when it's not the infamous introduction of "Paper Planes" by MIA. Instead, they are treated to...

*Tonight we are victorious
Champagne pouring over us*

*All my friends were glorious
Tonight we are victorious*
♪ "Victorious" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

White and gold lights pulse on stage and the fans jump to their feet. Everyone expects the always elaborate Elise Ares to swagger out into The WrestlePlex but instead, they get the cavalcade of characters that helped Elise celebrate on DEFtv 125. F-List Celebrities and various banned YouTubers (but not Max Landis, fuck Max Landis) flood the stage with kazooes, red plastic cups and bottles of champagne. The sea of rejects part to show Klein, sore but not destroyed, holding Elise Ares up on his shoulder, who then holds the Southern Heritage Championship into the air. Her trademark LED sunglasses read "PREMATCH" and "PARTY" as Klein parades her through the celebrity masses. Champagne bottles pop, and the two sides begin to spray Elise & Klein in the crossfire as they make their way down to the ring.

At times, the camera cuts to Gage Blackwood, who is the complete opposite of what's going on in the ring. He simply stands there, not doing a thing.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba. Weighing in at 122 pounds, she is the reigning DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion. She is the QUEEEEEEN of Sports Entertainment Style. ELIIIIIIIIIIIISE ARESSSSSSSSSS!

Her sunglasses are launched into the crowd as Klein puts her down on her feet, allowing her to drop her white high fashion jacket onto the floor and do a little spin for her celeb friends and the fans. A smirk crosses her face as she finally sees Gage Blackwood face-to-face.

DDK:

A now historic Southern Heritage Championship reign continues as Elise Ares is throwing a... pre-match victory celebration?

A short awkward silence follows.

DDK:

Angus, do you have anything to say here?

Angus:

I'm sorry, were you talking Keebs? LaVar Ball was over here trying to sell me an \$800 pair of shoes. Who let these washed-up, never-beens in here anyway? Don't we have security for situations like this?

DDK:

I'd guess Elise pulled some strings, I was hoping to get your comments on Elise and her titl...

Angus:

I hope she dies in a fire. Haven't I made this clear?

DDK:

Yeah, you have but, is that David Schwimmer chugging a bottle of champagne?

Angus:

He's fine. I'm not. Please... get them all out of here.

Elise suggestively enters the ring and holds the Southern Heritage Championship into the air in front of Gage Blackwood before Carla Ferrari comes by and grabs it from her. Elise side-eyes her typical DEFIANCE referee as she holds it between the two competitors before handing it off to someone at ringside for safekeeping. Gage makes a comment, ignored by Ares before she goes over to her corner and gets on the top rope to pose for the crowd and give a shout-out to her celebrity posse cheering her on from the interview stage. Macaulay Culkin gives her a thumbs up before the celebs continue their party back towards the backstage area.

DING DING!

The bell rings to start the match where Elise Ares is still stretching in her corner. Gage Blackwood wastes no time and immediately goes after the champion, rushing towards the corner, forcing Elise to duck between the ropes and Carla jumps in to make Gage give her some space. You can see Elise mouth the words "Whoa. Back off." as he's forced away and she retreats to the ring apron to get some advice from Klein. She nods as Carla looks back at her annoyed, Elise instructs the referee to do her job and give her some more room as she jumps back over the ropes, into the ring and slaps the taste right out of Gage Blackwood's mouth.

DDK:

What a shot! I think he just lost a tooth!

Angus:

What the hell was that!? I thought we were here for a WRESTLING match!?

DDK:

I think Elise would be the first to interrupt you and let you know she considers them more... Sports Entertainment Contests.

Angus:

Well, I consider her a cheap who...

Ferrari goes to warn Ares about her tactics when Gage forces his way past the seasoned female official and lands an elbow shot on the champion. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE stumbles back into the ropes, where reluctantly Carla goes for a rope break again but Blackwood doesn't give her the opportunity and whips Ares across the ring. Elise baseball slides to avoid running the ropes, then pops back up and hits Gage with a dropkick that knocks him back into the corner.

DDK:

A nice counter by Ares there, keeping herself in control of the match.

Ares follows up by sprinting towards him, running up his chest, and then hitting a corner enziguri before landing on the apron. The shot echoes across The WrestlePlex where Elise quickly climbs the turnbuckle. Gage reaches up and then grabs the back of his head, before Ares leaps off the ropes, grabbing the challenger by his head and planting him in the middle of the ring with a bulldog. Cheers erupt from The Faithful as Ares keeps the pace quick, landing a front flip leg drop across the back of his skull, then wrenching him in a headlock.

DDK:

Blackwood is livid here to start the contest, Angus. Elise has him flustered and she's too fast for him to do anything about it.

Angus:

She's quick, but she's sloppy. Give her time to make a mistake and it might be the last one she ever makes.

Gage forces Elise up to her feet, although maintaining the headlock. He tries to shove her forward to break the hold and succeeds, launching Ares into the ropes who avoids a big kick by baseball sliding under. She gets back up and kicks Gage in the back of his leg, forcing him down to a knee and then jumps up on the challenger's shoulders. Gage tries to quickly stand to take advantage of the situation but the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style rolls forward, taking Blackwood with her in a victory roll!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

That's barely a two count and Blackwood powers free!

Angus:

That's smart by Elise, because the longer this match goes, the more it favors Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

I think a lot of people might underestimate just how fast Elise Ares is. You see this carefree, party girl persona she puts on and it's hard to believe she puts the work in to be as quick and fluid as she is.

Angus:

Speed is a great asset, Keeps. Don't get me wrong. But nothing prepares you for getting kicked in the face. Ha!

The two get back to their feet. Blackwood goes for a reckless looking clothesline attempt but Ares drops to her knees. Blackwood spins around and Ares hooks her right leg around Blackwood's shoulder, rolling him backward and into another pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Oh, that one was much closer!

Blackwood rises first, shocked and pissed off. Ares rolls backward and then gets to her feet, with a seemingly pleased albeit not fully satisfied look on her face.

Angus:

The confidence in this woman, it's just too much. Knock the piss outta her, Gage!

Blackwood rushes to the champion but Ares sidesteps him. He goes into the corner and then Ares performs a backstabber. She kicks Blackwood in the chest. Once, twice and then a third time. She goes into the corner, jumps on the second rope and connects with a plancha! Blackwood has enough momentum to roll out of the ring and take a stroll on the outside, obviously to a chorus of boos as he tries to regroup.

Angus:

Thataboy! Get a breather!

DDK:

It's all Elise here... OH LOOK OUT!

WHAM!

DDK:

ARES WITH A SUICIDE DIVE ATTEMPT BUT BLACKWOOD MOVED! SHE WENT RIGHT INTO THE GUARDRAIL!!

The Faithful are stunned at the impact and sheer force Ares hits the guardrail with. The replay is shown a few times as Gage simply uses the extra time to recover, slide Ares back into the ring and position himself on the apron.

Blackwood waits for Ares to rise while he stands on the apron, outside of the ring.

DDK:

Ares is really hurt, here. I think she caught her neck on the rail...

Angus:

Blackwood's measuring her. He's just waiting for the right time to strike...

Finally, Ares gets to one knee. Then she gets to one foot. That's good enough for Gage who slingshots himself over the top rope and back into the ring, hitting a flying shoulder tackle to Ares and putting her right back down!

DDK:

This does not look good.

Angus:

I told you we'd have a new champion!

Blackwood stomps on Ares. The referee tries to get in the way but Blackwood doesn't listen until she's forced to administer a five-count. Carla gets to four before the Scot puts his "hands in his pockets" and walks away from the champion.

Klein is shown on the outside looking concerned. Blackwood looks at him with a smirk on his face. He turns and charges at Elise while she tries to get up...

DDK:

Ares rolls out of the way... she's off the ropes... oh my what a huge sidewalk slam by Blackwood!

Blackwood connects with an elbow into the side of Ares' neck, the area where it looked like she caught the guardrail. He drives another elbow into her neck too before pulling her up for more punishment...

DDK:

Blackwood is calling for The Scottish Trinity now... the three suplexes...

SNAP SUPLEX.

HANGING SUPLEX.

ROLLING RELEA-

DDK:

No! Ares slips out of it! She bounces off the ropes, ducks a clothesline and lands a missile dropkick coming off the other set of ropes to Gage's back!

This knocks Blackwood into the ropes himself. But instead of bouncing off them he stumbles on them and rests against the top and middle rope...

DDK:

Ares kicks Blackwood over and to the outside! She's looking for a second suicide dive... she's crazy... she...

The Faithful cheer!

DDK:

Hits it!

Angus:

Lucky shot!

Ares struggles to pull Blackwood to his feet but throws him against the apron and then superkicks him back into the ring. Klein cheers on from beside the Champion as she goes to the turnbuckle and stands on the top rope...

DDK:

Blackwood is up... he moves but Ares lands on her feet! Another superkick to Blackwood! Followed by a second superkick to Blackwood gets him on his knees! Flying crossbody by Ares and she makes the cover!

ONE.

TWO!

THR- KICKOUT!

There's a huge sigh in the arena as Ares rolls to one knee and looks up at the referee, not believing the kickout happened with enough time. She does not seem pleased with Ferrari, however she waits for the challenger to get to his feet.

DDK:

That was a very, very close call!

Ares pulls Gage's head under her arm, looking for a bulldog...

Cuban Necktie! The arena erupts!

DDK:

Ares is calling for **Amethystation...**

She runs towards the ropes and then leaps at Gage Blackwood.

WHAM!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HIT ARES WITH AN INSIDE-OUT CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL! DEAR GOD, HE BROKE THE WOMAN IN HALF!!

Angus:

AND took the crowd right out of this match!

DDK:

Blackwood is still trying to get to 100%! He's rubbing his head. You can see him shaking just a little... he's been put through hell...

Angus:

C'mon Gage, it's right in front of you.

DDK:

Blackwood falls back against the turnbuckle. He's measuring Ares... could it be...

The Faithful grow restless. Just as Blackwood is about to emerge from the corner, Klein gets to that side of the ring

and grabs Blackwood's boot, tripping him up just a little.

The Faithful cheer while Gage turns around, furious. He's fuming beyond belief. The referee, Carla Ferrari sees what happens and tosses Klein out immediately to even more boos. This doesn't stop Gage from going into his full Scottish rage, mouthing off complete jibberish by the end as his accent gets thicker and thicker.

He turns to Carla and screams.

Gage Blackwood:

HOW THE FUCK IS THAT ALLOWED!?

Carla Ferrari:

It's not! I just ejected him!

Meanwhile, Klein, head down, is walking to the back.

Gage Blackwood:

I didn't even BRING my guys out here!!

Carla Ferrari:

It doesn't matter if you did or if you didn't.

Gage Blackwood:

But if I was the god damn cheater in this match ALL OF THEM [*The Faithful*] WOULD HAVE MY FUCKING HEAD!

The fans who hear this boo loudly and begin an "Ass-hole! Ass-hole!" chant. Blackwood turns his attention to them.

Gage Blackwood:

SHUT THE FUCK UP!! YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT!!!

Angus:

He *is* right, you know.

DDK:

I'm not condoning what Klein did but Gage, it's all right in front of you. Way to overreact...

Gage Blackwood:

YOU'RE ALL HYPOCRITES! Ah hae ilka single yin o' ye!!! Ye staun thare oan yer god damn carbolic mush boxes 'n' point th' finger 'n' blame ithers afore keekin at yer actions foremaist!!! A'm peely-wally 'n' fauchelt o' it!!!

Angus:

YES!! PREACH PREACH PREACH!

DDK:

You don't have a bloody clue what he just said...

Continuing to huff and puff around the ring, Blackwood turns his attention back to Ferrari. Blackwood says he wants to be awarded the championship. She tells him that's not possible.

Meanwhile, Elise Ares gets to her feet. The crowd stops booing and Gage doesn't see her, not yet...

DDK:

Springboard dropkick by Ares! Blackwood is down!

But instead of following up, Ares gets into the referee's face too.

DDK:

I think she's furious Klein got tossed!

Ares stomps around the ring, hands on her hips.

DDK:

Maybe she didn't see Klein grab Blackwood's foot. I'm not sure. Either way, this is very interesting. Blackwood had control of the match and lost it because of his own attitude problems and now it looks like the champion might do the same...

Angus:

Just like Blackwood earlier, now Ares is too focused on what happened and continues to argue with Ferrari...

The Faithful try to get Ares reinvested in the match but it's too late.

Gage Blackwood:

Fuck you, bitch.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD COMING IN WITH THE GAELIC STORM!!!

SWWWOOOOSH!!

DDK:

ARES DUCKED IT!! BLACKWOOD MISSED!!! INSTEAD, HE'S BACK ON HIS FEET AND HE IS CRUSHED WITH ANOTHER CUBAN NECKTIE!! THIS CROWD IS DEAFENING!!!

Both combatants rise. Blackwood goes for a left hand and it's blocked! He goes for another and it's also blocked! He grabs Ares by the arm and throws her into the ropes...

DDK:

Amethystation!

Ares flies extremely high through the air and lands a perfect DEFIANCE January 2020 Calendar picture on the challenger!!!

DDK:

I can't hear myself think! Ares has a leg hooked!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Angus:

Not yet, Leading Lady of *Awfulness*, hahaha!!

DDK:

That's not even funny. That's the stupidest attempt at a joke I've heard in a while. Cringeworthy to say the least.

The two get to their feet. Blackwood once again tries a left hand but it's blocked. He goes for it once more but it's blocked! He shouts loudly, rushes off the ropes and he's rolled into a small package by Ares!!

DDK:

THIS COULD BE IT!!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THR-- NO!!!

DDK:

THE REFEREE JUST CALLED THE PINFALL **OFF!!** ARES HAS HER LEFT HAND ON THE ROPES!!!

Angus:

See what I mean!? Blackwood is correct! This cheater should be booted outta the arena!

A furious Ares gets up to argue with Carla Ferrari again. However, Blackwood wastes little time before crushing her with a codebreaker!

DDK:

Blackwood is doing something we don't see too often... he's going to the second rope- no wait, THE TOP rope!

Elbow Drop!!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!!

Angus:

Fuck! I thought he had her!

DDK:

The WrestlePlex has come alive! Blackwood can't believe it! He's looking up into the rafters as if to ask the wrestling

gods what the hell is going on...

Blackwood rolls to the corner. He gets to one knee. He starts to call for the Gaelic Storm once more...

Tension in the arena builds. Ares is on one knee. Then one foot.

That's when he runs...

DDK:

ARES ROLLS THROUGH! SHE HITS THE CHALLENGER WITH A SUPERKICK!

The superkick knocks Blackwood into Ferrari just a little. It doesn't knock the referee out, or anything like that but it gives Ares a moment to exit the ring and grab her flask, to which she enters back in with.

DDK:

Ares is going to hit Blackwood with that flask???

Ferrari gets in the middle and stops Ares. The two of them begin another argument.

Elise Ares:

Get out of my way!!!

Ferrari continues to go over the rules, all of which seem to infuriate the SOHER Champion more, considering Klein was also tossed from ringside.

Elise Ares:

You need to...

DDK:

Uh, Gage Blackwood.

Elise Ares:

Get out of my way! Don't make it say it again...

DDK:

Gage Blackwood.

Elise Ares:

I don't know what your problem is tonight...

DDK:

Gage Blackwood!!

WHAM!

GAELIC STORM!

Angus:

... I...

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HITS THE GAELIC STORM ON ELISE ARES!! HE HOOKS THE LEG!!

I disagree. I think *a lot* of people take him seriously. However, his crybaby attitude is nothing to look up to.

Angus:

But he achieved NOTHING without this new attitude! He has done so much more in these seven months than he had the previous year!!

Blackwood doesn't smile while he holds the title in the air. Instead, he just soaks in the boos. Finally, Adler and Landell put Blackwood down as the three of them stand over Ares one final time. Klein slides into the ring to check on her as well, while the trio leaves and walks up the ramp.

Blackwood throws the SOHER on his shoulder and takes the lead, walking away from the crowd and not engaging in their disapproval whatsoever.

DDK:

I don't know what this means for Gage Blackwood. But I also don't know what this means for Elise Ares. She has to be heartbroken. She has worked so hard at this level. Say what you want about her attitude or style, she is adored by these people and there's a reason why she was the longest-reigning SOHER Champion of all-time.

Angus:

Haha I agree with you. You said she *WAS* the longest-reigning champion. Time for a new one babay!!

Before going behind the curtain, Blackwood turns to face The Faithful once more. He doesn't hold the title up. He doesn't smile, frown, show anger or any emotion at all. He just stands there. Boos are directed his way.

Angus:

I love this new era!!!

After about a minute, the new SOHER Champion turns and vanishes behind the curtain with Adler and Landell following behind.

SAD PANDAS

The FIST of DEFIANCE.

Resting on a bench, the title sits across from the man who wields it.

“Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns.

Finishing the last of the laces on his bright orange wrestling shoes, Burns looks at the title and nods, getting himself mentally ready for the battle to come with Mikey Unlikely. Feeling as ready as he’s going to before he takes on Mikey Unlikely, the prideful champion grabs his belt when he turns in the doorway and sees his pupils.

“Manpower” Jack Mace, nursing his head.

“Bantam” Ryan Batts, nursing his jaw.

Oscar Burns:

GCs... I’m so sorry about earlier...

Ryan balls up a fist and slams it against the locker.

Ryan Batts:

We lost... again...

Jack Mace:

Aye, mate... I didn’t think the Fuses would do what they did, but...

Ryan steps forward.

Ryan Batts:

We didn’t see it coming... a SHARK? Who the heck uses a shark?

Jack Mace:

Aye... not very WrestleFriendly.

Ryan Batts:

Oscar, we just came to say good luck, but I think that Jackie and I need to step back. We came SO close to winning, but... we’re tired of coming close...

Burns raises his eyebrows.

Oscar Burns:

Wait, no! Come on, you guys beat ME and Mikey! They stole that match from you, but that wasn’t something you could have prepared for. The Fuse Bros showed their true colors. Don’t pack a sad...

Ryan shakes his head.

Ryan Batts:

Nah, we just came to say good luck, Oscar. We know you can beat Mikey, but I think we need to regroup.

Before Burns can even reason with them, Jack and Ryan turn on their heels and leave the locker room. The Team Graps Cap shakes his head and sighs.

Oscar Burns:

Damn... yeah, that wasn’t very WrestleFriendly to drop that before my match with Mikey... Ah, well, first things first. Title to retain and all that...

Burns takes the FIST of DEFIANCE and places it on his shoulders before leaving himself.

The main event is up next.

FIST: "TWIST & TURNS" OSCAR BURNS Â© v. MIKEY UNLIKELY

The camera pans to the commentation station for the final time tonight in order to set up the final match for DEFIANCE ROAD 2019. "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland start the breaking down of all things Mikey Unlikely and Oscar Burns.

DDK:

It has been a crazy evening to say the least, Angus, but we're finally at our main event. Coming up next, for all the marbles... The #1 Contender Mikey Unlikely finally gets another chance to get back to the FIST of DEFIANCE when he takes on the current defending champion, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. And after what happened on our go-home show, Burns is not going to be happy, I guarantee it.

Angus:

And that's because Mikey finally had enough of Burns talking down to him. For weeks, Mikey and Burnsie have been trading words and slinging insults, but it comes down to this. Mikey is not champion, but wants to be. Burns has what he wants, therefore Mikey will do whatever he wants to get it and that includes beaming Burnsie with the title belt itself.

DDK:

Yeah, and that's exactly what I mean. Mikey has made it no secret he wants to be on top. The former Southern Heritage and DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champion would make history tonight as DEFIANCE's first Triple Crown Champion if he can beat Oscar Burns. In this match, being Burns' fifth defense since winning the title from Mikey Unlikely's former tag partner and ex-best bruv Kendrix, this is going to be his toughest match to date.

Angus:

They don't like each other, Keebs. Plain and simple. And I'm looking forward to seeing them beat on one another for my very amusement.

DDK:

I bet you are, Angus. These two tried to be civil and made a good team against The Family Keeling, but with a big loss to The WrestleFriends, things have spiraled out of control. We've seen both men try to show respect to one another, only to be blown off. And when Burns told Mikey flat-out that he couldn't beat him, we saw Mikey snap. He's a polarizing figure for sure, but he's undoubtedly one of the best.

Angus:

And now he's in Burnsie's head. He didn't like him before, but when Mikey McFuckass showed up and attacked him... oooo weee, a FIGHT!

DDK:

Here we go, fans. We're going to take it to ringside for our main event of the evening. Mikey Unlikely versus Oscar Burns. Mikey Unlikely wants to make headlines and none would be greater than becoming the FIST. On the other side, Burns wants to continue his dominant run as the FIST of DEFIANCE and show the world why he's one of the most respected athletes we've ever seen.

The camera goes to ringside with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall and is YOUR main event of DEFIANCE ROAD 2019! This match will be contested for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

The Faithful ROAR in approval as the challenger makes his way out first...

♪ "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by Hotei ♪

A single spotlight hits the stage and the rest of the lights die out. Mikey Unlikely comes sauntering through the curtain

with a cocky smile and the usual aviator sunglasses. He stops to look over the large DEFIANCE crowd.

The fans cheer, a couple boo.

Mikey makes his way to the ring slapping all of the hands. He finally rolls into the ring, goes to the opposite turnbuckle, hops up onto the second rope and poses for the cameras.

Once the music fades out, the ever-cocky but equally confident challenger leans back in the corner and waits for the defending champion.

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

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. With the FIST of DEFIANCE worn over his shoulder, he holds it out and then raises the title over his head for to the ROARS of the Faithful filling up the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex.

DDK:

And here comes the two-time and current FIST of DEFIANCE! Mikey in that ring shooting him a grin after what happened with Burns being struck with that very title.

Angus:

Burnsie is a technical guy, but he also headbutts people like it's going out of style. He may want to ease up on that sort of thing tonight.

DDK:

Very good point, Angus. Far as we know, Burns may be coming into this less than 100% but he has had a couple of weeks to recover so we'll see how well he does. He's fought against giants like Crimson Lord and Uriel Cortez, he's fought brawlers like Scott Stevens and even his own protege Ryan Batts for that title and thus far has been resourceful, but if there's anybody that can rival him in that department, it's Mikey. Mikey defended that #1 Contendership against Scott Stevens to not only do away with him, but prove he's ready for this match. I have no doubt he is.

Burns heads on down the ramp and slaps hands with the fans the entire way down. Mikey Unlikely leans back in the corner as Oscar does a lap around the ring, slapping as many hands as possible before coming back to the steel steps. He walks up the steps, wipes his feet on the apron, and then steps into the squared circle. He points a finger up in the sky and then leans against the middle rope!

After the posing is done, Burns comes to his corner and now stares straight across from his opponent. The music goes quiet as the championship introductions start and a spotlight shines on the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first in the corner to my left, this is the challenger. From The North Side of Los Angeles... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the former DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion and former DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champion... the current #1 Contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE... He is The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer...

MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey raises both fists in the air and gets a solid 60-40 reaction from the fans. Some approving of his chase for the gold. Others not so, especially after what he did by shellacking Burns with the title belt itself on the last DEFtv. He gestures for the title and shoots a smirk at Burns before the glasses come off.

Darren Quimbey:

And in the corner to my right... from Wellington, New Zealand and residing in New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at 243 pounds... he is the two-time reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Burns kisses the title once, does a spin and then raises the FIST overhead towards Mikey, daring him to try his luck to take it. After the pomp and circumstance, the belt goes over to Brian Slater. He raises the FIST and then shows it off. Mikey in one corner. Oscar in the other...

DDK:

Here we go. Both men itching for a fight and I don't think they'll disappoint.

Angus:

Nope.

Brian Slater signals for the bell...

DING DING!

AND MIKEY GOES ON THE ATTACK!

DDK:

WOW! Mikey with the Dropkick right from the jump! I thought for sure Burns would be the one to get things started!

Angus:

Desperation on Mikey's part, I bet!

The crowd watches on in shock as Burns reels back in the corner with Mikey now on his feet. He scrambles over to where Burns landed in the corner and takes the fight right to the champion with a pair of right hands. The Technical Spectacle remains stunned as Mikey tries to catch him off-guard with a whip... NO!

DDK:

Burns with the go-behind! And he takes Mikey down with the takeover!

The crowd cheers as the larger Burns slams him down with a rear takedown. Mikey tries to fight his way back to his feet, only for Burns to slam him down a second time. Then when The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer tries in vain to get back up a third time, Burns takes him down yet again and goes for a Fujiwara Armbar!

Angus:

Aww, shit, Burnsie coming in hot now!

But with all the strength he can muster, Mikey Unlikely wiggles his way to the ropes and gets a foot on the bottom cable! The FIST lets go and breaks off, but he's clearly ready to pounce on the challenger the first chance he gets.

DDK:

Unlikely barely makes it to the ropes, but that opening salvo just woke up Burns!

Angus:

You're saying he's woke, Keebs?

The Technical Spectacle backs off and lets Mikey dust himself off before getting back to his feet. The two start to lock up again, but Mikey instead opts to go for the kick to the gut before applying a Top Wristlock! He grins that he's outwrestled the wrestler for the moment, but that all goes out the window when Burnsie turns the tables on him, trips him up and then snaps on a Gutwrench before THROWING Mikey over with the Suplex!

The crowd pops as The Joint Chief of Joint Locks rolls over and hoists Mikey up before he dumps him again with a

second Gutwrench Suplex!

DDK:

Good moves by Burns and now the cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

Mikey kicks out before two, but The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer gets dragged up before Burns drives a shoulder into his stomach. Burns then CRACKS him with a stiff European Uppercut and knocks him down before stacking his legs into a pinning predicament.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Oscar taking Mikey to school right off the bat!

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks sees Mikey try and scramble to his feet before he sneaks up to the side and tries to catch him with a School Boy!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

And finally, Mikey has had enough and then heads out to the floor while the FIST of DEFIANCE remains on the inside of the ring, pacing the ring and not taking his eyes off the challenger.

Angus:

Puh-owned as the nerds say, Keeps.

DDK:

For the moment, Burns does have Mikey's number where the mat is concerned. And Mikey's starting to get both winded and frustrated.

On the outside, Mikey kicks the guardrail lightly (since he's not an idiot and doesn't want to hurt himself) and takes his time while referee Brian Slater is starting a count for Mikey to return to the ring or risk getting counted out. Oscar Burns still does the gentlemanly thing and leans near the ropes, offering to hold them open for Mikey Unlikely.

Angus:

Don't trust the Kiwi, Mikey. You stabbed him in the back, he's just gonna stab you in the front!

Mikey ignores him and rolls to the adjacent side of the ring before rolling under the bottom rope and getting back to his feet. The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer decides to try a different approach as Burns holds out both hands, offering a chance for Mikey to meet him on the mat again. Mikey starts to offer a hand and then tries to go for another kick like he did before when Burns snaps him down with an ankle pick and then tries another hold.

DDK:

After that opening attack attempt, Mikey just can't get out of the blocks against Burns! The Team Graps Cap is laser focused on keeping his title and proving Mikey wrong that he's the man to beat!

Angus:

He's gonna rip off that leg and beat him with it!

Indeed, Burns tries to go for the Graps of Wrath III, the Rolling Heel Hook, but before he can get it on again, Mikey once more grabs the ropes and then heads to the floor. This time, Burns doesn't waste time waiting for him to come back to the ring and decides that he's gonna go on the attack.

DDK:

Burns has gotta be careful!

Angus:

Yeah, he ain't gonna do any gorram mat wrestling out there!

He grabs Mikey by the arm and tries to lift him up for some sort of slam on the outside, but The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer decides that he's had enough and slips out the back. He tries to whip the Kiwi across the ringside floor, but instead, Burnsie stops that and **THROWS** him viciously into the guardrail!

Angus:

Awww, snap, we taking this to the streets, fool! Or the wop wops or whatever the hell Burnsie says in his weird Kiwi Candyland language.

DDK:

The Wop wops is like the outskirts or boonies. But yeah, Oscar showing a more aggressive side tonight. He's been able to neutralize just about anything Mikey has thrown at him so far... OOOHHHH!

The crowd **WINCES** when Burns blasts him in the chest with the Hard Out Headbutt on the floor! Mikey goes down, but the blow seems to have dazed Oscar just a bit. He grits his teeth and shakes out the cobwebs while the fans continue to rally behind Oscar at least for the moment.

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

DDK:

While Mikey has been getting a more mixed response tonight, there's no doubt they love Burns and what he's done in the ring for DEFIANCE and for the FIST itself.

Angus:

And I'm thinking he's now about to beat down even more! Burnsie is gonna take it back to the ring!

The defending FIST of DEFIANCE grabs Mikey up off the mat and then throws him back inside the ring before slowly starting his climb back in... but he gets caught by surprise by Mikey, who stuns him with a shoulder to the gut. The blow rocks Oscar and finally, The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer has a chance to turn the tide for himself when he runs off the ropes and then **DRILLS** Oscar with a stiff Flying Forearm, knocking him off the ring apron and back out to the floor!

DDK:

What a shot by Mikey and now he's going out to the ring apron! What's he got going on now?

Angus:

Whatever the hell he needs to do to win, Keeps!

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer waits as the FIST starts to make it back to his feet on the outside of the ring. With a chance to turn the tide, he runs off the ring apron and comes flying off, taking down the champion with a Flying Clothesline! Mikey gets back on his feet and then lets out a roar to the fans that gets returned with mostly cheers, but a smattering of jeers all the same.

DDK:

What a reception by Mikey, but he finally turns the tide on Burns with a few big moves of his own!

Angus:

Burns has that mat game locked down, but McFuckass can surprise you with how unpredictable he can be. He's using a few things he doesn't normally bust out to catch Burns off guard!

Now in control of the match for the first time, The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer turns his attention back on Burnsie and then grabs him by the body as he tries to get back to his feet and then tries to get him back inside. The champion slowly tries to fight back, but when Mikey Unlikely starts to see him go back on the attack with a European Uppercut, Mikey dodges it! Burns tries again, but Mikey spins him around...

Then plants Burnsie with a DDT on the ring apron!

DDK:

Mikey got him! That DDT on the ring apron, the hardest...

Angus:

HARDESTPARTOFTHERING we know, Keeps! Everybody points that out!

DDK:

It doesn't make it any less true! Now Mikey finally has the opening he's desperately been searching for and now he's in control. What's more, that belt shot from DEFtv may come into play now if Burnsie isn't 100%.

Burns falls to the floor on the outside again, Mikey wastes no time whatsoever. Grabbing the champion by the head and the tights he picks up Burns and tosses him into the guard rail. Burns goes back first. Unlikely walks over and starts dropping forearms onto the lower back of Burns before Mikey suplexes him on the outside of the ring. They both land with a thud on the floor.

DDK:

There's no give on the arena floor here Angus!

Quickly back to his feet the Challenger rolls in and back out to break the 10 count.

Angus:

He's learned the hard way, you don't get the belt with a DQ. in case you've forgotten Mikey 0 for FOREVER in FIST matches, and I WON'T LET YOU FORGET!

By the time Mikey comes back outside Burns is getting to his feet. Burns sees Mikey first and runs at him. Mikey bends over and tries to back body drop Oscar Burns, but Burns lands hands first on the ring apron, his body bounces off the ropes and ricochets back!

DDK:

OSCAR CAUGHT HIM! To the outside, his body bounced off the ropes and he caught Mikey on the way down! Both men are down!

Mikey holds his head in pain, while Burns breathes deep, trying to find the breath to get back up. It takes awhile but both men get up slowly. Burns rolls back into the ring, but before he gets all the way in, Unlikely grabs his ankle.

Angus:

Uh oh, he's got the FIST by the feet!

DDK:

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer pulls both ankles back to the outside, and Oscar lands on his feet! Mikey with a quick forearm! Now a couple of them! The champion is rocking!

Finally Burns goes to retaliate but Mikey sees it coming. He ducks the strike, spins Burns around and lands a lungblower to the back. The fans let out an audible "OOOOH". Mikey wastes no time getting Burns back up and sliding him into the ring. Unlikely goes for the cover as soon as he gets in.

ONE...

TWO...

Angus:

BAH! Not enough!

Slapping the mat and arguing with the referee is a waste of time, but Unlikely does it anyway. He walks over to the turnbuckle and starts to untie the pad. Official Brian Slater admonishes Mikey and stops him from completely undoing the buckle.

Brian Slater moves in and starts to tie the buckle back into place as Mikey moves away...

Angus:

WAIT JUST A GORRAM MINUTE! MCFUCKBOI HAS SOMETHING IN HIS TIGHTS!

The camera catches Mikey reaching into the front of his tights and he places something in his own hand. He cocks back and as Burns makes it to his feet, Mikey lands his fist flush against the face of Burns. The vast majority of the crowd boo, there's a handful of cheers.

Quickly Unlikely sticks the object back into his tights as Brian Slater turns around having fixed the turnbuckle.

DDK:

What the hell, I thought Mikey turned a new leaf!

ANGUS:

He did say on DEFtv a few weeks ago that he's going to finesse Oscar Burns out of the FIST... This is clearly what he meant. MCFUCKER with the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

T...KICKOUT!

Mikey can't believe it. He loses his cool.

DDK:

Mikey now grabs Brian Slater by the collar. You can't do that! He's going to cost himself the match!

Unlikely lets go and starts kicking at the ropes. Throwing his arms up in disbelief. He walks back over to where Oscar Burns is and slowly brings him back up to his feet.

DDK:

I don't think Oscar knows where he is! Whatever Mikey hit him with has done some damage. Now he sends Burns off the ropes. On the return Flap... No! Oscar Burns reverses into a Front Facelock! And he's down! Guillotine Choke!

Out of his own desperation to keep the championship, Burns drags Mikey down to the mat with a Guillotine Choke and has it locked in tightly! Unlikely starts going into full on panic mode as he frantically tries to wiggle his way free, but it doesn't seem like The Technical Spectacle wants to relinquish the hold any!

Angus:

Oscar Burns channeling his inner Wayne Brady! He gonna choke a Mikey!

DDK:

Burns is definitely buying himself some time of his own, but he may have Unlikely beat!

Frantically, Mikey has his arm up in the air and tries to punch at the side of Burnsie to get him to let go, but the Kiwi has the hold locked in tightly, so he rolls his way over to the left...

He rolls again...

And makes the ropes!

The crowd is even further into jeers now, more than they have been so far as Mikey gets his feet under the ropes. Burns lets go again and looks disappointed, but he sees Mikey and uses the ropes to pick himself up .

DDK:

Mikey finally makes the ropes, but at what price? And now, Burns is back up and doesn't look happy with what Mikey did earlier!

Angus:

Burnsie does not!

Twists and Turns grabs Mikey and then whips him into the nearby corner before following up with a Running European Uppercut that nearly knocks him for a loop. Mikey remains dazed when Burns then grabs him by the arm and sends him flying to the other side of the ring. Burns then connects with a big Running High Knee in the corner! Finally out of the corner, The Technical Spectacle tosses him over with a big Exploder Suplex and then crumbles over behind him into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Close set of moves by Burns! He's all fired up now!

Angus:

That's what Mikey gets for dipping his toe back into the McFuckass waters again!

The FIST of DEFIANCE finally grabs Mikey again and grabs his arm, going for the Grapevine that leads into the Graps of Wrath II, the same move that submitted Kendrix for Burns to win the FIST... but perhaps knowing that, Mikey panics and slips backwards between Oscar's legs, tripping him in the process. He hits the mat and then grabs Burns' head...

DDK:

He's looking for Roll Credits! Can he land it?

He tries and has Burns on his feet when the larger Kiwi suddenly shifts his body weight, turns and then throws Mikey up and over into a Northern Lights Suplex! Before Brian Slater can count the fall, Burns FLIPS over and the crowd pops as he lifts him up a second time and then drives him down to the mat again, this time with a Bridging Northern Lights!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

To the shock of the Faithful and especially the champion, the challenger gets a shoulder up off the mat and Burns releases the bridge.

DDK:

What another sequence of moves by Burns, but it seems like Mikey WANTS this title tonight! Burns was right in the lead-up. Burns won this title on his very first try during his first title reign. Mikey has had several big opportunities to win the FIST and has come up short for one reason or another.

Angus:

And we've seen him go half-McFuckass tonight. He WANTS that title like you said, Keeps!

Burns decides to try and end it when Mikey is barely able to stand by propping one arm between his legs.

DDK:

Headdrop-O-Matic coming... NO! Elbow! Elbow! Elbow! Mikey fighting like hell to not get dropped!

With his free hand, Mikey keeps fighting off Burns until the champion has no choice but to let go, but Burns charges...

Only to get caught in a Fireman's Carry by the challenger!

Angus:

The hell is Mikey doing?

DDK:

Mikey drops Burns on the top rope with that Fireman's Carry-style move! Burns on the apron... MIKEY SHOULDER BLOCKS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

After dropping Burns on the ring apron, Mikey stuns him with a Shoulder Block through the ropes that sends Burns to the floor yet again. Mikey has him down when he runs and then connects with a Baseball Slide Dropkick through the ropes, kicking Burns into the guardrail.

DDK:

No! Mikey throws him back to the ring! Now he's... going up top?

Mikey continues his climb to the top rope where Burns still hasn't moved from the big salvo of earlier offense. The second that Mikey gets to the top rope, he poses for the crowd and then comes flying off...

DDK:

Frog Splash by Mikey! He used that same move during his match with Scott Stevens! He hooks the legs of Burns!

Angus:

We gonna have a new FIST?!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... NO!

DDK:

Burns kicked out! But Mikey goes for another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... NO!

DDK:

And ANOTHER cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Mikey growls and then sits up after three failed attempts to beat the champion and cement himself in DEFIANCE history as its first Triple Crown winner.

Angus:

I think he's gonna crack, Keeps. Everything he's thought of so far hasn't led to him winning the FIST.

DDK:

That might have been the most astute thing you've said in a while.

Angus:

Fuck you, Keeps.

DDK:

And you lost it.

Mikey hesitates for a moment, wondering what he has to do next when he finally starts to sit up in the corner. He waits for Burns to try and make his move as the FIST stands and when he does...

DDK:

Roll Credits by Mikey! He has it... No! Reversal by Oscar Burns!

Burns braces himself and THROWS Mikey throws Mikey forward. The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer heads into the corner once on his feet as Oscar finally stands. The Technical Spectacle charges in looking for another Uppercut when Mikey gets his foot up and catches Burnsie in the back. He leaps to the second rope, but before he can get anything going, Burns NAILS him with an Uppercut and then DRAGS him off the middle rope right into...

Angus:

BACK-CRACKA-HOPPER!

DDK:

No, the Back-Crack-A-Ma-Jig! Mikey got nearly broken in two!

Burns now falls into the cover on Mikey and looks to go for the kill!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Now it's Burnsie's turn to be on the receiving end of disbelief as he can't believe that Mikey has kicked out of everything he's been able to throw.

DDK:

Burns almost pulled out the win, but he's not done!

The Technical Spectacle grabs The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer and then he goes back to the back again...

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

DDK:

Good Lord, Burns is working over that back! He's gonna try and end this now!

Mikey howls out in pain as the boots of Burnsie continue to rain down on his back while having both arms locked in a Surfboard-style submission before he finally starts to pull Mikey up into a PAINFUL Cobra Twist!

DDK:

Cobra Twist! He's grinding down on that hold now! Mikey is trapped in the middle of the ring once again and Burns is going to work that midsection and that back of Mikey for all it's worth!

Angus:

He called him Old Testament Mikey earlier... looks like Badass Burnsie is gonna break him in half!

DDK:

He's got Mikey trapped once more, but Mikey now trying to fight out!

Mikey does just that and tries his best to get the larger Burns off of him by trying to maneuver him with a Hip Toss, but Burns has the hold locked too far away from the ropes. Out of nothing less than sheer desperation, Mikey grabs the arm of Burns...

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL?! HE JUST BIT BURNS!

DDK:

Mikey grabbed that arm of Burns and moved it just enough to be able to bite him! That's one way out of the hold!

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer backs away and can't believe what he had to do in order to break the hold as Burns himself is still reeling in the corner. Mikey cradles his back in pain with one hand, but when he sees Burns, he POUNCES on him in the corner and wails away on him with right hand after right hand!

DDK:

Mikey fought his way out of the hold after that bite and now he's got Burns where he wants him! He's gotta be careful or Slater's going to disqualify him!

Brian Slater warns Mikey to stop with the assault in the corner, otherwise he'll be disqualified. A fired-up Mikey does stop, but when he turns, Burns is there to WHACK him in the jaw with a European Uppercut! Mikey bounces back...

DDK:
SUPERKICK BY MIKEY!

Angus:
...NO! DAMN!

Burns bounces back into the ropes after the Superkick, but when Mikey turns around...

DDK:
HARD OUT HEADBUTT! HARD OUT HEADBUTT! AND BURNS FALLS ON TOP OF MIKEY FOR THE COVER!

Burns collapses onto the chest of Mikey with his arm and Brian Slater jumps into position for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

The Faithful go NUTS as Mikey's shoulder comes up off the mat at long last! Both men are down and the crowd is going apeshit at this point!

DDK:
What an exchange! Mikey is doing EVERYTHING he can to try and get the belt away from Oscar Burns, but The Team Graps Cap just won't give up the FIST!

Burns and Mikey are both down and it takes a few moments for either man to start moving before The Technical Spectacle is the first man to make a move, using the nearby ropes to pick himself up. As he's shaking the cobwebs out after the Superkick from Mikey and the Headbutt he used, Mikey isn't too far behind him, but holds his chest in pain and tries to catch his breath.

He sees Burns...

Burns sees him.

And the two go right back to trading shots! Right hands by Mikey and Elbow Smashes from Burns! The two continue slugging it out until Burns sidesteps a right hand...

DDK:
Snap Dragon Suplex by Burns! He DRILLS Mikey into the mat! And now he still has him again...

Angus:
German Suplex! Too bad Geist isn't in this match for me to pop off another joke!

And Burns holds the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Mikey slips out and crumbles over onto his stomach, but Burns looks as confident as he can possibly be as he goes to drag the dead weight of Mikey hurriedly...

DDK:

This is Burnsie's chance! He can catch him here!

Burns has Mikey up by the waist and looks to be going for possibly another German, but out of sheer panic or instinct, Mikey surges to life and run forward, ducking between the ropes and catching the neck of Burnsie on the ropes!

Angus:

SHIT, MCFUCKASS BROKE THE HOLD!

DDK:

MIKEY NOW GOES FOR BROKE...

The crowd then goes crazy as Mikey gets behind him...

DDK:

ROLL CREDITS! ROLL CREDITS! MIKEY FINALLY LANDS HIS FINISHER AFTER THREE TRIES! HE'S GOT THIS!

After the Lariat into the Backbreaker CRUMBLES Oscar into the mat, an exhausted Mikey slumps over behind him and then falls right into a cover, hooking the near leg in the process as the crowd counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT, MCFUCKASS DID IT! HE DID IT!

DDK:

NO, ANGUS, LOOK! LOOK!

Mikey hears the count and has his arms in the air... but when he sees Brian Slater, he doesn't see him hand over the FIST, but rather sees him pointing at Burns...

With an outstretched foot over the ropes.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT, BURNSIE JUST SAVED HIS TITLE BY A THREAD!

DDK:

Now Brian's telling Mikey,... BUT MIKEY IS SHOVING HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

Seeing that now is no time to waste, Mikey shoves his way past Brian to get back at Mikey and then grabs him in an Inverted Facelock before getting him back to his feet. He has the hold locked in again...

Angus:

Second Roll Credits?

DDK:

NO! BURNS GRABS THE ARMS! HE GRABS THE ARMS AND THROWS HIM FORWARD!

Burns catches Mikey and throws him over with his feet on the shoulders for a pin!

*ONE!**TWO!*

Mikey tries to roll backwards, but Burns gets HIS feet over that into his signature European Clutch!

DDK:

FRUIT ROLL-UP! FRUIT ROLL-UP! HE'S GOT MIKEY TRAPPED! WILL THIS DO IT?

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!*

Mikey LUNGES forward, but... it's too late.

Angus:

BURNS SUCKERED HIM IN! HAHAAHAHA! EAT IT, MIKEY!

Burns collapses after releasing his hold on the surprise European Clutch. Mikey sits up... he holds two fingers up... and can't believe it. He looks up at Slater, almost heartbroken while Brian heads into the ring and drops the FIST of DEFIANCE over the chest of Burns.

Darren Quimbey:HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... AND **STILL YOUR FIST OF DEFIANCE... "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!****DDK:**

That... that match might have honestly been one of the best matches I've ever seen Mikey wrestle! He WANTED that title. He really did. He may have been Burns' toughest challenge to date. But you can never count out Burns in ANY match. He had the Roll Credits scouted this entire match. Mikey went to the well once too often and Burns made him pay for it.

Burns cradles his own back in pain as he gets to a knee and then gets to his feet. But before he can wave the title...

MIKEY TAKES IT!

DDK:

Come on, Mikey! You lost! Burns retained the FIST fair and square.

The crowd starts to JEER the hell out of Mikey as he holds up the championship and stares at it. Longingly. The title that was almost his. Burns growls and looks ready to do something about it... but much to his and the Faithful's surprise, Mikey returns the belt and puts it back on the shoulder of Burns.

Then his hand goes out.

DDK:

Wow... I can't say I expected that.

Angus:

Don't shake his hand, Burnsie! Rip it off!

DDK:

I don't know if Burns can turn it down... remember after EVERYTHING Scott Stevens did to him... he shook hands with him and they haven't fought in that ring since.

The Team Graps Cap looks at Mikey and then looks at the hand in front of him. He looks out to the crowd...

And shakes it.

DDK:

There we go. These two have been at each other's throats since this collision course to DEFROAD started, but now here we are. Mikey pulled out all the stops to win that title and came up short, but no doubt in my mind that he'll come back and he'll have another opportunity.

Angus:

Bah, sportsmanship. I'm out.

Mikey and Oscar share no words between one another, but Mikey takes in the atmosphere and leaves the ring before slowly walking to the back, allowing Oscar Burns to have his moment in the sun. He leans forward and then climbs the turnbuckle, raising the FIST overhead.

DDK:

Oscar Burns has done it, he's defended the FIST successfully again! His reign has DEFIANCE's top champion is unparalleled!

After a few moments in the ring, Burns heads up the ramp towards the back. He holds the title up high and walks up the ramp victorious.

DDK:

DEFIANCE ROAD Has come to an end ladies and gentlemen and what a night it's been.

"Twists and Turns" is about to head through the curtain, he looks back one more time soaking in the FAITHFULS reaction as the credits start to appear.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIA---

WHAM!

Burns crumples onto the stage as the Steel Chair that hit him in the back of the head clangs on the steel. Mikey Unlikely walks back through the curtain onto the stage smiling.

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL! Mikey just knocked Burns out cold! What a shot! Why would he do that? He just shook his hand!

Angus:

Someone pick up the 'Gorram' phone, cause I CALLED IT! He's gone FULL ON Mikey McFuckass!

The former #1 contender for the FIST attacks Burns on the stage. He grabs the chair and brings it down across the midsection of the rightful FIST OF DEFIANCE. He tosses the chair down, picks up the champion. He gets in his face.

DDK:

The challenger has a man who's barely conscious...He's so jealous!

Mikey Unlikely:

By the skin of your teeth!

Mikey takes Burns by the back of the neck and tosses Burns off the stage, Sending the champion through many tables holding production equipment below!

DDK:

My goodness! That's a ten-foot drop onto wood and concrete! Mikey Unlikely sends a clear message to the FIST. All Oscar Burns did and has done is defend his title! Every time he gets attacked maliciously. It's getting out of hand!

Mikey screams down at Oscar Burns from above. Referees and DEFSEC have convened over the prone body of Oscar trying to get him some help.

DDK:

We'll be back on DEFtv folks and you won't want to miss the fallout of this and the rest of what happened here at DEFROAD. Will Oscar Burns be Ok?Someone get Unlikely outta here!

**THIS
IS
DEFIANCE.**