

COLD OPEN: CONSEQUENCES CONTINUED

Earlier Today appears on the bottom right of the screen.

"Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama approach the rear entrance of the WrestlePlex. Duffle bags slung over their respective shoulders, each dressed in street clothes. Which for Douglas is... ring gear. The pair trade conversation off mic as they approach the door, Scott reaches out and pulls the door open. He holds it ajar and allows Kerry to enter ahead of him.

Kerry disappears from the bright daylight into the dark hole created by the open door.

Only for a moment.

Douglas steps forward to follow but is quickly backed up by Kerry exiting in reverse.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Are you serious!?

As he clears the door frame, a massive hand planted on his chest becomes obvious and quickly the matching massive man it's attached to comes into view.

Kuroyama:

Wyatt, come on ...

Wyatt Bronson, Head of DEFsec, with a handful of his black-shirted crew behind him.

Wyatt Bronson:

We've gone over this, Kerry. Your suspension stands and is currently, indefinite.

With Kerry now backed well out of the building, Wyatt removes his hand from Kerry's chest.

Kerry turns to Douglas.

Kuroyama:

This is ridiculous. You know, full well, that little weasel is behind this.

Douglas nods in likely agreement.

Douglas:

... I'd put money on it.

Kerry turns back to Wyatt Bronson and his DEFsec.

Kuroyama:

Come on, man ...

Bronson:

It's out of my hands.

Kerry looks at Douglas and then back to Wyatt, clearly flustered and unsure of how to proceed.

Cut to the rundown.

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.

***I'M AN OIL MAN
ANGUS FOR PREZ!
ELISE: LIFETIME SOHER
LIGHT THE FUSE, BRO!
RASSLE FRIENDOS! UNITE!
HEADBUTT HEARD AROUND THE WORLD!
SUP POP IS ACE!
DON'T TRUST A KIWI! BANANA OR DEATH!
SCOTT STEVENS AGAIN?!
BRING BACK KERRY KURA KUROYAMA!
THE D IS D-LIST
LACROIX WAS SCREWED!
BURNS IS THE BEST!***

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

DDK:

Hello, everyone and welcome to the 127th edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is our surly color commentator "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. Angus.

Angus:

I told you last week about this surly shit, Keebs!

DDK:

Case and point. Folks we have an action-packed show lined up for you here tonight BUT before we can get to any of that we have to address the what we just saw...

Angus:

I didn't see nothing!

DDK:

I'm speaking of course about Kerry Kuroyama being denied access to the Wrestle-Plex as his suspension is still in effect.

Angus:

Hey ... K-Cup has to learn your actions have consequences.

DDK:

For those who may have missed it, this is the result of Kerry Kuroyama ... seeking retribution for the events of Ascension ... taking his revenge out on The D, who Kerry seems sure hand a hand in ...

Angus:

Wait, he's suspended still for that!? He smacked The D with a steel chair! So what ... he beat The D like he stole something. He show The D who's boss ... He --

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

What I'm trying to say is we should buy him a *GORRAM* drink!

DDK:

Well, all that aside it seems like we've seen the last of Kerry Kuroyama for at least the near future!

Angus:

Decaf DEF!

DDK:

Well folks ... as I mentioned earlier we have a hell of a show for you here tonight! The ACE in Hole qualifying matches continue and THIS week ... Speaking of The D ... Flex Kruger goes one on one with Klein!

Angus:

The Box verse the Boob!

DDK:

And a father and son clash over the chance to compete in the ACE in the Hole at DEFIANCE ROAD 2019 when "The Lunatic" Jack Harmen faces his own son, Velvet Shadow!

Angus:

The dumbest name I'm ever heard!

DDK:

Velvet?

Angus:

Jack!

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Wait... wait... New Tag Team ... Jack Harmen and The D ...

DDK:

...

Angus:

wait for it ... wait for it ... *JACK THE D!*

DDK:

Angus, you are a child.

Angus:

Your mother.

Darren gives up and moves on.

DDK:

Let's not forget tonight we have DOUBLE the tag team action ... The Fuse Bros. take on the ruthless No Justice No Peace.

Angus:

BRAZEN REP!!

Darren turns toward Angus.

DDK:

Who are you!?

Angus:

I'm an oil man.

Darren is nearly exhausted with Angus already. He exhales deeply.

Angus:

What!? ... that was a PERFECT segway.

DDK: *[shaking his head]*

I suppose. The Stevens Dynasty who answered the challenge put their Trios Championship up against the new and extremely dominant Sexual Tyrannosourous Platoon!

Angus:

Four Steveni. That's the plural. Five belts. We could possibly get THREE off of them TONIGHT! BLITZKRIEG! LUFTHANSA! BRATWURST!

DDK:

Regardless, we are starting the night off with a bang! TRIOS Titles on the line! But that isn't all! Elise Ares goes one on one with Gage Blackwood's proxy for this week ... Gunther Adler!

Angus:

She lucked out against Shooter. Gunther's got her.

DDK:

I'm sure where Shooter Landell came up short, Gage Blackwood is hoping Gunther Adler will come through ... If the long time BRAZEN fixture can topple the Southern Heritage Champion in this non-title match, Gage Black wood will

get to pick the stipulation for his and Elise's Southern Heritage Title match and DEFIANCE Road!

Angus:

I smell ... rules on the screen. [leaning off mic for effect] FIRE UP THE CHYRON!

DDK:

And as always we are running out time... Thank you, Angus.

Angus:

You ... my friend ... are ... incredibly ... sincerely ...

DDK:

Can I get through this?

Angus:

... welcome.

DDK:

AND OUR Main EVENT tonight! Mikey Unlikely teams up once again with THE FIST of DEFIANCE ... to take on the Wrestlefriends?

Angus: [suprised]

Are you serious? The Kiwi is going up against his WreslteDorks!?

DDK:

Apparently so! But folks ... right now we have the TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIP!

Angus:

I'm an oil man!

STEVENS DYNASTY vs. STP

DDK:

Let's go to the ring!

Angus:

I hope these Hitler descendants go full Holocaust on these inbred fucks.

DDK:

Really.

Angus:

Really.

DDK:

Last show, the STP demanded a shot at the Tag Team Championships, but the Stevens Dynasty, Cary in particular, said they had to earn it in what else but a handicap match. Then, in an odd twist, Lorelei bartered to make for the Trios Championship. The real question is: Will the advantage of having Scott Stevens be too much for STP?

Angus:

Hell no. STP ... I'm an oilman, gonna goose step all the way to victory.

The sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

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

The video screen shows four shadows and as they appear as Scott, George, Bo, and Cary along with The Stevens Dynasty as they show their identity the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 958 pounds...

SCOTT! BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEEEEEEEENSSSS

DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYY!

A golden waterfall of pyro flows downward behind them as Cary leads the charge as his sons and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage. The Stevens Dynasty stops midway on the entrance ramp and hold up the Tag Team and Trios Championships as fireworks and confetti shoot off all around the Wrestle-Plex.

Cary Stevens:

Greatest Tag Team ever!

Stevens says into the camera as he leads his team to the ring and as they enter the flames from the turnbuckles come alive as another golden pyro waterfall begins to rain down into the ring as the Stevens Dynasty holds up all the gold.

Angus:

Not this shit again.

With the champions in the ring, focus turns to the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Please get out from under the desk...

Angus:

Are you wearing swim fins?

DDK:

Seriously?

♪"Links 234" by Rammstein♪

The red strobe lights are nowhere to be found and neither are the challengers. Lighters, camera flashes, and cell phones give little glimpses of what is going on, but not enough for anyone to clearly see.

Darren Quimby:

At a combined weight of 632lbs... accompanied by Lorelei Albrecht... **PIETRO GEIST... MACK BRODY... THEY ARE THE SEXUAL TYRANNOSAURUS PLATOON!!!**

Several moments pass and still no sign of the STP.

Angus:

They better not have bitched out.

DDK:

I doubt that highly. There's no way they wouldn't show.

In the darkness, Cary starts smirking confidently and pats Bo and Scott on the back.

Cary Stevens:

All that bullshit and they don't even show. Pussies.

Without any warning, a massive crash echoes through the arena. The little flickers of light show two huge shadows looking down at a third.

Angus:

What in the wide world of sports was that?

DDK:

I have no idea. Sounded bad though.

Angus:

Come on, AV nerds in the truck! Get the lights back on!

Seemingly on command, the lights come back up and the crowd erupts at the sight of Pietro Geist and Mack Brody standing over the lifeless body of George Stevens, who has been driven through a table at ringside. The STP turn to face the remaining Stevens family members, as they look down in complete and utter shock.

DDK:

And that is how you even the playing field!

Angus:

Send that tubby bastard to Jenny Craig in a bodybag!

DEFmed flood the scene, tending to the motionless George. For once in a long while, Cary is speechless. He looks over the situation and cannot believe his eyes. Iris Davine arrives on the scene and confers with her preceding staff.

DDK:

Things just got very real for the Stevens Dynasty.

Angus:

That's right, Cary. Get a good look. You and your Hills Have Eyes family are fu --!!

DDK:

Angus!

Brody and Geist simultaneously climb up onto the apron and then, into the ring. The three remaining Stevens back up to the far ropes, not even trying to be brave in the face of the two monsters heading in their direction. Cary runs over to the official and gets right in his face.

Cary Stevens:

This is bullshit! Disqualify them!

Benny Doyle:

I can't! The bell hasn't sounded yet. I can't disqualify them when this match hasn't officially started.

Cary Stevens:

Well, this match isn't going to happen then. The stipulation was three on two. Fuck this! We are leaving.

The referee grabs Cary by the arm, when he tries to lead the others out of the ring.

Benny Doyle:

You leave now and The Stevens Dynasty forfeits the match and those titles.

Cary Stevens:

Fucks sake! Are you serious?!?!

Cary erupts with anger and stomps the mat. He looks over to the medical staff who are helping George towards the backstage area. He scurries out of the ring to confront Iris Davine.

Cary Stevens:

Wait, a second! Where is he going?

Iris Davine:

George has suffered a concussion and I cannot clear him to compete.

Cary Stevens:

What?!? You can't do that! Fuuuuuuuck....

Cary grips his hair with both hands and kicks the steep steps before slapping the ring apron. His rage anything but hidden.

Angus:

One piece of trailer trash down, three to go!

DDK:

You're getting quite the kick out of this.

Angus:

You bet your ass I am. These assholes need to be put in the ICU.

Scott and Bo look to Cary for guidance, only to have him throw up his hands and motion towards the STP, as George is led up the ramp to the back.

Cary Stevens:

Unless you want to go to the back and forfeit the titles, you two are going to have to fight them.

Bo looks to his uncle with a look of pure fear written on his face, while his cousin Scott just sighs and shakes his head,

wondering how he lets his father get him in these situations.

Scott Stevens:

Fucking great...

Mack Brody glares at the duo with a downright evil smirk, positioning himself in the middle of the ring, but not without first pounding fists with his ally. SuperMack motions to the crowd to pump up the volume and he nods in time, as they chant for the Platoon.

STP! STP! STP!
STP! STP! STP!
STP! STP! STP!

DDK:

As if it wasn't clear enough, the crowd is definitely showing their support .

Angus:

STP! STP! STP!

DDK:

Asking you to be unbiased would be a waste of my breath...

Angus:

Stop talking, Keebs. You're going to mess up my rhythm.

Not afraid to fight and knowing he has very little choice in the matter, Scott steps out of the corner, looking to start the match. He wasn't going to be intimidated by a couple of upstarts. He's the f'n Texan, Scott Stevens and it is "go time". Bo sighs with relief upon seeing this and pats the Scorpion on the back with approval.

Bo:

Oh, thank god. You're starting.

Scott:

Shut up and get your head in the game. We got shit to do.

Bo slips out to the apron and the referee quickly calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go!

Angus:

I am so happy this is the opener. Getting right to the good stuff this week.

Unlike his cousin, Scott isn't going to back up when faced with one of the angry carnivores and he walks out to get right in Brody's handsome face.

Scott Stevens:

You two think you're hot shit, but you're just another bunch of steroid-abusing bodybuilders who think they can come in here and throw their fucking weight around. It was really fucking cute what you did to George, but you still ain't leaving here with the titles. Fuck Geist and fuck y-ERK!!!

DDK:

Scott as foul-mouthed as ever, but I have to say drawing the ire of these carnivores is a bad idea.

Angus:

I can't wait for Brody to shut that sister-kissing mouth forever.

Having heard just about enough, Brody harshly grips Scott by the throat. Everyone's favorite Texan cannot pull himself free, while SuperMack leans in close to stare him dead in the eye.

Mack Brody:

Redneck, you're going to look really fucking funny trying to eat Thanksgiving Dinner with no fucking teeth.

Unable to force his way out of Brody's grip, Scott knees him square in the gut and follows it right up with a trio of punches to the same spot, backing him into the corner. An Irish whip attempt by the Scorpion is reversed and SuperMack follows him in only to get caught with a back elbow that sends him stumbling back to the middle of the ring. Scott immediately races towards Brody only to be military pressed into the air.

DDK:

Good god! Scott Stevens is over 250lbs!

Mack does a couple of reps before driving his opponent down to the mat with a slam. Scott clutches at his back and growls in pain, while climbing back up to his feet. Just as he got there, Brody sent him flying with a running shoulder tackle.

Angus:

I imagined hitting Scott with a BMW and it looked like that.

DDK:

You do realize that Brody is American, right?

Angus:

Whatever. All these Nazis look alike.

Scott hurries out safety on the floor. Cary puts himself between his son and the ring, motioning to the referee that he is calling a timeout.

DDK:

Definitely not the way Scott expected the start of this match to go.

Angus:

Come on, Hitler's wet dream, stay on him.

Bo joins his relatives down on the floor and looks to help Scott up. The Scorpion wants none of it, pulling his arm away from his teammate. He takes his time climbing back into the ring and backs up to his team's corner. Brody motions for him to come and fight.

Mack Brody:

Man up and fight.

Scott takes a deep breath and begins to circle his adversary, who just pivots in place. Everyone's favorite Texan finally meets him and they engage in a collar and elbow tie-up. The two jockey for position with neither seeming to gain the advantage.

DDK:

Can you believe Scott is matching Brody?

Angus:

Not so fast, Keeps.

SuperMack raises his head up and looks around. He makes a few funny faces, showing everyone that he is not even trying. Scott is giving his all, but it was all for not. Brody takes a single step and violently throws the Scorpion backward.

DDK:

When was the last time you saw someone toy with Scott like that?

Angus:

Those salutes really work out the arms, Keeps.

Mack looked to follow up and found his opponent sliding back out to the floor once again. In his haste, Scott didn't realize where he put himself. He looked to his right, where he once again found Cary heading towards him. This time, Cary stops before making it there and instantly started backing up. He pointed behind his son.

DDK:

Scott is in the wrong part of town.

Angus:

And the right place to get his skull caved in.

Scott turned to find an anything-but-happy Geist heading in his direction. Everyone's favorite Texan backs up as fast as he can and rounds the corner of the ring, putting as much distance between him and the angry German. His frustration was more than apparent when he shot his father a dirty look.

DDK:

Scott looks to be kicking himself for letting his father talk him into this match.

Angus:

I'd rather Geist be kicking him instead.

Cary tries to check on his son and gets shoved out of the way, before Scott rolls into the ring. He slaps Bo on the chest.

Scott Stevens:

You helped cause this shit ... you HANDLE IT!

Bo grimaced, as his cousin slipped out to the apron. He was in no hurry to get in the ring, with the hyped-up Golden Gladiator waiting to pounce on him. Bo entered the ring very carefully and immediately slipped between them, so the referee would defend him from a quickly approaching Brody.

Angus:

God damn it! Get that zebra out of the way! Where's a lion when you need one?

With Brody at a safe distance, Bo starts to circle as fast as he can. He slaps his own face, trying to get hyped up, and he goes towards his enemy. Bo slips under Mack's attempt to grab him and clubs him in the back before hooking a side headlock. Bo is fired into the ropes. As if he had run into a lamppost, Bo twists to the mat after slamming into SuperMack's massive frame, who didn't budge even the tiniest bit.

DDK:

Yeah, that's not going to work.

Angus:

He'd have better lunch shoulder blocking an ice cream truck.

Not going to be shown up, Bo was up on his feet in a flash and hit the ropes once again, only to have the same result.

DDK:

Second verse, same as the first.

Bo refuses going to give up and he hits the ropes for the third time. This time, he slips under a clothesline and then, a wild back elbow on his way back from the far ropes. Missing the elbow, Brody dashes to the adjacent ropes and meets Bo in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

POUNCE!

Bo flies through the air, hitting the ropes harshly and he falls awkwardly to the mat. Taking a page out of his cousin's book, he instantly rolled out to the floor and what he thought is safety. However, Geist had just about enough of the stalling. The Uberkreiger grips Bo by the throat and military presses him into the air before throwing him back into the ring between the top and middle ropes.

DDK:

Geist is not giving Bo a choice in the matter. He is going to fight Mack.

Bo scurries backward away from his attacker, not wanting to deal with an enraged Geist, but found himself bumping into the legs of the other half of the STP.

Angus:

Out of the gas chamber and into the furnace.

Bo turns around and tries to beg off. Mack couldn't care less. He grips the smallest Stevens by the hair and pulls him up. Bo acts fast and thumbs Mack in the eye, gaining his freedom. He tries to exit the ring and finds Geist in his path. The Todesengel blasts him in the jaw with a right hand.

DDK:

Bo isn't safe anywhere.

The punch sends Bo stumbling back into the waiting arms of Brody who spikes him with a brutal spine buster.

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about! Cripple that redneck.

With one of their foes finally apprehended, Brody drags him by the arm over to the STP's corner and offered his hand to his teammate, which is quickly slapped.

DDK:

Tag to Geist.

Mack whips Bo into the ropes. It looks as if Brody was going to deliver a Deep Six on Bo, but instead of slamming him after completing a rotation, SuperMack tosses Bo to Geist, who catches him and uses all the momentum to deliver a Black Hole Slam.

DDK:

Amazing display of power by the challengers.

Angus:

Spun him around like his great Aunt Dorothy's house in a tornado.

DDK:

Dorothy was from Kansas. They are from Texas.

Angus:

To-may-to to-mah-to.

Thinking Scott may try to get involved, Geist's focus turns to him with fire in his eyes and the Scorpion holds up his hands, showing he has no intention of getting involved. Pietro tries for the first pinfall of the match.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

DDK:

Broken up just before three.

Not the most trustworthy person on the DEFIANCE roster, Scott does get involved hitting Geist in the back of the head with a double axe handle. He races out to the apron as rapidly as possible and motions for Bo to come to him.

Scott Stevens:

Come on, Bo. Move your ass.

It is apparent that Scott is hoping to capitalize on the small opening with his hurrying of his cousin. Bo was able to reach him safely to make the tag.

DDK:

Scott back in... or not.

Yet, Bo was just a bit too slow. Everyone's Favorite Texan found a ravenous Geist upright and chomping at the bits with the idea of getting his hands on him.

Scott Stevens:

Fucking hell...

Easily one of the most hated men on the roster, Scott scanned the audience with utter disdain, as they roar in approval at the very thought of Geist pummeling him.

GEIST! GEIST! GEIST!

GEIST! GEIST! GEIST!

GEIST! GEIST! GEIST!

Once wiping his boots off on the apron, the Scorpion slips into the ring. He slowly takes a lap of the ring before meeting Geist in the middle of the ring. The Uberkrieger tries for a collar and elbow but it is cut off by a kick to the gut. A right hand follows, only to have the German growl and brush off the punch. A second punch got the same result.

DDK:

Scott won't back up, but I don't think this is working.

Angus:

He is poking the big angry Nazi bear and I hope he gets mauled.

Scott digs into the heel playbook and goes right to his foe's eyes.

Angus:

Grecco-Roman thumb to the eye.

DDK:

Well, that was to be expected. God forbid they keep it clean.

A trio of boots are driven into Geist's stomach. Scott motions to Bo before whipping their enemy into the opposite corner. Showing his ring IQ, Brody races down the apron and drapes his huge frame over the top rope, stopping his teammate from colliding with the corner. A Scorpion Splash is one of Scott Stevens' preferred methods of attack and that was his objective. Yet, the German had other ideas, as he snags him out of thin air.

DDK:

STO!

Angus:

STP!

Just as Geist drives Scott down, Bo sprints down the apron, trying to clothesline him. Bo's arm connects, but the Todesengel doesn't budge. Bo turns white as a ghost when his opponent stares a hole through him.

DDK:

No effect at all. I mean absolutely none.

Angus:

Bo is going to die.

He brings Bo into the ring the hard way with a biel, allowing Scott to use the distraction and escape to the floor. Out of view, Brody slides into the ring. A dazed Bo backs into him and is hooked around the waist. The Golden Gladiator carries Bo to the middle of the ring, where Geist met them. A Yakuza kick strikes Bo in the Jaw and to make matters worse, he is dumped on his head and neck with a backdrop suplex.

Angus:

Lord knows kicking him in the face couldn't make that trailer trash any uglier.

Cary reaches into the ring to pull his battered nephew out of harm's way. Scott makes sure to keep a safe distance, while the referee must keep the STP from taking off to the floor after him, Bo, and if given the chance, Cary.

Angus:

Again, this dumbass ref is in the way.

DDK:

You can't fault him for doing his job.

Angus:

Umm... Yes, I can. He's a retard.

Luckily for the Stevens, the eagerness of the STP allows them to get some time to recover. Scott rolls into the ring and positions himself back in his team's corner, while his cousin slowly stands, though on a pair of wobbly legs. Everyone's favorite Texan wraps his arm around Bo's head and ever so quietly whispers something in his ear, while Brody and Geist swap positions.

Cary:

Keep those pieces of shit back, ref!

Not taking kindly to Cary's words, Mack can't stop himself from spitting down at the elder Stevens male. Cary grabs the middle rope, possibly looking to get physically involved. Brody just grins at him, wishing Cary would dare do such a thing.

DDK:

Oh, Cary hated that. He looks like he wants to get involved.

Angus:

I couldn't be so lucky, Keeps.

The subtle distraction is all the Scorpion needs and he blindsides Mack with a forearm to the jaw and a pair of boots to the gut. Scott extends his hand to Bo.

DDK:

Tag to Bo.

Both Stevens begin to batter Brody with every punch, kick, axle handle, and elbow. Mack drops to one knee but he doesn't stay there long. The duo back him into the ropes just to whip him across the ring. A double clothesline attempt has SuperMack run right through it. With a head of steam, Brody dives at his two foes, knocking them both down.

DDK:

Diving shoulder block takes out both men!

Brody doesn't let Bo get a chance to breathe, let alone anything else and pulls him to the STP's corner. Mack hoists Bo up in a fireman's carry and Geist slaps him on the back.

DDK:

The STP has something in mind here.

Angus:

I hope it is tearing Bo's arms off and beating him with them.

Once his ally is in position, Brody tosses Bo's lower half into the air like he is going for an Attitude Adjustment. Geist catches Bo as if going for a powerbomb, as he flips, and both members of the STP drive their enemy down into the mat.

DDK:

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT INTO A POWERBOMB!

Geist catches Scott trying to interfere and stampedes towards him, making Scott drop off the apron and back up to the security barrier.

DDK:

Not so fast, Scott.

Angus:

That big Aryan isn't one of the sheep in the barn. You ain't sneaking up on him.

Instincts kick in for Bo and he starts clawing and scratching his way towards his corner. Unfortunately for him, Geist is in-between and his desired destination. The Uberkrieger pulls him up by the hair and keeps a firm grip with his left hand, as he buries a punch with his opposite hand into Bo's ribs.

DDK:

The last place I want to be is on the receiving end of a punch from Geist.

Bo's legs give out, but Geist won't let him fall. Another punch finds almost the exact same spot. The body shots cause Bo's arm to drop and expose his head, so the German can knock him to the mat with an overhand right to the jaw. Geist leads a wobbly-legged Bo to his corner and Brody slaps him on the shoulder.

DDK:

Big Mack back in.

Angus:

I wonder if they serve them in Germany or do they call them a "Heir Mack".

Geist tries to bend Bo's back the wrong way with a pendulum backbreaker and holds him in place, while Brody hops up to the middle rope. Mack flips his opponent off before trying to remove his head from his shoulders with a leaping elbow drop.

DDK:

DEMOLITION DECAPITATION!

Angus:

HELL YEAH!!! Do it again! Take his head off!

With Bo thoroughly demolished, Brody goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Brody explodes up to his feet in a flash, forgoing the cover, to meet a hastily approaching Scott. The Scorpion instantly shifts into reverse and slowly heads back to his corner, never turning his back to his foe.

Angus:

He wouldn't run if it was his sister standing there.

DDK:

That surely isn't his sister standing there.

Angus:

Have you seen the Stevens women? They would make Helen Keller flinch. Trust me, there's a reason they fuck the livestock.

Now that Scott is back on the apron and holding the tag rope up, so everyone knows he has it, Mack turns back to Bo. He has used the ropes to pull himself up to a vertical base, but soon wishes he didn't. A downright evil right-hand rocks his head back, sending him collapse across the middle rope.

Angus:

I think all these shots to his face could actually improve his looks.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

I mean... he can't get any uglier, can he?

Brody pulls him up by the ear and proceeds to slam his own head into Bo's. Not once or twice, but three times.

DDK:

A trio of stiff headbutts there.

Bo can barely stand, as Mack heads to the ropes. Knowing he has to do something, Scott stealthily pulls down the top rope, causing Brody to tumble awkwardly to the hard floor below.

DDK:

That was a rough landing for Mack.

Angus:

Yeah, the head and neck aren't designed for crash landings.

No stranger to this game plan, Bo grabs the referee's shirt, drawing all of the official's attention to him and stopping him from reprimanding Scott. Cary wastes no time in blocking Geist's path, leaving the Scorpion to deal with Brody. Making full use of the opening, Scott lines up his target before dashing towards him, leaping off the steel steps to deliver a picture perfect right hand to the jaw that not even the massive Mack can brush off.

DDK:

THE FIST OFF THE STEPS! And the referee never saw it.

Angus:

Son of a bitch... Why can't they just let the Gestapo kill them like we all want?

Seeing what happened, Geist pie-faces Cary to the floor and races towards Scott, who makes a quick exit from the scene of the crime. The damage has been done, so Bo releases the referee's collar, allowing him to slide under the bottom rope to the floor.

Benny Doyle:

Get back in your corner, Geist. Go on!

A smile comes over Cary's face and he mockingly motions for Geist to shoo. The referee backing up Geist allows Scott to pull Brody up and roll him into the ring. Bo grips his opponent by the hair and pulls him up. A waistlock by Bo and he displays some of his own strength, as he picks Brody up and deposits him on his head.

DDK:

Picture perfect technique with that belly-to-back suplex.

Angus:

I bet a lot of livestock has been slammed by Bo.

Instead of going for a cover or the tag to his cousin, Bo just wants to deliver some pain of his own to get back at his enemies. He blatantly chokes Brody with both hands, right in front of the referee.

DDK:

Nothing technical about that. Just trying to choke the life out of Mack.

Angus:

Not everything has to be pretty, Keeps. Just look at his face.

Bo releases the choke at about ninety nine one hundredths and the thirst for vengeance pushes him to punch Brody, which he surely does. Things are firmly in hand for the Stevens, as Bo reaches out to his cousin.

DDK:

Tag to Scott.

In comes Scott and he lines up a dazed Brody. Bo rotates wildly, delivering a lariat to the back of his foe's neck, just as everyone's favorite Texan socks him in the jaw with a superkick.

DDK:

The Alamo is BO-Dazzled!

Angus:

You're not helping my mood when you say things like that.

DDK:

Oh sorry.

Bo makes sure to get a cheap shot in before leaving Scott to continue the attack on their enemy. The Scorpion forces Brody up to one knee where he wallops him with a pair of big right hands and a kick to the chest. With his enemy out of it, Scott hits the far ropes and puts Mack back down with a charging European uppercut.

DDK:

Big time impact there.

Taking a moment to admire his handy work, Scott slapped the face down Brody across the back of the head.

Scott Stevens:

Not so tough now, are ya?

Scott stomps on the back of Brody's head and keeps his boot there, while he offers his hand to Bo. A tag is made. Scott drops down to one knee and holds their foe in place, so Bo can deliver rapid fire stomps to the back of SuperMack's head.

DDK:

CTE protocols may be needed after those stomps.

Angus:

Gotta be careful with those German doctors. They experiment on people.

Not giving his enemy any time to recover, Bo hurries him up and whips him into the far ropes. He follows it up by charging into him, driving a stiff back elbow right into Brody's mouth. Blood begins to trickle from SuperMack's mouth, as his bottom lip was split open.

DDK:

What a shot by Bo. He is showing a more aggressive side.

Angus:

He needs to or the SS will murder his ass.

DDK:

You mean the STP.

Angus:

No, I don't.

An aggressive streak peeks out its head, as Bo pounces on the fallen Brody and viciously slams his head into the mat by his hair before going for a pin attempt, driving his forearm right in Mack's face, but not hooking the leg.

1...

2...

NO!

Bo's smaller frame is easily shrugged off.

DDK:

He is going to have to hook the leg and then some, if he wants to keep one of these big men down.

Angus:

It's hard to focus when your mind is full of nothing but unsheared sheep.

Still pissed off, Bo doesn't argue with the referee and he leads his adversary back to the Stevens Dynasty's corner. Bo starts unloading with body shots, as Scott slaps him on the shoulder. Instead of entering the ring, the Scorpion climbs onto the middle rope and starts punching away at the side of Mack's face.

DDK:

Giving Brody a taste of his own medicine here with the straight-up pummeling.

With the referee's count reaching four, Bo backs off with his hands up, while Scott gets in one more shot to the cheek before the duo swap positions. Everyone's favorite Texan grabs the woozy Brody by the front of his tights and pulls him from the corner, right into a bridging Northern Lights suplex.

DDK:

Perfect execution and bridge.

ONE...

TWO...

NOOO!!!

Again, Brody's power allows him to push his adversary out of the cover.

DDK:

Mack is still just too strong.

Angus:

Germany does have some top-notch 'roids.

DDK:

He is American...

Scott shoots the referee an evil glare, not satisfied with the count at all. The distraction doesn't hurt him, as he is able to hook on a scissored front choke on the kneeling Brody, pulling him to the mat. The Scorpion yanks on the hold with as much torque as possible, trying to drain the life out of his foe.

DDK:

Submission clamped on tight.

Scott Stevens:

Ask him!

Brody refuses to quit, yet he knows that he can't remain in the hold for much longer. He stomps one foot into the mat and then slams his fists into canvas. Mack's strength was never in doubt, but he shows just how powerful he is by rising up to his feet with Scott clinging to him.

DDK:

The STP's power just can't be trained for.

SuperMack sees a turnbuckle ahead of him, so he rushes towards it and sandwiching Scott in the corner. However, the Texan refuses to relinquish the hold, shaking his head in defiance.

Scott Stevens:

Fuck you. You're going to have to do better than that!

DDK:

Scott as DEFIANT as ever.

Angus:

Asking these ogres to try harder is not something I'd be doing, but he is from Texas, so he is obviously retarded.

Things are getting fuzzy for Brody, as he staggers back out to the middle of the ring. He once again drops to one knee. The hold definitely taking its toll. It is getting harder and harder for Mack to remain awake, let alone upright. Scott's weight forces him to lean forward and he places his hand on the mat to stop from falling over.

DDK:

The hold is locked in tight and draining the life out of Brody.

Geist begins to stomp on the steel steps, creating a rhythm that the crowd soon joins him in with stomping clapping, and chanting.

DDK:

The big German trying to get the crowd involved in the match-up.

Angus:

I hope it is physically. Now, that is a numbers advantage.

*LET'S GO MACK! LET'S GO MACK!
LET'S GO MACK! LET'S GO MACK!
LET'S GO MACK! LET'S GO MACK!*

With renewed energy, Mack once again gets to his feet and slowly starts to march towards Geist's outstretched hand. Stomp by stomp, he inches his way closer. Brody reaches out and is just mere millimeters away from his teammate, with the crowd roaring in support. Scott releases the body scissors and plants his feet firmly on the mat, creating a human wall in-between the two members of the STP.

DDK:

Scott's experience and ring IQ is outstanding.

Angus:

Compared to his family, that's like saying he is the smartest kid in Special Ed.

A knee to the gut and an elbow to the back of the head stops Mack and allows the Scorpion to dump him on his head with a belly to back suplex.

DDK:

Those suplexes are a thing of beauty. They really are.

Scott holds on and backs close enough to his family's corner, so quick blind tag can be made. Everyone's favorite Texan looks like he going attempt a second belly to back suplex on Mack, but he is just holding him, so Bo can springboard into the air and drive him into the mat with Scott increasing the impact.

DDK:

CTB BO-DOG COMBINATION!

Thinking this could be it, Bo wastes no time going for another pin.

ONE...

TWO...

NOOO!!!

SuperMack refuses to stay down and is able to get his right shoulder up with just moments to spare.

DDK:

There was no throwing his enemy off this time. Brody was just able to get his shoulder free.

Bo believes that was definitely a three-count and in an act of frustration, makes sure to show the referee how to do it, by clapping his hands to simulate the count.

Bo Stevens:

1. 2. 3. It's that simple. Get it together.

DDK:

Bo needs to stay focused on his foe and not the official..

Angus:

Doyle must have said "baaa".

Turning his attention back to his opponent, Bo finds Brody on one knee and greets him there with a forearm to the jaw. Bo opens his hand and pulls it way back, before locking it harshly on Mack's face, squeezing his temples as tight as possible.

DDK:

A staple of the Texas wrestling culture, the Iron Claw!

Angus:

Texans have strong hands from giving their boyfriends handjob.

DDK:

Would you stop?

Angus:

What? Lorelei told me that.

DDK:

She wouldn't waste a single breath on you.

Geist begins to pace up and down the apron as if he was a caged animal. He begins to slap the turnbuckle, joining the crowd in their attempt to rally behind Brody. The building sound starts getting to Bo and he looks around the arena, shaking his head no.

Bo Stevens:

Shut up, scumbags. He isn't going anywhere.

A growl bellows out of Mack and Bo can barely keep the hold applied with him getting completely vertical. Rights and lefts find Bo's torso. As soon as he gets free, Brody dashes to the ropes. Bo dives onto his belly, forcing Mack to hop over him. Bo looks to leapfrog him on his way back, but the Golden Gladiator doesn't duck under him. Instead, he takes him out of the air with a bicycle kick.

DDK:

That huge boot was driven square into Bo's chest!

Before Mack can even think of heading to his teammate, Scott pounces on him from out of nowhere with a double axle handle to the back. In the background, Bo shows Cary's training is sound with him bear crawling into position between Geist and Brody. The Scorpion throws a right, but it is blocked. He is able to slip under a counterpunch, putting him next to his cousin. Bo and Scott simultaneously kick their foe in the stomach and grab him for a double suplex.

DDK:

They could be going for the Paralyzer here.

Angus:

The ASPCA once sued them for trying tag moves, if you catch my drift.

Yet, they can't Mack up and over. Twice they try and are still unable to suplex him. Brody slips his arms down around their waists and amazes everyone by sending them both flying.

DDK:

RELEASE NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX ON BOTH STEVENS!

The momentum the throw sends Scott rolling out of the ring, while Bo grasps at his back in pain. Their foe isn't in any better shape. Brody is exhausted with the counter draining him of his reserve energy.

DDK:

Can Brody capitalize on this opening? His tank has to be empty.

A few moments pass before Bo and Mack start to stir. Brody sees this as his opportunity to get to his teammate. Bo is on the opposite side of the ring with no hope of stopping him. He summons what little energy he can muster and slowly claws his way towards the Platoon's corner. The crowd is nearly bursting at the seams, as he makes it into range for the tag.

DDK:

Brody is almost there!

Angus:

Wait a minute! Look at that sheep fucker Scott.

Out of sight, Scott had dove under the ring and now slithers out behind an unsuspecting Geist. Brody dives towards the corner and his teammate's extended hand. Yet, the hand vanishes just before he can reach it, as the Scorpion pulls the German off the apron.

DDK:

Scott once again shows why he is the all-star the Stevens Dynasty.

Angus:

Yeah, he gets first pick of the livestock when they get home.

Scott rolls into the ring as fast as he can to avoid Pietro punishing him for interfering and the German looks to follow him in. The referee didn't see Scott slip in behind him, but he does see the massive frame of Geist and immediately cuts him off. Everyone's favorite Texan makes full use of the opening to grab Mack by the hair and drag him back to the Stevens Dynasty's corner.

DDK:

The Stevens know how to manipulate the referee to their advantage better than just about any team I have seen.

Angus:

If they weren't such scumbags, I would actually applaud them.

The two Stevens club away at their foe before successfully taking him vertical and planting him in the middle of the ring with a double brainbuster.

DDK:

THE PARALYZER!!!

Scott rolls into the cover, as Bo slips out to the floor. The referee slides into position, but see that it is the Scorpion trying for the pin and refuses to count.

Benny Doyle:

You're not the legal man. Back out to the apron.

Angus:

Not so fast, Heffer raper.

Cary looks on in shock, while Bo cannot believe what he is hearing. Scott slams his fist into the mat, obviously frustrated at the scarce miscue between the family members.

DDK:

That is a definite rarity. The Stevens don't make that mistake often.

Scott Stevens:

Get your ass in here.

Scott rolls out the apron, while his cousin slides into the ring. Bo goes right on the offensive with a pair of stomps to Brody's chest. Despite the error, Bo is feeling confident with his adversary flat on his back and looks out to the crowd.

Bo Stevens:

You really thought these assholes could get the job done?

Bo stomps Brody for a third time.

Bo Stevens:

Look at what you hung your hopes on.

DDK:

This showboating could come back to haunt him.

Angus:

Let's hope so.

Bo pulls Mack up to one knee and smacks him right in his bloody bottom lip with an overhand right that drops him to all fours. Bo gives his cousin the chance to tag in and it is accepted.

DDK:

Scott back in.

Scott goes right to work, sending Mack stumbling back into the corner with a European uppercut. Brody crashes into the opposite corner courtesy of an Irish whip. Starting in the opposite corner, the Texan darts towards him and jumps as high as he can into the air. Yet, finds nothing but turnbuckle waiting for him.

DDK:

Scorpion Splash misses again!

Running on fumes, Mack can't take advantage of the opening. He barely has the strength to drag his huge body in the direction of his partner. Scott is in no position to stop him, as his legs are jello and the wind was knocked clean out of him due to the harsh collision with the corner. Crawling on his hands and knees, the Scorpion makes it to his corner to tag in Bo.

DDK:

Scott makes it to his teammate first.

In a flash, Bo is in the ring and tries to cheap shot the German. Geist avoids the punch and clocks Bo in the back of the head with a stiff forearm. A dazed Bo staggers out of the STP's corner. He is captured by Brody and slammed on his head with an exploder suplex.

DDK:

24K!

The crowd rises from their seats with anticipation. Brody and Bo are both motionless on the mat for a several moments, before they start to stir. Bo is up first, using the ropes to get vertical. Not thinking a tag to Scott would allow his cousin enough time to stop the tag to Geist, Bo tries to do it himself. The crowd's cheers grow louder before blowing the roof off the building, a Bo fails and SuperMack is able to bring the Todesengel into the match-up.

DDK:

And he makes the tag! In comes Geist!

Angus:

It's blitzkrieg time!

Bo tries to beg off in an attempt to calm Pietro down, but he is having none of it. A right hand from the very depths of hell smashes Bo's jaw, knocking him down. Bo is back up in the blink of an eye and is knocked back down just as quickly. A biel launches Bo all the way across the ring. Scott tries to help out his cousin only to be pressed into the air and caught coming down with a brutal spinebuster.

DDK:

BEERDIGUNG!!!

Angus:

That spinebuster was so evil, Keeps is speaking in tongues!

Bo tries to fight back, but his attempt at a kick is caught. Geist spins him and hooks on a rear waist lock. Bo is heaved across the ring again, this time with a big German suplex.

DDK:

Geist just showed Bo what a real suplex is.

Angus:

He has taken over this match like it was Poland!

Bo is propped up in the corner by Geist and soon finds his cousin being shoved into him. The Uberkrieger lowers his shoulder and slips his arm between both of the Stevens' legs.

DDK:

No way... There's no way he can do this.

Angus:

Oh, it's happening, Keeps. It's definitely happening.

Geist snarls, as he lifts both Scott and Bo up into a fireman's carry, bringing the capacity crowd to their feet. He marches out to the middle of the ring, not struggling at all with the weight across his shoulders.

Angus:

He is going to kill two sheep-fucking inbreds with one bratwurst!

DDK:

Just how strong is this man?

Luckily for him, Bo is able to wiggle free. He lands on his feet, but tumbles down across the middle rope when he tries to walk. Scott isn't so lucky. He is tossed into the air and driven down with a loud boom.

DDK:

GROUND ZERO!

Angus:

The Germans weren't behind that... or were they? What do you know, Keeps?!?!

The impact of the move nearly bounces even the gigantic Geist back up to his feet and his attention shifts to Bo instantly. The German's hands grip Bo's throat and with seeming ease he tosses him up into the air. Geist uses all of his might to drive Bo down with sit-out powerbomb.

DDK:

GEH ZUR HOLLE!

Angus:

Even you speaking that booga booga language isn't going to ruin this for me. Death to the Stevens!

The official looks to make the count.

ONE...

TWO...

Thr-NOOOOO!!!!!!

The arena echoes with a collective "Oh!" as Bo somehow escaped defeat.

DDK:

Bo just narrowly escaped there.

Not one to argue with the official, Geist is already pulling his enemy up before the referee can signal that it was only a two count. The Todesengel tosses Bo into the corner and puts his boxing background to work. A pair of lefts and a right to the body, a left hook, and a right uppercut drop Bo to his ass in the corner.

DDK:

When Geist hits you, you go down. It really is that simple.

Angus:

Bo should be called England because Geist is dropping bombs.

Cary leaps up onto the apron, drawing both Geist's and the official's attention to him.

DDK:

Come on Doyle... Get him down from there.

Angus:

Let Geist punch him first and then get him down.

He narrowly avoids getting socked in the mouth by the enraged German. Geist turns back to Bo, leaving the referee to handle Cary. However, the distraction works like a charm. Bo thrusts his arm between the German's legs, bringing his onslaught to a stop and leaving him wide open for Scott to come running down the apron and deliver a Superman punch with so much power that he tumbles to the floor.

DDK:

Patented Stevens distraction leads to The FIST.

Angus:

Benny Doyle needs to be fired.

Bo stacks Geist up for a pin and for good measure, drapes his feet across the middle rope once the referee gets into position to count. The crowd boos the Stevens to high holy hell upon seeing them once again resort to dirty tactics.

DDK:

The official doesn't see his feet on the ropes! The Stevens could steal another one!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!

Even with the extra leverage, Geist is able to kick out. Everyone in attendance chants for the challengers, hoping to will them to victory.

STP! STP! STP!

STP! STP! STP!

STP! STP! STP!

DDK:

They just can't keep these carnivores down!

Angus:

If they had a Russian on their team, they could beat the Germans.

Bo buries his face in his hands. He was one hundred percent certain that was it. He looks to his uncle, who throws his hands up. He can't believe it either. When he looks for his cousin's opinion, he gets Scott angrily pointing at Geist.

Scott Stevens:

Stay the fuck on him, moron.

Refocused, Bo gets Geist vertical. However, his Irish whip is reversed. Scott slaps Bo on the back, as he hits the ropes.

DDK:

I don't think Geist saw the tag.

Everyone's favorite Texan carefully slides into the ring to remain undetected, as Bo avoids a clothesline and back

elbow from the German. Geist lowers his head, giving Bo the opening he needed. A kick catches the Uberkrieger in the collarbone, standing him up and dazing him for what comes next.

DDK:

DOUBLE SUPERKICK!

Scott goes for a cover, hooking the leg, while Bo stands guard.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Unsure if his teammate will kick out or not, Mack digs deep and uses an explosion of energy to slam into Bo at full speed. The impact sends Bo flying backward, where he crashes into Scott and inadvertently breaks up the pin.

DDK:

Brody with the save!

All four men try to get vertical at the same time and find themselves paired off, as Geist looks across at Scott and Brody at Bo. Bo and Scott both go on the offensive, connecting with a trio of right hands and getting boo's from the crowd with each one. All it takes is a single right hand from the members of the STP to knock the Stevens back.

DDK:

The Stevens strike first, but the STP strike hard.

Not giving up, Bo and Scott fire right back, delivering another 3 punches each. All it does is hype up Brody and Geist, who snarl back at them and blast them with brutal punches of their own.

DDK:

The Stevens won't back down, but trading shots with the STP is not the best gameplan.

Angus:

If they want to get clobbered by the Nazis, let them.

The Stevens unload with all they have, connecting with punch after punch. Yet, with each punch, they seem to have less and less effect. The STP reach their feet, towering over the cousins. With their punches having absolutely zero effect, Bo and Scott dig into the villain playbook.

DDK:

Stereo thumb to the eyes.

Angus:

Did you expect anything different?

On the same page, Bo and Scott hit the ropes. Whatever plans they have is immediately ended with the STP crashing into them. Scott crashes to the mat courtesy of a Vader attack by Geist, while Bo and Mack collide and tumble between the middle and top rope. Brody goes all the way to the floor while Bo somehow remains on the apron, just a few feet from his corner.

DDK:

Brody and Bo are out of the picture.

Geist pulls a dizzy Scott to the middle of the ring. He sheds the elbow pad covering his right arm and throws it into the

crowd. The Scorpion tries to raise his hands in defense, but it was futile. The Todesengel unloads on him with a left-handed body shot, a left hook to the jaw, a right hook to the other side of the jaw, and a spinning back elbow with the same right arm.

DDK:

I have no idea how Scott is standing.

Angus:

The lights are on, but no one is in the barn.

To the ropes goes Geist and he has only one thing on his mind, tearing Scott's head from his shoulders.

DDK:

ENTHAUPTUNG-COUNTERED INTO THE VENOMOUS WRATH OF THE GODDESS SELKET!

In the dead center of the ring, the Scorpion had captured the German's arm and expertly clamped on a crossface, making sure to scissor Geist's arms. Scott pulls with every fiber of his being.

DDK:

Look at the torque. Scott is really cranking back.

Angus:

So many sheep have been injured this way.

Brody is nowhere to be found and the ropes are a mile away even for the gigantic Geist. He growls in agony, struggling best he can to force his way out of the hold or move closer to the bottom rope. However, Scott's grip will not budge.

Scott Stevens:

TAP OUT KRAUT FUCK!!!

Benny Doyle:

Do you want to give it up Geist?

Pietro Geist:

Nein!

Scott Stevens:

DIE NAZI FUCKER!!!

Scott hopes the extra smack talk would break his foe, but all it did was light a fire in Geist. He slammed his fist into the mat and with a growing roar, the Uberkrieger began to raise himself off the mat. The Scorpion wouldn't release him, so Geist lifted him off the mat, while rising up to a vertical base.

DDK:

The power of the STP is uncanny. They just can't be held down.

Geist's battle to reach the ropes had moved the pair closer to the Stevens Dynasty's corner. The placement allows Bo to reach out and slap the elevated Scott's leg, just out of view.

DDK:

Bo with the blind tag.

Angus:

Bo's face makes me wish I was blind.

Bo dashes to the far ropes, as Scott drives his elbow into the back of Geist's head, forcing him to lean forward. Everyone's favorite Texan breaks the leg scissors and stands next to his foe. He wraps his foot around Geist's leg and straightens him for the incoming Bo.

Angus:

SHOTGUN DROPKICK-RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP COMBINATION!

Scott drags his adversary into the middle of the ring before scurrying to the opposite corner of his cousin. They wait for their foe to reach one knee before nodding to one another. They are looking to put Geist down once and for all.

DDK:

I think the STP has run out of lives, as it looks like GAME OVER!

Angus:

Where do I put the quarters to continue? The trailer trash can't win!

The duo explode out of their corners and Scott leaps into the air, as Bo winds up. Seemingly out of thin air, Mack pulls his teammate out of the way causing both to miss. Well, miss Geist that is. Bo's kick connects, but not with the intended target. With no one there to stomp, Scott lands on his feet and cannot avoid his cousin's kick that catches him right in the Stevens family jewels.

DDK:

Bo may have just ended a branch of the Stevens' family tree.

Angus:

You say that like it is a bad thing.

A double shoulder block by the challengers sends Bo flying through the air, as Scott rolls out to the floor. Brody hurries back to the STP's corner. Geist pulls Bo with him over to the corner. The Golden Gladiator slaps him on the back and starts to make his way up to the top rope, while the Todesengel hoists Bo up in powerbomb position.

DDK:

This could be it!

The crowd rises their feet with their cheering growing louder and louder with each passing moment. Brody slices his throat with his thumb and points to their adversary.

Mack Brody:

Time to fucking die.

One massive roar and Geist extends his arms to hold Bo up for Mack. Brody dives off the top rope, nearly cutting Bo in half with a horrific spear.

DDK:

AUSSTERBEN!!!

Mack looks for the pin, making sure to hook Bo's lifeless leg as tight as possible. Cary gives one final thought to getting involved, but with Geist acting as security and staring a hole through him, he thinks better of it. He grimaces, knowing this could be the end, as the referee drops into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

And there goes the roof of the arena into the stratosphere.

Darren Quimby:

The winners of this bout and... **NEEEEEEEEEEW DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPIONS... THE SEXUAL TYRANNOSAURUS PLATOON!!!**

DDK:

The STP has done it! They have dethroned the Stevens Dynasty!

Angus:

That's fine and dandy, but don't stop there. Go get Scott and kill him too!

The announcement brings another eruption of cheers from the crowd. Benny Doyle collects the 3 title belts from a stagehand and hands them off to the new champions. Down the entrance ramp runs Lorelei. She joins Brody and Geist in celebration. They hand her the third title belt and the trio raise them high into the air, much to the delight of the crowd and the dismay of the Stevens family.

DDK:

It may not be the titles they originally wanted, but they have earned their shot at the tag titles in the future and most importantly, showed everyone that the Stevens Dynasty can be toppled.

Angus:

And that these German bastards have the strength of ATLEAST three men!

After pulling a bruised and battered Bo from the ring, Cary checks in on his son Scott. Royally pissed off and still feeling the effects of his cousin's error, the Scorpion shoves Cary on his way to the back.

Scott Stevens:

Get the fuck away from me. This is all your fault.

Cary Stevens:

Scott. Come on.

DDK:

Scott's had enough of his father for one night.

Angus:

Thanksgiving is going to be more awkward than normal at the Stevens house.

Knowing there is nothing he can say, a frustrated Cary tends to Bo, helping him stand. Cary turns to look back at the newly-crowned champions and finds Lorelei grinning like the cat that ate the canary. She blows him a kiss just to piss him off just a little bit more before resting the title belt on her shoulder.

Cary Stevens:

Fucking bitch...

Brody and Geist watch on from over Lorelei's shoulder and once the Stevens were at a safe distance, the STP joins the crowd in celebration. They raised their titles and shouted along with the chanting crowd.

STP! STP! STP!

STP! STP! STP!

STP! STP! STP!

Geist rests his portion of the championship on Lorelei's other shoulder to which she fakes her knees buckling from the weight with a chuckle. Brody kisses his title belt and meets his best friend in the middle of the ring. They turn to the crowd raising their arms one final time to great approval.

CONSOLIDATION

Following the first match-up of the night, the camera pans backstage to none other than Christie Zane getting ready to bring the first interview of what is sure to be a few throughout the night.

Christie Zane:

Hi, DEFIANCE! I'm Christie Zane and...

She gets cut off immediately when a massive (and well-manicured, might I add) hand balls up the top of the microphone to keep her from speaking any further.

The hand belongs to none other than "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, standing over her. Christie looks completely uneasy with the situation until Uriel flashes a very gentle smile back at her.

Uriel Cortez:

Christie.

By his side per usual are both the loudmouthed Junior Keeling as well as his father, the more reserved Thomas Keeling.

Thomas Keeling:

Ms. Zane... I'm sure that there are those who feel you're exemplary at your job... but your services are no longer required for this interview. You may leave.

She looks back at Junior who isn't as nice.

Junior Keeling:

Shoo.

She does just that and tries to take the microphone with her but Uriel hangs onto it.

Thomas Keeling:

We'll be needing that microphone, Ms. Z. I promise it will be returned to you shortly.

Christie slowly edges her way off camera. Junior is about to take the microphone when Thomas motions for it in a "may I?" type fashion. Junior nods as his father takes the microphone and speaks.

Thomas Keeling:

Last week, DEFIANCE was given a reminder of who they're dealing with when they witnessed Uriel Cortez DESTROY Andy Sharp, snap him in two and send him packing from DEFIANCE. Following the conclusion of the last DEFtv, his contract with both DEFIANCE as an extension of the deal we set up with The Family Keeling Talent Agency has been terminated.

He continues coldly.

Thomas Keeling:

We gave Andy many golden opportunities that lesser athletes would kill for... and he squandered all of them. And while Uriel, regrettably, did not win the FIST of DEFIANCE at Ascension, he is now qualified for the ACE in the Hole. Andy, meanwhile, continued to squander further opportunities. After he failed to win the FIST, I had Uriel take care of the problem. He's a hands-on kind of guy.

Uriel smiles behind him and rubs his hands together as Thomas continues.

Thomas Keeling:

We are now consolidating our efforts. The Family Keeling are now focused on one thing and one thing only and that is

making sure that Uriel Cortez, The Titan of Industry, becomes the FIST of DEFIANCE. To do that, we must win ACE In The Hole. Scott Douglas, The D, Scott Stevens, a cockroach that refuses to die... and to the two additional entrants that win the last of the qualifying matches tonight... what Uriel did last week was not a threat or a warning. It's a PROMISE. A PROMISE of what will happen to you if you try to hinder our goals in any way. That ESPECIALLY includes you, Jack Harmen.

Before he can get any further, Uriel gestures to Thomas for the microphone, which surprises the Family Keeling patriarch. The Titan of Industry was passed the microphone and Thomas politely gave him the platform to speak.

Uriel Cortez:

Jack, my friend, I'm giving you one warning as a courtesy. In my first year in DEFIANCE, I've taken out Angel Trinidad and Andy Sharp with my bare hands. The Family Keeling didn't bring me here to be a second to anyone. *I* am the star. *I* am the future of DEFIANCE. *I* am The Titan of Industry and I am a brand... A brand that you build this company around and a brand that can carry DEFIANCE across these broad shoulders. *YOU* are just an obstacle. If you get in way again... we'll, you've been here a long time. You can surely figure it out.

Another smile from Uriel Cortez before he dropped the microphone and The Family Keeling cleared the set.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



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SHOOTER LANDELL VS. DEX JOY

DDK:

It is now time for the debut of one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's newest stars "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy to make his debut and he's going to have his hands full with the surly veteran Shooter Landell

Angus:

That's right! It'll be Tons of Fun Joy versus Shooter! Shooter's gonna take out this fat slob.

DDK:

Dex seemed very comfortable with his chances when he first confronted Shooter last week so we're going to see what he can do. We know he has a background as a football player so he could have some speed we don't know about or something up his sleeve!

Darren Quimby was already in the ring to start all of the introductions.

Darren Quimby:

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

ONE FALL!

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

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

Quimbey:

First ... hailing from Council Bluffs, Iowa and weighing in at 260 pounds ... SHOOOOOOTER LAAAAAANDELLLLLLL!

He points at Darren Quimbey in the ring before walking up the stairs, wiping his boots off on the ring apron, and entering the ring between the ropes. As he does that his music gives way to his opponent's theme. The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out.

Angus:

Damn it I paid the power bill this month ... maybe ...

DDK:

I think this is his opponent, partner!

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

Angus:

What? You can't go over a hundred! That'll kill your battery and probably the phone holder!

DDK:

He calls this Big Dex Energy! He's fueled by it and he won't stop because he's going to give it his all in the ring.

Angus:

Oh lord ...

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

Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent from Los Angeles California ... weighing in at 390 pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and doesn't take his eyes off Shooter. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE faithful as he enters the squared circle. He is now in the ring and Shooter does not look impressed. The official Hector Navarro rings the bell ...

DING DING!!!

Shooter and Dex lock up and it is Shooter going behind Joy in order to secure a headlock. He keeps the headlock in tightly but Dex already tries to escape by pushing himself back into the ropes. Shooter hangs on like a pit bull with a steak in its mouth before he kneels down to try and get a takeover. Joy hangs on and he tries to muscle Shooter back up, but he cranks the hold on tighter before he can counter it.

DDK:

Shooter doesn't know much, if anything about Dex Joy in that ring so this the best way to do so. Feel him out until he makes a mistake.

Angus:

And then Shooter can shoot him down before he puts a hole through that ring just by tripping.

Shooter remains confident and tries one last jump which finally gives him enough of a chance to snap Joy over onto his back ... but Joy moves out. Shooter then tries to grab his neck with his legs in a grounded head scissor hold but before he can do anything ...

Angus:

What?!?!?

DDK:

Joy just did a headstand! He did a headstand to get out of that hold! Now he's got Shooter!

Shooter almost panics in that moment because Dex Joy has just managed to surprise the audience with agility! Joy now has him in a headlock and Shooter tries to fight his way out. When Joy doesn't let go, he punches him in the side. The blows don't seem to do much to Joy until he manages to wiggle free and then rakes the eyes.

DDK:

Joy showed him up and now Shooter has him in the corner with right hands!

Shooter continues attacking the powerhouse from the City of Angels. He kicks him a few times to make sure he stays down and then attacks his arm with a few good elbows trying to wear down the powerhouse. He punches the arm and tries setting up a key lock but Joy pushes Shooter back a few inches. When Shooter gets angry he shoots for the arm again, but gets the last thing that he expects

DDK:

That was a massive drop kick by Dex Joy! I was right about that agility! He's a large man that carries that size well!

Angus:

I just saw a house drop kick Shooter Landell!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are now cheering on Dex Joy when he stands up again. Shooter is still not believing what just happened and when he gets up, Dex grabs him from behind him and throws him away with a release german suplex onto the mat! Dex goes for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

But Shooter kicks out.

DDK:

Great moves by Dex Joy! He almost beat Shooter!

Landell is a bit perplexed of what Dex Joy can apparently do in the ring, but when Dex tries picking him up and setting up a power bomb, Shooter goes low by freeing himself and hitting Dex in the back of his knee with a chop block. Once he is sure Dex is down he winds up and catches him right on the jaw with a rolling elbow smash that sends him flying back against the ropes.

Dex doesn't go down, but he is clearly on dream street. Shooter climbs through the ropes and grabs Dex's arm then falls to his backside on the ring apron so he can pull Joy's arm against the ropes! Dex cries out in pain and grabs the arm so Shooter came come back in. That's when he waits for Shooter to turn and then takes him to the ground with a STO!

DDK:

That was a huge STO by Landell and now he tries to go for the win!

One ...

Two ...

Angus:

Nope, Almond Joy kicks out! That Big Derp Energy or whatever he calls it is what saved him.

DDK:

And now Shooter has that arm!

Shooter slams the crook of Dex's arm into the mat and then sets it up backward so he can hit a stomp on the joint! Dex is in pain now and rolls around the mat thrashing about.

DDK:

That's a great way to neutralize whatever else Joy can do ... he can take his arm away and stop his power moves and maybe even keep him from flying.

Angus:

That drop kick was nuts! I don't see jumbo jets drop kicking people!

The crowd is cheering on Dex Joy when Shooter Landell tries to go for his arm with an arm bar of the Fujiwara type on the mat. Shooter has him grounded but Dex Joy does not give up and crawls towards the ropes with intent to try and free himself.

Angus:

I think I've seen this escape. Beached orcas try and do this before they get back into the water ...

DDK:

Angus!!!

Shooter keeps on pulling back on the arm but finally Dex gets a finger on the ropes to save himself! Shooter refuses to release the hold until the official does a five count. Shooter holds on until for and lets go of the hold but before Joy can regroup, the veteran is already up stomping on the arm again.

Joy tries to block a kick and then chops Shooter's chest. The most grizzled of DEFIANCE Wrestling's grizzled veterans comes back with a shot of his own, but Dex then fires an even sharper chop that knocks the breath out of Shooter. Joy tries getting back up when Shooter kicks his left arm again to stop him. Shooter's run off the ropes is not a good one ...

Angus:
WHAT?!?!?!?

DDK:
SHOOTER WAS ALMOST KNOCKED OUT OF THE RING! THAT SHOULDER BLOCK IS SOMETHING DEX JOY CALLS DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

The crowd applauds Joy tackling Shooter so hard, he goes flying into the ropes! The move has clearly taken a lot out of Dexy Baby as well but he nurses his arm and gets back up. He does not wait for Shooter and he pulls him up. Joy doesn't punch him but he does strike him multiple times across the face with some palm strike attacks before unleashing a mighty roar! Dex shoots him off the ropes and then catches Shooter with the boss man slam!

One ...

Two ...

But Shooter kicks out!

Dex Joy cannot believe it, but he's feeling like he has a chance to win the match. He takes Shooter up to his feet, but his attention shifts toward the entrance ramp .

DDK:
No! What's he doing here?!

Shooter's tag team partner Gunther Adler comes rushing down the ramp. Dex and Hector Navarro both notice him, with Navarro telling him to stay away. Shooter utilizes the distraction to dig into the side of his boot and produces a pair of brass knuckles! As Navarro continues to urge Adler to leave ringside, Dex turns around and is met with a right hook from Shooter!

Angus:
He hit him with those brass knuckles! That was cool!

DDK:
Oh no it wasn't, Angus! If Shooter is such a good wrestler, he shouldn't need those to win.

Dex staggers but doesn't immediately drop! Shooter, perplexed, strikes Dex again in the side of the head and the big powerhouse thumps to the mat. Shooter slides the knuckles back into his boot and makes the cover. Adler, seeing that his job was done, abruptly turns and leaves, prompting Hector Navarro to turn back to the ring where he sees the cover. He jumps into position

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:
Shooter cheated his way to that win here tonight - Dex was about to pull off a serious upset in his DEFIANCE debut!

Quimbey:

Here's your winner ... SHOOOOOOTER LAAAAAANDELLLLLL!

Shooter stands over Dex and tells the newcomer to stay out of his business and then leaves the ring. Adler and Landell meet at the entrance ramp and shake hands, turning back to laugh at the still unconscious Dex.

DDK:

That was downright uncalled for but I bet Shooter had to redeem himself after he couldn't beat Elise Ares last week.

Angus:

He beat the fat kid in a candy store! Good!

Dex starts to stir, slowly rising to a knee with a hand pressed to his head. Landell stops briefly, seemingly surprised that Dex is getting up so quickly. He stares intently back toward the ring, as the crowd voices its support for the newcomer.

THE D'S ENTOURAGE

Cut over to the interview stage, just off to the side of the entrance way. Lance Warner stands dressed to the nines, holding a microphone. The DEFIANCE flag waves in the background.

Lance Warner::

Ladies and Gentlemen... the D's Entourage.

The D steps into frame, wearing a small golden monocle and an Armani suit. The O-Face wears a slinky gothic dress and hangs off of his arm. Flex Kruger brings up the rear, towering over the power couple. He is dressed in his ring tights and crosses his arms in front of his chest.

Lance Warner:

D, first, congratulations on qualifying for the Ace in The Hole.

The D:

Oh, yes, there wasn't any doubt about that Lance. But how it happened? Makes me think you're making a bit of fun of me.

Lance Warner:

No, neeeever. Kerry came out and cracked you over the head with a steel chair. While it isn't a traditional qualifier result...

The D:

It still counts Lance. I'm in the match, I got Kerry sus... I mean Kerry got suspended and I'm going to win the Ace in the Hole, and go on to do what Elise Ares couldn't do, what Mikey Unlikely WON'T do, and that's become the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance Warner:

But later tonight, Flex Kruger gets his chance to join the match, taking on your former best friend Klein. Flex, do you have --

The D grabs Lance's hand so he can't direct the mic to Flex. The D talks over him.

The D:

He doesn't talk Lance. He's a mute.

Flex just blinks confused.

The D:

Flex is here tonight to make sure Klein can't come out at DEF Road and ruin MY plans. Flex is there to give me the advantage Lance. He's going to be my muscle, he's going to be there, swatting the rest of the competitors away while I climb that ladder to glory. And it's going to be LEGAL. Isn't that right Flex?

Flex stammers. He looks at the D confused.

The D:

You can talk now you big oaf.

Flex's jaw drops slightly, but he continues.

Flex Kruger:

I thought I could maybe win this one?

The D stops. He freezes in place, just looking directly at Flex. He's unmoving. That's when O-Face reaches out and

slaps Flex in the face.

O-Face:

KNOW YOUR PLACE! GOD!

O-Face turns to the D, smiling and biting the tip of her index finger.

O-Face:

So hard to find good help these days.

The D:

It really is. C'mon Flex! You're up next. Go kill my best friend.

Flex Kruger:

Wait. I thought I was your best friend.

The D:

My former best friend. Whatever. Semantics! Just, you know the plan, right?

Flex Kruger:

Uhhhh...

The D:

Do you want me to go over it again?

Flex Kruger:

Yes, please.

The D smacks his forehead and turns to Lance.

The D:

We've got some strategizing to go over. O, you wanna finish this off?

The D grabs Flex and drags him backstage away from the interview stage. O-Face stands awkwardly behind, looking at Lance.

O-Face:

So, what else do you want to know?

Lance Warner::

Nothing really.

O-Face:

Oh.

Lance Warner::

Actually, how many sexually transmitted diseases have you acquired in your lifetime?

O-Face sneers, and then lunges at Lance, slapping him in the face. DEFSec rushes into the frame, grabbing the petite raver around the waste. They pick her up with ease, as O-Face kicks and claws trying to get at Lance.

O-Face:

I'LL KILL YOU!

DDK:

I... I didn't expect that question from Lance.

Angus:

I gave it to him.

DDK:

That makes a lot of sense. Faithful, Flex Kruger takes on Klein for the Ace in the Hole Qualifier, and that match... IS AFTER THIS COMMERCIAL BREAK!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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ACE QUALIFIER: FLEX KRUGER v. KLEIN

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, up next we have another Ace in the Hole qualifier match. Angus, I'm sure you're excited about this potential HOSS-fite we're about to see here.

Angus:

Without a doubt Keeps. We've got the forever Box Man, Klein, taking on the former BRAZEN Champion Flex Kruger. The former hanger ons of the Pop Culture Phenoms battle for a shot at a shot at the FIST!

DDK:

And there's no love loss between these two Angus. Remember when the D attacked Elise and challenged for the Southern Heritage title?

Angus:

Remember when Flex was just a big dumb roid-baby? Hanging around with the PCP and being lower on the totem pole than Klein? Now? Flex Kruger has the pedigree of being a former champ, the man who helped dethrone Reinhardt Hoffman. The D was able to get past Hoffman last DEFtv, can Kruger do that to the Box Man?

DDK:

Let's fine out. Let's head to ringside.

The camera rests at ringside, as Darren Quimbey stands in the ring in his finest three piece

Darren Quimbey:

This next matchup is scheduled for one fall, and is a qualifier match for the Ace in the Hole!

"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains

The Faithful stand in roarious cheers.

DDK:

Oh, that's a reaction, Angus!

Angus:

There's love for this big brutish goof Keeps, even I got some for him.

Klein steps out from the backstage area as the song reaches a crescendo. Klein politely waves to the Faithful who cheer, until there's a loud murmuring of worry.

DDK:

There's Flex Kruger! He just caught Klein in the back of the head with a Shake Weight!

Angus:

Really!? A *Gorram* shake weight? What is this, 2004?

DDK:

Flex is just standing over the fallen box man, seething.

Flex breathes heavily onto Klein, and then reaches down to violently rip him to his feet. Flex hooks Klein and takes a few steps, before LAUNCHING him with a hip toss down the ramp to the ring. Flex is right there to remain on the offensive, kicking Klein in the side of his head down the ramp until he hits ringside. Flex then grabs Klein and tosses him underneath the bottom rope.

DDK:

This can't be fair Angus! That has to be a disqualification!

Angus:

Technically, the match hasn't started Keeps. That's up to Carla, it's why we give power to our officials.

Carla rushes to check on the downed Klein, who looks to be bleeding from the back of his head. His normally bright blonde hair has become stained crimson. Klein waves her off, groggy, as Carla does her best to do a quick concussion test on the doofy goliath.

DDK:

Klein wants to go Angus. He's not going to let this stop him, and look at that look on Klein's face! I've never seen him look quite so... uncuddly.

Angus:

I think the proper word is furious Keeps.

Carla makes one last "are you sure" to Klein, who nods in response. Carla walks over to Flex, standing in his neutral corner, who tosses his arms to the side with a smug smile. Carla checks Flex over for additional weapons, as Flex gives her a wink just as she touches the inner of his thigh. Ferrarri stands up and gets into Flex's face, shouting at him.

DDK:

Carla laying down the law here to Flex, but Flex doesn't care.

Angus:

He's having the time of his life. It's not every day you get to maintain an advantage like this Keeps!

Carla looks one last time to Klein, who nods his head from his knees. Ferrari reluctantly turns to the timekeeper and quickly waves for the bell.

DDK:

And we're off!

Flex charges to catch the wounded Klein, but Klein rises to his feet as Flex reaches him. Klein catches a stunned Kruger in the gut with a shoulder bump, before using the positioning to pick Kruger completely off his feet.

DDK:

OH MY GOD! GET DIZZY FLEX!

Angus:

Flex may have bit off too much to chew!

The Faithful cheer wildly as Klein starts to spin a shocked and disorientated Flex around the ring from a samoan drop position. Flex waves his hands wildly, trying to disrupt Klein.

The Faithful begin counting, much too quickly for the rotations that Klein is doing, as Klein gets the crowd to count up to ten, before feigning the final part of his move. Klein, with a surge of adrenaline, KEEPS going, spinning Flex an additional ten times per the crowd's inaccurate counting.

Dazed, Flex's eyes roll into the back of his head. Klein grabs him by the legs and CHUCKS him, catching him as he falls with a $\frac{3}{4}$ facelock drop!

DDK:

THE BRUV KILLAH! Could... Could that be it?

Klein stands after delivering the move, stumbling before falling to a knee, and then collapsing on top of Flex. Carla slides into position.

One.

Two.

THREE!

DING DING DING

Angus:

The big doof did it! Even with the odds stacked against him! With Flex's prematch attack, Klein has his opportunity to gain a shot at the FIST!

DDK:

Who would have thought the man in a box scared of cameras, treated like a slave by the Bruvs for so long, would be in the position he is now!

Klein gets to his feet, holding the back of his head as Carla proudly raises his hand. Klein, still a bit loopy and dizzy himself, falls to a knee as Carla braces him, picking him back up to his feet as he celebrates.

Angus:

And the big thing, the D, who has already qualified, is going to have to deal with his former best friend and tag team partner in the Ace in the Hole.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms explode once more at DEFRoad 2019!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT



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

OF COURSE HE'S GONNA BE WEIRD

Backstage, Christie Zane is dressed in her finest outfit as she holds a microphone. She turns to the camera.

Christie Zane:

Welcome back to DEFtv Faithful, and with me at this time is the competitor in our next Ace in the Hole Qualifier... Jack Harmen.

The Faithful cheer as Jack Harmen saunters into frame, chewing loudly on what can only be five pieces of gum.

Jack Harmen:

Christie.

Christie Zane:

In just a few moments, you head out to the ring to take on your very own flesh and blood. Third generation athlete, the fourth version of High Flyer...

Jack Harmen:

He wants to be called Velvet Shadow now.

Christie Zane:

Yes. Yes. Such an odd name, is it not?

Jack Harmen:

He's a kid. He's MY kid. Of course he's gonna be weird.

Christie Zane: As a reminder, you two challenged the Stevens Dynasty for the tag team championships, only to come up short. It was then that Velvet Shadow, your son, viciously attacked you in frustration. Then, you two looked to get your rematch, but he just let you charge into the ring blindly, leaving you to be the victim of a two on one beatdown

Jack Harmen:

Yeah, yeah. I haven't had the greatest of luck lately Christie. First my son turns on me. Then I find another beast of a partner, only to alienate him and have him find himself a new partner. It's probably best I leave the tag scene entirely, and focus on my singles career.

Christie Zane:

What sort of strategy do you take into a match where you face off against your own son?

Jack Harmen:

I mean, it's weird. I never thought I'd fight my own kid on television, but here we are. I've taught him a lot, most of what he knows in that ring either came directly from me or came from people I had previously trained. But the kid is fast, faster than I even think I ever was. He's motivated, and he doesn't have any qualms with attacking his old man.

Harmen laughs.

Jack Harmen:

Can't blame him. Kid wants to make a name for himself. Doesn't want to live off my legacy. I can respect that. But I ain't going easy on him. That wouldn't be good for either of us. If the stupidly named Velvet Shadow wants to win, wants to defeat his old man... he's gonna have to earn it.

Christie Zane:

Any chance you may hesitate in the moment?

Jack Harmen:

Of course there's a chance Christie. But I just need one moment, just need him to drop his guard for a second, and BAM.

Harmen makes motion of his fist crashing into his other palm.

Jack Harmen:

Locomotive.

Harmen nods to Christie and walks off.

Christie Zane:

That match, is up next!

ACE QUALIFIER: JACK HARMEN v. VELVET SHADOW

We fade to ringside, where Velvet Shadow is in the ring being checked on by Benny Doyle. His wrists and boots are patted.

DDK:

We have another Ace in the Hole Qualifier, as the Velvet Shadow has already made his way to the ring.

Angus:

This kid, got a chip on his shoulder. I can appreciate that. But he might be making Thanksgiving very awkward for the Harmen family if he defeats his own father.

DDK:

Oh, you think that Thanksgiving is normal? What are you, crazy?

Angus:

They are!

“Crazy Train” by Ozzy Osbourne blares out through the pa system, as a light fog rises from the entrance way. Jack Harmen parts the smoke, tossing his hand high in the air in a devil horn taunt. The Faithful cheer as Harmen slaps fan’s hands on his way to the ring.

DDK:

And there he is, the Wildcard, the Faithful’s Lunatic, Jack Harmen. A legend in this business, Harmen looks to make his mark on the FIST’s illustrious lineage.

Harmen finishes slapping fan’s hands and turns his attention to the ring. He sighs, a somber reality setting in.

Angus:

Listen, Harmen had his shot against Squidboy and couldn’t do the job. He had his shot at the Stevens’ Clan and couldn’t do the job. Hell, he lost his hair against Elise Ares ages ago. Harmen hasn’t had a significant victory in a long time Keeps. I think Harmen’s kid has his number tonight.

Harmen climbs into the ring as Benny Doyle asks to check him. Harmen allows it.

DDK:

Not to mention, just last week, the Family Keeling seemed to take an interest in Harmen’s activities, with Uriel and Jack getting into a fist fight.

Doyle rushes to the corner and rings the bell.

DDK:

And we’re off!

Velvet Shadow offers a test of strength. Harmen is cautious, but leans in cause it’s his kid. So, Shadow kicks him in the groin. Benny is there to reprimand him, as Shadow kicks the back of Harmen’s knee, sending him kneeling. Shadow then uses his other leg to kick Harmen’s jaw with a LOUD smack. Harmen tumbles onto his back as Shadow dives on for the cover.

One.

Harmen gets a shoulder up. Shadow locks in a headlock to keep Jack grounded, but Harmen fights up quickly. Harmen catches his kid with a couple of elbows and then shoots himself off the ropes. As Jack hits the ropes, Shadow had charged after him and clotheslines both himself and Harmen up and over the top rope. Shadow lands on the apron as Harmen lands on the mats. Jack fights to his feet, as Shadow hooks the ropes and springboards with an asai

moonsault to the outside. The Faithful politely respond to the aerial display, as Shadow turns his head toward them with a wild glare.

DDK:

We've seen that look in Jack Harmen before, blood thirsty, vengeful, angry.

Angus:

It never ends well for anyone Keebs.

As Harmen gets to his feet, Shadow rushes up behind him and shoves him face first into the turnbuckle post. Shadow tosses Harmen in under the bottom rope, and climbs onto the outside. VS springboards into the ring with a lout press, and hesitates.

DDK:

A page from his father's book.

Angus:

But he's hesitating Keebs!

Harmen slips his knees under Shadow's chest and then monkey flips him over to the corner. Harmen charges after, and then monkey flips him back out of the corner. A dazed and dizzy Velvet Shadow falls into a neutral corner. He has just enough time to look up and see a charging Harmen. VS slips out of the corner, avoiding the Locomotive, as Harmen crotches himself on the top rope and tumbles completely over to the outside.

DDK:

Oh, what a spill from Harmen there!

Angus:

Jack went for the knockout but his kid had it scouted!

Shadow stands in the ring, raising his hands in victory as Benny Doyle starts his count

It's here where a compounding amount of boos grows throughout the WrestlePlex. The camera switches to the top of the rampway, where the Family Keeling have made their arrival. Cortez leading the way.

DDK:

Oh what are they doing out here Angus?

Angus:

Well, just last week Uriel and Harmen got into it. They're both potential competitors in the Ace in the Hole. Plus, Cortez could just be out here scouting talent.

DDK:

Scouting?

Angus:

The kid! He's got a chip on his shoulder, but the talent and legacy are there Keebs. Can't doubt that.

Doyle is up to six. Shadow turns toward the Family and smiles, waves, shouting for them to watch. VS rushes off the far ropes and does a front flip over the top rope, hooking the top rope as he flew as if he skinned the cat. Harmen catches Shadow on his shoulder, as VS hooks the rope, and swings his legs to slam Harmen's head into the steel turnbuckle. He then lets go of the ropes and backflips, sprawling Harmen out with a hurraconrada. Shadow then hops to his feet and back into the ring. He turns back to the Family Keeling, kneeling on one leg toward them with his head gently bowed.

Angus:

If they weren't scouting him Keeps, I'd think they are now!

DDK:

Very impressive, it's just a matter of putting all the pieces of the toolkit together. And part of that is not letting up.

In the ring, Shadow yawns to the camera as Doyle gets to four. Harmen starts pulling himself up with the ring apron, and slips into the ring at six. Shadow dives on top with a double ax handle, and then just forearm after forearm into the back. Harmen fights to his feet through the blows, stunned and resistful the whole way. Harmen takes a swing wildly, as Shadow ducks underneath. Off the far side, Shadow leaps onto Harmen's shoulders for another hurraconrada, but Harmen just takes two steps forward and drops him in a running Lyger bomb.

DDK:

Center of the ring!

One.

Two.

Shadow gets a shoulder up.

Angus:

The kids got resilience, I'll give him that.

Harmen gets up and stares down his son. He looks up the ramp, and sees the Family Keeling for the first time. Harmen rushes to the ropes and starts pointing, shouting at Benny Doyle to get rid of them.

DDK:

O'CONNOR ROLL FROM BEHIND!

One.

Two.

Three!

NO! Harmen kicks Shadow off into the ropes. Velvet back off, leaps up onto the recovering Harmen's shoulders, and rolls forward for a Victory Roll. Harmen counters it into a pin of his own before he can roll him through the move!

One.

Two.

Three!

Harmen shoots up to his feet, as his son finally kicks out just a hair too late. Harmen lands on his hands and knees, before recovering to his feet. Shadow looks dejected, stares toward Jack, and then just slips out of the ring.

DDK:

Jack Harmen may have defeated his son tonight, but at what cost. And what are the Family Keeling up to?

Angus:

Absolutely no good, that's what! They shouldn't be out here, even to scout. The views on DEFtv are much better camera angles.

Harmen watches his son walk up the ramp toward the Family Keeling, who smile and clap approvingly to the third generation athlete. Harmen meanwhile, starts shouting indescriptive expletives up the ramp toward them. He almost hits Benny Doyle, who was just trying to raise his hand in victory. Harmen looks apologetic toward Doyle, and turns his head with a sneered nose toward the Keelings.

POWER UP: THE GAME SHARK

The camera pans to Lance Warner who stands behind a DEFIANCE TV backdrop.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with none other than Tyler and Conor Fuse, the Fuse Bros.! Boys, tonight you'll face off against Felton Bigsby and Rosey Owens, two members of No Justice, No Peace! And you guys are very familiar with them given your history when you first came to DEFIANCE...

The camera shifts to the right just a little, where Tyler stands and Conor is further off behind him. The Gamers give a cheer and Tyler leans towards Lance.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, we are well-versed in their ways. NJNP have gotten a few over us recently but my brother and I are ready to get back on track in the tag team division... tonight!

A light cheer follows while Conor comes closer into the picture. With him, he seems to be carrying something very big but it's being dragged from behind, below the camera. Finally, he smiles and stands right beside his older brother.

Conor Fuse:

Lance, my brother and I, we need to fix these last few weeks.

Angus:

Last few weeks? They've been in a tailspin for months!

Conor Fuse:

No Justice, No Peace... you boys are nothing but *NPC*'s and we will prove it again!!

Conor fidgets with whatever he is holding below the camera while trying to keep a very big smile off his face.

Conor Fuse:

And not only will we prove NJNP are nothing important in DEFIANCE but my brother and I will get back to our winning ways!

Conor holds up a giant, oversized piñata looking shark. It's about three times the size of him (and his brother). Lance takes a step back. He smiles but also conveys a puzzled look at the same time.

Angus:

What the fuck is that???

Lance Warner:

What is that?

DDK:

Notice how Lance is professional and doesn't swear, Angus?

Tyler rolls his eyes a little while Conor is now grinning from ear to ear.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, this little thing? This is my new *Game Shark*!

Some of The Gamers give off a supportive laugh.

Conor Fuse:

My brother and I need to get back to our gaming ways in order to become successful again! The last few months have been tough. We've been cheated out of so much but with this new trusty GAME SHARK, we shouldn't be

cheated anymore!

Angus:

Jesus Christ...

Lance Warner:

Well, my my. I guess the mushrooms weren't working anymore, huh?

Conor Fuse:

You saw our last match. I ate a box full of them and we still took the loss. However, this Game Shark, well...

Tyler interjects.

Tyler Fuse:

Well, it's nice for morale and all. The moral of this story though, Lance, my brother and I will take down NJNP tonight... and then we'll settle the score with the Gulf Coast Connection... and then we'll get a victory back against The WrestleFriends and then, the Tag Team Championships-

Conor clears his throat. Tyler rolls his eyes but then simply smirks and pats his brother on the back.

Tyler Fuse:

The Tag Team *Achievements*... become ours. Again.

Conor Fuse:

Tonight we go back to our gaming ways! Look out... GAME ON. And Game **OVER**.

With that, The Fuse Bros. walk off.

Lance Warner:

It should be a good one. Fuse Bros. and No Justice, No Peace... it's next!

Angus:

I wish these brothers weren't even created...

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

FUSE BROS v. NJNP

We go to the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is a tag team match! Introducing first... the team of Rosey Owens and Felton Bigsby... NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

The two men emerge to a chorus of boos. They don't seem to care, however. Instead, they march down the rampway looking pissed off and smug. While the other members of NJNP don't follow them out, it's assumed they are lurking. Somewhere. Close.

DDK:

NJNP have had a nice little run here recently, beating The Bros. a few months back and really making a statement, albeit one I don't agree with at all, by laying out The Fuse Bros., Gulf Coast AND The WrestleFriends all in one night. No small task!

Angus:

For once we agree, Keebs. Yeah, right now they seem to be a step above these three teams in a battle that's heating up for sure.

NJNP get into the ring as their theme song closes.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, Tyler and Conor Fuse... The FUUUUUSE BROS.!

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

There's a big cheer for The Bros. as they emerge in their usual wrestling attire. The only difference being Conor's dragging that pinata-like Game Shark beside him while following his brother to the ring.

Angus:

That is the stupidest thing I've ever seen.

DDK:

I think it's kinda cute, myself.

Angus:

And what is it even filled with? It should be candy but I bet it's something stupid.

DDK:

Knowing Conor, it's probably mushrooms.

Angus:

Like I said, stupid.

The Fuse Bros. get into the ring and Conor puts the Game Shark in their corner. As Tyler enters he's instantly jumped by Felton Bigsby and referee Benny Doyle rings the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Tyler didn't get a fair shake in this one... Felton is all over him with forearm smashes!! He tosses Tyler into the ropes and connects with a back elbow after! Down Tyler goes!

Bigsby drops the elbow. He gets up and drops the elbow again. He screams as he lifts Tyler and throws him into the turnbuckle. Bigsby grabs Tyler by the face and hurls him halfway across the ring! He makes the tag to Rosey Owens, whom is already perched on the second rope. Bigsby takes Tyler's arm and holds it up...

DDK:

Axe handle smash across the arm! Owens Irish whips Tyler into the ropes but suddenly Player One jumps right over top of him! He spins Owens around and rifles three hard elbows into the side of Owens' face... Tyler off the ropes...
POWERSLAM BY OWENS!

Tyler Fuse, however, kicks out at two.

Angus:

God, I wanted this match to end quickly...

As Owens lifts Tyler up for more punishment, Tyler quickly takes Owens' head and throws his arms overtop of it.

DDK:

Jawbreaker by Tyler!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

WHAT THE!?!?

The Gamers take a minute to process what's happening but see none other than the Gulf Coast Connection in the ring and beating down on Rosey Owens and Felton Bigsby!

DDK:

That's Gulf Coast Connection, obviously looking for payback from two weeks ago when they were taken out with chairs at the hands of No Justice, No Peace!

Angus:

My wish is granted... this match is over!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match as a result of a disqualification... Felton Bigsby and Rosey Owens, No Justice, No Peace!

This garners loud boos as Gulf Coast continue to seek payback.

DDK:

I understand what they're doing but it's a bad time to pick this fight...

As DDK mentions this, Conor Fuse gets into the ring and pushes The Crescent City Kid to the ground.

Conor Fuse:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!? THIS WAS *OUR* GAME!!!

The Crescent City Kid pushes back but Theodore Cain interjects.

Theodore Cain:

They took all of us out! How come you get revenge and we can't!?

Conor Fuse:

Not in the middle of our fight, dammit!

Conor pushes Cain.

Cain looks to retaliate but he's shoved off by Tyler Fuse, whom comes to his brother's aid.

Showing he's got his younger brother's back, Tyler breaks from his typical stoic attitude and seems legitimately upset.

Tyler Fuse:

Get the hell out of here, my brother is right!

Meanwhile, The Neighbourhoodlum and Theo Baylor rush down to the ring and quietly try to pull Owens and Bigsby away from the wreckage.

Aaron King takes exception to Tyler. He gets right in his face.

Aaron King:

You two have no right to get payback... you're all washed up and it's our division now.

Tyler looks to the canvas and smirks. He pushes King hard, very hard.

Tyler Fuse:

Your division???

King takes a moment...

DDK:

AND IT'S ON! KING PUNCHES TYLER... CONOR THROWS A SHOT AT THEODORE CAIN... all the while No Justice, No Peace is getting away!

Suddenly, The WrestleFriends bolt to the ring, trying to make peace once again. Ryan Batts tries to break up Tyler and Aaron, while Mace is able to pull The Crescent City Kid away from Conor but doesn't have enough hands to keep Cain and Conor from tearing each other apart.

Ryan Batts:

Guys, guys! This isn't the problem here...

Angus: *[sarcasm]*

Wow, great job WrestleFriends... you're really helping out here. It's clearly working.

Finally, Batts gets Tyler and Aaron's attention. Conor, Theodore and The Crescent City Kid soon follow...

They watch as all members of No Justice, No Peace reach the top of the rampway. Bigsby and Owens are still reeling from the beating they took at the hands of Gulf Coast but even they are able to give a smile or two. Theo Baylor shows everyone the middle finger.

Theo Baylor:

Fucking morons.

They all walk off...

Leaving three teams standing there trying to figure out what happened.

The Fuse Bros. go back to arguing with Gulf Coast Connection and while no punches are being thrown this time, The WrestleFriends continue attempting to break things up.

DDK:

This is a mess out here. I hope we get some referees to break things up, too.

Angus: *[sarcasm]*

And we didn't even get to see the Game Shark in use. Damn.

THE COMING

Cut from the chaos in the ring.

The DEFIatron envelops the view of the FAITHFUL at home. Red, Blue, Yellow, and Green color liquid in vials pan across the screen. With someone behind them with their back turned raises a vial with a yellow mist like smoke just slightly above eye view of the figure.

Much of the figure is enveloped in darkness. The sounds of boiling liquids from the clear chemistry environment are heard. The vial of yellow smoke is lowered and the figure turns its head just slightly toward the view in front of the colored liquids in front of it.

CLICK

The vial in the figure's hand seems to have been inserted somewhere, within a matter of seconds a yellow smoke rises from the ground encompassing most of the room. The view is all but gone. The condensation quickly saturates the view, with the sound of a hand pressing against wet glass.

S C R O W

Is written in jagged lettering, the Tron goes black after the "W" is written and a flash of what looks like a burlap mask quickly appears and disappears with raspy breathing in the background as it happens.

DDK:

Scrow DEFIANCE's newest signing ... rather creepy if you ask me.

Angus:

Someone should tell this guy that Halloween is over already.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



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COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE ROAD 2019



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OSCAR BURNS & MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. WRESTLEFRIENDS

DDK:

Angus, after what's been a very intense show to say the least, we're to our main event. As announced earlier this week on defiancewrestling.com, FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns teams up once again with the #1 Contender to said title, Mikey Unlikely. The tension between these two has been really thick, but they've got to put that all aside to beat none other than Burns' own pupils, The WrestleFriends!

Angus:

WrestleDorks versus King WrestleDork and Mikey "Possibly Full McFuckass" Unlikely. That sounds like a hilarious recipe for disaster. I can't wait.

DDK:

The WrestleFriends have had their own issues with The Fuse Bros and No Justice, No Peace but a win here is certainly going to go a long way in grabbing them a World Tag Team Title opportunity. Can they defeat their mentor-slash-FIST of DEFIANCE and the #1 Contender? Let's find out! We're going to the ring with Darren Quimbey for our main event!

And the camera does just that with Darren Quimbey ready for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and this is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 530 pounds... they are the team of "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace... **THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!**

Voices are now heard over the PA as multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

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

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

Out from the back, the crowd cheer on the superhero tandem as they take the stage and let their capes flap in the wind (okay, off-camera fans). After they make their way to the ring, Batts throws the rally towel into the crowd before taking off his cape. Mace removes his pelt and the two men take their place in the corner of the ring, looking a bit pensive.

DDK:

Both men look a bit apprehensive about this match, but they're honorable competitors first.

Angus:

And virgins. I mean, talented virgins, I watched this team come up from BRAZEN... but virgins probably.

♪ "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by Hotei ♪

The lights go out and a single spotlight hits the stage right at the curtain. As the song picks up, Mikey comes through with a smile on his face.

DDK:

First up, Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey walks in the spotlight to the stage, before the lights come back on. He poses towards the fans on each side of the ramp before slowly walking down.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents.. First, coming to the ring, hailing from Hollywood, California... weighing in at 230 pounds... He is the "World's Greatest Sports Entertainer".... **MIKEY UNLIKELY!**

Mikey gets to the bottom of the ramp and decides to stop and wait for his backup.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... he is the FIST of DEFIANCE...
"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead. Looking to the ring ahead pensively to his fellow League of Extraordinary Graps members, the Joint Chief of Joint Locks shakes it off and raises a finger in the air, garnering cheers from the crowd!

Angus:

Burnsie having to keep an eye out for any potential Mikey McFuckass sightings and fighting his fellow WrestleDorks. Up a creek tonight!

DDK:

The FIST of DEFIANCE has his hands in many pots and that's one of the reasons Mikey has been so confident that he's going to win at DEFIANCE Road. But when The WrestleFriends are on, they can beat anybody. Batts himself has victories over vets like Andy Sharp and Scott Stevens. The WrestleFriends are good enough to beat any team and that includes this super team if they aren't on the same page.

Burns wastes no time shooting a look and a receptive nod to Mikey before ripping off his shirt and throwing it into the crowd. He and The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer take their corner. On the other side, Ryan Batts and Jack Mace shake hands with Batts wanting to take the lead for his team. Burns and Mikey are talking it over at their respective corner and Mikey willingly steps back to have Burns take the lead.

DDK:

Very nice of Mikey there.

Angus:

Or very smart of Mikey. Let Burnsie do the legwork then tag himself in and win like he did against The Family Keeling.

DING DING!

The two lock up and quickly, they go tit for tat with waistlock takedown reversals, taking turns trying to get behind one another.

First Burns. Then Batts. Then Burns. Then Batts. Then Burns. Then Batts. Burns. Batts. Burns. Batts. Burns. Batts. Burns. Batts. Burns. Batts! And the crowd applauds them! Mikey is actually shocked how fast they go.

DDK:

Look at them go! Trying to land the first big move.

Angus:

Get Mikey in there to punch somebody... God, I just cheered Mikey to go full-on McFuckass.

The high-speed reversals continue until Batts tries to get one over on Burns, but he ducks low and takes the leg out from under Batts. Burns turns around to try for some leg bar, but Batts kicks him away and rolls to his feet. Burns rushes in, but Batts trips him up with a Drop Toe Hold. He tries to turn that into a La Majistral and gets it!

ONE!

T... NO!

Burns kicks out and then rolls Ryan Batts into a Headlock Takeover. And another. And another! Then tries to roll him up on the ground!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Batts kicks out and now both men on their feet after the standoff!

The crowd applauds the two men as Ryan backs up and makes the tag to Jack Mace. Burns gets ready, but before he can do anything, Mikey wants the tag.

DDK:

Mikey and Oscar trying to get along for the moment and he wants in to fight the big guy!

Angus:

He's boned.

Twists and Turns shakes his head and then gives the tag to Mikey who heads into the ring looking to prove his worth as a team player against the big former BRAZEN Champion. Mace offers Mikey a hand and he shakes it... then grabs on a Headlock and hangs on for dear life! He has Manpower trapped, but the big Brit goes back to the ropes and launches Mikey. The #1 Contender hits the ropes and runs into him with a Shoulder Block, but Mace barely moves. Mikey hits the ropes again and hits a second Shoulder Block, then a third. Mace is stunned when Mikey catches him with a Dropkick to the chest! Mace goes stumbling back in the corner as The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer takes a second to pose!

DDK:

Mikey outmaneuvering Mace! He's got him on the ropes!

Mikey turns around... SHOTGUN DROPKICK BY JACK MACE!

Angus:

He HAD him on the ropes...

Unlikely is left seeing stars as he's now slumped in the corner after being Dropkicked by a man well over three bills. Mace tags Batts and the two men go to work on Mikey with The Fantastic Four in the corner! Four arms clubbering away at Unlikely! Burns watches on intently from the corner.

Angus:

And there's Burns watching his cronies soften up Mikey before DEFIANCE Road. I love this!

DDK:

I very much doubt that's what Burns is doing! Now Batts with the tag and goes for Mikey with a German Suplex!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Mikey with the kickout! And now Ryan working on the arm of Mikey!

The Yellow and Black Attack kicks away at Mikey and then hits a Jumping Senton, knocking the breath out of the Blunt Blowin' Maniac. Batts gets back up and throws a European Uppercut to Mikey, now having him against the ropes.

DDK:

Another German coming? No! Mikey with the back elbow!

Mikey Unlikely shoves Batts into the ropes and then clobbers him with a Running Back Elbow, then backs up to the ropes. As Batts gets back up, Mikey CLOCKS him with a Dropkick to the back! As he finally turns the tides, Mikey grabs the laid out Batts and offers a tag to Burns as he pins Batts to the corner.

Burns makes the tag and then Mikey instructs the FIST to make his move, which he does in the form of a Running Knee Lift in the corner just as Mikey moves. Batts gets doubled over and then Mikey points back at him. Burns surprisingly follows his lead for the moment and whips Bantam forward and into a Lariat from Mikey!

DDK:

Look at that! Burns and Unlikely actually showing cohesion.

Angus:

The hell? Punch each other, you cowards!

Mikey returns to his corner as Burns decides to go after Batts. He follows up on the back work by picking Batts up and DRIVING him across his knee with the Backcrackamajig! Batts convulses in pain and then Burns goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Batts almost beaten there, but Burns goes right back to working the midsection! Grounded Cobra Twist!

Mikey acts as Burns' personal cheering section, yelling "GO, BURNSIE, GO!" as The Team Graps Cap continues applying the pressure. He locks in the hold and cranks back further, but before referee Hector Navarro can ask him if he quits, Mace runs into the ring and knocks Burns over with a kick to free his partner!

DDK:

Well within the rules! Mace frees himself and now Batts is free to tag!

The Yellow and Black Attack tags in Jack Mace and the big man waits for Burns to get back up. When he does so, he whips Burns to the corner and crushes him with a big Corner Splash, then holds him in a Bearhug! He holds his mentor in his arms and then LAUNCHES him over with a huge Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex and goes for a cover, hoping to pin the champion!

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

Angus:

Can't believe Burnsie kicked out of that! Mace is a brick shithouse... or some sturdily built yurt. He's one of those damn nature survivalist dudes, right?

DDK:

He is... but Burns needs to survive the WrestleFriends now!.

Mace has the FIST of DEFIANCE up on his back and tries to hook him for the Canadian Backbreaker Rack! He has Burns locked in and tries to wear him down. Hector Navarro asks if he gives, but when Burnsie says no, he gets SPIKED with the Canadian Backbreaker Drop he calls the Wild Out! Mikey cringes at the impact of the move as Burns is now on the mat holding his back in pain. Big Jackie goes for the cover on the FIST of DEFIANCE.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Damn, they're picking their own friend apart!

DDK:

Both teams have a lot riding on this match! A win here for Burns and Mikey keeps their momentum for the main event of DEF Road, but a win for the WrestleFriends would certainly put them right back in the thick of the title hunt!

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks is hurt when Mace has Burns and then throws him to the corner. He charges and then tries a big Corner Splash again, but out of desperation, Burns catches him out of nowhere with the European Uppercut. The blow sends Mace back, but when he tries to fight through the pain...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! Mace doesn't go down, but Mace goes back to his corner and Batts tags himself in!

Burns hurriedly gets back to his corner where Mikey is wanting to make the tag. He gets closer... closer...

DDK:

Tag by Mikey Unlikely! He meets Batts in the ring with right hands!

He strikes Batts upside the head with rights and then shoves The Yellow and Black Attack into the ropes. He tries to whip him, but the fast Batts reverses and sends him for the ride instead, but regrets it immediately when Mikey explodes off the ropes with a huge Flying Forearm Smash! He gets back up and then waits for Batts to get back up, only to scoop him up and drive him down with the Body Slam before going to the second rope and hitting the Diving Fist Drop!

DDK:

Mikey's on fire right now!

Angus:

That he is, he's showing the WrestleDorks what for!

Mikey keeps the pressure on when he waits for Batts to get back up. He charges and then lays him out with a Running Crossbody! He's back up when he sees Jack Mace charging at him. Mikey ducks and then hits a Dropkick on big Mace, who bounces back to the ropes and then lands a second one to finally knock the big man out of the ring! With Batts now trying to stand, Ryan tries to shove him to the ropes, but Mikey hangs on for dear life and then comes out of the corner with the Lungblower! Ryan shoots up and then hits the mat as Mikey goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

So close, but Batts with the kickout!

Mikey can't believe it, but he shakes it off and goes to hook Batts in an Inverted Facelock. The Roll Credits is coming, but Batts snaps to life and then turns around in the hold before dropping Mikey with a Mountain Bomb. He kicks past him and the tag gets made to Mace, now back on the ring apron. Mace comes back in and grabs Mikey for a Backbreaker followed by Batts coming off the middle rope with The Inhuman Stomp! Mace hooks the legs...

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

BURNS WITH THE SAVE! HE'S AIDING MIKEY AGAINST HIS PROTEGES!

Burns stops the cover, but Batts catches him with an elbow. Burns returns fire with a European Uppercut and then chucks him out of the ring to save Mikey. Mace grabs Burns and throws him through the ropes, but the Team Graps Cap remains on the ring apron. Manpower sees him and charges in when Burns catches him for the big move, clocking him with an elbow. Mikey ducks a Clothesline and tags Burns back inside.

The two men both try and tackle Mace and send him to the ropes... DOUBLE PICADILLY PRESS!

DDK:

Double Picadilly Press! This match is getting crazy and the fans love it!

The Running Crossbody by Mace mows down the FIST and the #1 Contender, but Mace is slow to get back up, breathing heavily on the mat. The fans are on their feet, they don't know what's going to happen next.

Slowly all three guys make their way to their feet. Ryan Batts is willing on Mace from the corner. Meanwhile, referee Hector Navarro is trying to get Mikey out of the ring. Mikey backs up not realizing that's where his tag partner is. Mikey and Oscar Burns both unknowingly back into each other. It catches Oscar by surprise and his instinct kicks in.

DDK:

Oscar and Mikey turn! HARD OUT HEADBUTT! Oscar Burns just hit his own tag partner with the move, mistaking him for the opponent!

Angus:

Are you sure about that?

Mikey is out, Burns falls to the mat holding his head, he slowly realizes what happened.

DDK:

You can't seriously believe that was on purpose?

Angus:

Listen, even Mikey openly doubted how trustworthy our FIST OF DEFIANCE is!

DDK:

That was an accident, through and through, the question is, will Mikey believe it?

Jack Mace takes full advantage of the confusion, he grabs the loopy Burns from the ground and drives a few forearms into the side of his head before setting him up.

DDK:

There it is! The BIG FRIENDLY BOMB! That devastating sitout powerbomb.

Ryan Batts comes through the ropes as his partner pins the FIST, but it's all for not. Mikey is out cold, and isn't breaking up the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Hector Navarro signals for the bell as the Wrestlefriends come out victorious. Mikey and Oscar meanwhile lay inside the ring both down and out.

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

The Wrestlefriends celebrate inside the ring.

DDK:

What a HUGE victory! Winning against two of the top wrestlers in DEFIANCE, including our Champion. This is going to do a lot for the standings of the Wrestlefriends!

Angus:

The question is what is McFuckboi going to say when he wakes up? You know he's going to open that fat trap of his.

The Wrestlefriends help Oscar up and they share a quick handshake exchange with him. Mikey meanwhile slowly comes to and rolls from the ring, begins to stumble to the back, holding his head.

DDK:

Well there's certain to be a lot of fall out from this here next week on DEFTv. We've only got one more show before DEFRoad so I'm sure things are going to heat up across the entire DEFIANCE Landscape!

We cut on Mikey looking back towards the ring where the Wrestlefriends celebrate with Oscar Burns trying to regain his breath in the future.

DDK:

For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler! We'll see you on the next edition of DEFTv!

This.

Is.

DEFIANCE.