

THE OPEN SHE IS COLD

The screen fades up with the Earlier Today graphic superimposed on the bottom right of the screen.

Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama head toward the Wrestle-Plex rear door dressed in street clothes and carrying bags. The pair talk amongst themselves but aren't properly picked up on mic.

Suddenly, they are blindsided by Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler who appear from off-screen in a sprint. Douglas is knocked to the ground by Adler as Landell manages to only graze Kuroyama. Kerry squares up to take on Adler and lays in a shot before the returning Landell smashes him in the back of the head with a forearm.

Douglas scrambles to his feet as the pair begin to work over Kuroyama. Scott spins Landell around by the shoulder and strikes him in the jaw. Adler turns his attention back to Douglas and again catches "Sub Pop" off guard. Gage Blackwood's obvious henchmen gang up on Douglas and Scott finds himself back on the concrete once more trying to guard himself against the barrage of boots raining down.

Kerry, however, is back up and charges toward the pair. He gets a few shots in before the pair scurry off knowing the damage has done.

Rather than make chase, Kerry kneels at Douglas' side to check on his well being. The image fades and we cut to DEFtv opening.

RUNDOWN



Bright flashes, rolling cameras, and all the action in the world. The live crowd sees the intro video being played over the DEFiatron, as classic moments of DEF's current roster is played on screen. Footage of ACTS of DEFIANCE is briefly shown, clipping through the events line up like flipping pages of a comic book and ending on Oscar Burns holding his newly won FIST of DEFIANCE high into the air.

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.

RASSLEFRIENDS

OSCAR VS. THE WORLD™

THE KEELINGS ARE KEELING ME

GIVE FUSE BRO EXTRA LIFE

UNLIKELY HERO: THE MIKEY STORY

SUB POP FOR FIST

DERP DYNASTY DIE NASTY

WHERE IS THE J-BUSS!?

IT'S STILL SO-HER!

BRAZEN TO THE MAXX

And to the Commentation Station, we go with those two lovely rascals who will introduce themselves right...

About...

Now.

DDK:

Hello, everybody and welcome to the 123rd edition of DEFtv! As always, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is our surly color commentator "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. And Angus ... I'd say we have to address what we just witnessed.

Angus:

It's honestly a disgrace! We've been waiting for that greasy 90's frontman to get back to action for months now and

here comes Shitter Landell and Gunther Assler to mess it all up!

DDK:

Of course, what my partner is describing, if you are just joining us was the attack on Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama as they attempted to enter the Wrestle-Plex earlier today... What he is leaving out is of course ... these acts were obviously ordered by Angus' new favorite competitor in DEFIANCE, the downright diabolic Gage Blackwood.

Angus:

Look, Blackwood has turned a whole new leaf here in DEFIANCE. He is out for blood and he isn't taking anyone's shit! These people turned their back on him at the drop of a dime and for what? Because he finally decided to stop letting all that do-good nonsense get in his way? You know me and Scotty are tight ...

DDK:

Are you?

Angus:

Shut up, Keebs. We are but ... he could take a lesson here from Gage Blackwood. The two of them could join forces and run this place, assuming he Scotty doesn't have band practice later.

DDK:

Needless to say, I disagree. Scott Douglas is a fine athlete and when it really mattered he carried the DEFIANCE flag and helped secure victory of WrestleUTA.

Angus:

Yes, and outsted McFuckass.

DDK:

Who is back...

Angus:

That's for another day, Keebs. But what YOU are forgetting is; SO DID Gage Blackwood! Just because he wasn't in that huge clusterfuck of a cage match ... doesn't mean he didn't fight for DEFIANCE as well.

DDK:

No one is trying to take that away from him... but the difference here is, he seems to want a pat on the back for it. Scott Douglas has next asked for anything of the sort.

Angus:

Of course not, no one wants all that Teen Spirit all over their hand.

DDK:

Anyway ... We are currently waiting on an update on Scott Douglas' medical condition after that brutal attack earlier today. I think both my partner and I can agree; we hope this has not retarded his rehab and return to the ring.

Angus:

YOU SAID THE R WORD!?

Darren sighs and continues.

DDK:

Folks we have on hell of a night for you... Speaking of Mikey Unlikely ...

Angus:

Do we have to?

DDK:

He is taking on Scott Stevens here tonight.

Angus:

Ok, we can talk about him then. I hope that slick hair Hollywood halfwit drowns Scott Stevens with a melted Oreo Frappe.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

I'm being pulled in a lot of directions these days ...

DDK:

Moving on ... in our MAIN EVENT; "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez is set to face off with "Manpower" Jack Mace of the WrestleFriends. The Keelings Family will obviously be at ringside and can always be the deciding factor in a matchup of this sort... but I'd be willing to bet Jack Mace will have some help of his own ... if it came down to it.

Darren continues on before Angus can get his two sense in.

DDK:

AND if that wasn't already enough ... we are starting the night off with a BRAZEN showcase match! Hold on ... what is this now?

THE NEXT CHAMPS IS/ARE HERE!

The Faithful JEER the smarmy Junior Keeling to shit. Complete with a Family Keeling-branded headset and a FANCY silver sportcoat. He adjusts the coat and points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

The Family Keeling Talent Agency have requested this time to discuss matters pertaining to the top championships in DEFIANCE. The one WE have in our camp now...

More jeers referring to the stolen property Andy Sharp was walking around with.

Junior Keeling:

As well as the FIST of DEFIANCE itself. Introducing...

Junior smirks and points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing, my father and the true brains behind The Family Keeling Talent Agency... my father! The Family Keeling OG himself! Thomas Keeling Sr.!

The jeers are even louder now as Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking extra debonair tonight in a dark gray pin-striped Brooks Brothers business suit. Thomas clicks on his headset and greets the jeering Faithful with a faux smile.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you for that lovely introducing my son.

Junior Keeling:

Welcome!

Thomas now points to the stage.

Thomas Keeling:

Allow US to introduce The Family Keeling's Crown Jewels! First, a five time former world champion of other organizations. Your RIGHTFUL Southern Heritage Champion! Standing 6'4", weighing 230 pounds... the man that OWNS the skies above any wrestling ring and not to mention anybody standing across from him IN said ring...

Both Keelings continue.

Thomas and Junior Keeling:

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

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

The lights in the arena flash rapidly between hues of gold and red as the music blasts loudly and out comes none other than the "The Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp, complete with the stolen Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder.

DDK:

At this point, this is the contractually obligated part of the show where I remind our audience that Elise Ares is still champion.

Angus:

No, no, no! Andy Sharp is the rightful champion! Carla Ferrari is a dumbass. She counted down the wrong person. Andy had that fall, Elise.

Andy stands by with Thomas.

Thomas Keeling:

And introducing our UNDEFEATED giant! Standing at seven foot one...

Junior Keeling:

...AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

The powerful! The relentless! The unstoppable! PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING..."**THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ**

♪ "Sing For The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The giant makes his appearance from the stage, adjusting his tie and looking out to a sea of jeering Faithful. Cortez shoots the crowd a knowing smile and leads the charge with The Family Keeling heading to the ring.

DDK:

Just these intros are taking long... jeez... but here comes Uriel Cortez! He scored a big win over Klein just last week giving Andy Sharp the right to pick the stipulation for his SoHer Title rematch with Elise Ares at Ascension... and assaulted FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns at the end of our last show, now having sights on both singles titles in DEFIANCE.

The foursome is finally in the ring and the music dies down with Thomas Keeling taking point.

Thomas Keeling:

What DEFIANCE bore witness to was months upon months of waiting. Biding our time until the time was right to strike. What you bore witness to was we like to call...

Junior Keeling:

A HOSTILE TAKEOVER, BITCHES!

Junior cackles while Thomas smirks.

Thomas Keeling:

A little more profane than I'd like, but it gets the point across. DEFIANCE... a long time ago, you screwed over my son. Then a year after that, you screwed ME. You wrongly fired my son for something that ANYBODY could have done, bribing an official. You wrongly fired ME because of Angel Trinidad taking out one of your top stars. But I told you... I told you one day, we'd come back and we'd have our revenge... the last edition of DEFtv was THAT very revenge.

He points to Andy Sharp to his left, then Uriel Cortez to his right.

Thomas Keeling:

Your top two champions, Elise Ares. Oscar Burns. Laid out at our feet simply because we wanted to make a point. NOBODY is safe anymore. Elise can try and make all the false claims she wants, but after Ascension there will be NO doubt who the REAL Southern Heritage Champion is. And it's my client holding the gold right now.

Sharp grins, taking in a louder chorus of jeers while walking a circle around the ring with the prized title. Junior hands him a regular microphone and he continues.

Andy Sharp:

You thought you were cute waltzing into OUR locker room and taking what doesn't belong to you, Elise? WRONG. When you come my way, bad things happen. Not just to you, but those you care about. You thought you could take the title and what happened? Klein paid for your sins, girl.

Sharp smirked.

Andy Sharp:

And because my boy, Uriel, crippled him, I get to pick the stipulation for our match. And I'm about to announce that right now. Elise... you're star-obsessed. Nobody's allowed to shine brighter than you. The thought of somebody else coming in and running down the clock on your last fifteen minutes of fame keeps you up at night after you've been on another bender. And you worry that someday, nobody's going to talk about you anymore. That you'll be a footnote in MY story... well, Elise...

He leaned forward to face the camera.

Andy Sharp:

Ascension. You and me in a Fifteen Minutes of Fame match!

DDK:

What is that?

Angus:

How about you shut up and let him tell us?!

Sharp continues on.

Andy Sharp:

For weeks, we've gone back and forth with this championship that you say belongs to you when we both know the truth... that I had you beat at Acts of DEFIANCE. At worst, it should have been a double pinfall but at best, I had the match won. But in this match, we'll leave it to rest. Fifteen minutes on the clock, under Championship Scramble Rules. Pinfalls or Submissions count ANYWHERE. If we hold a pinfall or submission over the other, we become recognized as interim champion at that moment in time. And whoever holds that fall at the end of fifteen minutes will be the OFFICIAL recognized Southern Heritage Champion once and for all. And the other... YOU... gets bitchslapped back to obscurity where you belong.

DDK:

WOW! Fifteen minutes! Anything can happen in that time if we're talking pinfalls and submissions anywhere!

Angus:

SHHHH ADULTS ARE STILL TALKING!

Junior Keeling laughs.

Junior Keeling:

The Southern Heritage title will be ours. And more importantly, so will the FIST. "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! An UNSTOPPABLE killing machine! The man that helped take out Angel Trinidad. The man that defeated Klein and injured him, too. The man that DOMINATED your FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns at the end of DEFtv 122. What Oscar Burns learned was that in wrestling, there's more than one way to the goal of getting to the top. Some win matches like Mikey Unlikely and stupidly defer their title shot for a petty grudge... and others...

Thomas takes over and pats Uriel on the arm. The best-dressed giant in wrestling continues sneering at the crowd as Thomas presses on.

Thomas Keeling:

...Others like us believe in a more direct approach. And my son is right. As Mikey Unlikely has chosen not to use the #1 Contendership he STOLE from my giant a few weeks ago, that now leaves a void in the Ascension main event to be filled... and I can think of no better than the massive man to my right! Mr. Burns, it's nothing personal. We would have done what we did to anybody holding that title. But as long as you profess yourself as a fighting champion... and you're without a challenger... on behalf of The Family Keeling, allow us to relieve you of the burden of being without a

challenger and allow us to relieve you of the burden that comes with being the man on top.

Thomas grins.

Thomas Keeling:

If you can get this through your thick Kiwi skull, we'll say it slower... on behalf of my client Uriel Cortez, he is challenging YOU for the FIST of DEFIANCE at Ascension!

The crowd pops at the aspect of Oscar Burns taking on the biggest man on the DEFIANCE roster! And an undefeated one at that.

DDK:

Wow, there you go! Will Burns accept?

Angus:

Well, seeing as he's an idiot who can't turn down a chall...

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

Angus:

...Goddamn it... like clockwork.

Sure enough, the crowd now ROARS for Oscar Burns making his way out in street clothes and his signature "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" in bright yellow tonight. The two-time and current FIST of DEFIANCE motions for the music to be cut immediately and looks at The Family Keeling.

Oscar Burns:

GCs, GCs... yakity yakity yakity yak yak yak yak yak! My God! If you were any more dripping with verbal diarrhea we'd ALL be up shite creek right now, wouldn't we?

The crowd cheers on DEFIANCE's Favorite/Only Kiwi as he holds the title out.

Oscar Burns:

Since you lot like to chat until me ears bleed, I'll keep MY retort to three shorts points. First off... Uriel, GC, after what you did to me last week, Jack Mace was HEATED. He's gonna give you a run for your money in the main event tonight!

DDK:

Indeed! A big match later tonight between two of the biggest men on the DEFIANCE roster!

Angus:

I already said HOSSFYTE, Keebs!

Burns raises a second finger.

Oscar Burns:

You know full well how I operate, Uriel. I don't shy away from ANYBODY when it comes to this FIST of DEFIANCE. All you had to do was ask, you big sod. And you're right, Tommy Boy. Since Mikey Unlikely is dealing with that ponce Scott Stevens, then I'd be more than happy to take you up on the challenge of tapping out your undefeated giant. Uriel Cortez... I ACCEPT!

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DDK:

THERE WE HAVE IT, ANGUS! THE MAIN EVENT FOR ASCENSION HAS JUST BEEN SET! BURNS TAKES ON

“THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY” URIEL CORTEZ!

Angus:

WHERE HE WILL BECOME OUR NEW HOSS OVERLORD!

Oscar smiles.

Oscar Burns:

I'll be on my way now, GCs...

The Keelings look happy with the result of Cortez's challenge getting accepted when Burns stops, snaps his finger and turns.

Oscar Burns:

Oooohhh and one more thing. Since you ponces made it no secret that you were going to come out here, I've been tasked with a friend of providing what she calls a distraction...

He snaps a finger as The Keelings look around...

Junior Keeling:

What the hell are you tal...AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The loud, girly scream has the crowd laughing! From the ceiling, a net - yes, a literal giant net - falls from the ring and covers the entirety of The Family Keeling in the ring! The crowd cheers as Burns looks on with a smile on his face.

Angus:

WHAT?! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? THIS ISN'T SOMETHING OSCAR BURNS WOULD DO! HE'S ALL GOODY-GOOD SPORTSMAN!

DDK:

You're right... but I think I know who set this up! LOOK!

Just moments after the net dropped, the OFFICIAL Southern Heritage Champion Elise Ares sneaks into the ring from the crowd! As the members of The Family Keeling continue to struggle in the massive net, Elise rushes to where it has Andy trapped, reaches and SNATCHES her Southern Heritage Championship back before running back up the ramp to stand side to side as champions with Oscar Burns!

DDK:

I can honestly say I've never seen anything like this! Oscar Burns has just helped his fellow champion Elise Ares take back her Southern Heritage Championship!

Elise motions for the microphone as an IRATE Andy Sharp finally gets loose from the netting, completely red-faced.

Elise Ares:

You totes fell for my trap, losers! That net is courtesy of Lake Placid IV III: The Nettening! Or I assume that's what it's called, since The D tried to replace me with that goth bitch and I stole it from the set and halted production. I mean borrowed! Obvs!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style questions if that will hold up in a court of law before she shoots a shit-eating grin to the ring. She and Oscar Burns raise their respective championships high overhead before clinking them together and leaving just as The Family Keeling collectively rage out! Cortez is just now getting free from the net and helping Thomas and Junior out.

DDK:

The champions just pulled a fast one on their challengers for Ascension!

Angus:

Oh, you know they won't take this lying down!

Junior tries to get free from the net, then trips over it on his way out of the ring while Sharp and Cortez both tend to Thomas.

Angus:

...Okay, maybe Junior will, but the rest won't!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

NOTHING BUT NET...

DDK:

Coming up in a few short moments before BRAZEN Champion Victor Vacio takes on Mascara de Muerte IV, can you believe what we saw before the commercial break?! Oscar Burns and Elise Ares dropped an actual net onto The Family Keeling!

Angus:

How disrespectful was that? The Family Keeling made business proposals happen! Oscar Burns defends the FIST against "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! Andy Sharp had his SoHer STOLEN from him after laying out the Fifteen Minutes of Fame stipulation for his match with Elise Ares! Ares and Burns are NOT businessmen!

DDK:

No, they're wrestlers... and before we get to our first match, we caught up with The Family Keeling after going backstage and... well, to say they were unhappy is an understatement.

DURING THE COMMERCIAL

The Family Keeling exiting through the gorilla position and heading backstage. An IRATE Andy Sharp is about ready to blow a gasket.

Andy Sharp:

A net? A FUCKING NET?! IS THIS A ROAD RUNNER CARTOON! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

Junior Keeling tries to keep pace with Andy.

Junior Keeling:

Total disrespect, that's what!

Andy Sharp:

WHERE'D THEY GO? WHERE'S MY TITLE?!

Junior taps him on the shoulder.

Junior Keeling:

Andy, come with me, we're gonna make this right! We're gonna make some calls FAST! We're gonna get your Southern Heritage Title back, you mark my damn words!

Andy Sharp:

YOU BETTER!

Junior nods before he and Andy Sharp storm off one way while Thomas Keeling and finally, Uriel Cortez make their way through gorilla. Thomas growls under his breath and notices the camera, deciding to address what just happened.

Thomas Keeling:

...So THAT'S how you want to play things, Oscar? You, Mr. Ultimate Sportsman and all-round do-gooder resort to childish tactics and aiding and abetting a CRIMINAL to make your point? I hope that you're proud of your conduct, Oscar. Remember what you did tonight when Uriel Cortez takes on your protegee, Jack Mace. And remember... tonight....despite what happened out there just moments ago...

Uriel Cortez stops Thomas before glaring directly into the camera... Calm... but eerily so...

Uriel Cortez:

Oscar... Jack Mace pays for what you did tonight...

He shoves the cameraman with enough force to knock him down as the feed cuts and goes back to ringside.

"THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO vs. MASCARA DE MUERTE IV

Cut back to the arena.

♪ "Holy Diver" by Ronnie James Dio ♪

Mascara De Murte IV makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

Up next we have more live action; The current reigning BRAZEN Champion, Victor Vacio is set to go one on one with this man, Mascara de Muerte IV in a non-title match up.

Angus:

I could do without all the flippy-do nonsense but this Vacio's got a mean streak that I like!

Mascara de Muerte IV enters the ring and his music dies down.

DDK:

I have to agree, partner. Vacio is down right nasty.

Angus:

Isn't it great?

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

Darren Quimbey makes the announcements as Victor Vacio hits the ramp to a chorus of boos. He stalks down to the ring slowly with the BRAZEN title dangling from his left hand grip.

Angus:

How the hell are we going to tell these pair apart? Black tights, Black masks, brown -

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

WHAT!?

DDK:

Obviously Mascara de Muerte's mask has a large white skull shape on it. As opposed --

Angus:

Hold on. You just said Mask's mask.

DDK:

...

Vacio slides into the ring, dropping the title on his way in and takes to his corner. Referee Brian Slater approaches with the pre match instructions.

DING DING

DDK:

Official Brian Slater has called for the bell and here we go!

Vacio and MDMIV circle but not for long, half rotation at best. Vacio shoots in and the pair lock up. Muerte quickly turns out and twists Vacio's arm up in an arm ringer. Vacio isn't interested in reversals or doing the dance. He jaws

MDMIV with his free hand and Victor backs off into the corner as Brian Slater warns about the closed fist. Muerte takes the moment to shake it off, realizing what kind of fight this going to be.

The pair meet back in the center of the ring and lock up once again. Vacio overpowers MDMIV and shoves him to mat, standing over him gloating. MDMIV slides himself backward to the corner and resets. Slater motions for the match to continue.

MDMIV pulls himself up from the mat and heads back toward Victor, this time with some steam. Vacio throws up a big boot but MDMIV baseball slides underneath. The Lost Cause turns about-face in time to catch a dropkick and stumbles backward. MDMIV pops back to his feet and pushes Vacio back into the ropes before whipping him to the other side. On the return...

DDK:

Crossbody!

Brian Slater counts the pinfall.

ONE!

TW ...

Vacio launches MDMIV up and off him with a gorilla press in the name of a kick out. MDMIV lands on his feet and as Vacio gets to a knee Mascara de Muerte strikes.

DDK:

Big running knee for Mascara de Muerte IV!

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about! Save the flips and knock a head off! Or ... mask, whatever.

MDMIV goes for the pin attempt once again but Vacio is up before Slater can get in position. MDMIV leads Vacio up with grip on the back of Victor's mask, Slater warns but not really enforcing anything here. MDMIV pushes Vacio back into the ropes and sends him for the ride, on the return Vacio regains the upper hand with a flying forearm. MDMIV falls flat and Vacio to knees, both men pop up but Victor has the edge.

DDK:

Superkick!

MDMIV's head cocks back and he crashes to the mat as Vacio steadies himself and heads for the corner.

DDK:

This could be it, Angus!

Angus:

It could have been! You just took his head off, pin him!

DDK:

If we've learned anything about the mysterious Victor Vacio it ... he's not out for the win as much as he wants to hurt someone.

Vacio climbs the turnbuckle and steadies himself.

DDK:

We've seen this before, partner. "Causa Perdida," the Shooting Star Press.

Victor launches from the top rope and comes crashing down on Mascara de Muerte IV. He hooks the leg and Brian Slater is there to count.

DDK:

This is one is over.

ONE

TWO

THR --

Victor pulls MDMIV's shoulder up from the mat, much to the confusion of Brian Slater and everyone in attendance.

Angus:

That was either incredibly stupid or ... this is about to get *gorram* interesting!

Victor takes back to his feet and MDMIV writhes on the mat, gripping his midsection. He takes a look around at the booing Faithful almost in a trance. Suddenly he turns his attention back to MDMIV and starts laying the boots to him. Brian Slater warns Victor but he does not relent. Slater gets in between Victor and MDMIV but in his rage, Victor slings Slater to the mat and returns to laying the boots the MDMIV.

Angus:

There is that mean streak ... but I'm not sure if the logic is sound.

Vacio continues to stomp away at MDMIV as a recovering Slater has had enough and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

♪ "Holy Diver " by Ronnie James Dio ♪

Darren Quimbey:

As a result of disqualification ... your winner Mascara de MUUUUUERTEEEE!!

The sound of the announcement seemingly snaps Vacio out of it but he doesn't seem bother by it. Rather he seems pleased. He dumps out of the ring and recovers the BRAZEN title and begins to make his exit. In the ring, Slater checks out MDMIV, at first attempting to raise his hand in victory but realizes that is not realistic.

DDK:

This was a despicable showing by Victor Vacio ... once again! He had this match won and rather ... decided to intentionally injure his opponent.

Angus:

He kept the title and beat the shit out of someone... you can't really argue with results, Keebs!

DDK:

I would beg to differ, but folks we have a lot more show on the way... as a matter of fact, I'm being told we are going backstage right now to Christie Zane and ... Mikey Unlikely.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

CONTINUE!

Lance Warner is backstage with a mic in hand.

Lance Warner:

I am pleased to be welcomed by The Fuse Bros.!

Tyler and Conor come into focus to a nice reaction by The Gamers.

Lance Warner:

We have not seen much of you guys since ACTS of DEFIANCE... and your loss to the Resident Evil, if I am getting their name correct.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, you are right, Lance. It's been a tough month for my brother and I, healing from our injuries. We don't need to recap anything more than to say these two... *towering* guys have been bothering us for a while and we don't really know how to stop it.

Lance Warner:

What do they ultimately want from the two of you? And now that they've beaten you both... is this the last we've seen of them?

Tyler looks at his brother and nods.

Tyler Fuse:

We're not sure Lance. All we know is losing to these guys and being preoccupied with them for the better of three months means we have lost our main focus and have fallen very far down to tag team division...

Conor steps forward.

Conor Fuse:

So, the two of us talked and we have one final challenge for The Resident Evil, if they're interested.

Tyler pats his brother on the back.

Tyler Fuse:

Uncut 55. Empty arena match. Anything goes, right here at the DEF Arena. We don't know if you're going to show up or not but we will be waiting in the middle of the ring, ready to go.

Lance Warner thanks the two of them as Conor leans into the mic once more.

Conor Fuse:

GAME ON!!

Angus:

Great. I thought these guys were dead...

DDK:

Guess again, Angus. Looks like The Bros. have more lives left!

Angus:

FML. Uncut 55 can't come soon enough.

DDK:

Did you just say FML?

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. SCOTT STEVENS (1 OF 3)

DDK:

Here we go Angus, up next is the first of three rematches between Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens!

Angus:

If the PPV were any indication, then this is one series I'll be looking forward to... As long as they keep kids out of it.

DDK:

Not only is it a best 2 out of 3 series, but it's for the FIST of DEFIANCE #1 Contendership!

As Keebler says that a graphic rolls across the screen showing the fans at home the stakes.

♪ *"Battle without Honor or Humanity" by Hotei* ♪

The fans come alive as the single spotlight hits the center of the stage. Mikey Unlikely walks through with a large smile and aviators on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Mikey bounces on the stage, and looks out across the fanbase who cheer. He makes his way down and rolls into the ring to warm up.

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...he is one-third of the DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPIONS.....SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

Stevens comes out, and makes his way to the ring as well. The fans in the DEFIAPLex wasted no time sharing their feelings in a chorus of boos.

Brian Slater rings the bell and we're off. The two men circle each other briefly before Mikey goes balls to the wall, running and dives into Stevens. The surprise catches the Texan of guard and sends him into the turnbuckle. Mikey follows up with some quick forearms and stomps as Stevens tries to get away. Finally Stevens is able to scurry under the ropes. He looks up at Mikey in the ring incredibly.

Scott Stevens:

Get him back Ref! I wasn't ready!

Mikey meanwhile is a ball of fire, and yells out to the crowd who meet him with the same enthusiasm. Stevens climbs back in carefully, never taking his eyes off Mikey and the pair lockup. Stevens ends up on the plus side of a wrestling competition. No surprise there, and before long he has Mikey in a side headlock.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely is trying to OUT WRESTLE Scott Stevens...

Angus:

And failing miserably.

DDK:

I know Mikey has recently turned his attitude around but he can't possible think he can suddenly wrestle better?

Mikey pushes Scott Stevens off and into the ropes. On the return Stevens goes for a shoulder block but it's reversed into a drop toe hold. Mikey mounts Stevens to tie him into an armbar, but Stevens flips him over, and takes the mount. Stevens starts dropping elbows down on Mikey's head.

DDK:

OW OW OW! He's gotta cover up or this is going to be a short match. He's taking the blows on the crown of the head!

Mikey tries to roll through but Stevens grabs him and pulls back further, extending the back of Mikey before hitting a few more head blows before releasing. Unlikely crawls to the ropes to regain his composure but Scott Stevens allows no room for mistakes. He slowly and carefully puts the boots to Mikey with precision. He goes to lift Mikey up, calling for the end, but Unlikely jumps and brings a knee to the face of Scott Stevens which sends him through the middle ropes and out to the floor. The fans cheer wildly.

Angus:

Lucky Strike by Mikey and Stevens goes tumbling! I never thought I would say this about a Mikey match... This is a great fight!

As Stevens recovers, running full speed of the ropes comes his opponent.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Mikey runs and dives through the second and third rope, he hits Stevens in the chest with his full force which sends both men slamming into the barricade at ringside. Referee Brian Slater begins his count. Mikey makes it back into the ring about the 7 count with Stevens by the hair and takes control once more.

After a few moments Mikey has Stevens in the corner and he's punching not once... not twice... but ten times in a row! Oddly enough the fans count along with the Hollywood Superstars strikes.

DDK:

Wait a minute! No!

The Stevens family comes running down the aisle. Slide into the ring despite the protests by Referee Brian Slater and both men jump Mikey Unlikely from behind. Bo, George, and soon enough Scott are all putting boots to Mikey Unlikely in the middle of the ring.

Scott Stevens slides outside. As Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DDK:

What's he doing? What could Sco.... No Dammit! Not this!

Angus:

He's got an equalizer!

Stevens grabs a ringside chair folds it up and slides it into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen winner of this match by Disqualification...

Stevens winds up with the chair as the Stevens family hold Mikey down. Bo holds out Mikey's right arm.

Darren Quimbey:

Mikkkeeeeeeyyyyyyy....

Angus:

NOT NOW DARREN! BAD TIMING!

The chair crashes down on the arm of Mikey who screams and tries to pull it back but cannot. Stevens sizes him up again.

Darren Quimbey:

UNNNLIII...

Stevens drills the chair again into the arm and shoulder of Mikey Unlikely.

DDK:

Stevens doesn't need three matches, he's going to make sure Mikey can't make it out of here tonight without help!

Stevens throws the chair down on the mat and gets in Mikey's face, yelling at him as Mikey holds his arm to his body. The family let's go and together the Stevens family stands tall in the ring over Unlikely.

Angus:

Mikey won the match technically but he's not going to feel like a winner tomorrow.

DDK:

Tomorrow!? The question is can he wrestle next DEFtv? He's gotta face Stevens again!

Mikey rolls out of the ring as the Stevens family leaves. Brian Slater helps Mikey get back to his feet and helps him to the back nursing his right arm.

DDK:

Well the series is Mikey, one... Stevens zero...

Angus:

I don't know if Mikey would agree with that right now!

We fade out as Mikey makes his way up the ramp. We cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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NPR PRESENTS: A HERITAGE HEIST

The crowd cheers as the image of Elise Ares appears in the backstage area. Clutching the Southern Heritage Championship into a death hug, she looks over her shoulder in paranoia. As the scene expands, you see Klein walking next to her wearing a sling and getting a cheer of his own. He appears to have changed into a gray suit and tie with sunglasses, and an earpiece. He scans the backstage area for possible threats from behind thick black lenses. He lifts his good arm up and pushes in on the earpiece.

Klein:

Section 12 appears to be clear, Miss Ares.

Elise Ares:

I'd answer you Klein, but that involves taking my arms off of this championship. I can't reach my earpiece.

She turns around and looks at Klein awkwardly, with both arms still firmly securing the title against her chest. Klein takes a look behind her and then back at the championships.

Klein:

Understood.

They take a couple of steps before coming to a sudden stop.

Elise Ares:

What about her?

Klein:

Ma'am.

Approaching them is a blonde woman wearing a blue business dress suit. Her thin silver framed glasses match her thin personal frame, standing slightly taller than Elise as she approaches. She holds her arms up in the air and continues forward slowly, holding her hands in the air revealing nothing on her except for a cell phone.

Elise Ares:

(Under her breath) She's not wearing makeup, I don't trust her.

Klein:

Ma'am! State your business!

Woman:

My name is Cynthia Dvorkin, and I'm a podcast host from NPR.

Elise tilts her head sideways.

Klein:

I'm going to need to see some credentials here. I'm sure you're aware there is a thief in our midsts.

Elise's mouth goes agape as she looks over at Klein, offended.

Cynthia Dvorkin:

I'm sure he didn't mean you, Miss Ares.

Klein:

You're familiar with the champion?

Elise Ares:

Uhhh, duh. Klein, everyone is familiar with the champion. Did you really forget that we're all famous and shit? Why would we need to have you on security detail if the entire world wasn't trying to get a couple minutes of my time?

Klein seems suspicious.

Cynthia Dvorkin:

That is why I'm here. I'm the host of the Girl Power Hour on the NPR Podcast Network. We do stories on powerful and influential women in various industries, and find out their stories. Then we share them with thousands of people around the world to empower other women who might be out there with a dream of their own who need a story to let them know that they can accomplish their goals as well.

Elise Ares:

That sounds exactly like me! Powerful. Influential. I totes belong on an NPR.

Klein:

What exactly is a podcast?

Elise Ares:

Klein... c'mon, get real.

Klein looks blankly back at Elise, who rolls her eyes.

Elise Ares:

Don't mind, Klein. He doesn't get out much. He isn't up on the latest trends.

Cynthia Dvorkin:

So you'll be on?

The reporter waves her cellphone in the air, which now appears to have some kind of extra microphone device attached to it.

Elise Ares:

Of course, are you kidding me?! I have thousands of followers on the Podcast Network. I have to get on every day to keep up my likes or else I stop trending. I had to turn off my mentions because I just get soooo many, like all day. So I'm sorry that I didn't get your message. I just don't have time to check my DMs, and honestly most of the time it's just dic...

Klein:

I don't think it's that kind of network, Elise.

Cynthia Dvorkin:

A podcast is a show that people stream mostly on their phones. I'm an interviewer. I'm asking you for an interview. Would you like to setup a time?

Elise was in the process of bringing up the "NPR Podcast Network" on her phone when Cynthia break this news to her, and then she quickly tucks her cell phone back into whatever mysterious pockets her ring attire always seems to have for flasks and what not.

Elise Ares:

Absolutely, the press LOVES me. I don't care what Fox News might tell you, and I WAS ON VACATION.

The blonde reporter just stares blankly.

Cynthia Dvorkin:

Um, okay! So before we set up an appointment I always take a cover photo of my guest that'll appear on the screen when our listeners select the episode. So if you could take your championship and just hold it in the air above your head with your left hand, dangling down so we could get a good shot of it?

Elise shrugs and begins to lift the championship into the air, much like she does from the top rope before every match. Cynthia fiddles with her phone for just a second as Klein slowly begins to inch farther and farther away from Elise and out of frame for the camera, thus protecting his soul. As Cynthia lifts her camera to get the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style into frame, a flash of color goes past Elise and suddenly the championship is gone.

Klein:

KEELINGS! TWELVE O'CLOCK! THEY'VE INTERCEPTED THE PACKAGE!!!!

Elise Ares:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I was just about to talk about myself!!

Junior Keeling:

YEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

The Superagent squealed as he ran down the hallway, clutching the SoHer under his arm like the star running back for the Louisiana State football team. Except you know... totally not. Around the corner ahead, Andy Sharp pokes his head around and sees his representative rumbling towards him and tosses the championship his direction like a step dad in a potato sack relay race. Elise and Klein blow past the podcast host and give chase, quickly approaching Keeling who begins to fall behind as Andy Sharp kicks a door open to the outside parking garage. Junior is yanked through the frame by his star who then slams the door shut right into the face of Klein, forcing him to stumble backwards into Elise in a comedy of errors.

Andy Sharp:

Where's the car?! It was supposed to be RIGHT HERE.

Junior Keeling:

I got you. I GOT YOU.

The hopeful future Southern Heritage Champion panics about as they scan the parking area, and the door a few dozen yards behind them flies open with Elise Ares now taking point with a primal screech. A horn sounds and lights blink as Keeling fumbles with his eyes and Sharp continuously jiggles the door handle until eventually it sets free. They jump into the car and the impact of Elise Ares arriving onto the scene slams the door shut behind Junior as the car starts.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style desperately tries to yank the door open but the sport car peels away, making her stumble forward as it leaves her grasp. In an act of desperation, Elise pulls her flask out of her pocket and hurls it across the parking area at the sports car unsuccessfully and it scutters across the pavement.

Elise Ares:

KLEIN! Dammit you were supposed to get us some wheel...

She screams just as a tan Kia Soul pulls up next to her and screeches to a stop. Her face looks offended by the car as the camera pans to show Klein driving the box-shaped vehicle. Disgusted, Elise jumps into the back seat of the Kia and it begins to give chase. Suddenly it screeches to a halt again just a few yards up the drive, as Elise hurriedly jumps out of the back seat to snatch her flask off of the pavement before leaping back into the boxed car, moments before it takes off in the same direction.

DDK:

That was...

Angus:

It's like he robbed a bank! GET TO THE CHOPPAH!

DDK:

I don't think we're going to endorse a high speed chase by cutting back to them.

WHATS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND YOU

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

Angus:

Yes! The Truth is here!

DDK:

Did you forget...

Angus:

What car chase?

Blackwood comes out in black jeans and his "What Have I Done For You Lately?" t-shirt with the DEFIANCE roster listed on the back and the first four names crossed off. He marches down the rampway, mic in hand.

DDK:

Folks, earlier today Scott Douglas was attacked, alongside Kerry Kuroyama, by Shooter Landell AND Gunther Adler in what has to be an attack orchestrated by this man, Gage Blackwood. We are still waiting to hear the extent of Scott Douglas' injuries and whether or not this could affect his scheduled in-ring return.

Angus:

I'm loving this new Blackwood but come on ... not Scotty. K-Cups ... sure!

Blackwood enters the ring. His theme song closes and he wastes little time.

Gage Blackwood:

Scott Douglas.

The fans cheer as Blackwood takes a moment to hold his anger back.

Gage Blackwood:

What's the difference between Scott Douglas and me?

There's a long pause.

Gage Blackwood:

Nothing. Scott Douglas holds NOTHING over me. So tell me this... when he gets taken out by Crimson Lord, he returns to hero status!? He gets vignettes telling you, The UNfaithful, he's coming back. He gets cheered. He is loved. He is remembered as a savior of DEFIANCE. But me? I get none of those things.

Angus:

This new version of Gage is nothing but honest.

Gage Blackwood:

I get injured -at the hands of the same guy- and I come back to nothing. No vignettes. No in-ring interview. Many of you even started to boo me. Called me stale. Said I was nothing more than a punching bag.

The rage builds in Blackwood but before his thick angry Scottish accent fully emerges, he's able to take a deep breath and look down at his shirt and then calmly into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Scott Douglas is the next one to get my payback on wrongfully overshadowing ME. And when I'm done with him, he will either see the light like Shooter and Gunther, or he will see the darkness like Mushigihara and Eddie Dante.

Blackwood drops the mic as his theme music plays. He goes to exit the ring but suddenly his music stops...

♪ "Smilin' & Dyin'" by Green River ♪

The Faithful explode at the sound of the aged grunge song. Blackwood freezes halfway between the ropes and backs up into the ring.

Angus:

This is going to be fun.

DDK:

I'm not so sure about that, partner. We still don't know if Scott Douglas is one hundred percent... between the rehab to his shoulder and this recent attack --

Rather than Scott Douglas, Kerry Kuroyama appears on the stage. The slight disappointment and curiosity bring the Faithful's volume down a tick but everyone is still eager to see Gage eat his words.

In the ring, Gage seems amused by Kerry's appearance rather than Douglas. Gage beckons Kuroyama down to the ring and the two jaw jack each other from a distance off-mic.

DDK:

If Kerry is the one coming out here, that would lead me to believe the lasting effects of that attack earlier today have returned Scott Douglas to the injured reserved list.

Angus:

Keebs, take your foot out of your mouth ...

The Faithful ignite once again.

DDK:

That's ... THAT'S SCOTT DOUGLAS!

Indeed. Douglas, having made it down the crowd, is now standing in the ring. Staring down the back of Gage Blackwoods neck.

Angus:

This is going to be *GORRAMEPIC*!

Upon the stage, Kerry Kuroyama motions for Blackwood to turn around just before Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler appear from behind the curtain and bulldoze the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Blackwood gets a kick out this and in amusement steps backward enough to bump Scott Douglas. Blackwood spins around to confirm his suspicions and instantly the two start throwing blows.

Angus:

SEE!

The pair trade strikes back and forth at a rapid pace as Blackwood's henchmen lay waste to Kuroyama on the stage.

The back and forth fists of fury finally give way when Blackwood slips a punch and the bails throw the ropes and down to the floor. Douglas lunges forward, reaching over the top rope but misses Blackwood's escape by inches.

Angus:

Oh, come on! Let's FIGHT IT OUT!

DDK:

More so than a resolution to the animosity between these two, we need some medical attention for Kerry Kuroyama and by the looks of things possibly Scott Douglas.

Blackwood backs his way up the rampway toward the awaiting Shooter and Gunther trading words with Douglas. Scott still in the ring, his arm pinned tightly to his side and what looks like a re-opened wound above his eye trickling blood.

DDK:

I don't think Scott Douglas had any business coming out here tonight.

Angus:

Talking sense into Scotty D there is a fruitful of a venture as trying to get him to put some shampoo in that greasy mop.

The trio exit through the curtain as Douglas heads for Kerry on the ramp but DEFmed beat him there.

DDK:

Folks, we are going to have to go to a commercial break while our medical staff takes care of Kerry Kuroyama and from the looks of it, Scott Douglas.

Cut to commercial as a bleeding Douglas looks down at the medical staff attending to Kerry Kuroyama.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: ASCENSION 2019



Catch DEF IANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ (w/ THOMAS KEELING) vs. "MANPOWER" JACK MACE(w/ OSCAR BURNS & RYAN BATTS)

DDK:

And we're back to ringside for our main event of the evening and this one is going to be nothing short of PHYSICAL.

Angus:

Hell, yeah! CLASS ONE HOSSFYTE, KEEBS! I CAN'T WAIT!

DDK:

What my partner means is coming up, before "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez takes on Oscar Burns for the FIST of DEFIANCE, Cortez will go one on one in his biggest test to date when he takes on one third of The League of Extraordinary Graps and Burns' giant protege, the former BRAZEN Champion "Manpower" Jack Mace!

Angus:

And what the hell was Burns thinking?! Helping Elise drop a gorram NET on The Family Keeling to help Elise steal the Southern Heritage Title? Mace is huge. 6'5 and 325, but... Uriel Cortez! 375 pounds! Seven foot one... AND A HALF!

DDK:

Jack Mace shies away from no one. We've seen him stand toe to toe against former FISTs like Scott Stevens and Kendrix... tonight, he fights Uriel Cortez in our main event and we'll have Oscar Burns on commentary for this one. Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

The camera does just that with Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking suave AF in a different suit than the one he wore earlier tonight, at someplace a little bit higher on the totem pole than Men's Wearhouse. He looks out to the crowd and takes in the jeers as he switches on his customized Family Keeling headset to speak to the live crowd. Still miffed over what happened at the top of the show, Thomas goes right to business.

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies and gentlemen... your NEXT FIST of DEFIANCE.

He points to the stage behind him.

Thomas Keeling:

Presented by The Family Keeling... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!"**

♪ "Sing From The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The fans let out jeers as the massive giant from California stomps his way out from the back, looking dapper in a tailored black pinstriped suit. Adjusting his collar, the Titan of Industry slowly makes the march to the ring. All business.

Angus:

Look at him, Keebs. Cortez looks laser focused AF right now. Think Burns is regretting what he did earlier?

DDK:

I doubt it. Burns has taken on all comers since winning the FIST, already defeating Kerry Kuroyama and his own protege, "Bantam" Ryan Batts. He has experience fighting and beating giants like Crimson Lord, but... I dunno, with Uriel's power and The Family Keeling's brains...

Cortez is inside the ring now with both Thomas Keeling. No Junior or Andy who left the venue earlier after stealing back the SoHer yet again.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... being accompanied by "Bantam" Ryan Batts and FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England weighing in at 325 pounds.. The challenger... **"MANPOWER" JACK MACE!**

The crowd cheers as the graphic for the top title in

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

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

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr.♪

The music plays and outcome the two superheroes of the DEFIANCE! Mace in his furry white coat and faux pelt attire with Ryan Batts at one side with his black and yellow cape and FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns on the other. Burns wishes his protege good luck then heads to the announce table.

DDK:

Oscar, thanks for joining us.

Oscar Burns:

No problem, GC. I wanted a close-up of Uriel Cortez. Not a lot of matches in DEFIANCE in seven months or so that he's been here, but he's right, he's undefeated. He's been cuttin' a swath since he got here.

Angus:

You're dead meat after that net thing, you know that, right?

Burns watches Mace enter the ring and go eye to eye with a smirking, confident Uriel. Mace looks ready for a fight and as the biggest referee in DEFIANCE, Brian Slater calls for the bell, both men get ready...

DING DING!

Both men have the same idea and charge at one another, but Uriel **BLASTS** right through Jack Mace with an incredible Clothesline that knocks the massive Brit over in one clean shot!

Oscar Burns:

Mace! No!

Angus:

DAMN! Straight mollywhopped him!

The Faithful gasp from the impact of a focused and ferocious Titan of Industry. He grabs Jack Mace by the arm and the big Brit finds himself in the unfamiliar position of being outmuscled by someone larger than he. He gets shoved into the corner and Uriel unleashes a hand...

THWACK!

DDK:

Did you hear that Double-handed Chop?!

Oscar Burns:

Oh, yeah, could hear it up here, GC!

Burns continues to watch his friend get picked apart by his Ascension opponent. He starts to whip Mace out of the corner, only to spin him around and throw him right back into the corner. He charges in and CRUSHES Mace with a big Body Avalanche in the corner and then holds him back...

THWACK!

At ringside, Ryan Batts winces in pain for his friend as he gets doubled over by The Titan of Industry. He then grabs him by the arm and throws him off the ropes.

Angus:

Uh-oh, he's gonna clobber Mace again...

Oscar Burns:

Nah, he's crackers if he thinks Mace is just gonna lay down...

DDK:

No! Uriel misses the Clothesline this time! Mace off the ropes... he misses again...

The crowd then EXPLODES when Mace rushes right into Uriel and knocks him off his feet with his massive Running Crossbody called the Piccadilly Press! The crowd cheers him on as he swarms Uriel now, grabs him by the head and unleashes a series of Headbutts right to the dome!

DDK:

Mace now fighting back! He's got Uriel down on the ground after the Piccadilly Press.

Angus:

What's up with that goofy name, anyway?

Oscar Burns:

A tribute to the city he was born in, Angus...

Mace has the crowd behind him as he waits for Uriel to stand. He cocks back an arm and as the big man tries to get back to his feet, he wraps both arms around his waist. The crowd pops when he tries a German Suplex, only for Uriel to elbow his way free. He throws Mace into the ropes, but rather than charge off the opposite side, he comes off the adjacent side and MURDERS Manpower with a massive Pounce-like Shoulder Tackle that sends him crashing to the mat!

DDK:

And JUST like that, Uriel Cortez turns it around again! Mace doesn't even know what hit him!

Angus:

What makes Cortez so scary isn't just size alone. He's young and has athleticism on his side. Dare I say... he's the NEW Hoss Overlord in DEFIANCE!

Oscar Burns:

I'm not afraid of him. I've fought Crimson Lord several times and I've proven I can chop giants down, GC.

Thomas Keeling barks orders at The Titan of Industry to slow the pace down of the match so he does just that. He picks Mace up off the mat and then DRILLS him into the mat with a massive Body Slam like it was nothing! The crowd gasps at the strength on display of The Titan, but he continues to impress. He picks up the 325-pound Mace and then drops him again with a vicious thud before hitting the ropes and dropping a HUGE Leg Drop across his chest (no ear-cupping needed).

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Mace kicks out, but Cortez is dictating the pace now and he's got Mace where he wants him.

Oscar Burns:

For now, Keebler, for now.

Angus:

Aww, shit...

Cortez for his part switches up his tactics and pulls Mace up before running him into the nearest corner chest first. He then strikes the lower back of the Big Brit with a series of knee strikes.

Oscar Burns:

Working that back, guys. It's rudimentary, yeah, but it's effective. Cortez knows what he wants to do in that ring.

DDK:

The Family Keeling have access to great trainers in wrestling and we've seen what they can do with other clients, lest we forget how successful Team HOSS were both individually and collectively.

Uriel continues to work the back by lifting Mace up and propping him across the top rope so he can repeatedly bring down HARD hammering Overhand Clubbing Blows to the small of his back! Brian Slater orders him to break it up and he backs off, propping Mace back in the corner. From there, he pulls him out of the corner and SLAMS into him with a Short-Arm Clothesline before going right into a grinding Elbow Drop to the chest and into a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Gorram Mace! This goofy Brit loves to eat punishment doesn't he?

Oscar Burns:

Rope-a-dope, Angus.

DDK:

He may need that on his size. Uriel Cortez now has him by the side... is he thinking Industry Standard?

He does indeed try to elevate Jack Mace, but with Batts cheering him on from outside, Mace finds his second wind and elbows his way free right before he can land the move! The giant gets staggered by the more powerful half of the WrestleFriends and watches as Mace heads back to the corner. An angry Uriel charges as Thomas tries to warn him not to...

DDK:

No! Mace fighting back! What's he going to do?

Mace has Uriel Cortez right where he wants him so he rushes and of all the things the mountain man from Britain can do, he SMASHES right into him with a sloppy but effective Shotgun Dropkick, sending Uriel bouncing back into the nearest corner!

Oscar Burns:

Told you, GCs, he's got some tricks up them furry sleeves of his!

Angus:

Yeah, he does!

"WE LIKE GRAPS!

WE LIKE GRAPS!

WE LIKE GRAPS!

WE LIKE GRAPS!"

The crowd chants for the tag line of The League of Extraordinary Graps as Manpower measures up big Uriel Cortez in the corner. He charges at him full speed and like Uriel did to him earlier, CRUSHED the big man with all his body weight using a Body Avalanche in the corner! The blow stuns Cortez as he stumbles out of the corner. Still hurt, Cortez fights back and then swings with a wild shot...

SMACK!

DDK:

WHAT A HEADBUTT TO THE CHEST! HE'S GOT URIEL DAZED!

And the crowd goes nuts when Mace grabs him by the waist.... ROARS.... Then THROWS him up and over with a Release German Suplex!

Angus:

Nuh, fam, he's being out HOSSED right now!

Oscar Burns:

Come on, Mace, you got this!

Mace has him down and then ascends the second turnbuckle. He wastes no time leaping backwards and dropping all his weight down on Cortez with the big Corner Slingshot Splash!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

I can't believe Cortez kicked out of that flurry of big time moves! He's still in this!

A concerned Thomas Keeling furrows his brow and watches the action unfold with the fans behind the Big Brit.

Ryan Batts:

STAY ON HIM, JACKIE, STAY ON HIM!

Mace nods and then tries to set up Uriel as he gets back to his feet. He hooks the arm and then tries for his Big Friendly Bomb, but Cortez frantically elbows his way out before he can stop him. Uriel then tries another right hand, but Jack ducks and throws another Uppercut. Cortez is stunned when he hits the ropes to try another Piccadilly Press...

The crowd gasps.

Angus:

No way. NO DAMN WAY.

Uriel CATCHES him in mid-air this time and then spins him around before SLAMMING Jack Mace down hard with an Inverted Headlock Elbow Drop!

DDK:

He just stopped Mace COLD! He calls that move Big Business!

Oscar Burns:

Holy hell...

The crowd still in shock from the display of pure strength, Cortez turns him around, lifts Mace up high... then back down hard.

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD! THAT'S ALL!

Cortez starts to go for a cover, but then opts not to, looking up at the announce table where Burns is watching. Instead, Cortez kicks Mace over onto his stomach, STOMPS on his back and then goes right into his submission finisher...

DDK:

INDUSTRY GREAT! HE BEAT AND INJURED KLIEN WITH THIS MODIFIED CAMEL CLUTCH WITH THAT KNEE IN THE BACK! IS HE GONNA TAP?!

Batts pleads with his tag team partner to fight back, but when he can't, Mace raises a hand...

TAP TAP TAP!

The bell rings as Darren Quimbey gets ready to make the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Another big singles victory in as many shows, Uriel Cortez had defeated Klein and now Jack Mace... but he continued to hold onto the submission! Brian Slater continues calling for the bell, but Cortez won't let go. Thomas Keeling barks orders at him.

DDK:

Come on, let go! You won the match!

Oscar Burns takes off his headset and starts to make a beeline for the ring to save his friend! Thomas Keeling continue barking instructions.

Thomas Keeling:

Do it! Snap him in half! Show DEFIANCE what happens to those that defy us!

He continues torturing him until Ryan Batts has seen enough and rushes in. He tries to KICK Uriel Cortez in the face to get him to let go... but Cortez SMILES right back at him and STILL has the hold in, with Jack Mace frantically trying to break free! When Batts tries again, Cortez stands up to his full height and SHOVES Batts down to the canvas!

Angus:

Holy hell, I think Uriel Cortez is really showing the world that he's a damn titan!

DDK:

HERE COMES BURNS!

Burns makes a beeline right at Uriel Cortez and STRIKES the giant with a stiff Running Uppercut! The blow makes him stop in his tracks, but when Burns get back up, Uriel listens to Thomas.

Thomas Keeling:

Uriel, no! Go! We don't fight for free!

Cortez nods and then steps over the ropes quickly before joining Thomas Keeling outside of the ring. Inside, Batts dusts himself off and gets back up slowly to help the FIST of DEFIANCE assist the fallen Jack Mace.

DDK:

Cortez got a lot more than he bargained for fighting Jack Mace tonight, but let me tell you this right now... The Family Keeling have something in this monster. He had a gameplan, he fought through it and when the time came to win, he did just that. We could be very well be looking at the next FIST of DEFIANCE if Burns isn't careful.

Angus:

Yeah, for real. This dude's a fucking MONSTER.

Cortez now stands on top of the ramp, happy with this big victory under his belt, but also motioning to Burns that if he wanted it, he could take it any time. Burns holds down the ropes, inviting The Titan of Industry to try his luck if he opted to come back, but the very proud Cortez shoots a knowing smile that the FIST would soon be his.

DDK:

What a show tonight! For Angus Skaaland, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keelber. Good night!

Burns and Cortez lock eyes once more with Ryan Batts tending to their friend as copyright appears.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE