

HOSPITAL

"Previously Recorded" appears at the bottom of the screen.

Victor Vacio had done a lot of horrible things throughout his life. He'd done a lot of horrible things in his time in DEFIANCE. This morning, he was about to do another one. Under a single light overhead, the unmistakably empty eyes of "The Lost Cause" glare over an N95 and into the mirror, as he adjusts the fraudulent plastic ID badge clipped to a scrubs top.

Victor Vacio:

Te encontraré, monstruo mudo

Truthfully, the rumor was too good not to at least take a moment to see. If Deacon was here, it would open up a lot more interesting situations. Victor steps out of the supply closet and into the hallway. He glances each direction - no one paying him any mind. Even the fact that he carries a cell phone a bit awkwardly doesn't draw attention - these people really are clueless.

Nurse:

Room 702 needs a clean-up.

Victor turns toward him but struggles for the words.

Vacio:

What ... you saying?

The nurse, a black man a good 50 pounds heavier than Victor stops.

NURSE:

We have a biohazard cleanup in 702, right around the corner.

The frown of his brow clearly indicates he's not sure what the nurse is saying. He thinks for a moment and it hits him.

Vacio:

See!

He taps on and then lifts his badge, definitely showing the nurse, it says doctor.

The nurse blinks, straining to see, pulling up his reading glasses. The magnifiers widen his eyes, and so does his obvious surprise. Offering a brief apology, the nurse leaves to head to the--

Vacio:

¡No puedo creerlo!

The unmistakable, oversized piece of crap Deacon is here. Ducking beneath the door frame, he steps out of room 716, just as Victor'd been told.

Vacio:

¿Que te trae por aqui?

Magdalena:

Excuse me?

Victor turns and immediately notices the red tipped white mane of hair, now pulled into a ponytail - Magdalena.

Vacio:

Disculpe

The word came out before he could process who had interjected. He stares at Magdalena whose head tilts slightly, her eyes squinting.

Vacio:

Mi pinche suerte...

Those eyes immediately widened.

Magdalena:

Deacon!

Magdalena calls out as she backs toward room 716. Before Vacio can react, the nurse who he waved off, claiming to be a doctor has returned.

Nurse:

Sir! Excuse me, sir!

Vacio glances briefly toward the approaching nurse and his flanking security. He ignores the attempt to get his attention and starts to head down the hall, his pace gaining speed rapidly.

Nurse:

SIR!!

Cut to show open.

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

Lance:

Glad to be here, Darren! And ... what, exactly did we just see?

DDK:

I'm honestly not sure ... but I have to imagine Vacio's violation of privacy will not go unanswered!

Lance:

I would have to agree!

DDK:

Well as we near EVER closer ton MAXDEF2020 ... we have an exiting show for everyone and ... hold on --

Darren listens to his headset for a second, Lance turns his head, looking at DDK ...

DDK:

Apparently ... we are going backstage?

Cut to backstage.

ODDS ARE

We cut to a shot of the FIST OF DEFIANCE Championship.

As it has been lately it's encased by red velvet lining and a sheet of glass.

The camera zooms out to reveal the man who rightfully holds said championship gripping the handle tightly. He's holding the championship both figuratively and literally! Wearing his sunglasses, A newly designed Mikey Money TShirt, and his wrestling trunks. He stands with a serious face. Quickly joined by Christie Zane, it's clear we're about to get a backstage interview.

Christie Zane:

Good Evening Faithful! I'm Christie Zane and I'm joined at this time by the reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE Champion, Mikey Unlikely!

Unlikely continues to stare at the camera, unphased by the introduction.

Christie Zane:

Mikey tonight you will be competing in our main event in a HUGE 6 man tag match....

She's cut off by the champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah Krissy! First of all it's a FIVE MAN/ ONE WOMAN Tag match...

He motions with his hand for her to continue.

Christie Zane:

Yes, it will be Mikey Unlikely teaming up with Team HOSS to take on the likes of Lindsay Troy, and The Lucky Sevins. What are your thoughts on this huge matchup?

The champion smirks before giving his response.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well I guess Lindsay Troy is going to get what she's wanted this whole time, a shot against me whether I like it or not. Leave it up to management at this company to always give the people what they want, and never cater to the people who got us to where we are today! Namely... me!

He shoots an incredulous look at the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

I remember the days when champions were respected, honored, and given the option of who they face. BUT NAY NAY! Not in DEFIANCE. There's one thing I do have Christie, one thing I always try to maintain a medecrum of... that's LEVERAGE!

He holds up the FIST case into the air.

Mikey Unlikely:

When it comes to matches for THIS... I can still throw my weight around a bit. So let's do just that Christie.

Suspiciously Zane proceeds.

Christie Zane:

What do you mean matches for the FIST?

Mikey Unlikely:

NOT SO FAST CHRISTIE!

She rolls her eyes. She knew something was coming.

Mikey Unlikely:

First, I would like to introduce my two tag team partners for this evening. Two MEN who understand the value of cold hard cash. Two men who have assured me we have everything covered tonight... two men who are ready to prove their value to the FIST OF DEFIANCE... Angel Trinidad! Aleczander the GREAT! TEAM HOSS!

From the left side of the screen enter the very large and menacing tag team bros. Aleczander The Great walks up and shakes the hand of Mikey Unlikely while Angel nods coldly in his general direction. Christie approaches the two.

Christie Zane:

Angel... Aleczander... the two of you are taking a payoff from Mikey Unlikely?

Angel shrugs.

Angel Trinidad:

Hey... we're Team HOSS. We'll kick the shit out of whoever we please.... But if our FIST wants to throw a few dollars our way...

He looks at Mikey.

Angel Trinidad:

I'm talking REAL dollars and not Mikey Money...

He turns back to Christie.

Angel Trinidad:

We're down. And if we get to beat the piss out of these Team HOSS carbon copies The Lucky Sevens and that egotistical bitch, Lindsay Troy, then we're always happy to lend a hand. A long time ago, Troy stuck her nose in our business and it's taken a few years, but we're happy to help Mikey deal with her directly.

Aleczander bumps fists with Angel.

Aleczander The Great:

Fucking right, mate! This place tries to disrespect the greats whether that be us or Mikey Unlikely here! We're the pioneers of DEFIANCE and everybody else is coming out of the woodwork to try and do what we've done, but there's only one Team HOSS! There's only one real FIST! And tonight, Troy and those seven foot wankers are gonna find that out.

The FIST OF DEFIANCE nods in agreement.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right Christie, and I'm so sure that we're going to be victorious tonight, thanks to the assurances of these two that I'm ready to serve up a special opportunity... a CHAMPIONSHIP Opportunity for Lindsay Troy.

He pauses for dramatic effect, Christie Zane hates the awkward silence and goes to end it but Mikey sees this and speaks first.

Mikey Unlikely:

In our 6 PERSON Tag team match tonight, if LINDSAY TROY can pin me in that very ring, I will get ahead of the curve and give her a title match for the FIST OF DEFIANCE at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Christie is blown away.

Christie Zane:

Woah! You heard it here FAITHFUL If the Team of Lindsay Troy and Lucky Sevens beat Mikey....

Mikey waves his hands wildly, even jumping in the air.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah woah... Christie maybe you misheard me! I said... IF SHE PINS ME she gets a championship match. If this match ends with ANY other finish, including any other participant. The deal is off and Lindsay Troy DOES NOT get a shot at the title. She wants to come in here and EARN a title shot... this is how she does it.

Christie Zane:

There you have it, Lindsay Troy has to pin Mikey Unlikely in this 6 person tag match and if she does, she gets a MAXIMUM DEFIANCE Championship match against Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey Finishes for her while Team HOSS Chuckle.

Mikey Unlikely:

...And if she doesn't do it... Mikey Unlikely doesn't defend his championship at MAXDEF!

He smiles, looks back at the two enormous comrades he has with him and laughs out loud as we fade out. Alecander laughs with him, he's sold. Angel stands poised and confident.

Christie Zane:

Keeps, Lance... back to you guys!

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF2020



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

DEX JOY vs. JJ DIXON

DDK:

We've got a match coming up between Brazen star JJ Dixon looking for a big break out moment against a star that has honestly had a yo-yo of a couple of months. He'll be taking on DEFIANCE Wrestling star "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! If there was ever a time for a man like JJ Dixon to make a name for himself given everything happening with Joy and Carny Sinclair, it would be tonight.

Lance:

We have seen Carny put Dex Joy through the mental wringer. He even pretended to take a match against Dex Joy on our last show, but switched out for Scrow at the very last second. Now Dex Joy is looking to take on JJ Dixon and keep himself back on the winning track after getting some payback on Scrow for his part in helping Carny win at Defcon!

DDK:

This one will be physical. Dex is in no good mood and JJ Dixon is a young brawler who can go. We'll see who wants this win more tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Our next match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at two-hundred sixteen pounds, he is the Southern Gentleman JJ DIXON!!!!

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The slow crooning song plays and young gritty looking JJ Dixon makes his way to the ring looking bound and determined to get a big win under his belt tonight. He slides under the ropes and makes his way into the ring. He tells the fans that he's about to win tonight's match.

DDK:

JJ Dixon looking awful confident tonight. We'll see if he can back it up!

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the Wrestle Plex. The lights start to slowly come back in the Wrestle Plex, section by section until on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges ... charges ... charges ... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and looks ready for a fight. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE Faithful as he enters the squared circle. He is now in the ring and when he gets there, the bell rings.

DING DING!!!

Dex and JJ are about to lock up when Dex hears the commotion.

DDK:

Oh no ...

Dex turns and out of the corner of his eye, Carny Sinclair is already down to ringside and has what looks like an empty suitcase.

Carny Sinclair:

Hey! Look what I found! Found this in a dumpster!

Dex's eyes go wide when he sees Carny with the bag that was stolen from his truck in the show prior. Carny even jumps on the ring apron to show him the bag when Dex grabs him by the neck with both hands!

Lance:

Carny broke into his truck last week?! Dex knew it was him! Carny just won't stop messing with Dex mentally!

DDK:

Look at Carny! Dex has him by the throat and he's laughing!

Carny laughs the entire time Dex is trying to strangle him, but he leaves himself wide open for JJ Dixon to try and roll him up quickly for the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex powers out of the roll-up attempt, but JJ Dixon doesn't let up on his lead on Dex. Now Carny sits back and laughs when he watches Dixon come out of the gate with a big running dropkick that sends Dex flying back into a corner. Dixon rolls back up to his feet and then launches himself at Dexy Baby with another hesitation dropkick in the corner that catches him in the face.

DDK:

Wow, look at Dixon go! He's got Dex Joy on the ropes!

Lance:

And then Dixon plants him with a DDT! And now he's going for a cover on Dex!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Dex kicks out again, but look at Carny! Dex normally has his game face on, but Joy is rattled.

Dex is holding his throbbing neck in pain after the snapping DDT from Dixon, but now JJ is trying to get up and catch Dex. He goes out to the ring apron and then waits as Dex tries picking himself back up. When JJ Dixon takes flight ...

Lance:

No! Dex caught him in mid-air!

Dex does just that and then yells out ...

Dex Joy:

My turn!

And then he plants JJ Dixon with a spine rattling belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

Wow! Talk about turning the tide! Dex just rattled that ring and nearly put JJ Dixon through it.

Lance:

And now Dex is on the warpath!

Dex has the crowd in the palm of his hand as he holds out ... well, the palms of his hands. He waits behind JJ and then picks him up to send him flying right into the corner. Dex follows in with a big splash in the corner and crushes Dixon. Dex scowls at Carny, who can't help but watch and wave mockingly at Dex. Dex sends Dixon to the other side of the ring and hits him with a second splash. Then Dex pulls JJ to the middle of the ring and then runs off the ropes before he comes back with a massive flying cross body!

