

COLD OPEN... CHALLENGE

EARLIER TODAY

Instead of opening with the usual rundown, we see the above words in the lower third.

The camera shows the faceplate of the top championship in DEFIANCE.

The FIST.

Said FIST is on a shoulder.

Said shoulder is attached to the re... oh, lord, it's "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. And the crowd EXPLODES as he hoists the championship over his shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

Hello, GCs!

With a bright smile, Burns addresses the fans.

Oscar Burns:

Team Graps... we're in the middle of DEFCON season and it seems like DEFIANCE management is still assessing who's feeling stropo enough to come after the FIST at our biggest show of the year... but unlike certain bloody shitbags who pretend to be a numbnuts in a white house or others that pack a sad thinking the world owes them everything... yeah, nah, I don't do that.

Burns rolls his eyes at the actions of others he's described.

Oscar Burns:

That's why tonight, I've put out an open challenge to anybody for the FIST! And this challenge goes to anybody NOT named Mikey Unlikely!

The crowd cheers at the announcement as The Team Graps Cap continues.

Oscar Burns:

I've requested to defend this championship against the first person that responds to management. Give me your best, GCs because tonight, you're getting mine.

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

DDK:

Hello, everyone and welcome to the 130th 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'm not slurring, am I?

DDK:

What?!

Angus:

Nothing. Continue... Darren gives up with a sigh and continues.

DDK:

Folks, we have a hell of a show here for you tonight! Our commentary guest, here last week ... Jack "Mad Dog" Valentine makes his DEFIANCE in ring debut against one third of the Barrio Boys, Corey Nunez!

Angus:

This Valvoline kid has a good head on his shoulders... Nuisance might be in trouble!

DDK:

Most of that, is incorrect. Speaking of relative newcomer, "The BIGGEST Boy" Dex Joy goes one on one with the growing enigma ... SCROW!

Angus:

Scarecrow's got some weird quirks he needs to get over and just brain this big tubby smile factory!

DDK:

AND ... after Elise Ares' campaign to find out who is the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time ... did not turn out quite how she would have hoped when the prevailing name from most of those who were polled was "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas! Which leads us to tonight ... where the two face off to decide WHO ...

Angus:

Gage Blackwood. He has it. He's the greatest.

DDK:

... is the greatest Southern Heritage Champion; atleast between the two longest reigning.

Angus:

Give Gage time.

DDK:

Not to mention, as we started out broadcast tonight, The D has accepted the open challenge laid out by the current FIST of DEFIANCE, "Twist and Turns" Oscar Burns!

Angus:

That Kawaii will let any moron get a shot.

DDK:

I think you mean Kiwi, like the fruit.

Angus:

What did I say?

DDK:

Nevermind... but FIRST up, we have quite the treat!

Angus:

We have kiwi? I could use a little snack. Darren shoots a glare at Angus before continuing on in the name of time.

DDK:

Coming up, right now ... Tag Team Battle Royale!

TAG TEAM BATTLE ROYALE

The camera goes to ringside where a swarm of wrestlers have started to descend upon the ring in preparation for a massive opportunity.

DDK:

As announced previously on DEFIANCEwrestling.com, coming up next is the start of two matches to crown our next challengers for the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships. We're going to have fifteen stars - a mix of both singles and tag team wrestlers - with a caveat. The last two remaining men standing when this Battle Royale is over will meet The Fuse Bros 360 in a tag team match and the winners will go on to meet The Stevens Dynasty for the World Tag Team Championships!

Angus:

And that ring's filling up quickly, Keebs.

The camera pans inside to the men already involved:

All three members of The Dunson Clan, patriarch Paul and his sons, Richie and Todd. Redneck powerhouse David Hightower. Longtime BRAZEN star Butcher Victorious. High flyer Sho Nakazawa. The son of Jack Harmen, Velvet Shadow. Young newcomer Nathaniel Eye. The massive BRAZEN fan-favorite "Wingman" Titus Campbell, posing and getting himself a nice pop with his arms out for the fans. Pretty boy Cristiano Caballero, sniffing a lone rose he always brings to the ring.

DDK:

And a couple more intros to get through! When this is said and done, we'll have fifteen men in all.

♪ "Regulate (PhoteK Remix)" by Warren G. feat. Nate Dogg ♪

Angus:

YES! Thugs 4 Hire! Love these guys! Bruisers!

The fans haven't been so happy to hear the remix of Regulate as both members of Thugs 4 Hire come out from the back to a good response. Emilio Byrd tipping his hat and Hurtlocker Holt looking badass as usual, with what looks to be a donation box in hand. Fans quickly line up near the entrance to put money in their donation box to dish out a beatdown to anybody willing to cross them. They both enter as...

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

The hyper-aggressive hip-hop track plays and Brother Lucius Owens walks out onto the stage. He's soon joined by the 6'1", 227-pound Neighborhoodlum and the MASSIVE 6'6" and 460-pound Roosevelt Owens. They shoot looks at the likes of T4H who they've had bad blood with in the past, as well as the Dunson Clan and then enter the ring.

DDK:

No Justice, No Peace might have to be among the favorites. They've mixed it up with everybody from Team HOSS to The Fuse Bros 360 when they were just The Fuse Bros.. and won. We've got one more participant! He's the smallest competitor and barely lost a match to "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez on UNCUT, but he does hold recent victories over Reinhardt Hoffman and Jack Harmen...

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We, Instrumental)" by Run The Jewels ♪

The music hits and out comes the twenty-one year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute! Clad in a black get-up with a new spiked silver mask, he flashes a smile to the crowd who give him a nice ovation! He takes off at turbo speed down the ramp. He jets up the steps, climbs the ropes, and then leaps from one rope, to the adjacent corner, then backflips into the ring carefully! The Neighborhoodlum wants to attack, but Minute backs off in a corner.

DDK:

Here we go. Fifteen stars, both singles and tag, getting ready for a big...

♪ "Legend Has It" by Run The Jewels ♪

Angus:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute!

DDK:

Oh, no... that's Uriel Cortez! Like I said, he just defeated Minute on UNCUT and showed him some respect, but... what's he doing out here?

Angus:

Dude... are we gonna have DEFIANCE's BIGGEST Hoss?!

The fans give a big mixed reaction to the mountain of muscle from California as he steps onto the stage, also in a new black suit with both Thomas and Junior Keeling beside him. He unbuttons his coat slowly, hands the massive coat to Junior and then undoes his cuffs so he can wrestle in his dress shirt and pants. The Titan of Industry then heads into the ring among a mix of confusion among the active roster in the ring.

DDK:

I think... I think he wants in! Can he do this?

Angus:

You gonna tell THAT big bastard he can't be? Remember what Junior and Thomas have been saying... they're gonna make Uriel Cortez a champion by DEFCON! Looks like he's got the World Tag Team Titles in mind!

The seven-foot one (AND A HALF!) and 375-pound monster steps on the ring apron and climbs into the ring, staring down all the competitors, and especially Minute. The smallest man in the match puts up his guard. Benny Doyle looks up at Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

Bell... NOW.

Doyle looks like he's considering not, but remembers that he likes his teeth where they're at... and calls for the bell!

DING DING!**DDK:**

I guess this is happening! The Titan of Industry is in this match now! Cristiano Caballero taking umbrage with this!

The other stars watch as an angry Cristiano Caballero throws his signature rose into the face of Uriel Cortez. Cortez catches it, smiles and then sniffs it. Caballero demands it back so Uriel's response?

Grabbing Caballero and CHUCKING his ass right over the top rope!

DDK:

And that's our first elimination! Caballero is gone!

As the other wrestlers continue to watch the spectacle of a pretty boy going flying over the top rope, Paul Dunson stands back and orders his two sons, Richie and Todd, to go after the monster in the business slacks and dress shirt. They both shrug and then try to attack Uriel with kicks to the legs, but he blocks one to give Richie a Headbutt and then gives a STIFF Chop of Ages to Todd! Richie gets picked up and dumped over the ropes and when Todd tries to stand, Uriel grabs him...

DDK:

Atomic Throw by Cortez! He just tossed out Todd and Richie Dunson and now only Paul is left in the ring to represent his trio!

Angus:

Well, shit, that's three out within the first minute by Uriel Cortez! And now fights are breaking out!

Other members of the Battle Royale have seen enough as David Hightower, big Roosevelt Owens, The Neighborhood and "Wingman" Titus Campbell all gang up on The Titan of Industry with him trying to defend himself against the four men in a corner! Nakazawa, Minute and Velvet Shadow all get into it while Nathaniel Eye tries to quickly eliminate Emilio Byrd before his partner, Hurtlocker Holt, goes to save him.

DDK:

And as all this goes on, Sho Nakazawa laying into Minute with those elbows! He tries to whip him across the ring... NO!

Minute grabs the ropes, flies back and CRACKS Nakazawa upside the head with a Handspring Enzuigiri! But as Nakazawa gets dazed, Velvet Shadow sees an opportunity and grabs Sho by the mask before throwing him up and over the top!

Angus:

Hahaha, Harmen's boy got one! He's just tossed him from the ring after Minute did the work!

DDK:

He's learning, that's for sure! Now he goes after Minute! He tries to throw him over the ropes... NO! Minute backflips off the ropes and lands back in the ring! He ducks under a Clothesline by Minute... FLIPS! WOW, LOOK AT HIM GO!

A Running Headscissors takes Velvet Shadow down, but as he tries to get back up, the 55-year-old Paul Dunson boots Minute and throws him off the ropes...

Angus:

What the shit?! Did Old Man Dunson just eliminate Minute?

DDK:

NO! LOOK!

Minute was thrown from the ring, but the crowd POPS as the TJ Tornado does his best Spider-Man impression and clings onto the barricade for dear life! Little by little, The Sky High Kid crawls across as the crowd cheers him on before he leaps back onto the steel steps for dear life! He breathes a sigh of relief!

DDK:

Close one by Minute, but Velvet Shadow catches him with the Seated Dropkick!

Velvet Shadow then goes back to trying to eliminate Minute as fights continue to break out amongst the stars. Both The Neighborhoodlum and Roosevelt have big Uriel Cortez pinned to a corner with David Hightower grabbing a leg and trying to help get the Titan of Industry over as Junior and Thomas Keeling watch on the stage. Butcher Victorious gets in there and tries to get rid of "Wingman" Titus Campbell with a Dropkick!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious trying to get Wingman out!

Angus:

Can he do... aw, shit!

As the middle of the ring is clear for the most part with everybody fighting on the edge, Butcher stands and tries a

Superkick but The Wingman catches him on his shoulders. He smiles and then spins... and spins... and spins... and spins!

Angus:

I dunno about doing this crap in the middle of Battle Royale, but... HAHHAHA! It's funny as shit! Wingman's my dude!

After the crowd cheers Wingman, he THROWS Butcher out of the Airplane Spin over the top rope and crashes down on the floor!

DDK:

The herd is starting to thin a little bit! Uriel and Roosevelt continue to trade Clubbing Forearms with one another! Thugs for Hire trying to eliminate Nathaniel Eye and Paul Dunson, but they're fighting back right now! And Minute still at the mercy of Velvet Shadow, trying to choke him out in the other corner!

Velvet Shadow continues trying to beat down Minute, but he defends himself as best he can by hanging onto the ropes. Wingman doesn't have time to celebrate his latest elimination because David Hightower runs at him and gut checks him with a big Spear Tackle, sending the big 310-pounder across the ropes!

DDK:

And David Hightower on the attack! A few years ago he main evented a Pay-Per-View against The FIST Cayle Murray! A big win here tonight could put him right back in the thick of championship gold!

As Campbell and Hightower continue to trade shots with one another, Velvet Shadow has Minute by the leg and tries to throw him outside the ring, but he hits the corner and shows off with a headstand in the corner! VS goes on the attack and charges when Minute flips over him and does a backflip before connecting with a standing Backflip Kick, followed by an Enzuigiri! He stumbles back when Nathaniel Eye sees his chance and pulls the rope down, allowing Minute to hit a Shotgun Dropkick to knock him over the ropes!

DDK:

And with a minor assist from Nathaniel Eye, he gets the Dropkick and Velvet Shadow is gone!

Angus:

First, he pins Jack Harmen and this week, he knocks him out of the ring! He's like Harmen Kryptonite... I knew I liked The Littlest Flippy-Doo for a reason!

Minute and Nathaniel Eye share some high fives... then Eye tries to eliminate Minute, but yet again the wiry star bounces off the ropes, only for Eye to crack him with a Running Dropkick off the ropes! Eye stands on his two feet and continues to celebrate!

Angus:

Come on, kid, celebrate when you WIN the match!

Paul Dunson makes him pay for it and then cracks him from behind with a cheap shot. He tries hooking the head of the elder Dunson with his signature DDT, but before he can hit it, the blue-chipper picks him up, surprises Paul and then throws him over the top rope as well!

DDK:

I think we can count that as two for Eye! Granted the first one was assisting Minute, but he's making a name for himself!

Angus:

He is! And now he's back after Byrd... uh-oh...

Eye tries to go after Byrd, but the former golden gloves boxer blocks a punch and then turns Eye around so he can lay into him with a big pair of body blows. He hits him with a Corner Splash, then throws him into Hurtlocker Holt who

TRUCKS right over him with a big Clothesline!

Angus:

Too big for your britches, kid.

DDK:

Both No Justice, No Peace and Thugs 4 Hire have both been in there since the beginning and have kept to themselves. NJNP have completely neutralized Cortez in one corner, we've got David Hightower and Titus Campbell still fighting and trying to eliminate one another!

As Minute jumps into the fray and tries going after The Neighborhoodlum, Uriel fights back! Meanwhile, both Byrd and Holt go to pick up Eye, but the blue chipper surprises them! A right for Byrd! A right for Holt! He yells and the crowd give him some love as he fights back against both of the bigger bruisers. With rights galore, he goes to try and eliminate Holt, but he gets caught when Byrd winds up a right... OOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

The Wind-Up by Byrd! God, I felt that up here!

Angus:

So long, Eye!

After the STIFF right hand, both Byrd and Holt dump Nathaniel Eye over the ropes and out to the floor! As they celebrate for the moment, both David Hightower and Titus Campbell continue to fight amongst one another. David then elbows big Campbell, but Titus fires back with a right and then tries an Airplane Spin, but David slips out the back and bites his hand! The crowd jeers the burly brawler as he tries to get Campbell back over, but Campbell reverses! He clocks him and then BLASTS him with a big right hand! The blow sends him over the ropes...

Angus:

Hightower hanging on... Whoops, nevermind! Big Boot!

DDK:

And there goes David Hightower! The crowd loves Titus!

But when The Wingman takes a second, he gets grabbed by both Byrd and Holt and then thrown over the top rope! When he recovers, he looks up in shock at his friends, who both shrug. A mixed reaction for the elimination of Titus, but he looks up disappointed before shaking his head. Byrd and Holt don't look that happy, but they have a match to win.

DDK:

Titus eliminated, but friendships can't stand in the way of a possible championship opportunity! We're down to six people now. Thugs 4 Hire, Minute, Uriel Cortez and No Justice, No Peace! And Uriel and Big Rosey are STILL fighting! Look at them go!

The crowd actually gives Uriel Cortez some love in the corner as he continues to wail away on Roosevelt Owens, thrashing him in the chest with a series of Clubbing Forearms and counting along with each one. The Neighborhoodlum continues trying to help Big Rosey deal with The Titan of Industry. Thugs 4 Hire go over to the corner and they split off with Byrd after Uriel and Hoyt after Rosey...

DDK:

Thugs 4 Hire trying to help get the biggest men over the ropes... but no! Neighborhoodlum to the rescue!

Byrd tries to go after Cortez with body shots as Holt almost has Rosey over until Neighborhoodlum goes at the knee, giving Rosey the chance to CLUB Holt in the side of the head! He hoists him up and over with a big Samoan Drop and throws Holt over the top!

Angus:

Damn it! I have a soft spot for Thugs 4 Hire on account of their wanting to beat somebody's ass policies!

DDK:

Byrd almost has Cortez over, but no!

Emilio tries to fight for his fallen partner, but when he tries to pull Cortez by the arm, the Titan of Industry grabs him by the head and **THROWS** him away. This is all The Neighborhoodlum needs to catch Byrd and shove him into Rosey, who picks him up and dumps him over the top!

DDK:

And then there were four! Great teamwork by Rosey and 'Hoodie! Minute tries to go after The Neighborhoodlum and launch him over, but Neighborhoodlum is too big!

Minute tries to sneak up on 'Hoodie when he catches a pair of elbows to the face. He continues to try and fight his way out and now the Neighborhoodlum tries to get rid of Minute against the ropes! He tries to pick up Minute in a Powerbomb and lifts him near the ropes, only for Minute to shift last minute and try to take him out with him!

Angus:

Minute got 'Hoodie! But he's still fighting! Damn that little guy is fire!

DDK:

Look, Uriel and Rosey **STILL** wailing away on one another! They've been fighting since this started!

"YAY! BOO! YAY! BOO! YAY! BOO! YAY! BOO! YAY! BOO! YAY!"

DDK:

You ever think that you'd live to see Uriel Cortez get cheered by the crowd?

Angus:

The hell you talking about? I cheer him all the time. **HOSSFITE! HOSSFITE!**

The planet-like Rosey blocks and punch and kicks Rosey in the gut, then tries to lift him on his shoulders with a Scoop Slam! But the massive Cortez gets free and leans back to the ropes. Cortez comes off the ropes and Rosey misses a big right, but when Cortez comes back he **DESTROYS** Rosey with a **MASSIVE** Spear that has the crowd roaring with approval! Junior and Thomas both watch in disbelief!

DDK:

Rosey's down, but Uriel's gotta get the big monster over!

Angus:

Look, we've got Minute and 'Hoodie on the ring apron!

The Neighborhoodlum doubles over Minute with a kick to the gut and tries to throw him off the ropes with a big slam, but Minute hits him with the kick, slingshots through the ropes and **KICKS** Hoodie off the apron!

DDK:

Minute takes out The Neighborhoodlum! Owens and Cortez fighting it out now!

Rosey is holding his massive gut as he tries to get back onto his feet, only for Cortez to rush forward and **CLOBBER** Rosey with a Running Knee Strike that sends him into the ropes. Cortez then **HOLDS** Rosey up in a Body Slam position with the crowd gasping in shock before he dumps the massive nephew of Lucius Owens over the top rope and out to the floor! The move takes a lot out of the Titan of Industry, but he leans back to the ropes and then lets out a massive roar as the fans cheer and the bell rings!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match and last men standing... **URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE!**

Cortez peers over to see the young luchador he just scrapped with one week ago on UNCUT, now giving him a thumbs up and a smirk. Cortez pays him little mind and raises a fist in the sky as the co-winners of this Battle Royale. He then steps over the ropes and heads back up the ramp to join Thomas and Junior Keeling. They shoot an unsure look at Minute in the ring and then all head to the back. Minute takes a second to look out to the crowd and then raises his hand before he leaves the ring himself.

DDK:

You were right, Angus. The Family Keeling have said they weren't going to wait any more for a title shot and that Uriel Cortez would go out and make his own destiny and he just got one step closer to doing just that! And Minute, what a story since joining the main roster! Defeating Jack Harmen, earning the respect of Uriel Cortez on UNCUT and winning this Battle Royale!

Angus:

Normally I'd pity the Fuse Bros 360, but these two will have to work together. And the gamer dorks have gotten good since they've gotten bad!

DDK:

You're right! The Fuse Bro 360 can't like this, but it's about teamwork! Uriel and Minute have never worked together before and they'll have to deal with former World Tag Team Champions who are arguably on top of their game again. Later tonight, it's Uriel Cortez trying to make good on his promise of being a champion along with Minute looking for glory... they'll take on The Fuse Bros 360 later tonight!

LUCK HAS RUN OUT

As we cut from the battle royal victors we see Lance Warner backstage, but before he can speak we hear slow, sarcastic clapping and as the camera shifts to the right we see the Stevens Dynasty and the crowd immediately boos.

Cary Stevens:

Congrats on your victory here tonight fellows.

Cary says as his nephew and son look on menacingly.

Cary Stevens:

Uriel, you dominated the battle royal and Minute.....you were there.

Cary says as Bo and George chuckle.

Cary Stevens:

All jokes aside, you two gentlemen won an opportunity at OUR Tag Team championships.

Cary states as he points to the championships on each of his team's shoulders.

Cary Stevens:

However, the bad news is that you two gentlemen won an opportunity at OUR Tag Team championships.

Cary says sternly.

Cary Stevens:

We are the best tag team in professional wrestling history because no one does what we do best and that's dominate.

Cary says and George and Bo nod in agreement.

Cary Stevens:

You may have lucked out to win this opportunity, but when you face us your luck will have run out.

Cary says as the Stevens Dynasty leaves and the image fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN T-SHIRT

STEVENS.

STEVENS.

STEVENS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Narrator:

The man who brought you the motivational t-shirt, **"FUCK DEFIANCE"** is back with a brand new one!

Clip of Stevens attacking Burns and saying the phrase is shown from DEFYTV 89.

Narrator:

That's right, Scott Stevens is bringing to you the, "MFGA" t-shirt.

Images of the Texas Flag and the American Flag are shown. Instead of a Lone Star and fifty stars it is replaced with a singular FIST and fifty FISTs and on the back it reads, "Making The FIST Great Again!"

Narrator:

You want to support the last GREAT FIST in making the FIST of DEFIANCE GREAT AGAIN?!?!?! Then go to MFGA.com and buy.....buy.....BUY!!!!!!!!!! Because only you can help Scott Stevens make the FIST great again!

The images slowly fade on MFGA.com

Scott Stevens:

I am Scott Stevens and I support this ad.

VALENTINE vs. COREY NUNEZ

We shoot back to the ring and we see Brazen talent, Corey Nunez running the ropes. He stops and throws his arms up in the air to the crowd.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen, a very intriguing matchup is about to take place here. We have DEFIANT newcomer Jack Valentine, about to tussle with Corey Nunez.

Angus:

You might remember Jack from when he joined us on commentary. He was not invited, but Keebs and myself decided to be good hosts.

DDK:

The three of us would witness Jack Harmen score an "L", in a matchup he probably should have won. Valentine took exception to the poor performance and proceeded to go off the rails about.

Angus:

Well his hissy fit went on for just too long as Harmen made his way back up the ramp, overheard Valentine, and there would be an altercation!

DDK:

As for Nunez, he hasn't had a ton of experience in the ring beyond his tag and trios contests. So it'll be interesting to see if he can adjust. Let's head to ringside.

♪"Legend" by The Score hits and the crowd goes quiet with anticipation.♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this match is scheduled for one fall! Hailing from Atlantic City, New Jersey! Standing 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 225 pounds! Introducing! Jack! Maaaad Dooooog!!!! VALENTINE!

The crowd barely reacts and still no Valentine. Everyone waits and waits. And finally after an uncomfortable amount of time, he emerges from backstage. A small pop can be heard. Valentine is sporting black and red wrestling pants with black boots. His hands are taped up white and he's wearing a "Pooch is on the Loose" black t-shirt. His hair his back in a braided ponytail.

DDK:

Though Valentine may have missed his cue or been late to the show!

Angus:

I think the crowd is just happy he finally came out. Alright, let's see if he can back up his big mouth!

Valentine stops and looks around the "arena" in disgust. He shakes his head and walks to the ring. He looks almost as if he's sulking. He rolls into the ring and stands right up. Nunez starts to square him up, but Valentine doesn't look impressed. He seems to mouth something to the crowd and wave his hand at the response. He turns to face Nunez and takes his shirt off. Valentine's physique is impressive with shiny glamour muscles. Nunez looks on and just shakes his head. Valentine notices and throws his shirt right at Nunez. It hits Nunez right in the face and he removes it and tosses it into the crowd, taking his eye off of Valentine for just a moment. Valentine comes rushing in and swiftly Drop Kicks him in the midsection! Nunez stumbles backward into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Valentine not wasting any time here!

Angus:

Probably wasted a few bucks on that shirt, though.

DING DING DING!

Valentine continues the attack and starts pummeling away on Nunez. A combination of lefts and rights. Nunez starts to slump down in the turnbuckle, so Valentine switches to hard kicks, connecting with the gut and head. He stomps Nunez until he is almost flat on the mat and official comes in and forces him back! He checks on Nunez as Valentine turns toward the crowd and throws his arms out, expecting applause. He shoots them a million-dollar grin.

DDK:

Hot and fast start here for Valentine! He is the bigger and stronger competitor. Nunez better recover and mount a counter attack quickly or this could be over shortly!

Valentine heads back over to Nunez and motions for the official to take a hike. He grabs Nunez by his head and "helps" him to his feet. He puts him back in the corner and whips him across the ring to the adjacent corner. Valentine rushes right behind him and Nunez hits the corner back first! He glances up and sees Mad Dog running in, he drops out of the way and Valentine slams into the turnbuckle sternum first! Valentine stumbles backwards, looking as if the wind was just knocked out of him. He turns back towards Nunez, who is already running the ropes! Nunez comes in and swings for a clothesline which is ducked! Nunez hits the ropes again and flies off with crossbody and takes Valentine down! Nunez gets up quickly, leaps straight up and comes down with a standing leg drop! Nunez stands and starts shouting at Valentine. Valentine rolls over and starts to get up on his own as Nunez eyes him up. Valentine stands Drop Kicks him in the back and Valentine flies into the turnbuckle, this time back first. Nunez runs in and leaps, spinning in mid air for a Spinning Heel Kick! Valentine ducks down and even helps propel Nunez up and over the Turnbuckle! He spills out onto the mat below!

DDK:

Oof! Just when it looked like Nunez was heating up! Valentine with a devastating reversal!

Angus:

That one looked like it hurt, Keebs!

Valentine shoots that same million dollar grin back to the crowd and then he glares at Nunez still grinning. The official begins his count as Nunez stirs. We reach "4" before Nunez uses the guardrail on the outside to aid him to his feet. Valentine shouts for the official to hurry up with the count. A dazed Nunez stands and climbs the ring apron, he's holding his ribs. Valentine suddenly comes flying in and collided with Nunez! He flies off the ring apron and into the guardrail! Valentine puts his hands on his knees and leans forward laughing. The official keeps up the count as Nunez is hurt! Hurt but still aware of the count, which is now at "7"! Nunez slowly gets to his feet and stumbles over and rolls into the ring at 9 and a half! Valentine immediately starts stomping away on Nunez. He finally forces him to his feet and grabs him by the back of his head with his left and pulls back and delivers a vicious right! Nunez stumbles back against the ropes and is propelled slowly back at Valentine. Valentine catches him and lifts him straight up and back down on his knee for an Inverted Atomic Drop! Nunez stands holding his groin as Valentine leans back against the ropes and comes in brutally clotheslining Nunez to the mat! He then leaps straight up in the air and brings his right boot down hard onto Nunez's face!

DDK:

Valentine is barely breaking a sweat. Nunez is in serious trouble!

Angus:

Valentine looks to be toying with him, Keebs. Not a care in the world on that man's mind.

Valentine points to Nunez and shouts out to the crowd. He shakes his head, laughs, and picks up Nunez. Valentine still taunting the crowd, slowly picks up Nunez. Nunez suddenly pulls Valentine straight forward and he tumbled over Nunez and smacks his face into the middle turnbuckle! Valentine holds his face, but gets to his feet. He turns and catches a kick to the midsection just in time! But before he can react, the other leg of Nunez comes up and cracks him in the side of the head! Valentine looks to be out on his feet as he stumbles around the ring, in a daze! Nunez, still hurting, gets up and runs towards the ropes! He Springboards off the middle rope and turns in midair towards Valentine! He catches his head from behind and drives him into the mat for a Bulldog! Nunez hooks the leg for the pin!

One....

Two....

Strong Kickout!

Both men scramble to their feet, but Nunez is up first! He runs the ropes and ducks under a clothesline attempt. He hits the ropes again and Baseball slides under Valentine's legs! He gets up and leaps with a Crossbody at Valentine! Valentine catches him and flips over slamming him into the mat for a Powerslam! Valentine holds the leg for the pin!

One...

Two...

Kickout!

DDK:

Dueling pin attempts here! But to be honest, Nunez doesn't look good.

Angus:

Valentine has a few inches on Corey, but is almost 40 pounds heavier! That means behind every punch, every slam, every drop, is just a little more juice Keeps. And Nunez is feeling it.

Valentine looks at the official in disgust and pulls Nunez up with him. He kicks him in the gut and sets him up for a Suplex. He lifts Nunez straight up into the air and holds him there. Suddenly, Nunez's leg starts to twitch and then kick! Nunez manages to break free and drop down behind Valentine! Mad Dog turns and eats a Spinning Heel kick to the kisser! Valentine remains standing but dazed! Nunez unloads with a barrage of strikes and kicks backing Valentine up against the ropes! Nunez spins and connects with a hard stiff kick in the gut and then takes off for the ropes! He returns with a clothesline, but Valentine ducks and flips Nunez up and over the top rope! Nunez lands on the ring apron! He elbows Valentine in the back of the head, but Valentine turns to face him. Nunez pulls back with a right, but Valentine opportunistically shoulder thrust Nunez in the gut! He then pulls the smaller competitor through the middle ropes and leaves his feet hanging onto them. He's got him set up in the DDT position! He drops back slamming his face and head into the canvas! Nunez rolls back into the ring and it looks as if he's out cold! Valentine stands and holds the back of his head. He looks down at Nunez and smiles. The crowd begins to stir and Valentine's smile changes to a look of concern as he glances towards the entrance way. It's Jack Harmen!

DDK:

It's Harmen! Jack Harmen is making his way to the ring!

Angus:

Good! Keep that Lunatic away from me!

Harmen makes his way to ring and shouts out to Valentine. Jack meets Jack at the ropes. They both viciously start berating each other. Valentine's face is red and he spits at Harmen. Now Harmen is infuriated and he looks as if he's going to climb the ring apron! Our trusty official gets involved, shooing him off the apron as he reluctantly obliges. Valentine grins and eggs him on more, leaning over the top rope and even taking a swipe at him. Suddenly, Valentine sees the arena ceiling! Then his own legs over his head! School Boy roll up!

One...

Two...

Three!!!!

DDK:

KICKOUT!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

No Keebs! It was a hair too late! Nunez did it!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match.....Corey Nunez!!!!

Angus:

What the hell just happened Keebs!?

Nunez rolls out of the ring and starts celebrating wildly. He then rushes towards the back, high fiving Harmen en route. Harmen looks on with a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction. Valentine looks up the official with his eyes as wide as possible. He starts shouting at the official who slaps his hand three times, signaling the three count. Valentine turns his attention towards Harmen, who is half way towards the back, but walking backwards. Valentine leans onto the top rope and screams at Harmen, who feigns being unable to hear Valentine. This only further angers The Mad Dog, who starts shouting even louder. Valentine kicks the bottom rope several times before testing his arms on his hips and taking some breaths.

DDK:

And just like that! Jack Valentine's debut match is spoiled, thanks to Jack Harmen! I think we just witnessed the start of something here Angus.

Angus:

Oh yes siree Keebs! Valentine was looking strong but a big fat "L" will forever be on that resume for his Defiance scorecard! That's gonna sting!

DDK:

Let's take it backstage with Lance Warner, standing by. Lance? Take it away.

ON REPEAT

Backstage Lance Warner is standing by...

Warner:

We have had an interesting night so far, but joining me right now.

Warner extends his arm off-camera Scrow walks into the picture, he holds his burlap mask in his right hand, and has no face paint this time. He stares at the mask before glaring back at Warner.

Warner:

Scrow welcome to DEFIANCE, you had an impressive debut at DEFTV 129.

Scrow motions for the microphone.

Scrow:

Yet, these people seemed like they could care less what Scrow did to Aaron King. Oh, but if he was Dex Joy they would jump to their feet and praise him for winning the match.

Warner moves the microphone back to himself to respond.

Warner:

Yes, it appears you seem to have an issue with Dex Joy, almost like you are stalking him.

Scrow cocks his head to the side exposing his white eye from beneath his wet hair.

Scrow:

You made that conclusion all by yourself huh?

The show fades and on the screen shows two hours ago.. The shot is of the parking lot area, hundreds of DEFIANCE Faithful wait for their favorite Defiant to arrive. It just so happens the flashback is of Dex Joy slapping a few Faithful hands and signing a few autographs and posing for pictures with the young Faithful. While all this is going on from a black escape a window is rolled down a bit exposing an eye.

V/O Scrow:

Scrow watched as these people would cheer and try desperately to want just a mere moment in time to stand with this man.

As Dex walks off to the backstage area, waving at The Faithful before heading off into the backstage area of the building.

V/O Scrow:

Scrow felt if it was that easy to appeal to the masses, then it should be just as easy for Scrow.

Scrow is seen walking the same path as Dex just did, but instead of The Faithful craving his attention they gave the opposite reaction.

V/O Scrow:

These people shun Scrow. Scrow was willing to give them all the autographs, and the pictures ..., BUT NO! AND YOU KNOW WHY LANCE?

V/O Warner:

I wish I could tell you Scrow.

The flashback ends, and the scene returns to Lance standing with Scrow.

Scrow:

THE FAITHFUL ONLY WANT ONE THING!

He whispers.

Scrow:

Beauty....they fail to realize that Scrow has feelings...feelings.

Normal tone

Scrow:

So in the end YES! Scrow has a problem with Dex Joy!

Warner:

You cannot expect instant gratification Scrow, Dex has been earning The Faithful's respect for weeks now.

Scrow stares at Lance mumbling.

Scrow:

You think Scrow is a millennial...

Before Lance can respond Scrow steps over him.

Scrow:

SCROW WILL SHOW YOU JUST WHY THESE PEOPLE SHOULD BE SHOWERING HIM WITH PRAISE!

Scrow walks off in a huff. Lance looks back at the main camera.

Warner:

Well, guys, it looks like this issue wi...

Scrow walks back into the picture, with his burlap mask in his hand staring at it, just like he did at the beginning of this interview.

Warner:

Uh...Scrow did you have more to add?

Scrow stares at Lance confused.

Scrow:

More to add? Is that how you start an interview?

Warner:

Start? Umm Scrow we just talked a couple of minutes ago.

Scrow drops the mask and gets up into Lance's face.

Scrow:

Scrow is here for his interview, now act like the professional AND DO YOUR JOB!

Warner:

Scro..

Scrow quickly grabs Lance by the shirt and slams him against the wall. He quickly takes his attention from Lance when he hears a familiar voice off-camera.

Dex:

HEY!

Dex steps into the picture The Faithful cheer, Scrow just looks into the main camera seething before staring at Dex once more. Dex pushes Lance behind him to allow him to escape. After a few minutes of a stare off Scrow backs off. As he vanishes off camera. Dex stares at him for a couple of seconds before slowly backing away himself.

DDK:

Well, that was an interesting encounter there. Those two will meet later tonight and clearly Scrow has a lot of issues with Dex.

Angus:

Allover ...The Fait...

Angus stops mid-sentence when everyone in the arena notice Scrow has appeared once more on the DEFTron. He is looking around for a few minutes then stares at his watch.

Scrow:

Where is Scrow's interviewer? Is this how DEFIANCE is ran? BLAH SCROW WILL KEEP his issues private.

Scrow walks off camera once more.

DDK:

It appears Scrow has some sort of memory loss.

Angus:

Someone tell Evans another one slipped through the cracks!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

YOU'VE GOT MAIL

The scene transitions to a backstage locker room where Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames sit around rather comfortably, on their respective personal electronic devices. They appear maybe a bit too comfortable, especially considering they are newbies to DEFIANCE.

Malak Garland:

Anything viral-worthy?

Malak aimlessly speaks to his cohorts, unable to lift his gaze from his phone. They both shake their heads in response.

Malak Garland:

Well this sucks. I would have thought there would've been way more action in DEFIANCE.

Teresa Ames:

Why don't we peruse through the active roster? Create our own drama?

Malak rises from his awkward posture with intrigue.

Malak Garland:

You know what? That's a grand idea! That way we can pick out the posers! Betcha there's a lot of them!

The trio spends what little cost of their unlimited shared cellular data plan to navigate through the DEF roster page on their mobile web browsers. They quickly shuffle past a bunch of the active roster portraits.

Malak Garland:

Elise Aries... cute. Not my type. Wouldn't end well for her.

Cyrus remains silent.

Teresa Ames:

Oscar Burns... now there's a man I would like to get to know.

Malak Garland:

That man has the FIST, Teresa. We just can't target someone like that.

They continue to scroll through the roster until Cyrus holds his screen up for Malak and Teresa to see.

Malak Garland:

Thugs 4 Hire... oh this is rich! Look at the cute little hat on the one guy! Now these dudes... these are posers. Wannabe gangsters. Probably never got into an online squabble in their lives.

Teresa Ames:

Let's change that.

Malak Garland:

Get their social media handles and DM them.

Malak puts his phone down and begins to dictate to Teresa who switches into fully-thumbed text mode.

Malak Garland:

Tell them how they're both posers and that their name implies a devastatingly sour disconnect of social class. Also, tell them they smell.

Teresa's grin widens as they conjure up more passive aggressive ideologies to message. Once satisfied, Teresa's

eyes quickly scan the message for errors but not really close enough to care about obvious spelling mistakes.

Malak Garland:

...annnnnd post! Can't wait to see their reactions!

The scene fades as the trio exchanges satisfied smiles with each other.

DEX JOY vs. SCROW

DDK:

Are you ready for the next match? We have "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy taking on the mysterious newcomer that made his debut at DEFTV 129 in Scrow. Scrow made it no secret he was obsessed with wanting the early success that Dex Joy has been receiving from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Angus:

The Widest Boy has been making more enemies than I do behind the desk, Keebler. That Carny Sinclair guy that tried to hurt his friend Nathaniel Eye two weeks ago and not to mention this weirdo Scrow.

DDK:

Dex has size and power. He's been on a big winning streak defeating Shooter Landell at DEFIANCE Road and then followed up with a win over Felton Bigsby on Uncut, but now he's stepping into the ring with a dangerous striker in Scrow. He better watch himself!

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the Wrestle Plex. 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%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

♪ "The Touch" (Epic Guitar mix) by Stan Bush ♪

Quimbey:

Coming to the ring at this time from Los Angeles California ... weighing in at 390 pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp. He looks very excited for the opportunity to compete in front of the DEFIANCE Faithful as he enters the squared circle. He poses for a moment to The Faithful before the attention is directed to the entranceway once more.

♪ Death Angel by The Enigma TNG ♪

The DefTron shows a field of yellow grass as it pans out, the camera pulls away from the tron showing Scrow standing in a scarecrow pose, on the stage below the tron. The stage floor area is engulfed in yellow smoke. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, the shot is able to catch the tron behind him.

On the tron the back of Scrow's head is on the tron, and he quickly turns his head in the mask he is currently wearing to the ring with a sadistic smile with his name in jagged lettering next to him appearing on the tron.

Quimbly:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ...SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps and then climbs the turnbuckles. He stands on the top turnbuckle and does another scarecrow pose this time a spotlight from behind him shows a shadow on top of Joy of a scarecrow.

The lights return and he hops down from the turnbuckle staring across the ring at Joy. He slowly removes the mask revealing his deformed left side of his face, and on the right side is all painted like an actual scarecrow.

Dex points at his eyes and then points back at Scrow. Telling him that he knows he has been watching him. Scrow cracks half a smile as they circle one another they lock up. Scrow quickly manages a hammerlock, Dex looks behind him a few times before reversing it on Scrow. However, Scrow quickly gets out of the hold by slamming his skull into the back of Joy's head! He hits the ropes and Dex quickly responds with a massive standing dropkick! That folds

Scrow up with his knees touching his face before falling to the mat! Dex picks up the stunned Scrow and throws him off the ropes once more and on Scrow rebounding he catches Scrow into a swinging sidewalk slam!

DDK:

Big swinging sidewalk slam and now Dex goes for the win quickly!

Dex quickly goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Almost a win for Dex there!

Dex quickly keeps the pressure on and picks up Scrow and throws him right into the corner turnbuckle. He hypes The Faithful up for a moment before charging at him and crushing him with a big splash in the corner! Joy gets up really excited and his attitude is heightened by The Faithful roars for him. Scrow keeps dropping to a knee and standing up. Dex drops him with a clothesline and quickly moves into three back to back elbow drops to the chest! He follows into another cover on Scrow!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

Joy looks surprised as he looks at Hector, Scrow very slowly rolls out of the ring while Joy asks Hector about the count. Scrow fights to get to a vertical base with help from the barricade. Dex notices him outside and hops up and down just waiting for his moment. Scrow finally gets to his feet staggering about and inside, Dex winds up the crowd ...

Angus:

Oh no, the big man is about to fly, isn't he?

DDK:

He is! WHOA-PE is incoming!

Big Dex Energy takes flight through the ropes and he hits an incredible suicide dive onto Scrow!

Angus:

My damn glass of water just shook up here!

The Faithful jump to their feet, Scrow's body is contorted on the floor, Dex takes a bit to get to his feet when he finally does he gets hyped with The Faithful. He picks up Scrow and throws him back in the ring Dex looks out into the Faithful once more and points to the top turnbuckle with a great reaction. Dex climbs the apron and ascends to the top rope but he is slow to do so. Scrow staggers to his feet as he turns around Dex flies...

SNAP POWERBOMB!

DDK:

Wow! I didn't see that coming! Scrow catches him with a powerbomb on the way down!

Scrow falls back into the ropes as The Faithful chant "Holy Shit!" Scrow tries to catch his breath for a moment as Dex is over on his side. Holding the back of his head. Scrow quickly gets his second wind and climbs on top of Dex and locks in a Fujiwara armbar! Hector right there to check on Joy. He refuses to give up he maneuvers his body to manage to get out of the hold. Dex gets to his feet as he shakes his arm...POP! Scrow strikes him with that same stiff kick that knocked Aaron King out on DEFTV 129! Dex falls face first.

Angus:

I think The Widest Boy is out cold!

DDK:

He just might be! This is Scrow's best chance for a win!

Scrow quickly covers...

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Dex almost got beat right there by Scrow, but he can take punishment as well as he can dish it out.

Angus:

Of course, he's an expert on dishes ...

Scrow quickly gets up and picks up Dex, he strikes him with a back elbow followed quickly by a front elbow from the other arm to a kick to the chest bending the big man over into a knee lift sending the big man back and quickly into a roundhouse kick dropping Dex to the mat. Scrow backs away as the stunned Dex rolls to his hands and knees ...POP! Scrow with a vicious knee strike across the side of Dex's head! He quickly turns the big man over on his back and covers...

ONE

TWO

THR...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

He does it again! Dex won't stay down!

Angus:

If he knows what's good for him then he will!

Scrow looks out into The Faithful who give him mixed reactions, but clearly are trying to rally Dex back into the match. Scrow grits his teeth at them as Dex gets to his feet. Scrow charges and drives his knee into the gut of Dex flipping him over his knee. Scrow quickly moves the corner waiting for Dex to get up as the big man gets to his feet, Scrow strikes with another roundhouse kick across the side of Dex's skull forcing him to turn his back to him he quickly grabs a hold of Dex and is able to hit a german suplex pin on the three hundred and eighty-pound man.

DDK:

No way! That's amazing leverage by Scrow!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Damn, I think he made Scrow mad.

A shot of Scrow's face in utter shock, which quickly turns to rage. He picks up Dex by his top ponytail shouts some obscene remarks toward him and quickly slams his face into his knee as Dex bounces back upward to a vertical base Scrow tries to finish The FearFall, but Dex ducks the clothesline! He comes back and then smacks Scrow with a big

clothesline of his own and then jumps on his chest with a running cross-body as he tries to sit up! Scrow is left gasping for air now and Dex has an opportunity to fight back.

DDK:

Great combo by Dex! He just turned the tables on Scrow in a hurry with that barrage of moves!

Angus:

He's also an expert at tables ... buffets ...

Scrow struggles to get to his feet. Just as he does Joy levels him with a vicious elbow across the skull. Scrow staggers about and Dex plants him with a big belly to belly suplex off the ropes and then tries to cover Scrow for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Both of these men have shown how tough they are!

Scrow is looking hurt while Dex is about to stand looking like triumph is near. He looks around and then picks up Scrow in his arms clearly looking for the Dex Driver! He has him up in mid-swing a yellow mist clearly is seen as Scrow falls to the mat and Dex is screaming in agony!

Angus:

What? What the hell was that?

DDK:

I don't know! Some sort of ... mist? Navarro's calling for the bell!

Hector quickly calls for the bell when he see Scrow's mouth cover in a yellow liquid and Dex face covered in the same yellow liquid. Dex continues to try and get the mist out of his eyes staggering around like an unchained bull! Scrow gets to his feet with a smile on his face. It suddenly changes as he starts patting himself almost like he seems to have forgotten something. He looks around the ring but whatever he is looking for he can't seem to find it he quickly exits the ring and walks to the back shaking his head. DEF Medical has already hit the ring trying to help Dex who struggles to get his sight back.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen I have been informed that the winner of this match via disqualification ...DEX JOY!

Scrow heads to the back while on the opposite end of things, Dex's Brazen friend Nathaniel Eye heads down to ringside to help Dex to the back with the other trainers. He stands by just in case the dangerous Scrow comes back.

Nathaniel Eye:

Dex! Dex! I'm here man I'm here!

Nathaniel hands Dex a water bottle and then he tries to wash the mysterious substance from his eyes. The trainers head up the ramp but it is clear this issue with Scrow has only intensified.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

WHO'S THE REAL NPC?

The camera pans backstage to the locker room where both members of the father-son managing duo of Thomas and Junior Keeling aka The Family Keeling are standing by, looking smug as a bug in a rug... that happens to be pretty smug. Junior Keeling watches as their client, "The Titan of Industry" has just gotten out from a shower after his first match of the night, now putting on a new suit.

Junior Keeling:

You did it, Uriel! One more match and we've got gold in our sights!

Uriel smirks quietly and confidently as he continues tying his tie.

Uriel Cortez:

I was serious, Mr. Keeling... I've been almost undefeated since being part of DEFIANCE and now it's time to win some gold. I'm hungry and tonight, we're gonna eat.

Junior Keeling:

You got this, C. We're gonna beat those stupid gamer dorks, take the #1 Contendership! We'll show them WE'RE the real stars of this game and they're the real NPCs. Then we're gonna beat those dumbass Stevens Dynasty hicks and bring some gold to The Family Keeling!

Uriel and Junior Keeling bump fists but off against the wall, Thomas Keeling looks a little more pensive over the situation.

Thomas Keeling:

That was an amazing display, Uriel. Truly... but don't sleep on The Fuse Bros for a second.

Junior Keeling:

Fuse Bros 360.

Thomas Keeling:

Son, I don't care what they call themselves now, but you have to respect they are former World Tag Team Champions who have finally snapped. They ran The WrestleFriends back to BRAZEN and they were worldbeaters themselves. And... have you two forgot about the elephant... nay, the gnat in the room?

The Titan of Industry looks down at Thomas.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute.

Thomas Keeling:

Yeah. I don't know him. He's a talented kid. REAL talented... but how do you know we can trust him?

With that said, Minute is also dressed for competition the second time around and looks up at Uriel Cortez without saying a word. The TJ Tornado looks at Junior and points at himself as if to say he knows they're talking to him.

Thomas Keeling:

Yes, we were talking about you, young man. You're talented, no doubt, but you are headstrong and that can be a problem for us.

Minute approaches them, but Cortez holds a hand out to the luchador.

Uriel Cortez:

Sigue mi ejemplo y ganaremos. ¿Entender?

Minute looks up at Cortez and doesn't change his gaze.

Minute:

Vine aquí para decirte lo mismo.

After a tense staredown, Minute then turns on his heel and walks while Cortez shakes his head.

Thomas Keeling:

My Spanish is a little rusty, what'd he say? Something about telling you something?

Uriel Cortez:

Something like that... he's a feisty one.

Thomas' face etches into a sour look.

Thomas Keeling:

That's what I'm worried about...

Uriel goes back to finishing tying his tie as the scene heads elsewhere.

ELISE ARES vs. "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS

DDK:

Up next we have match booked to decide "The Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of All Time", at least... in the eyes of Elise Ares.

Angus:

Ugh, is that really a thing? Who signed off on this crap?

DDK:

Regardless of personal biases... this is sure to at least be a great match that the Faithful will definitely enjoy.

Angus:

Well the Faithful can kiss my a...

All I wanna do is...

♪ "The Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Lights turn to white and gold before pointing all around the arena. As her name arrives on the DEFiatron, so does Elise Ares. Trademark LED sunglasses over her eyes flashing "BEST" "SOHER" "EVER" as he swaggers down towards the ring with Klein trailing not far behind. She wears a long white high fashion jacket covering her golden and white ring attire. Her sunglasses go soaring into the Faithful before she drops her jacket to the ground and makes her way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger! Hailing from Beverly Hills, California... weighing in at 122 pounds... she is the QUEEEEEEN of Sports Entertainment Style... EEELIIIIIISE ARESSSSSS!

DDK:

Seeing Elise Ares with the Southern Heritage Championship over her shoulder has become so ingrained into my subconscious that seeing her without it almost makes her look naked?

Angus:

Being naked would be the greatest Elise related event that has ever happened in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

But in all seriousness... doesn't it look off?

Angus:

It's like music to my eyes, Keebs. Finally, we have a champion that we can be proud of. A champion who represents everything that DEFIANCE as it should be. A champion that didn't vote for herself in the last election.

After the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE suggestively enters the ring to the delight of the Faithful, she shares a few words with Klein who remains vigilant at ringside. Doing a few photo ops for the Faithful, Elise returns to her corner wondering with the advent of smartphones, how many people still bring cameras to the wrestling show. Maybe just total lames. Obvs.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite at the sound of grunge once again playing over the Wrestle-Plex PA system.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT

DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas comes through the curtain, taking the stage as the grunge tune kicks into full gear.

DDK:

This Wrestle-Plex audience is on their feet for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Douglas looks out to the crowd for a second from atop the stage. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, same cut off jeans and the same scuffed boots. He heads to the ring.

Angus:

Scotty! Obviously a better SoHer than Elise... is that what we are doing here? I mean they both LOST the belt so ... Gage is currently the BEST SoHER.

Douglas reaches the ring and enters as Elise lingers in her corner, eye rolling. Scott plays it up for the Faithful for a moment before the music fades out and it's go time.

DING DING!

DDK:

And HERE... WE... GO!

Elise is hungry and shoots in quick, nearly catching Scott off guard. The pair lock-up but it's Elise that takes control with a wristlock. Douglas follows in kind and the chain wrestling begins but The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE either gets lost or just simply isn't having it. As Douglas attempts to spin and turn from one hold to another, Elise throws a kick to the back of his knee. Now kneeled, Douglas is in a prime position for the knee strike coming his way.

DDK:

Elise Ares is rare form here tonight, Angus! It's obvious how bad she wants this.

Angus:

Need this, Keebs. She *NEEDS* this. Her ego is just that fragile!

Elise doesn't relent and stays on Douglas, trying to keep the pace quick. DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, normally pretty quick on his feet himself, struggles to right the course as Elise's speed keeps her in the driving seat.

DDK:

Douglas sent for the ride. BIG crossbody from Elise! COVER!

ONE!

DDK:

And Douglas kicks out in a hurry!

Angus:

It'll take more than that to knock the grease out of Scotty's hair!

It's less of a kick out and more of a bench press, Elise manages to land on her feet but braced by her hands as well. Douglas rolls out of the strike zone and hurries to his feet but Elise has him beat by a mile. She rushes in as Douglas get vertical near the ropes, she launches herself once again.

DDK:

Douglas ducks and Elise is over the top!

The longest reigning SoHer hooks the top rope and lands on the apron. Douglas turns around as she sures up her

footing and throws a shoulder between the ropes. Elise leans away and avoids the gut check before flipping herself up and over the ropes.

DDK:

SUNSET FLIP!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

Douglas kicks free and sends Elise into the ropes with force, she leans low and hits the middle rope, flying back toward Douglas.

DDK:

OH! HUGE knee to the face!

Elise stays on her larger opponent, a kick to the ribs, a spinning thrust kick to the abdomen. With a hop in her step Ares sprints into the ropes and rebounds, coming back to hit Scott Douglas in the face with a front dropkick that sends him over the top rope and to the outside of the ring. The Faithful are divided, but Ares claps in the air, pulling all of the power from the Aresites before bouncing off the opposite ropes and soaring through the ropes and hitting Douglas with a suicide dive!

DDK:

Ares is going ALL IN!

Angus:

Can we say that? That has to be trademarked.

DDK:

She's going ALL OUT?

Angus:

Not better, but I don't think it's the first time Ares has shown it ALL on television!

Elise jumps up to her feet on adrenaline alone and skips around before pulling Scott Douglas back up to his feet and tossing him into the ring. She follows quickly, but doesn't expect the veteran to reach his feet at the same time and throw her over with an arm drag. The Leading Lady is game, popping back up to her feet to throw an arm drag of her own! She tries to stay on the attack with another knee, but she's caught! Scott Douglas throws her to the mat, drops an elbow on her and locks on a side headlock.

DDK:

The way Scott Douglas has begun to adapt to Elise Ares' sometimes startlingly fast offense is something that's just incredible to watch.

Angus:

He's seen some lucha libre before, Keebs!

DDK:

You're right, doing the bulk of his younger years down in Mexico just like Ares did has really paid off tonight! He's seen this type of attack before. He knows how to counter it. He just needs to keep focus and draw on that experience to stay ahead.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is hard to down, she's slippery and quick, escaping backwards and then up

to her feet only to be arm wrenched back down to a knee. Elise somersaults and flips to break loose but a german suplex hurls her off of her feet and halfway across the ring!

Angus:

Did you see that airtime?!

Sub Pop grabs Elise as she stumbles to her feet, dropping her back down to the mat with a side russian leg sweep. Douglas sees a frantic Ares trying to crawl away and traps her with a half crab!

DDK:

The submission is locked in! If you can pinpoint a specific weakness in Elise Ares it has to be these technical submissions. She's struggled with them her entire career, and now Scott Douglas is using it to his advantage.

Elise is in survival mode, lunging and clawing towards the ropes before DEFIANCE's Favorite Son casually walks her back to the center of the ring. Carla goes for a quick check on Ares, who waves her away. Arching her back with almost inhuman flexibility, Ares gets enough torque to roll forward and knock Scott onto his back. Elise jumps up into a springboard and leaps back towards Douglas with a moonsault, but the veteran rolls away.

DDK:

What an exchange here by two great athletes!

Angus:

Did she just land on her feet?!

She did. Ares corrected in the air and landed on her feet, she goes for a senton on Douglas but he rolls back to where he was and she finds nobody home! Scott take advantage and lands a senton of his own. Ares sits up in pain after impact and Douglas hits a sliding clothesline, hitting Elise square in the jaw. She seems dazed but not out enough to pin, so he looks over his shoulder before going up to the top rope and leaping backwards with a moonsault!

DDK:

Scott Douglas can fly too!

He hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...! NO!

DDK:

Not quite enough to put the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE away!

Angus:

You know you don't have to call her that just because she calls herself that, right?

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son shakes his head after the count and pulls Ares up off the mat, she tries to break free but doesn't have the momentum she once did and eats a knee to the gut for her troubles. Outside Klein bangs on the apron to try and get Elise back into the match, which gets a little traction from the crowd but not enough when Douglas hits Elise with a series of forearm strikes. Ares tries to get back into it with an elbow of her own, but gets hit back twice as hard with every attempt eventually leaving her out on her feet, stumbling around like a drunkard.

DDK:

Ares is wearing down, Angus. She came into this match with a lot of fire and a lot to prove, but she's getting all that and more from Scott Douglas who has just out-finessed and overpowered her as this match has gone on.

Angus:

You can only get so far on self-confidence alone!

Elise Ares leans against the ropes after a hard forearm smash. Sub Pop grabs her by the arm and throws her into the opposite ropes. At least, that's what he tries to do before Elise grabs the wrist and whirls around his body before locking him into the Sunset Stretch!

DDK:

SUNSET STRETCH! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

Angus:

GORRAM, where did that come from?!

The crowd jumps to their feet as Ares' energy is back, pulling and twisting on the arm like a crazed woman. Douglas falls down to one knee as Carla asks him if he'd like to continue. Scott tries to find holes in Ares' hold but pain shoots through his torso, clouding his ability and making him scream out in pain. Hanging from his body, Elise rocks back and forth doing everything she can to make it as painful as possible. It's locked in TIGHT.

DDK:

Scott is having trouble finding a way out of this thing! Oscar Burns taught her this one, which means it's EXTRA snug.

Angus:

I don't think Scotty has a chance.

Carla asking again but Scott refuses. The Faithful on their feet with bated breath as Scott's footing starts to crumble, going down to one knee.

DDK:

Elise Ares putting every she has into this! Will it be enough!?

Carla checks again as Elise wrenches the hold with all the pressure she can muster.

Still Scott refuses as his body starts to give out.

Angus:

Scotty won't give up!

Finally, The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE frustrated and ready to put an end to this match, lets loose and uses what strength she has left to drag Douglas up from the matt. As he barely gets his feet under him, Elise grabs a headlock and takes off toward the corner.

DDK:

CUBAN NECKTIE!

Scott takes the cutter maneuver over the top rope and snaps up off the recoil. Elise lands, seated on the apron. She stands up and wiggles her hips a little before turning around and springboarding off the top rope and back into the ring.

DDK:

Amethystation!!

Elise delivers the flying punch and Scott Douglas' chin cocks back before he crumbles to the matt.

DDK:

This has to be it! If Elise doesn't go for the cover right here ...

Angus:

She can't let up now! KEEP GOING! Less flips, but keep going!

She isn't done. Not yet.

Elise, tired and staggering a bit herself, adjusts Douglas' position before taking to the top rope.

DDK:

This is just overkill!

Angus:

Don't GORRAM flip.

Elise obviously doesn't listen and launches from the top rope.

DDK:

YOUR FEATURE PRESENTATION!

The Phoenix Splash does all the things Angus hates but finishes off with one he can respect. Double knees, directly to Scott Douglas' chest.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

This is gotta be it! This has to be over! Elise Ares makes the cover!

The Faithful passionately count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE --

NO!!!

The Faithful can't believe it. Angus and DDK can't believe it. Elise can't believe it.

Scott is a little shocked himself.

The Faithful are deafening as Darren attempts to be audibly registered over it.

DDK:

HOW HAS SCOTT DOUGLAS SURVIVED THIS ONSLAUGHT!

Elise, still on her knees, can't process what just took place. She just stares up at Carla Ferrari, dumbfounded. Carla continually reassures her it was close but the kick was legit.

Douglas rolls away still suffering the effects of "all the moves." Rather than stay on the attack after finally snapping out of it Elise takes to her feet and gets in Carla's face. Screaming and yelling, all inaudible from the wide shot, as Douglas painstakingly attempts to pull himself up from in corner.

DDK:

This is a mistake! Elise has this nearly one but she HAS TO STAY ON IT! STAY ON THE GAS!

Angus:

Agreed... Hit 'em with a car!

Klein gets up on the apron and joins in on the argument. Carla is caught between the two but eventually her attention turns solely to Klein. With the officials back turned and focused on Klein, the former be-boxed large man, slips Elise her flask. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE's eyes light up and instantly it's clear to her how this has to end.

She turns toward Douglas in the far corner, who's just now barely made it to his feet.

Angus:

... or that!

Douglas stumbles out of the corner as Elise cocks back ready to swing for the fences, or the bar.

DDK:

Klein distracting Carla Ferrari, while Elise is about to throw away ALL the hard work she has put in here tonight! This cheapens EVERYTHING!

Angus:

Shut it, Keebs! Any means necessary!

Something catches the corner of Carla's eye and she turns around to find Elise with the flask up over her head. Carla snatches it away as Klein protests from the apron. The most recent of former SoHer's spins around and loses it on Carla.

DDK:

Carla Ferrari taking control of this match here! Elise Ares is none too happy about it but Ferrari is not back down.

Carla deposits the flask out of the ring, causing Kelin to scurry off of the ramp to retrieve it as Elise continues screaming and yelling at Carla.

Angus:

WHY!? Why ruin the fun!?

DDK:

In the name of sportsmanship.

Douglas, having had plenty of time now to recover - somewhat, is now on his feet and limps his way toward Elise.

Angus:

Sportsmanship be damned, Keebs! This is dog eat dog. Or in this case; chihuahua eat ... I don't know what kind of dogs are in Oregon?

Elise is still preoccupied with chastising Carla, who in turn, insists Elise get back to the match. Douglas, now in striking distance, patiently awaits Elise to turn around as the Faithful ramp up. Carla backs off from the argument which clues in Elise that something might not be right. She slowly turns to find the beaten but not defeated "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas in front of her.

DDK:

Elise swings! Blocked! Douglas - kick to the midsection!

Elise doubles over, front chancery, places the arm, hooked the knee...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!!!

The roof of the Wrestle-Plex has its structural integrity tested as the Faithful explode.

Angus:

Now, that's how its done.. Blunt force trauma. Drop them on their head.

DDK:

Douglas rolls over for the cover!

Carla Ferrari drops down for the count.

ONE

DDK:

Hooks the leg!

TWO!!

Douglas leans in with everything he has left.

THREE!!!

DDK:

Scott Douglas for the WIN!

Carla calls for the bell as we get a quick shot of Klein, retrieved flask pressed against his head along with both hands ... staring on in disbelief.

DING DING DING!

Angus:

I told you all along, Keebs ... She didn't have what it takes to beat Scott Douglas and she certainly isn't the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time.

DDK:

You made no such claim, in fact ... Angus, you've waffled back and forth this entire match!

Angus:

Either way, I was still right.

Scott lets loose the leg and crawls his way back to his feet, stumbling and catching himself on the ropes. Carla Ferrari raises his hand in victory but Douglas doesn't milk it. Elise, now sitting up against the bottom rope and holding her head, catches Scott's eye. Scott approaches Elise.

Angus:

What in the hell ... ?

Scott motions for Elise to get up and offers his hand to help. She doesn't respond, rather just glares at Douglas. Douglas, again motions for her to get up, then points to her, then to wrist and raises his own wrist.

DDK:

An incredible show of sportsmanship here, Scott Douglas attempting to raise Elise Ares hand as a sign of respect.

When she still just glares at him with no response, he turns to the Faithful. Motioning the sign for title belt around his waist and pointing toward Elise, riling up the fans with each instance.

Angus:

Scotty, Scotty, Scotty ... this is greasier than you hair.

DDK:

This is Scott Douglas, showing respect for an INCREDIBLE performance from Elise Ares! Now telling the Faithful that *she is* the greatest Southern Heritage Champion!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pulls herself up off the ground, now with Klein standing beside her on the apron. The Faithful roars in appreciation as Scott Douglas extends his hand and grasps the wrist of Ares, who quickly rips it loose. Silence and confused moans escape from the Faithful as Elise Ares drops down to the mat and rolls out of the ring.

Angus:

THAT'S the Elise Ares that we all know. Taking her ball and going home.

DDK:

The wound is obviously too fresh right now, Angus. Everything this young woman feels as if she has worked for and earned has dissolved in a flash, and it's apparent that she just doesn't know what to do with herself.

Inside the ring Scott Douglas puts his hands on his hips and watches as Klein puts his arm around Ares and they start their walk to the back. The roaring applause of the Faithful have turned into a spattering of jeers as Elise looks back over her shoulder with a glare at Douglas, then simply drops her head back down in defeat and leaves the arena.

Cut to backstage.

RECEIPT FOR RECEIPT

As we get backstage, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama stands in front of a monitor shaking his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Elise ...

He says, obviously disappointed in either her actions or what he unintentionally started last DEFtv. Or both.

Kuroyama:

...

Before he can utter even one more word...

WHAM!

... a chair swings from out of frame and slams against Kerry who collapses like a freshly cut tree falling in the forest.

After a beat, The D steps into frame, followed by a smiling O Face and a snickering Flex Kruger. The D, however, is stoic and nearly snarls at fallen Blitzkrieg.

DDK:

What the hell! Where is DEFsecurity!?!

Angus:

That was a hell of a shot! Skip "Sec" ... call "MED!"

DDK:

This is deplorable!

Angus:

No, this is The D. That *WAS* K-Cupples!

DDK:

Folks, we'll be right back. Hopefully with an update on Kerry Kuroyama's condition!

COMMERCIAL: MFGA.COM

The scene opens up to a household with a young man watching his hero, Oscar Burns, at DEFIANC EWrestling.com. The match that is taking place is Maximum DEFIANCE 2017 in which Burns took on Scott Stevens. The kid is yelling and telling his hero to finish the match, but Oscar Burns doesn't win the match and instead feels the venomous injection of a Toxic Sting leading to his defeat. The young man sits on his bed defeated and destroyed as his hero let him down and he begins to cry when Scott Stevens steps into frame.

Scott Stevens:

Has this happened to you?

The Texan asks as he turns and sees the kid crying and shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Has your hero let you down time and time again?

Stevens asks and the kid raises his head from his pillows and shakes his head between snuffles.

Scott Stevens:

Have you ever wondered where all the great FISTs of the past have gone?

Stevens asks and the kid shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Then look no further than MFGA.com.

Stevens says with a smile.

Scott Stevens:

What's that you ask? What does MFGA stand for? That's simple. Make The FIST Great Again!

Stevens says emphatically.

Scott Stevens:

Go to MFGA.com and see all the highlights of the last Great FIST, Scott Stevens, as he decimates and destroys everyone, including Oscar Burns on the regular.

Stevens says and the kid immediately gets happy.

Kid:

I'm gonna go right now!

The kid shouts as he types in the web address as fast as he can.

Scott Stevens:

Remember, thats MFGA.com.

Stevens says with a nod.

Scott Stevens:

You want to make the FIST great again?

Stevens says as he holds up his fist.

Scott Stevens:

Because only you can support the man who wants to make the FIST great again.

Stevens says before saluting bringing the commercial to an end.

LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dansson ♪

Angus:

Oh yesssss! It's the guy that put you in your place last week, babay!

DDK:

Shut up.

Blackwood walks out, SOHER Championship over his right shoulder. He marches down the rampway and halfway there, Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler come out and follow him down, too. They wear their regular black jeans and gray hoodies while Blackwood is in his wrestling tights and his signature "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt, with all the names of the wrestlers he's recently beaten crossed out on the back. Levi Cole, just added.

Blackwood slides into the ring and drops his title. He immediately calls for a microphone as his theme music closes.

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

The Scot addresses the boos.

Gage Blackwood:

Shut up.

That just means more boos.

As Adler and Landell stand at the edge of the ramp, Blackwood looks to them, nods and gets back to business.

Gage Blackwood:

So, for Levi Cole's sake, two weeks ago never happened.

DDK:

Levi Cole came within seconds of defeating Blackwood for the SOHER, if anyone missed it.

Angus:

He did not!

Gage Blackwood:

But on my end, nothing has changed. I will continue to be *your* fighting champion!

Blackwood motions to the top of the ramp.

Gage Blackwood:

So, if it's true that anyone from BRAZEN is here tonight to make an *impact*... well, c'mon down and try to take this thing away from me!

The Faithful wait as Blackwood strolls around the canvas, seemingly not concerned.

Finally...

♪ "Howlin' For You" by the Black Keys ♪

DDK:

That's Howlin' Joe Wolfe, from BRAZEN!

The big, 6'5" muscular man from the south gets a good ovation considering he's very close to home. Wolfe wastes

little time and points directly at Blackwood, signalling he wants a match. Blackwood sighs and walks to the apron, letting Landell and Adler know they should move and let Wolfe pass.

DDK:

Looks like Wolfe has answered the call! We're in for a good one here!

Angus:

We are? Blackwood annihilated Levi Cole last week! He's about to do the same!

DDK:

Were we watching the same match?

Angus: *[legitimately taking his time to think about it]*

Uh, yes!

Wolfe gets to Adler and Landell. They split apart and let him pass but Wolfe watches them as he does, just to make sure they don't do anything underhanded. Wolfe jumps onto the apron and referee Benny Doyle sprints down to the ring. Doyle looks over at Blackwood and picks up the SOHER Title, holding it in the air.

WHAM!

That's when Shooter Landell gets a forearm into Wolfe's back, the second his guard is dropped and then pushes the BRAZEN wrestler through the ropes and into the ring, all while Doyle held up the belt and handed it to the time keeper.

GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. JOE WOLFE**DING DING****DDK:**

What a cheap shot from Shooter!! And now Wolfe gets a clothesline from hell by Blackwood to boot!

Angus:

I didn't see anything, Keebs. All I saw was a SOLID shot from Blackwood. He's the smaller man in this match, by far but that Scot still packs a wicked punch!

Blackwood props Wolfe to his knees. He sprints off the ropes and looks for the Gaelic Storm but misses instead! Wolfe ducks at the very last second and Blackwood goes flying across the ring. The only reason he doesn't fall out is because he hit the ropes!

DDK:

Blackwood tried to end it FAST but Wolfe moved and now on his feet. He takes Blackwood and hurls him halfway across the ring with a lariat and then a clothesline from hell of his own! Blackwood flips head-over-heels to the mat! Incredible!

Three uppercuts later and Wolfe has Blackwood in the corner. He whips him into the buckle across the way and as the champion stumbles out he's met with a running crossbody! The Faithful pop while Wolfe gets up and raises a hand to salute the people. The challenger shouts into the rafters and then peels Blackwood from the canvas. He scoop slams him in the middle of the ring, bounces off the ropes and connects with a leg drop to the neck!

Wolfe pulls Gage up and hits a swinging neckbreaker. Then he goes to the second rope and awaits the champion to get to his feet once more. Blackwood is a little dazed, he doesn't know where to look-

SLAM!**DDK:**

Oh my Blackwood with an impressive powerslam to Wolfe! He caught him in mid-air and threw him to the mat!

It was clearly out of desperation, as Blackwood falls to his knees and Adler and Landell slam the canvas with their hands, trying to get their leader to put it all together.

DDK:

Wolfe is favouring his back but he's using the ropes to get up. Gage Blackwood is trying to catch his breath. Wolfe on his feet now, he turns and charges at Blackwood- NO! Blackwood used the ropes and got his knees up! Wolfe goes right into them!

Wolfe drops to one foot as he shakes his head and grabs his back.

DDK:

Blackwood places himself on the second rope... and hits Howlin' Joe with a missile dropkick!

It's tough for Blackwood to move Wolfe, as the challenger lies in the middle of the ring. Instead, Blackwood switches to plan b and starts kicking Wolfe square in the back.

DDK:

You have to wonder if the shot Shooter got in there really hurt Wolfe. He's been favouring the back since the beginning of the match. He clearly wasn't anticipating it!

Angus:

That's a smart man, then. Work the back, work the back young Blackwood!

Blackwood continues to kick at Wolfe while the BRAZEN wrestler fights to one knee, then one foot and finally, two feet. Wolfe shoves Blackwood away, hits him with a headbutt and hurls The SOHER into the ropes...

Looking for a powerslam but Blackwood slips out!

DDK:

Blackwood off the ropes while Wolfe grabs his back again-

WHAM!!!

GAELIC STORM!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Dammit!

Angus:

That was quick work, champion! You truly are a superpower!

DDK:

Quick work because Wolfe was hurt right away!

Angus:

Excuses, excuses.

Immediately after Blackwood is handed the championship he rolls out of the ring. He looks at Adler and Landell with a nod and they replace him in the squared-circle.

DDK:

Great, not this again...

Adler stomps Wolfe. Then Landell stomps Wolfe. Then they both continue putting the boots to him as the SOHER Champion walks up the rampway, not giving a damn nor turning around to see what's going on.

DDK:

This is disgusting! The man won his match, cheating or not and now he gets his henchmen to continue to punish Joe Wolfe.

Angus:

I don't think it's *punishment*. It's kinda like a 'hey moron, told ya you didn't have a chance'! Ha!

Benny Doyle tries to pull Adler and Landell off Wolfe but he can only do so much. The Faithful fill the arena with jeers

while the two sidekicks continue to stomp away, stomp away, stomp away!

DING DING DING DING

The time keeper rings the bell again, just for good measure. It does nothing.

Finally, Adler and Landell change it up. With help from Adler, they are able to work Joe Wolfe into the Landell Lock! Wolfe starts tapping as the boos continue to pour in!

DDK:

I'm getting real sick of this.

Meanwhile, the camera catches Blackwood at the top of the rampway. The camera is on him, as the scene behind the champion shows Wolfe still tapping out and Adler kicking him while Shooter continues to apply his submission hold.

Blackwood stops in his tracks. He doesn't look back but instead closes his eyes as if to allow his other senses to tell him what's happening. He takes a deep breath, looks pleased and then puffs it out before heading behind the curtain, not looking back once.

Some additional referees run down to the ring to break up the beating.

DDK:

Finally, we have some help out here! Fighting champion, my ass!

Angus:

He's just making sure no one else is stupid enough to try this again. Levi Cole, CHECK. Joe Wolfe, CHECK. *What has he done for me lately?* EVERYTHING, Keebs. Everything babay!!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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URIEL CORTEZ & MINUTE vs. FUSE BROS 360

DDK:

Are you ready for the next match, Angus?

Angus:

I guess I have to be, don't I? Seeing as how it's going to be two guys that never tagged together against two men who arguably at the top of their game... but one of them is a HOSS! THE NEW HOSS OVERLORD!

DDK:

Indeed! At the top of the show, we had a special Battle Royale where the last two men remaining would be entered into this match against Fuse Bros. 360 to crown the next contenders for the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships! "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez inserted himself into the match at the start and at the end, he and the luchador, Minute, were the last remaining!

Angus:

Minute has been sticking up to Uriel only to get smacked down like a fly... but keeps getting up and gets some respect by Uriel. Now they have to compete against Fuse Bros 360. I don't like their chances.

DDK:

Let's go to ringside. A fresh Fuse Bros. 360 against the combined forces of Minute and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez to crown the next challengers for the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! This match will crown the next #1 Contenders for the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships! Introducing first... from Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 155 pounds... He is The Sky High Kid... **MINUTE!**

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We, Instrumental)" by Run The Jewels ♪

The music hits and out comes the twenty-one year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute! Though he has competed once already tonight, he does look in good shape. He jets up the steps, climbs the ropes, and then leaps from one rope, to the adjacent corner, then backflips into the ring carefully! He lands and waits for his partner to get inside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... being accompanied by The Family Keeling... standing in at seven foot one...

Suddenly, Junior Keeling pokes his head out of the stage.

Junior Keeling:

AND A HALF!

Darren Quimbey shakes his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And weighing in at 375 pounds... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Legend Has It" by Run The Jewels ♪

The fans give a more positive reception to the mountain of muscle from California as he steps onto the stage, wearing a different gray pinstripe suit from earlier, both Thomas and Junior Keeling beside him. He unbuttons his coat slowly, hands the massive coat to Junior and then undoes his cuffs so he can wrestle in his dress shirt and pants. The Titan of Industry then heads into the ring, steps over the ropes. He looks down at Minute with a look that says "you better NOT screw this up." Minute shakes his head and waits for his opponent.

♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge on the NES ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, the team of Tyler and Conor Fuse, Fuse Bros. 360!!!

The Bros. emerge from the back. Dressed in their regular attire, Conor follows behind his older brother while carrying the newly minted Game Shark, which has won two matches for them recently.

Angus:

I love that thing! What an asset!!

Conor places The Shark in their corner and waits there as well. Tyler enters the ring and is ready to do battle. Uriel wants to start, but Minute stands in front. The Keelings both sit at ringside, but Minute won't move. Cortez then decides he's going to start and has Minute and PULLS him up and over the ropes, putting him on the ring apron!

Angus:

Did he just do that? That was amazing!

The crowd laughs at an angry Cortez forcing him to the corner. Tyler looks weary of having to fight the giant while the Keelings look on, pleased.

DING DING

...But the second the bell rings...

TAG!

DDK:

What's going on... did... did Minute just tag himself in!

The referee orders Cortez out of the ring, sending Cortez back to the corner. The Keelings protest, but it is a legal tag. When he gets in, Tyler goes on the attack with a pair of knees to Minute, forcing Thomas Keeling to yell at the official!

DDK:

I can't believe I'm seeing this! Minute and Cortez just had that spat over who was going to start and Minute wasn't going to sit by and do nothing, but he might have just cost his team!

Tyler continues to wail on Minute until he whips him across the ring. Tyler charges, but Minute not only flips back behind him, but WOWS the crowd with series of front handsprings until he gets back to his feet!

Angus:

Look at The Littlest Flippy-Doo go!

Minute waves for Tyler to try and attack and when he does, Minute does a Matrix evasion to escape a running clothesline, then snaps Tyler over with a headscissors on the rebound! Tyler goes to the outside and then Minute comes flying at him with a jump spinning roundhouse kick to the head, sending him out of the ring!

DDK:

The Sky High Kid lives up to his name... and he's about to prove it again!

Cortez and The Family Keeling watch Minute from their corner as he CLEARS the top rope with ease and crashes down on Tyler Fuse with a big no-hands somersault plancha!

Angus:

That's My Littlest Flippy-Doo!

The crowd cheers in approval for Minute before he throws Tyler back into the ring. Cortez tries to reach out for a

tag but Minute sees him trying and moves him out of the way. He smiles, but just that brief opening, allows Tyler to recover and CRACK Minute in the back of the head with a dropkick of his own!

DDK:

No! This slight animosity between Minute and Cortez might have really cost them! Tyler goes off the ropes... [BAM!] That's a strong inside-out clothesline from Tyler!

Player One kicks away on Minute and then hurls him into the ropes. A powerslam later and Tyler pulls Minute back to his feet once more, connecting with a side Russian leg sweep, then an off the ropes knee drop to the top of Minute's head and finally, as Minute gets to his feet, holding his neck, Tyler performs a perfect pendulum backbreaker! He tags Conor.

Conor flies over the top rope and lands perfectly on Minute with a leg drop! Conor spins to get to his feet and jumps up and down obnoxiously, getting a lot of boos from The Gamers.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting]*

Where o where are The WrestleFriends?!? Huh?!?

Very loud boos follow.

Thomas and Junior Keeling start to panic, but Cortez is keeping his cool. Minute tries to get up but Conor helps him. He Irish whips Minute into the ropes but as Conor lowers his head, Minute jumps right over him! Minute spins Conor around, looks for a pele kick but Conor moves back and goes off the ropes instead.

DDK:

Minute with a very nice interceptor, a springboard tornado DDT! He is very quick to his feet, too. I feel like this guy can take a beating and just keep coming and coming and-

OOF!

Minute is hit with a roundhouse kick from Conor, followed by a standing dropkick right to his face, moving his mask to the side of his face in the process!

Angus:

You were saying?

As Minute readjust his mask, Conor pulls him up via his tights. Player Two looks over at the 7'1" monster Uriel Cortez and sticks his tongue out at him. Cortez doesn't seem to care too much.

DDK:

I would say it's best not to piss off Cortez... and continue to work on Minute and hope this match is over ASAP!

Angus:

I would actually say that's sound strategy.

DDK is taken aback by Angus' agreement as Conor hits a spinning heel kick and then a rolling thunder splash on Minute! He pulls the small luchador to a knee and tags his older brother back in.

Conor holds Minute's arm up as Tyler gets on the second rope and axe handle smashes it down! Next, Tyler puts Minute in a figure four leg lock in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

The Fuse Bros., eerrr Fuse Bros. 360, whatever they want to be called, like them or hate them right now but they are arguably the most well-oiled machine in DEFIANCE and perhaps the best tag team in this company.

Angus:

Now I'm agreeing with you! What the hell is happening!?

Minute tries to fight free but can't as Tyler locks the hold in deeper.

DDK:

I'm just saying, it looks like Cortez is a little disinterested... in particular because Minute could give up at any moment! Tyler and Conor will march to victory if this doesn't change!

Tyler pushes off on his arms to create even more leverage! Minute is struggling and looking to tap as The Gamers try to cheer him on! He moves a little but is pulling at his mask and trying his best to break free!

DDK:

Tyler might do it here!!

Angus:

Those Tag Titles... I mean *Achievements*, give them to The Bros. right now!

DDK:

Minute could tap... he's close...

Cortez gives a sigh and rushes in, booting Tyler right in the face!

The hold is broken and a big cheer follows! This, however, causes Conor Fuse to leap over the top rope and try to get at Uriel Cortez! Referee Brian Slater, however, is having none of it and gets right in there to stop Player Two!

The fans begin a rally cry for Minute to get to his corner and tag Cortez. Suddenly, Cortez seems more invested. Thomas barks from ringside.

Thomas Keeling:

Find an opening! Come on, you need to find the tag!

Cortez nods and keeps watching. Tyler, meanwhile, is shaking the dizziness out of his head and trying to find his brother, wherever he is.

DDK:

This could be the opening Cortez and Minute need in order to pull off the huge upset!

Minute is close to his corner. Tyler is close to his as Conor gets back behind the ropes.

Both men reach out...

TAG, to Conor.

...

...

DDK:

AND NO! Conor Fuse with a dropkick to the back of Minute's head! There is no tag made!

Conor sticks his tongue out at Cortez again and the crowd JEERS The Fuse Bro. This time, it seems to piss the big man off just a little and Cortez clinches the top rope with his fist, wishing he could get to his partner.

DDK:

Conor with a swinging neckbreaker to Minute! Now a release German suplex to Minute! Conor is going to the second rope and another missile dropkick to the back of Minute's head!

Conor is calling for the end...

As Tyler recovers in his corner, suddenly The Gamers become very hot! Soon, it's noticed that Gulf Coast Connection, Aaron King, Theodore Cain and The Crescent City Kid are coming through the crowd!

Angus:

HEY! That's Gulf Coast, what the hell are they doing here!?

DDK:

I'm not sure... but since The Bros. revealed themselves as the attackers on The WrestleFriends and Gulf Coast last month... well, maybe put two and two together?

Angus:

Yeah, that's four. But there's only three of them, Keebs.

DDK:

[sigh]

Gulf Coast hop over the apron and grab the attention of Conor Fuse inside the ring. He shouts at them to leave but then Aaron King tries to get into the ring himself. However, Brian Slater stops him from doing anything more!

Angus:

Get these guys outta here!!

This gives Aaron King enough time to grab Tyler off the apron and feed him to The Crescent City Kid...

DDK:

GULF COAST DRIVER TO TYLER!!! Conor is LIVID!!!

The Gamers get louder and louder...

And louder and louder...

As Aaron King leaves the arpon, Brian Slater goes back to calling the action inside the ring. The action includes: Minute tagging Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

OH, MAN! CORTEZ IS IN THAT RING NOW! CONOR DOESN'T KNOW IT!

Thomas and Junior cheer on The Titan of Industry as Cortez stands imposingly behind Conor Fuse. Cortez taps Conor on the shoulder. Player Two takes a big gulp and turns around...

DDK:

CONOR'S HIT WITH THE INDUSTRY STANDARD!!! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!!

The crowd EXPLODES as Conor gets SPIKED with the Waist-Lift Side Slam by the monster just like that! The Gulf Coast Connection jump around on the outside, celebrating and counting with the referee!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED!?!?

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match and the NEEEEEEEEWWWW number one contenders to the Tag Team Championships...

URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE!!!

Cortez's theme song plays as The Crescent City Kid slides into the ring along with Aaron King... while Conor Fuse tries to get back up...

DDK:

TWISTING HEAD SCISSORS INTO A MONEY FLIP BY THE KID!!! And this is followed by another GULF COAST DRIVER! Conor Fuse has received his payback, too!!

Gulf Coast all High Five each other and then make their way up the ramp very quickly to a lot of support from The Gamers.

Meanwhile, Cortez holds his hands in the air and looks down at his teammate, Minute, whom is still trying to get to his feet. Cortez continues to stare at him for a moment... then raises his arm and pulls him off the ground, pointing at the tough luchador!

DDK:

I don't believe what took place. Fuse Bros. 360 LOST in no small part to Gulf Coast Connection! The Titan of Industry and The Sky High Kid prevail TWICE in one night to become the number one contenders!

The camera pans to Tyler, whom is out on the floor and then Conor, whom is out in the ring. Finally, Minute stands with Cortez, somewhat reluctantly as Uriel's theme song still airs on the PA. Thomas and Junior Keeling enter the ring and do look happy that their giant can finally make good on his promise to win a championship in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

This tag division just got *REALLY* interesting...

Angus: *[pissed]*

You don't say...

GET OUT

The scene immediately swaps to the back as Aaron King, Theodore Cain and The Crescent City Kid are storming through the backstage area. They look very happy with themselves but also still pissed off and in the middle of leaving the arena in a hurry after costing Tyler and Conor Fuse the #1 contendership.

Gulf Coast Connection turn the corner as King and Cain exchange comments with each other over getting *one up* (pun intended) on Fuse Bros. 360. As they are about to exit the arena they stop, look back and notice The Crescent City Kid isn't there anymore.

Instead, he's standing about twenty feet away, eye-to-eye with the woman named Desire.

Aaron King: *[to CCK]*

C'mon Bruah, we gotta get going or else those other Bruah's will come after us again!

Theodore Cain:

Yeah and it's gonna piss those Bruah's off more when they CAN'T find us!

The Crescent City Kid looks back at his teammates and then at Desire. Although he doesn't talk and his face is hidden under the mask, you can tell CCK is interested in her just a little.

Desire looks at Cain and King and then back at The Kid.

Desire:

Way to stand up for yourself, guys. The Fuse Bros. had that coming after what they did to you.

King pipes up.

Aaron King:

You damn right, sis! Those hooligans should've neva said they were the original attackers! We thought it was No Justice, No Peace! We were gonna let bygones be bygones but then they said they took us out and injured us, sis! We were hurting at DEFIANCE ROAD let me tell you or we could've won!

Cain slaps King on the back of the head as if to say this conversation is holding them up.

Theodore Cain:

This conversation is holding us up!

Aaron King:

Right, sorry. Kid, let's go!

King and Cain leave the arena while The Crescent City Kid is still standing there with Desire.

Desire:

You better get going, too, huh? *Get out* now before they come through here!

The Crescent City Kid nods. He rushes off... but then comes back into the picture and wants a High Five from Desire.

She returns the High Five. The Faithful cheer at the awkwardness of it and The Kid finally vanishes as well. The camera pans back to Desire who just smiles and shakes her head.

Angus:

What a moron! Not in a million years, Kid. Desire is way outta your league!

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"TWIST AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS Â© vs. THE D

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it has been an eventful show! We had a great match between two of the longest reigning SoHer Champions between Scott Douglas and Elise Ares! We saw the unlikely team of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and Minute become the new #1 Contenders to the World Tag Team Championships and coming up next, Oscar Burns looks to put the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line against The D.

Angus:

Mr. Netflix Money has literally nothing to lose and everything to gain... what the hell are you doing, Burnsie?

DDK:

We've seen Burns be VERY vocal! Management is still making a decision as to who will be vying for the FIST at DEFCON, but Burns isn't going to rest. He is putting that title on the line tonight, but one person we know who it WON'T be... Mikey Unlikely.

Angus:

Thank the Gods... No McFuckass coming for the title. Him holding the FIST would be WORSE than the time Kendrix held it... or Scott Stevens held it... ugh...

DDK:

Coming up next, as made earlier tonight, we have Oscar Burns defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against one half of the former longest-reigning World Tag Team Champions as well as being a former Trios Tag Team Champion... The D!

The camera goes to ringside with Darren Quimbey ready with the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening and is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The Faithful roar as the FIST of DEFIANCE graphic flashes over the screen.

♪ "I'm So Humble" by Lonely Island ♪

A flashing strobe light spotlight lands on the top of the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex, as the D emerges out from the backstage area. He adjusts his monocle and, with the help of his manager and girlfriend, strips off his three piece suit to reveal traditional wrestling trunks. Flex Kruger steps out, flexing, but quickly his joyful expression turns rancid as O-Face throws the D's discarded clothes at him. The D then heads toward the ring.

DDK:

The D is looking fired up tonight, Angus.

Angus:

He better not come up short, oh, that was a low hanging fruit. I'll come up with a better dick joke in a bit.

The D enters the ring with The O-Face and Flex Kruger remaining at ringside. With a look of readiness in his eyes, the former Trios and World Tag Team Champion looks ready to take his place on the top of the proverbial DEFIANCE food chain. And the current man in that position now makes his entrance...

♪ "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, the Joint Chief of Joint Locks raises a finger in the air, garnering cheers from the crowd. Dressed in his bright orange tights and wrestling shoes and a yellow "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns makes his arrival towards the ring.

DDK:

And here comes the champion! Burns looking to continue this run of amazing defenses. And he's fought the gamut of opponents since defeating Kendrix last year. Look at the names: Kerry Kuroyama. "Bantam" Ryan Batts. "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. Andy Sharp. Mikey Unlikely. And he's beaten them all.

Angus:

You can't say Burnsie doesn't love this promotion. He moved to American FOR DEFIANCE and he's been pretty damn good as the FIST.

DDK:

Indeed, he put his career on the line against Scott Stevens to earn this shot so despite what Stevens says, he has put in the work.

The Team Graps Cap raises the title and then waits in his corner as his music fades. Darren Quimbey gets ready with the in-ring introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first in the corner to my left, he is the challenger... from Culver City, California, being accompanied by The O-Face and Flex Kruger... weighing in at 176 pounds... **THE D!**

The D takes the moment to pose mid-ring then turns to Oscar and gestures that he's taking the FIST.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Burns raises the FIST of DEFIANCE over his head and then poses with the championship before handing it over to Carla Ferrari. He hands the belt over and then waits as Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

DING DING!

The D and Burns lock up with Theetflix A-Lister trying to dodge him quickly and trying for a Single-Leg on the bigger Burns, Nbut The Guru of the Graps snaps him down with a Headlock Takeover! The D quickly panics and then reverses using a leg and then tries a grounded Headscissors. The D laughs when he has the much larger Kiwi trapped... until Burns then wows the crowd as he bridges his way upward, then rolls up out of the pin to try and stack The D!

One!

The D panics again and rolls backwards out of the cover when Burns stands up and grins.

DDK:

He almost beat The D quickly.

Angus:

Must not take easy joke... must not SHAME FOR HIS GIRLFRIEND! Haha... damn it.

The Team Graps Cap paces while The O-Face whispers something into his ear... and Flex tries to hear it too. The D nods and then has a hand out waiting for Oscar to take it for another mid-ring collar and elbow. He goes for it, but The D decides to kick him in the shin! The blow stuns Oscar long enough for him to follow with a nice Dropkick that sends Burns staggering back to the corner! The D quickly springs off one corner and flies back with a Stinger Splash he calls D in Your Face!

Angus:

I can't believe Burnsie fell for that crap... and got hit with a move called D in Your Face...

DDK:

The D is celebrating a bit early, but... uh-oh...

He does and poses for the moment, giving Burns ample time to recover. When he turns around, Burns EXPLODES out of the corner with a big Running European Uppercut that levels the challenger! The D goes down and Burns pulls him back up before slugging him with another European Uppercut that sends him to the corner. Burns snaps him with a Corner Elbow Smash, then heads off the opposite ropes to come back with a High Knee in the corner. The D staggers out, right into a big Exploder Suplex that sends him flying almost halfway across the ring!

DDK:

The D thought he got one over on Burns, but the FIST just made him pay for it.

Angus:

There's a GREAT joke in there somewhere involving The D and a FIST...

Burns goes for the cover on The D.

One!

Two... No!

Before Burns can follow up, The D gets helped out of the ring by The O-Face so he can take a quick breather. He holds his back in pain and Carla Ferrari starts a count for him to get back inside while Oscar paces the ring, holding court for the moment.

DDK:

Oscar Burns in control of the match for right now. If The D wants that title, he'll need to come up with a new strategy.

Angus:

As much as I joke, The D can be a top-level douche. He's gotta use some speed to get around that technical grab-ass stuff Burns is really good at.

The D gets another pep-talk from The O-Face and Flex at ringside and then heads back into the ring as Burns backs up to allow him in. Burns then charges at him, but The D sidesteps a Running European Uppercut in the corner to come back with a low kick to the leg of his own! He goes after the left leg of Burnsie and then throws a few quick kicks to work over his knee. Burns tries to catch him when The D moves out of the way of the Elbow Smash and then comes back with a Jawbreaker.

Angus:

There you go! The D's gotta stick and move. In and out, yeah!

DDK:

Ugh, of course you had one lined up...

The D has Burns rattled and then goes to kick him in the left knee some more. He then tries to grab the arms and looks for The A-Lister, but Burns doubles over and hits him with a shoulder to the gut. He turns The D out of the corner and then hits a Nothern Lights Suplex.. Then rolls up and over into another into a bridge!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Give credit to The D, he's trying, but Burns is out-thinking him on the mat!

The O-Face climbs on the apron and starts yelling at Carla when Burns sits up and shakes his head, but ultimately pays her no mind. The FIST runs to the ropes looking for something big, but Flex manages to grab the top rope, sending Burns TUMBLING over the top rope and crashing hard on the floor all behind the referee's back!

Angus:

Or get yourself a Flex! Good looking out by Flex!

DDK:

The former BRAZEN Champion and Trios Champion sent Burns for a ride and Carla never saw it!

Sure enough, Flex backs off when The D finally comes around and slides out of the ring to get the bigger Burns back inside so he can try and win the championship. He bumps fists with Flex, then heads inside as Burns tries to get back up, only to get caught with a Running Dropkick to the knee! He doubles over in pain as The D quickly shoots off the ropes and catches him with another Running Dropkick from the side, finally getting him off his feet at last! The D decides to take a beat from Flex and... well, flex his arms as he's got Burns down. The Faithful jeer the talented flyer.

DDK:

Come on, now's your chance to be The FIST!

He then grabs Burns by both arms then CRACKS him with a pair of feet into the face with a move he calls The A-Lister! The Guru of the Graps hits the mat when The D scurries over into a cover.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Burnsie kicks out, but The D now staying on the attack with more kicks to the head.

Angus:

Hate to say, but now he's got Burnsie on the ropes!

The D continues going after the left leg of Burnsie with more kicks and stomps as he tries to protect himself. He then heads to the ring apron then connects with a big Springboard Dropkick aimed low at the same left knee of Burns! The FIST crumbles to the mat holding his knee now as The D picks himself up.

DDK:

Is The D... employing a strategy?

Angus:

I don't think he's gonna go for a submission or nothing, but he's definitely got Burns on the ropes...

DDK:

With Everything! He just landed that Spinning Wheel Kick off the ropes! He's got Burns down now, will we see a new FIST of DEFIANCE?

The D lays out Burns and then goes for another cover.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close one there! Now what's The D got in mind?

Angus:

The D is on his game. The D ain't thinking with The D for the moment.

The Netflix A-Lister decides it's time to end things and waits for Burns to get back to his feet. With the quickness, he doubles Burns over with a kick, spins around and then tries for...

DDK:

Netflix Money! Netflix Money! He's got... NO! Burns grabs the nearby rope!

The crowd cheers when Burns grabs the nearby rope with his free hand so he doesn't get brought down with the modified take on Destino. The D lands on his feet behind Burnsie, but when he turns around, he gets thrown up in the air and SMACKED with a Rising European Uppercut on the way down! The Faithful gasp and then cheer as The FIST crumbles back to the ropes favoring his left knee and The D remains on the mat, staring up at the ceiling lights!

DDK:

What a counter by Burnsie! The Pop-up European Uppercut might have just rearranged that Netflix-friendly face!

Angus:

Yeah, that was pretty dope!

Burns tries to get some feeling back in his knee as The D tries to groggily get back to his feet, only for Burns to snatch him up from behind and then CRACK him violently across his good knee!

DDK:

BACK-CRACK-A-MA-JIG! THAT'S GOTTA DO IT!

Burns then cradles both legs into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Angus:

Shit, I think he nearly bent The D in half with that!

DDK:

Burns back in the driver's seat and the crowd can feel it! He's pulling him up and I think we're gonna see the Head Drop-O-Matic next!

Burns tries to go for the Wrist-Clutch Exploder on the weakened D, but when he gets back to mat, The O-Face tries to get on the ring apron again. Flex Kruger tries to jump in from the other side, but Burns cuts him up with a Running High Knee, popping the crowd as the heavy for The Netflix A-Lister gets sent tumbling to the floor! But when that happens,

The crowd now goes BALLISTIC... and why?

Because Mikey Unlikely slides into the ring and stands between Oscar Burns and a still-downed The D. Angrily, Burns yells at his former challenger to leave the ring.

Mikey smiles...

Then slaps the D in the face.

In full view of Carla Ferrari!

The referee immediately calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

What the hell? Why the HELL did Mikey McFuckass just slap The D in the face!

The D holds his cheek and also looks angry when he was cost the match while Burns shakes his head in disgust at Mikey and Carla Ferrari. She shakes her head and The Faithful jeer as Darren Quimbey gets on the mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner as a result of a disqualification... **THE D!** ... However, as the FIST of DEFIANCE cannot change hands on a count-out... STILL your FIST of DEFIANCE... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Mikey was told by Burns that he wasn't going to defend that FIST of DEFIANCE any more against Mikey Unlikely after he beat him at DEFIANCE ROAD 2019 and showed his true colors, but Mikey doesn't look like he's taking no for an answer!

Burns gets into the face of Mikey and shoves him back to the ropes, yelling at him for ruining his main event match. The D gets involved and spins Burns around by the arm and then pokes him in the chest.

The D:

I had that FIST won, you damn Aussie!

Oscar Burns shakes his head at The D and when he turns around...

LOW BLOW BY MIKEY!

DDK:

MIKEY WITH THE CHEAP SHOT! BURNS TOOK HIS EYE OFF MIKEY FOR A SECOND AND HE JUST MADE HIM PAY!

Angus:

Your fault for turning your back twice now on Mikey McFuckass!

The D looks down at the crumbled Burns and then back at Mikey Unlikely, who doesn't even look concerned at anything but getting what he wants from the champion. The D grumbles under his breath but rolls out of the ring with The O-Face and a sore Flex heading to the back.

DDK:

No way The D is going to forget about this, but Mikey... he's got the FIST now! That's not yours!

Angus:

Yeah, it is!

Mikey waits for Burns to try and stand and when he does, he CRACKS him in the back of the head with the title belt! Burns crumbles to the mat and The Faithful now reach a fever pitch!

DDK:

Come on! You were beat! Burns is moving on and you should, too!

Angus:

Mikey don't take no for an answer!

Mikey kneels over Burns and while he doesn't have a microphone, the nearby camera watching him can pick up his every word.

Mikey Unlikely:

THIS IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU EVERY SINGLE WEEK UNTIL I GET WHAT I DESERVE... MY RIGHTFUL REMATCH AT DEFCON!

Mikey rolls out of the ring and leaves the FIST of DEFIANCE over the limp body of the current champion. Mikey grins and then heads back up the ramp, waving goodbye and admiring his handiwork up the ramp.

DDK:

Mikey had the chance to be the FIST at DEFIANCE ROAD and failed... now he's stooping to this? Getting involved in Burns' affairs?

Angus:

Did he not just say that? Don't you watch the damn show?

The final scenes of the show are Mikey Unlikely waving at the downed Burns, who barely rises just long enough to shoot back a glance that said one thing...

Payback was gonna be a Kiwi.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.