

OFF TO A BAD START

The show opens to a jostling camera en route to, what sounds like, a nearing commotion. The camera turns a corner, shooting through the doorway into the Locker Room, to show DEFsec desperately trying to pull apart Reindhart Hoffman and "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio.

Spanish, German and English, all of which is being shouted, mold into an unintelligible cacophony echoing the bare Locker Room walls. The pair attempt to trade blows with one another across the shoulders and heads of DEFsec personnel. Neither seems to be making much headway but a small amount of blood coming from Hoffman's eyebrow would indicate this began before DEFsec arrived.

DDK:

It seems the first BRAZEN champion and the most recent are in disagreement!

Lance:

Question is over what!?

DEFsec continues to struggle against the scrapping pair and begin to put some distance between them.

DDK:

As DEFIANCE Security gets a handle on this situation ... we'll have more information as soon as possible!

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-fifth edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me is Lance Warner!

Lance:

And things are off to quite the raucous start, Darren!

DDK:

Indeed, Lance and I've been informed that Victor Vacio and Reinhardt Hoffman are scheduled to compete tonight but not against one enough ... but as a tag team taking on the DEFIANCE newcomer DEacon and High Flyer IV ... here tonight!

Lance:

One has to wonder if the news of their impending team up is the cause of the pair coming to blows.

DDK:

In past weeks, both Victor and Reinhardt, have run afoul of the recently debuted Deacon and I would think the opportunity to get their hands on him would have been accepted with a little more enthusiasm.

Lance:

It's hard to know with our cameras only reaching the incident while it was being broken up but it could simply be the language bearer much like we saw between Vacio and Magdalena two weeks ago on DEFtv!

DDK:

Very true, Lance but what it all boils down to is can the pair coexist long enough to emerge victorious over Deacon and High Flyer IV, a little later tonight! And speaking of a little later tonight ...

Darren shuffles some papers as the first side by side graphic cues up. Matt LaCroix vs. Flex Kruger.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix, who has been picking off the Steven's Family one by one lately, will be in one on one action with former BRAZEN Champion, Flex Kruger!

Scott Stevens' World Tour graphic.

Lance:

And speaking of the Steven's Family, Scott Stevens' continues his World Tour ... still oddly defending his ACE of DEFIANCE title and we'll get to see that match up that took place this past week, in India. This time against "The Golden Tiger" Sanjay Raj Singh!

Gage Blackwood vs. Hurtocker Holt graphic.

DDK:

You don't want to miss that one folks... and as far as Champions go ... The Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood will be LIVE here on DEFtv taking on Hurtlocker Holt! Gage may have a chip on his shoulder the size of the rock of Gibraltar but you honestly cannot argue with his results!

Lance:

Certainly not, Darren. Gage Blackwood has had a commanding reign as the fifteenth ever Southern Heritage Champion!

Seattle's Best vs. Adler and Shooter graphic.

DDK:

Also in action, tonight, Seattle's Best; the team of Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama will take on Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell!

Lance:

And we have to wonder, Darren ... will we see the Fuse Bros. 360 in the front row once again!?

DDK:

Time will tell, Lance. The Brothers Fuse have been showing up amongst the Faithful during both Scott Douglas' and Kerry Kuroyama's matches, so far we have not been able to get a clear answer out of either, Tyler or Connor, about their true intentions.

Lance:

The tag action doesn't stop there!

Main Event graphic.

DDK:

Not at all, Lance! Our main event here tonight; The UNIFIED Tag Team Titles are on the line!

Lance:

The Sky High Titans defend those UNIFIED titles against the newly reformed Pop Culture Phenoms! This should be one hell of a match, Darren!

DDK:

Unless PCP pulls a fast one once again!

Theodore Cain vs. Roosevelt Owens graphic.

DDK:

And right now! Theodore Cain of the Gulf Coast Connection is set for in ring action against Big Rosey ... Roosevelt Owens of No Justice No Peace!

Lance:

If these two are allowed to have a good clean contest, this will be quite the match, Darren!

DDK:

Agreed! Fingers crossed ... Let's go to the ring!

Darren and Lance mug for the camera awaiting the cutaway. It doesn't come for some reason. Darren's eyes shift suddenly and it looks like he is being given a message via headset. He seems confused by the information but quickly snaps out of it and continues on.

DDK:

Well, folks. I apologize for the confusion... Apparently we have more time left in the segment.

Lance:

/apologize, Darren. I must have missed something...

Darren shuffles through his papers again, shaking his head no.

DDK:

No ... no, we covered everything.

Lance:

Are you sure?

DDK:

Yeah, we never have time to get through everything with Ang -- ohhhh. I see what happened here!

Lance: *[knowingly]*

Ahh

DDK:

Hold on... I'm being told ... yes, we are now ready for some LIVE DEFIANCE action!

Cut to the crane swooping over the excited Faithful as Darren pitches to the match.

THEODORE CAIN vs. ROOSEVELT OWENS

The crane cam settles in on the stage as the DEFtv logo floats around the DEFiatron. Lights lazily flutter about until...

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Theodore Cain walks out on stage to a warm reception while sporting his signature purple and yellow wrestling gear.

DDK:

One-third of Gulf Coast Connection will be in action and he's noticeably heading to the ring alone tonight.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. Aaron King and The Crescent City Kid haven't been cleared to wrestle yet so Theodore Cain is a one-man show for the time being.

Cain climbs between the ropes and holds his arms out, showing off his sculpted physique.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from *NEW ORLEANS*--

The Faithful jump in with an obvious pop for the plug.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 265 pounds, THEODORE CAIN!

Cain shows off his muscles once more before the house lights dim significantly.

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

Roosevelt Owens emerges from behind the curtain to a few astonishments but mostly boos. The sheer girth of Owens imposes its will on the fans in the first few rows as he stares maniacally at his prey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, from Marietta, Georgia, weighing in at 478 pounds, ROOSEVELT OWENS!

A few risk taking fans dare to reach their arms out in hopes of scoring a high five from Owens but instead, he scowls at them from afar before rolling into the ring.

Lance:

Owens is a massive mound of a man, that's for sure!

DDK:

Both competitors looking to right wrongs here as Cain fell in defeat to Fuse Bros. 360 at DEFCON but more recently, Owens is looking to bounce back after a loss from The Biggest Boy, Dex Joy.

DING DING

Cain tries to get the jump on Owens with a forearm shiver but the big man simply absorbs the assault and tosses him to the canvas.

DDK:

And immediately, as soon as this match starts, Cain tries to assert himself, only to be cast to the side by Owens.

Grounded but certainly not defeated, Cain uses the lower area to his advantage by tackling Owens at the legs. The big man flops on his behind.

Lance:

Take down by Theodore! Impressive!

Cain is quick to his feet as he introduces his shin to the side of Roosevelt's face a few times.

DDK:

Harsh kicks to the temple are keeping Owens down for the moment!

Cain thinks gaining some momentum behind his kicks is a good idea, so he propels himself off the ropes, only to be met with a savage Samoan drop that rattles the ring to its core.

DDK:

Owens popped up spryly for a big man and delivered quite a devastating blow!

Owens floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Enraged, Owens holds up two fingers and begins arguing with the referee which allows Cain a moment to catch his breath.

Lance:

It would be wise for Owens to stay on his opponent here, even though he has the size advantage.

Cain slips out of the ring and quickly sets up a table he finds from under it.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Just what the heck is Theodore Cain thinking, setting up that table?

Owens turns his attention back to Cain and notices the table on the outside. He fumbles his way between the ropes and onto the apron, kicking away at Cain but not showing great balance.

DDK:

If Owens isn't careful, he's going to put himself through the table!

Cain tries to coax his opponent to do just that but instead, he ends up getting too close to Owens.

Lance:

Owens has Cain by the hair! He might fall victim of his own circumstance!

The crowd is uneasy as Owens pulls Cain onto the apron alongside him. Cain wrestles away from the clutches of Owens and quickly ducks back into the ring. Owens follows.

DDK:

Cain figures he's better off getting away from the danger even though he initially set up the table for Rosey.

Owens stalks his prey but again Cain is resilient and bicycle kicks the knees out from under Owens. The big man stumbles back against the ropes and is met with a leg sweep. Cain jumps on top for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Near fall for Cain!

Theodore Cain has to catch his breath as evading and creating offense against the tank-like Roosevelt Owens is very taxing. The Faithful begin to rise up and show their appreciation for Cain's efforts.

Lance:

Cain drops a few hard elbows on Owens! He's putting all his weight behind those!

Willing himself to victory, Theodore Cain signals it's time for Bottoms Up.

DDK:

There's no way Cain will be able to drive Owens down let alone lift him up! However, he will try it nonetheless!

Cain gets in an anticipatory stance, readies his muscles as Owens rises, picks him up and immediately slams him down.

BOTTOMS UP!

DDK:

Unbelievable! He most certainly did not get all of it but Cain still drove Owens into the mat!

Now gasping for air, Cain moves slowly to cover Owens. The referee waits until the cover is initiated before slamming his hand on the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

SMACK!

The sound of steel meeting flesh reverberates throughout the arena as Cyrus Bates stands tall over Theodore Cain, chair in hand.

Lance:

WHAT THE!?

The referee looks up at Cyrus in pure fear. The fans in the arena notice Malak Garland and Teresa Ames lurking on the outside of the ring, all grinning evilly.

DDK:

It's Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates, and Teresa Ames! The Comments Section are here but why!? I thought they retired from DEFIANCE!?

The referee signals for the bell but is cut down immediately by a vicious chair shot to the arm by Bates.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by disqualification, THEODORE--

Malak snatches the microphone from Quimbey's hand.

Malak Garland: *[Pointing at the referee]*

WE DON'T NEED ANY MODERATION FOR THIS, MODERATOR! THIS IS OUR FORUM!

Teresa slides into the ring and promptly kicks the limp body of the official out of the squared circle. By this time, Owens has rolled away from Cain and stares at The Comments Section with confusion. Malak joins his fellow Keyboard Warriors in the ring as they glance around the arena, soaking up their few moments in the spotlight.

Lance: *[confused]*

I thought they retired too, or at least that's what they told me as a result of our interview at Shimmering Reflections.

DDK:

Well then, what are they doing here!?

Malak lowers the microphone and whispers something to Bates first, then Owens. The big man half-smiles, shrugs his shoulders and nonchalantly leaves the ring. The Comments Section circles around a fallen Theodore Cain like internet trolls smelling fresh meat.

DDK:

Just what are they going to do with Cain?

Cyrus discards the chair and pulls Cain up. Malak speaks into the microphone once more.

Malak Garland:

Teresa, get in position! Cyrus! Cyrus! Gorilla press slam this surfer scum into oblivion!

Malak finishes his sentence as he points to the table on the outside. The fans remain wary while Teresa slides out of the ring, whips out her phone, and sets it to capture photos in *burst mode*.

DDK:

No! No, don't do this!

Bates hoists Cain up high, which is no small feat in itself. The big man walks the member of the Gulf Coast over to the side of the ring where the table looms below and promptly deposits him down.

CRASH!

Malak's exuberance cannot be contained as he hops around like an annoying child. Fans cover their mouths in disbelief that Cain was dropped from such a height. Teresa puts a thumbs up in the air, indicating she got some great pics of the destruction and Cyrus grins sadistically.

Malak Garland:

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! *[Speaking to Teresa]* Did you get them? You got them!? PERFECT! Those pics will be great additions to our Victim Library Album! Share them right now! I don't even care what filter we use! Select sepia for all I care!

The Comments Sections celebration is short-lived as finally, The Crescent City Kid and Aaron King come rushing down to the ring, much to the adoration of The Faithful. However, Malak and company are quick to escape before a true confrontation can unfurl.

DDK:

Look at The Comments Section! Hightailing it for the hills just as the rest of Gulf Coast Connection arrive on the scene!

Lance:

I'm still in shock of what I've just seen, Darren. I mean, no less than two weeks ago, I was sitting across from an overly rattled, ultra depressed Malak Garland and now he's happy-go-lucky and out here orchestrating a devastating attack on Theodore Cain!

Warner's voice rings with irritation as Bates and Ames disappear into the crowd but Garland is sure to stop and fire one last cocky glance back at Gulf Coast Connection with one final *comment*.

Malak Garland:

You know what? I've thought about it long and hard and to be honest, retiring isn't really what I need at this time. We never actually submitted any paperwork anyways so, ummmm, yeah! See ya around!

Garland sprints away as the hard cam focuses in on Kid and King tending to Cain in the wreckage of the table.

Cut to DDK and Lance.

BREAKING INTO THE BUSINESS

DDK:

It has already been an eventful show and we're just now getting under way. But we have to talk about last week. What an amazing performance by Dex Joy against Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE and one he might have had won, had it not been for Carny Sinclair.

Lance:

Carny Sinclair has been a thorn in the side of Dex Joy for months now and has yet to get his hands on him since stealing that win from him at Defcon. We've seen Carny taunt him endlessly.

DDK:

Yeah. And Dex Joy's luck appears to have gone from bad to worse because right now, we're going to take a look at some footage from earlier this afternoon in the parking lot of the Wrestleplex.

EARLIER TODAY

The camera shows security footage from earlier in the afternoon. Outside the car are two security guards speaking with an incredibly irate Dex Joy. The passenger side window of the truck has completely broken and some parts of what appear to be clothes belonging to Dex are scattered around the pavement.

Security Guard #1:

Dex, we're gonna need you to calm down!

Dex Joy:

I'll calm the hell down as soon as I put somebody's ass through this concrete, pally! What the hell happened? Where's my wrestling gear?!

Security Guard #2:

We're still trying to determine what happened, sir. We've got security looking at the footage.

Dex Joy:

I know damn well who did this! It was that double-talking snake oil selling lazy-ass moocher Carny Sinclair! Where the hell is he?

Security Guard #1:

Mr. Joy, can you please compose yourself?

The guard tries to restrain the angry Dex, but the Biggest Boy shoves him away.

Dex Joy:

Get your damn hands off me! If you don't know who did this, then Biggest Boy Insurance just opened for business, pally! Somebody just tried to file a claim and The Biggest Boy is collecting the damn deductible on their Ass-Whipped Policy!

The always colorful Dex storms off and the security guards look at each other.

Security Guard #2:

Is ... is that even how insurance works?

The other security guard shrugs and they go back to checking on the broken window of Dex's pick up truck as the footage goes away.

DDK: [voice over]

We will be right back, stay with us!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF2020

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

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

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is the second "defense" of the ACE of DEFIANCE by Scott Stevens as he traveled to India to take on the Ring Ka King Heavyweight Champion, "The Golden Tiger" Sanjay Raj Singh.

Lance:

Stevens had a successful "defense" in Mexico, but from what I gathered on Sanjay his size and strength is comparable to Stevens.

DDK:

Stevens and The Golden Tiger clashed this past Saturday in Pune, Maharashtra, India and here are some of the highlights from the match up.

The scene opens up to thousands of screaming fans as they await the Main Event of the evening between Scott Stevens and Sanjay Raj Singh.

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 mixed reaction and the Texan makes his way around the ring smacking the hands of his supporters and threatening to smack the ones that argue with him..

The sound of a tiger growling is heard as ten dancers, five male and five female, come out and start dancing on either side of the ramp as "Beware of the Boys (Mundian To Bach Ke)" by Panjabi MC & Jay-Z brings out the Ring Ka King Heavyweight champion. Sanjay Raj Singh is draped in a golden rope and turban, and he's led to the ring with two Bengal tigers in each hand, one white and the other orange.

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

Sanjay takes it to Stevens early with a display of slams.

10 minutes later.....

Stevens tries to gain the upper hand with clothesline, but Singh avoids it and takes Stevens down with a sidewalk slam for a two count..

15 minutes later.....

Stevens tries to catch his breath on the outside of the ring, but Sanjay makes it difficult as the Golden Tiger attacks him at every turn.

25 minutes later.....

Stevens is able to turn the tide in his favor by hitting a spinebuster after a missed clothesline attempt for a two count. Stevens begins to pick apart Sanjay by attacking his shoulder.

45 minutes later.....

The Golden Tiger is obviously in pain, but still in control of the match as he is seen whipping Stevens into a corner and charges in to deliver a shoulder tackle, but Stevens avoids it and Sanjay collides with it. Stevens, seeing an opportunity he had hardly seen all night, hits a running Toxic Sting to take down Sanjay before adding insult to injury by locking in his cross-face submission. The official checks Sanjay, who is unconscious, rings the bell, and Stevens is announced as the victor to a mixed reaction. Stevens holds up his newly won championship along with the ACE and MWF championships.

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

DDK:

Another successful title defense by Stevens.

Lance:

By the skin of his teeth Keebs. By the skin of his teeth.

DDK:

Where will Stevens "defend" his championship next?

Lance:

No idea, but if he has any trouble like he did this week it isn't going to be pretty.

Cut to backstage.

WINDOW WARRIORS

Backstage, in a sterile examination room of DEFMed, the Crescent City Kid and Aaron King look on with concern as a nurse tends to Theodore Cain's injuries.

Aaron King:

Hey, bruah. The Kid and I just wanted to apologize for not being there quick enough, tonight.

Cain grimaces each time the nurse touches his rib cage. The Crescent City Kid nervously rubs the back of his mask.

Aaron King:

We never saw something like this coming and to be honest, we were nowhere near a position to prevent anything because we are all still recovering from our own injuries.

Cain lets out a yelp as the nurse lifts his right arm, checking its range and dexterity.

Theodore Cain:

[Looking up towards his fellow surfers] It's okay. I get it. Really. I barely escaped major injury. My ribs are a bit roughed up, but you know what, I only blame Malak Garland for this calculated assault. If anyone thinks this wasn't planned, they're crazy!

Silence befalls the examination room as the nurse continues to work.

Theodore Cain:

I want to call The Comments Section out and show them how real wrestlers handle things. Face to face.

Miraculously, Cain doesn't have to wait for his wish to come true as Malak, Cyrus and Teresa simply appear through the other side of the wire mesh insulated windows. The Crescent City Kid just points at them, as the rest of Gulf Coast Connection stare down their newfound enemies.

DDK:

Well look who it is! The Comments Section has swung by DEFMed to see the damage they caused earlier.

Malak seems to be very happy. His grin cannot be contained. He clasps his hands beneath his chin, trying to hold in the joy.

Malak Garland:

Hi, Theodore.

He waves at Cain, almost sociopathically, like his brain was still processing the amount of damage Cyrus caused earlier.

Malak Garland:

The pics we took of putting you through the table have already gone viral. Just thought we'd let you know that!

Cain tries to rise from his seat but the immense pain in his ribs keeps him restrained.

Malak Garland:

So, you're all probably wondering what we're doing here. Well, my mental health was significantly poor during the past week because not only did I have to think about The Faithful not liking me, but I had to think about how much they all liked all of you! So we decided to do something about it!

The members of Gulf Coast Connection look on as serious as they've ever been. Malak continues to berate them from behind environmental protection.

Malak Garland: *[Fake chuckling]*

Then look at what happened. The pics we took together got views!

Cyrus whispers something in Malak's ear, to which he agrees.

Malak Garland:

Gulf Coast Connection, you three really need to hold on tight because we're going to permanently fix this problem on the next DEFtv. The only way we can do that is with even more posts that will get even more views! It's okay though because they will all come at your expense! Comment, submitted.

Gulf Coast Connection has had enough and all three begin to bark invites for The Comments Section to enter the infirmary to settle things but as they have become known, Malak, Cyrus and Teresa remain true to their window warrior status and scurry off.

DDK:

More cowardice shown from The Comments Section but they've made it known that Gulf Coast is most certainly their next target, if not a source of viral views online!

The scene fades as King and the Kid refocus back on Cain.

Cut back to the DEFarena.

MAX LUCK (W/MASON LUCK) VS. ALECZANDER THE GREAT (W/ANGEL TRINIDAD)

DDK:

Are you ready for the next match, Lance? We've got one half of The Lucky Sevens, Max Luck taking on one half of Team HOSS, Aleczander The Great! One of the seven foot twins will be taking on the powerhouse from Britain and this one won't have many style points.

Lance:

Yeah! These two teams have had two tense confrontations between them already. We saw Aleczander The Great issue this challenge on Uncut and Max Luck decided to accept. It's going to be interesting to see who gets the duke in this one! Max Luck is seven feet tall and just tips the scales at three-hundred one pounds. Aleczander gives up some height, but he's a former bodybuilder. Over the years, he's pulled off great feats of strength.

DDK:

That he has! And both Mason Luck and Angel Trinidad will be at ringside for both of their teams so don't expect this one to be a friendly competition by any means!

Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall!

♪ "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:

Accompanied by Angel Trinidad ... he hails from Manchester, England and weighs in at 269 pounds ... he is Aleczander The Great!!!

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 jeers them as Aleczander enters the ring. Aleczander waits for his opponent of the evening.

7 7 7

The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jack pot ...

*This is why the World Series of Poker
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game
They consider no limit the only pure game left*

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the two seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp, standing back to back arms folded like they are ready to rock and roll. The two appear to be identical twins that both have brown hair and matching goatees. One twin wears red thigh length trunks and gold boots, the other wearing green and gold boots and both with "777" across a pair of weight belts.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by his twin brother Mason Luck ... from Las Vegas, Nevada ... he weighs in at 301 pounds ... MAX LUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!

Lance:

Here they come!

DDK:

They've been earning fans quickly! They've come to DEFIANCE Wrestling to follow in the footsteps of their grandfather, the great "Wild" Winston Shoot. They want to make themselves known as DEFIANCE Wrestling and that's something Team HOSS has taken exception ... look out!

Max steps over the ropes and when he gets into the ring, the bell rings when the muscle-bound Aleczander The Great takes the fight right to him with right hands!

DING DING!!!

Aleczander uses his strength and pushes the taller Max Luck into a corner before burying his shoulder into the chest of the opponent several times. The musclebound brawler continues to hit the shoulder tackles in the corner and has Max Luck sucking in wind. When he gets out of the corner, Max is left stunned while Aleczander goes over and high fives big Angel Trinidad through the ropes.

Aleczander The Great:

We're the most powerful team in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Not these wankers!

Aleczander comes out of the corner and then rushes again at Max Luck, but the taller man throws a knee up and catches Aleczander in the face. Max Luck then jumps to the middle rope and dares Aleczander to come at him again. Angrily, he charges at the corner but the crowd cheers Max when he leapfrogs over Aleczander off the middle rope!

DDK:

Wow! Great agility from the seven-foot Luck!

Lance:

And he catches Aleczander flush with the big boot on the jaw!

Aleczander goes down like a ton of bricks and the crowd is cheering Max Luck while Mason remains on the outside, giving his brother the verbal support. Aleczander stays down when Max raises the hand to the sky and mimics rolling dice before heading off the ropes to deliver a running jumping elbow drop right to the heart of Aleczander!

DDK:

And that's the Box Car Elbow! Big moves by Max Luck!

*One ...**Two ...**No!!!*

Max gets up and pulls Aleczander off the canvas. He lets him have it with three big right hands and the third one knocks Aleczander on his back again. He waits for Aleczander to try and get back up, but when he takes off the ropes, Angel Trinidad grabs his leg behind the referee's back! He brings Max to a knee while Mason Luck rushes over to try and get at Angel. Max gets distracted and that gives Aleczander the chance to get back in the game ...

DDK:

Wow! What a spear by Aleczander The Great! Max Luck goes down!

Lance:

Thanks to Angel Trinidad!

The official doesn't see what Angel did and he shrugs and walks off, away from Mason Luck who wants nothing more than to slap the bigger Team HOSS member silly. Back into the ring, Aleczander sits over the fallen body of Max and

then lets him over it with a series of right hands until the official decides to step in with a five-count and a warning to break it off. Aleczander keeps punching until the official gets to four and then he backs off.

Aleczander is all smiles now and he waits for Max to stand before he runs at him with another big shoulder tackle that sends Max flying into the nearby empty corner. Aleczander then backs up and charges with another spear right into the corner and with that, Max gets brought down to a knee. The crowd is jeering Aleczander now as he goes over and kicks him between the shoulder blades.

Lance:

Like we said before ... Aleczander is not a small man and he's got more than enough power to take control of anybody in DEFIANCE Wrestling, no matter what size!

DDK:

That's right! And now what is he doing?!

Aleczander stands over the kneeling Max and then clobbers him in the chest exactly ten times, completing the combo called Clanging and Banging! The cover then follows that.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Luck almost got beat there! Neither of the Lucky Sevens have tasted defeat just yet, but that was close!

Lance:

Now, what does he have in mind? I think Weapon Flex?

DDK:

Yep, that big lariat from that size 22 arm!

Aleczander waits for him to get up and starts warming up as the crowd jeers. He calls them wankers and waits for Max to get up. When the giant finally stands, Aleczander comes running, but doesn't expect Max to block the lariat with a kick to the arm! Aleczander flinches and then tries again with the other arm, but a double ax handle from Max breaks that up!

DDK:

Wow! Max had the Weapon Flex lariat scouted well! And he fights back with some big soup bones!

Max wails on Aleczander's face with about three big rights and the third shot knocks Aleczander down again! When he gets back up in a daze, Max Luck grabs him and then drives him down with a big scoop slam. Aleczander tries standing again and he gets taken down just as fast with a massive gut wrench suplex into the mat!

Lance:

Max is turning the tide back in his favor now! He's tossing around Aleczander and making it look easy!

Max points at the turnbuckle and then climbs to the top. Angel Trinidad tries to head over that way, but Mason Luck stands in his way and dares him to try and get in the way. Max Luck is now on top and the seven-foot powerhouse flies off and cleans Aleczander's clock with the Check-Raise diving clothesline!

DDK:

Check-Raise by Max! I think that might be it!

Lance:

I agree! He's looking for a big win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

He kicks out again, but Max raises the claw into the sky and most of the Faithful do the same!

DDK:

Here we go! Both brothers have adopted their grandfather, "Wild" Winston Luck's old Winning Hand Claw into several moves of their own! Are we going to see one?

He has the Winning Hand locked in on Aleczander! The crowd cheers on the claw, but Aleczander decides to go low and throws a kick below the belt! The crowd jeers and in full view of the official, Aleczander gets disqualified! He decides to go for one more while Max is kneeling over and throws a knee to the ... lucky ones ... and now he's down!

DDK:

Max was on the way to a win! Uncalled for!

Lance:

I'm pretty sure that they don't care!

Seeing things about to break down, Angel Trinidad slides into the ring and helps Aleczander lay into Max Luck while he's down! Mason Luck is right behind him and pulls Angel off of his twin brother before the two trade rights in the ring! He continues, but the numbers game gives Team HOSS the advantage when Aleczander goes low and takes out the left knee of Mason with a shoulder!

DDK:

Max is still down and out!

Lance:

No! Trampled Underfoot by Angel Trinidad! He stuck that pump kick right into Mason's face!

Mason Luck is down now and the crowd jeers Team HOSS while they attack the giants, laying them out in the middle of the ring. Max is still trying to limp up despite the pain he's in and he charges right at Aleczander, trying to save his brother by throwing him to the ground. He grits it out and tries to fight, but Angel is right there to clock him with the Trampled Underfoot pump kick as well!

Angel Trinidad hoists Max Luck up with a full nelson and powers him up into a powerbomb by Aleczander then they both spike him down!

DDK:

Double team powerbomb by Angel and Aleczander! They called that The Greatest Move in the HOSS-tory of our sport! They're both down!

Lance:

And that's a powerful message sent by Team HOSS! It doesn't matter how big you are. They've asserted themselves as DEFIANCE Wrestling's most dominant force and they just laid out a pair of giants to show that.

Angel and Aleczander decide to keep it classy and they rip off the "Winning Hand!!!" shirt of Mason. They both hock loogies on the shirt and then throw it on the mat before they head back up the ramp.

Lance:

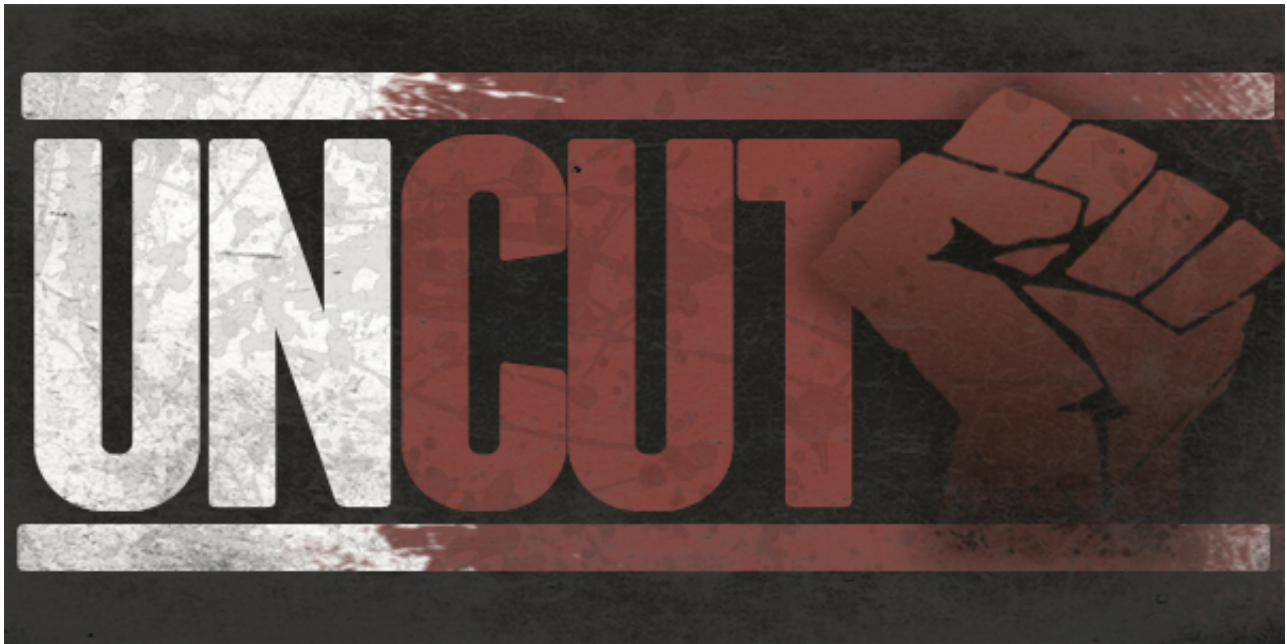
Classless.

DDK:

Team HOSS don't care about class. They care about hurting people.

Mason and Max are both trying to sit up while Angel and Aleczander both take off, laughing over what they've achieved here tonight by laying out the dominant Lucky Sevens.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

REUNITED

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!

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

DDK:

After a hard fought battle at 134 against The FIST it appears "The Biggest Boy" and Dex Joy' have some words to say to The Faithful.

Lance:

Over the past few months The Faithful have fallen in love with this man, he has done the one thing Scrow has failed to do to win their amoration. But thanks to Carny Sinclair, we've seen his luck go down the drain. And after what happened earlier in the parking lot with Dex Joy's truck getting broken into ... you have to think that Carny Sinclair had something to do with that.

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp, dressed with the intent to wrestle but instead of his signature singlet, he's wearing one of his t-shirts on loan by marketing. "Reading: Biggest Boy Insurance!" with a pair of black basketball shorts and orange wrestling boots, he storms to the ring.

DDK:

Those boots ... they look like Oscar Burns?!

Lance:

Could be! Dex isn't in a good mood ... and how'd he get that shirt made so fast?

Dex is in the ring now and has a microphone.

Dex Joy:

First off ... thank you to Lindsay Troy for helping me out when Mikey Unlikely tried to take my head off cause I tried to take the FIST. I might have lost, pally, but you won't be forgetting who I am any time soon! And thanks to Oscar Burns for lending me his boots because my stuff got stolen earlier tonight. But now ... I have to yell at a certain somebody cause Dexy Baby is PISSED!!!

Dex is steaming mad and he's frothing at the mouth.

Dex Joy:

CARNY SINCLAIR! YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM ME FOR THE LAST TIME, PALLY! YOU STOLE THAT WIN FROM ME AT DEFCON! YOU STOLE AN OPPORTUNITY BY INJURING MY FRIEND, NATHANIEL EYE! AND NOW, YOU BREAK INTO MY CAR AND STEAL MY GEAR!

And now he's loud again.

Dex Joy:

THE BIGGEST BOY DON'T NEED TO BE COLUMBO TO KNOW YOUR ASS TOOK MY THINGS! CARNY, GET YOUR SLIMY NARROW ASS DOWN TO THIS RING AND TAKE YOUR BEATING LIKE A MAN! AND OSCAR, IF YOU WANT THESE BOOTS BACK, YOU'LL NEED TO DIAL UP CARNY'S PROCTOLOGIST.

Dex continues to pace back and forth in the ring and stops the moment he hears.

♪ Beat the Devil's Tattoo by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club ♪

DDK:

Dex got his wish and Carny is not coming alone.

Lance:

Neither Carny or Scrow look like they are prepared for a wrestling match here neither of them have any ring gear on.

The Faithful clearly show their hatred for the duo by a chorus of jeers throughout the DefPlex. Carny looks out into the crowd for a minute and finally turns his attention to his rival.

Sinclair:

Blah blah blah, seems all you want to do tonight is bitch and moan. I will tell you what you want to fight?

DDK:

Carny is heading to the ring, Dex might get his wish here.

Lance:

Yea but he is not alone Scrow is right there with him.

Dex motions for him to come on. Carny and Scrow reach midway up the ramp and stop.

Sinclair:

I changed my mind.

The Faithful jeer loudly at Carny.

Sinclair:

Matter of fact as you can see I am clearly not in my gear. I tell you what...

Carny looks over at Scrow.

Sinclair:

Scrow accepts your challenge, have fun.

Scrow looks at Carny surprised by what he just said. He looks back at Dex who clearly is more than willing to take Carny up on his offer. Scrow says something to Carny off the microphone. Carny says something back and points at Dex. Carny starts to head back up the ramp, with Scrow watching him walk up the ramp to the front of the stage. He motions for Scrow to take care of it, Scrow looks back at Dex. He clearly is not happy with Carny slithering out of a fight.

Dex Joy:

I don't care which one of you wants to fight me at this point ... but I promise you this Carny that tonight, what I do to your puppet Scrow, eventually when your legs get tired, I'm doing the same to *YOU!!!!*

SCROW V. "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY

Scrow reaches the ring pointing at Dex who waves at him to get in the ring. Scrow quickly looks at The Faithful shouting...

DDK:

The Faithful clearly in the corner of The Biggest Boy Dex Joy tonight.

Lance:

Yes they are, and you can see the absolute disdain for them all over Scrow's face.

DEX ENERGY! DEX ENERGY!

The chant just literally makes the young man seeth at his disgust for Dex Joy. He quickly slides in the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

These two clearly are no strangers to one another, their first meeting Scrow was disqualified for spitting his yellow mist in the eyes of Dex.

Lance:

Scrow clearly was not expecting a match tonight, and was just thrown into this match by that devious Carny Sinclair. Will he bring back that yellow mist again tonight Darren?

The two quickly start exchanging blows, until Dex quickly starts to overpower Scrow. With one spinning forearm blast sends Scrow to the outside. Dex hypes the Faithful up more as Scrow pulls himself up with help from the apron. Scrow around the ring clearly annoyed with The Faithful cheering for Dex. He slides back in the ring. Dex stares at him as the two circle for a moment until they lock up.

DDK:

Scrow has had a pretty rocky road since DEFCON, he badly needs a win here tonight.

Lance:

That is true but he was not expecting to wrestle here tonight, and to be against one of the hottest guys here in DEFIANCE either.

Scrow quickly transitions into a top wrist lock. Yet again Dex uses his power once more and drives his mammoth frame forward quickly breaking the hold and sending Scrow to the ground. Scrow stares up at Dex, and Joy wastes no time he picks up Scrow and irish whips him to the ropes! He leap frogs then drops to the mat then lunges at Scrow with a back elbow to the skull of the deranged man! He quickly goes for the cover!

DDK:

Dex trying to finish it quickly here, he sees Carny has yet to leave the entranceway. I will bet he sees red right now when he glances over at Carny.

ONE!

T..rolls shoulder!

Lance:

Scrow career may be on a downward spiral, but he has proven over the last couple of months that he is not one beat so easily.

Joy wastes no time and picks up Scrow and throws him with force into the corner turnbuckles. On impact Scrow slams face first into the mat. Dex shouts a war cry toward the Faithful. Scrow has turned over and is sitting in the corner. Dex

moves in as he goes to pick up the young man, Scrow quickly jams his thumb into the eye of The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Slater never saw the dirty tactics of Scrow.

Lance:

Coming from someone who strives to be accepted by The Faithful. THAT is not going to help his case.

Dex turns around holding his eyes. Scrow gets to his feet and quickly chop blocks the left knee of Dex driving the big man to the mat now directing his attention to his knee. Scrow quickly grabs the left foot and lifts Joy's leg up in the air and slams his knee into the mat! Dex growls in pain. Scrow continues then quickly steps on the back of the knee and lifts Joy's leg up again this time adding a stomp on the back of the knee!

DDK:

Scrow knows Dex is not going to be beat toe to toe, and it looks like he wants to ground the powerhouse.

Lance:

It's a sound strategy, you take away what makes Dex so difficult to beat not just with strength but agility for a guy his size.

Dex rolls over holding his knee in pain. Scrow staggers back a bit, catching his breath for a moment. Dex tries to pull himself up with help from the ropes Scrow lets him waste the energy to lift that mammoth frame Dex has. He quickly drives his right leg into the chest of Dex the moment he gets to a vertical base quickly dropping Joy to the mat. Scrow grabs the left leg once more and pulls him to the center of the ring.

DDK:

Scrow has probably the most impactful strikes here in DEFIANCE, and it appears he is still not done with the left knee of Joy.

Lance:

It has worked so far, Joy has not been able to get to a vertical base very long since the chop block.

Scrow quickly puts Dex's left leg in a horsecollar submission move! Joy is being asked by Slater if he wants to quit. The Biggest Boy refuses but clearly is in a lot of pain. Scrow with what strength he has tries to increase his elevation to put more stress on the injured knee. Dex on the other hand is desperately trying to crawl to the ropes.

DDK:

Scrow digging deep in his arsenal a horsecollar submission on the injured left knee

Lance:

Dex is fighting to reach the ropes, he has got to know the longer he is in this hold the more damage is going to be done to the knee.

Dex is finally able to reach the ropes and Slater forces Scrow to break the hold. While Joy holds his knee near the apron. Scrow brushes past Slater admonishing him about holding the move longer than it needed to be. Scrow picks up Dex and pushes him off the ropes sending him in a Irish whip to the opposite cover. Scrow quickly hops the second rope and backflips as Dex returns he lands behind him grabbing Dex's chin and falling backward into a flipping death drop! It clearly gets a reaction from the Faithful, Scrow quickly goes for the cover!

DDK:

What an incredible move there Lance!

Lance:

Is it enough though?

ONE
TWO
Shoulder raised!

Scrow can't believe it, Scrow waits for the Dex to pull himself up. As he does Scrow unloads with a flurry of kicks followed by strikes with his hands and elbows. Dex clearly knows the striking skills of Scrow and quickly covers up during the flurry. Just as Scrow finishes it Dex quickly spins and drives his elbow across the jaw of Scrow dropping him quick! Dex stumbles into the cover trying to catch his breath. Scrow gets to his feet holding his jaw. Dex has gotten his bearings and runs not with as much force as he normally has and quickly strikes Scrow flipping him up and over the top rope to the floor with the Midnight Runner!

DDK:

Scrow just got hit by a locomotive there, but Dex is still feeling the effects on his knee.

Lance:

Yea, he can barely put his weight on his leg.

Dex slaps his left knee to try and get some feeling into it, before exiting the ring and picking up the stunned Scrow and tossing him in the ring quickly following behind him limping. He drops a clubbing blow to the back of Scrow before lifting him up looking for the Dex Drive as he picks him up and starts to swing him he drops him mid motion. Scrow looks up and Dex looks down at him and waves his finger Scrow. The deranged man enraged gets up and strikes Dex the two exchange knife edge chops.

DDK:

Dex knew exactly what Scrow was going to do, and this time The Biggest Boy was ready for it.

Lance:

Clearly Dex must be a student of his matches in his off time.

Scrow quickly spins around and The Faithful clearly notices him rubbing his jaw. As he turns around Dex quickly meets him with a european uppercut the yellow smoke spits up in the air. Dex clearly knew it was coming.

DDK:

There it was Scrow tried to blind Dex like he did in their first meeting!

Lance:

NOW He has him up!

Dex quickly lifts up Scrow and nails the Dex Drive! Quickly covering!

ONE
TWO
THREE!!!

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

Quimbey:

The winner of the match THE BIGGEST BOY....DEX JOY!!!

Joy gets to his feet, as Slater raises his hand he stares over at Carny who has watched the match from the rampway this whole time. He shakes his head and walks to the back disgusted and then Dex gives chase!

DDK:

Dex wins this match but he's not sticking around to celebrate! He wants Carny to pay!

Lance:

Look at him go!

Carny is already far from sight, but Dex is already halfway up the ramp ready to fight the man that has been a thorn in his side for weeks.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

DEACON & HFIV vs. VICTOR VACIO & REINHARDT HOFFMAN

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE BEST OF: BURNS

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

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS AND "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS VS TO THE MAXX

Cut back from commercial.

DDK:

We've got tag team action coming up next, Lance! It'll be the team of "Bantam" Ryan Batts and the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns versus BRAZEN's own To The Maxx!

Lance:

To The Maxx have been a fixture of the tag division down there and what a major opportunity this is for them! Oscar Burns managed to get himself out of this big match slump that he was in with an amazing win over a very game Scrow. Now he's looking to build on that with a win with his young pupil, "Bantam" Ryan Batts.

DDK:

With that said, it's time to go to ringside for the next match!

And to the ring we go with Darren Quimbey bout to make that cheddar.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, making their way to the ring...

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 448 pounds... they are the team of **"Bantam" Ryan Batts... and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!**

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead. Looking to the ring ahead pensively, the Joint Chief of Joint Locks raises a finger in the air, garnering cheers from the crowd. Dressed in his bright orange tights and wrestling shoes and a yellow "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns makes his arrival towards the ring. Behind him, "Bantam" Ryan Batts has on a black shirt in yellow that says "HEY, I LIKE GRAPS, TOO!" Both men head to the ring awaiting their opposition.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents at a combined weight of the 489 pounds... This is the team of "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle! **TO THE MAXX!**

Finally the tag team emerges from the curtain. Lance Mingle is wearing a flowing pink robe, tied off in front. Showing off a little bit of chest hair. Meanwhile Exclusive Eric Wilson, sports a leather jacket over his ring gear, a backwards trucker cap that says "RAD" on it, and a pair of tie dye retro sunglasses. The pair pose at the top of the ramp and the crowd boos unenthusiastically. They head into the ring and the 80's throwbacks enter before posing for the jeering crowd.

DING DING!

Batts and Wilson start off the match and the two men lock up before The Exclusive One actually wins the opening with an 80's style Arm Drag. He celebrates prematurely while Batts slowly gets back up. Kid Catch waits for Wilson to turn around and then snaps him over with a Japanese Arm Drag! Wilson gets surprised by the newfangled move and when he gets back up, a second one catches him. He scrambles to his feet again only to get taken down with a Dropkick by Batts!

The crowd cheers on the former WrestleFriend and Burns watches his protege from the corner. When he turns around, he pushes Exclusive Eric into the ropes and then trips him up with a table trip. Wilson rolls backwards and then Batts catches him in the jaw with a Single Leg Dropkick to the jaw!

DDK:

Fancy footwork by Batts! He's as well-rounded as I think anybody else is in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

And now what's he doing?

Kid Catch waits for Wilson to stand a second time, then grabs the arm before taking him to the corner. Burns tags in and the two men take turns hitting Arm Wringers on Wilson! Burns! Then Batts! Then Burns! Then Batts! Then Burns! Then Batts! All that before Batts returns to the corner. Burns grabs the arm and then snaps him over with a quick Arm Dragon Screw to the mat! Wilson grits his teeth while Lance Mingle watches from the corner, concerned for the well-being of his partner.

DDK:

Burns and Batts almost won the Unified Tag Team Titles a few weeks ago! They've only been a regular tag team here for about a month, but they've trained together for years. They know each other's moves!

Lance:

Batts back in now!

Burns grabs Wilson and then BLASTS him with a European Uppercut to the back of the head, propelling him into a stiff European Uppercut from Batts followed by a Release German from Burns... followed by a jackknife roll-up from Batts!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Wilson kicks out, but now Batts is going after that arm! He's got that Fastest Armbar in the West finisher he can bust out!

Batts does a Standing Senton on the left arm of Wilson! He flinches and when Batts decides he's going to go for broke, he tries for the Fastest Armbar... no! Wilson out of desperation shoves him into his corner where big Lance Mingle cracks him with a big punch! The blow sends him staggering back to Wilson who catches Batts and drops him with a big Running Spinning Wheel Kick!

Lance:

Cheap shot by Mingle! But they have the advantage now!

Wilson shakes the feeling back into his left arm and then puts Batts in the corner before making the tag to Mingle. To The Maxx use the double-teams of their wrestling forefathers in the form of a Drop Toe Hold from Wilson followed by a Pointed Elbow Drop to the back by Mingle! Mingle then holds his neck up in a Camel Clutch to give Wilson the chance to hit a cheap shot... in the form of a slap!

DDK:

Disrespectful there by Mingle and Wilson! But now they're in control!

Wilson and Mingle bask in the jeers of the crowd before Wilson returns to his corner, leaving "Lovely" Lance Mingle to play clean-up. The 260-pounder grabs Batts up by the waist and throws him into the corner before he licks a hand and CRACKS Batts with a Knife-Edge Chop! Batts reels from the shot and Burns looks on worried as Mingle follows up with a Body Avalanche followed by a Sidewalk Slam out of the corner!

DDK:

They're putting the pressure on Batts! And look! The tag made to Eric Wilson!

Wilson gets the tag from Mingle and then climbs to the top. He holds Batts and CRACKS him with a Diving Axe Handle off the top! Kid Catch hits the mat and Wilson tries for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Batts kicks out! And look at Burns! He wants the tag, but To The Maxx have done a great job of keeping Batts on their side!

Wilson makes another quick tag to Mingle. He enters the ring and the two men send Ryan Batts for the ride and try a Double Back Elbow... but Batts quickly ducks under and swings behind the larger Mingle, shoving him into and knocking down Exclusive Eric! Mingle turns around and charges, but Batts grabs him from behind, runs with him to the ropes and then POPS the crowd by hitting a Pop-up Release German Suplex on Mingle! The crowd cheers on Batts as all men are down now and Burns has his arm out, trying to will Batts back to his corner.

DDK:

What a series of counters by Batts! He's back on his feet and now he's ready to get to Burns, who's itching for the tag!

The former two-time FIST has the hand out and Batts gets the tag to him! The crowd roars as he comes in like a house of fire and CRACKS a rising Eric Wilson with a Running European Uppercut! He sees Lance Mingle starting to stand and ducks a Running Lariat, then when he comes back off the ropes, Burns runs off the other side and then catches him with a Running High Knee to the jaw!

When he's back on his feet, Eric Wilson tries cutting him off with a big right hand, but Burns ducks and returns fire by SMACKING him with the Hard Out Headbutt! Wilson crumbles like a sack of bricks and goes tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor.

DDK:

What a shot by Burns! He's in a zone since last week's match with Scrow!

Mingle is back up and stuns Burns with a big Bionic Elbow! The blow rocks Burnsie and he trips him up by the legs before trying for his Cloverleaf submission called The Deal Sealer, but Burns quickly twists his legs and throws big Mingle over! Both men meet back on their feet when Burns picks him up and drops him with a huge Exploder Suplex! Burns is now on the ring apron near his corner.

DDK:

Is he setting this up? He's looking for the Sweet As Knee Drop!

Burns yells out and the crowd join him...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

Before Burns flies off, Batts makes the tag when Burns takes flight and connects with the Diving Knee Drop to the chest of Mingle! He rolls off when Batts heads up top and flies off...

Lance:

Diving Senton! He calls that Let Gravity Do The Rest! That's gotta be it!

Batts holds both legs of Mingle for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Bantam releases his grip on the legs and then Burns helps him to his feet after the spectacular double-team finish from both men!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match.... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS AND "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

Burns and Batts both raise their hands in the middle of the ring and celebrate for the moment.

DDK:

Mingle and Wilson looked great, but Burns and Batts are showing why they can make a great team when they put their minds to it. And up next for Burns... he has Gage Blackwood at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE for a title he's never held, the Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

And it looks like Burns has something to say?

Burns has the microphone now and takes a second to breathe. The Technical Spectacle motions for Batts to give him his shirt. The one that says "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!"

Oscar Burns:

Gage "Bitter Beerface" Blackwood...

The mere mention gets JEERS from the crowd as Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah, GCs, we're not fond of that ponce, either. A couple weeks ago, you were feeling pretty stropky and gawking at my shirt like it offended you. You kept asking what this shirt and what this slogan even meant... Yeah nah bro. Gage, if you're REALLY curious, I'm more than happy to tell you.

Burns has Batts hold up the shirt as he presses on.

Oscar Burns:

This shirt says We Like Graps because that's what the people want to see! The Faithful! Team Graps! Whatever you want to call these people... they're MY people! They're our people! They want to see exciting matches! They want to see who the best is in this ring! They don't want to see you spending an hour sobbing into a pint about how people aren't giving you parades cause you did this and that and you're packing a sad about nobody respecting you.

Oscar Burns:

Gage. I have always respected your abilities in this ring, GC. There's no doubt you're a fighter... but it's truly a shame that the only thing you do better than fighting... is whining like a bitch!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Oscar Burns:

You've been talking an awful lot about me, GC, so how about this... before we go one on one for the Southern Heritage Championship at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, you can meet me in this ring. If you have something that you want to get off bitchy little chest before we fight, then I'll be right here so you can say it to my face.

Burns turns the microphone and he and Batts raise their hands to the cheers of the fans as the camera goes back to

the commentation station.

DDK:

Can't be any clearer than that! Will Gage Blackwood take him up on the face to face before MAXIMUM DEFIANCE?

Lance:

Knowing Gage, I think he won't have any issues confronting Burns.

DDK:

I think ... yes, we have Jamie Sawyers backstage with Deacon...

Cut to backstage.

I DIDN'T STUTTER

Things hadn't gone as planned. None of it. Deacon hadn't planned on being in a tag match, and he certainly hadn't planned on getting a record of 1-1 right out of the gate. If Deacon hadn't immediately headed home after doing his job at each of the shows since returning to the business, Magdalena might have questioned if he was taking the loss more seriously than needed. But he was gone, and she knew the reason why.

Jamie Sawyer:

You're up.

Magdalena turns to find Jamie Sawyer, a stalwart backstage reporter for DEFIANCE. She'd never had good luck with reporters, but maybe this one would be different.

Magdalena:

I'm sorry.

Jamie Sawyer:

Promo time. Get your boy to tell the world how Deacon feels after that heartbreaking, crushing defeat.

Guess not so different. Does everyone hire douchebags to do this job?

Magdalena:

No one told you?

Jamie Sawyer:

Told me what?

Magdalena:

Deacon don't do interviews.

Jamie Sawyer:

I've watched the tapes - he interviews just fine.

Magdalena:

Not this Mute Freak.

Jamie Sawyer:

I don't care what you did in Chicago; you're not bullying me out of this opportunity.

Magdalena smiles; she can't help it. I'm 5 foot nothing, she thinks... a buck twenty. She flushes that thought though.

Magdalena:

So, you wanna talk to the Mute Freak, huh?

Jamie Sawyer:

I didn't stutter.

Magdalena smiles wider as she grabs her cell phone and hits his number, turning the face so Sawyer can see it. It rings and rings... and rings... and, you guessed it - rings some more. With each ring, she tilts her head, letting the white hair frame her dark complexion. With her tongue, she tilts the diamond stud in her lip, letting it catch the light. After several rings

Magdalena:

I didn't stutter either.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

SEATTLE'S BEST vs. GUNTHER ADLER & SHOOTER LANDELL

Cut back from commercial as ...

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

...fades. We settle on Darren and Lance at the Commentation Station.

DDK:

Here we go folks, welcome back to DEFtv! We've got more great tag team action and this time at least a pair of teams who are somewhat familiar with their partners!

Lance:

Yes, Darren. Seattle's Best may be newer to the tag team scene but the pair go back many years and many promotions! And though we haven't seen their opponents tag all that often ... these two have been thick as thieves here for months... mostly notably carrying out Gage Blackwood's dirty work.

DDK:

And speaking of those two ... well henchmen, let's go to the ring where they await the arrival of Seattle's Beat!

Cut to the ring.

Shooter and Landell mull around as Darren Quimbey prepares to make the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

The following TAG TEAM match ... is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and twenty pounds ... the team of Shooter Landell annnd Gunther Addddler!

Shooter and Adler pose and taunt the Faithful to a chorus of boos and then ...

♪ "Together We'll Never" by Green River ♪

The Faithful come to their feet and the noise level in the Wrestle-Plex booms!

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred and fifty two pounds... From Seattle, Washington ...

The Faithful begin to drown out Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

... "Sub Pop" Scott DOUGLASSSS ... [pauses for crowd reaction] ... and "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG!" KERRRRY KUROYAAMAMAA!

As Seattle's Best theme rings over the Wrestleplex PA system with its grunge tones, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas steps out from behind the curtain. He takes the stage with "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama following close behind. Both men stand stoically side by side on the stage as the moderate pyro shoots off around them.

DDK:

Although, since leaving the side of Gage Blackwood, Shooter and Adler's attentions have not been on either Scott Douglas or Kerry Kuroyama ... there still is no love lost between these men!

Lance:

Right here on DEFtv as we headed toward Ascension, Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler carried out a BRUTAL attack on Scott Douglas, which some posit weakened the former SoHer heading into his bout with at the time Southern Heritage hopeful, Gage Blackwood.

Scott and Kerry make their way to the ring and enter.

DING DING!

Shooter and Adler attack at the bell catching Kerry and Scott off guard. Referee Benny Doyle struggles to regain order in the opening minutes of this match. Gunther dumps Scott Douglas between the ropes and leaves him laying on the apron before dropping down to the floor himself. Shooter Landell starts in on the stunned Kerry Kuroyama working him over in the middle of the ring. Doyle is doing all he can to get some separation between Adler and Douglas on the outside but he's having a tough time, while the action continues in the ring.

DDK:

This is off to a messy start, Lance! I hope Benny Doyle can get this under control!

Landell leans Kuroyama into the ropes and shoots him off to the other side. On the return, Landell swings with a back fist but Kerry ducks and continues through. Off the ropes once again, Shooter drops down, Kerry steps over and into the ropes once more. This time, Shooter won't be dodged and lands a big knee lift, flipping Kuroyama and landing him down on the mat.

Lance:

Benny is a fine referee but he can't be in two places at once!

On the outside, Adler seems happy with his work on Douglas and leaves him laid out on the apron as he takes his proper place across the ring. Inside the ring, Shooter grabs the grounded Kuroyama by the waist and lifts him up for a Gut Wrench Suplex.

DDK:

Holy cow! That's dead weight, all the way from the canvas!

Lance:

Very impressive display by Shooter Landell!

Shooter with the cover. Douglas is back to his feet but unable to even make an attempt at breaking up the pin.

ONE!

T --

DDK:

Only an one count!

Shooter doesn't waste any time arguing over the count and grabs Kerry by the wrist, dragging him from the mat and applies an arm wringer, leading the Pacific Blitzkrieg toward Adler in the corner.

TAG!

Adler enters the ring as Landell holds the twisted and extended arm out. Dolye warns the pair but neither pays any attention as Adler puts a stiff boot to the already strained shoulder of Kuroyama. With Kerry reeling, Adler drops back to hit the ropes ...

DDK:

NO! Cheap shot by Gunther Adler!

Instead, he barrels into Scott Douglas with a big back elbow, throwing the DEFIANCE's Favorite Son to the ringside floor. Happy with himself, Gunther returns to Kerry and grabs the arm wringer once again. This time lifting and snatching down repeatedly, only pausing to twist once again. Kerry, seeing his only opening, spins on one knee and

flips himself backward from a headstand to reverse the arm wringer. Before he can finish this sequence off and put himself in a more favorable position, Gunther thumbs him in the eye with his free hand.

DDK:

Despicable tactics here from Gunther Adler, as we've come to expect!

Kerry stumbles forward, half blinded with the stinging pain, and walks right into a closed fist. Doyle warns Adler but he waves the official off and returns to the tried and true; Arm Wringer. With Kerry's arm sufficiently twisted and contorted he leads him back to Shooter.

TAG!

Shooter stomps into the ring and lays a boot into the exposed and vulnerable side of Kerry Kuroyama. Adler let's loose of Kerry and exits to the apron as Doyle insists. Shooter delivers an especially vicious European Uppercut and Kerry falls flat to his back.

DDK:

I don't know how much more of this, Kerry Kuroyama can take!

Lance:

I have to agree, Darren. Kerry has shown himself to be incredibly resilient but he has taken quite the beating so far tonight! Shooter and Adler, from moment one, have successfully taken Scott Douglas completely out of this equation!

In the ring, Landell holds Kerry's ankle up and taunts Scott, who has made it back to the apron but remains ineffectual in this match.

Lance:

Looks like Ladell is looking for a Scorpion Hold here...

DDK:

OHH!

He wasn't. Rather, he stomps down on Kerry's lower abdomen. Doyle warns Shooter he was dangerously close to the low blow. Shooter isn't concerned but Kerry is in some obvious pain and likely hasn't a different opinion on the low blow call. Landell, with a wrist and an ankle, drags Kuroyama back closer to the corner.

TAG!

Adler enters the ring and the pair collectively lay the boots to the downed Blitzkrieg. Doyle forces Landell out of the ring as Adler drags Kerry to his feet.

DDK:

Adler seems to think this one is over ... it looks like he is calling for The Renaissance Facade!

Lance:

With the ring cut off and Scott Douglas completely out of this match ... He might have Kerry beaten!

Adler shoots Kuroyama off into the ropes preparing for the powerslam...

DDK:

NOT SO FAST!

Kerry digs deep and returns, leaps and crashes into Adler with a flying forearm.

Lance:

Both men are down! Official Benny Doyle is going to have to start the standing ten if one of these two cannot get back to their feet!

Doyle hesitates but eventually begins the count.

ONE!

Adlers is already stirring but he's reaching for the wrong direction.

TWO!

Kerry begins to move and knows which direction to go but finds himself nearly as far away from Douglas as he can be without being in Shooter's reach.

THREE!

Scot desperately reaches over the top rope, his arm outstretched for the tag.

FOUR!

The Faithful's anticipation builds.

FIVE!

Adler realizes his mistake and changes course, a bit ahead of Kerry.

SIX!

Adler gets to his knees as Shooter reaches toward him.

SEVEN!

DDK:

Adler is up!

TAG!

DDK:

Here comes Shooter!

Lance:

Kerry's gotta ...

TAG!

Douglas comes in hot, meeting a surprised Shooter Landell in the middle of the ring. Shooter stops on a dime and throws his hand up, begging off Douglas. It's far too late for that. Douglas throws a right and stumbles Shooter. He follows the veteran hand toward the ropes laying in a few more before leaning in and shooting him across the ring. Shooter hits the far ropes and returns, Douglas throws a huge clothesline.

DDK:

Shooter ducks!

Douglas turns, Shooter back again.

DDK:

Kick to the midsection!

Shooter doubles over. Douglas grabs the front chancery. Pulls the arm. Hooks the knee.

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

Douglas drops Shooter on his head and makes the cover.

Benny Doyle drops down for the count.

ONE!

Adler, recovered, rushes to break the pin.

TWO!

Lance:

Gunther is cut off by Kerry Kuroyama!

THREE!!!

DDK:

Seattle's Best with the victory!!

DING DING DING

Gunther, disappointed, rolls out of the ring and pulls out Shooter. The defeated pair slink away as Benny Doyle gathers Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama in the center of the ring to raise their hands.

DDK:

Shooter and Adler, their history aside ... had the right idea here. Cut off the ring and keep Scott Douglas out of this one! Quick and multiple tags, great strategy. Unfortunately for them, they couldn't keep that enough quite long enough.

Lance:

One hundred percent. While keeping Douglas out of the match, they also kept him fresh! Even after being neutralized early ... Kerry Kuroyama was able to last long enough for "Sub Pop" Scott to recover AND make the tag that counted!

LEFT 4 DEAD

DDK:

Uh, guys... don't look now!

The crowd immediately drops their cheering as the cameras show Tyler Fuse coming down through the crowd from one side of the ring and Conor Fuse coming down through the crowd on the other side of the ring. They hop over the barricade and keep their eyes locked on the two wrestlers inside.

Lance:

The Bros. are here!

By now, Douglas and Kuroyama have caught on and stand back-to-back, awaiting the Fuse's next moves.

DDK:

After watching these guys wrestle on the recent shows, this time, I don't think they are looking to remain spectators!

Conor teases getting onto the apron from the side Kerry Kuroyama is watching but then he retreats, smiling the entire time. Tyler, on the other hands, continues in his trance-like state and stares a hole through Douglas' head, not moving an inch.

The Gamers become restless and want to see a fight, believing in Seattle's Best to end up on top.

Then, Princess Desire appears for the first time in a month from the rampway, mic in hand.

Princess Desire:

Boys, boys, please.

DDK:

Who is she talking to?

Desire starts to pace her way down the ramp, looking directly at Seattle's Best.

Princess Desire:

You don't want to do this, boys...

DDK:

And Tyler Fuse wastes no more time! He slides into the ring and attacks Scott Douglas!

Lance:

Conor follows and goes after Kuroyama!

The four members battle it out, exchanging shot for shot in what looks like an even battle.

Lance:

Tyler and Conor may have gotten more than they bargained for!

Seattle's Best seems to have the upper hand as the Faithful continues to mount behind them. However, it takes one stiff headbutt from Tyler to knock Douglas on a knee while Conor digs into his tights and pulls out what looks to be brass knuckles and clocks Kerry across the head!

Being in the disposition of just finishing their own tag match, it becomes clear to the fans who really has the upper hand.

DDK:

Douglas and Kuroyama are trying to fight back...

But a knee to the face from Tyler sends Douglas down again! Conor, meanwhile, crushes Kuroyama with a superkick!

Fuse Bros. 360 do not let up.

Lance:

They are hammering away at Seattle's Best! But why... !?

Tyler and Conor stomp the ring mat dry while The Princess approaches the bottom of the ramp. She pauses with a smile.

DDK:

Tyler hits CQC on Douglas! Conor connects with PWN'd! And yet, they continue putting the boots to them! The Bros. are relentless!

Conor stops kicking Kerry for a moment but Tyler slaps him hard across the chest and tells him to continue. The Gamers are livid by now while Princess Desire casually walks up the staircase and into the ring. Finally, Fuse Bros. 360 stop their punishment. Desire stands overtop of the fallen tag team.

Princess Desire:

Weak.

She says looking down at Douglas and Kuroyama.

Princess Desire:

You two are *extremely* weak.

DDK:

That's not exactly fair! They were ambushed *AFTER* a wrestling match!

Princess Desire:

For one month, we have been watching the two of you very closely. And let me tell you boys something, we don't like what we see.

DDK:

This is nonsense.

Princess Desire:

But that's all the information you get...

She turns her attention to the crowd.

Princess Desire:

And that's all the information *YOU* get as well.

More boos roll in. Tyler's trance is still stuck on Scott Douglas. Meanwhile, Conor is jumping up and down like he's just won the triathlon.

The Princess smirks.

Princess Desire: *[to Tyler]*

The floor is yours...

Finally, Player One cracks just a tiny, subtle smile.

DDK:

What the hell is he doing!?

Tyler immediately turns his attention to Kerry Kuroyama. He ferociously pounds the left knee with a number of boots and then starts dropping his knee into it! Tyler pulls back his hair, which has become longer and rubs the side of his face, where a small beard is starting to form. He looks up at The Princess and nods. Tyler grabs Kuroyama by the left leg and drags him all the way to the ring post!

DDK:

No...

Lance:

I think we've seen this before. The same thing he did to The Crescent City Kid...

A figure four leg lock off the ring post!

Tyler hooks Kerry's left leg around the post and then locks his own feet into it! Player One drops back and hangs from the ring, using the dangling legs of Kuroyama for all the leverage as he lifts his back fully off the ground.

DDK:

THAT'S ENOUGH, TYLER!! YOU'RE GOING TO CRIPPLE HIM!

The Wrestleplex is filled with more and more boos. Just as Scott Douglas begins to come to, Conor drives a knee into the back of his head and locks him into a camel clutch so he can watch Kuroyama struggle in pain from the figure four while he tries to fight out of his own submission predicament.

DDK:

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT BROUGHT THIS ON... but some *big men* the Bros. are, stalking Seattle's Best for the past month and then picking them off when they've finished their match...

Tyler shows no signs of dropping the hold while Kerry, only half-conscious, tries to fight free by sitting up and breaking the hold with his hands... except this is done with almost no energy as he's been beaten to a pulp.

A few referees run down to the scene, in an attempt to reason with Tyler on breaking the figure four. That clearly doesn't work.

DDK:

TYLER FUSE IS UNSTABLE. Since, basically, becoming a MUTE he is something else!

Tyler pulls even harder at the leg. By now, Kuroyama is unconscious.

Benny Doyle and Hector Navarro start grabbing at Tyler. The Game-Changer still doesn't let go.

DDK:

Okay, tough guy, you proved yourself... GIVE IT UP.

Finally, after another ten seconds, Tyler breaks the figure four on his own doing. He rolls to his knees and collects many more boos while the two referees roll into the ring and check on Kuroyama, who's feet are still dangling lifelessly from the apron.

Conor drops Douglas but not before kicking him in the stomach. Player Two and The Peach Puroresu then join the elder Fuse outside the ring as they make their way up the ramp.

DDK:

I don't understand the meaning of this... but one thing is for sure, Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama are no forced to be messed with.

The camera stays on Kuroyama seeking medical help for his left knee.

Lance:

I agree with you but it looks like, for now, the damage has been done. I don't know why Fuse Bros. 360 picked these guys, either. It sounds like there's a lot more to the story but as The Princess let us know, we weren't getting all of it tonight...

Tyler, Conor, and Desire stand at the top of the rampway. Conor poses obnoxiously, The Princess seems pleased with herself, and Tyler doesn't show any expression before DEFtv cuts to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

MATT LACROIX vs. FLEX KRUGER

DDK:

We still have a lot more show for the Faithful here tonight, Lance. The main event has the Pop Culture Phenoms challenging... perhaps against their will? It's certainly a different situation.

Lance:

It seems to me like the PCP are trying to protect their reputation by taking their win against Seattle's Best and hiding behind a new Netflix movie.

DDK:

Well the Sky High Titans have their own reputation to build, and say what you will about PCP, but they were right about one thing... beating them would certainly be a big feather in the cap of the Keelings.

Lance:

They've looked fantastic so far, Darren! This is certainly a matchup that is deserving of a pay-per-view but we have it tonight! Of DEFTv!

♪ "Flex" by SIP ♪

DDK:

Speaking of the Pop Culture Phenoms... this is a song we haven't heard in a while! It's Flex Kruger! In singles competition!

Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL. Introducing first, representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. Accompanied to the ring by O-FACE. Weighing in at 275 pounds... "THE Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfectionnnnn" FLEX. KRUGER.

Marching out in bright red shiny trunks, Flex well... flexes on demand as O-Face points to the former BRAZEN Champion. His pecs bounce to the beat as he marches down to the arena through a choir of jeers. He stays hype all the way into the ring, entering with assistance from O-Face holding the ropes. He grabs the microphone away from Darren Quimbey who throws his hands up. O-Face makes a crybaby gesture and shoos Quimbey out of the ring.

Flex Kruger:

I got something I wanna say.

The music cuts and O-Face leans over and begins to shush the crowd.

Flex:

I know a lot of you out there think I'm a dummy, and maybe I'm not the smartest bulb in the shed, but I'm smart enough to know how wrestling works. DEFIANCE thinks they're going to march me out here against Matt LaCroix and give him a nice bump now that he's "earned" his way onto the DEFIANCE roster. Well, let me tell you something... these "Faithful" are about to be REAL disappointed.

O-Face chuckles as Flex can't help but bounce his pecs between breaths.

Flex:

Matt LaCroix couldn't lace my boots in BRAZEN, and "Southern Strong Style" certainly can't lace my boots in DEFIANCE. Hell, Matt LaCroix couldn't lace his OWN boots. If he could, he wouldn't be trying to earn a job at 36 years old. If Matt LaCroix was as great as the internet tries to make you believe he is, he'd be retired and in some Hall of Fame somewhere... but not here. He'd never make it here. He's too mentally weak. Too prone to failure. Too fragile to stand up to the real men in this sport. Take a look at me.

Flex smirks and flexes while O-Face screams "LOOK AT HIM!"

Flex:

Then take a look at that clown. Dad bods might be in... but dad ability? C'mon. The Ace of Spades? More like the Jack of Daniels. Go get you a bottle and get blacklisted from another fed. Keep on living on 17 year old highlights showing "potential" and bouncing from fed to fed because you're washed up. You peaked when you were 18, you're damn near 40 and still a kid, let the real men handle business here in DEFIANCE.

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

The lights go out.

Green lights hit smoke pouring from the floor and the Faithful cheer as a figure rises from one knee in the smoke with his back turned to the ring. Spinning around, Matt LaCroix throws the hood off of his head and strides through the smoke, looking down the aisle at Flex Kruger with a fierce smirk.

DDK:

Flex seems a bit...salty?

Lance:

No love lost for these two former BRAZEN rivals, that's for sure. Matt LaCroix is trying to tighten a grasp on the main roster here after a missed opportunity to do so thanks to Scott Stevens. This will be his first singles match here on DEFtv since losing to Kerry Kuroyama?

DDK:

Certainly not the way he wanted to be remembered in DEFIANCE, and new management looks to be giving him a second chance. Those matches however, tore the house down. There has been a bit of buzz on the internet questioning why he wasn't left on the main roster, and even more so why he wasn't featured on BRAZEN.

Lance:

Those of us around the BRAZEN roster honestly wondered the same. He's looked good enough in the few times he's been featured, being mainly as advertised from Japan. We just couldn't help but wonder if they were too scared of his past to pull the trigger.

Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana! Weighing in at 242 pounds... Southern Strong Style Matt. LAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

At the end of the aisle, Matt LaCroix drops his black denim hooded vest to the floor and slides into the ring. He forward rolls to one knee and looks across the ring at Flex Kruger, who waves him off unimpressed. Runessansu or The Renaissance, as he was known in Japan, simply stands up in place and adjusts his black wrist tape before backing into his corner. He paces back and forth, never taking his eyes off of Flex Kruger. His caribbean blue eyes stare with great intensity.

DDK:

Both men clearly unimpressed with each other here, Lance.

Lance:

One of the is impressive looking, the other with impressive potential. Their paths collide, right now!

DING! DING! DING!

Both men step forward and immediately go for the old collar and elbow, but Flex Kruger immediately shoves LaCroix back with immense power. Matt goes rolling across the mat but quickly gets back up to his feet only to fall victim to the power again, this time he takes a moment to analyze his opponent who greets him with pectoral dance. The Green Reaper snarls and shoots the leg of Kruger, who tries to shake the precision striker away with a leg thrust, but LaCroix takes Kruger to the mat and immediately tries to lock in a kneebar but Flex powers free.

DDK:

Looks like the power of Flex Kruger negates his lack of technical skill more than Matt LaCroix might've anticipated here.

Lance:

I think it's hard to simulate anything as impressive as Flex Kruger's strength. It's something that you always think might be overrated until you feel it for yourself.

Matt tries to go back on the offense but he's hoisted up in the air in a gorilla press and tossed into the air, landing face first onto the mat. Then Flex Kruger steps across Southern Strong Style, adding insult to injury before LaCroix pulls him back in a rollup and goes for the pin!

ONE!**TW... NO.**

A quick kickout by Flex Kruger who reaches a knee pissed off before eating a boot to the side of his skull. A series of hard, shoot strikes shakes Flex Kruger around like he's being shot by a machine gun, the crowd ooh-ing and reacting to the stiff nature of the impacts.

DDK:

WHOA!

Lance:

He comes as advertised!

DDK:

I know a certain someone who'd give a big GORRAM to that!

Kruger is reeling as Matt LaCroix slaps Flex against the side of the skull with a running, leaping yakuza kick he calls the Widowmaker, making the big man collapse face first into the canvas. Southern Strong Style catches his breath for just a moment before he steps outside onto the apron and begins to climb to the top rope. It's there where O-Face suddenly hops up to the apron herself and tries to pull LaCroix down. Carla Ferrari quickly jumps in and orders her to get down, but the distraction gave Kruger time to recover and a huge shove makes LaCroix go flying into the air and crashing into the barricade.

Flex follows by sliding under the ropes and outside of the ring. As LaCroix has one arm hung over the barricade, Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection grabs the other arm and hurls Matt LaCroix into the stairs sending him flipping over. Carla Ferrari continues to count as Flex Kruger stalks his prey, who has O-Face in his ear just screeching nonsense. Kruger gets tired of waiting and grabs LaCroix by the hair and tries to throw him back into the ring at a six count. Matt counters by sticking his leg up against the apron and Flex eats a back elbow before eating a half nelson suplex called High Tide onto the concrete floor.

Lance:

Some surprising strength from Matt LaCroix!

DDK:

Head first onto the unforgiving concrete floor on the outside! Flex just has his bell rung big time!

Lance:

LaCroix has taken a lot of damage himself, Darren. Can he capitalize?

Leaning against the apron, Matt LaCroix rolls into the ring and back out to break the count right before ten. Carla Ferrari orders him to bring the action back into the ring, LaCroix obliges... eventually, after slamming Flex Kruger's skull into the barricade and shoves him into the ring. Now inside the ring, Flex Kruger crawls across the mat holding

his head trying to recover when Matt LaCroix grabs one of his legs and wraps it around one of his own. Then he does the same with the other, locking Flex Kruger into the beginning of a Mexican Surfboard... but instead of going for the arms, LaCroix stomps his legs one at a time drilling the bodybuilder's knees hard into the canvas.

Flex Kruger screams out in pain before Runessansu does a small hop with both legs and drives both knees into the mat. Kruger arches his back on impact because of the pain, where Matt LaCroix immediately grabs his head and locks him into a dragon sleeper!

DDK:

Romero Dragon Sleeper!

The crowd cheers on LaCroix as he wrenches on the spectacularly looking move.

Lance:

Matt LaCroix calls this the FTW! He'll finish you with any dragon sleeper he can lock on, but this is his best and most effective variety! Flex Kruger has nowhere to go!

Flex Kruger has no choice but to tap, causing O-Face to scream "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!"

DING! DING!

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

The bell sounds, giving the Faithful permission to celebrate. LaCroix holds the hold for an extra two seconds before he relents at the request of Carla Ferrari. Kruger collapses to the mat and LaCroix looks around at the crowd from a knee before pushing himself up to his feet with a bit of a wince. Stepping past Flex, he holds his arm out and Carla Ferrari raises it in victory!

Quimbey:

And your winner.... Matt. LAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

An impressive showing for Matt LaCroix tonight! Sending a message to Scott Stevens, perhaps?

Lance:

Look, I know a lot of people will see Matt as a BRAZEN middler, but he's highly touted for a reason. He's done a lot in this business and while the "Best In The World" claims on the internet might be a little overblown... for now anyway, he's the real deal. He's a threat to anyone in this business if he can stay focused and in the moment, and that includes Scott Stevens.

DDK:

Well that's always been the saying, hasn't it? What if this is the time? What if Matt LaCroix finally puts it all together? People have been saying that for what... 16? 17 years?

Lance:

Hey, he did it in Japan. In SHOGUN he was damn near untouchable. Bringing him back to the United States was a big gamble and it's been touch and go so far... but this is what you bring a guy like him in for. You put him in BRAZEN, you see what he can do, and eventually you just HAVE to pull the trigger. See if this guy is going to stick it out or not.

DDK:

Well her certainly did tonight, Lance. A big win for the Reaper.

Cut to backstage.

Enemy of My Enemy

Laughing.

High-fiving.

If you guessed that this segment opens up with Team HOSS, well, you'd be right.

Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great, both sauntering the halls, still enjoying what took place earlier in the evening when they laid out The Lucky Sevens and singled out Max Luck.

Aleczander The Great:

Awww, that felt damn great, mate, didn't it? The way you smashed your boot into the side of that wanker Max's head!

Trinidad flashes his partner a rare smile.

Angel Trinidad:

Yeah. They thought they were pretty fucking cool walking up to us and talking shit when they haven't been here long enough for the ink to dry on their contracts. If that wasn't a statement to this roster, I don't know what is.

Aleczander The Great:

Hey, we could always put more boots to skulls, mate. That always makes me feel better.

Angel nods in agreement.

Angel Trinidad:

Yeah, I don't mind handing out a few more reminders. This roster's been taking it easy since we left. Not enough people pissing their pants. The next person that steps to us, Alec? Let's remind 'em.

Aleczander The Great:

Sounds good, yeah!

But before they get any further in their conversation... they're met by another face that's VERY familiar to them. As in "was a constant thorn in the side of Team HOSS' reign of terror several years ago" familiar to them.

"The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy to be precise.

Angel and Aleczander both eye her like they've seen a ghost of sorts and growl. Naturally, they get the smirk in retaliation.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh please, by all means. Continue. There's enough diarrhea of the mouth around here, I'm surprised anybody can get through the halls without a canoe and a paddle.

Angel fumes at her silently while Aleczander puts up his own dickish smile.

Aleczander The Great:

Troy. Heard you were back, too. Apparently, this place can't stop trying to put the screws to us.

Angel doesn't mince words.

Angel Trinidad:

Leave. Now. Or we'll make sure your return here is a short one, Troy. We lost our jobs once because of you and I'll be damned if you get in our way again.

Lindsay Troy:

No, you lost your jobs because of the “genius” that is “The Family Keeling.” Funny how everyone seems to forget what absolute shithawks Junior and Daddy are. But no matter.

She grins.

Lindsay Troy:

Please try to make my return a short one, Angel. I've really, *really* missed you.

“HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT”

From out of nowhere Mikey Unlikely enters the fray. Lindsay turns to look and has no time to react. He comes FLYING into the scene like a blur and DRILLS her with the FIST OF DEFIANCE Championship. Both of them go down to the floor. Mikey stands up as Troy holds her head in pain.

DDK:

The reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE just leveled the Queen of the Ring! What is this all about?

Lance:

I don't know, partner! It appears Mikey has finally decided to take the championship out of that display case he's been using!

He stands up, breathing heavily, and takes a look around the room at Team HOSS. He didn't expect others around, but when he saw an opportunity he took it. He sizes up Team HOSS and calculates the odds of him catching a beat down.

Mikey Unlikely:

You guys cool!?

Angel puts his hands up in front of him. No harm.

Aleczaender The Great:

All good, mate. Enemy of our enemy and all that.

Once the champion realizes he's safe, he looks back down at Troy and gives her a piece of his mind.

Mikey Unlikely:

You want to chase me down every week, well here I am! Get up Troy and fight me! C'MON!

Troy starts to stand, angry at the sneak attack, but Mikey lays a couple boots in for good measure, and she's sent back to the floor. She tries to get her bearings but Mikey is relentless.

Mikey Unlikely:

You can keep this!

He throws the title down at her.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's a replica, I just wanted you to understand this is as close as you will ever get to the FIST of DEFIANCE as long as I'm around!

He starts walking away from the scene, still side-eying the giants in the hall. When they leave him be, he shrugs and nods his head in understanding ... but before Mikey can fully disappear, another large man rushes around the corner and attacks Team HOSS!

Mason Luck:

Come on assholes! You wanna mess with me and my brother?

Mikey watches Mason Luck tackle Aleczander to the ground and starts letting punches fly. He can only get in a few shots before Angel runs over and throws blows to the giant. Mason fights back, but Mikey sneaks in and helps with a low blow to Mason!

Mikey Unlikely:

You don't touch the champ!

Angel and Aleczander both appreciate the assist and they now lay into Mason with kicks to his ribs. Lindsay's still down, unable to help out.

Aleczander The Great:

Did we not kick your ass enough earlier?

The kicks continue and Angel throws a production crate at Mason! He finally falls to the floor near Troy. Team HOSS and Mikey Unlikely stand over their mutual enemies, looking pretty proud of their handiwork.

Lance:

This is atrocious. Lindsay Troy gets cheap-shotted from behind by Mikey Unlikely and Mason Luck, whose heart was clearly in the right place, is double-teamed and destroyed by Team HOSS!

DDK:

I can't see either the Lucky Sevens or Lindsay Troy letting tonight's events go unanswered, Lance. We gotta take a break before our next match. Don't go anywhere, folks!

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!

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. HURTLOCKER HOLT

With Hurtlocker Holt already in the ring, Gage Blackwood's theme plays on the PA.

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

He walks out with The SOHER around his waist, his normal kilt-designed wrestling tights and sporting a new trademark t-shirt, a yellow one done in the same format as Oscar Burns. Instead, it reads "HI, I LIKE GAGE".

DDK:

As we all know, Gage Blackwood has called out Oscar Burns and Burns has accepted. The time and place? MAXDEF for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Lance:

It should be a good one, that's for sure. While Blackwood has a questionable character, no one is debating how good he is in the middle of that ring.

Blackwood makes his way down the ramp, rolls into the squared circle and hands Hector Navarro the championship. Hector turns to give the title to the time keeper, asks both men if they are ready and calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Blackwood ducks a right hand from Hurtlocker and goes off the ropes. He looks for a shoulder block but bounces right off him instead! Holt is a big man!

Blackwood smirks as he gets to one knee like he should've known better. Hurtlocker walks over and clubs The Scot in the back before Irish whipping him into the ropes. This time Holt hits a shoulder block and Blackwood smacks the canvas hard! Hurtlocker looks for an elbow drop but The SOHER rolls away. Gage gets to his feet and dropkicks Holt right in the face, a similar callback to how he put Titus Campbell on the shelf a few months ago. This, however, does not phase the big man in the same way. He's able to shake it off and get to his feet in a hurry. Hurtlocker blocks a Blackwood forearm and pushes Gage into the ropes. Hurtlocker chops Blackwood hard against the chest as the fans go "WOOOOO!". He does it again and then rifles his opponent into the ropes once more...

DDK:

Holt lowers his head but he gets a kick from Gage! Now Gage with a diving DDT and it gets Hurtlocker to the canvas!

Blackwood keeps the pace going. He shoots himself off the ropes and leaps towards Holt, hitting him with a missile dropkick as Holt tried to get up. Then he drags Holt's head from the canvas and slams his knee into it three hard times.

And a forth, causing spit to fly from Holt's mouth.

Blackwood rubs the top of his forehead, where his trademark scar sits just to ensure it didn't break open. Blackwood shouts something into the crowd and then drives his boot down into Hurtlocker's skull.

Navarro calls for Blackwood to step away so he can check on Hurtlocker but Blackwood doesn't listen for long. He drags Holt to his knees and hits another DDT after smacking Hurtlocker's back.

Gage turns to the crowd. He contemplates arguing with them on why they continue to boo but decides to go back to the match instead. Blackwood tries to take hold of Hurtlocker but the big man grabs The SOHER by the ankle and drags him to the mat. Holt looks for a submission maneuver on the ankle but Blackwood rolls away! Both men get to their feet... Blackwood looks for a forearm to the face but Hurtlocker blocks it! Instead, Holt flings Blackwood into the ropes and connects with a powerslam! The Faithful get behind Holt, who gains momentum and bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

Drop toe hold by Gage! Normally, this isn't an impressive move but I'm surprised by Blackwood's strength, as he gets Hurtlocker off-balance and on one knee...

CRACK!

Just like that, Blackwood hits The Gaelic Storm!

He struggles for a moment to move Hurtlocker onto his back but the rest is academic.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Lance:

You think the match is going to pick up and then, seemingly out of nowhere, a running knee to the face and it's lights out!

DDK:

Not just one knee. It's a running double-knee, too!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... Gage Blackwood!!

Lance:

Well like we said, Blackwood can *go* in the ring. You can see, he will still make some mistakes out there -more than likely due to his ego- but he's as tough as nails and can stand with anyone.

DDK:

Oscar Burns will be his greatest challenge yet-

THE PATHS THAT NEVER CROSSED

DDK's comments are cut off, as is Blackwood's theme. The SOHER is given his title by referee Hector Navarro but demands a microphone as well.

Gage Blackwood:

You... you know...

Breathing heavily, Blackwood takes a deep breath in and suddenly, it's as if he never took part in the match. He seems fully recovered, not out of breath and back to 100%.

Gage Blackwood:

You know, I'm actually a big fan of Oscar Burns.

The Faithful boo at the thought of Blackwood lying, even though he seems genuine and pissed off at the same time.

Gage Blackwood:

I remember the first time I met him. There were many of us DEFIANCE wrestlers gathered outside the arena, drinking and discussing coming together and fighting off the UTA invasion.

Blackwood smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

Then I never saw Oscar again. Oscar got too cool for everyone. He was promoted with the *big boys*. He goes on to fight Jack Harmer, Scott Stevens, Crimson Lord... then a FIST opportunity from Cayle Murray. Well, now *I'm* one of the *big boys* and *I'm* going to be doing the promotion.

Blackwood takes a deep breath, trying to fight off his oncoming anger and by side-effect, a thicker and more incoherent accent.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar, I have watched you since the beginning. You're no more special than I am. You hold no extra skills. You deserve no extra treatment. But for some reason you got it and I didn't. For some reason you had an opportunity for the FIST and I got nothing. You've fought countless DEFIANCE stars and the list of my victories is idiot after idiot who are no longer employed here.

Blackwood looks down at his championship.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar, we began our careers at the same time. But because you look like a back alley drug dealer from Trailer Park Boys, or something out of a blink-182 "First Date" music video, all of them loved you and you got chance after chance after chance. Do you know what it's like to sit in the back and know you're better? After MAXDEF, you **will** know this feeling. I am going to take whatever pride you have left and destroy it.

Blackwood looks dead into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

In two week's time, I invite you into this ring to stand in front of me, MAN-TO-MAN, so I can tell you how I really feel about you.

DDK:

You mean he hasn't already?

Blackwood drops the mic and leaves the ring.

DDK:

That was... interesting.

Lance:

While there is some truth to this, that Oscar's career ascended quicker than Gage's, I don't exactly understand the sour grapes. We've been over this many times now, at today's point in time, Gage Blackwood is doing just fine. He's the Southern Heritage Champion. He is arguably in a better position than Oscar Burns right now. He IS one of the big boys. I'm not sure he understands that.

DDK:

I respectfully disagree. He knows he's one of the big boys. He just refuses to let go of anything in the past.

Blackwood marches up the ramp without engaging The Faithful any further.

DDK:

What's to say he's in this position if he didn't have to fight through adversity? Blackwood is the man he is now *because* of the struggle it took to get him here. That's what I don't think he understands, Lance.

Lance:

A fair point, Keebs. And in one-month's time, Blackwood will have the biggest put-up or shut-up match of his career. It's a match where I don't think he can lose it.

DDK:

Perhaps neither of them can...

Blackwood pauses at the top of the rampway. What is becoming a trademark, he closes his eyes, takes in the jeers, and vanishes behind the curtain without looking back.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF2020

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

SKY HIGH TITANS vs. POP CULTURE PHENOMS

DDK:

Well, Lance, after the last two shows of The Sky High Titans issuing a challenge for this match to take place, they're finally going to get it. The Unified Tag Team Champions have wanted this match with who many consider to be DEFIANCE's most decorated and dominant tag team, The Pop Culture Phenoms. They had a year-long run as the first World Tag Team Champions, they've also held the Trios Titles. Now... they'll be looking to win the Unified Tag Team Titles.

Lance:

Oh, yeah, this will be a good one! Elise Ares and The D have been declining this challenge the last two weeks out of what they claim is not needing the titles... but then they've sent Klein and Flex Kruger to try and win the titles last week and came up short. They want those titles, but they want them in the main event tonight with the lights on bright.

DDK:

Yeah. And they can do that, but they have a HUGE size handicap to deal with in "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. He weighs more than both Elise and The D combined, but they are two of the most cunning talents DEFIANCE has. Not to mention they'll have Flex, Klein and The O-Face at ringside. Elise set a record as the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion prior to this PCP reunion. They are championship success through and through. And with all that out of the way, let's go the main event of DEFtv 135. The Unified Tag Team Titles are on the line!

And to Darren Quimbey for the main event.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships!

The graphics appear for the combined set of World Tag and Trios Titles on screen and the crowd cheers.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The cheers are short lived as the lights turn to strobes with red accents. Bursting through the entrance isn't Elise Ares. Or The D. Or Klein. It's O-Face, holding the world's largest aerosol can of disinfectant and spraying it all around. As the mist settles, The D and Elise Ares swag out onto the stage. They follow the mist wearing their black on gray ring attire, with Klein suddenly parting them to take point. As the poors get too close, Klein body blocks the former tag team champions. He pretends to talk into an ear piece, and the nods to Elise and D, motioning the way is clear.

DDK:

This is... just as ridiculous as I expected.

Lance:

Something I didn't expect? No Flex Kruger.

DDK:

Flex had a losing effort earlier in the night to Matt LaCroix and may be forced to take it easy here tonight, and that can't be a bad thing for Sky High Titans. We know the PCP are certainly going to throw everything they have at champs.

Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challengers! Hailing from Hollywood, California. Weighing in at a combined weight of 298 pounds. Elise Ares. The D. The Pop. Culture. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMSSSSS!

Elise Ares' LED glasses flash "WATCH" "AND" "LEARN" as they circle around ringside. Elise tosses her glasses... under the ring to keep them away from the poors. With serious expressions on their face, they both slide into the ring after O-Face disinfects the canvas. She continues to make her way around the ring, spraying down everything in sight as Klein does one last perimeter check around the outside.

Lance:

Looks like O-Face is making sure that the ring area is “poor free.”

DDK:

This might be past experience talking but someone might want to check that spray.

Lance:

Who has that much disinfectant in today’s economy?! You might be onto something!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

Junior Keeling:

NAH, NAH, NAH, I GOT THIS, DARREN!

The crowd cheers the official “promoter” of The Sky High Titans, wearing an official “SKY HIGH TITANS” Bomber Jacket and Aviators now available at defiancewrestling.com. Junior grins and then motions to the crowd.

Junior Keeling:

First, let me introduce to you the brains of The Family Keeling as well as our official coach... Thomas Keeling!

The crowd also cheers Thomas Keeling as he arrives on stage in a good-looking Brooks Brothers black pin-striped suit.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son! Now introducing YOUR reigning and defending Unified Tag Team Champions! Take it away, boy!

Junior Keeling:

Standing at seven foot one {crowd joins in} AND A HALF! Weighing 375 pounds! He’s the giant that’ll kick your ass and look good doing it! He is “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez! And he is the Sky High portion of our group! The luchador that’s quicker than a quote “Flatfoot in the wop-wops” as Oscar Burns once said... he is the lucha you love to see! **MINUTE!**

♪ "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.

Cortez steps onto the ring apron and then lifts the ropes open so Minute can slide through them and get into the ring. Cortez rips off his replica luchador mask and throws it into the crowd, then Minute leaps onto the top rope, then the corner rope, and then backflips into the ring... yes, all in his suit! The two men then meet in the middle and raise their fists in the air. The collection of championships go to referee Brian Slater, who raises them for all to see before handing them off to ringside. With that, the match starts.

DING DING!

Minute is first for his team while Elise Ares looks like she wants.... Nope.

DDK:

I think Elise is still sore over that whole issue with Minute not regarding her as the greatest SoHer of all time.

Lance:

The D now in the ring. The PCPs are trying to psych out the champs now.

The Sky High Kid doesn't appear to care, at first. But the D just stands across the ring pointing and laughing. He makes a motion with his index and thumb sizing up Minute with perspective as if he was a tiny ant.

DDK:

The D making fun of Minute's minut stature, but he's only three inches shorter than Derek.

Lance:

I... I thought his name was Ed?

DDK:

The D and Minute look strikingly similar since the PCP have ditched the colorful attire of the past,

Minute takes a bit of offense at the motion. He goes charging toward the D who lumbers forward with an overhead chop, but Minute slides through. The D spins around wildly and sees Minute already up on his feet and bouncing off the ropes back at him.

DDK:

Around and around we go Lance!

Lance:

Three full rotations from Minute into a headscissors sends the D dizzy back into his corner!

Elise, annoyed, tags herself in and rushes toward Minute. She grabs the luchador and irish whips him off the other side, tilt-a-whirl--NO! Around and around again, into an arm drag! Elise lands on her side, and it's less of an injury to her body than her pride. Elise stands and tells Minute to come at her. Minute charges, Elise lifts him under the arms for a shoulder thrust powerbomb, but Minute keeps flying over her head and lands on the top turnbuckle behind her. Elise spins and barely avoids a moonsault, as Minute lands on his feet. Elise with a wild discus punch, but Minute bridges back to avoid it, and then catches Elise with a pele kick when she turns around. Elise clutches her face and rolls out of the ring to her corner, where Klein appears with a full sized mirror. The D hops off the ring concerned and checks her cheeks. O-Face is not as interested, but she carries a small black manicure set with the words "botox" written on it in bright yellow letters. She turns and shouts at someone's extended hand and sprays hand sanitizer in the air in their general direction.

Elise checks herself out in the mirror as Brian gets to six.

Elise Ares:

JEEZ! You can't rush beauty Brian!

The D points to Brian incredulously as the two nod to each other. Elise's face is okay. She slides back into the ring at 9.

Elise stands and walks toward Minute, and raises her hand for a test of strength.

DDK:

I... this... is not a Hoss fight.

Lance:

This may be the only test of strength Elise has a chance of winning in DEFIANCE.

Minute looks at Elise's hand, and shrugs, before meeting her. The two struggle against each other, center of the ring, and it is EPIC. First, Minute seems to be on the rocks, then Elise is overtaken. Back and forth it goes, until the D shouts from the apron.

The D:

OVER THE TOP!

Elise squints in thought, and then realizes what the D means. As Minute is about to put her shoulders to the mat, she braces herself on one foot and uses the other to swiftly kick Minute down under.

DDK:

Oh that is a blatant low blow!

Elise lands on her back as she delivers the blow, and tries to recover quickly. She looks down at Minute on the mat, clutching his genitals, and she looks to Slater. She mimes that she slipped, as Slater rushes to check on Minute. Elise turns to the D and winks, as Uriel points and shouts on the apron.

DDK:

She didn't slip Lance! She purposefully kicked Minute down low!

Lance:

Are you really that surprised?

Elise turns back to Minute and Slater just as Brian gets back to his feet. Elise looks sincerely sorry and apologetic as she reaches out to the prone Minute. But as Minute starts crawling toward his corner, Elise cuts him off with a double ax handle and drags him back to the PCP corner. She shoves his back into the bottom turnbuckle, so Minute remains seated. Then she tags the D.

DDK:

Elise AND the D with repeated stomps! Elise slips out at 4, and the D tags her back in! And back and forth, they call this the Blacklist Lance!

Lance:

If only they were on DEFIANCE'S black list, eh?

Elise and the D legally tag in and out to continuously stomp Minute for about three rotations. Uriel is chomping at the bit in his corner to get into the ring, as the D takes the moment to taunt him during one of his stomping sessions. Cortez can't help himself, rushing into the ring, only for Brian Slater to stop him halfway across the ring. The D laughs, turning back to Minute and catches him with a charging face wash. He then claps above his head, faking a tag as Elise springboards in and catches Minute with a dropkick. She drags Minute out of the corner and shouts at Brian to make the count, just as Slater pushes Uriel out of the ring.

One.

Two.

Cortez goes to re-enter the ring but Minute is able to get the shoulder up. Elise then leans down and slaps on a rear chinlock.

DDK:

This may not be flashy Lance, but it's effective. Cutting off the air flow and oxygen to the brain, as long as it's not a choke, really provides an advantage and allows you to rest. Slater's checking the choke, it's clear.

Lance:

Everyone knows that PCP is dangerous, but not in the conventional ways. They aren't going to be main eventing the Tokyo Dome, but they don't need to to win the Unified Tag Team Titles.

With the Faithful clapping with support, Minute works his way off the mat into a bent over position. The former SoHer struggles to maintain the hold as Minute pushes Elise off and into the ropes. Reaching out, The D tags himself in on Elise's back. As she rebounds, Minute sidesteps the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style and tosses her over the top rope to the outside of the ring. Minute keeps his back turned, not seeing the blind tag as The D rushes in and slams a double axe handle down across his back, sending him down to his knees.

Lance:

And that's what we're talking about, solid tag team mechanics from PCP keeping themselves fresh and keeping Minute isolated here.

DDK:

They aren't the most technically sound duo on the roster, but the chemistry is undeniable.

As Ares rolls into the barricade on the outside of the ring, The D just continues to club Minute like a seal in the middle of the ring, eventually playfully kicking the side of his mask with his boot before grabbing the back of the mask and lifting Minute back up to his feet. Once there, Minute lands a back elbow to the face of The D that gets the crowd back into the match. The D checks his face for just a moment and goes back on the attack only to be kicked... but he catches the kick! Minute hops on one leg as The D tries to flip him back onto his back, but instead Minute jumps forward on his one leg and flips The D over with a Canadien Destroyer!

DDK:

Ataque Aereo! Ataque Aereo!

Lance:

Excuse you?

Both men lie on the canvas. Junior Keeling slams his fist on the mat trying to get Minute back up to his feet. Klein sees this and does the same, confused on what exactly it's doing. Minute begins to move first, crawling towards his corner where the massive Uriel Cortez extends his arm what looks like to be halfway across the ring. The D doesn't stand a chance as he begins to crawl to his corner, look up, and see Elise isn't there. Oh sh...

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Minute jumps to make the tag and rolls onto the apron as Cortez steps over the rope and into the ring. The D immediately begins bargaining for his life as Uriel lifts him up by the head and just throws him across the ring. The D hits so hard he bounces back up to his feet and stumbles back into the corner where Cortez drills him with a running big boot which connects, leaving The D stumbling out of the corner and face planting into the middle of the ring.

DDK:

This doesn't look good for PCP! This one might be over!

Lance:

Keeling is screaming for him to end this now, but I don't think Uriel can hear him over the crowd.

Uriel gets the message and makes a cut throat motion as he stands over The D's lifeless body laying face down in the middle of the ring. Suddenly outside of the ring a loud high-pitched scream is heard, followed by Junior Keeling immediately throwing his arms into the air. Slater looks outside the ring to see Elise Ares on her hands and knees coughing, with both her seemingly de-sleeved arm sleeve and Junior Keeling's tie next to her. She pulls herself up onto the barricade, grabbing her throat desperately trying to get breath.

DDK:

What happened out there, Lance? I was watching Uriel and missed the whole thing!

Lance:

I'll be honest, Darren... I didn't catch that either, but it looks like Junior Keeling was keeping Elise Ares out of the ring by choking her with his tie?

DDK:

I don't know if we can trust that, Lance. Seems a little too... PCP-y to me.

Slater begins aggressively questioning Junior Keeling at ringside who is shaking his head desperately. Uriel grabs

Slater on the shoulder and tries to pull his attention back to the ring but Slater takes one look at the big man before pointing at Keeling and throwing him out of the match. The crowd boos as O-Face claps enthusiastically outside of the ring. Suddenly Klein pulls a referee shirt over his head and gets up on the apron, then also tosses the Keelings out of the match. Slater looks over at Klein angrily, then points back at the Boxman and O-Face and tosses them out of the match too!

DDK:

Slater asserting his authority here! We may finally have a fair two on two match here Lance!

Lance:

I still don't see why the Keelings were thrown out, but if Klein and O-Face are too, I'd say that evens the playing field Darren!

Klein then looks at Slater, points at him and throws HIM out of the match!

Slater shakes his head and tells Klein that's not how it works. Uriel steps toward Klein, menacingly, and Klein relents.

DDK:

Klein and Cortez would be a Hoss fight for the ages-- OH! D with a roll up!

One.

Lance:

We could have new tag team champions!

Two.

Uriel uses his legs to shove the D high off the school boy so he actually flies for a moment. He lands with a thud on Uriel's chest, but Uriel just sits up with the D in his arms. Uriel stands, spins the D around, and bounces him off the canvas.

DDK:

The Industry Standard on the D! My lord what impact that was! This is it!

Lance:

Definitely over now Darren.

One.

Two.

A simple boot to the back of the head breaks the pin. Elise then reaches down and racks Uriel's eyes. Slater tries to get Elise out of the ring, but she moves past him and catches a front flipping Minute who springboarded off the top rope. Minute then backflips and tosses Elise to the outside with a Dragonarana to a huge cheer from the Faithful!

DDK:

Salto De Fe! Minute doing what Slater couldn't. Minute's slipping back outside, he wants the tag back in Lance.

Lance:

Uriel with the tag, and Minute is climbing to the top. He's all the way up there!

Minute flies as Uriel heads to the apron with a highlight 450° splash!

But the D moves.

The air is taken out of the faithful as it's taken out of Minute. He stands, clutching his chest winded. The D charges and clothesline BOTH himself and Minute up and over the top rope to the outside.

There's a loud smack, as Elise tags herself in as they fly. Slater points to Elise and calls her the legal man.

As Elise enters, she looks over to Uriel in the corner and blows him a kiss. Then, suddenly, her eyes slow roll into the back of her head, and she collapses onto the mat.

DDK:

What the. Elise Ares just collapsed!

Lance:

Is this a low blood sugar thing?

Slater rushes to Elise's side and checks on her, pulling out smelling salts. After a moment, Elise shakes her head clear.

There's a commotion on the outside as the Faithful start to jeer.

Minute quickly slides into the ring and looks over to Uriel, who eggs him on. Minute looks back to Elise, who is telling Slater she's fine, she's fit to continue. Minute nods, and takes a few steps toward Elise.

DDK:

Inside cradle by Elise!

One.

Two!

Uriel notices that the luchador is not putting up a fight and rushes into the ring.

Three!

Too late.

Lance Warner:

NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS DARREN! What did we just witness?

DDK:

I don't know, it was like Minute gave up there!

Elise quickly rolls out of the ring, avoiding the diving Cortez. Uriel leans down and begins to check on his partner, as Elise rushes over to the time keeper's table on the outside and grabs the tag team titles.

Cortez stares daggers at her as she rushes around the ring to the entrance rampway. Cortez then leans down and starts slapping his diminutive partner. But then... he looks at Minute closer.

He tilts his head to the side, studying, before he's poked in the eyes.

Slipping out from under Uriel and sliding out of the ring is Minute, who joins... Elise Ares' side?

DDK:

Oh...

Lance:

Hell.

Elise excitedly hands Minute the other tag team title, as Minute reaches up and removes his own mask to reveal the D. The D slings the tag title over his shoulder, and then returns Elise's arm wrap that completed the "Minute" ensemble. The crowd loses it. The poors begin throwing things at the Pop Culture Phenoms as they hold the titles high up over their head and clink them together.

Quimbey:

Your winners... AND NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, The Pop. Culture. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

Klein and O-Face come running down the aisle to celebrate with their fellow phenoms, and Flex Kruger for some reason comes out from the crowd halfway up the aisle and joins his allies. They raise Elise and The D up into the air and carry them to the backstage area on their shoulders.

DDK:

Did that just happen?

Lance:

I feel like we've missed a lot here, Darren.

DDK:

Why was Flex Kruger in the crowd?

Lance:

Where is Minute? Uriel Cortez is still looking for him outside of the ring... he's gone!

DDK:

Did the PCP just pin each other to win the titles... AGAIN?

Lance:

We're out of time! This will all have to wait for UNCUT!

DDK:

What in the hell just happened?!

The camera closes in on a completely shocked Uriel Cortez, now sitting in the ring and yelling at Brian Slater for the massive error. On the outside of the ring, Minute - The REAL Minute - has a towel over his head and points at Slater.

Meanwhile, the party of the century continues on the ramp.

Pop Culture Phenoms.

Your NEW Unified Tag Team Champions!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.