

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 DEFCON 2020 is briefly shown, clipping through the events line up like flipping pages of a comic book and ending on Mikey Unlikely holding his newly won FIST of DEFIANCE high into the air with a last-minute cut to Lindsey Troy's surprise return and Mikey's resulting disapproving facial expression.

With a bit of pyro, we go to Commentation Station.

DDK:

Welcome one and all! Thanks for joining us on our one-hundred and thirty-fourth edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me is Lance Warner!

Lance:

Thanks for the warm introduction, Darren. I'm not as bitter and probably not as funny as Angus, but I'm trying my best behind the table.

DDK:

Hey, you're doing just fine! We've got a HUGE show for you tonight that includes not one, but TWO big title matches! We have Unified Tag Team Champions The Sky High Titans... care to do the honors, Lance?

Lance:

Sure... PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING!

DDK:

...Thanks! They've gone on record as to say that they'll be defending the Unified Tag Team Titles and they want Pop Culture Phenoms. After their MASSIVE win that saw them defeat Ryan Batts and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, will the PCP accept the challenge?

Lance:

And in our main event, we understand that the FIST of DEFIANCE will actually be on the line against an opponent to be named by our champion Mikey Unlikely! We'll hear from him later tonight regarding that as well as his thoughts on Lindsay Troy wanting a shot at his championship. Perhaps we'll see that match tonight?

DDK:

We have lots of action tonight! We'll hear more from The Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood, we have Lindsay Troy in her first match since her return against one half of the former Unified Tag Team Champions Bo Stevens, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns takes on the dangerous Scrow, not to mention footage from ACE of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens' first defense of his own championship down in Mexico. All this and more, but without further ado, let's get on with the show!

AN OLIVE BRANCH

It doesn't take long after the welcome to DEFtv where the announcers are replaced by...

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

Blackwood strolls out, wearing his black "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt with the names of everyone he's beaten on the back of the shirt crossed out, black jeans and the SOHER around his waist. Behind him follows Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell. They wear gray jeans and gray hoodies while Gunther carries a small bag with him.

DDK:

This was unexpected but not surprising.

Lance:

Yes, that's correct. Two week's ago Blackwood said he was going to tell the world, on his time, just what's next for him. Is this that moment?

It doesn't take long for the three of them to enter the ring. Blackwood's theme comes to a close and he gets right to it.

Gage Blackwood:

Welcome everyone to the moment that will, once again, define the next chapter in my career. I do not need to run over my accomplishments once again but just because I am shown *such* an amount of disrespect...

He pauses as boos from The Faithful continue.

Gage Blackwood:

I have beaten Mushigihara. He has been forever banished from DEFIANCE since. Scott Douglas is a shell of his former self after losing to me. And Elise Ares has no one to thank other than Gage Blackwood, for bringing out her true colors and pointing her in the right direction since I have taken *this* from her.

Blackwood points to the championship.

Gage Blackwood:

I remain undefeated in singles matches on pay-per-view in my DEFIANCE career. I should be feared and considered to be one of the all-time greats in this organization for the rest of my life.

Blackwood pauses to take in more jeers.

Gage Blackwood:

Yet, I think you all *still* perceive me at a much lower level.

DDK:

I wouldn't say that. I think it has a lot more to do with your attitude and how you handle things!

Blackwood takes his trademark t-shirt off, showing the names crossed out on the back of it.

Gage Blackwood:

This was my list. I have come through every, single, time.

Suddenly, Blackwood rips the shirt in half.

Gage Blackwood:

Consider this over with. I can continue to cross name after name off and I will be in the exact same position. All of you will boo me. All of you will think I am the enemy...

Blackwood asks for the bag from Gunther Adler.

Gage Blackwood:

It's no longer *what I have done for you lately*. Because I have done it all... except...

Blackwood reaches into the bag and pulls out a yellow t-shirt. It takes mere seconds before The Faithful catch on and give a loud pop at the thought of seeing these two paths cross.

Blackwood holds the shirt into the camera. It reads "I LIKE GRAPS".

DDK:

Oscar Burns!? Is this Blackwood's next opponent!?

Lance:

I think so! I think he's calling out the former FIST!

An "*Oscar Burns! Oscar Burns!*" chant begins.

Blackwood scuffs at the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Yes, that's right. I am calling out "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. The former FIST and arguably the biggest name in this company.

Blackwood looks over the t-shirt as he holds it in the air.

Gage Blackwood:

You know, I never understood what this slogan meant. I LIKE GRAPS. I always thought it was stupid.

The Faithful continue to mount a cheer for Burns and the thought of these two battling in the ring. Blackwood lets the cheers build and then looks dead into the camera. His demeanor changes completely. One to anger and intensity.

Gage Blackwood:

Let me make something very apparent. As I continue to advocate on behalf of myself... this is MY CALL, loud and clear to Oscar Burns. Our paths have never crossed but now I am demanding them *to* cross.

Blackwood, who is still holding the shirt, takes hold of it with both hands and rips it in half.

Gage Blackwood:

I can't understand why any idiot would wear this let alone buy this rubbish.

Again, The SOHER looks right into the nearest camera and this time moves much closer.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar Burns, your fall from grace has begun. In fact, you've already fallen far, far down, pal. You've lost The FIST. You lost a Tag Team Championship title match. You may just be one month removed from being on top of the world but you're already in a drastic downward spiral.

Blackwood takes the SOHER off his waist and presses it into the camera lens. He is seething by now.

Gage Blackwood:

But this is your chance to regain anything you've lost and even though you don't deserve a shot, I continue to be a *stand-up guy*. I will give you a shot... because you actually have something I want. I am going to explain this to you in due time. And I am going to take it away from you. I am going to take EVERYTHING away from you.

The Faithful are intent on listening to Blackwood's comments but begin to flood the arena with Burns cheers.

Perhaps surprised he hasn't broken into one of his incoherent rants just yet, Blackwood takes a deep breath and composes himself.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar, I know you're not in the arena right now but I also know that, much like myself, you're a *stand-up guy* so I know I will see you soon. Make no mistake, this is your next journey. And like I have done to everyone else in my way... I will destroy you. I will make you wish you never crossed my path. I will put your career in a downward direction, if it wasn't there already.

Blackwood places the mic on the canvas and nods to Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell. His theme song plays and they exit the ring.

DDK:

Folks, as Blackwood said, Burns is not in the building yet but I'm sure when he gets here Oscar will have something to say!

Lance:

A huge announcement by Blackwood! We will keep you updated when the former FIST arrives!

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF 2020



The Road to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE has begun! Available LIVE only on DEFonDEMAND!

TEAM HOSS vs. THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT

DDK:

We've got our first match of the evening, Lance... and it's too bad Angus isn't here any more. For the first time in a little over two years, we have the return of Team HOSS! One of DEFIANCE's most dominant and devastating forces.

Lance:

It's true, Darren! We've been around and seen Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great and Capital Punishment run roughshod for a long time with the World Trios Titles a few years ago. They have main evented many DEFtv shows, they've beaten a who's who of DEFIANCE wrestling history.

DDK:

It seemed something that The Lucky Sevens said when they made their debut set off Team HOSS. They made a surprise return by attacking the Dibbins after The Lucky Sevens won a match and delivered a message here at ringside. Though Cappy is retired from the ring and in charge of our BRAZEN live events, Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great have come back with a vengeance and they're out for The Lucky Sevens. Tonight, they're taking on all three members of The Midcard Experiment and that match is right now.

And the camera goes to ringside with Darren Quimbey with the intros. All three members of The Midcard Experiment are already set in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a three-on-two handicap match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring at a combined weight of 625 pounds... the team of CAGE! El Hijo De Fishman Deluxe and "Birdman" Walter Levy... **THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT!**

The crowd gives cheer to Levy as he raises a hand. Fishman Deluxe is getting pats on the back from the masked Nicolas Cage-inspired wrestler called CAGE! The trio awaits their opponents.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out come the two members of Team HOSS.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 587 pounds... they are the team of Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... **TEAM HOSS!**

The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great and the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad head, toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. There's no fooling around from Aleczander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The crowd gives them a big mixed reaction as they march toward the ring.

DDK:

They look like they mean business tonight. They take all three members of The Midcard Experiment!

DING DING!

Angel Trinidad starts first for his team against "Birdman" Walter Levy. Angel buries a knee in his gut and then drags him over before slamming his face into the buckle. Angel then pins him to the corner and The Beast from The Bronx smiles to the half cheering/half jeering crowd before firing off a series of hard left and right alternating back elbows!

Lance:

They mean business tonight! Look at Angel go! He's laser-focused!

Trinidad then grabs Levy and HURLS him across the ring with a massive Biel Throw! Levy hits the mat with his back and crawls around the ring towards Aleczander The Great, who clobbers him from the ring apron with a big shot! The

crowd slightly jeers the move, but The Big Brit doesn't give a damn what the crowd thinks as Angel picks him up in his arms.

DDK:

Cheap shot from Aleczander there! I think Team HOSS are feeling extra slighted by the appearance of The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

Which I don't understand! The twins even complimented them as an inspiration so I'm not sure where this attitude is coming from.

Angel makes the tag to Aleczander The Great and then scoops him up in a Front Powerslam... but the Levy breaks! (bad joke, I know). He slips out the back and heads to his corner when Aleczander charges, only to catch a pair of boots to the face. The tag gets made to the portly luchador Fishman Deluxe and he climbs up top. He comes flying off with a Standing Senton and catches Aleczander with a cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

The powerhouse Aleczander **SHOVES** Fishman off of him, but the 235-pound luchador lets him have it with a pair of chops. He then rushes to the ropes looking for a Springboard Back Elbow... only to get **SMACKED** out of the sky with a nasty Polish Hammer to the back!

DDK:

Fishman tried, he really did... but he paid for it!

Aleczander The Great then shoves him into the corner and makes the tag to Angel Trinidad while pinning El Hijo de Fishman... then blasts him with stiff Clubbing Forearm to the chest! He gets doubled over in pain while Angel pulls him out of the corner. He whips him to the corner and **CRUSHES** him with a big Corner Clothesline! The blow rocks Fishman, but Aleczander shoves him towards the path of Angel Trinidad and a **HUGE Dropkick!**

DDK:

Angel Trinidad is a young stud! Only thirty years old has been wrestling for almost a decade and he's incredibly agile to boot! Six foot ten and just over three hundred pounds! He's the more agile of these two big men!

Angel stands up to get back on his feet and then turns...

Lance:

WOW! Trampled Underfoot to **CAGE!** He's done!

The Beast From The Bronx looks over at the fallen **CAGE!** Who is looking rather dead right now. Walter looks up at Angel who smiles. He picks up Fishman Deluxe and then hoists him in his arms before tagging out to Aleczander The Great. He picks him up... **SPIKED POWERBOMB!**

DDK:

What a big move by Team HOSS! The Aided Powerbomb just rattled the spine of Fishman! But they aren't done!

Aleczander hoists him up and then flexes his arm before the dead weight of Fishman gets supported... then **BLASTED** with a nasty Running Lariat!

DDK:

That's it! He calls that move Weapon **FLEX** and that has to be all.

Aleczander The Great grabs him by the leg and hooks him.

One.

Two.

Three.

DDK:

Total domination here by Team HOSS and... No. Levy has seen enough!

Aleczonder The Great gets back up, but Walter Levy comes into the ring with a Springboard Missile Dropkick! The blow sends Aleczonder backward, but Angel Trinidad is already in the ring and boots Levy over... then SPIKES him into the mat with a Sit-out Suplex into an Ura-nage Slam!

Lance:

And a new finish by Angel Trinidad! He calls that move Don't Look Down!

Angel leaves him on the mat and then boots him out of the ring while Aleczonder grabs Fishman Deluxe. He grabs him and HURLS him over the ropes, sending him crashing to the outside right next to where CAGE! Has fallen.

DDK:

Good grief... dominant win for Team HOSS, but this is uncalled for.

Angel calmly cranks his neck and then motions for a microphone.

WHO WE ARE

DDK:

Angel Trinidad has a microphone now. It definitely looks like he has something on his mind.

The Faithful are still giving a mixed reception for the returning Team HOSS, but Angel cuts right through that.

Angel Trinidad:

SHUT. THE. FUCK. UP.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Well, that message speaks for itself.

Angel and Aleczander The Great aren't done. Aleczander takes the microphone now and looks out to the Faithful with a look of disdain.

Aleczander The Great:

Did you miss us, mates? Cause we didn't miss you!

Aleczander grits his teeth.

Aleczander The Great:

Did you wankers even know that this entire time we've supposedly been "gone", Angel and I have *technically* been members of the BRAZEN roster? But you know why you haven't seen us, yeah?

He raises his finger.

Aleczander The Great:

Not one phone call. Not one email. Not one damn text, mates. NOTHING from this company. We've been left to sit on the damn sidelines and it's a bunch of fucking bollocks, that's what this is. But that's because the woman who used to be in charge, Kelly Evans, always hated us. She left us in BRAZEN to rot all because we beat the shite out of her little boytoy, Ty Walker while Angel here ran former World Champ Dusty Griffith's redneck arse right back to Mayberry!

The microphone goes back to Angel.

Angel Trinidad:

But when we heard there was new management taking over, we decided that the time was now to come back and make a statement because people were starting to get a little too comfortable backstage. They needed a little reminder of who we are.

Trinidad fumes as he presses on

Angel Trinidad:

WE were the most destructive force this place has seen. WE were the benchmark for all future teams. WE have destroyed countless top stars and bottom feeders alike in DEFIANCE. We're not out here flaunting good looks like PCP, we're not the Fuse Bros, we're not ass kissers like The Sky High Titans... and we're not a pair of seven-foot fucking flavors of week like The Lucky Sevens.

The Beast From The Bronx leans over the ropes, peering directly into a camera.

Angel Trinidad:

Mason and Max Luck... if those are even your lame-ass real names... next time OUR names come out of your mouths, you WILL put some respect on it. We don't give a shit who your grandpappy "Wild" Winston Luck was or how he crippled people with his shitty little claw. You're a pair of seven-foot FAKES and if you think that you're gonna name us

off as a team of the past when we're sitting right the fuck here, you got another thing com...

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah♪

DDK:

Uh-oh! I think The Lucky Sevens have heard enough trash talk by Team HOSS!

Lance:

They have! They look like they're ready to do something about it.

The crowd cheers on the seven-foot twins from Las Vegas as they make their way out rocking matching shirts with "Winning Hand!!!" written out in red and gold, proudly showing off their Winning Hand claw inherited by their grandfather. Mason and Max both have microphones that have "777" scrawled on the faceplate and when the music cuts, the twins share words.

Mason Luck:

Oh hey, Max!

Max Luck:

Yeah, Mason?

Mason Luck:

You know who that is in the ring, right? Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great aka Team HOSS. One of this promotion's best teams.

Max's hand goes up and he squints his eyes toward the ring. Angel and Aleczander both glare at them.

Max Luck:

Nah ... I'm not seeing it.

Mason Luck:

Yeah, it's true, bro. They say they're Team HOSS. And I don't know what you and I said that they'd come out here and talk crap about us, but these guys don't look or sound anything like those guys. Those guys were killers that we'd love to face. These two sound like a couple of bitter bitch kids that blame everyone else for their problems.

Angel and Aleczander both watch the giant twins head their way. Mason talks to his brother.

Mason Luck:

And how about when we went back and watched the show? Remember when Team HOSS-Hole came out, beat up some redneck jamokes in front of us to look tough, then bitched out by running back to commentary by calling us... I dunno, posers?

Max Luck:

Frauds? Fakes? Wanna be big guys?

Mason Luck:

Something like that. We meant nothing but respect when we mentioned them and now they're pissed off. Well, boys ... if you really are the Team HOSS of legend then we'll give you a chance to redeem yourselves and prove that you're still that good.

Now Max and Mason both step into the ring and the crowd is coming alive at the thought of the four super heavyweights fighting. Angel and Aleczander are squaring up when Mason and Max get in their faces.

Mason Luck:

Why don't you boys go ahead and repeat what you said on commentary? And you can try it to our faces this time

instead of walking away like bitches if you have such a problem with us and our lineage?

The Beast From The Bronx goes nose to nose with Mason Luck while Aleczander stares up at a confident Max. He gives up half a foot, but he's a wall of muscle that doesn't look afraid. Angel's gaze doesn't leave Mason's.

Angel Trinidad:

We hate The Family Keeling for leaving us high and dry for whatever next meal ticket comes along like The Sky High Titans... but even though they don't manage us, I'll tell you the one thing they taught us that we still abide by to this day...

Angel smirks at Aleczander... and the two back away. And leave the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angel Trinidad:

We don't fight for free.

Angel tosses the microphone at their feet and they depart the ring to mass jeering from The Faithful. Mason leans over the ropes and Max goes so far as to hold it open to invite them back, but Angel and Aleczander are already heading up the ramp.

DDK:

Color me shocked that didn't escalate into blows, but some heated words were exchanged between these two teams.

Lance:

Yeah, absolutely. And when that happens, you know that's going to be a fight.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

COMMENTS IN CRISIS

The scene settles in on Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sitting in the commentary booth.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, everyone. Before we continue on with the in-ring action, my colleague would like to share a very special piece with you.

The focus slowly zooms in on Lance Warner as his inability to hide worry from breaking over his face is evident.

Lance:

That's right, Darren and thank you. Faithful, earlier this week I sat down with Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames in a rather peculiar environment. It was somewhat unexpected and, uhhh, well, I guess, all you really need to do is watch this taped interview.

The awkwardness of Lance's voice lingers as the scene cuts to the outside of a rather plain looking building. It's neutral in color and inconspicuous to the naked eye but it's definitely not an ordinary place. The trees sway in the wind as the afternoon sun creates a delightful feeling. There's a sign out front with the words 'Shimmering Reflections' in beautiful scripture font on it. A red Dodge Dart pulls up and Lance Warner emerges from it after a few moments. He walks inside the building.

Lance:

Hello there, I'm here to see M.G.

Lance stands at the reception desk as he speaks with one of the staff members. The lobby is absolutely decadent with marble slab flooring and very ambient lighting. The staff member clangs away on the computer she sits in front of.

Staff Member:

I'm sorry, sir, but M.G. is not the correct identifier.

Her words create a slight rush of panic within Lance. He racks his brain as he finally remembers what to say.

Lance:

Uhhhh, ummmm, I'm here to see MagnumG.

The staff member nods as she types on her computer once more. She acknowledges this visitor request and sends Lance down the hall with a staff escort. He ends up entering a rather large, bright room known as the 'Calm Space.' It is also neutral in color with many plump sectional couches and carpets all arranged in esthetically pleasing ways. There's a fake fireplace that glows in the background.

Lance:

Wow, this is nice.

Lance notices a trio of figures sitting nicely on the comfiest couch. He finds himself sitting opposite of The Comments Section. Malak sits in the middle of his fellow Keyboard Warriors, Cyrus to his right and Teresa to his left. His hands are firmly planted in each of their laps. Teresa rubs the hand she has while Cyrus firmly holds his.

Lance:

Well hello there, Malak. How are you doing? I came as soon as I got your message.

Malak looks up at Lance, visibly shaking and sweating.

Malak Garland:

What do you mean? You messaged me, remember? You were worried you hadn't seen me, which led to you finding me here.

Clearly trying to hide the fact he was the one that reached out to Lance, Malak dismisses the truth and creates his own. Lance pauses for a second and readjusts his glasses.

Lance:

That's not exactly what happ— anyways, what's going on? Why haven't you been seen around the WrestlePlex lately? You have people worried.

Malak takes a deep breath. His skin is pale. His eyelids dangle half closed. Overall depression permeates from his body.

Malak Garland:

I haven't been able to sleep all week because of how everything has been affecting me. Everything from the words of Gulf Coast Connection to the way The Faithful have treated me. I am truly and deeply hurt in ways that I can't even explain. So I find myself here, at Shimmering Reflections, dealing with my anxiety.

Lance nods with utmost concern as it's clear he's never quite dealt with such a tender situation before.

Lance:

Okay. Ummmm, where does all this anxiety stem from and why does it affect you so badly?

Malak takes yet another deep gulp of air. His shoulders vibrate, which causes his floppy silver hair to flutter over his face.

Malak Garland:

Growing up in small town Wyoming, there wasn't much to do in the form of entertainment but for some reason, every time I created a stir, for what I thought was the better, I always received communal backlash and therefore I developed massive anxiety for my actions.

Lance stares vividly at Malak.

Lance:

Communal backlash? I'm guessing you're talking about your online presence and if this was when you were growing up, did your parents not monitor your online activity? Did your mother and father not care about how this made you feel because the physical effect it has on you is quite obvious right now.

Malak completely disregards answering anything to do with his home life and continues to be in his own little world, answering the interview questions asked in his mind.

Malak Garland:

All I really want to do is provide entertainment to the masses. I want their *attention*. I deserve it.

His grips with Teresa and Cyrus tightens. His voice trembles and cracks with anxiety as his rant continues.

Malak Garland:

For the life of me, I don't understand why The Faithful would pay more attention to the Gulf Coast Connection DEFCON video highlight than ours. They don't even use filters for crying out loud. It's given me so much stress and anxiety that, honestly, I *might* have to retire from DEFIANCE and pro wrestling as a whole. Despite our flawless undefeated record.

Lance throws a hand over his mouth and chimes in under his breath too quick for anyone to hear or notice.

Lance:

You've only wrestled in one match.

Tears begin to stream down Malak's face with no end in sight. He's too absorbed in his own somberness to notice

anything else at this point.

Malak Garland:

I've just experienced so much pain and backlash in DEFIANCE that all this does is dig up past scars. You know what? I'm going to do it. I'm officially retiring from DEFIANCE.

Although the actual decision seems to be a snap one, Malak turns and asks his fellow Keyboard Warriors to join in his retirement. Cyrus and Teresa nod in agreement as each wipes a tear from their eyes. The trio gets up, still holding hands and exits the room together. Lance is left there in quiet reflection of what just took place.

The scene goes back to ringside with a confused announce team. Keebler is trying to process everything.

Lance:

Yes, I know.

DDK:

So The Comments Section has retired from DEFIANCE?

Lance:

My understanding is they filed their retirement papers yesterday.

DDK:

...Uh, okay. We have to head to a commercial break but we will be right back!

"THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" KERRY KUROYAMA vs. SOLOMON GRENDEL W/ PETEY GARRET

DDK:

Folks we are about to get started with the second match of the evening. Solomon Grendel one half of Brutal Attack Force will be taking on "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama.

Lance:

And this isn't the first time these two have met. Both on the main roster as well as in Brazen!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first ... accompanied to the ring by his tag team partner, Petey Garrett! ... from the Red Hook Section of BROOKLYN! Weighing in at two hundred pounds ... Solooooomon GRENNNNNDAAAAL!

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Music hits and Solomon Grendel makes his way to the ring, with his partner in crime Petey Garrett not far behind him. The Faithful lay into the pair with a chorus of boos. Grendel pays them no mind entering the ring and posing for the booing crowd.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Kerry Kuroyama makes his entrance and the Faithful have the exact opposite reaction as the veteran makes his way to the ring; he catches a few hands with welcoming high fives on his way down.

Getting set up in the opposite corner of the ring Kerry double checks his pads and motions from side to side in place as he looks at Grendel and his partner on the outside.

Just as Benny Doyle goes to ring the bell, there is a commotion in the crowd that catches everyone's attention.

DDK:

Well, we've seen this before.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. Last week the Fuse Bros. 360 did the same thing during the Scott Douglas matchup against Scrow!

Tyler and Conor take two empty seats at ringside, as The Gamers around them boo and hiss in their general direction.

DDK:

I'm not sure what their angle here is but I'd wager to say it's not on the up and up.

Lance:

Darren, I'd tend to agree but it warrants mentioning that last week other than being a distraction they did not interfere in that match.