DDK:

Dex is a freight train!

Lance:

It's true! Once he gets going, it's hard for anybody to stop the man that calls himself Big Dex Energy!

Dex rolls off of the flattened JJ Dixon and then ends up back on his feet. He grabs JJ and then picks him up again before sending him into the ropes then throws him up in the air ...

DDK:

That's the Dex Bomb! JJ Dixon came out swinging and almost had this won a couple of times thanks to Carny Sinclair's presence, but Dex is done with him and done with these games.

Big Dex Energy paces around the ring and points at Carny Sinclair, who is still waving his emptied stolen gym bag like a toy. Dex angrily pulls Dixon up and then has him in his arms ...

DDK:

Thanks for coming, JJ ... DEX DRIVE!!!

Much like he did to Scrow on the last DEFTV, Dex firmly plants JJ Dixon into the mat with the vicious swinging power slam! Dex holds his leg for the cover and shoots a look right at Carny.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Dex climbs off of him and then starts to head towards Carny Sinclair. Carny throws his gym bag down and then starts to head back up the ramp looking like he's got one over on Dex again ...

Dex Joy:

HEY!!!!!! CARNIE WILSON! HOLD ON FOR ONE MORE DAY!!!

Big Dex Energy huffs and puffs, but he is laser-focused on Carny Sinclair who can't help but laugh as he points at his head, telling Dex that he's still in his head.

Dex Joy:

Hey, pally! Before you go and run off back to whatever runaway circus or boiler room you probably live in, you should really talk with management! See ... they've been seeing you coming up and ruining my matches, attacking my friends and costing me the FIST of DEFIANCE. But they haven't been seeing you do the one thing that you should be doing. The thing that matters to us wrestlers the most ... you know, the wrestling part!

Carny looks at Dex perplexed and Dex smiles back at him.

Dex Joy:

So ... there's no more Scrow. It's just me and you, pally. One on one at Maximum Defiance! There's nowhere left for you to run and there's nowhere left for you to hide!

The news doesn't seem to upset Carny ... and in fact he laughs even louder than he did before Dex's match started. Carny now has a microphone.

Carny Sinclair:

I've been living rent free in your head for months because you're a brute and an idiot plain and simple. I've outsmarted you at every turn and you haven't been able to lay a finger on me. You think that you've pulled one over on me by having this match made behind my back ... but I've already won and you know it. I'll see you at Maximum DEFIANCE, Dex.

Carny drops his microphone and starts to walk away but Dex doesn't let him have the last word.

Dex Joy:

Oh no no no no no no no no, pally! You're right that I haven't been able to lay a hand on you yet ... but I know something that you don't. Remember my buddy? Nathaniel Eye? He's my friend from Brazen that you put out of action? Well ... he wanted to say hi.

Carny now looks legit perplexed and then turns around ...

And Brazen star Nathaniel Eye is right behind him!

DDK:

Nathaniel Eye! Remember, Carny Sinclair and Scrow both put him out of action with a concussion a couple of months ago right before Defcon! He's back!

Eye doesn't waste any time when he grabs Carny by his neck and then hurls him back toward the ring! He throws him right under the ropes and at Dex's feet! The crowd pops when he picks up Carny ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!!! He did it! Carny Sinclair has been playing mind games with him for weeks, but Dex Joy finally got one over on Carny tonight!

Dex now stands over Carny's body after nearly spiking him through the ring! Eye rubs his hands together like he finished taking out the trash and Dex waves.

Dex Joy:

Nate, thank you for that! And Carny ... *now* I'll see you at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Big Dex Energy pats himself on the back (literally) and then points to the fans and then to Nathaniel Eye for his part.

DDK:

This type of thing isn't something Dex Joy would normally do that I have seen ... but Carny Sinclair has had this coming for a while!

Dex and Nathaniel Eye head towards the back and they cheer with the fans. As this happens, Carny Sinclair is just now starting to come around and he watches Dex leave ...

CONDITIONS ATTACHED

The focus shifts back to the ring as a trumpet plays from the speaker system.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Gulf Coast Connection comes out to the ring wearing tired faces. They still show the scars of battles past.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, as we gaze upon Aaron King, Theodore Cain and The Crescent City Kid making their way to the squared circle.

Lance:

It's truly been a series of unfortunate events for Gulf Coast Connection as they just can't seem to catch a break. First, Fuse Bros. 360 nearly decimated them and then The Comments Section have been relentless with their assaults and mind games right after.

DDK:

All over what, too, Lance? Social media likes? Give me a break. Get something real to gripe about.

The theme music dies down as King and Cain retrieve microphones. The three wrestlers stand proudly in the middle of the ring.

Theodore Cain:

We've waited long enough.

Aaron King:

Bring us The Comments Section!

King slams his forearms on the ropes, causing them to shake around the ring.

DDK:

Well that was short and to the point!

Theodore Cain:

Even though my teammates, Aaron and The Kid still aren't cleared, we don't care anymore. We're ready for a fight. My fractured ribs hurt but I want to fight more!

That kind of faithfulness and desire to defend honor and integrity gets the crowd fired up.

Lance:

Well, unfortunately, I think we might need to get DEFSec and DEFMed out here because even though those are admirable words by Theodore Cain, they aren't physically ready to participate here and they need to be protected from themselves.

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

The selfishly entitled theme song of The Comments Section echoes throughout the arena as Malak, Cyrus and Teresa surprisingly come out on stage but unsurprisingly refuse to move forward from there. Malak smirks as he glances at Gulf Coast Connection, The Faithful, and back again.

DDK:

The Comments Section has arrived, but it looks like they are limiting themselves to the rampway and nothing more. They're truly just all talk with little to no action.

The music fades away as Malak raises a microphone to his mouth.

Malak Garland:

Gulf Coast... Gulf Coast... We're not your enemies.

Malak sounds defeated as his free arm is extended with a sympathetic hand outwards.

Malak Garland:

I don't think we have it in us to live up to the high expectations of creating more viral content like we did on the previous DEFtv.

His head sags as many fans don't buy into his act.

Malak Garland:

Therefore... I've decided to retire again.

Lance:

What a load of--

The pure annoyance from the crowd drowns Lance's words out.

Malak Garland:

It's just... It's just... I've decided to retire again because creating viral content for you people is putting too much stress and anxiety on me. I'm sorry.

DDK:

Are you kidding me!? ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? What is with this guy? Each week it's something different. These guys change their minds EVERY bloody second.

Malak stands there on stage, looking like he's legitimately about to cry. He lowers the microphone as his bottom lip begins to quiver uncontrollably. A moment passes before a tired Theodore Cain chimes in.

Theodore Cain:

Malak, come on, no one is going to fall for that act again. You know what? I've changed my mind. Malak, what has been going on is more than just your fault. You're all complicit. Cyrus threw me through a table, Teresa documented it and all the strings were orchestrated by you, Malak.

The crowd groans at the recap of their pitiful actions.

Theodore Cain:

So, how about we face each other in a six person tag team match at MAXDEF? You got three members, we got three members, what do you guys say? Hey, Faithful bruahs, do you want to see that?

The crowd backs the offer by Cain with a spirited cheer.

Theodore Cain:

See, bruah, there you go! They want this! We want this! Just accept the match so we can settle this then. By that time, all three of us should be cleared to create more... "viral content."

DDK:

Say yes! Accept the challenge, Malak!

Like a child torn between which flavor of ice cream he wants and knowing that he can only choose one, Malak rubs his chin with his thumb and index finger in severe concentration.

Malak Garland:

I'm not sure I'm able to accept that challenge, as the mental condition I'm currently in is unstable. I might not be well enough by then.

His monotone voice enrages the crowd. They can't believe what Malak is saying or how he's acting.

Malak Garland: *[With a tremble in his voice]*

I just want to cut and run.

It feels like the entirety of the WrestlePlex and Gulf Coast Connection facepalm after that remark. Aaron King decidedly pulls out his phone and thumbs away on it for a few seconds.

Aaron King:

Hey, Malak, check your DMs, buddy.

Malak promptly hands the microphone over to Teresa and follows direction by whipping his phone out. He hunches over it in that all too familiar, yet comfortable fashion that visually makes him feel safe.

Aaron King:

Do you see what I sent you? Accept the terms and conditions of the attachment I sent because you know what? You win. *WE* can't do this anymore. That attachment is a contract that acknowledges the transfer of any and all social media likes of ours to yours. We give up. Hope that helps your mental health, bruah.

A few gasps escape from the crowd as they shudder to think Aaron King speaks with sincerity.

DDK:

Seriously? They are just going to gift such superlatives to The Comments Section over some fake pouting and empty threats?

Hearing that actually makes Malak VERY happy. Immediately, his demeanor changes from damaged to lucky. His swiping on his phone gains vigor. He finally gets to the bottom of the document and hits the check mark acceptance button. He leans over to Teresa to speak into the microphone.

Malak Garland:

I accepted it! I did it! Thank you, guys! Really appreciate it! I knew you'd finally see it our way! Thanks for the likes! Can't wait to tell my Grandma about this! She'll be so proud of me!

Malak holds a thumbs up with a smile as The Comments Section looks to leave the stage but not before King calls at them one last time.

Aaron King:

Oh, uh, Malak? Malak? You should stop right there because, uh, you didn't actually agree to our likes being transferred, no.

The crowd's voice begins to buzz.

Aaron King:

You actually just agreed to a match at MAXDEF... AGAINST US!

The crowd applauds the imagery and tactics used to secure Gulf Coast a shot at evening the score properly.

Lance:

Wow! Gulf Coast just pulled a fast one on The Comments Section! And it had fooled you, Darren!

Malak is utterly devastated. He suddenly becomes catatonic and has to be carried backstage by Cyrus after nearly fainting. Gulf Coast Connection encourages the fans to rally as The Comments Section meekly disappears from sight.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

FUSE BROS. 360 vs. THUGS 4 HIRE

With Thugs 4 Hire already in the ring, Fuse Bros. 360's music cues and out they come.

♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is a tag team contest! Introducing, already in the ring, Hurtlocker Holt and Emilio Byrd, Thugs 4 Hire! Now coming to the ring, Tyler and Conor Fuse... FUSE BROS. 360!!!

Tyler, always the stoic one and Conor, always the annoying, flamboyant one, looking to be as obnoxious as possible, make their way towards the ring. Conor dances around and stops to jump up and down a few times, leaving his older brother many feet ahead of him. For tonight, Conor can't get enough of The Gamers in the front row. He takes in their jeers by breathing deeply and then laughing in their faces while pointing his finger.

The Bros. slide into the ring and referee Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

Tyler, immediately, tags out.

DDK:

What the?

Lance:

I've never seen him do that before.

Conor, meanwhile, is also stunned.

DDK:

Tyler, forever deemed "Player One", has literally started every match in The Fuse's careers to this date. My understanding is this even goes back to their time in fWo.

Lance:

Well, put it this way. He DID "start" the match.

DDK:

Yeah, that's true.

Conor enters the ring and looks across at Emilio Byrd. He's all smiles and charges at Byrd. Player Two ducks the clothesline and jumps into the ropes hitting a cutter upon landing! It gets the big man down to a knee and Conor rifles himself into the ropes again and this time lands a slingblade! Emilio falls to the mat.

DDK:

Impressive to get the big man down like that!

Lance:

Conor has so much speed. Speed can kill you, even against a guy twice his size!

Conor kicks at Byrd and then gets tossed away. Flying into the Thugs 4 Hire turnbuckle, he raises his elbow and catches Hurtlocker Holt with an elbow, knocking him off the ramp!

DDK:

That seemed... planned!?

Conor rushes back towards Byrd and ducks the clothesline from hell. He tags Tyler, who enters without emotion but

keeps his eyes locked on his opponent. Tyler superkicks Byrd in the head!

SMACK!

Byrd collapses to one knee. Tyler superkicks him again! Then a third time!

Conor Fuse: *[shouting from his corner]*

SUPERKICK --- COM-BO!!!

Byrd wobbles around. Then with all his might, Tyler grabs Byrd's head and flies up the turnbuckle padding!

CQC!

DDK:

Tyler with his running bulldog!!

Player One moves away for Conor Fuse to hit a 450 splash from the top rope! Tyler goes back to hook the leg as Hurtlocker Holt can't make it in time.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match, Tyler and Conor Fuse... Fuse Bros. 360!!

DDK:

Wow, that was such quick work! Hurtlocker didn't even get tagged!

Lance:

We saw on the last UNCUT, Emilio suffered a pretty good headshot but he *was* cleared for this one! Perhaps, still feeling the eff-

WHAM!

DDK:

AND JUST LIKE THAT, CONOR FUSE TAKES HURTLOCKER DOWN WITH THE GAME SHARK! Where did he find that thing!?

Lance:

I think it was under the ring!!

The orange and green confetti (Fuse Bros. colors) explodes from the shark as the piñata breaks into a million little pieces and forms a cloud of dust for The Bros. to pummel both Hurtlocker and Emilio with boots to the head!

DDK:

Okay, this is enough. Once again, Tyler and Conor show no signs of mercy!

Tyler pulls Conor back and asks him to lift Hurtlocker. Tyler connects with CQC on Holt and then they drive their boots down into T4H some more. Conor is filled with glee like a 5-year-old who just left his time-out and took a trip to the candy store. He takes breaks in-between booting Byrd in the side of the head to cover his mouth and giggle like a

schoolgirl. Tyler, on the other hand, shows the same deadpan face he always does. He doesn't even blink.

LEFT 4 DEAD: REVIVAL?

DDK:

This is just egregious!

Lance:

I'd have to agree, Darren! The match has been won... this is simply an insult to injury!

Suddenly, The Faithful come to their feet, heads turning slowly to see what the building commotion is about. The production team scrambles to do the same as the Fuse Bros. 360m take notice as well.

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS!

Scott Douglas barrels down the rampway headed toward the ring... steel folding chair in hand. He slides in the ring but the Fuse Bros. are way ahead of him, bailing out instantly! Scott swings over the top rope toward Conor but he's well out of range.

DDK:

Scott Douglas just came to the rescue of the Thugs 4 Hire!

Lance:

I'm not so sure his intentions were quite so pure!

Fuse Bros. 360 collect themselves on the outside, regrouping and backing themselves, carefully, toward the rampway.

Douglas briefly checks on each Pay by Thug recovering in the ring before requesting a microphone.

DDK:

Looks like DEFIANCE's Favorite Son has some words for the FUSE BROS!

Douglas is handed a mic, he takes it in his right hand, while still holding the steel chair in his left. He returns to the center of the ring and unfolds the chair and takes a seat. Breathing slightly heavy, he raises the microphone to speak.

Scott Douglas:

I see this one of two ways...

Fuse Bros. hold at the mid-ramp.

Scott Douglas:

We can settle this now...

The Faithful explode. They want to see it now! The Bros. seem like they are considering it, too but Douglas is fresh and they just finished a match. At least it was a match in their minds.

Scott Douglas:

OR... we can handle this at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

The Faithful would prefer it now but this still draws an excited reaction. The Brothers Fuse wave off Douglas, suddenly not interested in anything he has to say. The pair make it to the top of the stage as Scott stands from his beyond front row seat.

Scott Douglas:

Hold on, you might be wondering... if you were to agree to such a thing, who would my partner be?

Knowing full well they successfully took out Kerry Kuroyama, effectively ending the relatively new Seattle's Best, Fuse

Bros. 360 are not concerned with an empty challenge. The brothers turn from Scott to exit back through the curtain...

DDK:
KERRY!

Lance:
KUROYAMA!

The pair nearly bump into the Pacific Blitzkrieg, sporting a substantially distinct and new knee brace. Much like Douglas, he also has a steel folding chair in hand. The Fuse Duo begin backing away from the newly emerged Kuroyama and turn as they reach the transom of the stage and rampway... only to find Scott Douglas has exited the ring and is advancing, his seat in hand.

DDK:
I think we are going to need...

Before Darren can finish, Wyatt Bronson leads a crew of DEFsec out to keep the dueling teams apart.

DDK:
...that almost never works?

DEFsec ushers Fuse Bros. 360 off to the side of the stage, down to the interview stage, away from Douglas and Kuroyama.

Scott Douglas:
It's time to put up or...

Princess Desire:
SHUT UP!

Douglas is suddenly interrupted by Princess Desire, who shouts out in the process of joining Fuse Bros. 360 on the interview stage, approaching from the back. The Faithful begin to shower her with a chorus of boos.

Princess Desire:
Do you really think this poor attempt at a show of power has any *real* effect here!?

Scott raises the mic to respond.

Princess Desire:
We tried to do *YOU* a favor, Scott. But you just can't see it, can you? How do you still not see this best-case-Brazen-nobody is holding you back!? Keeping you from your true potential?

The boo's intensify.

Princess Desire: *[mockingly]*
DEFIANCE's FAVORITE SON!

The Peach Puroresu looks to the Fuse's, scoffing.

Princess Desire:
You are a LONG WAY from the INVASION, Sub POP! Sub... is right. A self-fulfilling prophecy! "Sub Par" Scott Douglas!

The Faithful don't care for that either.

Princess Desire:

We went to great measures to FREE you from the societal restraints that have paired you with this Emerald shackle. Yet, again, you can't figure it out.

Scott and Kerry share a look. Scott shakes his head.

Princess Desire:

...and how are we repaid? You accost the *greatest players* in the history of this game... The Codebreaker and The Game-Changer, swinging around that chair as if it could ever truly be the equalizer. I think the both of you seem to have a misunderstanding of these inanimate objects.

DDK:

What... ?

Conor smirks at The Princess's comments, mouthing something along the lines of "game shark, babay".

Princess Desire:

First things first ... MAXIMUM DEFIANCE? We ACCEPT!

The Faithful pop, albeit surprised. Douglas and Kuroyama, likewise.

Lance:

Seattle's Best versus Fuse Bros. 360 at MAXDEF!!

Princess Desire:

...now back to these objects.

Kerry raises the chair still in his grip, ready to use it.

Princess Desire:

Nope... not that one. That's new *DLC* on your knee there, Kerry. Much like you two confuse those chairs as bridging the talent gap when going against the finest players this game has ever seen, that knee brace ... is no medical clearance.

Scott looks to Kerry. Kerry turns away not wanting to face the truth.

Princess Desire:

There it is. You didn't know that did you, Scotty!?

Conor seems entertained by what has transpired but Tyler stairs on, coldly.

Princess Desire:

We'll see... well... at least *one* of you at MAXDEF!

Princess Desire drops the microphone on the interview stage and turns to leave. Kerry Kuroyama attempts to move toward her and the Fuse Bros 360's position but DEFsec, still in place, holds him back. Scott looks on, clearly frustrated with the realization that he's let his attempt at revenge lead him directly into a handicap match.

Desire and Fuse Bros. 360 head backstage.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFLIVE



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A MUTE CHALLENGE

The question wasn't if but when.

The Gregorian chant breaks over the crowd's buzz and everyone knows what that means - the Deacon is on his way. Led by Magdalena in her black leather, the Deacon didn't bother to use the monk's robe he's been known for, and though his mouth is covered, what can be seen of his face is speaking volumes.

The Deacon is incensed.

Lance:

I'm not sure I've ever seen Deacon with such a look in his eyes. This is a different tone he's giving off here tonight.

DDK:

It's been a long time, that's for sure. The Deacon and Victor Vacio have had issues since Deacon stepped foot in DEFIANCE, led off by Vacio's attack on High Flyer IV and Deacon coming to the young man's aid, because I'm telling you, Flyer's father has YEARS of history with the Deacon.

Uncharacteristically, Deacon rolls under the bottom rope as Magdalena retrieves a microphone and follows him inside the ring. Putting his head down, resting it on the turnbuckle, his hands clenching the ropes so tightly his olive-colored skin on his knuckles turning as white as Magdalena's hair, the Deacon seems to vibrate.

Magdalena:

Victor Vacio...

Magdalena pauses. She's talked... a LOT since becoming Deacon's mouthpiece, but those were always words meant to push a story. This was different.

Fortunately, the haunting piano of ...

♪ Chopin's "Funeral Music" ♪

... saves her. The blacked out lucha mask Victor Vacio dons isn't for safety against germs - it's to cover his face, to represent all the evil that he's done to the world, and the pain he's going to inflict on Deacon.

Just as Victor nears the ringside area, he gets--

DDK:

HOLY! --

The Deacon slides crashing feet first in Vacio with a baseball slide. Vacio, barely able to get his hands up in time to absorb some of the blow, is still sent reeling backward crashing into the guardrail. Deacon's motion lands him on the ringside floor and wastes no time going after Vacio.

DDK:

Deacon is a man possessed!

The Mute Freak grabs the smaller Vacio by the neck with both hands and hoists him up. Vacio kicks and struggles as his air supply slowly decreases. His toe grazes the guardrail and his struggle to get free turns to one of footing.

Lance:

I don't want to step on your toes here, Darren ... but we really need security out here!

DDK: [astonished]

I ... I ... well, I couldn't agree more!

Vacio finds his footing on the shakey guardrail, at least enough to relieve the strain from his neck and airway. The relief frees one of his hands, previously affixed to Deacon's wrist to stay off choking. This newly free'd hand jabs Deacon in the eye with a thumb. The larger man releases Victor and backs away checking his eye, leaving the lucha struggling to maintain his balance atop the guardrail long enough to ...

DDK:

Oh my!

Vacio launches off the guardrail flying toward Deacon with a flying forearm. Deacon is stumbled, half blinded and well ... mute, but he doesn't go down, rather he stumbles around the other side of the ring. Victor, still trying to shake off the effects of that choke follows, stays on the attack. As he rounds the ring post though, he finds Deacon has plenty of fight left in him.

Deacon blasts the masked man in the face and Vacio hits the concrete before popping back up dazed, confused but still swinging. Deacon maintains the advantage and sends "The Lost Cause" sailing into the timekeepers table and the guardrail behind it.

DDK:

Does it only work when I say it ... ? I mean for the love of God, we really need security out here!

The bell, papers and the like are strewn across the ringside area as Vacio pulls himself back up with the assistance of the railing. Deacon stalks closer and reaches for Victor and gives him a hand in returning to a vertical, only to throw a

Lance:

What a clothesline!!

Deacon puts everything into this and though it's forceful enough to send Vacio over the guardrail and into the Faithful, the momentum takes Deacon for the rise as well.

DDK:

Finally!

The camera cuts quickly to the stage area where DEFsec begins to hustle out from the backstage area. Back in the front seats, the Faithful now social distancing themselves from the violence, cheer along Deacon as he and Vacio trade blows on wobbly legs.

DDK:

Before someone gets hurt this needs to stop!

DEFsec makes it to ringside and hop the railing to get in the middle of Deacon and Vacio. The pull apart begins and Darren knows what to do.

DDK:

Folks, this has obviously gotten out of hand and while we make head or tails of it all - let's go now to Scott Steven's and again I ask ... His latest ACE of DEFIANCE defense?

Lance:

That would appear so.

DDK:

Let's go to that tape.

SCOTT STEVENS vs TBA

Cut to the tape, DDK and Lance do the Voice Over.

DDK:

Scott Stevens traveled to Ireland to take on the Irish Heavyweight Champion, "The Distinguished" Connor James Fitzpatrick.

Lance:

Stevens had another successful "defense" in India, but he was lucky to escape as Sanjay had Stevens beat but he made a crucial mistake and the ACE was able to capitalize.

DDK:

You're right Lance, and after that performance how is Stevens going to fair against CJ Fitzpatrick who has gone on various media outlets and social media declaring he's ... well going to take Stevens out!

The scene opens up to thousands of screaming fans in the 3 Arena as they await the Main Event of the evening between Scott Stevens and Connor James Fitzpatrick.

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 lights in the arena go black as the video screen slowly comes to life as the Irish flag appears bringing cheer to the audience as "Beast (Southpaw Remix)" by Rob Bailey and The Hustle Standard featuring Busta Rhymes, KXNG CROOKED and Tech N9ne brings out the Irish Heavyweight champion. "The Distinguished" Connor James Fitzpatrick is carried to the ring by four muscular men as he sits upon a golden throne. CJ is wearing a crown, robe, and telling everyone he points to with his scepter to bow to the King.

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

CJ rushes at Stevens but the Texan saw him coming and delivered a massive superkick that took the Irishman's head off.

10 minutes later.....

Stevens continues to toy with Fitzpatrick as he attacks his legs before locking in a half Boston Crab.

25 minutes later.....

Stevens connects with a Toxic Sting and goes for the pin only for the Texan to break the pin himself by pulling Fitzpatrick up.

35 minutes later.....

Stevens whips CJ into the ropes and as he comes back the ACE of DEFIANCE grabs him and spins him over to deliver a Scorpion Driver (Sitout Tombstone Piledriver). Stevens not satisfied with his handiwork, places CJ between his legs, and spikes him into the canvas with a piledriver before going for the cover. The official counts to three and rings the bell as Stevens is announced as the victor to a mixed reaction. Stevens holds up his newly won championship along with the ACE, MWF, and Ring Ka King championships.

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

DDK:

Another successful title defense by Stevens.

Lance:

Stevens really put the exclamation point on that title defense.

DDK:

He did Lance and you have to believe that was a message send directly to Matt.....

Lights out.

DDK:

I'm beginning to stop believing that these are just electrical problems, Lance.

Lance:

I have a feeling this is more of a Reaper problem!

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

Green lights flash on and smoke begins to billow on the entrance ramp. Through the fog, the silhouette of a hooded man rises from a kneeling position with his back to the crowd. Turning around at the scream in the song, he pulls the hood off of his head revealing himself to be "Southern Strong Style" Matt LaCroix. Instead of his usual pacing down to the ring, he instead makes his way over to the interview stage area, where he stops with a microphone in hand. Smoke still swirls all around him as the lights return to normal.

DDK:

This crowd is starting to come around to the hometown boy, Lance.

Lance:

Matthew LaCroix certainly didn't take the easy route to making his hometown proud, but he isn't a man who hides his mistakes. He's out in the open. His entire world is there for the world to see.

DDK:

He's certainly not hiding in... where was he this week? Denmark?

The song fades as Matt LaCroix draws the mic up to his lips, listening to the cheer of the Faithful.

Matt LaCroix:

Another week... another trip halfway across the planet. Whateva you gotta do in order to not face tha Reaper. Mexico. Japan. Antarctica. England. Whereva tha Reaper ain't is where you're gonna be. That's fine. You keep runnin, collectin all those titles for me... because at Maximum DEFIANCE, you can't run anymore. You. Me. In the middle of that ring. I'll getcha one way or anot...

WHACK!

Suddenly a championship belt goes across the back of Matt LaCroix as Scott Stevens appears in the swirling fog. LaCroix goes down hard to the cement floor as Stevens tosses his newly acquired championship to the side. As Matt scrambles, Stevens pulls out the Ring Ka King title and slaps it across the back of Southern Strong Style. As LaCroix screams out in pain, Stevens throws that title off to the side and pulls yet another one out of the smoke...

DDK:

Scott Stevens is here! But we just saw him wrestle a waaaay too long match in Denmark?

Lance:

Ireland, Darren! He's not there at all! He's here, tonight!

DDK:

He's just whipping the hell out of Matt LaCroix with what seems to be endless championships from across the globe!

The MWF Championship slaps across the back of LaCroix with a vicious echo, still piercing through the boos of the Faithful. Scott Stevens puts his boot on the back of Matt LaCroix's skull and pushes it into the concrete as he tries to find his way through the smoke and up to his feet. He's trapped as Stevens drops to a knee, his boot still on the back of his rival's skull. In the smoke, Stevens pulls up the ACE and shoves it into the face of LaCroix.

Scott Stevens:

So this is Southern Strong Style at it's finest?

Stevens says with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens:

Max, my family invented Southern Strong Style!

Stevens shouts as he grinds his rival's face in the metal of the ACE.

Scott Stevens:

You wanted my attention, well you have it and people that go out of their way to get my attention it doesn't end well for them.

Stevens tells Matt as he grinds his face more into the championship.

Scott Stevens:

How does that championship taste by the way?

Stevens asks curiously with a sadistic smile on his face.

Scott Stevens:

You claimed I was running from you.....

Stevens begins to laugh.

Scott Stevens:

Bitch, I was showing exactly what is in store for you at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Stevens shouts as he puts added pressure down.

Scott Stevens:

You wanted the ACE and at the pay-per-view, I'm going to show you some Stevens Southern Hospitality!

Scott says as he grates the ACE across the face of LaCroix before pulling him up by his hair. Matt throws some elbows trying to gain some distance from his attacker but is met with a blow to the back of his skull. As The Renaissance is dazed, Stevens throws the ACE up onto his shoulder and walks around to the front of LaCroix before grabbing him and hitting him with the Toxic Sting right across the ACE!

DDK:

He might've just broken Matt LaCroix's jaw!

Lance:

Another attack from behind from Scott Stevens as DEFsec has started making their way through the fog. We need medical out here to take a look at LaCroix!

As security pushes Scott Stevens away from the now grounded Matt LaCroix, the former FIST of DEFIANCE begins

collecting all of his championships off of the ground and holds them all up for the Faithful to see before security begins to push him towards the back. Stevens shoves his way past medical as they run out to tend to Matt LaCroix.

DDK:

We got medical out here to check on Matt LaCroix, who took a vicious shot from Scott Stevens for those of you who may just now be tuning in.

Lance:

Let's get a commercial while things get figured out here?

DDK:

Sounds good, we'll give everyone an update on LaCroix as soon as we have it, but for now, he's a word from our friends over at BRAZEN!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THREE OF A KIND

Jamie Sawyers is standing by backstage and looks a little bit nervous considering who he is currently standing between. The camera motions backwards a little ...

Jamie Saywers:

Hello DEFIANCE Wrestling. I'm Jamie Sawyers and I'm standing by with the three stars that will be opposing Team HOSS and the FIST of DEFIANCE, Mikey Unlikely. Of course I am talking about Mason and Max Luck aka The Lucky Sevens and their partner for the evening, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy!!!

To correct what was said earlier, the camera actually motions backwards a lot because a pair of seven foot twins are on either side of the set with Lindsay Troy front and center.

Jamie Sawyers:

Now my first question is to Mason and Max Luck. For weeks you have been at odds with Team HOSS and this all stemmed from some comments you made where you mentioned you want to have the same sort of fame that they had in DEFIANCE Wrestling before. What's on your mind going into tonight's big match as well as MAXIMUM DEFIANCE against a successful team like Team HOSS?

Mason decides that he's going to interrupt Jamie by holding his microphone.

Mason Luck:

Let's get something straight Jamie ... that was before we knew Team HOSS were going to come back and act like a pair of bitter and bitchy scum-bags. They took some things we said personally that had no ill will behind it and what's happened since has only pissed us off. If being Team HOSS means that we come out every week and run our mouths like a pair of whiny children and take cheap shots then no ... we won't be the next Team HOSS. We have a legacy of our own that means a hell of a lot more to us and it's a legacy we're going to introduce them to first hand at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

Max Luck:

Yeah! They might have dropped me on my head but the worst thing that Angel and Alecander could do is not finish what they've started and put me out for good. Now Jamie, I'm usually the happier, more charismatic, dapper, better looking, intelligent, well-spoken super ...

Mason clears his throat and stares at Max with a look that says he needs to wrap it up. Max ignores him.

Max Luck:

... super twin. Tonight though Mase and I are going to be playing the same part: two pissed off giants ready to beat the hell out of Team HOSS and Mikey Unlikely.

Mason Luck:

Yeah ... and I haven't forgotten him kicking me in the balls twice. Mikey's gonna get it back in spades! Oh man, I think Derrick Huber would have been proud of the card reference.

Lindsay Troy:

Heh.

The Queen of the Ring chuckles, amused, because Huber probably has his head so far up his ass that he wouldn't have heard the line.

But we digress.

Jamie turns his attention now to Troy, who regards him with cool indifference.

Jamie Sawyers:

Lindsay, you returned unexpectedly to DEFIANCE two months ago and immediately made your intentions known that you wanted to regain the FIST of DEFIANCE. Mikey Unlikely hasn't made it easy for you, especially not after his interview earlier where he added a special stipulation to tonight's match. Have the three of you had a chance to discuss strategy, given that your title shot opportunity now hangs in the balance?

Lindsay Troy:

Yes, the strategy is hitting Mikey and Team HOSS until they die, and any specifics beyond that aren't important to this conversation. I never expected Mikey to make this easy for me, because he's a conniving little shit who somehow lucked into having a shred of wrestling talent. The Champion's Prerogative is a real thing, Jamie, and if Hollywood McFuckass wants to make it that much harder for me to get my hands on him one-on-one, that's fine. It's all shiny. He's gonna learn real quick that I always get what I want and I always rise to the occasion to do it.

Jamie Sawyers:

You and Team HOSS are no strangers to each other either. That bad blood goes back three, four years. They certainly weren't happy to see you back in fold.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, add them to what I'm sure is a very long list of people. So many flavors in the world and Angel and Alecz choose to be salty; you really hate to see it. They can keep blaming me all they want for the mistake in the company they kept which led to their downfall; end of the day, I'll be more than happy to remind them why I'm their better and I always have been.

Max and Mason both agree with the sentiments.

Max Luck:

Well if Team HOSS are worried that they are about to be replaced by a better model ... they're right. Tonight, Queenie, we're gonna follow your lead and we'll keep Team HOSS off their game so you can get Mikey. Then at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, we're kicking their asses once and for all and we're going to show them that *we're* the new baddest big men on the block!

Lindsay Troy:

Young and obedient. (She smiles) I like it.

Mason Luck:

But if I do get a shot where I can kick Mikey in the face I'm going to take it. I'm avenging the family jewels he kicked last week.

Lindsay Troy:

You two can kick him all you want, God knows nobody ever gets tired of seeing Mikey get beat around. Just so long you leave the killshot to me.

The brothers smile, satisfied.

Jamie Sawyers:

There you have it, folks. Got a feeling we're gonna be in for a wild one tonight. Let's send it back to Lance and Darren in the arena.

THIS IS A FAMILY SHOW

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for joining us for DEFtv 136 and two weeks removed from our last show's main event, I still can't believe what went down between The Sky High Titans and The Pop Culture Phenoms with the Unified Tag Titles on the line. The PCPs won the titles in what I think might have to be called the heist of the century!

Lance:

I'm not really sure what else to call it but that, Darren. They didn't even beat the legal man! Elise rolled up who we all thought was Minute, but was really The D in Minute's stolen mask! That's where the numbers game of the PCP has helped them win time and time again against just about any opposition.

DDK:

Now because of that controversial ending, we've found out recently from DEFIANCE management that they've reviewed the footage of that match and a decision will be made on whether or not that decision will stand. A referee's decision is normally final, but still... they literally didn't pin a member of The Sky High Titans!

Lance:

And from what we understand, The Family Keeling and Sky High Titans... PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING... are about to make an announcement regarding that very decision right now. During the commercial break, they've made it to the ring and they're raring to go.

Sure enough, the Faithful are fired the hell up as "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, "The Sky High Kid" Minute, Thomas and Junior Keeling are all front and center in the ring, game faces on. Junior Keeling has the microphone. Of note, Minute isn't wearing his traditional black mask, but instead wearing what looks like an older, tattered white mask that looks like it's seen better days.

Junior Keeling:

So, um... your TV sets aren't broken. And for you people in attendance, you're eyes aren't deceiving you. We, The Family Keeling and The Sky High Titans... are without the Unified Tag Team Titles.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Thomas Keeling acknowledges the loud jeers and nods.

Thomas Keeling:

I know that my son and I haven't always gotten along with The Faithful over the years... but for once, I think that we can agree on something. You people gravitated towards Mr. Cortez and to young Minute. You watched them grow quickly from two men who barely knew each other to two men who respected each other to two men who found a common bond and from that bond... they became champions. Champions that you all supported.

The crowd cheers on the Titans as Minute smiles under his mask and Uriel acknowledges the reaction with a polite nod of his own.

Junior Keeling:

We've fought hard in the brief time we've had those titles to prove that The Sky High Titans are a top caliber tag team and can take on anybody in that locker room, no matter who they are. We challenged the PCP for weeks and thought they were ducking us, they called their shot and well... you all saw what happened two weeks ago. DEFIANCE management considered how things went down in that match and that the PCPs weren't good enough to beat us on their own so they had to have The D pretend to be Minute to win... And we've got some news for the PCPs regarding that outcome. We've...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Sparklers shoot up the base of the entrance ramp toward the DEFIAtron, as fireworks shoot off on either side. Flex Kruger is first out onto the entrance ramp, wearing a three piece suit, dark shades, and carrying a clipboard. Entering

next are the NEW, Unified Tag Team champions, Elise Ares and the D. They simultaneously emerge from the backstage area, dressed in dark black clothes and carrying their respective championships like champagne glasses. Trailing them next is Klein, who wears Minute's mask in such a way it only covers the top of his head and his forehead. Finally, O-Face makes her appearance, as Flex takes a moment to look at the clipboard before seeing her name on "the list."

That's when a sea of PCP fans (or, well, better known as paid shills who are fans of money) rush toward Flex, who stands his ground and shakes his head. He takes a red velvet rope and closes the entrance, and then turns back toward the ring to join the rest of PCP proper.

The D climbs one turnbuckle, Elise climbs another, and the two raise their championships high to jeers. Elise takes a swig from her pocket flask, and then stuffs it back into her brazier. Klein meanwhile, is running around the ring doing laps, waving his hands around as if he were flying shouting.

Klein:

I AM LE LUCHADORA!

As Klein passes the opening to the entrance ramp, we see Flex standing there with his arms crossed, doing his best job as a security guard. He presses his finger into his ear to hear his ear piece better.

O-Face produces a bottle of champagne and hands it to the D, who pops the cork as Elise and he hop into the ring. O-Face produces three champagne glasses, hands one to the D. Elise reaches and grabs hers, smacking the third one to the outside causing it to shatter. She pretends she's sorry to O-Face and then demands her drink to be filled. The D pulls out a microphone as O-Face fills their drinks.

The D:

QUIMBEY!

The D stomps toward the corner and starts shouting and pointing off mic at Quimbey. The only words we can make out is a loudly shouted.

The D:

DO YOUR JOB YOU PUTZ!

Quimbey is not amused, and takes a deep sigh.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing...

The D & Elise:

SHUT UP QUIMBEY!

The D raises his hand to the crowd, who jeer.

The D:

I got this. Introducing the Hollywood Power Couple with unbridled superstardom, prestige and pedigree beyond the wildest imaginations of the pious of the Faithful. First, the stunning visionary director of the Lake Placid series and the Daily Motion Web Series "The Office, No, Not That Office", cinematographic genius, it's ME! THE D!

The D takes a bow with the title over his shoulder. The strap over his back flips over and the D readjusts the belt as he lifts his head from the bow. Elise Ares is clapping furiously, as O-Face screams like a Korean girl seeing a K-Pop star.

The D:

AND! The better half of the IT couple, the stunning and ravenous starlet with the soul of a tortured poet. A beautiful

woman who doesn't deserve the pain and strife she conveys on screen, the damsel you wish to save, until you realize she's the widowmaker. The leading lady of DEFIANCE, and the BEST, GOD DAMN SOHER CHAMPION OF ALL TIME... the AWARD WINNING, ELISE, ARES. WE ARE, THE, not YOUR, YOU POORS... DEFIANCE UNIFIED... TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF THE WOOOOOOOOOO-

The two clink their champagne glasses, but Uriel steps forward.

Uriel Cortez:

SHUT. UP. NOW.

The PCP stop dead in their tracks, mid clink, when Uriel Cortez finally stomps toward them. Both Elise and the D then take a step back as Klein slides into the ring and stands between them.

Uriel Cortez:

I've heard weeks of this Bullshit. Poors this. Lake Placid Four Two Carry The One on Netflix that. The Peanut Gallery is DONE.

The crowd POPS as Uriel inches closer. Klein just waves politely, as the D eggs Uriel on from over Klein's shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

Now before you decided to come out here and get on my nerves even more, The Keelings were about to make an announcement about those belts. May I?

The D:

You can't make an announcement about our belts! They're our belts!

Elise Ares:

That's like us making an announcement about how ugly Minute is.

The D:

Well we were gonna do that anyway...

Uriel shoulder bumps Klein into the D, who knocks Elise into the corner. There's a bit of a snarl from Uriel as a quiet hush comes over the arena.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm talking now.

Thomas and Junior nod behind him. Minute has climbed to the top turnbuckle, waiting to fly.

Uriel Cortez:

Great. Management wanted to strip you of those titles because you didn't beat us!

Another loud pop from The Faithful! The D and Elise shake their heads and cradle the collection of titles closely while Uriel smiles.

Klein smiles back.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm glad we have your attention now. Management were going to take those titles from you, but The Keelings asked them not to and more importantly, WE asked them not to. Minute and I haven't been a team all that long, but the reason he and I have been as successful as we have is because we don't run from fights, we start them and more importantly, we WIN them. We want to make those Unified Tag Team Titles the biggest titles in DEFIANCE and in order for us to do that, we need to beat you. That's why at Maximum DEFIANCE, management won't be taking those titles from your hands because WE ARE! The Sky High Titans are getting a rematch and we're taking our belts BACK!

As the Faithful go crazy, Minute stands next to his gigantic partner and waves both of his hands, making a “just bring it” motion in the direction of the PCP while Junior grins.

Junior Keeling:

And since all you idiots know how to do is steal, there’s still the matter of Minute getting his mask back! We’ll be taking the Unified Tag Titles back at MAXDEF, but right now, Minute wants his mask back. If the five of you can find one complete set of balls between you, Klein can meet him in this ring right now!

The D and Elise start to converse with one another as if in a football huddle. O-Face leans over the top rope from the apron, trying to get into the conversation.

Klein however, steps forward, putting his hands on his hips and standing in a super hero pose.

Klein:

I AM LE LUCHADORA!

He then raises his fists toward the Keelings, ready for a fight.

Uriel nods toward Klein, and steps out of the ring. Minute hops off the top rope and points toward Klein’s head, and then makes a motion of ripping the mask off. Klein cuddles his own head, coveting the mask that adorns his head.

The D rushes up and starts trying to tell Klein why it’s such a bad idea, but Klein waves him off.

DDK:

It looks like Klein’s going to accept the challenge regardless of what the PCP think!

Lance:

I think we all know the only person with any honor in that cajal of cowards is Klein. Uriel showing a bit of respect to the bruiserweight as we prep for our next matchup! It’ll be Klein vs. Minute, and that’s up next!

MINUTE vs. KLIEN

DDK:

I can't believe what we just heard before the break! The Sky High Titans will attempt to win back the Unified Tag Titles stolen from them at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, but before that, we've got Minute about to take on one of the heavies of the PCPs, Klein! Klein's been wearing Minute's mask like a hat and this isn't sitting well with the Sky High Kid.

Lance:

And now that we've got referee Carla Ferrari in the ring, we're about to be underway. With so many bodies at ringside, this could be an impromptu lumberjack match!

The camera pans to the ring and the gaggle of folks at ringside. Inside the ring, Klein (with Minute's black mask on his head) across from Minute (with generic white luchador mask). The Unified Tag Team Champions The PCPs with Flex Kruger and The O-Face on one side with Uriel Cortez and The Family Keeling on the other. Minute is itching to fight while Klein is looking towards The D, giving him a thumbs up for how he looks with Minute's mask barely able to cover his scalp as the bell rings.

DING DING!

The second that the bell rings, Minute goes right for the legs of the bigger Klein and kicks away quickly, trying to get the larger man off his feet as quickly as possible. Klein blocks one kick and grabs the leg, then tries to throw Minute upwards... but the dynamic luchador flips in mid-air, lands on his feet, then goes right back to the knee with a Low Dropkick, catching him unaware! Klein hobbles around while Uriel and The Family Keeling cheer from ringside.

DDK:

What an incredible athlete Minute is at only 22 years old! He can attack from just about anywhere with those kicks! Combine that with his lucha background and he's just amazing.

Lance:

That he is! But here comes Klein!

Minute tries going back to the leg when Klein grabs him and shoves him away. Minute rolls backwards and lands near the ropes, just barely able to catch himself when Klein comes charging like a bull. Minute ducks low and Klein goes flying through the ropes, crashing out to the floor in the process! The Faithful cheer as Minute takes his time and waits for Klein to try and stand. The other members of the PCP warn him what's coming, but Carla Ferrari is watching so they dare not get involved. Minute goes flying like a ROCKET through the ropes and crashes right into the larger Klein with a missile-like Tope through the bottom and middle rope!

DDK:

What a dive! Minute crashed right into him!

Lance:

But Klein didn't go all the way down! Minute brought him to a knee!

Minute sees this as he starts to rise and then tries to get Klein back into the ring, but the former Boxman grabs him and throws him onto the ring apron. When Klein tries to climb back inside, Minute greets him with a hard Thrust Kick to the jaw. Minute then leaps to the middle rope and flies off with an Asai Moonsault that finally takes down Klein, knocking the mask off his head in the process!

DDK:

There we go! Minute is in the driver's seat and now he's back in the ring with his mask!

He does have the mask, but he looks over to see Elise, The D and Flex... all with scorecards reading "2, 2.5 and 2."

Lance:

What are the PCPs doing? And where'd they even get those score cards from?

DDK:With them, it's best not to ask... but wait...

Minute kicks the PCPs away from ringside and they scatter, but that leaves him wide open when Klein comes back into the ring. Minute sees him and ducks underneath an oncoming Clothesline, then turns into the ropes and flies back with a Tornado DDT...

DDK:

No, caught... OHHHH! Klein DRIVES him into the mat with a Release Flapjack!

The Family Keeling and Uriel all wince from the impact as Minute rolls around the ring. Klein takes back the mask that Minute just dropped and then gives it back to The D for safe keeping before he waits on Minute to stand. The second that The TJ Tornado does, Klein charges in and RAMS into him with a massive Running Shoulder Block, sending Minute crashing hard into the turnbuckles!

Lance:

My word, that was brute force right there! Minute goes flying and... oh, wow...

The scorecards from The PCPs flip around... perfect 10s! The Faithful jeer (and let's be honest, some cheers) from the crowd as The PCPs show some love for Klein. He nods and then picks up Minute out of the corner before whipping him across the ring. When Minute hits the opposite corner, Klein is right behind him and smashes right into him with a big Corner Clothesline! He throws Minute out of the corner and goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Shoulder up by Minute, but Klein now in control! He's got a lot of raw power behind him and he's completed neutralized Minute's speed.

Lance:

Indeed he does, as well as a hundred pounds over Minute. The former Unified Tag Team Champion now being taken to task.

Klein looks out to the other PCPers for approval and then hoists Minute before shoving him back to the corner. He pulls back and CHOPS Minute across the chest that can be heard all the way in the nose bleeds! Minute doubles over in pain, but Klein isn't done. He pulls Minute back to another corner and then cocks back another right before blasting the luchador with a second chop! Minute convulses from the impact and falls to a knee. With that, Elise, The D and O-Face all raise their scorecards again for yet another perfect ten! ‘

DDK:

This'll be the only time you hear me say this, Lance, but I agree. Those were perfect ten chops by Klein.

Lance:

Indeed... and now where's he taking Minute?

He pulls the smaller luchador out of the corner and then sets him up on his shoulders. He turns around looking for a Running Powerslam when Minute slips out from behind and just barely lands on his feet, still reeling from the chops. Klein turns around and then tries to catch Minute, but the quick-footed luchador hits him with a low Dropkick to the knee that sends Klein into the corner! He slumps over and now The Family Keeling and Uriel Cortez are collectively cheering from their side of the ring, along with the crowd!

Lance:

Big counter there by Minute! He just caught Klein with that Dropkick and went into the ropes!

DDK:

He's got the crowd behind him and he goes running!

Minute goes running, skips off the top rope and then flies back to SPIKE Klein into the canvas!

DDK:

Interceptor! The Springboard Tornado DDT connects!

Klein goes down when Minute looks to the nearby turnbuckle. He springboards to the top rope and then comes flying back with a Springboard Moonsault, crashing down on Klein before hooking the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Minute gets shoved off of Klein with a lot of power behind him, but he's clearly groggy from the Interceptor. He looks to Thomas Keeling who yells for Minute to stay on him. The TJ Tornado nods and then grabs Klein by the neck before trying an Asai DDT. He gets him up, but Klein is still strong enough to hold him...

DDK:

NO! Inverted Double Leg Slam! That might be it!

Lance:

Now Klein trying to get the win!

After sending Minute crashing to the mat with tremendous force, Klein kicks him over onto his back and then goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Minute's shoulder now comes up, surprising Klein and eliciting jeers from the PCP on the side of the ring. The Sky High Kid tries to get back up when Klein has him up on his shoulders...

DDK:

Here we go, Klein has that Fireman's Carry Cutter variation called Think Outside! Can he hit it?

He tries to spin Minute out of the move, but as Klein falls for the move, Minute slips out and lands on his feet! Ares and The D's eyes go wide when Minute runs off the ropes and CRACKS Klein in the back of the head with a Front Dropkick!

Lance:

What a counter! And now Minute heading to the ring apron.

Uriel has his back and tries to get in between the PCPs as Uriel heads out, looking for the Minute Detail. Their security Flex Kruger tries to stop Uriel when he shoves him back...

DDK:

OOOOOOOHHH! CHOP OF AGES FROM URIEL CORTEZ TO FLEX!

Flex gets doubled over with Uriel's Double-Handed Chop, but as this goes on, Minute tries to jump when Elise Ares grabs him by the leg and trips him on the ring apron!

DDK:

No! Flex and Uriel are fighting at ringside and Carla didn't see what Elise just did! This is why the PCPs are so dangerous! They have the numbers advantage!

Elise sends Minute back into the ring, but Klein doesn't see the interference when he gets back up. He pulls Minute back up...

DDK:

THINK OUTSIDE! HE GOT IT!

The Fireman's Carry Cutter connects and Klein rolls Minute's body over right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings and Klein has his arm raised in victory while Uriel sees what's happening! He rushes towards the ring and slides in, but by the time he gets in, Elise yells at Klein to get out and he does just that! The gaggle of stars gathers halfway up the ramp, celebrating this huge victory! Elise gives back the mask of Minute and he puts it back on his head in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **KLEIN!**

Lance:

The PCPs once again steal one from The Sky High Titans! This is exactly what they DON'T want heading into MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

DDK:

That's right. Minute had this won, but just when The Titans think that they've got the victory in hand, that's two shows in a row that they've stolen the victory! Can PCPs make it three in a row and retain the Unified Tag Team Titles at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE? Or can The Family Keeling and The Sky High Titans find a way to get around it?

The celebration continues by the PCPs as Uriel checks in on Minute on the ring and casts the PCPs a death stare. Junior and Thomas check in as well, making sure Minute is okay as he holds his head.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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SOUR GRAPS

Darren Keebler is shown at the announce table.

DDK:

Next up, we have the confrontation between the Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood and Oscar Burns. Lance Warner will be in the ring to mediate. Let's go to him!

The cameras switch to Warner in the middle of the squared circle with a mic in hand.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, in just two short weeks The SOHER will be on the line when Gage Blackwood defends against Oscar Burns in their first ever confrontation! At this time, I'd like to bring the challenger to the ring... he is none other than "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 while wearing his signature "WE ALL LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt. After the two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE heads into the ring, Lance and Oscar exchange pleasantries while The Faithful await the next announcement and start booing before it's made.

Lance:

And now, he is the Southern Heritage Champion. He hails from Edinburgh, Scotland. He is, Gage Blaccckkwood!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Danson ♪

The Champion strolls out with Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell nowhere to be seen. Gage wears black jeans, The SOHER around his waist and a new "WE ALL LIKE GAGE" t-shirt, mocking the Oscar Burns' trademark tee he is sporting. Blackwood scoffs at the crowd before slowly making his way to the ring, without focusing too much attention on who's inside.

DDK:

Loud boos here for the very bitter, very unpopular Gage Blackwood. My broadcast partner would agree, I'm sure.

Blackwood calmly walks up the steel steps and enters through top and bottom rope. His theme song comes to a close as The Faithful grow louder. The boos have turned to cheers of anticipation. Blackwood wastes little time and gets right in front of Oscar Burns.

They stand nose-to-nose, roughly the same size, with Burns having the slight weight and height advantage. Like the well known interview vet that he is, Lance gives it some time. The crowd continues to build in cheers... until the cheers turn into a coordinated one.

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Blackwood sneers. He takes a small step back. The Faithful don't back down. Burns finally turns to them and gets a big pop for acknowledging their tireless effort.

DDK:

We have no doubt who they're behind heading into MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Burns is one of the most popular guys we've ever had on this roster! Many would argue in the last couple of years, he has become the heart of DEFIANCE and I think that's something that doesn't sit well with Gage.

Blackwood goes for a walk around his side of the ring. He takes his time and continues not looking bothered by the environment he's in. Burns stays in the center of the canvas patiently awaiting the discussion and finally, Lance Warner walks to the same location, turning towards the former FIST.

Lance:

Oscar, in two weeks one of the biggest contests in recent memory will happen in this very ring. For the first time ever, Blackwood, Burns, Southern Heritage Championship. You two started your DEFIANCE careers at the same time and now it's coming to a head! How do you foresee this battle going down?

Oscar smiles at Warner and then nods, taking in the question. As The Faithful finally lower their voices and await for him to speak, he's cut off. Blackwood grabs Warner's hand and directs the microphone to him instead.

Gage Blackwood:

Hi, Lance.

DDK:

Well, no surprise there. You knew he wanted to be the first to speak.

Gage Blackwood:

You're right. The two of us entered DEFIANCE at the same time.

Blackwood makes a hand gesture to Oscar, almost laughing him off in the process.

Gage Blackwood:

And yet, for some unexplained reason, it was Oscar Burns who was handpicked over *me*.

"OSCAR'S BETTER!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"OSCAR'S BETTER!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"OSCAR'S BETTER!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

It doesn't phase Blackwood. Not this time. Not yet, anyway. Oscar Burns has a smirk.

Oscar Burns:

You said it, GCs, not me.

But Gage continues despite the biting quip.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar Burns has had a DEFIANCE *silver spoon* in his mouth since the moment he arrived.

Oscar can't help but roll his eyes at the accusation. Blackwood immediately turns to the crowd.

Gage Blackwood:

And don't you dare say otherwise! Every, single, one of you know I'm right!

Lance tries to speak but Blackwood cuts him off again.

Gage Blackwood:

While this guy [*pointing at Oscar Burns*] got to interact with the likes of The Murray Brothers, Impulse and Scott Douglas, I was stuck with overrated and disappointing baw jugglers like Mushigihara.

"OSU! OSU! OSU!"

Oscar Burns quietly takes in the comments, politely nods and then goes to speak as Lance turns his body towards him. However, once more, Blackwood grabs the interviewer and directs the microphone into his own mouth.

Gage Blackwood:

For months, I watched as Burns won the UTA Championship and then the FIST, while I was left carrying The God-Beast and his dementia-driven manager all over the place, looking all the way up the card as I did!

The Faithful jeer during Blackwood's speech and then anticipate Oscar's reply when he finishes.

Lance:

Gage, it's been a crazy journey for both of you. Oscar, what do you have to say about that-

Before Burns can reply, Blackwood cuts him off AGAIN. And by now, Blackwood's calm demeanor grows a little more hostile with each passing word.

Gage Blackwood:

Excuse me, Lance but there's nothing *this guy* can say that can take the pain away! The pain away from knowing in every which way *I* was the better man and we should have switched roles from the very beginning!

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Blackwood tells The Faithful to "shut up". He pushes Lance aside, takes the mic for himself and then gets right in Burns' face!

Gage Blackwood:

Let me ask you some *QUESTIONS*, ya stupid bloke. How would you have liked to switch spots with me? How'd you like to carry Mushigihara to a five-star match? That sounds pretty impossible, doesn't it? The guy can't wrestle a doorknob!

Burns rolls his eyes.

Gage Blackwood:

How about handling a *Chris Ross* match without being murdered in the ring? I doubt you could. David Hightower? The guy is a TANK and would have crushed you in a second if he hadn't fallen into drugs and alcohol and been kicked off this roster!

Burns tries to say something else but Blackwood is getting angrier and angrier.

Gage Blackwood:

Hey pal, do you remember when UTA invaded us? DEFIANCE executives decided you could go after Scott Stevens, Mikey Unlikely and other *GOOD* wrestling talent. Meanwhile, I'm paired with Lisil Jackson. Do you know what that was like? Wrestling Lisil Jackson took **years** off my life! I want those years back! Lisil Jackson was terrible in the ring! And it's all because the higher ups thought I didn't have a personality and you, *OSCAR BURNS*, did.

Blackwood is in a full rage now, face red and taking winded breaths. Burns is getting agitated too but Blackwood has no quit. The SOHER starts poking his finger into Burns' chest.

Gage Blackwood:

Well / say your personality is shit. Your "Twists and Turns" nickname is lame and rhyming is for children.

Blackwood smacks his forehead like a light went off.

Gage Blackwood:

You know what, I just thought of a new nickname for myself. How about Gage "The Rage" Blackwood.

Blackwood laughs in Burns' face.

Gage Blackwood:

Yeah, I know. That's a shit nickname but it's still better than yours. I'm gonna keep it. By the way, I like graps too but I still can't find that funny. It's the stupidest slogan I've ever heard.

Oscar, obviously, doesn't back down through any of this, taking it in. Lance Warner is somewhere in the background and DDK has stayed on radio silence.

Gage Blackwood:

But you know what, NOTHING will prepare you for the ultimate humiliation. At MAXDEF, I will show the world that we should have switched places since DAY ONE!

Finally, Blackwood takes a small step back. He lowers the microphone and The Faithful fill the DEFarena with electric anticipation for Oscar Burns! Finally, the former FIST is given a mic by Lance Warner, stops and pulls his thoughts together.

Oscar Burns:

I-

Gage Blackwood:

YOU SHUT YOUR GOD DAMN MOUTH BECAUSE THIS IS MY TIME TO SHINE, BITCH! There are days I wish Danny Diggs was still here! He was WAY more talented than you! You had no right to bury him like that! You got over because of HIM and it's not the other way around!

Blackwood is booming and breathing down Oscar's neck! "Twists and Turns" doesn't flinch although everyone can tell he's holding it all back!

Gage Blackwood:

You have held down talent like ME for way too long and you should have *been on that bus*.

The "insider" comment gets an "OOHHHHH" from some of The Faithful.

Gage Blackwood:

Listen here, Oscar, / make the rules now! / dictate what happens in this organization! / am The Face of DEFIANCE! And let me tell you something else... you NEED this victory against me. You have fallen from grace and I will make sure that free fall continues because I, just like you, NEED this win too! I have done nothing but work my ass off, match-in and match-out for this company! Beating you and proving that / was the one who really deserved what *you* received instead means absolutely everything to me! While I am undefeated in singles pay-per-view matches throughout my DEFIANCE career, nothing... and I mean NOTHING is bigger than this upcoming match!!

Blackwood pokes his finger into Burns' chest again throughout the verbal assault.

Gage Blackwood:

I am UNCUT. I am MAXDEF. I am DEFCON! I am the one everyone in the back wants to be! Malak Garland, Dex Joy, Scott Stevens, Carny Sinclair, Tyler Fuse... they all want to be ME right now. Not you. You. Are. Finish...

Burns has enough and SHOVES Gage Blackwood to the ground! The Faithful ERUPT as Burns finally snatches the microphone. Gage fumes quietly now and gets ready for a fight with Burns standing over him.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah. This is the LAST time that I sit here and listen to you bitch about what you think you're owed, you stupid twat!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Oscar Burns:

I've been listening to you whine and moan and carry on for weeks, but I haven't said too much about it because quite frankly I thought you'd just collapse from lack of oxygen going to your brain. Since Gage seems to have my DEFIANCE biography memorized, but twisted up just about every detail, how about I get to drop some truth?

Burns doesn't take his eyes off Gage.

Oscar Burns:

First off... pardon my Kiwi, GCs, but Gage, you're a complete fucking mental case if you think that I was handpicked to be some sort of DEFIANCE golden child! Since I moved to the States four years ago and became a citizen of this country, might I add, I have worked my ass off to be who I am today and you're right... a three-time World Champion. Once as the UTA World and twice as the FIST. I'm sorry that fate dealt you a bad hand, GC, but I bet if fate knew that you'd grow up to be a giant asshole, I'd say between Chris Ross, David Hightower, Mushigihara and anybody else whoever kicked your ass up and down the Wrestle-plex... you deserved every bit of it, Gage, and you know it.

Gage is seething now while Burns continues on, more fired up.

Oscar Burns:

We did come in at the same time, but you want to know what the difference was between me and you, Gage? I kept fighting the good fight while you turned into... this thing you are today. You cracked. And if you think that you're being honest, then let me be REAL honest, Gage... your career is a damn shame.

Some "OOOOOOH!" sounds erupt from the crowd as Burns continued.

Oscar Burns:

And that's not because you aren't talented and not because you aren't tough, but because you don't even know how lucky you are. You have the Southern Heritage Title belt, a title I've never held... but you're bitter. Hell, you're beyond bitter. You're practically drowning and choking on your own bile. And quite frankly, you need help if you really believe any of the bullshit yarn you're spinning. So if me taking the SoHer from you at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is what you need to sober up then, consider me AA.

Gage clutches the title close as Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

GC, I'm going to make you regret trying to use me as your stepping stone. I may have lost to Mikey Unlikely for the FIST, but don't forget I've beaten him before, too. Cayle Murray. Crimson Lord. Scott Stevens. Kendrix. They've all come at me and I've beaten them all... and as good as you've been, Gage, you're no exception. Now it's true... I lost at DEFCON. I lost a chance to be Unified Tag Team Champion with Batts... but you and I both know that between these four corners, these three ropes, between the two of us... I am the one that's coming out on top and TAKING that title from you. And you'll have nobody to blame but yourself when I do.

The Faithful are worked into a frenzy, filling the arena at an extremely loud roar! Oscar lowers the mic and he doesn't break his stare on Gage Blackwood. Finally, The SOHER lets go of his championship belt, gets on one knee and then shoots up to spit square in Burns' face!

DDK:

OH IT'S ON!!!

Burns knocks Blackwood with a right hand and then runs him into the corner! He continues a fury of rights while Blackwood starts to fire back with lefts of his own!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD AND BURNS. BLACKWOOD AND BURNS!

Burns slings Blackwood into the middle of the ring, tries to wipe the spit off his face and then charges at Blackwood again. They continue going shot for shot as referees and stage crew come racing down in an attempt to break it apart!

Meanwhile, Lance Warner has made his way back to the announce table.

Lance: *[while putting his headset on]*

This is insane! I could barely get a word in!

DDK:

Blackwood and Burns are going to rip each other apart!!

The Faithful start booing as Benny Doyle and Mark Shields pull Burns to one side of the ring and Brian Slater and Wyatt Bronson take hold of Blackwood and bring him to the other.

DDK:

AND NOW BLACKWOOD IS FIGHTING THE REFEREES! He just punched Wyatt Bronson in the face and hit Brian Slater with a low blow!

As he does this, Oscar breaks free from his hold and comes charging across the ring, leaping into the corner and annihilating The SOHER with a massive diving forearm smash!

DDK:

BURNS WITH MORE RIGHT HANDS! HE'S CRUSHING BLACKWOOD IN THE CORNER!!

Blackwood tries to push Burns away but he's not able to! Burns is relentless, shouting to Gage as he does! Finally, Blackwood gets an upper hand with a rake to the eyes and a push-out leg sweep sending Burns to the middle of the canvas!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD IS LOOKING FOR THE GAELIC STORM!!!

But Burns ducks and the flying double knee takeout goes *swoosh!*

DDK:

BURNS LAUNCHES AT BLACKWOOD AND CONNECTS WITH A CLOTHESLINE FOLLOWED BY MORE RIGHT HANDS!!!

Burns works Blackwood into the corner but the referees along with a few more ring crew get back to pulling them apart! Blackwood's face is beet red but Burns is also irate! Half of Blackwood's spit is still on the challenger's face while Gage's trademark scar above his right eye starts bleeding again, as tiny trickles of blood roll down into his eye.

DDK:

Much to the dismay of The Faithful, I think we've got enough people to calm things down now!

Blackwood rolls out of the ring and "gives up" with a pose by lifting his arms away from the referees. This is followed by trying to get back into the ring until...

DDK:

Oscar Burns breaks past the refs once more and grabs Blackwood by his hair, bringing him on the apron!!

They exchange punches again!

DDK:

SHOT FOR SHOT FOR SHOT!!!

Lance:

It's so loud in here I can barely hear you, Darren!

Blackwood spits at Burns again but misses! Finally, Burns levels Blackwood with a forearm that knocks him off the apron! The SOHER slams the apron with rage and demands to be given his championship belt which lays in middle of the ring. By now, Gage is so angry his thick Scottish accent comes into play and no one can understand a thing he is screaming!

Gage Blackwood:

Come MAXDEF a'm aff tae murder ye in cauld blood!!! YE'LL SEE! A' O' YE WULL SEE!! YE WULL NE'ER BE ABLE TAE KEEP ME DOON AGAIN!!!

Burns watches Blackwood retreat up the ramp while shouting comments back.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD AND BURNS. TWO WEEKS. IT'S GONNA BE GREAT! We will be right back folks!

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF2020



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

LINDSAY TROY & THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY & TEAM HOSS

DDK:

Lance, are you ready for our main event? This one is huge not just in star power, but size also! It'll be the FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely teaming up with the massive Team HOSS to take on the former FIST, the "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and her partners, the twin seven-footers, The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

Oh, I am, Darren. And just when we thought this match couldn't get any larger, Mikey Unlikely added a stipulation. He's so confident in his team winning that he'll finally acquiesce and give Lindsay Troy the FIST of DEFIANCE title match... but she has to pin Mikey to get it!

DDK:

Quite a stipulation indeed, but Lindsay Troy has accepted. She's willing to prove herself however she can to earn that shot. And we can't forget the bad blood that has spilled over with Team HOSS and The Lucky Sevens. These two teams have battled tooth and nail over the last few shows, including a DQ, a double-count out on UNCUT and two separate beatdowns by Team HOSS. The Lucky Sevens want payback just as bad as Lindsay does and we'll see if they can get it. Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey for our main event of the evening!

And the camera does just that as Darren Quimbey adjusts his tie.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-man tag team match set for one fall and is your main event of the evening! If Lindsay Troy can pin Mikey Unlikely, she will earn a FIST of DEFIANCE title match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2020! Introducing first...

♪ "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, both looking pissed off and ready to wreck fools, no matter how big they are.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 587 pounds... they are the team of Angel Trinidad and Alecander The Great... **TEAM HOSS!**

The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Alecander 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 Alecander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The crowd gives them a big chorus of jeers as they approach the ring. Alecander and Angel both leap onto the ring apron. Alecander steps through the ropes while the taller and more agile Angel grabs the top rope and then leaps over them in one fluid motion, landing on his feet. The two monsters bump fists, then await their tag partner for the evening.

The lights go out and the fans begin to boo before the single spotlight hits the stage. From behind the curtain comes rolling the signature red carpet. It rolls all the way to the ring.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Through the curtain comes Hollywood's favorite C Lister. The boo's pick up in volume. In his hand he's carrying the FIST OF DEFIANCE case, with the handle handcuffed to himself.

Darren Quimbey:

And their partner... hailing from Hollywood, California... He is the REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE...THE WORLDS GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIIIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Mikey begins down the ramp after looking over his shoulder one time. He struts confidently, keeping himself and the case from arms reach of the Faithful in attendance. He comes to the ring, and climbs the stairs. He eyes his tag team partners, trying to figure out how much he can trust the pair.

After wiping his feet on the ring apron, he unlocks the handcuff on the FIST Case, and handcuffs it to the turnbuckle pole. He enters the ring, and stretches out, removing the Mikey Money Tshirt he's wearing. He begins to go over strategy with TEAM HOSS and awaits his opponents. The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jackpot ...

7 7 7

The numbers appear on the screen and soon the intro plays.

*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. 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:

Introducing the opponents ... from Las Vegas Nevada, they weigh in at a combined weight of six hundred and five pounds ... THE LLLLLLUUUUCCCCCKYYYYYYY SSSSSSEEEVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSS!!!!

The twin brothers both march down the ramp but they stop short of the ring. Mason and Max both talk trash to the Team HOSS members inside the ring while they wait for their partner.

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

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

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

And their partner, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LIIIIIIIINNNNDDDDDSSSSSSAAAYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYY!

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and she stops next to the Lucky Sevens at the bottom of the ramp. She gives the brothers a nod and then all three hop onto the apron and enter the ring.

DDK:

We've got everyone present and accounted for, Lance. Time to get this show on the road!

DING DING!

With all 6 competitors in the ring, it looks like Mason Luck is going to start the matchup for their team. Once Lindsay Troy steps onto the ring apron and grabs the tag rope, Mikey Unlikely suddenly volunteers to begin the match. Much to the surprise of his tag team partners.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely is going to start this match up against a seven foot opponent!

Lance:

I too would have thought he would have stayed out of the way and let the big men go at it, but hey is the Champion after all! Sometimes you just gotta prove you're the man... or woman!

The bell rings as Mikey and Mason slowly circle one another. Unlikely careful not to step anywhere near the other teams corner. Suddenly his right arm shoots up into the air.

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me, Mikey Unlikely calling for the test of strength.

Lance:

Our FIST OF DEFIANCE is a full foot shorter, and 80 lbs lighter than his opponent, he clearly feels he might be the strongest man in the ring. Let's see what happens!

Mason eyes Mikey and chuckles. He looks over to his corner where Max urges him on. The two come together with one hand, and slowly Mikey raises his second arm to meet Mason's. The legal Luck brother watches Mikey's hand for trickery, and that's why Unlikely uses his foot.

DDK:

Oh! The Champion stomping the toes of the big man!

Mason pulls his foot back, it hurt but he's largely unphased. Unlikely meanwhile turns to the crowd, laughs and points to his head. He shouts that he "GOT EEM" before turning around right into a big boot that nearly takes his head off by Mason Luck.

Lance::

What a shot from Mason Luck! He rocked the Champion!

Mason Luck takes over, much to the behest of the men in Mikey's corner. He grabs him under one arm, picks up Mikey and launches him across the ring. Unlikely crashes hard onto his back and tumbles into the turnbuckle. Mason comes running... Knee to the face of the FIST in the corner. He picks Mikey up right away, Throws him off the ropes. On the return Mikey tries to hit a crossbody block but he's caught. Panic fills the eyes of the Champion.

DDK:

BIG RIBBREAKER FROM MASON LUCK.

Luck picks up Mikey's legs and positions them under his long ass arms. He falls back and slingshots Mikey up and into the Lucky Sevens corner. Unlikely's face bounces off the turnbuckle pad and is then met by a big left hand from Max Luck, Mikey turns from the blow and falls right into Lindsay Troy's reach. She drops him to the mat with a huge elbow strike to the head from the apron.

DDK:

The Champion being tossed around like a pinball at this moment.

Mason Luck pulls Mikey to his feet and to the center of the ring. He drills Mikey's gut with some huge knee lifts. Mikey's in position and Mason wastes no time...

Lance:

JACKPOT DROP! The Pumphandle Slam backbreaker variation! This could be it!

Mikey is lifeless on the mat so Mason goes for the cover.

One...

Both members of TEAM HOSS enter the ring, and break up the count. They are quickly chastised and chased from the ring by the official. As they get back on the ring apron, Max Luck comes FLYING from the other side of the ring and drills both members of Team Hoss driving them to the floor below. He goes out after them.

Mason seeing another opportunity picks Mikey up and puts the champion on his shoulder with ease.

DDK:

BIG POWERSLAM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! THE CHAMPION IS BEING PUMMELED!

Mason sees that Max has Team HOSS tied up, even if he's being overcome. Big Mase is going to try to win this thing now. He goes for another cover.

DDK:

Here we go! Mikey's lifeless!

One...

Two...

Once again Mason is pulled off of Mikey Unlikely by a tag team partner. Mason slaps the mat in frustration, knowing Mikey wasn't kicking out. He gets up and turns around ready to find a Team HOSS member... instead he finds Lindsay Troy as the one who pulled him off the cover!

DDK:

LINDSAY TROY! They had this match won but she knew she would not get her shot at the FIST if she does not pin Mikey herself!

Lance:

This is about to get interesting Keebs!

Mason shoots the Queen a look, but quickly realizes what's at stake for her. He nods to her and then once she returns to her corner, she gets the tag. The crowd pops as Troy enters the ring legally for the first time... but in all the chaos, Aleczander The Great reaches into the ring and then pulls Mikey to the safety of the ropes so he can tag himself in! The Faithful jeer The Big Brit, but he calls them wankers and then enters the ring, face to face with an old rival.

DDK:

Oooh, boy, Lance. You've seen some battles in DEFIANCE's earlier days between Team HOSS and Lindsay Troy with an assortment of allies. Their history runs deep, but it was a team of Troy, Ty Walker and former FIST Dan Ryan that ended their then-historic run as World Trios champions.

Lance:

And look out, Aleczander on the offensive!

Or he tries to be anyway as he runs at Troy with an early attempt at Weapon FLEX, but The Queen sees it coming and doubles him over with a spinning low kick to the gut. She then throws a kick that Aleczander tries to catch, only to snap right over with the other foot using an Enzuigiri that cracks The Big Brit upside the head! Mikey yells from the apron to earn his money and keep The Lady of the Hour away and when Troy tries to take a swing at him, Mikey ducks off the apron!

DDK:

Mikey can't help but be the center of attent... uh-oh!

Aleczander stumbles around, but he does try again to catch The Queen. She sees him coming and sneaks behind him, shoving him into the ropes. He hangs on and Troy goes rolling backwards until she lands back on her feet. When he rushes at her, she fires back with a Rolling Elbow Smash that lands on his chiseled chin. Once again, she knocks The Mancunian Muscle loopy and then fires back with another kick that sends him stumbling to the floor. With Aleczander down, Troy shows off that smirk... you damn well know the one. And then runs at the ropes and takes flight with a Corkscrew Plancha!

Lance:

And Aleczander is down! Troy's back on her feet and the Faithful are right there with her!

Indeed, the rabid DEFIANCE Faithful cheer the former FIST on as she tries to get big Aleczander back on his feet and back in the ring. She rolls him back inside and then tries to follow when Angel Trinidad grabs her by her top. She turns around and grabs his arm before snapping the arm across the top rope. Angel flinches and grabs his arm in pain, but when she turns around, Aleczander sneaks up and DRIVES Troy into the mat with the British Power International! His brains have been scrambled from Troy's earlier beatdown, but he has enough to land the Military Press into the Powerslam.

DDK:

Big time counter by Aleczander! And the cover now!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Troy's shoulder comes up, but Aleczander sees an opening and then makes the tag to Angel Trinidad. The bitter and vicious larger half of Team HOSS enters the ring as Aleczander throws Troy into the corner. He rushes at her with a Corner Clothesline and hits the move, then throws her right into a massive Sidewalk Slam from The Beast From The Bronx! Angel smiles, then holds the legs of Troy, trying to go for the win.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close! Two nearfall attempts by Team HOSS to wrap this match up and shut out Lindsay Troy of a title match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Mikey is loving this, you can just tell!

Mikey is indeed laughing it up right now and leaning over the ropes, enjoying the scenery. Angel takes hold of The Queen by the arm and doubles her over with a massive knee before hoisting her up and driving her down with a big slam. Angel takes a second and revels in the moment before he heads to the middle rope. Angel looks out to the Faithful and then takes flight with a Leg Drop... but nobody is home!

Lance:

Big risk and a big miss by Angel Trinidad! Troy rolls out of the way!

The Queen has a choice to make when she sees both Mason and Max ready. She can either try and fight the massive Trinidad to get to Mikey or make the tag... and she opts to try and fight. But as she's trying to get back up, Mikey decides he's going to tag himself in as Angel tries to limp up!

DDK:

Mikey wants in there himself! Of course he's going to strike while the Queen is down!

The FIST of DEFIANCE comes running and looks to cheapshot Troy, but she manages to duck the oncoming blow...

Lance:

No! Inside cradle! Troy might have him!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Was that three? No! No, it wasn't! That almost came back to haunt Mikey in the WORST way!

The crowd goes nuts when Mikey just barely kicks out! Both Unlikely and Troy meet at their feet but when Troy tries a kick, Mikey slides underneath the kick and catches her with an unsuspecting Lungblower! Troy bounces back to the canvas and Mikey hurriedly tries to cover the Queen and keep her away from his championship.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Mikey almost had her... oh, God, look at this!

The second that Troy kicks out, Mikey gets the hell out of dodge and tags a slightly unsuspecting Aleczander, telling him to get in there and finish the job. Aleczander shrugs and then heads into the ring while Mason and Max Luck both watch what's happening. Max wants into the ring, but Mason holds him back.

DDK:

Troy wants this win, but she hasn't taken any chances to tag out! And perhaps her best chance to win this match went away when Mikey slinked out of that ring! Now Aleczander is setting up Troy.

The Big Brit marches into the ring and then grabs Troy to throw her into the ropes. He throws her into the air, but she adjusts in mid-air and catches him with a Dropkick on the way down, sending him back to the corner! Troy rolls backwards to the ropes... and Max Luck makes the tag! She looks up at Max ...

Max Luck:

Trust us, pretty lady. We'll help!

Max rushes into battle for the first time when he pounds away on Aleczander with right hand after right hand in the corner. He has Aleczander pinned with his left arm when he kisses a fist and punches away encouraging the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful to count along. They count with him until he reaches ten and then he shoots Aleczander across the ring. As Aleczander comes back at him Max bounces off the opposite ropes and hits him with a big flying clothesline on the way back!

Lance:

Max likes taking to the skies more than Mason and it shows in his style! He's a great athlete!

DDK:

And a showboat too! He's got the crowd fired up!

Max Luck has his hands up and then he waits on Aleczander to stand before he picks up the big Brit and plants him

with a standing power slam. When Max stands up he runs over and nails Angel Trinidad with a big boot and sends him flying off the ring apron. Mikey's jaw drops when he sees Max Luck now standing over Aleczander before hitting the running jumping elbow drop he calls the Box Car elbow! Max starts to cover but when he sees Lindsay Troy he stops.

Max Luck:

Sorry sorry sorry!

She gives Max the okay before he picks up Aleczander and drops him with another right. He throws him into the ropes and then tries another big boot when he ducks and then goes behind with a shoulder tackle aimed at the knee. Max falls to his knees and when Mikey sees a chance to steal the win again, he wants the tag! Aleczander makes it to Mikey and then he runs towards Max and uses a DDT while he's on his knees. The FIST then tries taking the win for himself over Max!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

No! Mikey almost got the win again! He's taking his shots and trying to get out of dodge when he can!

Mikey tries to get back to his corner and sees Aleczander standing there but when he tries to reach out ...

Lance:

No! Mason Luck grabs Aleczander and pulls him off the apron!

Mason strikes him with a right hand and then they are now battling it out. Angel Trinidad is now joining in while inside the ring, Mikey tries to put away Max Luck with another DDT but he gets thrown to the side. Max makes the tag over to Lindsay Troy and then hobbles over as his brother tries to fight off both members of Team HOSS. Troy runs at Mikey and the two are the legal wrestlers trading shots when Max runs and heads to the top turnbuckle before he leaps *over* and crashes onto Team HOSS with the Check-Raise!!!

DDK:

Max Luck just took out Team HOSS with that amazing diving clothesline out to the floor! They took out Team HOSS and that leaves Troy alone with Mikey!

Lindsay and Mikey are exchanging heavy forearm shots when the FIST of DEFIANCE swings with a wild lariat, looking to set up for the Roll Credits, but the Queen has it scouted and she ducks under. Mikey careens slightly off-balance and Lindsay follows up with a roaring elbow that further puts Mikey back on his heels. Seeing an opportunity with the champ reeling, she takes off for the ropes, gaining momentum, and sprints back toward Mikey...

WHAM!

Lance:

BY ROYAL DECREE!

DDK:

LINDSAY TROY JUST SPIKED MIKEY UNLIKELY ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD WITH THAT CRUCIFIX DRIVER!
THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Crowd:

ZOMGPOSPLOSION~!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match: THE LUCKY SEVENS AND LINDSAY TROY!!!!

Max and Mason Luck are nowhere to be found, having brawled into the crowd toward the concession area with Aleczander and Angel Trinidad. In the ring, Hector Navarro raises Lindsay's hand and the Queen of the Ring smiles, satisfied with the potential concussion she's given the FIST.

DDK:

Despite Mikey's and Team HOSS's best efforts, Lindsay Troy has punched her ticket to the main event of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. It's going to be a wild one in two weeks, Lance!

Lance:

It sure is, partner. I can't wait to see it all go down.

DDK:

For Lance Warner, I'm 'Downtown' Darren Keebler. Goodnight everybody!

Fade-out on a shot of a triumphant LT ascending the turnbuckles and playing to the crowd.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE