

BACK TO THE SOHER

We crane from expensive shoes up through a nice armani suit, before resting onto the face of the D. One of his eyes is covered by a monocle. He has O-Face dangling from one arm as Flex struts behind the power couple in the outside parking lot.

The D:

Now, tonight, you know what we have to do, right Flex?

Flex stops, and scratches the top of his head.

The D:

You can walk scratch and think at the same time Flex.

Flex Kruger:

Hmmm. Does it involve computers? I don't know computers.

The D:

No, we talked about this ages ago, O, you got my back, right?

O-Face smiles toward the D and nods her head before walking over to Flex. She hops onto Flex's back, and then points toward the arena, telling him to charge.

Suddenly a loud crack echoes through the parking lot, followed by the sound of a rare 80's sports car accelerating at high speeds. All three turn around just in time to see a silver DeLorean screech around the corner, smoke billowing from the tires as it desperately tries to come to a halt. O-Face hops off Flex and takes a few steps towards the door to try and run away. The D looks back at the beautiful car, mesmerized by what appears to be taking place in front of him. The D carefully and slowly raises the external lens of his monocle to see clearer, eyes wide. The car doors rise open vertically and smoke pours out from inside. Flex stands in front of O-Face as if to guard her from immediate danger.

DDK:

What's going on here? Is that...

Angus:

That's my car!

DDK:

Oh please.

Two individuals rush out of the vehicle, coughing and surrounded by smoke as The D approaches them. First is a woman wearing a flannel shirt under a jean jacket under a red poofy vest for some reason at the beginning of May in Louisiana. Her hair is pulled up into a pony tail and she wears a pair of aviator sunglasses. Behind her, from the driver's seat staggers a much larger man wearing a white lab coat over a hawaiian shirt. His hair standing straight up as if recently escaping some sort of panic.

The D:

No. No no no no...

Klein:

GREAT SCOTT!

Elise Ares:

No, his name is Derek, we've gone over this... he just calls himself The D because he's over-compensating.

Klein:

He always told me he was under-compensating...

Elise rips off her sunglasses and runs over to The D in a panic.

Elise Ares:

Please, tell me what day and time it is.

The D:

Sunday. And like, sunset? I don't believe in clocks.

Elise takes a deep breath and looks back over her shoulder at Klein.

Elise Ares:

I think we made it just in time. D, I know what you're thinking... it's my good friends Elise McFly and Dr. Box Brown without his box on totes acting like a couple of crazy people. But we're not crazy people, D. We're exceptionally talented and beautiful people from the future. We've come to deliver you a grave message that if you don't heed will change the fate of DEFIANCE and humanity forever.

The D rolls his eyes. Flex leans in, curious.

Flex Kruger:

The future?

The D just slaps his own forehead. O-Face proceeds to slap the back of Flex's head as he winces in pain.

Elise Ares:

At DEFCON, I'm going to defeat some guy named Jay Harvey for the Southern Heritage Championship... and then I have this totally awesome idea to change it to the SoCal and put a selfie camera on the championship. I know. I know. Hear me out. Something about this makes you totally become SUUUUPER jealous and shit, you get all selfish and you turn on me, then try to turn Klein against me to take away my new super awesome title. It's not cool at all.

The D:

NYAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Elise Ares:

Shhhhh, hear me out, I know it sounds crazy. I end up putting you in your place and learning a valuable lesson about how like... championships carry a lot of prestige and are important and stuff, BUT after that Andy Sharp comes back from whatever motel Mikey buried him in and declares war on all ex-members of the Sports Entertainment Guild. And he's SUUUPER lame and this makes for just terrible television and just an all-around bad time for all of us. Please tell me I'm not too late and you're still like... super cool?

The D stares daggers at Elise, his eyes narrowing like tiny slits. His teeth grind as his face tightens, and a vein in his forehead pulsates. His nose twitches, and then again, and a third time before he just lets out a guttural moan.

The D:

Uuuuuuuuuugh.

Flex Kruger:

Wait, if you're from the future... how are you GOING to win the SoHer?

The D blinks, and swats the back of Flex's head. He turns back to Elise and points in her face.

The D:

I can't wait to watch Andy Sharp KEEEEEEEL you.

The D snaps his fingers just an inch from Elise's face.

Klein:

The girl!

Klein points at O-Face standing behind both The D and Flex. She tries to lean in to bite his extended finger before Klein recoils in time. Elise looks past The D, still paying no attention to anything that he's said before rolling her eyes.

Elise Ares:

Dammit, Doc! He's already turned asshole if she's here. We need to go back farther!

Klein:

Recalibrating quantum tunnel matrix, 1.19 gigawatts should do it. Checking the flux capacitor and plutonium levels!

Flex Kruger:

But if you're actually from the past... How can you go back when you're going forward?

Elise Ares:

There's no time to explain, Flex! We need to go back!

Flex Kruger:

To the island?

Klein stands up and points heroically.

Klein:

TO THE FUTURE. Or the past? AWAY FROM THE PRESENT!

Elise Ares:

GET IN THE CAR, KLEIN. WE'RE OUTTA TIME!

Klein quickly slides across the hood of the car like in Dukes of Hazzard. He then realizes he's the driver, so he rolls back over the car, and slips into the driver's seat. Elise meanwhile retreats around the back and climbs in. Klein gives one last look out the window to Flex.

Klein:

You in big man?

Flex just blinks.

Flex Kruger:

I'm... so... confused.

Elise Ares:

HIT IT!

The same screech belts out across the parking lot again as the tires smoke and the delorean goes ripping off into the distance. Flex Kruger's jaw is still agape as The D walks up from behind him and closes it shut.

Flex Kruger:

Hey D. Do... Do you think I'm smart?

The D just shakes his head from side to side as he walks off, giving no verbal answer

RUNDOWN



Bright flashes, rolling cameras, and all the action in the world. The live crowd sees the intro video being played over the DEFiatron, as classic moments of DEF's current roster is played on screen. We see footage of Lord confronting Harmen, the Fuse Bros with each other, the Stevens Dynasty winning the Trios Titles, Elise and Andy Sharp at each other's throats, and JFK holding the FIST high.

The heavily produced and graphically enhanced video fades out. A sky jib crane shot of the cheering Faithful screaming their lungs out, holding all of your favorite signs while pyro goes off around them. The shot is so quick as Keebs and Angus begin to speak.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv 119!...

Before Angus can get a word in edge wise, or our home Faithful can even read a single sign, the duo hear music.

Angus:

Son of a...

OSCAR BURNS APPRECIATION NIGHT!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Angus:

No! He's not allowed right now! This is OUR TIME KEEBS! OUR TIME!

DDK:

It looks like we are about to be graced by an unscheduled appearance right now with the presence of the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

BOO THIS MAN! MAKE HIM GO AWAY!

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

Angus:

Ugh. Why in the hell isn't this guy in a cell right now after what he did two weeks ago to Ryan Batts?!

The screen splits in two, the live feed showing Kendrix making his cocky stride down the ramp, seemingly feeding off of the all too familiar jeers of the faithful as he does so, the second half of the picture replays the vicious assault on Ryan Batts in the parking lot.

DDK:

It's certainly a fair question partner but it seems that no charges were raised by Batts against Kendrix and the company has done their utmost to keep him out of a cell and reprimand him internally with a hefty fine.

Angus:

Which, lets face it, is probably pocket money for that scumbag. That'll teach him.

DDK:

Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit, Angus.

With the picture returning to one shot, Kendrix is already standing in the centre of the ring, microphone in hand, which he slowly raises to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Another less than warm welcome from the faithfull.

Angus:

From most of them, some pockets are still cheering this guy?! We need to start vetting who we allow to buy our tickets and merch!

Kendrix looks over to the crowd to his left and then to his right, shit eating grin in tact the whole exaggerated time. He raises the clip-board out in front of him and clears his throat down the microphone.

Angus:

Ugh, he's so annoying!

Kendrix:

Ladies and...

He squints and stares intently at the clip-board, moving it closer to his face.

Kendrix:

Hold up, I better get my glasses out for this apology DEFIANCE Legal and my lawyers agreed on, innit?! I'm not sure what the next word says...

Angus:

LADIES & GENTLEMEN, GOOD GRIEF!

Kendrix places his glasses on and moves the clipboard to a reasonable distance from his face, a look of confusion strikes him.

Kendrix:

Gentlemen?

He looks out at the crowd.

Kendrix:

Here in the wrestleplex???

He chuckles to himself as the jeering begins to rise once more.

Kendrix:

OK, if you say so. Who wrote this forced...I mean genuine apology from the heart?

He shrugs his shoulders.

Angus:

How many of these forced apologies has this guy had to say in his DEFIANCE career? I mean seriously?

DDK:

It's certainly not the first time that's for sure. JFK's a controversial figure, DEFIANCE must have known what they were getting into when they signed him up, Angus.

Kendrix:

Obvs, JFK wrote all of this. So in order to not be fired by DEFIANCE, I am GENUINELY sorry for beating the holy shit out of Oscar Burns' bestest bud, Ryan Batts...although, if JFK is being honest...which he obvs has been so far...I have to admit, I'm pretty impressed with myself for managing to throw that Wrestlefriends Dork through a car side door window.

BOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

I can assure you, the DEFIANCE faithful and the DEFIANCE management that JFK will never do anything like that, ever again...

He raises his eyebrows and lowers his lip.

Kendrix:

I mean, to be honest, the odds of Batts going through the window so smooth are pretty high...next time I'll just smash his head against the hood or something.

DDK:

This guy is something else.

Kendrix flips the page over the clipboard.

Kendrix:

Anyway, now that the formal and GENUINE apology is out of the way, we can all move on with our lives, just like Ryan Batts can in his hospital bed. Life is precious my friend. Don't come back here.

Cue shit eating grin once more.

Kendrix:

Anyway, I feel that my GENUINE apology to everyone cannot make up for what happened two weeks ago. So I have decided to finally entertain each and every one of you in a way that your hero, Oscar Burns has so far failed to do with his emotionless vow of silence thing he's been doing ever since he became the number one contender to my FIST of DEFIANCE.

The cameraman momentarily focuses in on the belt wrapped around the champ's waist before centering the focus back on the champ

Kendrix:

You see, I come out here every show, talk the talk and walk the walk. Why? Because this is an entertainment business. Nobody tunes in to see an Oscar Burns Armbar. Burnsy thinks he can just focus all his energy on our match at Acts Of DEFIANCE and not get involved in any talking before the main event.

Jesse shakes his head at the in-ring cameraman.

Kendrix:

Pathetic, these people pay good money to be given a show, Oscar. So if you won't talk, then I will do your job for you and big you up before I beat you at the Pay Per View.

He clears his throat once more and studies the clip-board again.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gentlemen...

He winks at the camera

Kendrix:

Tonight, I give to you list of Oscar Burns' career achievements to date. Achievement number 1. Oscar Burns made it out of the boring island of New Zealand to follow his dream of becoming a big star here in the United States of America.