Kerry Kuroyama is obviously more distracted than Grendel or Doyle, who calls for the bell. Grendel, immediately, goes on the offensive with Kerry's back turned. Grendel slams into the The Pacific Blitzkrieg with a hard diving shoulder, sending Kerry flying into the turnbuckles. Sizing him up, he spins Kerry around and goes to work with a solid round of kicks, punches and a massive lariat at the head that nearly knocks Kerry's head off.

DDK:

Not a good start for Kerry Kuroyama, the distraction at the outset of the match is clearly playing a factor.

Lance:

Agreed, but he has to put that out of his head and focus in here against Solomon.

Picking Kerry up after a solid start to the match, Grendel hoists him up for a standing vertical suplex that hits with solid impact. Grendel quickly goes in for the pin.

ONE ...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kerry's getting up to his feet quickly after that hard kickout.

Standing, he meets Grendel with a grapple in the middle of the ring, Kerry gains the upperhand and DDTs Gredel into the mat. Kerry follows up with a series of knees to the gut and a hard hitting leg drop. The crowd is rallying behind The Pacific Blitzkrieg when they aren't busy booing the spectating Fuse Bros 360.

DDK:

Looks like Kerry is using his momentum to try and seal the win.

Kerry Kuroyama, clearly in the advantage sets Grendel up for what looks to be a fisherman suplex, but Grendel's tag team partner grabs a hold of Kerry's leg. The distraction is enough for Grendel to break out of the hold. Doyle admonishes Petey Garret but Kerry steps in with some words of his own, drawing Garret to the apron. Benny attempts to get between the two; warning Kerry of disqualification and Garret of being ejected.

Lance:

This has the potential to get out of hand quickly!

Grendel uses the distraction and charges toward Kerry, who felt him coming. Kerry pushes Doyle back and drops to the mat leaving no one in Grendel's path other than Petey Garret. The two collide and Garret is sent flying off the apron and into the guardrail. Around the ring, Tyler stands up but is quickly pulled back to his seat by Conor who seems too concerned to let Tyler break free at the moment.

Doyle recovers to the side while Grendel is stunned at what he just did while looking out on Garrett. He attempts to apologize, plead his case or maybe just ramble incoherently. It's tough to say.

DDK:

Kuroyama with the roll up!

Lance:

Official Benny Doyle in place...

ONE...

TWO...

KICK OUT!

Grendel races to his feet, his face blood red.

Grendel:

Not this time!

Kerry takes his feet as Grendel tries to catch him with a big boot as he stands. Kerry moves quickly, getting under and catching the leg. He hooks Grendel's neck and sends him overhead.

Lance:

Capture Suplex by Kerry Kuroyama!

Kerry jumps to his feet as the dazed Grendel is slow to recover.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama looks like he is ready to put this one to bed.

Kerry waits in the corner arms stretched out clasping each rope, nearly hanging from them in anticipation. Grendel sits up, if not disoriented, still facing away from the waiting Pacific Blitzkrieg. Kerry glances toward the Brother's Fuse sitting at ringside, causing Tyler to attempt to shoot up from his chair but is held back by once more by Player Two, Conor Fuse.

Kerry turns his attention back to Grendel and charges forward.

DDK:

Green River REVOLT!

The sound of Kerry's knee against the back of Grendel's head echoes throughout the Wrestle-Plex before being instantly overtaken by the Faithful's boisterous reaction.

Lance:

Cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

Doyle calls for the bell as Kerry rolls off of the fallen Grendel.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

And you winner ... "The PACCCCCIFICCC BLITZKREEEEIGGGG!" ... KERRRY ... KUROOOOOYAAAAAMAAAAA!!

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Benny Doyle raises Kerry Kuroyama's hand in victory to one side of the ring and the pair turn to the other where the Fuse Bros. 360 comes into view. Tyler jolts up from his seat, this time Conor's attempt to halt him isn't successful.

Kerry has had enough and pulls his hand free from Doyle approaching the ring ropes closest to the Fuse Bros. seats. The pair begin jaw jacking one another as Player Two attempts to usher his older brother away from their ringside seats.

Suddenly The Faithful pop and the production crew scrambles to capture why. They cut to the stage where Petey Garret helps an ailing Solomon Grendel pass "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and through the curtain.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is out here now as tensions have been building between Fuse Bros. 360 and Seattle's Best!

Scott looks on from the stage as Tyler and Conor take notice, as well as Kerry. Kerry worked up and ready motions to the Fuse Bros. 360 and then to himself and Douglas up on the stage. Insinuating if they want a fight, come and get it. Tyler seems more than ready as he starts to throw a leg over the guardrail but he is again held at bay by Conor.

Lance:

Obviously Fuse Bros. 360 have an issue or an agenda when it comes to Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama but with Seattle's Best and Tyler Fuse ... clearly ready ... What is the meaning of Conor's patient restraint!?

The tension between the tag team's swells as Kerry Kuroyama's theme music runs its course and comes to an end. Whatever it is Conor is saying to his amped-up brother seems to finally do the trick as the pair shuffle out of their front-row aisle and into the arena seating walkway. Tyler reluctantly leading the way turns for a moment but is quickly directed by Conor back up the stairs.

In the ring, Kerry shrugs and holds his hands out toward Douglas on the ramp.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

A quick shot of Douglas shows he hasn't any better of an idea than Kerry.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

DEACON vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

Cut back from commercial.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! Reinhardt Hoffman making his way to the ring during our commercial break ... awaiting to meet the newly arrived in DEFIANCE, Deacon. This could be one hell of a match, Lance.

Lance:

I couldn't agree more, Darren.

With Hoffman already in the ring, the lights dropped to nothing & the Gregorian chant began. Magdalena stepped through the curtains, her black leather getup and long white hair contrasting heavily under the DEFIANCE lights. And when the Deacon stood behind her, his giant form a cloaked shadow, two more contrasts appeared. First, his nearly 2 feet on her seemed even greater than normal. Then, her shining black leather and his matte brown monk's robe seem at odds, even as they made their way to the ring together.

DDK:

And there he is, the man called Deacon made his way to DEFIANCE at DEFtv 133. Though he's new to DEFIANCE, he's not exactly a stranger to that ring. A former World champion in places that also held Eli Flair, Dan Ryan, and our own Lindsay Troy and Jack Harmen, the Deacon seems ready to return.

Deacon's robe removed, he steps over the top rope and moves to his corner, looking out at the crowd.

Lance:

The man has been around, but that mask is new.

DDK:

Well, he's been called the Mute Freak since he arrived.

Lance:

Don't tell that to Lindsey Troy.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing--

Reinhardt charges across the ring and plants a solid forearm across Deacon's back.

DDK:

Hoffman getting the jump on Deacon.

Lance:

Welcome to DEFIANCE!

Reinhardt rains repeated blows on Deacon. The Mute Freak curls against the turnbuckle, the drops to one knee after Hoffman kicks the back of Deacon's leg. The height advantage broken, Reinhardt grabs at Deacon's eyes, tears at the mask.

DDK:

Clearly, the "Gentleman German" came into this match with a gameplan.

Lance:

Acting like an animal?

DDK:

After Deacon picked a fight with the former BRAZEN champion last week, I think the German is speaking for all of

BRAZEN.

Reinhardt runs into the far corner, hits the ropes, and rebounds right into a--

Lance:

Deacon with a clothesline!

DDK:

You can't see Deacon's mouth, but you can see those irate, and intense, eyes.

Lance:

I don't know if Deacon can see out of those eyes though - got some blood around the corners.

DDK:

He just clotheslined the Gentleman out of his boots...

Lance:

Point.

DDK:

Hoffman may be out cold!

Deacon grabs Reinhardt by the head and places the German in position for Deacon's Crucifix Powerbomb.

DDK:

He's got him up in the Altar Call!

Lance:

And down! Deacon makes the cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!

DING DING DING

It ends. The Deacon leaves. And the Gentleman isn't really sure what just happened.

Lance:

Impressive first match here for Deacon in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

I'd say so ... as our Faithful viewers are well aware Reinhardt Hoffman is no push over! He's been a mainstay both her on DEFtv as well in BRAZEN years!

REIGNING....AND DEFENDING

Backstage in the Wrestleplex we see the FIST OF DEFIANCE standing in front of a DEFTv backdrop. To his immediate right is none other than long time DEF interviewer Christie Zane. Christie is smiling and wearing a DEF TV polo and black dress pants. She does her introduction.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am joined at this time by our very own FIST OF DEFIANCE champion.

The Hollywood Star scowls at the thought of being THEIR champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes you are Christie, yes you are!

She eases him into the questioning with a softball.

Christie Zane:

Mikey last week you said you would be taking the FIST OF DEFIANCE back to Hollywood and retiring with the championship! What happened in the time since then?

Unlikely removes his sunglasses and frowns.

Mikey Unlikely:

The DEFIANCE powers that be, whomever that is nowadays... Has decided I can either give up the championship and retire, or I can defend it. There will be no walking away with the title without a lawsuit, so here I am Christie! Ready to defend!

A surprised look crosses the face of the interviewer.

Christie Zane:

Really!? Defending the FIST, when will you be doing this?

Mikey Unlikely:

Right here tonight!

The fans in the Wrestleplex get excited.

Mikey Unlikely:

Tonight I am going to give a person an opportunity. I am going to teach some lessons. Just because you're a big name doesn't mean people care about you! It doesn't mean the world revolves around you! You can't just walk in here, chasing down champions and harassing people backstage!

Christie Zane:

You're going to give Lindsay Troy a match for the FIST OF DEFIANCE TONIGHT!?

A confused look from Mikey followed by a shake of the head.

Mikey Unlikely:

What!? No! Lindsay? Are you kidding me?

The crowd boos loudly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Lindsay Troy is a NEWCOMER in DEFIANCE as far as I'm concerned! She just got here. Why should she be rewarded for her past? Slide right past an entire ROSTER of people including a guy holding a championship JUST for

a shot at this.

From below our view Mikey pulls out the FIST OF DEFIANCE Display case. Christie rolls her eyes.

Mikey Unlikely:

Lindsay Troy hasn't done ANYTHING in DEFIANCE, during the MIKEY ERA! Quite frankly Christy I'm offended you would even ask! No! I am giving the opportunity to someone MUCH BIGGER!

Christie Zane:

A bigger name than Lindsay Troy!?

With a nod of the head, he answers...

Mikey Unlikely:

Name? Who said anything about a name? Bigger than Lindsay Troy? It's THE BIGGEST BOY!

Christie does a double take.

Christie Zane:

You mean Dex Joy? Dex Joy vs Mikey Unlikely for the FIST OF DEFIANCE tonight!?

Smiling from ear to ear the Champ answers.

Mikey Unlikely:

You got it! The Powers that be want defenses, here we go! Mikey Unlikely vs The Biggest Boy Dex Joy tonight in that very ring! I'm going to show the world that even when I go up against the BIGGEST in DEFIANCE, The FIST...

He clutches the case close to his chest.

Mikey Unlikely:

Isn't going anywhere!

He exits stage left as Christie tries to figure out what just happened.

DDK:

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen, we knew we would see a title defense tonight from Mikey Unlikely but I certainly didn't expect the relative newcomer Dex Joy!

Lance:

That's right Darren, new and a hell of a competitor in Dex Joy, I hope our Champion doesn't take "The Biggest Boy" lightly or he might be upset tonight! What an opportunity for DEXY!

DDK:

Stay tuned!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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SCOTT STEVENS vs TBA

As we come back from commercial we see Lance Warner and Darren Keebler ready.

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is the ACE of DEFIANCE title defense ... which I have to note is very strange in that it's not a defendable title and rather a symbol of the holders shot at the FIST. None the less, that hasn't stopped Scott Stevens from defending it, as he took on the top champion of the Mexican Wrestling Federation, La Llama Roja.

Lance:

Stevens said he was taking his championship on the road to defend it since he can't get a crack at Mikey Unlikely right now and he's doing just that. To your point, Darren ... whether or not any of this is sanctioned is beyond me.

DDK:

Stevens and La Llama Roja clashed this passed Saturday in Mexico City and here are some of the highlights from the matchup.

The highlights begin.....

The scene opens up to thousands of screaming fans in Arena Mexico as they await the Main Event of the evening between Scott Stevens and La Llama Roja.

Main Event time.....

"Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers brings out the ACE of DEFIANCE champion on a Harley Davidson motorcycle to a chorus of boos and the Texan simply ignores them as he gets into the ring.

The lights in the go dark and red lasers and fill the arena as red roses fall from the ceiling as "Kiss from a Rose" by Seal brings out the MWF's Heavyweight champions, La Llama Roja, lead to the ring by ten gorgeous Mexican women throwing rose petals in front of him.

Once inside, the announcer introduces both wrestlers and the match begins.

The first part of the match is the feeling out processes.

10 minutes later.....

Stevens has gained the upper hand with a massive lariat that turns Roja inside out.

15 minutes later.....

Stevens goes for a powerbomb only for Roja to counter it into a hurricanrana pin for a very close two count.

30 minutes later.....

After nearly an hour of battling both men are on wobbly legs as they trade punches and Roja gets the better of Stevens as he musters enough strength to hit a high knee sending the Texan back into the nearest corner and he follows it up with a running splash in the corner. Roja lights Stevens' chest up with a series of knife-edge chops. La Llama Roja grabs Stevens around the neck and kisses him on the forehead before looking to finish off the Texan with his running cutter called the Kiss of Death.

As La Llama Roja goes forward to execute the cutter, Stevens is able to counteract the momentum and drive Roja's head into the canvas with a reverse DDT called the Scorpion Death Drop and the Texan falls on top of his opponent for the....

One.

Two.

Three.

The fans in Arena Mexico boo loudly as Stevens is announced as the new Mexican Wrestling Federation Heavyweight champion.

The video feed ends and shifts back to the Wrestle-Plex.

DDK:

There you have it folks... a successful title defense ... by Stevens.

Lance:

Not just that he's added more hardware to his resume as well.

DDK:

I have to assume there is more where the came from as Scott Steven's continues this peculiar road trip. For now, I'm told we are headed backstage.

Cut to backstage.

MULTILINGUAL

Sitting in black swivel office chair in front of the closed locker room door, Magdalena absently lets it turn from side to side. She didn't have anything more pressing than what was happening in the locker room. She'd made it a habit in High Octane, and she'd do it here if this is where God seems to have taken them - she'd give Deacon the time he needed to handle his business. With a quick shake of the head, she turns someone away from entering. Like a doorman at a nightclub, she thought, not for the first time. Except she was maybe 110. And the man she was protecting? Well, he was over 300.

The door opens and she spins in her chair to look in. The Deacon isn't standing there; he never is, and just like always, the lights are off. She stands up and opens the door wider. The Deacon is rummaging in his bag, putting his cell phone into it. He doesn't say anything. This a good moment or bad one? Only one way to find out - she steps into the room, leaving the overhead lights off, just using the light from the hallway to provide whatever illumination she may need.

Magdalena:

Any way I can help?

He's heard that same question from her thousands of times. The Deacon only shakes his head then stops, his body still as if rethinking. With shaking hands, he reaches up and grabs the beaded necklace wrapped into his bag's handles.

Prayer beads.

Magdalena:

Certainly [*Magdalena pauses for a moment.*] Anything specific?

She asks the question, but she already knows he's not in the mood to answer. Seemingly to punctuate that fact, he puts his half-mask over his mouth. The performance was over, but tonight, he's carrying this Mute Freak gimmick a bit further. She steps closer and reaches a hand toward him. He lets it touch his elbow, steadying his shaking, and then he readjusts the mask, getting it fully into place. Magdalena turned back to the door.

KLANG!

She spins back toward Deacon. His fist pushes against the lockers, his arms vibrating from effort as if he's trying to push them over. After a few more moments, and calming breaths, he starts to inhale & exhale evenly. Pulling the hand back, his fist still clenched tightly. Except now, blood runs over and between the knuckles on his hand like serene rivers through a valley. But Magdalena knows it's not serene; nothing around the Deacon is serene now.

Magdalena:

You should bandage that. I'll hold the area a bit longer.

She left him alone in his darkness, leaving the room and closing the door behind her.

“¿Dónde está el grande?”

Magdalena is suddenly confronted by Victor Vacio, dressed in street clothes yet still in all black and his usual Lucha mask obscuring his face. He repeats himself.

Victor Vacio:

¿¡Dónde está ... el grande!?

She raises one eyebrow, holding her hands out in a “what” gesture before motioning with her right hand for the masked guy to continue on his way. He doesn't.

Vacio:

The Big one... Where!?

Magdalena's expertise in comprehending broken English finally comes in handy.

Magdalena:

Deacon? You're asking where he is?

Vacio understands that and lets his anger get him excited, instinctively returning to his native tongue and at a rapid speed.

Vacio:

¡Sí, el gran bastardo que mete la nariz donde no pertenece! ¡Tráemelo para que pueda devolverte el favor!

Magdalena's eyebrows raise as if she's talking to a child.

Magdalena:

ØªØ±ÙŠØ¯ Ø§Ù,,Ø¨ï¿½...Ø§Ø³ØŸ

Her smile grows when his head tilts. *That's right*, she thinks, *you're not the only bilingual around here.*

Magdalena:

Let me guess? Upset about Deacon's chokeslam a couple weeks ago. Consider it a not so free lesson learned - don't beat up defenseless people.

Vacio seems to have picked up most of that and lets out a deep sigh. He returns to English, the best he can and speaks slowly.

Vacio:

Bring me ... the bastardo ... so ... I may ... como se dice "castigar."

Magdalena's mother used to do the same, flipping back & forth from English to Arabic, especially when she was angry.

Vacio thinks for a moment, trying to find the word.

Vacio:

¡Castigar! .. ahhh, si! ...PUNISH!

Magdalena:

Punish?

Vacio:

¡Si, Punish!

Magdalena's lips purse a split second before a smirk breaks through like a ray of sunshine. And if Vacio's face could've been seen, it would've looked like someone after that first ray of sunshine broke through your bedroom curtains after a long night of drinking.

Magdalena:

Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *[There's that head tilt from Vacio again.]* Let me make this simple - you can try to... Castigar el grande bastardo...

A tilt of Magdalena's head mirrors Vacio's.

Magdalena:

øşù,,øşø³ø"ù^ø¹ øşù,,îç ½...ù,ø"ù,,

She gives another wide smile.

Magdalena:

We'll see you next week.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE: BEST OF "Twist & Turns" Oscar Burns



Take a look back at the TWO time FIST of DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns time so far in DEF!

SCROW vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

We have the next match coming up and it's "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns looking to rebound from a catastrophic couple of weeks. After consecutive losses in big title matches, Burns now takes on another man looking to rebound in the enigmatic Scrow.

Lance:

Yeah, all true. One man is going to be walking out of here with a win and need to rebuild for whatever comes next.

DDK:

Will it be the striking high risk style of Scrow to upset Oscar Burns tonight or will the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE rebound? Let's go to Darren Quimbey with intros for the opponents.

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out...

And the crowd cheers!

The original yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt is up, along with his familiar orange wrestling gear.

DDK:

Here comes Burns! No Ryan Batts right now, since Burns wants to go this alone.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! He takes off the shirt and points to multiple sides of the arena to see who can garner the most noise before he then points to the one facing the hard cam for tonight's big show. He tosses it into the audience and then remains quietly in his corner as he waits for his Scrow to arrive.

♪ Death Angel by The Enigma TNG ♪

The DEFiaTron 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.

Quimbey:

Now 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 spot light from behind him shows a shadow on top of the ring mat of a scarecrow.

The lights return and he hops down from the turnbuckle. 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. Oscar looks across the ring at Scrow with his head down staring up toward him.

DING DING

Oscar and Scrow circle each other and tie up. Each jock for position. Oscar's lock is broken quickly when Scrow lifts his knee up grazing Burns jaw. Oscar quickly catches the free foot in an attempt to kick him in the side of the head. The former FIST ducks and quickly retaliates with a leg sweep, and Scrow quickly leaps upward and jumps over Oscar's leg. Scrow quickly spins and hits Oscar as he returns to a vertical base. Burnsie stumbles backward, Scrow quickly moves over only to get a stiff forearm blow from the former champ. The two begin to exchange a fury of blows!

DDK:

It didn't take long for this one to escalate! Burns and Scrow both want this win tonight!

Lance:

Indeed! Burns is actually quite adept at striking between his Elbow Smashes and Uppercuts, they can match Scrow's feet!

Oscar catches Scrows right cross and quickly arm drags him over and quickly transitions into a wristlock. Scrow struggles as Oscar pulls downward on the wrist lock. After a few moments in the hold. Scrow manages to get to his feet he lifts his leg up and over the wristlock breaking it. With his free leg without hesitation strikes Oscar in the side of the face knocking him down to the mat. Scrow gets to his feet as Oscar looks up from the mat holding the side of his face. All the while Scrow shakes his wrist.

Oscar nods, with approval at the deranged man. He gets to his feet and the two size each other up once more and lock up! Burns quickly goes behind and does a waist lock takedown, transitioning into a side headlock! Scrow struggles for a moment and is finally able to spin himself to be sitting vertically, throwing a few shots into the gut of Oscar until Burns eventually breaks the headlock. Scrow gets to his feet as he turns around Oscar slams both feet into his upper chest in a standing dropkick!

DDK:

Nicely done by Burns!

Oscar picks up Scrow quickly and lifts Scrow up into a European clutch pinfall!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Close one there! That's how Burns beat Mikey back at DEFIANCE Road to keep his FIST in their first meeting!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is wrestling a great game right now!

Oscar quickly transitions from the pinfall into a single leg Boston crab! Scrow shouts in pain as Oscar pulls back, after a few moments in the hold Scrow is able to turn on his back trying to kick at Oscar with his free leg. He manages to get a decent blow bending Oscar over. Scrow sits up and pulls Oscar over into a small package!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

He almost caught him there!

Oscar quickly hops to his feet, Scrow is a bit slower trying to get some feeling back in his leg. Burns nods at him in approval. The two circle once more and lock up this time Scrow pushes Oscar into the corner. Slater slowly breaks them up and Scrow gets a shot over the top of the ref. Oscar quickly grabs Scrow and throws him in the corner he was...

WHACK!

Burns unloads with a STIFF European Uppercut under the jaw of Scrow!

DDK:

There you go, Lance! Burns caught him with a shot!

Lance:

But look, Scrow isn't taking this lying down!

The Faithful shouting with each strike. Scrow suddenly retaliates and grabs Oscar and switches places with him and starts to unload with knife-edge chops of his own! After a few blows Scrow Irish whips Oscar into the opposite corner. Scrow charges right after him. Oscar leaps up over Scrow hits a rollup pinfall!

ONE

TWO

TH... KICKOUT!!

DDK:

Close one there! Burns looks for anything to snatch the win, but Scrow kicks out again!

Lance:

Burns argues with the official a little bit. Not something we see a lot from him. Scrow is keeping up with the former two-time FIST, though!

Burns looks at Slater as he reminds him it was only a two count. Oscar picks up Scrow goes behind him and nails a German suplex! Burns holds onto the move and then rolls over before dropping him up and over again with another German Suplex! Scrow is struggling when the larger Burns pulls him back to his feet, finally catching him with a third suplex, this time in the form of a Bridging Belly to Back Suplex!

ONE

TWO

THR... KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

Scrow kicks out again! Burns can't believe it!

Burns sits up in shock, Scrow remains face-first on the mat. Oscar gets to his feet he looks over at Scrow holding the back of his head while on his knees. Oscar grabs a hold of Scrow by the hair but just as Scrow gets to a vertical base..

POP!

Lance:

Oooh, knee strike out of nowhere!

Scrow strikes Oscar under the jaw with a knee strike. Oscar stumbles backward and Scrow quickly strikes the chest of Oscar with a stiff kick dropping the former champion! Scrow stumbles around a bit as Oscar has a look of what just hit him on his face. Scrow grabs a hold of Oscar and stands him vertical and lifts him up into a quick executed brainbuster! Scrow quickly goes for the cover hooking a leg.

DDK:

That's gotta do it!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I can't believe that didn't get Scrow the win! He almost had that win!

Scrow heads to the corner of the ring waiting for Oscar to get up. Burnsie gets to his hands and knees and Scrow strikes Oscar in the side of the head with a knee strike. He goes again for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Again, he kicks out! Scrow had him beat there, but Burns kicked out again!

The Faithful are going crazy! Scrow grits his teeth for a minute, He picks up Oscar and throws him to the outside. He waits for Oscar to stand back up and he takes off from the other side of the ring... he hits a Tope through the ropes into a DDT on Burns!

DDK:

Flying Tornado DDT through the ropes by Scrow! Burns is done!

Scrow is slow to get up and Oscar is not moving. Scrow looks out into The Faithful who are enjoying the match. He picks up Oscar and throws him back in the ring he slides in and quickly goes for the cover once more!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...!

Oscar gets his shoulder up!

Scrow can not believe it, questioning Slater about the count. The fans are going completely nuts by this point as he looks out to the Faithful, wondering what he has to do next.

DDK:

Come on, Scrow, if you want this win then you can't worry about the people! He's got the next move!

Lance:

Looks like Scrow is setting him up for the FearFall! Burns is down and out! He's on wobbly legs.

Scrow goes for broke and all it takes is one more strike. The enigmatic striker goes for broke... NO! Burns sidesteps the hold... and LATCHES on with a Front Neck Lock! He has Scrow trapped and then rolls through on the ground with the submission!

DDK:

Burns reverses! He dodges the FearFall and has the Guillotine Choke locked in! That's a new one from Burns! This is the Graps of Wrath IV!

Burns has the hold locked in out of nothing less than sheer desperation! Scrow fights and fights, trying to swing the momentum his way and try to escape, but the former two-time FIST has the hold in tightly, trying to keep him from moving. The Faithful continue to get loud and call out as Scrow tries to fight...

Lance:

He's holding on! He's trying! He's trying to fight his way out! The Graps of Wrath IV!

Scrow continues trying to hold out, however, his arms finally start to stop flailing. Burns has the grip in tight, but Scrow finally stops moving as the referee checks his arms. When he doesn't move...

DING DING DING!

After the submission is called for, Burns collapses to the mat and both he and Scrow are done.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match as a result of referee stoppage... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

WHAT A MATCH! SCROW ALMOST HAD THE BIGGEST WIN OF HIS SINGLES CAREER, BUT OUT OF DESPERATION, BURNS CATCHES HIM WITH THE FLASH SUBMISSION AND CHOKES OUT SCROW!

Lance:

Scrow has nothing to be ashamed of after a performance like that! Burns was down and out and had to pull out something new to win tonight.

Burns has his arm raised on the mat, still nursing a sore neck after the Brainbuster and the Tornado DDT that he took. He slowly starts rolling over and uses the ropes to get back to his feet as Scrow rolls out of the ring, still barely coming around after being subdued by the Guillotine Choke.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU NOW?

DDK:

What a win right there for Oscar Burns! He's back on the winning track but this is was the type of match that could make Scrow as well.

Lance:

Burns catching his breath now, but... WAIT, LOOK!

As Scrow is limping out of the ring, Burns takes notice of three men coming out from behind the curtain.

Gunther Adler.

Shooter Landell.

And the Southern Heritage Champion... Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

He called out Burns earlier tonight... and it looks like he wants an answer from the former two-time FIST.

Burns doesn't have much in the tank but when he does see them coming, he puts up his guard. Gage stands front and center as Shooter and Gunther each surround the ring. The three men look like they're going to try something...

DDK:

No, wait!

As the three men start to surround the squared circle, Burns' protege "Bantam" Ryan Batts slides into the ring and comes to the aid of his best friend.

Lance:

Ryan Batts out here to try and aid his mentor, but... they're not attacking. Look!

Gage simply has a microphone and stares up at Burns.

Gage Blackwood:

I know you heard me earlier, Burns. And I want an answer. Now.

The three men continue to surround ringside while Gage nods at Gunther to toss a microphone into the ring for Burns. Still exhausted from his match, Ryan hands him the microphone and Oscar brings his attention to Gage.

Oscar Burns:

(huffing)... Oh, GC... trust me, I've heard. I've heard and I've... I've been hearing the same bitter and whiny garbage out of you for MONTHS.

Twists and Turns catches his breath.

Oscar Burns:

You're right... I ain't the FIST any more. We lost to the Sky High Titans. But I'm not like you. When things don't go my way, I don't pack a sad, throw a massive wobbly and make a bitch out of myself like you.

The crowd lets out an "OOOOOOOOOOH!" after that. Gunther looks like he wants to fight but Gage raises a hand to get him to stand down.

Oscar Burns:

You want me as a scalp on your little mantle, eh? You think I'm falling? Not even, GC. I haven't gotten where I am today by ducking challengers, especially from you, you bitter little man. I accept.

Burns throws the microphone at his feet and gets ready in case Gage and his cohorts try something.

DDK:

There you have it! It's going to be Gage Blackwood putting up the prestigious Southern Heritage Championship against the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns! A title he's never held.

Lance:

And what a match that's going to be!

And his next move?

Gage smiles and motions to Gunther and Shooter to leave. The crowd jeers the trio heading to the back while Burns and Batts watch them leave. Twists and Turns waits for him to try and make a move or even provide a rebuttal but Gage looks satisfied he got his answer and the match made official for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Gage looks pretty pleased with this tonight. How are things going to escalate between now and MAXIMUM DEFIANCE?

Lance:

I'm not sure, but you know that they will.

Burns and Gage lock eyes one more time as the scene cuts to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

ANIMAL CROSSING: NEW HORIZONS

Cut back from commercial.

The scene is backstage where interviewer Jamie Sawyers stands behind the DEFtv backdrop. He sees Tyler and Conor Fuse brush by him again but knowing better this time, unlike two weeks ago, he doesn't ask them what they are doing.

It's moments later where Tyler stops dead in his tracks and like a pitbull, turns around and stares Jamie Sawyers down.

Breaking over a month of silence, Tyler finally speaks.

Tyler Fuse:

You don't want to know what we're up to!?

He demands from Jamie.

The interviewer is at a loss for words.

Jamie Sawyers:

I... uh...

Tyler methodically walks over to him and snatches the mic from his hand.

Tyler Fuse:

Why have we chosen Seattle's Best? Why have we watched them wrestle these past few weeks? Why? You want to know why!?

Tyler's face is beet red. He hasn't blinked since stalking the interviewer.

In a sudden moment, Player One's anger fades away and he smiles sadistically.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry, Jamie. You'll see soon enough.

He pushes the microphone back into Jamie's stomach. Tyler leaves the scene to his younger brother, standing there and looking over Sawyers. Conor shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

You wouldn't like it when my brother's angry. No one will like it.

Conor smiles from ear to ear and then jumps up and down obnoxiously. He tussles Jamie's hair and scurries off to find his brother.

Cut back to the arena.

NOW WITH MORE BUSINESS PROPOSALS!

"Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels ↪

As they belt out the lyrics, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, complete with grin on his face. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute.

DDK:

Welcome back, folks and... yeah, we've got The Sky High Titans coming out here! What a main event they had on our last show against the team of "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and "Bantam" Ryan Batts. Burns and Batts tried, but in the end it was Minute that got the pin over the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

And my sources confirmed that they're out here to talk more business. They wanted the Pop Culture Phenoms as their first opponents, but you saw how that went. The PCPs refused because they didn't feel like the match suited them, then turned around to scope out their Unified Tag Title match.

Now behind them, the forms of their co-managers, Thomas and Junior Keeling appear on the stage and in what has to be a bizarro turn of events, are getting cheered for once in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Did you ever think you'd see the day The Family Keeling were cheered by the fans?

Lance:

I'll admit that's still pretty vexing to me, but the fans love this team that just came out of nowhere to rise to the top of the division!

Uriel holds out one of the Trios Titles and one half of the DEFIANCE World Tag belts while Minute does the same, leaving Junior to hold the last of the Trios belts. With their collection of belts in tow, the current champions enter the ring. Uriel throws off his Minute replica mask and then gives it to his small tag partner to throw into the audience! Uriel Cortez and Minute smile as Thomas and Junior Keeling take center stage to make with the talking.

Junior Keeling:

DEFIANCE! Please welcome... PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING... your Unified Tag Team Champions! He is the giant that stands seven foot tall... (the crowd joins in)... AND A HALF! He is the Titan of Industry! He is wrestling's best-dressed giant that'll kick your ass and look good doing it! He is Uriel Cortez!

A big cheer for the gold-clad giant as he spins around the ring once in a nice Brooks Brothers suit. He holds his belts out and winks at the camera.

Junior Keeling:

And his partner, the man with more hops than a brewery... the 21-year-old dynamo that PINNED "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns to help us keep these titles in a certified banger of a main event! The TJ Tornado! The Sky High Kid... Minute!

Minute raises his titles and gets a nice ovation himself.

Junior Keeling:

And combined, they are The Sky! High! Titans!

The crowd roars in approval for the talented duo that has become an almost overnight sensation in DEFIANCE. Thomas Keeling now has the microphone.

Thomas Keeling:

Now with the fun part out of the way, we're getting down to business. Last time we came out here, we put out a challenge for not just any tag team to face us, but the team that has been called by many as the best team in DEFIANCE, bar none. The Pop Culture Phenoms. And what did they do when we made the challenge to Ms. Ares and Mr. The D? They RAN like cowards. Did you pay your hard earned money to see people run from a fight?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Thomas Keeling:

Little lady, as great as you are and as talented as your group is... you sure are dumb. We're The Family Keeling and we'll take on any challenge, anywhere, and any time. You say that you fighting us was like charity? We don't want your charity, Ms. Ares. We want your scalps! The Sky High Titans want the best competition that DEFIANCE has and history says the PCPs are it, so if the five of your little group and muster two stones between them, then we extend the challenge again. Mr. Cortez and Minute want you in this ring tonight with these Unified Tag Team Titles on the line!

The crowd clearly wants it judging by the response as Uriel wants the microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

And if we have to find you and drag your asses out here to make this happen... I'm game.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

As the sound of party techno resonates through the WrestlePlex, the Faithful sing a song of their own... only it sounds a lot more like the word "Boo" very, very loudly. Wearing a crop top leather jacket over her usual black and gray ring attire, Elise Ares walks out side by side with The D, wearing matching attire of his own. Everyone knows, however, the Pop Culture Phenoms travel in packs, so no one was surprised with Klein, Flex Kruger, and O-Face come piling out of the backstage area like a clown car. Without her trademark LED sunglasses, Elise is visibly pissed with microphone in hand.

Elise Ares:

Oh boooo, all the poors don't like us anymore... let me tell YOU something the world should be upset about. I'm back there filming a scene for our new film, minding our own business, when these Keeling clowns come out here AGAIN and INTERRUPT MY SCENE!

As the crowd cheers, The D quickly darts in.

The D:

Perfect lighting. Perfect acting. Perfect directing... RUINED. You two are bound and determined to push back the release date of this masterpiece, but I assure you that you can't take away GREATNESS. That's both on the screen and in that ring... no matter how many times you guys come out plead for the Pop Culture Phenoms to make you famous, we're going to keep telling you to get good, scrubs. Did I do that right?

Klein shoots him back a thumbs up.

The D:

Now if you'll excuse us, we have magic to make. Ciao!

The 5-pack turns around to leave, but Uriel Cortez raises the microphone back up to his lips, only to be immediately cut off by Elise Ares.

Elise Ares:

Hold your slack-jawed opinions, giant poor, I got this one. Well, I've been thinking, The D, that maybe we've been too hasty on these up-and-comers. They understandably just want to tell all their friends when they're old and irrelevant that they once shared a ring and got the famous beat out of them by the PCP.

The D looks questionably back at Ares, who appears to be having a change of heart.

Elise Ares:

I know... I know, we have vastly more important things to do, like get that Netflix cash, but I think I have a solution that will make EVERYONE happy. Mind if we do a quick huddle? I don't like sharing brilliance with... these people.

Jeers begin to rumble from around the WrestlePlex as Elise drops her microphone to the floor and the five members of PCP form a circle on the staging area. In what can only be described as terrible television, they spend upwards of 30 seconds completely ignoring a television show is going on and discussing a plan while Family Keeling seem to be doing the same in the ring.

DDK:

Well, uh... looks like we have some time to kill here, Lance. You've interviewed some of the players here involved before, any clue what might be going on here?

Lance:

Yeah, everyone in that circle are coming up with ridiculous ideas that we can't even begin to wrap our heads around. And everyone in that circle are trying to figure out what in the world could possibly be going on in the other circle.

Uriel and Minute are in their huddle with The Family Keeling when suddenly, Minute shoots his head out and looks over at the opposite huddle, looking at the PCP. The D pokes his head out. He makes a wanking motion, then Minute flashes him the double tall man right back as the crowd laughs and they go back into their circles.

DDK:

Well, that doesn't need any translating on either side.

Finally, The PCP breaks and The D emerges with a shit-eating grin and a microphone in hand.

The D:

If you want the Pop Culture Phenoms, you GOT THEM. Klein. Flex. Go show them why they don't deserve to share a ring with us.

Thomas Keeling facepalms, but Minute and Uriel Cortez are willing to beat the arrogance out of any of them they can get, and look more than ready to do so tonight. As the PCP make their way to the ring, Elise Ares barks instructions at Hector Navarro to clear the area. The camera goes to the referee who is now trying to keep the two sides separate. On one side of the ring, Uriel Cortez and Minute have the Unified Tag Team Titles and hand them over to the official. On the other side, both Flex Kruger and Klein look ready for the chance to bring some gold to the group.

SKY HIGH TITANS (C) VS. FLEX KRUGER AND KLEIN

DDK:

Well, this isn't exactly what The Family Keeling had in mind. The Sky High Titans issued a challenge to the PCP for the Unified Tag Team Titles but tonight they'll be wrestling their heavies, Flex Kruger and Klein with their titles on the line!

Lance:

They were all Trios champions with The D at one point when the Trios and Tag Titles were separate. Tonight, they have the chance to walk away with the gold and if The Sky High Titans look past them for even a second, Kruger and Klein will make them regret it.

And to Darren Quimbey we go for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and this is for the Unified Tag Team Championships! Introducing first, in the corner to my left, they are the challengers. At a combined weight of 538 pounds, representing The Pop Culture Phenoms... they are **FLEX KRUGER AND KLEIN!**

Kruger flexes. Klein raises a fist in the air. Kruger then gestures for the belts.

Darren Quimbey:

And in...

Junior Keeling stands on the ring apron and clicks on his microphone headset on his ear.

Junior Keeling:

I got this, Darren. Introducing the REIGNING AND DEFENDING DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

Cortez raises the titles and holds them out for the cheering crowd.

Junior Keeling:

"The Sky High Kid" Minute!

Minute does the same.

Junior and Thomas Keeling:

PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING! **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

And with that the Faithful cheer on the defending champs while on the outside, Elise Ares, The D and The O-Face look grossed out by the reaction of the "poors." And after the collection of titles is raised by Navarro, the bell rings.

DING DING!

Klein starts out first for his team while Minute does the same for his team. Minute gives up a lot of size to both heavies of the PCP, but he doesn't look afraid to take on the former Boxman.

DDK:

Klein and Flex are both beasts in that ring and Klein has even tangled with Uriel Cortez under much different circumstances last year. Minute will have to stick and move if he wants to get Klein off his feet.

The rest of the PCP and The Family Keeling all watch from ringside as Minute goes right for Klein's legs, trying to kick him down to size. Klein stops him by blocking a kick. He tries to flip Minute backwards, but The TJ Tornado backflips and lands on his feet out of the move. Klein tries a Clothesline when Minute ducks underneath and does a pair of front flips forward to wow the crowd before stopping near the ropes.

Minute turns around and eggs on Klein to try and come after him. When he does, Minute runs at him and connects with a Dropkick to the knee! Klein gets brought down to one knee and The Sky High Kid goes for more kicks to the leg before the bigger Klein shoves him back to the ropes. Minute then gets shoved to the corner where he leaps, does a spin across the ropes and then comes back with a big Flying Dropkick to the chest!

DDK:

Minute catches Klein off guard with his speed! And ... oh, boy, tag to Uriel Cortez!

Flex watches from the corner as Uriel gets the tag. He and Minute work together as the massive seven-foot (and a half!) Titan of Industry launches him across the ring. Klein gets lifted up into a pair of knees from Minute that rattle him, followed by Uriel running the ropes and then SMASHING right into Klein with a Running Shoulder Tackle!

Lance:

What a combination there! Klein is a powerhouse, but Uriel just ran him right over!

The Titan of Industry then measures Klein and then drives a big Elbow Drop into his chest! The crowd cheers as he makes a cover.

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Barely a two-count, but Minute and Uriel now have Klein cut off from Flex! Flex is a former Trios and BRAZEN Champion in his own right as part of the PCPs. He and Klein just haven't found an opening yet.

Uriel shoves Klein into the corner and holds him there before tagging back to Minute who runs across the apron to quickly get on an adjacent corner. Uriel raises his arms and the fans know what is coming next...

THWACK!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES! My God, we heard that up here! And look at Minute!

The crazed luchador RUNS across the ropes he was perched on and CRACKS Klein with a crowd-popping Rope Running Missile Dropkick! Klein collapses to the mat and Minute quickly goes for the cover!

Lance:

That's the Joint Venture! Is that it already?!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Klein shoves Minute off of him and sits up off the mat, but his chest and head don't feel so good right now after the Joint Venture double team. Minute grabs Klein by the head and as he tries to rise, he leaps up and over with an Asai DDT attempt, but Flex does an actual smart thing (for once) and grabs his arm to keep him from going over! Kruger tags in as Minute tries to catch his feet, but he doesn't see Kruger coming...

DDK:

MY GOD! WHAT A SHOULDER BLOCK!

Minute goes FLYING about two thirds of the way across the ring and Flex beats on his chest like he's already won the match! Klein goes back to the corner while Kruger grabs Minute off the mat and then holds him up for a Military Press Slam! Flex, one of DEFIANCE's strongest men, simply chucks him down to the mat and Minute face plants on the

ground.

Lance:

Nothing too fancy about that! And look, The D and The O-Face are loving this right now. Elise... well, I'm sure she's working on her Instagram Story.

DDK:

Sounds accurate.

She is, sure enough, taking selfies and talking to her many followers about future Netflix projects and about three more sequels to Lake Placid IV. Back in the ring, Kruger hurls Minute at his corner and then CRUSHES him with a big Corner Clothesline before Kruger tags out to Klein. The Boxman hits the ring and then follows with a big Corner Splash of his own! Minute would have fallen, but Klein hoists him up from behind and then drives him down with a big Belly to Back Suplex!

DDK:

Great work by Klein and Kruger grounding The TJ Tornado! Can this be it?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Minute gets a shoulder up off the mat, but The D and The O-Face both shout words of encouragement to the big man to keep the pressure on Minute. Cortez wants in the ring, but Hector Navarro keeps him out which allows Klein to pick Minute up and try for a Running Powerslam. He sets him up, but somehow Minute manages to squirm his way out and leans back into the ropes to keep himself grounded.

Lance:

Minute is out! But here comes Klein!

He tries catching Minute with a move when Minute goes low with another kick that sends him flying into the cable. The TJ Tornado hits him with a Tiger Feint Kick over the top rope, smacking Klein and backing him up so when Minute tries to hit him with a Springboard Missile Dropkick...

NO! CAUGHT

DDK:

Klein catches Minute and then DRILLS him with a modified Spinebuster! That could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Minute kicks out and the Faithful cheer while a shocked Klein holds up three fingers to Navarro. Navarro responds in kind with two.

DDK:

Minute tried that little flurry of offense, but Klein and Flex are just too powerful.

Lance:

And Klein drags him back to the corner to make the tag to Flex.

Flex then grabs him and then holds him up for a Press Slam before he RAMS Minute all the way down into his knee with a massive Gutbuster! Minute gasps and rolls around the mat in pain, clutching his ribs!

DDK:

That was brutal and Minute can't take much more of this! The Keelings look worried now!

Flex goes low and tries going for the cover again.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SAVED BY CORTEZ!

Cortez puts a boot into his back and barely gets there in the nick of time before Hector makes him go back to his corner. The Titan of Industry wants in in a bad, bad way but right now he can't do it so Flex goes back to torturing him. He tries to hook his arm.

DDK:

Uh-oh, if he hits that Flex Plex Dragon Suplex, this one's over!

Flex tries to get him, but Minute just BARELY has enough in him to slip away and between the legs of Flex. He tries to drag his leg and scoops him up for a big move when Minute shifts his weight...

DDK:

Eso Es Todo! He dropped him with that Tilt-A-Whirl DDT! Flex is down!

Flex holds his head in pain while Minute looks a bit worse for wear. The crowd is all fired up now and wants a tag. Uriel stomps his massive foot on the steel steps nearby while Thomas and Junior Keeling continue to watch out. Thomas directs traffic, telling Minute to follow his voice.

DDK:

Flex still hasn't gotten back up... and Minute is almost to his corner...

Lance:

HE'S THERE! URIEL IS IN!

The Faithful roar with approval! Uriel climbs over the ropes and then smashes right into the rising Flex Kruger with a Running Clothesline! He tries to get back to his feet when Uriel then catches him with a big Back Elbow to keep him grounded. When Flex tries to stand a third time (with The D telling his heavy to STAY down), Uriel kicks him in the gut and sends him flying into the ropes, only to come back and get drilled into the corner with a big Sidewalk Slam!

DDK:

There's not many people that are going to out-hoss Flex Kruger or Klein, but this may be the one man who can!

Lance:

No! Klein goes for the knee!

As Uriel rises, Klein gets into the fray now and goes at Uriel's knee with a Chop Block that sends the big man staggering into the ropes. Klein wails away at him with a volley of Clubbing Forearm shots to the chest that rattle the big man. He tries hitting the Titan of Industry with a big Irish Whip, but Uriel reverses and sends Klein flying. He ducks underneath a Clothesline from Uriel and keeps running, but when he comes back...

Lance:

WHAT THE...?! Uriel hits Klein with a huge DROPKICK!

DDK:

And Klein is gone!

Flex is starting to rise again and Uriel sees him coming when The D climbs on the ring apron trying to distract the big Titan of Industry. Junior Keeling comes over there and The O-Face gets in his way and now the two are in a massive shouting match. The D shoves him aside protecting his lady, but doesn't see Minute FLYING through the middle and bottom rope with a rocket-fast Suicide Dive through the ropes!

DDK:

Minute takes out The D! But look, Flex clubs Uriel! And a SPINEBUSTER on the giant! That can do it!

The crowd is wowed by the strength of Flex hitting a Front Spinebuster on Uriel and then going right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Uriel kicks out, but a freaked-out Flex continues punching away at the giant before he tries to set him up for another slam... but big Uriel shoves him away and when Flex comes back, Uriel RIPS through him with a Spear! Uriel rolls over and makes the tag to the returning Minute as he starts climbing the ropes. As all this is going on, Elise is STILL chatting on her Instagram Story, Minute climbs to the top rope and then leaps off that onto Uriel's shoulders... then the Frog Splash from over seven feet up!

Lance:

That's the 30 Story Splash! Minute makes the cover!

Minute makes the cover while Uriel rushes over to block Klein from getting back in the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Minute rolls off of Flex while clutching his rib cage. The bell ringing finally forces Elise to turn around as she has been largely oblivious to what's going on with those "poors" but said "poors" are being handed the Unified Tag Team Titles, raising them in the air in triumph. Her jaw drops as she sees The D, still trying to get back up from when he got taken out by inute. Thomas and Junior Keeling join the Titans in the ring and celebrate in triumph from another hard-fought title defense. Uriel raises the titles and he and Minute hold them together while The PCP regroup on the outside.

DDK:

The PCP have been taking The Sky High Titans lightly since they've called out to challenge them with the titles on the line... and twice, they've retained them over incredible competition! I wonder if this will make The D and Elise Ares reconsider this title challenge?

Lance:

It just might! The PCP tried pulling a fast one by having Flex Kruger and Klein take up the challenge. They came close on a couple of occasions to winning the titles, but tonight was the Sky High Titans' night!

The Sky High Titans and The Family Keeling continue to celebrate the big win as the show rolls on.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, stay with us! We'll be right back with more DEFIANCE action! Still, to come, Lindsay Troy's

return to the DEFIANCE ring and Mikey Unlikely defends the FIST!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON: A RETROSPECTIVE

Four Years ... Five Nights! DEFIANCE's biggest event of the year! Take a look back at the night that makes and breaks DEFIANTS!

LINDSAY TROY vs. BO STEVENS

DDK:

Faithful, we are back from commercial break and Lance, that DEFCon: Retrospective looks like a great watch! But next up we have the returning Lindsay Troy taking on a member of the Stevens Dynasty: Bo Stevens.

Lance:

The High Queen DEFIANT let Mikey Unlikely know two weeks ago, in no uncertain terms, that she wants to rectify the injustice done by former management and get the FIST of DEFIANCE back around her waist.

DDK:

For as talented as Troy is, you and I both know that's easier said than done. And Bo Stevens will be looking to throw her off that gameplan immediately. Let's take it to DQ for the intros.

CUT-TO: Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

DEFIANTS! The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

♪ "My Name Is Bocephus" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Bo Stevens, with his uncle Cary in tow, walk out from the back and make their way down the aisle. Bo's got a cocky grin on his face while Cary is the picture of smugness.

Darren Quimbey:

...from Waco, Texas...representing the Stevens Dynasty...weighing in at 234 pounds...BO STEVENS!

Bo mouths off to a few fans in the front row before climbing into the ring. He sheds his white vest and tosses it to his uncle.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage, hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts. After a few moments, she marches down the ramp, a confident smirk on her face.

Darren Quimbey:

...from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LINDSAY TROY!

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she hops onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off. She gives a Bo a sarcastic smile and crouches, ready for action.

DING DING DING!

Lance:

There's the bell and we're underway!

DDK:

Youth and strength versus experience and speed, Lance. This'll be an exciting one.

Right out of the gate, Lindsay charges into a collar and elbow tie-up with Bo. The two grapple for an advantage but after a couple circles around, neither appears to gain the upper hand until Lindsay lifts a knee into Bo's stomach. She keeps her grip on the young man and throws a couple more knees before driving him back toward the ropes. She presses him against the cables, shoots him across the ring with an Irish whip, and on the rebound, Bo throws a shoulder block which puts the Queen back a couple steps but doesn't fell her.

DDK:

Bo's very strong, but so is Lindsay. Her center of gravity is unparalleled. It'll take more than one of those from someone about her size to put her on the canvas.

Bo tries again, and again isn't successful. The frustration is visible on his face and he tries for a third, but Lindsay catches him with a drop toe hold that plants him face-first to the mat. She immediately pops to her feet, runs against the ropes, and launches herself forward with a front-flip legdrop that connects across the back of Bo's neck. She rolls him over for a quick cover!

ONE!**T-KICKOUT!****Lance:**

Just as it'll take more than a couple shoulder tackles to put LT down, it'll take more than just a legdrop to put Bo away.

Lindsay grabs a FISTful of Bo's long hair and drags him to his feet, but he sends an elbow into her stomach. And another. He gains separation and sends a Heart Punch straight to Troy's chest. With momentum on his side, he Irish whips her across the ring, then tosses him up and over his head with a BO-ily to BO-ily suplex. Lindsay crashes to the mat near the ropes and receives an earful from Cary.

Now it's Bo's turn to drag Lindsay to her feet by her hair. He wraps her up...snap suplex! Grabs her again...German suplex! One more time...Tiger suplex!

DDK:

BO Knows Suplexes!

Lance:

Indeed he does! He goes for the cover!

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!**

Both Bo and Cary yell at Carla about the count but she holds up the number TWO and gets it real close to Bo's face to further drive the point home. Bo's not happy, but there's nothing he can do except keep going to work. He starts to pull Troy to her feet...

DDK:

Inside cradle! She caught Bo napping!

ONE!

TWO!

THRNOOO, KICKOUT!

Lance:

There's that veteran know-how you were talking about earlier, Darren.

DDK:

Almost had him, too. Cary Stevens is irate.

Both Troy and Stevens are up to their feet and Bo swings wildly with a discus lariat, which Troy evades. She runs full-speed toward the ropes, gaining a head of steam, and on the return she launches herself into the air, knees locked on target.

CRACK!

DDK:

RAYNES OF CASTAMERE!

Lance:

That deadly flying double knee strike found its mark! But Troy's back to her feet!

Lindsay waits in a neutral corner for Bo to get his bearings. As soon as he stumbles upright, she strikes, snatching his arm, bringing it downward in a capture, gaining back control as she leaps up across his shoulders, and grabbing his other arm as she throws her body downward to plant him violently on his head and neck.

Lance:

That's the By Royal Decree!

DDK:

Oh my word, what impact! She's holding for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match...LINDSAY TROY!

Lance:

The returning Queen of the Ring picks up a win and Bo Stevens has nothing to be ashamed about here.

DDK:

Indeed he doesn't, although he and Cary might not see it that way.

Carla Ferrari raises Lindsay's hand in the air to thunderous applause. She looks down at Bo, smirks, and takes a moment to pose on the turnbuckles before exiting the ring.

CALLING MR. STEVENS

Lindsay Troy struts towards the backstage area, behind her in the scene you can see Cary Stevens and Carla Ferrari checking on Bo leaned against the corner. He appears to be okay, but a little woozy from the match. The medical team is waived off by the longtime DEFIANCE official when suddenly the lights go out. Lindsay Troy along with everyone else in the WrestlePlex look around for the issue.

Lance:

Darren, are you sure this isn't an every show occurrence?

Spotlights kick on through a sea of green smoke.

♪ "Scenotaph (DJA Infected Remix)" by Emanuel ♪

From a kneeling position, Matt LaCroix rises from the fog throwing his hood back on his tattered black denim vest. He begins walking down the aisle, where Lindsay Troy stands sizing up the recent BRAZEN promotion. They make eye contact, share a nod, and then Troy continues her walk backstage. Meanwhile, in the ring, Cary Stevens begins to try and motivate Bo to get up and out of the ring.

DDK:

Last week George, this week Bo... and Scott isn't even here to save him!

Lance:

His family are grown men, Darren. You heard him yourself, they can handle their own business.

DDK:

We're about to find out!

Southern Strong Style picks up the pace on his way to the ring, reaching over the barricade and picking up a steel chair as the lights kick back on. He slides into the ring and Cary instinctively shoves Bo out of the ring as a last-ditch effort, not having time to watch his nephew land on his feet and then collapse on the floor before a chair comes overhead knocking the patriarch of the Stevens' Dynasty down to the mat.

Lance:

Hoooo-ly!

DDK:

What a shot! LaCroix means business!

The crowd roars as the man known in SHOGUN as the Ace of Spades slides feet first out of the ring with steel chair still in hand, stalking Bo Stevens as he crawls across the floor, desperately trying to find the strength to getaway. Instead, accepting his fate, Bo stops and turns around to look at the eyes of the Reaper stalking him to the cheers of the Faithful.

DDK:

I don't think there's any running from this one, Lance!

Lance:

There are two things in life you can't run from, Darren. Death and taxes. Right now, Bo Stevens is looking at the Reaper!

Matt LaCroix sprints forward as Bo tries to push himself up to his feet, hitting him with a shining wizard at the same time a steel chair comes down on the back of his skull. It's almost as if the thunderous impact summoned DEFsec, who come sprinting down the aisle at the command of Carla Ferrari.

DDK:

D. I. S. Destruction In Spades from the hometown hero!

Lance:

I don't know if I'd call him a hero, but his welcome sounds a lot more heroic this time than it did last.

The Green Reaper pulls Bo limply up off the ground, before locking him into the FTW, a dragon sleeper Matt LaCroix uses to incapacitate and submit his opponents. DEFsec arrives moments afterward and forces The Renaissance to break his submission on his dismantled prey. LaCroix holds his arms up and he's shoved away, smirking as he makes eye contact with medical talking with Cary Stevens in the ring.

Matt LaCroix:

Tell ya boy tha Reaper is comin!

"Scenotaph" begins to play over the WrestlePlex again as Matt LaCroix turns his back to the chaos unfolding behind him and walks back up the aisle, leaving another Stevens in his wake.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix leaving another emphatic message to Scott Stevens tonight, and as soon as he takes the time to see it, do you think he'll take notice?

Lance:

With Stevens... you never know. If he ignores it for long enough, it's starting to look more and more like he's going to have a date with the Reaper.

THE BIGGEST FIST

The camera is backstage before the main event. Standing by to conduct an interview is the new broadcast team member for DEFIANCE Wrestling, Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, fans, I'm Jamie Sawyers and I'm going to be talking to a man that has nothing to lose tonight, but everything to gain when he gets his first opportunity at gold in DEFIANCE Wrestling ... by taking on the new FIST, Mikey Unlikely, for his championship! Welcome "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

With a big game face on the big energetic man nicknamed The Biggest Boy walks up to Sawyers. We can hear the people in the DEFplex cheer.

Dex Joy:

Jamie, pally, thanks for the intro. Fire away.

Jamie Sawyers:

Like I said ... you have nothing to lose and everything to gain tonight by fighting Mikey Unlikely for the FIST. He heard what you had to say on our last episode of DEF TV about wanting to be a champion but you've wanted to deal with Carny Sinclair first.

Dex Joy:

Oh yeah, that's all true, pally! But since Carny Sinclair apparently ran all the way back to the circus and hasn't shown up tonight, I guess my only consolation ... and I don't even want to call it a consolation .. I get the biggest opportunity of my DEFIANCE Wrestling career all because Mikey Unlikely was feeling gracious enough to duck Lindsay Troy and give me the shot instead!

Jamie Sawyers:

And title shots don't come along every day in this business. My question for you is this: are you prepared tonight to go one on one with Mikey Unlikely for the FIST?

The Biggest Boy basks in the moment and then puffs his chest up.

Dex Joy:

Jamie ... I am as ready as I can be! I can't take anything away from Mikey Unlikely! He did what nobody could do for almost a year and beat my fellow rhyming name buddy "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns for the FIST. He won that match ... but everything he did to get that match don't sit well with me. Tonight, this match isn't just for Oscar Burns.

Now he's talking to the camera.

Dex Joy:

This match is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful who are already tired of watching Mikey Unlikely show off his yoga skills and showing he can suck himself off in front of a worldwide audience! We're tired of your flaunting! This match is for people that are sick of the bad guys like Mikey and like that giant whiner, Gage Blackwood, making with the poor me routine instead of being champions this place can be proud of! Tonight, Mikey, I'm picking you up and I'm dropping you on that canvas and you're gonna look like a Hefty bag full of vegetable soup hit the pavement when I'm done! Tonight I have a Jump for Joy with your name on it!

Dex is now all fired up when he finally turns back to Jamie.

Dex Joy:

Jamie, tonight is where I rise! Tonight The Biggest Boy becomes The Biggest FIST!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF 2020



The Road to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE has begun! Available LIVE only on DEFonDEMAND!

MIKEY UNLIKELY© vs. DEX JOY

DDK:

We heard from a very fired up Dex Joy tonight and what a great opportunity this is for him! This is his first title match of any kind in DEFIANCE Wrestling and tonight he competes for the FIST! Dex has a great won-loss record coming into this match and tonight he is bound and determined to take away the title from Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

I'd like to see it happen but we have seen Mikey Unlikely stoop to any low he can to win that title. I would expect more of the same tonight.

DDK:

Mikey sounded earlier like he was taking this match rather lightly which is a huge mistake, in my opinion! We are now going to the main event with the FIST on the line!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is the main event of tonight's DEF TV and the match will be competed for the FIST!

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!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and eighty pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and looks ready for a fight. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE Faithful as he enters the squared circle. It's a pretty quick turn around time from his earlier promo but he already has a shirt that reads "BIGGEST BOY = BIGGEST FIST!!!" He takes the shirt off and waves it around and the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are giving him a nice round of cheers.

DDK:

Dex looks ready for this match to take place. He's such an agile man for his size and he's going to need all that and more to over come a very cunning opponent like Mikey.

Lance:

He's as ready as he can be. His issues with Carny Sinclair will have to take a back seat tonight. He wants payback for what happened to his friend from Brazen, Nathaniel Eye, but tonight he can become the FIST of DEFIANCE Wrestling!

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The lights die out and a single spotlight hits the stage. From behind the curtain walks the FIST of DEFIANCE to a crescendo of booing from the Faithful. Mikey Unlikely in his ring gear and of course his signature Aviator sunglasses walks out with the Championship in it's display case under his arm.

Lance:

The newest FIST taking no chances with the championship, he's got it under glass and key!

Unlikely walks to the top of the ramp and looks out over the crowd. He smiles before heading down the ramp. The Hollywood C Lister finally locks eyes with his opponent for the evening and starts running his mouth.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... The reigning and DEFENDING FIST OF DEFIANCE! From Hollywood, Californiaaaaa.... Weighing

in at 235 lbs. MIKEEEYYYY UNLIKEELLYYYYYY!

With his name announced he cups his hand to his ear, nothing like hearing yourself be announced. Walking up the ring steps, Mikey slowly wipes his feet on the apron, and tells the official to keep Dex Joy back while he gets in the ring.

In the corner he places the FIST down flat and slides it to a ringside worker. He then pulls it back at the last second.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nope, get back... Don't touch my Championship!

Mikey bends through the second rope and places the case on the ring steps. He pushes on the side of the box to reveal a hidden compartment. Out pops a metal loop. Out of his tights Mikey pulls a set of handcuffs, he handcuffs the display box containing the FIST OF DEFIANCE to the ring post.

DDK:

This is getting out of hand, Mikey has now handcuffed the championship to the ring to avoid losing it while wrestling! Does his insecurity know no bounds?

Lance:

Darren we've seen multiple titles stolen in DEFIANCE by various members of the roster, I think Mikey knows this and wants to make sure he retains possession of it at all costs.

The music dies out as Mikey takes off his sunglasses and stretches on the ropes.

DDK:

We saw earlier tonight that Mikey Unlikely is more or less ducking Lindsay Troy. The new ownership of DEFIANCE has given Mikey an ultimatum, defend the title like every other FIST in history, or relinquish the championship and retire. Obviously Mikey is not ready to give up the Championship evident by the ridiculous case he carries it around in, so when pressed he gave a title match to what he called a "Worthy Opponent" Dex Joy. Don't get me wrong, Dex Joy has enjoyed some success here in DEFIANCE, but for him to get a title match this early in his DEFIANCE run is unprecedented.

Lance:

Say what you mean Darren! Mikey Unlikely picked someone he viewed as beneath him. I hope we see Dex Joy teach Mikey a lesson tonight! I'm excited for this one!

Ding ding ding!!!

Dex rushes at Mikey but before the big man from Los Angeles can do anything, Mikey quickly tries to hide in the ropes. Mikey orders the official to get Dex back from the ropes. The fans jeer as the big monster gets told to back up and he decides to do so but he clearly doesn't like it.

DDK:

Whether you agree or not, this is a smart move by Mikey. Dex thrives on the crowd and their reactions. If he can shut that down before he gets anything going he can keep the advantage.

Lance:

That is true. He's got Dex off his game.

The Biggest Boy wants him to come out and fight but the official stays in between them. Mikey decides to come out and he gets his arms up like he is ready to fight Dex. Dexy Baby starts to close in for the collar and elbow lock up but when he goes in Mikey makes him look foolish by ducking and then heading back to the ropes again. Dex sees red, but Mikey is stalling for time again and he hides in between the ropes yelling at the official to stop Dex before he does something. The crowd is jeering.

DDK:

Mikey wrestled a perfect game against Oscar Burns and beat him straight up until he couldn't fight any more which makes it more frustrating he does things like this!

Lance:

He knows what he can do and that's playing mind games with his opponents.

The defending FIST is laughing it up because Dex looks irritated and that means Mikey is in his head. Dexy Baby is trying not to let it get to him, but Mikey decides that he's going to go one step further. When Dex tries to get at him Mikey spits on him!

DDK:

Now that is uncalled for!

Lance:

And now Mikey is trying to leave the ring!

Mikey chills out without the Netflix part and just leaves the ring while the official is trying to keep Joy off of his game. He's looking pretty proud of himself ... until Dex has had enough and reaches through the ropes to grab two handfuls of hair!

DDK:

Mikey took his eyes off Dex for one second and he might be paying for that mistake!

Dex pulls him up through the ropes and into the ring and then lets him have it with a big right hand. The shot rocks Mikey backwards and that gives Dex a chance to lick his hand and then chop Mikey so hard that he falls on his back. The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful now watch Dex when he waits for Mikey to get up ... and then rocks him with a shot gun drop kick!

Lance:

My word! Mikey now goes flying!

DDK:

What a big move by Dex! Mikey gave him an opening and now Dex is going to make him pay for it!

Dex has Mikey reeling now and he has no idea where he is. The Biggest Boy waits for Mikey again and then runs full speed with a splash in the corner that rocks him. Dex waits for him to wobble toward him and then tosses Mikey at another corner to crush him with another splash. Mikey is now left wobbling on his feet while Dex comes off the ropes and then nearly crushes him with a flying cross body!

The Faithful are on their feet and loud as Dex goes for the cover.

DDK:

I don't think I've seen many cross bodies from a man that big! And now he can win the championship as he goes for the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Despite all that he just did, Mikey's shoulder comes up first and disappoints Dex and the crowd.

Lance:

Stay on him, Dex, make your dream happen! This is your chance!

Almost like he can hear Lance's pleas, Dex Joy grabs Mikey by the hair again and then tries to attack again. Mikey blocks the shot and then falls to his knees with a jaw breaker. Dex gets rocked by the shot when Mikey finds an opening. He throws some punches upside the head of The Biggest Boy and when he's sure that he has him he hooks him by the head and tries a DDT ... but what he doesn't expect is Dex to show life and throw Mikey back into the ropes.

DDK:

Big lariat by Dex!

Dex cleans Mikey's clock with a big lariat that knocks him to the ground and then runs off the ropes before hitting a big jumping elbow drop right into his chest! The move knocks the wind out of Mikey and Dex tries to pin him a second time.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Dex has beaten Mikey to the punch, but now Dex I think is calling for something here!

Dex has the crowd in the palm of his hand and looks like he's going to try something when he catches sight in the crowd ...

Carny Sinclair.

Lance:

And there's Carny Sinclair! The man that injured Dex's friend Nathaniel Eye, stole a big Defcon win against him by manipulating Scrow and setting him on this course. And he's looking mighty cozy near the front.

Carny waves a rather sarcastic hello, but Dex tries to shut him out. He turns to Mikey and then tries a running senton ... But it misses! The ring shakes and Mikey breathes in a sigh of relief for being able to dodge the big man.

DDK:

That distraction by Carny Sinclair paid off for Mikey. Now he's got a chance to recover again.

The second that Dex Joy tries to sit up, Mikey is all over him already and punts him in between the eyes with a big kick. The blow rattles Big Dex Energy but he keeps trying to sit up and fight through it so Mikey his another big running kick. Dex still refuses to stay down for good so Mikey finally goes behind him and a drop kick hits him in the back to finally put Dex down for more than a couple of seconds.

DDK:

Good strategy by Mikey! He has that Roll Credits finisher that beat Oscar Burns. He can soften up the back of Dex.

Dex is holding his back when Mikey runs behind him and then lands a running bull dog to face plant the big bruiser back into the canvas. However Mikey is not done punishing the big man for his beating him around the ring earlier. Mikey grabs him by his neck when he tries to sit up and then drives him into the canvas with a big DDT. Mikey rolls Joy over and then kisses his knuckles prior to dropping a big fist drop right between his eyes!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Dex with the shoulder off the canvas! But Mikey is staying on him! And Carny Sinclair has to be loving this.

Dex's rival is enjoying the show and watching Mikey now stand up to throw kicks all over Dex's big body. After he is sure that he's down Mikey basks in the reaction of the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful that hate his guts. He comes flying off the second rope this time with another big Fist Drop and then covers again.

One ...
Two ...
But ... no!!!

Big Dex Energy pushes Mikey off of him! He sits up and his head is throbbing but he's looking around the crowd searching for support and he's getting it. But Mikey shuts that down when he hits another drop kick aimed at Dex's back. Once that shot hits him, Mikey climbs onto the big guy's back and knees him in the back while pulling up with a chin lock!

Lance:

Dex wants that championship! But Mikey is just as keen on keeping it and is now grounding things with a camel clutch type of move!

DDK:

He can't really lift Dex but there's other ways to soften him up and this hold can do that.

The crowd is willing on Dexy Baby to fight back when he tries prying Mikey's hands apart. However the cunning champion sits up and drops his weight into Dex's back with a seated slam then goes back to the knee in the back again. Mikey works him over and then pulls back on the neck again. He's cranking on the back of Dex.

"Dex! Dex! Dex! Dex! Dex!"

DDK:

Listen to the crowd! They want Dex Joy to shut Mikey Unlikely up for good and take that title, but Mikey has him grounded.

Lance:

Or does he?

To the surprise of the unlikeable Mikey Unlikely, Dex Joy is feeding off the fans and starts rising to his knees. He gets up a little at a time until Mikey finds himself on his back holding on for dear life. Big Dex Energy backs into a corner and crushes his chest against the corner a few times until Mikey doesn't have a choice but to let go. Mikey is hunched over but Dex is still feeling winded. When Mikey comes at him for another move, Dex spins around and pushes Mikey into the ropes before he throws him back with a release german suplex. Joy's back doesn't feel that great but Mikey looks worse than he does when he sits up.

DDK:

Uh oh. Once Dex Joy gets going he's incredibly hard to stop in that ring!

Dex picks up Mikey and then throws him into the ropes. He comes back and gets thrown in the air into a release flap jack. Mikey rises up from the face plant and gets rocked with a solid punch and then a head butt from Dex and that shot sends the FIST of DEFIANCE Wrestling back to the corner. Dex crushes him with another splash and then throws him out of the corner. Mikey comes right into his waiting arms ...

DDK:

Dex Bomb! Dex Bomb! Mikey got launched!

Lance:

I think we're going to have a new champion!

Dex falls right into a cover on Mikey and the fans count with the cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

How did Mikey kick out of all that? Dex is throwing everything and more at him, but he kicked out!

Lance:

Mikey is a tough, tough man! He's arrogant but like Defcon showed, he can back it up when the spotlight is on him.

Dex throws Mikey into the corner and a Jump For Joy does appear to be reserved for him. Dex runs ... but Mikey limps out of the ring.

DDK:

No way! Mikey is taking a powder now!

Lance:

But Dex isn't going to let him go.

Dex goes out after him, but sees Carny inch his way over the barricade. Dex tries to go after him but Carny stays just out of arms reach and points at Mikey. Big Dex Energy has to make a choice, but that's quickly made when he sees Mikey back inside. He goes back to the ring when Mikey yells at the official. He moves and then kicks the ropes up into Dex's groin! The blow catches him off guard and then Mikey drives him into the mat with a running cutter!

DDK:

Dex was torn there between Carny and the title ... and that might have cost him!

Lance:

And now Mikey is trying to get big Dex up ... and he does! Roll Credits!

Mikey's knee can't feel good but Dex looks worse after the Roll Credits hits! Mikey rolls the legs of big Dex and the crowd jeers!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

The bell rings and the crowd boos with the result. Unlikely rolls off of Big Dexy Baby with exhaustion.