DDK:

Oscar Burns has quite a lot of achievements to date, this could be a long segment folks.

Kendrix:

Achievement number 2. Oscar Burns is a former Wrestle UTA champion...mainly because JFK wasn't here at the time which made it easier for him to win it...which basically means that title at that time was worthless.

Angus:

I see where this is going...

Kendrix:

Achievement number 3. Oscar Burns is a former FIST of DEFIANCE!

Big cheer for this one.

Kendrix looks down at the FIST around his waist before facing the crowd again, a look of disbelief in his eyes.

Kendrix:

Geez, this place really went downhill when I left, huh? But fair dos, every dog should have it's day and all that, I guess.

DDK:

JFK showing a complete lack of respect and class, once again this evening.

Kendrix:

But Oscar Burns' greatest achievement in his entire life, achievement number 4...was coming face to face with JFK. The greatest technical wrestler in this business today got SCHOOLED by yours truly twice already on his way to winning the gold you see around my waist right now.

The boos louden at the latest ego trip of the FIST, who looks at the clip board, turns it upside down, diagonally and flips the remaining blank pages over and over.

Kendrix:

I guess that's all the achievements, this finished a lot quicker than I thought it would. So there you have it, meeting JFK is Oscar Burns' greatest achievement in life. As he has done over and over again...LOSING to JFK is Oscar Burns' greatest achievement in life.

He walks over to the ring-side camera and intently focused at the lens;

Kendrix:

And as I proved two weeks ago, the reason that tradition will continue at Acts of DEFIANCE is because JFK is living rent free inside Oscar Burns head.

Multiple colors flash throughout the arena. Gary

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

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

Angus:

OHHHHH YEESSS! HERE WE GO!

DDK:

HERE COMES JACK MACE, RYAN BATTS' TAG PARTNER, HE'S HEARD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS!

The Brazen Champion runs with earnest toward the ring Kendrix sees him coming, throws his glasses out of the ring, encouraging the Wretlefriend member to get in the ring. As Mace slides in, Kendrix of course, slides right out of there and tailgates back up the ramp.

Angus:

Our champion, ladies and gentlemen.

DDK:

Mace is urging the FIST to get back in the ring but it's not happening.

Kendrix blows Mace a kiss and waves him farewell.

DDK:

Not a wise move from the champ, Mace is after him!

Angus:

Get him, Mace!

Kendrix disappears behind the curtain while back inside the ring, Mace has something to say as he takes a microphone.

Jack Mace:

Hey! Kendrix! Listen, yeah?!

The Faithful cheer on the riff of one of his many catch phrases.

Jack Mace:

Unlike you, mate, I don't need twenty minutes to get my point across. After what you've done to Burns and ESPECIALLY what you did to Ryan Batts two weeks ago... I talked to Kelly Evans and she had a great idea for tonight. Non-title champion versus champion match between The FIST versus the BRAZEN Champion. Tonight, mate, you go one on one with ME!

The angry Mace throws the microphone down and his music plays him out. The man known as The Wrestling Teddy Bear for his overt friendliness was anything but right now.

DDK:

What a main event in store tonight! BRAZEN Champion Jack Mace steps into the ring with the FIST of DEFIANCE Kendrix!

Angus:

Go, WrestleDork! Kick his ass!

DDK:

We're about to head to commercial.

Angus:

I don't care! ATTACK!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

The scene opens to lush and vibrant gardens. We see men in white long sleeve shirts, with black vests moving about in a hurried manner. The camera turns and we see a beautiful country club in the background and finally a large banner.

"BCI Children's Benefit Event"

Below the banner sits a wooden stage with a small podium centered on it. There is a man speaking at the podium but we're unable to hear him. The camera turns some more and now we see the large crowd gathered in their nice outfits and designer handbags.

The audio fades in as the man finishes up his speech.

Random Old Dude Talking (AKA Edgar with the tight pants) :

...And so it is my humble duty to thank each and every one of you for donating both your time and hard earned money to this wonderful charity event. Remember folks 100% of your donations go directly to the BCI Children's hospital fund. Unlike in years past when we had to also fund the cost of this event, one man went above and beyond the call of duty this year, and decided he would single handedly cover the cost of today. That man is actor and professional wrestler.... Mikey Unlikely. Mikey come on up here!

The crowd claps loudly as Mikey stands up from the front row and makes his way to the stage. He wears a very fine suit. With a step up, he shakes the hand of the master of ceremonies, before positioning himself to speak.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you Edgar! AND THANK YOU to each and every one of you here today. For it is without you that we could not fund this wonderful hospital. Each and every day there are hundreds of thousands of families who experience an emergency in this country and don't reach out for help because of fear of debt or judgement. Every day people are diagnosed with debilitating diseases and terminal cancers and are afraid to face it alone... But because of people like YOU, they no longer have to!

He pauses as the people clap again.

Mikey Unlikely:

BCI is an amazing place. A place where people can get answers, treatment, and comfort from some of the best doctors, nurses and support staff available. I am proud to be a supporter of BCI because I know I'm helping a great people. Each and every patient walks out of BCI without a bill because of events like this one today. Because of events like this we can make a huge difference in everyday lives and culture. Where no one is treated a certain way due to an inability to pay. Where care is given to every human regardless of their race, background, or beliefs. So when you go home today and you see that not only did you donate \$5,000 per plate here today, but you know that you may have helped someone suffering, helped someone afford the medication they needed, or even saved a life...

The crowd once more applauds the great speaker that is Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

I cannot ask you to give more than you already have here today, for I know \$5,000 is a lot of money, and it's extremely appreciated by the staff here at BCI. Anything you give to this great cause is a blessing, so I will not ask you to give one more dime.... What I will do is set an example. If you choose to follow in that example, then terrific, if not, Thank you anyway...

Mikey reaches into his suit jacket and pulls out his checkbook. He steadies it on the podium and writes a check out. Edgar now surprised by this, comes back in. Mikey hands him the check and Edgar can't believe it. He hugs Mikey .

Edgar:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mikey Unlikely has just donated an extra \$25,000 to our cause!

A standing round of applause from the audience now. Edgar wipes a tear from his eye and keeps the applause going. The cameraman now zooms. Over the shoulder of Mikey and focuses in on the crowd. It Keeps zooming past the first few rows of spectators and donors to a seat near the back row. A man in front moves out of the way, and that's when we see him.... The smiling face of Scott Stevens....

Fade back to ringside as Minute stands ready.

MINUTE vs. THEO BAYLOR

Angus:

Well, if you haven't seen highlights from the last BRAZEN event, you dumbasses SHOULD GO DO IT! Not only did former BRAZEN star and now new BRAZEN Champion Jack Mace retain against Reinhardt Hoffman and Flex Kruger, we saw Minute defeat the much larger David Hightower and... ugh, I don't even want to talk about the other part.

DDK:

What my partner and BRAZEN booker is trying to say is we also have new DEFIANCE World Trios Champions in the Stevens Dynasty!

Angus:

UGH!

DDK:

They defeated No Justice, No Peace and they have been livid! The leader of the group, Lucius Owens and Theo Baylor wanted a match tonight, but DEFIANCE officials instead booked Theo Baylor to go up against Minute here momentarily. Minute scored a win over a much larger David Hightower, but now he's fighting the 6'5' 285-pound Theo Baylor who no doubt is looking to blow off some steam after their loss! Let's go to Darren Quimbey with Minute already in the ring!

We do that because wrestling. Doy. "Nightfall" by Cliff Lin plays as a very focused Minute wows the crowd with a double jump before a moonsault into the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following BRAZEN Showcase Match is set for one fall! Already in the ring, from El Paso, Texas, weighing in at 150 pounds... **MINUTE!**

Minute gets cheers from the crowd as Baylor gets ready to come to the ring.

♪ "Purple Lamborghini" by Rick Ross and Skrillex ♪

The thundering theme plays and out comes Theo Baylor, the angry Los Angeles native comes out from the back and looks ready to put a shellacking on somebody. Right behind him is his manager, "Brother" Lucius Owens looking awfully smug, points at the ring and tells him to waste the small luchador.

DDK:

Theo's coming into the ring with a mack truck-like pace... but Minute is there on the attack!

Angus:

Waste the midget!

DING DING!

Just as Baylor makes the ring, the 150-pound luchador throws all his speed into a Dropkick that catches him in the leg! Theo stumbles into the ring and before he knows it, a Springboard Dropkick from Minute catches him in the back of the head and sends him stumbling back through the ropes and out to the floor at Owens's feet!

Angus:

Minute has a crap-ton of hops, but he's gonna need all that and more to beat a pissed-off Baylor!

DDK:

Baylor back on his feet, but Minute is already back on the attack! He goes up top... **WHAT A SENTON ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!**

The crowd roars for the mini-human highlight reel as he leaps off the very top ringpost with a Flipping Senton all the

way out to the floor and takes Baylor out with a tremendous dive! It takes a few seconds for Minute to catch his breath, but the diminutive dynamo is already back in the ring now, almost begging Baylor to get back into the ring.

DDK:

Oh, no... Baylor is angry now!

It takes a few seconds for the pissed-off LA native to get back up, but when he does, Baylor lets out a roar and slides back into the ring! Minute tries to mount another offensives, but all it takes from Baylor is one Big Boot to the chest to knock Minute down to the mat!

Angus:

All that flippy crap pisses off Baylor like it does me! That's why I hired him for BRAZEN, we're kinfolk!

DDK:

Wow, look at Baylor! No Justice, No Peace lost those Trios Tag Team Titles and they demanded an immediate rematch, but this match was already signed by DEF and BRAZEN officials. I feel bad for Minute.

The crowd cheers on the young 20-year old, but he continues to get beat down by Theo who wails on him with a trifecta of painful Clubbing Forearms across the back. Baylor then holds up Minute with two hands high in the air in a Military Press... then one! While Lucius Owens watches with a big smile on his face, he watches Baylor LOB Minute across the ring!

Angus:

Holy crap! He's gonna be done for!

DDK:

Incredible strength by Baylor! Some say that his rage is really a key factor in holding him back from being higher on the shows, but if he channels it like this he's hard to stop!

Baylor picks up Minute again while he tries to shake out the cobwebs. He goes to lift him again, but this time Minute slips out the back and lands on his feet. He kicks away at the knee of Baylor repeatedly, dodges another Clubbing Blow and fires back a Dropkick to the leg! A second Dropkick makes Baylor stumble and that's when Minute busts out a Tiger Feint Kick across the top rope! The crowd is on their feet as the flurry has Baylor rattled. He springboards in...

DDK:

CAUGHT! POWERSLAM BY THEO! THAT'S IT!

The crowd deflates when Theo finally goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

...But come alive again when he kicks out!

DDK:

No! Great counter there by Baylor, but Minute is still in this! He's been on the wrong end of some matches recently on DEFTV and this would be a big upset if he could knock off one of BRAZEN's top stars!

Angus:

No way Baylor lets that happen!

An angered Baylor grabs Minute off the ground and then goes to lift him up for another Powerslam over the shoulder...

but when he does, Minute shifts his body weight and then PLANTS him mid-ring with the Interceptor!

DDK:

Great reversal by Minute! He catches Baylor and now he's stumbling in the corner! Is he...?

Minute creates distance while Lucius Owens is losing his shit. Baylor's head is throbbing and he remains in the corner when Minute goes RUNNING across the top rope into a Flying Dropkick in the corner! The crowd is on their feet!

Angus:

Holy craps! The hell was that?!

DDK:

He calls that Estrella Fugaz and now Baylor is down! Minute with the Springboard Splash! Can he win?

ONE!

TWO!

TH... POWER OUT BY BAYLOR!

DDK:

What a big series of moves! I thought for sure he had Baylor beat! You can see Lucius Owens sweating over there!

Owens continues to nervously pace as Minute takes his time. He tries to lift Baylor up and kicks him in the head a couple of times, but when he throws one, Baylor grabs him and PLANTS him down viciously across his knee with a Rib Breaker!

Angus:

Damn, I think that's it! Did you see Minute bounce off his knee?

DDK:

I did, and yeah, that's gotta be all.

Lucius screams at Baylor to finish it now. He does so and looks to finish Minute by throwing him off the ropes and going for the Elevated Sitout Spinebuster he calls Welcome to LA...

DDK:

Welcome to La...NO! NO! VICTORY ROLL!

Minute SPRINGS into a forward roll and takes the larger Baylor with him, holding his legs for dear life!

ONE!

TWO!

...THREE!

The crowd goes crazy as Baylor kicks out, but after the three-count! Minute heads the hell on out of the ring as the crowd goes crazy!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MINUTE!**

DDK:

That's TWO big wins this week for Minute! He knocks off David Hightower at our recent BRAZEN show in his home

state of Texas, then pins the former Trios Champion Theo Baylor! I can't believe it! Are we seeing the birth of a giant killer among BRAZEN?

Angus:

Holy craps, he did it! I'm not gonna lie, I'm still kind of not over the whole "No Justice No Peace" almost turning their backs to join the UTA invasion so he deserved that!

An ENRAGED Baylor kicks the ropes and Lucius Owens tries to argue with referee Hector Navarro that he kicked out, but he holds up three fingers and points at Minute as the victor!

DDK:

That's a big win for Minute here on DEFTV and if he can follow that up, he may be in line for a future BRAZEN Championship opportunity!

The Faithful cheer on the smallest star of BRAZEN with a huge win tonight as he celebrates on the ramp and waves Baylor farewell as the scene goes elsewhere.

ANSWERING THE BELL

The scene opens backstage where Matthew LaCroix runs his hand through his hair and smirks back at the camera, which pans out to show him standing next to Lance Warner. The intrepid interviewer doesn't waste any time, going right in on Southern Strong Style.

Lancer Warner:

I'm here backstage with former Reaper of Light, Matt LaCroix. Matt last DEFtv you ran across a group of your former BRAZEN co-workers who took offense to a comment you'd made earlier about not being able to lace your boots. While you might've made your point in the ring, it took Kerry Kuroyama to bail you out of a sticky situation, what happened out there exactly?

LaCroix huffs a little before his rebuttle.

Matt LaCroix:

I did what I said I was gonna do. I went out to the ring, I showed the world that the joke in the Nicolas Cage mask couldn't lace my boots, and his little friends stuck their nose in my business. I didn't ask for Kerry's help. I didn't WANT Kerry's help. Kerry decided he was going to stick his nose where it didn't belong too. I would've done the same thing to Kerry that I did to that CAGE! fella if security didn't stop me.

Warner:

Yet before that when Kerry Kuroyama challenged you to a fight you backed down.

If looks could kill, Lance Warner would've dropped dead. They don't, and Lance stood firm as Matt LaCroix eyeballed the man standing next to him in a different light.

LaCroix:

Did you just call me a coward?

Warner:

I didn't say that exactly, I was just stating the fact that Kerry called you out on DEFtv and you very clearly stated that you weren't interes...

LaCroix:

Now listen here, Lance, I have a score to settle with Kerry Kuroyama. I'm not a coward, I don't run from anyone. The point I was tryin' to get across is that Kerry has been on DEFIANCE television for a long time while people like I had to scratch and claw to get here, but that doesn't mean he's better than anyone. I've been around this business for a long time, and I'll be damned if I get big timed by K-Cups. Orderin' me around like I'm a young boy. I don't play that game, Lance.

Warner:

I don't think that was particularly his intention...

LaCroix:

Are you his spokesperson now or somethin'?

Warner:

No, not at all, just saying the impression I got.

LaCroix:

Well this isn't about you, now, is it, Lance? This is about me and little Kerry. A man and a boy, who likes to think he's a man. He wants me to PROVE I'm the better man? I'm fine with that. I accept, Kerry. Tonight, I'll make sure that you leave the arena with little doubt in your mind where you stand in this world. You're pretty high on that old talent ladder, boy, but you're still a few rungs below me.

Lance goes to follow up but Matt quickly interrupts.

LaCroix:

No more questions, I have a lesson to teach.

With those words, Matt walks off screen and leave Lance by himself.

Warner:

There you have it, tonight Matt LaCroix will finally go one-on-one with Kerry Kuroyama in a match that will surely be a great fight for the Faithful. Back to you at the desk.

The scene shifts back to the commentary table where DDK and Angus react to the interview.

DDK:

Thanks, Lance! Some strong words from Matt LaCroix there, Angus, how do you think he'll be able to back those up tonight?

Angus:

He's motivated, Keebs, and he's looked damn good since coming up from BRAZEN but I have a lot of trouble respecting anyone who clung onto "The Light" to get his roster spot. That being said, anyone who calls him K-Cups moves up a couple spots in my rankings.

DDK:

Well we'll see it all unfold tonight! I'm looking forward to it and I'm sure these fans are as well!

WHY BLACKWOOD WHY?

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dansson ♪

Angus:

Yes, it's Gage Blackwood!

A chorus of boos reign down as Blackwood's new theme music plays. He appears, sporting the same plain black t-shirt and black jeans. He has a faint smirk across his face as he strolls down the rampway, not even taking a second to notice the jeers from the crowd. Sliding into the ring, his theme music closes and he pulls the mic to his face.

Blackwood pauses. More boos come in. He waits a little longer... and then, turning to the stands...

Gage Blackwood:

Shut up.

BBBBBB000000000000000000.

Gage Blackwood:

I said everything I wanted to all of you the last time I was out here. No need to repeat myself. Now, I have other business to take care of...

Blackwood pauses to walk around the ring. He's starting to get himself pumped up as anger flows throughout him. After a moment he pulls himself back together and looks towards the curtain.

Gage Blackwood:

Get the hell out here... Mushigihara!

A loud cheer follows but no theme music plays.

DDK:

Folks, we're not sure if Mushigihara is even here. My understanding is he did suffer a serious concussion at the hands of Gage Blackwood at MAXDEF and has not been cleared to wrestle just yet.

Angus:

Mushigihara, always hurt. He's The Walking Band-Aid of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Didn't you say that about Gage?

Angus: *[playing dumb]*

Huh?

Blackwood waits it out and then points to the back.

Gage Blackwood:

GET OUT HERE RIGHT NOW. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!

But no one comes. Finally, Blackwood walks to the center of the ring and just then-

DDK:

That's Eddie Dante!

As DDK clarifies, the cameras show The God-Beast's manager, Eddie Dante, emerge from the curtain without theme music. Walking cane and all he makes his way down, showing an expression of confusion, sadness and shame all at once.

DDK:

You can see just how uncomfortable Dante is about all of this. The three of them, Blackwood, Dante and Mushi go way back these past two years.

Angus:

Go way back? Please, spare me Keebs. Dante is a loser just like Mushigihara!

Dante gets into the ring but keeps his distance from Blackwood. With his head down, Dante's eyes raise as if to say he's ready to listen.

Blackwood grins sadistically.

Gage Blackwood:

He's not here, is he?

Dante speaks off-mic.

Eddie Dante:

He's hurt Gage, you know this. In more ways than one...

Blackwood's smile hasn't changed.

Gage Blackwood:

That's fine; you'll do.

This is followed by another very long and uncomfortable silence.

DDK:

I don't think Eddie should be in there right now...

Angus:

Oh c'mon, what's the worst that could happen?

Gage Blackwood:

You. I have just as much of a problem with you as I do *him*.

Blackwood says as his smile turns to an expression of pure anger and hate.

Gage Blackwood:

When I was out here last time I said these people, "*The Faithful*", turned on me. But what about you and Mushigihara, my so-called only friends in DEFIANCE? We were friends yet the two of you never truly had my back, did you!?

Dante is shaking his head at all of this, trying to plead with Blackwood.

Gage Blackwood:

I was set up to fail *every time* we teamed together! I took beating after beating after beating trying to defend DEFIANCE and trying to defend you and Mushigihara!

Angus:

Tell it like it is, son!

You can see Dante becoming more uncomfortable and nervous with each word Gage speaks.

Gage Blackwood:

You shouldn't have come out here.

Now Blackwood starts closing in on Dante.

Gage Blackwood:

I asked for Mushigihara. If he's hurt, then you should've stayed home, too.

Blackwood gets closer.

DDK:

This is not good!

Gage Blackwood:

Where were the two of you when Shooter Landell was beating the piss out of me at DEFCON? Where were you when he put a chair through my head?

Blackwood is seething.

Gage Blackwood:

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN HE PUT ME THROUGH A TABLE!? WHEN HE THREW ME OFF THE STAGE!?!?!?!

Blackwood is inches away from Dante, whom is backed into a corner with nowhere to go. There is no more sadness or shame in Eddie's eyes, only fear as he looks into the Scot.

Gage Blackwood:

You will serve as the second reminder to The Faithful... on wishing I stayed retired.

DDK:

No, please, Gage...

Blackwood is twitching. His face goes beet red and his thick Scottish accent comes out again.

Gage Blackwood:

A'm aff tae pumpin' hurt ye fur whit ye didnae dae! Ye ne'er hud mah back!! Ye set me up tae fail ilka single time!!!!

Blackwood is shaking now. He grabs Dante by the throat!

Breathing heavily and right in the face of Eddie, The Faithful are stunned and waiting for what's to come. Suddenly, Blackwood calms back down and lets go of Dante. He tussles his hair.

Gage Blackwood:

I have a surprise for you.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

DDK:

What? That's Shooter Landell's theme song!

Angus:

Oh my God yes!

Landell marches out with a grin similar to that of Gage. He comes down the ramp quickly and slides into the ring.

Landell goes to stand right beside Gage Blackwood. Blackwood looks at Shooter and then closes in towards Dante again.

Gage Blackwood: *[to Dante]*

Shooter and I had a little talk...

DDK:

No, Gage. Don't do this... don't...

WHAM!!!

BBBBBBB00000000000000000000.

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD JUST HAMMERED DANTE WITH A LEFT HAND!

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.

STOMP.STOMP.STOMP.

The crowd is ruthlessly booing the attack on Dante while Landell watches from the middle of the ring.

Blackwood pulls a beaten down Eddie Dante to his feet and hurls him to the middle of the ring...

DDK:

CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL BY SHOOTER!

Dante goes full inside-out as he collapses on the canvas! This is followed by both Shooter and Gage putting the boots to Dante again. Blackwood begins laughing hysterically!

DDK:

THIS IS DISGUSTING. SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT GAGE'S REASONS FOR TURNING BUT TO DO THIS TO A HELPLESS MANAGER!!!

Angus:

He shouldn't have been out there! This is his own fault!

Blackwood pulls Dante up to his knees...

Gage Blackwood: *[to Shooter]*

Hold him.

Landell nods. Blackwood goes into the corner and then charges through...

DDK:

GAELIC STORM TO EDDIE DANTE!!!!

Blood starts pouring out of Dante's forehead as he lay unconscious on the canvas. Blackwood looks up at Shooter and pats him on the chest.

Gage Blackwood:

Again.

DDK:

NO. GAGE BLACKWOOD, YOU'VE PROVED YOUR POINT... THIS IS GOING WAY TOO FAR...

WWWWWHHAAAAAMMMMMM!!!

GAELIC STORM.

There are loud boos but also many individuals in the crowd who are horrified in silence. Eddie Dante doesn't move until eventually he starts twitching and going into a convulsive state. Blackwood and Landell don't care.

DDK:

CAN WE GET SOME HELP OUT HERE!?!?

EMT's scurry down the rampway while Blackwood wipes his hands together and Shooter exits the ring. Before leaving Blackwood mics up the mic.

Gage Blackwood:

And you can see Shooter and I in action later tonight!

He exits with a satisfied grin.

DDK:

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY... we hope to get an update on Eddie Dante as soon as possible!

The scene goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



RESIDENT EVIL: APOCALYPSE

The scene returns backstage to Lance Warner beside Tyler and Conor Fuse.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with The Fuse Bros. and I'll get right to it. Boys, what's going on with these men in... *black*?

Tyler nods and leans in while Conor keeps looking around, scared that talking about this may make the men who have recently beaten them down, appear.

Tyler Fuse:

So Lance, since we were interrupted the last time we wanted to speak about this, when these men in *black*, as you said, came down and chokeslammed my brother and I... we don't specifically know who they are but I have an idea.

Lance Warner:

And what would that idea be? It seems to me you've had some understanding about who these men are, correct?

Tyler Fuse:

Correct.

Tyler turns to Conor and tells him to calm down.

Tyler Fuse:

I believe they are descendants of The Reapers. Now what they want from my brother and I exactly, I don't know.

Lance Warner:

Two weeks ago they put a rubber chicken and a ring bell at your feet before they beat you up.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes. I believe DDK said it best on the broadcast, actually.

Angus:

That's a first...

Tyler Fuse:

...As my brother and I were watching the replay, he correctly identified the objects as those that were used against us in major losses. The loaded rubber chicken, used by Jestal on myself when The ToyBox beat us for the Tag Team *Achievements*. The ring bell? Used by Bo Stevens on myself twice as well, costing us the number one contendership and then losing to The Stevens at MAXDEF...

Lance Warner nods. Conor is still hiding behind his brother and looking around.

Lance Warner:

Understood, but why would they bring these weapons to the ring?

Tyler Fuse:

That I don't know. I can only guess.

Lance Warner:

And what would that guess be?

Tyler Fuse:

In due time, Lance. In due time. But right now, my brother and I need to see these guys face-to-face. And as you can tell, these *Reapers* play by their own rules and appear when they want to.

Lance thanks Tyler before Conor merges forward into the microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Pure evil. These guys are pure evil.

Tyler pats Conor on the back.

Tyler Fuse:

I know they are.

Lance Warner:

So what's next for the two of you?

Tyler Fuse:

Well-

Suddenly, the lights go out. Conor screams but there's a lot of commotion around the darkness. It sounds like a fight is happening... though no one can be sure.

Angus:

What's going on!?

DDK:

It might be those men, uhhh... those Reapers again?

CRASH!

BANG!

SMASH!

The lights come back on.

Lance Warner jumps back at the sight to the two extremely tall and skinny men standing in The Fuse Bros.' place while The Bros. once again are knocked out on the floor.

The towering men slowly turn their heads around to Lance...

Lance Warner:

Please...

The lights go out again. It only takes a second for them to come back on... this time just The Bros. remain on the floor.

Warner calls for help and the scene goes to DDK and Angus.

DDK:

This is a really messed up situation.

Angus:

Well The Fuse Bros. have had nothing go right for them since losing the tag titles... and this just complicates things further. If they're Reapers though, I hope they kill The Bros. once and for all.

DDK:

We'll get you an update on Tyler and Conor when we can!

PATRICIDE

Backstage, Iris Davine is in her medical wing, tending to the various cuts and bruises of the DEFIANCE roster. She's currently inspecting a makeshift arm cast on HF IV, the BRAZEN star who was brutally attacked last show. As she finishes wrapping the bruised elbow with tape, HFIV looks up and his jaw lowers. He turns away quickly, as entering into the room is none other than Jack Harmen. Harmen walks with a slight limp and has on his own air cast on his leg, but has a cup of noodles and something small in his other hand.

Iris notices the tension and backs away, as HFIV hops off the table.

HFIV:

Dad.

Jack Harmen:

Son. I got you pokemon cards.

Harmen smiles sheepishly and hands out the cards and the soup. HF IV just narrows his eyes.

HFIV:

I'm not ten anymore, I don't play pokemon. I play Magic.

Jack Harmen:

Sure, start referencing nerdier things than your father. That'll get you over.

HFIV rolls his eyes and looks away. He crosses his arms.

HFIV:

This only happened cause of you.

Jack Harmen:

What? That you trained, became a wrestler, and someone put a target on your back?

HFIV takes a step closer and breathes into his father's face.

Jack Harmen:

Careful boy.

HFIV:

I'm not your boy anymore. I don't even want the name dad, I just want to be myself. But I can't, not here, not when people who want to get at you, can just as easily get at me.

HFIV reaches into his back pocket and hands Harmen a letter. Harmen squints, and then starts reading.

HFIV:

He must have slipped it into my pocket when I was unconscious. I was going to give it to you the first time I saw you... which... is now.

Jack continues to read as his son talks.

HFIV:

I always wanted to be like you, but I didn't want to suffer for your sins like an idiot. So you figure out what's going on with this whole LIGHT nonsense, and leave me the hell out of it, okay?

HFIV shoulder bumps past his father and walks out of the room, as Harmen just lowers the letter, stunned. He looks

back to where his son left, and he's already disappeared down the hallway. Harmen sighs, crumples up the letter, and tosses it into the nearest trash can. It bounces out, and we just see in scrawled almost childlike handwriting. "THE LIGHT."

GAGE BLACKWOOD & SHOOTER LANDELL vs. ???

With the Gulf Coast Connection already in the ring, Darren Quimbey is zoomed in upon with a mic in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a tag team match. Introducing first, the team of Aaron King and Theodore Cain... the Gulf Coast Connection!

The Crescent City Kid claps on the apron and the camera goes back to Quimbey.

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dansson ♪

Boos fill the arena again.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, the team of Shooter Landell and Gage Blackwood!

Blackwood walks out first, still dressed in his plain black t-shirt and black jeans. Landell follows, sporting his usual gray hoodie and green wrestling tights. Landell is all smiles as he rubs his hands together while Blackwood has a blank/stoic stare into the ring. It's tough to tell if Blackwood is looking right at his opponents or past them. The two of them reach the apron and Blackwood turns to the Crescent City Kid.

WHAM!

DDK:

Now that was completely uncalled for!

Angus:

Oh my god, I love love love this new Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Blackwood just superkicked the Crescent City Kid!

King and Cain look at each other and bounce off the ropes on the far end... then they rush forward and suicide dive onto both Blackwood and Landell!

DDK:

This match hasn't started yet but it's already wild!

King and Cain get to their feet and receive a cheer from The Faithful. Cain quickly checks on the Crescent City Kid while King rolls Blackwood into the ring.

DDK:

I'm sure the Gulf Coast Connection saw what Blackwood did to Eddie Dante earlier and folks, I'm being told there is no update on Dante but he has been brought to the local hospital.

King rolls into the ring as the bell sounds.

DING DING

... But King goes right into a boot from Blackwood!

Angus:

Now that's a quick recovery!

Blackwood Irish whips King into the ropes and upon return connects with a powerslam! Blackwood shoots to his feet and a chorus of boos follow once more. He spits on King and punts him in the side of the head!

The referee Benny Doyle tells Blackwood to back away. Meanwhile Shooter has made his way to his corner and Theodore Cain to his as well.

Blackwood tells Doyle to "fuck off" and tags Landell. Blackwood then pulls King to his feet and holds his arm up. Landell goes to the second rope and comes across with an axe handle smash.

Landell hurls King into the ropes and follows through with a shoulder block. Then he drives three hard elbows into the side of King's face. He tags Blackwood back.

Angus:

These two are working well, Keebs! I wonder what they talked about to get on the same page?

DDK:

I don't know and really, I don't care. Gage Blackwood is severely messed up. He's teaming with the guy who took him out for a month!

Blackwood atomic drops King and then hits a bulldog.

Angus:

Yes but as Blackwood said, he was faking his injuries. Perhaps he wasn't injured at the hands of Shooter Landell after all!

DDK:

I suppose...

Blackwood stomps at King some more while Cain tries to save his partner. Doyle gets in the way...

SMACK!

But Blackwood superkicks Cain anyway!

DDK:

Blackwood rushes into the ropes...

GAELIC STORM.

He looks up at Doyle and puts both forearms into the side of Aaron King's head while making the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Angus:

Wow! What quick work by Shooter and Gage!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... the team of Shooter Landell and Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

DDK:

This was a tough one for the Gulf Coast Connection! The Crescent City Kid was blindsided by Gage Blackwood and they could never fully recover. For everyone watching at home, this is a much better team than the result they got tonight.

Angus:

Oh, please. Gage Blackwood all the way!

KILLING SPREE

While the Gulf Coast Connection is helped to the back by Doyle and a few others, Blackwood and Landell stand in the middle of the ring watching their opponents get carried away.

DDK:

There will be hell to pay for Gage Blackwood, that I know.

As Blackwood starts to exit, Shooter asks for a microphone from Darren Quimbey. Blackwood's theme comes to a close as Shooter calls Gage to stay where he is.

Landell starts clapping.

Shooter Landell:

My my kid, I have to say I am god damn impressed!

Boos follow. Blackwood's interest is peaked and he walks back to the center of the ring.

Shooter Landell:

I am proud of you and the person you're starting to become. I had no idea you'd change your ways like this but I have to say, I saw this in you from day number one!

Blackwood's stoic look turns to one of contemplation.

DDK:

Can we get this love-fest over with? Can we move on to the next match?

Angus:

Move on? It's like Landell is speaking for me, too!

Shooter Landell:

Kid, you are going to go far. Don't let these idiots, these "*Faithful*" as you say, get you down. You put Mushigihara in his place. You murdered Eddie Dante. And now you've crushed three BRAZEN idiots and banished them off TV!

Blackwood begins to smile. He asks for the mic and Shooter happily hands it over.

Then Blackwood's smile turns to sarcasm.

Gage Blackwood:

Shooter, I think you misunderstood me when we spoke last week.

Landell's face changes to concern.

Gage Blackwood:

We are *not* friends. I haven't forgotten what you did to me-

WHAM!

DDK:

Blackwood hammers Landell with a left hand!

The fans watch on, stunned as Blackwood mounts Landell and continues to fire left hands into his skull!

DDK:

Blackwood kicks Landell below the belt... now off the ropes...

GAELIC STORM!

But Blackwood isn't done.

He rolls out of the ring and quickly tosses in a chair.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

Blackwood pulls Shooter to his feet. He gets right into his face...

Gage Blackwood:

No one will fucking save *you*! You have NO friends here!

Blackwood unfolds the chair and places it in the middle of the ring...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! BLACKWOOD WITH A DIVING DDT!!! HE PUT SHOOTER'S HEAD RIGHT THROUGH THE CHAIR!

Angus:

This... is... incredible!

STOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPS
TOMPSTOMPSTOMP!

Foaming at the mouth (literally), Blackwood grabs Landell by the neck and stares him down again.

Gage Blackwood:

Beg, you fuck. **Beg.**

Although battered and beaten, Landell is able to plead while Blackwood puts the broken chair around his neck.

Shooter Landell:

Please Gage... I... I... I didn't mean it... I didn't mean any of it...

His voice is getting fainter and fainter...

The chair is completely broken apart and metal pieces stick out from all sides. Without a second thought, Blackwood Irish whips Shooter into the turn buckle where he goes in, head-first.

DDK:

DEAR GOD!! WE NEED SOMEONE OUT HERE FOR SHOOTER LANDELL AT THIS VERY MOMENT!

Angus:

How the tides have turned! Gage Blackwood has gone ballistic!

DDK:

He's not done!!

Blackwood exits the ring and while the fans watch in sheer horror, he pulls out a table covered in barbed wire!

DDK:

DON'T DO THIS GAGE! DON'T DO THIS! YOU STILL HAVE YOUR CAREER. YOU CAN STILL MAKE YOUR MARK IN DEFIANCE WITHOUT GOING THIS FAR...

Blackwood sets the table up outside the ring. Then he slides in, grabs Landell and walks him to the ropes.

Gage Blackwood:

Open your eyes. I made this for you.

Landell doesn't. Maybe it's because he's been knocked out, maybe it's because he's too scared... or both.

Gage Blackwood:

Open your eyes!

Landell doesn't.

Gage Blackwood: *[screaming]*

OPEN YOUR GOD DAMN EYES YOU FUCKING BAW JUGGLER!!!

Landell does, ever so slightly.

And then...

CCCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAASSSSSSSSHHHHHHH!!!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HIP TOSSED SHOOTER LANDELL OUT OF THE RING AND THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE TABLE!!!

EMT's and referees come sprinting down the rampway while Gage Blackwood is laughing hysterically in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Blackwood is a lunatic! What a transformation! First Eddie Dante, now Shooter Landell!

Blackwood continues laughing as he brushes his hands on his jeans and exits the ring. He walks up the rampway while the cameras go to the EMT's and Shooter, then back to Gage.

DDK:

He's gone too far. I would say Shooter had this coming but Eddie Dante certainly did not. Either way, when Mushigihara gets cleared there will be hell to pay!

Angus:

Will there? I'm starting to doubt that...

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME 2

We cut back to the charity event we visited earlier. This time Mikey Unlikely is sitting behind a table and a line forms on the opposite side. AUTOGRAPHS! Mikey is signing free autographs for all the donors and taking photos as well.

A young child walks up to the table and places his event program in front of Mikey. Mikey signs it and gives the boy a fist bump. The line continues to move along pretty quick. Our old buddy Edgar pops back up behind Mikey.

Edgar:

This is going splendidly! Thank you again Mr. Unlikely. Another successful year.

Mikey Unlikely:

No Problem my man! Anything to help out the hospital.

As the line moves a bit more the camera catches Scott Stevens once more. This time he's in line, a ball cap pulled down to cover most of his face. It looks like he's about 3 spots from the front of the line. Suddenly he grows impatient and pushes his way to the dismay of the people in front and Mikey doesn't notice who is standing in front of him when he asks.....

Mikey Unlikely:

Welcome! Who do I make it out to?

Mikey says without looking which angers the Texan even more.

Scott Stevens:

You can make it out to Mikey Isa Fraud.

The Texan says as Mikey grabs the 8x10 photo and begins to scribble when he realizes what he is writing and looks up to see Scott Stevens

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey that's not.....What are you doing here?

Mikey asks in a defensive tone as Stevens smile.

Scott Stevens:

I came to see the show and what a show it has been. Tell me Mikey, does spending thousands of dollars really make people turn a blind eye to the piece of shit you really are?

Stevens asks and Mikey jumps out of his chair which catches the attention of Edgar.

Edgar:

Is there a problem here?

Edgar asks as he makes his way over to the table.

Scott Stevens:

Actually there is.....

Stevens asks Edgar who replies.

Edgar:

Name's Edgar, what seems to be the problem?

Edgar asks the Texan.

Scott Stevens:

Did you know how much of a fraud, THIS MAN IS?!?!?!?!?

Stevens shouts at the top of his lungs getting everyone's attention.

Scott Stevens:

I mean I've spent hundreds of hours giving back to charities doing the real work. BLUE COLLAR WORK. Something Mikey here doesn't know about.

Stevens says and Mikey doesn't like what he's hearing and steps from behind the table to confront Stevens.

Scott Stevens:

Did that hit a nerve Mikey boy? What are you going to do about it?

Stevens says as he pokes Mikey's chest and Mikey slaps it away.

Edgar:

Sir, I'm going to ask you to leave or I'll call security.

Scott Stevens:

I'm not leaving Eddie until I finish what I have to say.

Stevens replies and Edgar leaves probably to get security and Stevens continues to belittle Mikey.

Scott Stevens:

Tell me Michael, do you really enjoy this? You know, giving back to people?

Stevens asks as he motions to the people around them.

Scott Stevens:

Because a real person who enjoys giving back doesn't need a public forum to brag about a donation. You don't hear about my donations or services because it's not about me, it's about the kids but you just want the pub to show you're a "nice guy."

Stevens says with air quotes.

Scott Stevens:

I mean how much money did you spend on advertisements for this Michael? I mean this appearance was plastered all over DEFIANCEWrestling.com, all over your social media accounts, not to mention the local radio stations and a billboard.

Mikey goes to respond but Stevens won't allow it.

Scott Stevens:

You're a fraud and I'm here to expose you because I don't want these good people to be suckered by your trap just like you suckered my son into believing you're this nice guy because we both know the only person Michael Unlike's is himself.

Stevens says as he pokes Mikey once again which causes Mikey to push the Texan and as Stevens goes to grab Mikey security has arrived pulling at Stevens and Stevens begins to push them out of his way to get to Mikey and in the process a security guard stumbles backwards and knocks over a ten year old in a wheelchair.

Edgar:

LOOK WHAT YOU DID!!!!!!!!!!

Edgar shouts and Stevens looks back and sees the kid on the ground and stops trying to go after Mikey. Mikey immediately dips past Stevens with a look of horror on his face, trying to help the young man back up.

Scott Stevens:

Ah shit.

Stevens says knowing his anger and frustration with Mikey has gotten the best of him again. The Texan goes over to try and help the kid and apologize but security tackles the Texan and take him to the ground.

Fade out to commercial break.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ACTS OF DEFIANCE 2019



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

The DEFTron shows a Wheel, with all the current Defiant Tag Teams. In the center of the wheel is Jestal with a devious smile. A hand off screen grabs a hold of one of the rods sticking out of each sliver of the wheel. With a push downward the wheel spins. As it slows down it slowly stops on....The Stevens Dynasty, the logo of Jestal has also changed from a devious smiles to a clenching of his teeth. The words flash on the screen "We will Play, with You!"

The video feed cuts with a flash of The ToyBox WynLyn facing left Dandelion facing right and Jestal in the center. The girls raise the championships and Jestal raises Clucky while all three look out into The Faithful. For a split second they appear on the screen then gone just like that.

Angus:

I like my crazy violent Keebs. I'm just confused by this.

DDK:

Perhaps you'll get your wish Angus. But up next we've got a doozy...

MATT LACROIX vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

We saw earlier tonight; Matt LaCroix accept Kerry Kuroyama's challenge from two weeks ago... and for the first time since their draw at Maximum DEFIANCE, the pair will go one on one!

Angus:

I'm not one to turn down a good fight but KCups had his shot! He could saddled up next to the Midcard Experiment and beat the bricks off his royal bitterness two weeks ago!

DDK:

Instead, the honorable Kerry Kuroyama would come to LaCroix's aide and stay off CAGE! and his pals.

Angus:

Honorable? Is KCups a judge!? It pays to have friends in high places - especially if those places are courts!

Darren ignores Angus as the camera cuts to the stage as the green laser lights and fog kick up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Blue and white lights join the green as Kerry appears from behind the curtain and throws his hands out in a big display. He's psyched up and continues to posture while barking statements that can't be heard as he looks around the raucous audience.

Angus: *[clapping obnoxiously]*

WOOOOOOO! Let's go, KERRY! Seattle's... well, SECOND FAVORITE SON!

DDK:

Really ... ?

Kerry descends the ramp moments before the moderate pyrotechnic display lights off. He slaps a few hands on his way down the aisle and enter the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Scenotaph" by Emanuel ♪

The lights in the arena go out and smoke fills the entrance. Soon green lights flicker to life, silhouetting a man rising through the floor with his back to the ring, wearing a black leather vest with a Fleur de Li's designed with a spade on the back. Across the vest it reads LaCROIX as Matt spins around and breaks through the smoke, marching through with a cocky smirk across his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

From New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at two hundred and thirty-four pounds! ... He is "SOUTHERN STRONG STYLE" MAAAAAAAAAAATT LAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIX!

LaCroix heads to the ramp snarling back at jeering fans before taking to the ring.

Doyle checks with both competitors before calling for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell and I don't think Matt LaCroix is going to have quit as easy of a time as he had with CAGE! Two weeks ago.

Kerry and Matt close in on one another from their respective corners. The pair feign contact as they begin to circle the ring, each looking for an opening on the other.

Angus:

Of course not, Ker... eh, KER ...

The pair finally lock up and Matt LaCroix drives Kuroyama back into the corner. Benny Doyle calls for the break as the two struggle to gain or maintain control. Matt takes a step back and Kerry seizes the opportunity and shoots for the leg. The single leg takedown, however, doesn't really pay dividends as Matt is able to use his free boot to push Kerry off.

DDK:

Sound it out, partner. CARE - EEE

Angus:

Ker ... eh, K ... Kerry Ko ... Kerry Coacopuffs! ... That's as close as I get!

Matt, now back on his feet, squares up once again with Kuroyama. LaCroix now in control applies an arm wringer but through a series of flips and rolls "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" frees himself and takes over the former Reaper with an arm drag. Kerry, keeping Matt grounded applies an armbar. Benny Doyle checks with Matt but his response is an emphatic; No. LaCroix, with his free arm, looks for any possible recourse as Kerry floats over and transitions from the arm bar to a rear chin lock. This is opportunity Matt was looking for.

DDK:

LaCroix working his way to his feet now but Kerry Kuroyama has a firm grip on the head, tweaking the neck.

Regardless of Kerry's grip, Matt is able to turn things around and Kuroyama finds himself in a hammerlock. LaCroix transitions out of the hammerlock, spinning Kerry around and snap mares him to the mat before laying the flat of his boot down onto Kerry's face.

DDK:

Not very sportsmanlike ...

Angus:

This is Professional Wrestling, Keebs. Not Professional Sportsmaning. You do what it takes.

Benny Doyle warns LaCroix as Kerry sits up, frustrated but undeterred. LaCroix shoves Doyle to the side and meets the approaching Kuroyama with a boot to the midsection. Kerry keels over and Matt grabs him by the back of his head, but before LaCroix can capitalize Kuroyama drops to his knees and drives Matt's chin into the top of his head. Matt stumbles back as Kerry shakes it off, returns to his feet and goes on the attack.

Angus:

See, Keebs! K-Cups gets it!

Kerry follows up with a familiar snap mare and follows it up with a boot and a twist across Matt LaCroix's face. Benny Doyle is quick to admonish as Kerry backs off and giving LaCroix a chance to recover. The Faithful pop for Kerry returning the favor.

DDK:

Very uncharacteristic of Kerry Kuroyama.

Matt LaCroix, extremely annoyed takes a powder.

Angus:

Really? He was the Green Reaper ... not to mention ... Eye for an Eye!

Inside the ring Kerry offers him a shrug, signaling with his index fingers one for one. LaCroix, with a hand over his eye, complains to Doyle from the outside.

DDK:

... And we all go blind, partner.

Angus:

Why would I go blind!? You know that whole deal about self love isn't true, right?

Doyle calls for LaCroix to reenter the ring before beginning the count but he barely gets one out before Matt returns. The pair square up once again and quickly go to lock up once more. Matt has other plans though and throws a knee into Kerry's midsection instead. He quickly grabs the head and sets up for a vertical suplex but it's blocked. Kerry attempts the same but it is also blocked. Kerry attempts again and he gets Matt up but not in the desired form. Matt floats out of the suplex and winds up behind Kuroyama on his feet. He grabs a waist lock and drives Rocko Demon's star pupil chest first into the ropes, Kerry hangs on. Matt is sent tumbling backwards but makes a complete rotation and is back on his feet. Kerry charges and Matt drops down, Kerry hits the opposite ropes and returns as Matt pops to his feet.

DDK:

Hiptoss! No, blocked! Again, blocked!

Kerry swings from the far side with his free arm for a lariat but Matt ducks; spinning Kerry around. Waistlock. Roll up.

ONE!**TW --****NO!**

Kerry's kick out sends Matt lunging forward toward the ropes, Matt hits the ropes and hooks his arms to stop his momentum as Kerry kips up. The two knuckle up in unison as the Faithful break out in polite applause.

DDK:

This is shaping up to be one hell of a match up, partner!

Angus:

I don't think either of them expected to get this much of a fight out of the other when this all started, but it's fun as hell to watch!

LaCroix blinks first going in for a single-leg takedown but Kerry rolls him up!

ONE!**TWO!****T-- NO!**

Southern Strong Style powers out, but Kerry doesn't give him the chance to recover and stays on him. LaCroix on the other hand has a different idea and grabs the arm of Kuroyama and pulls him forward sending him stumbling between the first and second ropes and out of the ring. As Kerry crashes, Matt sees an opportunity and smacks the side of his head to wake up before hitting the ropes. As the Pacific Blitzkrieg reaches his feet, LaCroix slams into the side of his skull with a baseball slide sending him hard into the railing.

DDK:

LaCroix appears to be taking this thing outside, where you have to this his willingness to skirt the rules might give him a bit of an edge.

Angus:

You mean his desire to win.

The Renaissance stays on the offensive following up and laying some stiff kicks on Kuroyama as the fans push him back. Matt LaCroix takes a swipe at a fan who got too close and it gives Kerry the opportunity to escape. He crawls away and stumbles up to his feet where he's grabbed and spun around by the former Reaper of Light, but the original Green Reaper reverses the incoming irish whip and hurls Matt LaCroix hard into the steps with a whip of his own. The impact busts the steps and makes the recently promoted BRAZEN roster member flip before landing hard on his shoulder.

Angus:

That's a shot!

DDK:

What a reversal by Kuroyama! Matt LaCroix is shook after that.

Angus:

I like this aggressive K-Cup. He may upgrade to an actual coffee someday!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg dives into the ring to cut the corner but lands on the other side breaking the count before pulling LaCroix back up to his feet and tossing him into the ring. Kerry jumps up onto the top rope and tries to land a springboard leg drop onto the back of Matt's head, but the ring general pushes himself back out of the ring with his arms and Kerry finds no one home. As Kuroyama screams out in pain on the miss, LaCroix quickly dashes back into the ring and pulls Kerry up from behind and locks him into a pump-handle and begins to lift him into an Emerald Flosion...

Angus:

He's going to do it!

DDK:

LaCroix is going to try and put Kerry away with his own finisher!

Somehow Kerry shakes loose and lands on his feet, escaping from the Kuroyama Driver. LaCroix looks down at his arms to try and figure out what just happened when Kerry grabs him and sends him overhead for a Half-Nelson Suplex!

DDK:

High Tide! Kerry just hit LaCroix with his own move!

Angus:

GORRAM that was head-droppy and I LOVED IT.

Kerry Kuroyama backs away as the crowd explodes, retreating to the corner to size Matt LaCroix up for his next move. The Pacific Blitzkrieg pulls down the kneepad on his right leg exposing the knee and the crowd intensifies, signalling he's going to put LaCroix away with his own move Destruction In Spades. As Matt reaches his feet, Kerry darts

towards him and leaps into the air going for the shining wizard variant, but The Renaissance catches him, stands up, then runs towards the corner slamming him into the top buckle with a buckle bomb. As Kerry staggers out of the corner, Matt LaCroix rushes towards the opposite ropes and bounces back, going full speed at his opponent but Kerry recovers and lands a knee into the midsection of Southern Strong Style flipping him into the air and landing on his back. Kerry tries to follow up but falls to a knee holding his back.

DDK:

Things are starting to get rough in there, Angus, these two have beat the hell out of each other.

Angus:

This might be the tiniest hoss fight I've ever seen!

DDK:

Both these men are on the smaller side of the heavyweight spectrum but they're fighting like giants for the Faithful here tonight.

LaCroix rolls over onto his stomach and then up to his knee, he looks across and Kerry Kuroyama on one knee glaring back at him. Matt snarls and pushes himself up to his feet where he staggers but knuckles up. The crowd roars when Kuroyama does the same.

FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!

FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!

LaCroix being the aggressor goes in for the first strike again, swinging and elbow in wildly and connecting but not dropping the resilient Blitzkrieg. Kerry responds with a chop of his own. The two exchange blows back and forth ramping up the crowd more and more with each strike...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Suddenly a mob hits the ring and they begin to rain hard shots across the backs of both LaCroix and Kuroyama. It doesn't take the crowd long to focus in on what has just happened.

DDK:

Is that... The Midcard Experiment?!

Angus:

For hosses sake, these guys again?!

DING DING DING

CAGE! directs traffic as Hijo del Fishman Deluxe stomps away on Kerry Kuroyama while Walter Levy mounts the battered LaCroix and rains punches down on him. They try to break free but CAGE! jumps in with the occasional stiff soccer kick to quell the uprising. As he does just that to LaCroix, Kerry takes a page out of the Southern Strong Style Handbook and rips across the face of Walter Levy, finding an opening! The roar of the crowd signifies an awakened Pacific Blitzkrieg as CAGE! Refocuses back on helping Levy. Just as he does LaCroix shakes loose and throws Ol' Fishsticks onto the back of his head with High Tide. Never passing on an opportunity to get a shot in on CAGE! LaCroix follows up by grabbing the Nicolas Cage masked mascot by the back of his line-drawn hair and locks him into a dragon sleeper! He immediately begins tapping violently.

Angus:

FTW again from LaCroix! I think it's taken him a total of 10 seconds to tap CAGE! Twice in two shows!

DDK:

And a Kuroyama Driver for Walter Levy!

After being drove into the mat by The Pacific Blitzkrieg, Levy rolls out of the ring. On the opposite side, Hijo del Fishman Deluxe pulls himself up to his feet where he's immediately clotheslined to the outside! Meanwhile, LaCroix releases the FTW on CAGE! And sends him out of the ring with a hard shove. The Renaissance drags himself back up to his feet, backing up to see who else is left standing and bumps right into Kerry Kuroyama doing the same thing. Instantaneously they both spin and face each other, fists up once again and the crowd cheers.

Angus:

I don't think they're done yet! They'll finish this match yet!

DDK:

I don't see DEFsec this time, let's figure this out once and for all!

They face each other down with a knowing nod. You can catch a glimpse of newfound respect in Matt LaCroix's eye for the younger Kuroyama as the crowd cheers them on, appreciating the performance put on by both men tonight. Suddenly, LaCroix makes a move towards Kuroyama who goes to dodge, but Matt smirks after faking a move and drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. The crowd jeers as Southern Strong Style backs away, past the huddled Midcard Experiment as "Revolve" by The Melvins plays over the WrestlePlex.

DDK:

Or... Matt LaCroix is going to make us wait a little longer.

Angus:

You saw it right there, he's in K-Cups' head now. Just the smallest flinch got a jump out of Rocko Jr. He's got him right where he wants him. All this work he's putting in is paying off.

DDK:

You say that, but I saw the expression of LaCroix change when he backed into Kuroyama. I think he finally realized what he's really in for in Kerry Kuroyama, and that's a FIGHT.

Angus:

A fight that's going to happen another day, Keebs. The one tonight is over.

GOOD LUCK

The camera pans backstage to the locker room and the muffled, but still LOUD voices of the DEFIANCE Faithful erupt when they see a man sitting pensively as ever. This someone would be the #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE... Oscar Burns! Sitting on one of the benches lost in thought, he leans forward. Maintaining a vow of silence until he won the FIST of DEFIANCE again, Burns has nothing but time to think about the events of the last DEFtv when one of his best friends and pupils, Ryan Batts, was savagely attacked by the champion Kendrix.

He's about to open his mouth when...

???:

Mate...

The big, friendly visage of the Wrestling Teddy Bear - Batts' tag team partner and the current BRAZEN Champion "Manpower" Jack Mace stands, dressed for a match tonight.

Jack Mace:

Mate... or GC, as you like to say... Wait, I'm gonna do my own. Good mate. GM. GM. Good mate! That work? Can I use that?

Burns nods in approval at the rapid-fire pace of Mace's Brit-speak. Mace presses on.

Jack Mace:

Look... I know you aren't sayin' anythin' until you've won back the FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix and I respect that, mate. But that's gotta be a lot on your noggin to think about what happened to Batts, so I'm gonna tell you right now. Don't blame yourself. There's no way you could have known that wanker, Kendrix, was gonna do what he did.

The Technical Spectacle looks up at Mace as he continues.

Jack Mace:

I'm feelin' it too... but I do have good news. Ryan's did get a concussion from what happened, but the doctors are telling him he'll be okay, but he has to sit out tonight.

The smallest of smiles inches across the face of Burnsie as he pats the shoulder of Mace.

Jack Mace:

We all know what Kendrix is doin'. He's doin' this because he knows head on, he can't beat you, GM. He's runnin' around like he's top of the crop, actin' like he actually beat you clean. The only times he's beaten you are because Scott Stevens handed him those wins. You gave him a solid thrashin' a few weeks ago and he's scared because we know at ACTS of DEFIANCE, you're gonna do it again, yeah?

He rests a hand on Burns.

Jack Mace:

Look... I'm gonna tell you one thing, mate. Ain't a lot 'round here that gets me knickers in a twist, but Kendrix? After what he did to my tag team partner? I can't promise I'm gonna leave anything for you at ACTS, but I can promise tonight, he's gonna get a BEATIN' his mum should've given him a long time ago!

Mace then sighs.

Jack Mace:

I know that's not very WrestleFriendly of me to say, boss... but right now, I'm feelin' more Avengery. That a word, GM? Well, I'm gonna make it one. We're gonna get Avengery on his arse tonight and make him pay for what he did to Ryan. Sound good?

Burns looks up at his stablemate and gives him a thumbs up.

Jack Mace:

Right-o! BRAZEN Champion versus FIST of DEFIANCE. And I'm gonna knock his arse down a peg.

Another smile from Burns as Jack Mace leaves the room. But as he does so... inching around the corner...

Victor Vacio watches. And waits. The #1 Contender to the BRAZEN Championship.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SMALL

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv.. wait, what?

An immediate cut away from the announce booth as we see the image of a man writhing in pain on the ground. He's clutching at his eyes, screaming. It's hard to make out who it is as EMTs and Iris rush into frame, but as the cameraman gets closer, we can tell it's Klein who's down on the ground, suffering.

Iris Davine:

Back away, give him some room. I need gauze and supplies. GO!

Iris shouts to a nearby worker who rushes off. She leans in to Klein and starts to shine a light into his eyes.

Iris Davine:

Klein, can you hear me? Are you there?

Iris waves her hand in front of Klein's face. There's no immediate response. Klein just reaches out and touches Iris' face after a delay.

Iris Davine:

Alright, we need to get him out of here, make room!

ELISE ARES SHOCI CHALLENGE

Back to the commentary team at stageside, Angus Skaaland and "Downtown" Darren Keebler glance down at some papers on the table before DDK looks over at his partner. Visibly confused, Darren has to ask.

DDK:

Do we have any idea who that was that attacked Klein? Have you heard anything at all?

Angus:

Nothing from the back yet, it makes you wonder how in this day and age where we seem to literally have cameras everywhere... we can't figure this out. Unbelievable.

DDK:

I mean there are a few people who have clear motivations here. We have to start with The D... don't we? I mean just earlier tonight he had a not so pleasant exchange.

Angus:

And as for people who just want to get a shot at Elise, you'll have to pick a line. Andy Sharp, obviously. I mean it could be just about anyone who feels like they haven't been given a fair shake. It won't be hard to find a clip of me groaning about the PCP in the past but if they haven't busted their ass to get to where the...

All I wanna do is...
 ♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Like a bat out of hell, Elise Ares bursts out into the WrestlePlex, catching even the Faithful off-guard with a delayed cheer. The LED sunglasses are tossed to the ground before the camera can even catch what they say. Gone is the trademark smirk and swagger, replaced by the fury of a champion scorned. With the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship over her shoulder, she tosses it under the bottom rope into the ring and slides in behind it. Before Quimbey can even announce her she grabs the microphone out of his hand.

Elise Ares:

Cut my music! Cut it off!

She screams into the mic before she sweeps her championship belt back up off the ground and puts it back over her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

Tonight it looks like we're going to have a very, VERY special of the SHOCI. Welcome to the Southern Heritage Open Challenge Invitational. I'm your host, Elise Ares, and I was planning to come out here and do a little dance, have a little fun, take a few pictures, charge ya'll my fee later but my best friend was just assaulted backstage by an anonymous coward so I'm going to make this VERRRRRRY easy on everyone.

Ares pulls the championship belt off of her shoulder and holds it into the air.

Elise Ares:

This challenge is for one person and ONLY one person. Whoever thought it was necessary to jump Klein from behind and take out the only person in this building who has had MY back and believed in me from DAY ONE to get to me. You got it. This is your chance. You and me. Title on the line, come out here and make me more famous.

Elise says as she tosses the microphone up into the air. It lands with an audible crack before she places the title down on the mat in front of her and backs up. She wiggles her fingers towards herself telling whoever it is to come out here and take it. There is an extended pause.

DDK:

I don't know if this was planned or...

Angus:

Whoever it was definitely wasn't expecting this! We might get to find out right now!

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

DDK:

Andy Sharp? You don't think... he attacked Klein?

Angus:

Oh, I think, Keebs! Andy Sharp just won the #1 Contendership to the SoHer last week and now that there's no Klein to watch her back... she might not have that title much longer!

One by one, The Family Keeling flood the stage like the bunch of cockroaches they were. Andy Sharp (Presented by The Family Keeling!) makes his way out first with both Thomas and Junior by his side, follow shortly thereafter by "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. Elise looks ready for a fight, but to her surprise Andy Sharp is decked out to the nines in a fancy Brooks Brothers pin-striped suit that almost matches what the monstrous Cortez has on behind him.

Thomas Keeling:

Elise, Elise, Elise... first, my dear, our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery for your box-covered friend, Klein. It's very regrettable what happened to him.

Junior Keeling:

Totally. Crying shame!

The Faithful jeer the managerial duo while the Southern Heritage Champion rolls her eyes.

Elise Ares:

That was terrible acting, and I think I know terrible acting. Not me, obvs... but I'm not interested in your pity. I'm interested in breaking Andy Sharp's nose, that sounds fun, so why don't you come and try to take this title from me and I can put you on the shelf next to Jay Harvey.

The Faithful cheer, but Andy Sharp pays them no mind as he asks for the microphone from Thomas.

Andy Sharp:

You realize the world of shit you're in, right? You have NOBODY. I have The Family Keeling. I've got big Uriel behind me to make sure that NOBODY ruins this for me the way that you and the rest of PCP and SEG RUINED what should have been the start of many glories for me in DEFIANCE.

She watches The Lord of the Skies head on down to the ring just as Uriel Cortez walks opposite to the other side of the ring, practically surrounding the ring.

Andy Sharp:

You have NOBODY tonight, Elise. We didn't attack Klein, but if we did you know I wouldn't keep my mouth shut about it. He's guilty by association and in time, every last one of you "sports entertainmet" pieces of shit are going to get what's coming to you. But you, by sheer virtue of having that title, makes you the one I want right now, Elise. So...

He inches his way onto the ring apron and leans over the ropes.

Andy Sharp:

You're sure you want to do this? On your terms? Right now? You fight me for the Southern Heritage Championship?

Elise doesn't bat an eye and motions towards the title like she's showing off a new car on the Price Is Right, practically asking for Andy to come in and try and take it. The Faithful scream and cheer.

Andy Sharp:

And to that I say... Pfft, screw that noise.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful let The Family Keeling have it as Thomas speaks up.

Thomas Keeling:

Elise Ares... you've been involved in the world of Hollywood long enough to know that if you want to make a marquee match, you have to sell it. You don't just give that away for free. You have to make the build-up worth it and attract attention for people to get their money's worth.

Uriel backs off from the ring and Andy Sharp smiles as he inches away from the ring.

Andy Sharp:

That's not only good business, Elise, but it's a fact... this shit isn't happening on your terms. It's happening on MINE. The terms of my story... the one where *I* am the hero. *I* was the one who was wronged. And *I* will be the one to make things right again. All THAT will be on my terms. At ACTS of DEFIANCE, it'll be you and me for the Southern Heritage Championship. Those bright lights that you love so much... that'll be the place where I turn your lights out and take the title that should have been mine years ago.

Andy leans back as The Family Keeling inch away from the ring with Junior adding his \$.02.

Junior Keeling:

Oh, and by the by... we talked it over with DEFIANCE management and our best lawyers. And until OUR client gets his rightful title match... there won't be ANY more open challenges for your title. Taking that title from you belongs to Andy Sharp and Andy Sharp alone.

The Faithful's jeers grow even louder as Andy has one more word.

Andy Sharp:

Elise... you're welcome.

He throws the microphone down and with that, Andy waves goodbye before The Family Keeling depart, robbing the fans of not only a title match, but of watching Elise take a shot at getting payback against Mr. All-Star.

DDK:

Wow. Andy Sharp and The Family Keeling making it known that they're calling their shot at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Elise better thank her lucky stars. They had her right in the crosshairs.

Elise picks up her title, but not before she shoots Andy a look that would have exploded his head into brain matter chunks if she had the power to do so. Andy looks back with a wink and then puts his shades back on as The Family Keeling fade from sight.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN: CLASH OF THE BRAZEN

CLASH of the BRAZEN RETURNS - LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!

KENDRIX vs. JACK MACE

DDK:

And we're back just in time for our main event of the evening that's going to see a non-title encounter between the BRAZEN Champion and one of Oscar Burns' best friends, "Manpower" Jack Mace try and get revenge for a heinous attack on his tag partner. That attack pulled off at the end of our last show by none other than his opponent... The FIST of DEFIANCE, Kendrix.

Angus:

Ugh, don't remind me. Every second he has that belt, I die a little inside.

DDK:

Mace's tag partner, Ryan Batts, is off tonight's show due to issues with a concussion stemming from the attack by Kendrix. All this by Kendrix to try and get into Burns's head after Mr. Twists and Turns laid a beatdown on him for inflammatory remarks about his career.

Angus:

I'm hoping the giant WrestleDork busts out some of that bear wrestling he says he does and just mauls Kendrix's ass tonight. That'd be something special and I won't even ask for anything else for my birthday this year!

DDK:

Let's go to ringside for our main event! One on one, it's BRAZEN Champion "Manpower" Jack Mace versus FIST of DEFIANCE Kendrix!

And with that, we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening set for one fall!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip, Sage Frances, & P.O.S. ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing an official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK dark green and gold ring tights and of course the FIST wrapped around his waist. His index fingers point to the sky before he turns to face the arena with that smirk.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, from London, England... weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds and standing at six feet, two inches tall,... he is the FIST of DEFIANCE... **JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIIXXX!**

Jesse hops down from the turnbuckle, having rudely waved his closed fist at his less than adoring welcome from the DEFIANCE faithful he readies himself for action against a man that almost outweighs him by a hundred pounds.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England weighing in at 325 pounds.. He is the BRAZEN Champion... **"MANPOWER" JACK MACE!**

Multiple colors flash throughout the arena. Gary

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

♪ "Come Together" by Clark Jr. ♪

The music plays and out comes the biggest member of The League of Extraordinary Graps! Mace in his furry white coat and faux pelt attire that he rips off pretty quickly and tosses to the side. He takes the BRAZEN Championship belt and hands it off to a ringside technician before sprinting into the ring...

DING DING!

DDK:

Kendrix not waiting! When Mace has about three inches in height and over a hundred pounds on him, he can't screw around!

Angus:

Waste his smug ass, WrestleDork!

Kendrix continues raining down the boots on Mace just as he tried to get into the ring with referee Brian Slater already called for the bell. Kendrix gets into the face of the Wrestling Teddy Bear and unloads on him with a series of hard Forearm Smashes to try and wear him down early. He even throws in a few kicks to the chest for good measure, trying to stun the big wild man from Grewelthorpe.

DDK:

Kendrix firing off those shots and now he's got Mace in the corner. He springs off one side of the ring and comes back with a Corner Elbow Smash!

Mace reels over in the corner and when Kendrix has the advantage, he runs off the corner and comes back looking for something bigger... but Mace SURGES out of the corner with a big roar and smashes into him with a Running Shoulder Tackle! The crowd cheers on the BRAZEN Champion as he stands over Kendrix.

Angus:

There we go! That's what's up!

The biggest member of The League of Extraordinary Graps and WrestleFriends member then picks up Kendrix and looks out to the crowd with a big grin on his face before he elevates him high in the air and then brings him down hard with a Delayed Scoop Slam! Nothing fancy about the move, but Kendrix writhes in pain as Mace pulls him back up. The Wrestling Teddy Bear picks him up and whips him off to the corner before smashing into him this time with all his body weight with a Body Avalanche!

With the FIST reeling, Mace then picks him up over his shoulder and then parades him around the ring before he drops him down in the form of a Mountain Bomb! With that big slam, Mace rolls over and tries to go for the cover on the FIST.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kendrix kicks out of that barrage of power moves, but Mace has a lot more moves in his arsenal. He's proven his chops as a singles competitor, winning the BRAZEN Championship against Flex Kruger a few weeks ago and defending it against both Kruger and Reinhardt Hoffman at our last house show!

Mace absorbs cheers from The Faithful as he points towards Kendrix still trying to get back up in the corner. He charges at him a second time, but Kendrix sees it coming and sidesteps, smashing his left shoulder into the turnbuckle post before he goes crashing out to the floor!

DDK:

I think Jack Mace got ahead of himself there and Kendrix just made him pay for it!

Angus:

Let me introduce you to my good friend Shit Sherlock... first name No. Mace is a tag guy specialist and occasional singles star and as much as I LOATHE the ground Kendrix walks on, he's at the top of his damn game.

Kendrix sees big Jackie now reeling on the ringside floor favoring his shoulder so that allows the FIST to run out to the ring apron. He measures up his target carefully and as Mace starts to stand up and turn around, he gets SMACKED by a Running Knee Strike from Kendrix off the ring apron, sending him falling back to the floor a second time!

DDK:

The "stick and move" strategy from Kendrix is working very well so far! Mace came out here like a man possessed and he weathered the storm.

Angus:

Stop complimenting him! I had to do it once enough tonight and I feel ill as shit.

The FIST now stands over the BRAZEN Champion and puts a few boots into his left shoulder now finding a weakness to exploit on the big man. He grabs him by the arm and SLAMS it hard into the nearby steel steps, making Jack Mace shout out in pain. He then fires a few kicks into the arm before eventually leading the big man back toward the bottom rope and into the ring. Kendrix boots him in the arm two more times and then once to the face for good measure with a Running Dropkick off the ropes, planting Mace on his back.

Kendrix now stands over Mace and then delivers a vicious Elbow Drop to the chest of Big Jackie. He gets up and lands a second one. As he goes for number three, he stops to make a wanking motion in Mace's way and then delivers a hard Jumping Elbow Drop for the third strike and now a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Great tactics by Kendrix, but Mace powers out of the big move!

Kendrix viciously goes back to the left arm and shoulder again, delivering a few more kicks and then a Knee Drop right to the arm! Mace is shouting in pain now as the relentlessly flashy and dangerous technician goes for a Fujiwara-style Armbar in the middle of the ring!

Angus:

Jesus, come on, WrestleDork!

DDK:

Great strategy by Kendrix! You take away one of Mace's arms and you may take away a good portion of his power-based offense.

As JFK pulls back on the hold and wrenches it tightly, the camera pans backstage and shows Oscar Burns watching the match and willing on his friend to make the ropes. Back to the ring now and Kendrix continues trying to rip the big arm out of the socket of Mace, but he continues to crawl towards the ropes. He inches closer and closer...

Then gets it!

DDK:

Great move by Mace and he's on the ropes! But Kendrix isn't letting go of the hold!

Kendrix continues to crank back on the hold until Brian Slater starts to count. He holds on for the entire four-count until he lets go and now Kendrix is back up, ready to end things. He measures up Jack and then tries to go for another arm hold on the BRAZEN Champion when Mace blocks a shot and fires back with one of his Bear Claws. The Hammer-like

Clubbing Forearm catches him on the temple and Mace tries to lift him up again, only for Kendrix to slip out and land a Double Knee Backbreaker!

DDK:

Great counter! That took something out of Kendrix, but Mace is down and now he goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

YAS DORK!

Mace gets the shoulder up much to the surprise of Kendrix who now angrily glares at Brian Slater.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah? One! Two! Three!

Slater rolls his eyes as he goes back to turning Mace's lights out via a Superkick. He's on point, but Mace catches the leg! He spins Kendrix around and when he turns around, SMACKS the hell out of him with a vicious Headbutt!

DDK:

WOW! YOU COULD HEAR THAT UP HERE! BOTH MEN ARE STUNNED!

Angus:

Yeah!!!

The Faithful go nuts as Mace stumbles back into the corner while Kendrix is left staring up at the lights for the moment, not sure what the hell just hit him. Mace's unorthodox offense is causing him trouble, but Mace tries to gut through the pain in his arm and waits for Kendrix to stand. He clocks him with a back elbow and then a second one, knocking him flat both times. As Kendrix rises a third time, Mace boots him in the stomach and throws him into the corner with another Irish Whip, only this time running right behind him and smacking him with the good arm!

Mace raises his arm and begins smacking him repeatedly with Clubbing Forearms to the chest before elevating him up and THROWING him up and over with a Bearhug Overhead Suplex!

DDK:

Jack Mace with the huge comeback, but how much did that take out of his arm?

Angus:

Not as much as Kendrix getting idiot tossed across the ring! That was great!

The BRAZEN Champion slams his left arm repeatedly with a few light shots, trying to get feeling back into the arm while Kendrix is still groggy from the suplex. Mace gets back up and hoists Kendrix on his good right shoulder before dropping down hard!

DDK:

WILD OUT! The Canadian Backbreaker Drop connects!

Mace rattles the spine of Kendrix and lands the cover on him.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Wrestling Teddy Bear comes within half a second of pinning the FIST of DEFIANCE, but Kendrix gets the shoulder up again. Angus can be heard audibly groaning over commentary while Kendrix tries to sneak away to get himself to the corner as Mace shakes his head. Kendrix slides out of the ring to the chagrin of the Faithful and limps toward the ring announcer's table.

Angus:

Kendrix knows he's about to get eaten! Finish him, WrestleDork!

Mace tries to go outside and follow Kendrix to keep him from heading to higher ground, but when he goes to pull Kendrix around to face him, he gets a faceful of the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt in full view of Brian Slater!

DING DING DING DING DING!

DDK:

What did Kendrix just do?! He just cracked Mace with the title belt in front of the official!

Angus:

Kinda answered your own question there, Keebs!

Darren Quimbey can't even get the announcement out fast enough that would have declared Jack Mace the winner by disqualification because Kendrix shoves him on his ass before taking a microphone.

Kendrix:

Burns... LISTEN, YEAH? I'M KICKING THIS BIG BELLEND'S ARSE JUST LIKE I DID TO BATTSY!

He waits for Mace to stir again and then cracks him with a second shot with the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt, knocking him down mid-ring. He then manages to get the big man down and then locks him in the Kendrix Kross!

DDK:

Mace came out here with nothing but good intentions, but Kendrix is clearly willing to do ANYTHING to throw Oscar Burns off his game heading into ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Kendrix continues pulling on the arm and cranks back... but soon, the crowd erupts!

Angus:

BURNSIE! BEAT HIS ASS!

Burns runs into the ring, but Kendrix sees his rival coming and then slides back outside the ring, a sinister shit-eating smile on his face as he limps out of the ring, having caught another one of his rival's friends with a vicious attack.

DDK:

Ever since Burns humiliated Kendrix after that attack he suffered, Kendrix has been on the warpath. He put Ryan Batts out and now just laid out the BRAZEN Champion Jack Mace with those belt shots and the Kendrix Kross.

Burns goes to check on Jack Mace with the help of Brian Slater just as Kendrix takes the FIST of DEFIANCE with him and heads back up the ramp.

DDK:

Kendrix has made this issue between he and Burns incredibly personal and now because he's attacked both of his

proteges... what is that doing to the mind of Burns and his vow of silence?

Angus:

I don't know, but this shitstain has been one step ahead of Oscar and he needs to find a way to overcome this crap. I'm sick of Kendrix holding that damn title!

The champion and the challenger eye one another. The Techincal Spectacle watches on with a look of sorrow on his face, watching another one of his friends fall to Kendrix while the FIST of DEFIANCE walks up the ramp, raising the FIST of DEFIANCE as the show fades to black.