

VERIFIED BLUE CHECK MARK

SHORTLY AFTER MAXDEF

The word mark 'Previously Recorded' appears in the bottom left hand corner as the footage opens to a sectioned-off portion of the backstage area reserved for photography sessions. Standing front and center, just a mere hour or two removed from the biggest victory of their tag team careers are the now TWO-TIME TWO-TIME Unified Tag Team Champions, The Sky High Titans! "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez has one World Tag and one of the Trios belts while his tag partner, Minute, has on the other two Trios and the other World Tag that make up the combined collection of titles.

Photographer:

All right, Minute, one with you in front and Uriel next to you, titles off your arms.

They both nod and as they ready, Uriel nods to his tag partner.

Uriel Cortez:

We did it, Minute... well, let's be honest, my friend, YOU did this. You were amazing out there.

Minute waves his arm in an "aw, shucks" type of manner before they resume another pose with the titles. Nearby, Junior and Thomas Keeling both watch on with approval of their clients.

Junior Keeling:

See? I knew if we had the chance, our boys were gonna beat the PCPs. This is the best team going today, Pops.

Thomas Keeling:

Son, you don't need to tell me. That was great thinking on your part with that second mask.

Junior Keeling:

I figured that they'd try for the mask at some point again since it worked for them the first time. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice... that shit don't happen, son!

The father/son duo bump elbows and then continue to watch the session unfold.

That is, until a curtained partition gets blatantly pulled down and in walks Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames, all with ignorant, self-absorbed looks on their faces. The commotion halts all proceedings.

Malak Garland:

Is this where we can get roster image updates done, because we just won our match and we demand to use this studio ASAP to commemorate such a watershed moment!

Malak's social disregard hits the faces of everyone else in the room like a foul smell. The hairstylists and make-up artists on set are left gob smacked at the rudeness and audacity displayed by the head Keyboard Warrior while Sky High Titans and the Keelings remain quiet and unsure if this request is legitimate or a joke.

Malak Garland:

Oh hey, look at what we have here! It's Sky High Titans and the Keelings! You guys are verified with a blue check mark!

Thomas Keeling elbows his son's arm.

Thomas Keeling:

He's talking about the Twitter, right, son?

Junior Keeling:

Yeah, Dad. I told you I got that stuff.

Malak grabs a hand mirror off a table nearby and attempts to spruce his hair up on his own.

Malak Garland:

I'm sure you've already heard but we just procured a mountain worth of social media likes, so we're just going to go ahead and slide in for a picture or two. I know you guys won't mind.

Minute shakes his head. Uriel Cortez is still posing for the photos with the titles out.

Uriel Cortez:

We do mind. Get out of our shot or you'll be smiling with a mouthful of gums.

Malak fidgets with his hair, completely oblivious to the threat. It has to look perfect if he's going to have his photo taken. The ambient studio lighting lends itself well to shiny objects and Malak happens to turn the mirror at just the right angle that his eyes catch a glimpse of something shimmering. He stops cold in his tracks. His rambling ceases. His frozen state is more like a trance.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Malak? Are you okay?

The shine of the many gold tag team wrestling championship belts calls out to him. His eyes are in a daze from sensory overload. Sky High Titans hold their belts proudly as they begin to notice what Malak is fixated on. Malak slowly places the mirror back on the table and just stares at the belts. His lips moisten like a dog before dinner.

Malak Garland:

What are those?

Malak asks naively as he points to the belts.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Those are the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Titles.

Malak Garland:

Y-you know what?

Malak's spirit seemingly restores itself as he blinks a few times.

Malak Garland:

Championship belts are much more prestigious than obtaining social media likes, so we'll defer to you guys using the photo studio.

Cyrus and Teresa take the direction rather well as they turn around and start walking away without hesitation, but Malak lingers just long enough for it to become awkward. He slowly creeps back, still facing everyone else. He has to wipe his lip to prevent drooling on himself and the strangest, most captivated look stays on his face before he disappears from sight. Uriel and Minute both stare in the direction he left before the photographer speaks up.

Photographer:

All right, guys, just one more and we should be good!

The Keelings both ignore the trio and go back to focusing on their clients as we go back to the announce table.

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 MAXDEF 2020 is briefly shown, clipping through the events line up like flipping pages of a comic book and ending on Mikey Unlikely retaining the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Oh, and signs.

HIDE THE LEFTOVERS: MUSHI'S BACK?
THE DEFIANT IS FAKE NEWS
BIG DEX ASS WHOOPING INSURANCE!
HE IS COMING
LIT LIT LIT LIT!
BIG DEX ENERGY!
YOU? BEAT THE LUCKY SEVENS? DON'T BET ON IT!
FIRST
BUY A BOOK!
I AM A NUGGET!
EMLIOOO
OOOOOO
OOOOOO
COMMENT REMOVED BY MODERATOR
MIKEY SITS WHEN HE PEES
NOT THAT JOSH
GIVE ME A WAKE UP CALL, JAY!
BRONSON BOX SLEPT ON MY SOFA LAST NIGHT
EMILIO BYRD = NEXT FIST
WELCOME BACK HARVEY

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-seventh edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown"

Darren Keebler and with me is Lance Warner!

Lance:

As always, I am glad to be here, Darren! We have quite the show for tonight!

DDK:

Indeed we, Lance! This show is jam packed and there isn't a minute to waste!

AND STILL

Lance:

What a capacity crowd we have here tonight! The DEFIANCE Faithful are out in full force and ready for some amazing hard hitting action!

DDK:

...I'm sorry what was that?

Lance:

Darren I was just saying how the fans in attendance are...

The crowd continues to move across the masses who cheer and chant.

DDK:

No, I'm sorry Lance, I'm getting word from production that we have to cut upstairs where our FIST OF DEFIANCE, has a very important announcement to make!

The camera slowly moves to a suite in the press area of the arena and zooms in. As the camera gets closer we can finally make out the reigning and defending FIST standing against the glass, looking down on the adoring public. As the image shows up on the DEFIAtron those in attendance boo loudly.

He holds the championship in it's wooden and glass display case at his side. The camera switches to one inside the suite and behind the champion. He knows this and slowly turns around to deliver his message, smiling all the while.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ladies and gentlemen, wrestlers and fans... I stand before you a man who has been completely vindicated. A man who has spent every day for the last 5 years with one single goal on my mind, and that was to get to the top of this sport. To get to the top of this mountain that they call professional wrestling.

He holds out the championship and takes a nice long look at it.

Mikey Unlikely:

On this day I not only am the man who holds the most prestigious championship that DEFIANCE has to offer, but I've also held at one time or another every OTHER championship in DEFIANCE WRESTLING. I have performed the world's first clean sweep of DEF.

He places the belt (in the case) back at his side. Looking up at the camera he adjusts his tie. Wearing slacks, a long sleeve dress shirt with the arms rolled up, his vest and of course the signature sunglasses he sports so often. Glancing at the camera it's hard to hide the smile he has on his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

I've formed alliances, purchased companies, made movies, filmed commercials, and drank more Frapps than any one man should... all in pursuit of being called YOUR FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION!

More boos from the outside crowd. While the sound is muffled in the room it's still unable to be ignored.

Mikey Unlikely:

As your champion, many of you know it's my duty and privilege to defend this on a regular basis. Much like I did not so long ago against what anyone in their right mind would call a legend in this company. When I beat Lindsay Troy in the center of the ring I proved once again Mikey Unlikely can't be underestimated. How you could you doubt something this great?

He allows the question to linger and singe your earbuds.

Mikey Unlikely:

Tonight is the continuation of the amazing reign that is the Mikey Unlikely era of DEFIANCE.... With a record number of new wrestlers chomping at the bit to get a shot at the gold. With legends returning left and right giving the greatest sports entertainer in the world the side eye, jealous that I hold the most prestigious prize this sport has to offer.. And you know what!?

He walks a few steps closer to the camera and leans in.

Mikey Unlikely:

I can't get enough of it! I beat certified OG legend Lindsay Troy to RETAIN my gold and from here on out I write my own destiny.

Offscreen he's handed something by a female hand. He nods his thanks, never making eye contact.

Mikey Unlikely:

I want to not only be remembered as the man who won every title. I want to not only be remembered as the best actor/wrestler in the game. I want to be remembered as the most dominant champion DEFIANCE has ever seen as well... I've watched the Scott Stevens of the world go out and challenge anyone in the world. The Oscar Burns come out here each and every week and give a shot to the first person who can run out the curtain and wants 15 seconds of limelight.

He snickers to himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

Not today, not on my watch! IT'S A VERY EXPENSIVE WATCH DAMMIT!

He holds his watch up and checks the time.

Mikey Unlikely:

So tonight begins a very special series of matches for me where I will defend my FIST of DEFIANCE on a near weekly basis! That's right! People of DEFIANCE fandom, you will see your champion in action right here tonight and my most prized possession will be on the line!

The fans in the arena explode in cheers at the thought of getting a FIST match tonight. Unlikely holds out the banner. It reads **Mikey Unlikely FISTVitational**.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is a CLOSED challenge. I have chosen my opponents in advance, giving us each an equal chance to scout one another. Tonight begins a series of matches that I will have to prove I am the greatest fighting champion DEF has ever seen! So who will I be facing tonight? While I will not reveal his name, I will say he's one of the most decorated wrestlers to ever step foot into this building! He's a man who's also won gold here. So strap in DEFFanatics it's going to be a great evening!

He folds up the banner and tosses it offscreen. He wipes his hands together.

Lance:

The champion will be in action tonight? That's great! The FIST OF DEFIANCE will be on the line!

DDK:

That's great, Lance, but what former champion is he talking about? Who's he facing tonight?

Unlikely laughs and walks off the screen. Cut back to the commentation station.

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

I'm sure we will find out! Are you ready for the opening match, Lance? We've got a young BRAZEN star that no doubt has the opportunity of a lifetime! Coming up next, long time Cristiano Caballero goes one on one with the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. Funny enough, he faced Burns in his own debut a few years ago when he first arrived in DEFIANCE. We've seen the type of star that Burns has become today, but in more recent times, he hasn't been doing so well in big matches.

Lance:

No, he has not. After almost three hundred days as the FIST of DEFIANCE, he lost the title to our current champion, Mikey Unlikely. We've seen him lose out on the chance to become Unified Tag Team Champions with his protege, "Bantam" Ryan Batts, then most recently... he lost to the current Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

That's all true. But you know the type of wrestler Burns is. He's noble, he loves everything about this sport, and he's got his nose to the grindstone. After making sure he was cleared after that hellacious battle with Gage Blackwood, Burns immediately requested the chance to get back to competition and he's back tonight. Caballero jumped at the chance to compete tonight, so without further adieu... here we go to ringside!

And to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Barcelona, Spain, weighing in at 228lbs, **CRISTIANO OOOO CABALLERO OOOOOO!**

Cristiano Caballero emerges from the back and slowly saunters down to the ring with a rose between his teeth. He rounds the corner of the first ring and casts his eye over the front row. He slowly makes his way around the second ring before pointing to a blonde female. She stands up as he takes the rose from his mouth before running it under her chin. She smiles as she tries to take the rose, but Cristiano takes a step back and laughs as he shakes his head. He discards the rose before sliding into the first ring and takes his place in his corner.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by "Bantam" Ryan Batts... from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds, he is **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out... And the crowd explodes (not literally, that'd be pretty darn messy.) But they're happy to see him!

The original yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt is up, along with his familiar orange wrestling gear. Behind him is Ryan Batts, waving his signature rally towel in the air and throwing it to a fan before they hit the ring

DDK:

Burns looks pretty down right now, but Ryan giving him a pep talk before hitting the ring.

The former two-time FIST takes in his surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight... and out comes Caballero with a huge Dropkick!

Batts yells at Carla Ferrari, but Cristiano already backs off.

DDK:

Caballero trying to strike! If there was a good time to capitalize and make a name for yourself against Burns, this is it!

Lance:

Here we go!

Caballero is ready and willing to fight while a startled Burns picks himself up in the corner. He's groggy, but he gives Carla the go ahead and nods. The bell rings...

DING DING!

DDK:

And another Dropkick by Caballero! He's a long time member of BRAZEN and we've seen it happen with Matt LaCroix recently when making the jump to the main roster, upsetting major star Scott Stevens! If he can do this, that'll open every door for his career!

Caballero continues stomping away at Burns and the crowd is all over him, but the good-looking Spaniard tells them to shut up before getting in Burns' face.

Cristiano Caballero:

This is MY time to shine, not yours! You're done!

Batts watches his mentor get taken to task again by the cocky BRAZEN star when he picks him up out of the corner. He doubles him over with a kick to the gut, another kick to the chest, and then DRIVES him down face-first into the mat with a huge Jumping Flatliner!

DDK:

Impressive move by Caballero and now the cover! Can this be all?!

Caballero pushes Burns onto his back and then hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Burns kicks out right after two, but the pretty boy gets extra aggressive and uses a volley of punches to The Technical Spectacle! He continues until Carla yells at him to back off or get disqualified. He backs off and then pulls Burns up...

Lance:

Jumping Side Kick by Caballero! He calls that the Pretty Sight! And now another cover!

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

The crowd pops when Burns kicks out again and sits up, but when he does, Caballero is still on him with a trifecta of rights to put him back down on the mat. Feeling that his time is near, Caballero grabs the legs of Burns...

DDK:

Could this be? If he locks this in...

He tries for the Texas Cloverleaf that he calls the Spanish Inquisition and tries to get Burns over, but the tech-savvy wrestler shoves him away with his free foot! Burns quickly scrambles to his feet while Caballero regains his footing.

Lance:

Nope! Burns saw it coming! Both men back on their feet!

Burns is somewhat groggy, but stops himself when Caballero comes at him, only for Burns to catch him on the rebound in an Abdominal Stretch... no! He switches and then soon, has Caballero with a Russian Legswep right into... The Octopus Stretch!

DDK:

NO! Just like that! Just like that, Cristiano Caballero is locked in the Graps of Wrath !! Burns has it in tight!

The crowd goes nuts when Burns has his famous Grounded Octopus Stretch submission locked in fully on Caballero, pulling on an arm! With one arm being pulled and the rest of his body restrained by Burns' legs, Caballero yells out! Burns cranks that sucker on for extra pressure...

TAP TAP TAP!

The bell rings and the crowd cheers on as he taps!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner as a result of a submission... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

What a come-from-behind win there by Burns! Caballero gave him a quick run for his money, but one mistake just cost him the match!

Lance:

Burns hasn't been on the biggest win streak in terms of big matches, but I think that he just showed that despite what's happened to him in recent times, he's not going away any time soon.

Burns watches Cristiano leave the ring and head back up the ramp clutching his arm in pain before he turns to Ryan Batts and offers his protege a nod. He breathes a sigh of relief and then the two head back up to the ramp...

THE PATH BACK TO THE TOP

Cut back to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

And... well, we heard that no matter the outcome of this particular match, Burns had something on his mind tonight. And now, Jamie Sawyers is coming out to meet him on the stage.

The camera is now focused on Burns taking a sip of Aquafina with Batts patting him on the shoulder while Jamie Sawyers greets him on the interview stage. Jamie lets him catch his breath for the moment before he begins.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oscar Burns...

He pauses for the obligatory MASSIVE crowd reaction for the Kiwi.

Jamie Sawyers:

Great reaction from the crowd tonight as always and congratulations on your win. That one was really close...

Oscar Burns: *[huffing]*

Yeah, GC... it was. That was tough. Caballero saw an opportunity and almost took it...

Ryan Batts jumps in.

Ryan Batts:

But he didn't hang onto it! The Team Graps Cap gets back on track!

Jamie Sawyers nods.

Jamie Sawyers:

That it did... now we understand that you have something to say, but before we do, I think I would be remiss if we didn't bring up the elephant in the room. The match against Gage Blackwood for the coveted Southern Heritage Championship didn't exactly go your way...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Twists and Turns acknowledges the crowd reaction and nods.

Jamie Sawyers:

It took three Gaelic Storms to finally keep you down, but by hook or by crook, Gage Blackwood did what he said he was gonna do. And it's been tough for you in terms of big matches. You and Batts just missed out on a chance to be the Unified Tag Team Champions, and losing the FIST back at DEFCON.

Burns winces in his spot.

Oscar Burns:

Ouch... go right for the jugular why don't you? I know, GC... my record has been pretty spotty lately. Sorry for that, Battsy.

Ryan Batts:

Hey, we lay it all out there in the ring. Win, lose or draw... that's what you taught me, Oscar. I take those lessons to heart.

A soft round of applause follows from the Faithful before Sawyers steers the interview back.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, with all that said, what's going through the mind of Oscar Burns right now?

Burns sighs.

Oscar Burns:

Well, like you said, GC... Blackwood did what he said he was gonna do. As a human being, he's human garbage, but as a competitor, I can't take that away from him. The Sky High Titans are just churning out great match after great match and righted the wrongs of the PCPs. And like you said... Mikey Unlikely finally beat me for the FIST. And he did... but I need to tell YOU something, Jamie...

Burns pulls the microphone closer and then points to the sea of rabid DEFIANCE fans.

Oscar Burns:

I've had some time to reflect on what's happened to me recently and I will say this... I will NOT let this stop me, GC! I tried what I could to be a champion, but I will NOT give up on my quest to be a champion again and get back to top!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Oscar Burns:

Mikey, I did voluntarily give up my rematch clause if I got beat and that's on me. But I'm not done with the FIST. I'm gonna do all I can to get back to the top and kick your sorry arse back to the wop wops where you belong! Let me remind you that Mikey beat me at DEFCON, but I beat him back at DEF ROAD before that and kept the title. So Mikey, you're only one and one against me... and I'm telling you right now...

Off-Camera Voice:

...You're not the only one who's not done with the FIST, *Chappy*.

The Faithful let out a roar in unison as Oscar Burns, Ryan Batts, and Jamie Sawyers all look over to the entranceway. A stone-faced and microphone-wielding Lindsay Troy has parted the curtain and is making her way over to the trio.

Lindsay Troy:

It's a tale as old as time, isn't it? Conquering hero gets his time in the sun, sees his legs cut from underneath him, has to scratch and claw his way to get back to the top and runs into a few colossal speed bumps along the way. I find myself reciting a few lines of it since I got back in the game. Thing is, Burns, you've got competition at the top of the heap, and if MAX*DEF was any indication, I'm not about to let you slide on ahead of me to get another crack at our ... *esteemed* ... champion.

The Lady of the Hour squares up to Twists and Turns so they're eye to eye.

Lindsay Troy:

You want to dance with Mikey again? So do I.

Burns offers The Queen of the Ring a slight smile in return and brings his own microphone up.

Oscar Burns:

Lindsay Troy. Under normal circumstances, GC, I'd say it would be a pleasure to be greeted by one of DEFIANCE's best. I know we've never met, but I've studied up on the history of this promotion and you're considered one of the best among the best. I know about your wars with Bronson Box, Dan Ryan, and countless others... I also learned enough to know that you like to do things your own way... well... that's where we're gonna have a problem.

He presses on.

Oscar Burns:

I didn't come here to pack a sad about what's happened in the recent past with Mikey. And I'm sorry that you also know what it's like to get cheated by that ponce, too. It's awful. He should find himself so lucky that so many people

think he's a bloody shitbag. But I'm NOT sorry about wanting back the title I've held TWICE, the last time I carried it for almost three hundred days. With all respect, Queenie...

The crowd is abuzz now as he fires back with an equally stoic glare.

Oscar Burns:

I'm not stepping aside for *ANYBODY*.

There's a feeling of mounting tension. Both Jamie and Ryan glance between the two DEFIANTS. The noise from the fans continues to build when, finally, a chuckle escapes from Lindsay Troy.

Lindsay Troy:

Didn't expect you to simply step aside, Oscar.

And then, she smirks.

Lindsay Troy:

But this is one ride back to the top that you're not prepared for.

The High Queen DEFIANT forcefully shoves her talky-stick into Jamie Sawyer's shoulder and backs away, keeping her eyes locked on the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE. Burns and Batts watch her leave, but not before Batts elbows Jamie.

Ryan Batts:

Chills? I got chills.

Troy casts one more look back to The Technical Spectacle and then leaves as the scene cut back to the ring.

TRASHCAN TIM vs. SOLOMON GRENDEL

DDK:

Next up we have a match between one half of the BRAZEN tag team of Brutal Assault Force, Solomon Grendel, squaring off against one of the newest signings in DEFIANCE, Trashcan Tim!

Lance:

This is going to be quite a test for Trashcan Tim. Solomon Grendel is a seasoned competitor in BRAZEN. Trashcan Tim is an unknown commodity here and he'll have a full plate tonight.

DDK:

Right you are! We go now to Darren Quimbey for our introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Our next match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by his tag team partner, Petey Garrett, from the Red Hook section of New York, weighing in at two-hundred fifteen pounds, he is one half of the Brutal Attack Force... **SOLOMON GRENDEL!!!**

♪ "Over and Under" by Egypt Central ♪

Brutal Attack Force appears through the curtains and begin to walk side by side to the ring with a smattering of jeers. The former run-in buddies of former FIST of DEFIANCE champion Curtis Penn ignore the crowd and head to the ring. Solomon Grendel slides into the ring and brushes off the fans. He looks focused while Petey Garrett remains on the floor watching out for his partner.

DDK:

Big opportunity for Solomon Grendel right here! He can spoil the debut of Trashcan Tim, who I understand is a bit of an unpolished gem. Lots of power.

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Merigold, Mississippi, weighing in at three-hundred five pounds, making his DEFIANCE debut... **TRASHCAN TIM!!!**

Trashcan Tim comes bounding into view, grinning ear to ear, his two missing front teeth on prominent display. He bops his head to the music and slaps every single hand as he can on the way to the ring, pausing several several times to take in the ambience of the WrestlePlex. He makes his way around the ringside area to slap some more hands and waves energetically at all the staff he can see. He climbs up the ring steps and enters through the middle rope.

DING DING!

The two circle each other briefly before going to lock up. Grendel deftly ducks underneath and slips behind Trashcan Tim, giving him a stiff kick to the leg that hobbles him. Tim lumbers around and rubs his leg, smiling broadly and nodding approval. Grendel, annoyed at the response, signals for Tim to come at him again. The two lock up and Grendel quickly snatches a standing arm bar and transitions to a snappy drop toe hold that sends the massive Trashcan Tim crashing face first into the mat! Grendel spins over top of him and paintbrushes the back of his head several times. He gets back to his feet and gestures with disgust toward Tim.

DDK:

Tim looks to be a little out of his element here - he's a relative unknown in DEFIANCE, but something tells me that technical wrestling is probably not an area of expertise.

Tim rises to one knee, rubbing his head where the slaps connected. As Tim moves toward Grendel, he is met with a firm kick to the gut and a perfectly executed snap DDT! Tim's head crashes violently into the mat and he turns to his

back, eyes crossed. Grendel makes a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

KICK OUT!

Tim kicks out with some authority, sending a wide-eyed Grendel up in the air. Grendel argues with Carla Ferrari briefly about the proper speed of the three count, but doesn't waste much time before going back to Tim, who is back up to a knee. Grendel connects with a solid right head that sends Tim's head hard to the side but doesn't drop him. A second! A third! He pulls back for a fourth, but Tim *catches his fist* with his mitt of a hand and delivers a solid gut punch of his own that doubles Grendel over, gasping for air! Tim rises and walks down a retreating Grendel, shooting him hard off the far ropes. On the rebound, Tim connects with a heavyweight clothesline that turns Grendel inside out! He scrambles up to his feet discombobulated and is met with a huge scoop slam! Upon rising again, he gets absolutely planted with a sidewalk slam!

DDK:

Oh my! The big man is putting it all together now! Solomon Grendel is in a lot of trouble!

Lance:

I don't think we're going to see Trashcan Tim trading wrist locks any time soon, but he seems to have found his element here tonight.

Tim is playing to the crowd now, really soaking in their response, as Grendel pulls himself up in the corner, clearly overwhelmed by the sudden offensive flurry. Tim, seeing Grendel in the corner, gets a heavy running start and comes crashing into the corner with an avalanche splash! Grendel staggers out of the corner toward the center of the ring. As Tim approaches, Grendel throws a wild right that Tim ducks, sending Grendel spinning 180 degrees. Tim locks in a full nelson, lifts him up, and sits down hard, sending Grendel's tailbone crashing to the mat!

DDK:

Full nelson buster! That shook the ring! It looks like Trashcan Tim is setting him up!

Grendel slowly pulls himself to his feet and staggers toward a waiting Trashcan Tim, who hoists him up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry. He crunches Grendel's head and one of his legs close, locks his hands, and drives Grendel hard onto the back of his head!

DDK:

Trash Compactor! Tim's got the pin!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner... TRASCHAN TIIIIIIIM!!

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Carla Ferrari raises Trashcan Tim's hand and he is absolutely elated, his massive frame bouncing around the ring, clapping and celebrating with the fans. He climbs awkwardly up to the middle rope and raises both of his arms, nearly losing his balance.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim is far from a polished professional wrestler at this stage in his career, but he's made a pretty impressive debut here tonight!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

WELCOME HOME

Cut back from commercial.

The WrestlePlex anxiously awaits what the rest of the night of action may bring. There is an energy in the crowd tonight as they speculate what the next bit of excitement may be.

DDK:

And now we'll be sending you to the stage with DEFIANCE interviewer extraordinaire Christie Zane! What do you have for us, Christie?

On stage the blonde bombshell smiles with a microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Well Darren, tonight my guest will be one of the big stories coming out of Maximum DEFIANCE. He is a veteran of this business, and may now have claim to being the "True Ace of DEFIANCE." New Orleans' own, MATT LACROIX!

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

The lights go out, except for a single spotlight shining down on Christie Zane as smoke begins to rise all around her. Green lights illuminate the area to reveal the silhouette of a man down on one knee at the entrance. The Faithful cheer as the man stands with his back to the crowd, before spinning around and jerking a hood off the top of his head as he steps through the smoke next to Christie Zane. He looks out at the Faithful as commentary gives a bit of a run down and highlights from MaxDEF play on the big screen behind them.

Lance:

A strong showing at Maximum DEFIANCE from Matt LaCroix, finally cementing a spot on the active DEFIANCE roster with a huge win over Scott Stevens... who I'm sure doesn't take kindly to someone having a claim to be the "True Ace of DEFIANCE."

DDK:

Well, I'm sure Mikey Unlikely doesn't appreciate someone taking up the moniker of the "True FIST of DEFIANCE" but it sometimes happens in this business. LaCroix born and raised here in New Orleans, has turned himself into a fan favorite after a bit of a rocky start with the Faithful.

Lance:

He went to high school just on the other side of town and was an olympic hopeful for amateur wrestling, earning a full scholarship to LSU before going pro early to help support his mother after his father, a local football coach legend had passed unexpectedly.

DDK:

Right, and from what I understand he had a promising start to his career before he had some stumbles with addiction issues. Had left the business completely before being recruited by a Japanese promotion where he had a bit of a return to glory. Had great success before coming back home to join the BRAZEN roster for a chance to be home again to fix his mistakes.

On the stage, Matt LaCroix grasps the sobriety coin hung on his neck by a silver-balled necklace.

Christie Zane:

Big win at Maximum DEFIANCE over Scott Stevens, and despite his attempts to dismiss your victory afterwards, you had something you wanted to say to the Faithful more than answer Scott's verbal barbs?

Matt LaCroix grabs the microphone from Christie, pondering for a few seconds exactly how he wants to say what he plans on saying. A couple of seconds pass and some prodding from the crowd makes him shrug and continue.

Matt LaCroix:

I dunno, I ain't much of a talker. I ain't the type a guy to grab a stick and talk to y'all about who tha best, I neva asked to be called best in tha world... that was y'all. The internet or whateva. I ain't tha type a guy to call myself tha Real Ace of DEFIANCE. I'm tha type to prove it.

A cheer rises from the Faithful as he continues on.

LaCroix:

I come out here and bust my ass every gorrarn night for y'all and I see more and more people appreciatin what I do. I've disappointed more people in this city than I'd eva like to admit... or think about. I've been a bit of a screw up. I'll own that. At MaxDEF y'all really got behind me, and had no business to do it. So I just wanted to say thanks.

A small "Thank you, Matthew." chant breaks out and begins to grow before he cuts them off himself.

LaCroix:

I wear this coin around my neck as a reminder of where I came from. I don't like it, but humiliatin y'all is part of who I am as a man. It reminds me of how far I've come and who I don't wanna be anymo'. I ain't neva gonna be that man eva again. I'm gonna show up to work, bust my ass, and make this city proud. Make my mama proud. Make my little sis come to shows again. I'ma bust down EVERY. GORRAM. DOOR. In this place until nobody can deny that I...

Voice:

What the Hell are you doing?

LaCroix, interrupted, turns to see Black Panda standing at the entrance with a look of disgust and a microphone.

Black Panda:

I mean, seriously, Matt. Why the Hell are you out here thanking this unwashed horde? What is WRONG with you?

The fans start booing Panda's assessment of them as he makes his way slowly across the stage. He continues talking ignoring them.

Black Panda:

I don't mean to interrupt you, Matt, but I'm sorry. I couldn't stand backstage a second longer. I couldn't bear to hear you utter another word.

LaCroix seems confused, but allows Black Panda to continue talking.

Black Panda:

I watched you in Japan. I saw a man, who came over from America, a broken shell of a human being. So destroyed by the environment he'd tried to create himself. It was sad, Matt. It was really sad.

Panda makes his way up to the interview stage and continues a slow, methodic pace towards Southern Strong Style.

Black Panda:

I mean, it was downright heartbreaking to see what this industry had done to you. What THEY did to you.

Pointing at the fans, Black Panda clicks his tongue before stepping into LaCroix's personal space.

Black Panda:

And when you finally found your feet... after you'd battled the demons THEY'D possessed you with... you began to find success. You began to find yourself. You, Matt... YOU!

Black Panda stabs a proud finger into the chest of LaCroix. Matt stares down at his chest where the finger has connected while Panda continues to speak.

Black Panda:

I mean, you went on to win it all. You became everything in Japan. You were the man... and for some reason, you threw it all away to come back to this Hellhole to prove yourself. To prove to THESE people that you weren't that broken man that THEY'D turned you into. You gave up being a king in Japan to become a peasant in Louisiana.

He shakes his head, disgusted by the thought.

Black Panda:

And then, Matt... AND THEN... you bust your ass night in, night out, to prove your worth to these cancerous leeches and it all comes to climax at MaxDEF. You - defeat - Scott Stevens.

The fans cheer loudly at LaCroix's victory. He smirks at the fan reaction, which seems to further bother Black Panda.

Black Panda:

You beat the big dog, Matt. Congratulations. You should be very proud of yourself. You overcame so much, threw away Japan to come here and prove yourself to the people who destroyed you. And you did. You did it. That's my point exactly. YOU did it. YOU! NOT them. YOU! So, pardon my confusion, Matt. Pardon my goddamn ignorance... but why the HELL are you out here thanking these people? Why?

Panda looks out at the fans, pointing an accusatory finger.

Black Panda:

Why would you even acknowledge these stains when they put a bottle in your hand? They disowned you and destroyed you and you FLED to Japan to find yourself. At MaxDEF, Matt, you defeated Scott Stevens. You came back here to prove yourself to these people. To show that you weren't beaten. To show you could overcome the adversity that was manufactured in your life by the lack of acceptance from this industry and these fans... and I get that. To an extent I get that.

Looking completely confused, Black Panda gets up in LaCroix's face.

Black Panda:

BUT... HOW - FUCKING - DARE YOU come out here and thank these disgusting ingrates for supporting you and helping you beat Stevens. How dare you.

A finger stabs LaCroix in the chest again.

Black Panda:

How DARE YOU give these people ANY OUNCE of credit. You did this, Matthew. You. Not them. YOU!

He snarls at the fans, looking across them with disdain.

Black Panda:

The only thing these cancerous cells did was put a bottle in your hand and send a carcass to Japan, Matt. They left you for dead.

Turning back to LaCroix, Panda puts his hand on his shoulder to look him in the eye.

Black Panda:

You rose like a phoenix from the ashes of the fire they lit that burnt your world down, Matt. You did that. Not them. Defeating Stevens was your ascent into the sun. And you have the power now. Only you. Bathe yourself in the light of the sun and cast these heathens into your eclipse.

He presses his free hand to his chest.

Black Panda:

Join me in curing this industry of this cancer. Together, Matt... together we can make sure what happened to you

never happens to another man again. Together we can cut these cancerous cells out. Together we can be the cure!

Southern Strong Style pauses for a moment looking out at the Faithful. He then turns and looks at Christie Zane who unconsciously shakes her head no, without words pleading for the New Orleans native to be strong.

LaCroix:

Well, well, well... if it isn't lil Booker. How's ya mama an them?

Black Panda doesn't seem pleased as Matt continues when he doesn't get much of a reaction.

LaCroix:

Look kid, if ya wanna come out here to see where ya stand against tha man who took down THE Sam Skull, I get it. I can respect that. We got history. I get it. I'll be happy to give ya tha chance wheneva yer lil heart desires... but don'tcha EVA come out here and tell me how to live MY life.

The crowd roars with approval as LaCroix shoves Black Panda's arm off of him.

LaCroix:

Who tha hell are you? Just like how you were backstage and in tha crowd while I was drainin' tha blood from yer stepdad, I was brought up on these streets. Attendin shows. Tryin to get autographs around back. Although my paw was more of a football guy, I didn't get a chance to be backstage. These people are my heritage. My history. NOLA is in my veins. So if ya wanna find how ya stack up and laissez les bon temps roule, you know where to find me.

The Orleans Outsider shoves the mic into Black Panda's chest and walks past him, leaving the DEFIANCE newcomer holding two microphones.

Black Panda:

It seems that medallion hanging around your neck is cutting the oxygen off to your brain. Or maybe you've just taken one bump too many to that head trying to impress YOUR people.

Black Panda squares up in front of LaCroix with a snarl on his face.

Black Panda:

I don't need to stand inside a ring and compare my phallis with yours, Matt, but out respect to Sam and what you have achieved... I will step inside this ring with you to save you. Cure you.

He stares out at the fans with pure loathing and snarls. He jabs a blaming finger in their direction.

Black Panda:

From this cancer.

Panda turns back to LaCroix and smiles a sadistic grin.

Black Panda:

So just let me know when your treatment should begin.

Panda drops the microphone and stares into LaCroix's eyes as if trying to read his soul before spinning on his heels and leaving Southern Strong Style shaking his head.

LaCroix:

I'll see ya next DEFtv, Booker. Good luck to ya.

DDK:

Looks like we got a match! How's the nuts on this kid?

Lance:

We'll find out on the next episode of DEFTv, Darren!

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING

Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell, who have been announced for a Tag Team Championship match in the main event of DEFtv are getting ready in their locker room. A few moments pass before Gage Blackwood opens the door and enters. He stands, fully dressed in his own wrestling attire and The SoHer across his waist. Adler and Landell are almost finished getting their own gear on when they turn and notice the champion.

DDK:

We haven't seen these three collectively in some time. I was wondering...

Gage Blackwood:

That conversation we had about a month ago, well, it's paid off.

Blackwood refers to his pep-talk on UNCUT to Adler and Landell and the various dark matches DEFIANCE has reported them winning as of late.

Gage Blackwood:

Good luck tonight boys. I'm sure you won't need it.

Blackwood gives a look of determination towards Gunther Adler first and then to Shooter Landell. They return the favor with a slight nod of the head. Blackwood exits the locker room.

Adler goes back to tying the last lace on his right boot. The man from Bremen, Germany looks over at Shooter and speaks in his broken English.

Gunther Adler:

The little one is weak.

He references Minute. Shooter agrees by clutching his fists.

Shooter Landell:

And the big one?

Gunther Adler:

Immobile.

Adler finishes tying his boot. He takes a seat on the bench. Shooter puts a towel over his head and joins him.

Shooter Landell:

What about the *family*?

Gunther Adler:

Washed up has-beens.

CYRUS BATES vs. SGT. SAFETY

Cut back to ringside as everyone prepares for the next bout.

DDK:

I'm being told that up next we have Sgt. Safety taking on Cyrus Bates and Lance, well, that certainly was an awkward exchange we witnessed earlier between The Comments Section and Sky High Titans.

Lance:

No question about it. Malak Garland had the strangest look on his face once his eyes locked onto those golden Tag Team belts. Very unsettling, totally untrustworthy.

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe Productions ♪

Lance's voice gets drowned out by a health and safety video with cringeworthy music on the DEFtron. The very dry video about how to wear a hard hat lingers on a bit too long before Sgt. Safety marches out on stage to a few small cheers.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall and has a 20-minute time limit! Introducing first, from Chicago, Illinois, SGT. SAFETY!

Safety slides into the ring, hard hat, inspection clipboard, safety suit and all. You can never be too safe.

DDK:

Well Faithful, there's Sgt. Safety. He's a man seldom seen in the ring. In fact, by my calculations, he hasn't had a match since last summer.

Lance:

He's still a very busy man though, contributing to the overall health and safety of all DEF employees. Just the other day, I sat in on a mandatory safety meeting he ran, so he proves his worth to the company in other ways.

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

The theme song of The Comments Section hits as Safety waits for his opponent in the ring. Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames walk out on stage with smiles on their faces. The crowd gives a lackluster response.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, from Forth Worth, Texas, he is a member of The Comments Section, CYRUS BATES!

Malak Garland shouts the term "Keyboard Warrior" at Darren Quimbey. The trio congregates atop the ramp before breaking off. Cyrus and Teresa walk towards the ring.

DDK:

Well folks, Cyrus Bates will be in singles action for the first time in his career tonight.

Lance:

As much as we might not want to admit it, he has truly earned himself this showcase opportunity due to his standout performance at MAXDEF but don't look now, Keeps.

Malak saunters over to the commentary booth with an evil smile on his face. DDK turns towards Lance, cups a hand over his face and tries to pretend not to see Malak walking over.

DDK:

Is he gone? Please tell me this guy isn't joining us on commentary.

Malak integrates his posterior to the open chair, sandwiching DDK in the middle. He promptly dons a headset.

Malak Garland:

FIRST! First comment. Hey, Lance. How's it going? Ready for this great match!? Can you believe Quims there? Using the term member? Cyrus is a Keyboard Warrior!

Malak blatantly ignores DDK and proceeds to whip out his phone to text his friends. Cyrus enters the ring and stares down Sgt. Safety.

DING! DING! DING!**Malak Garland:**

Oh, and by the way, Lance, I'm only talking to you throughout this. I'm more comfortable that way.

Keebler puts his palms to the sky as if asking what he did to deserve such treatment. Back in the ring, the match gets underway as Cyrus doesn't even bother getting into an athletic stance. He just continues to stare down Sgt. Safety who has yet to discard his clipboard. In fact, Safety isn't taking Bates seriously as his nose is in his checklist.

DDK:

Look at this. Is... is Safety checking the ropes for sturdiness?

The ignorance only infuriates Bates who comes crashing into the corner with a full body splash. The move sends Safety's hard hat and clipboard flying. Teresa picks them up and plays with them on the outside, mocking Sgt. Safety and what he wholesomely stands for.

Lance:

Big splash there by Bates! Safety should not underestimate his opponent! It's not everyday he gets a shot on DEFtv.

Malak Garland:

Must be hard for a guy like Sgt. Safety to turn it on and off like that though. I mean, the guy is the head of our health and safety department, even though I've never heard of him. Might have use for him down the road though.

Safety shakes the cobwebs out but runs right into a vicious powerslam.

DDK:

What a--

Malak cuts DDK off as he half thumbs through his phone, half pays attention to the action in the ring.

Malak Garland:

You know what, now that I think about it, Mister Safety Shoes could be super useful. I have a plethora of health and safety concerns as it turns out.

Meanwhile, Bates pummels Safety directly in the skull in the corner. The ref tries to pull Bates away.

Lance:

Bates relentlessly attacking Safety!

Malak Garland:

Yeah, he's outmatched. I'm telling you, Cyrus Bates is a serious, serious physical threat in the ring. He has immense skill.

Bates tosses Safety across the ring and follows it up with a spear.

DDK:

And--

Malak Garland:

BOOM! Big spear.

DDK: *[Muttering]*

I'm just going to stop talking now.

Lance:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

Bates lifts Safety's shoulder up and cinches in a seated hammerlock as Safety looks gassed.

Malak Garland:

Anyways, as I was saying, Cyrus is a beast and you know what that means? It means we can handle our own business. We don't need managers at ringside [completely ignoring the fact where Teresa is at the moment], we have gotten to where we are on our own. You know who does need managers though? Sky High Titans. They rely on those Keelings for way too much.

Lance:

Why are you picking on them so much, Malak? The segment we all witnessed right before this match portrayed you admiring them from afar.

Malak Garland:

Decry managers, Lance. Decry them. Do you know what that means? Doesn't matter. I'm going to get that trending right now.

Bates pulls Safety up and delivers a devastating German Suplex. He lingers overtop Safety and catches him in a camel clutch.

Lance:

Malak, it seemed like you just couldn't get over the sight of those tag belts.

The word belt floats around Garland's ears. As if entrancing him, Malak's face rises from his phone as the action carries on in the ring.

Malak Garland:

Oh my gosh. Did you see those shimmering beauties? Honestly, social media likes mean nothing to me in comparison, now. In fact, let me show you something...

Bates releases the hold and stomps Safety a few times as Malak goes back to thumbing his phone.

Malak Garland:

After that purely chance meeting with the Titans, I have stayed up all night, every night since, conducting research on them and you know what? I found a delectable little secret.

Bates pulls Safety up by his neck, bounces off the ropes and finally puts him out of his misery with an Axe Kick.

KEYBOARD KICK!**Lance:**

Cyrus Bates pulverizes Sgt. Safety with that Axe Kick he calls the Keyboard Kick! I think the rest is academic!

Bates places a boot on Safety's exposed chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, CYRUS BATES!

Teresa claps as she slides into the ring to make sure she is the first person to raise Bates' hand in victory.

Lance:

Bates picks up the victory here in a very one-sided contest. Well, Malak, do you have anything else to say?

Malak Garland:

Before I depart, indeed I do. I know those clowns run by the Keeling circus are listening, so they better listen well. I'm not bluffing when I say I found dirt on them. I'm so confident that I'm challenging Minute to a match on the next DEFtv. Cyrus Bates gets a showcase match and now so do I. However, there's a stipulation. If I win, I'll reveal the secret I found. If I lose, I promise I won't say anything.

Malak drops the headset before either Keebler or Warner can say anything else. By this time, Cyrus and Teresa reunite with Malak atop the ramp. They embrace as the show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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TRUST

Fresh off of a quick commercial break, we go backstage to the interview area with Christie Zane about ready to get a word in with the Unified Tag Team Champions.

Christie Zane:

Hi, DEFIANTS! I'm Christie Zane and following that message, I'm here with the Unified Tag Team Champions as well as their representation, The Family Keeling. Please welcome "The Titan of industry" Uriel Cortez and "The Sky High Kid" Minute. The Sky High Titans!

The quartet step into view with Thomas and Junior Keeling looking mighty proud of the now TWO-TIME TWO-TIME champions. Uriel Cortez and Minute both clink one set of their World Tag belts together.

Christie Zane:

First off, congratulations are in order because you managed to not only regain the Unified Tag Team Titles from Pop Culture Phenoms at MAXDEF, but you wasted no time defending them against Team HOSS on UNCUT! What a streak you've been on!

Minute points a finger at Christie and smiles underneath his mask while Uriel Cortez shows off his set of belts. Junior Keeling goes low with a fist bump for Minute and then leaps high for a high-five for Uriel.

Junior Keeling:

That's right, Christie. The Pop Culture Phenoms we never looked past for a second, but when they tried to pull that BS with Minute's mask... that was wrong. At MAXDEF, we righted that wrong. Most other teams would just sit back on that victory, but The Sky High Titans? They don't do that.

Uriel Cortez:

Nope.

Thomas Keeling smiles.

Thomas Keeling:

That's why we took Team HOSS' challenge. They were our former clients and though they are no longer our clients, they are a formidable team that deserved a shot... and my boys proved right now, they're the best team going today. We've beaten The Stevens Dynasty. Oscar Burns and Ryan Batts. The PCPs in two different incarnations. Team HOSS. We may have lost those belts briefly, but tell me who has a better reign right now. Go ahead, Christie. I'll wait.

Christie laughs.

Christie Zane:

That you have! You've been on quite the win streak and tonight, you've got the challenge of Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell. Earlier tonight, they felt like they had this match won. What do you say to that?

Junior is about to speak when Uriel raises a hand.

Uriel Cortez:

Well... if Shooter and Gunther haven't been paying attention, The Sky High Titans would be more than happy to show them first-hand why we're champions. And if they really don't get the message, a size seventeen boot in their skull ought to do it.

Minute nods in agreement and then mimicks a kick.

Christie Zane:

And we saw that earlier confrontation from post-show with you and The Comments Section. We heard just a moment ago that Malak Garland challenged Minute to a one on one match for the next DEFtv. Do you have a response?

Minute looks up at Junior Keeling and nods.

Junior Keeling:

Yeah, we do. We accept. We're not running from ANY challenge. The Sky High Titans are the best team going today and we didn't win these Unified Tag Team Titles twice because we sat around checking each other's oil.

Christie Zane:

And what about this alleged secret that Malak says he has? Any response for that?

Thomas Keeling:

We don't care what information this idiotic self-obsessed little boy THINKS he has. We're winners here, plain and simple. Minute's going to run circles around him and we'll line up and knock down each challenger one team at a time.

Junior Keeling:

Thanks for your time, Christie! Let's go get ready for tonight, guys!

The four men bump fists and then head off the set as Christie watches them leave and the show heads elsewhere.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. TO THE MAXX

DDK:

We've got some tag team action that's coming up here shortly between Brazen team To The Maxx and DEFIANCE Wrestling's Lucky Sevens! The Lucky Sevens scored the biggest win in their careers so far at Maximum Defiance when they defeated the legendary Team HOSS! Now it's onward and upward for the twin seven footers!

Lance:

That it will be! The Lucky Sevens are going right to work! Mason and Max Luck want more competition after that brutal tornado tag match a couple of weeks ago! To The Maxx are two talented guys with experience all their own.

DDK:

Without further adieu we're going to the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The next match of the evening is a tag team match! At a combined weight of four hundred eighty-nine pounds ... This is the team of "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle! TO THE MAXX!

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

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. Both brothers turn and raise the signature "Winning Hand" to the fans that cheer them now.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Mason and Max both step over the ropes at the same time and wow the fans by their size alone. Wilson and Mingle don't look impressed by the big guys and in fact, they're trying to get some lovely MILF's number in the front row who won't give them the time of day. They blow her off and come back to the ring.

DING DING DING!!!

DDK:

Here we go! Mason Luck starting for his team against the high flyer of the duo, "Exclusive" Eric Wilson!

Mason towers over him and gets ready for whatever Wilson brings in. He goes in for the lock up, but it is Wilson who leans back and then slaps the giant! The crowd does not respond kindly to the disrespect shown by Wilson, but Mason takes it in stride.

Lance:

I don't know if that was genuinely not a smart move or if Wilson is trying to make him lose his cool.

DDK:

That could be problematic if it backfires.

Mason goes for the lock up again and Wilson ducks again, then slaps him a second time. The blow makes Big Mase smile when Wilson holds up two fingers saying he just did it twice. Mason waits and when he turns, both hands grab him by the throat and then he gets pitched into the corner of The Lucky Sevens. Max gets the tag and the twin towers get ready to hurt somebody. Mason holds Eric Wilson on his shoulder and he shakes his head frantically to be let go. He drops him down on the canvas and then Max decides to launch an attack when he goes to the ropes, rolls the dice

...

DDK:

Box Car Elbow by Max Luck! Great height on that move!

Lance:

And now Eric Wilson is hurt!

Wilson rolls around the mat with pain all through his chest. Max picks him up and the tag goes to twin brother Mason. Max and Mason both send him flying the ropes and he gets a double shoulder on the return. Mason is now waiting when he picks up Wilson off the canvas by his side and has him in a gut wrench. He is walking around the ring with Wilson and he is shaking his head again. He lands the dead lift into the side suplex!

DDK:

I'm thinking Wilson regrets slapping him now!

Mason makes the cover on his partner.

One ...

Two ...

Lance:

And there's Lance Mingle with the axe handle to the back!

The power house of To The Maxx clobbers Mason Luck in the back. He gets sent to the corner by the official. Mason takes a second to recover and when he turns back to Eric Wilson ... a claw to the eyes follows! Wilson shrugs at the crowd's spiteful reaction and then gets out of dodge so he can tag Lance Mingle. Mingle enters the ring and even giving up some height to Max, he is still two-hundred sixty pounds. As such, when he reaches up to hit Mason with some good punches, Mason reels back.

DDK:

Mingle looking to get control of this ma... what the hell?

Lance:

It looks like the Pop Culture Phenoms have come out as a whole to our interview stage.

Elise Ares and The D follow Flex Kruger, Klein, and O-Face who are carrying out a folding table and chairs. The self-proclaimed greatest tag team of all time begins pointing out detailed instructions of how they want their folding table constructed and chair positions as the action continues to go on in the ring, Mingle trying to gain some momentum.

DDK:

Sorry, this is very distracting, we're trying to call the action in the ring but PCP appear to be out here... scouting? Are those notebooks?

Lance:

They appear to be very thick notebooks, Darren. Perhaps the Pop Culture Phenoms have decided to turn a new leaf and take the competition in this new tag team division seriously?

DDK:

Well, Lance... eh, I don't think that's the case. I have a hard time believing that.

Lance Mingle goes for a few knife edge chops and each one rocks Mason a little bit. Mason tries to fight, but Mingle smartly goes low with a shoulder to the left knee of Mason and finally the seven foot twin goes down hard. Mingle smartly creeps up now behind a hobbling Mason and plants three pointed elbow hits to the top of Mason's head as he goes to his knees. The tag goes to Eric Wilson who goes up top quickly ... and he lands a big missile drop kick! Eric Wilson wants a reaction from the crowd for the amazing move he just pulled off but they only jeer him. He brushes them off and tries to cover Mason.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Mason Luck powers out but To The Maxx turned things around in a hurry. And now another quick tag by Wilson back to Mingle.

Elise Ares turns around and makes a demand from the trio standing behind them as she and The D watch the action, seated, with notebooks in hand. Flex Kruger goes scampering off as the two men out of the 80's run over and take turns hitting elbow drops on Big Mase. Both men hit two each and then Mingle stands over him and taunts Max. Max Luck watches his brother when Mingle tries to pick him up by his neck in a DDT position. Mason is still full of life and pushes Lance Mingle away however Mingle comes back and hits a running lariat while Mason is on his knees and brings him back to the mat!

DDK:

What a great move by Mingle! And now he's going to try and go for the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The D puts his hands on his head, surprised, while Elise violently scribbles into her notebook. Mingle is shocked that he doesn't get the win, but he makes another tag and now Eric Wilson is in the ring.

DDK:

Mason is trying to get up, but Eric Wilson throws a foot. No, Mason catches it ... but Wilson catches him with that enziguri kick to the side of the head!

Lance:

And now going up top again! What's he thinking?

Eric is back on top and when he waits for Mason to get up, he leaps over him with a diving sunset flip from the top ... and Mason tries like heck to avoid going over! Max tells him to fight while Mason starts to stumble backwards!

DDK:

Is he gonna ...? No! No! He grabs Wilson while he's standing over him! Winning Hand!

The crowd cheers when Mason Luck has Eric Wilson trapped in a little old school move of his own, the Winning Hand! Elise Ares nudges The D and points towards the ring, excitedly.

Lance:

What a counter right there! They had Mason on the ropes, but Mason grabs him with that Winning Hand they learned from their grandfather!

Mason picks up Wilson just as Mingle comes into the ring ... then throws him at his own partner! The two men collide in the corner when Mason reaches over and makes a tag to Max Luck! The crowd is now cheering Max when the other seven foot monster goes to the top rope slowly. Mingle and Wilson are both back up when Max comes flying and takes both men down with a signature flying clothesline that he calls the Check-Raise!

DDK:

Great Check-Raise by Max! He just took out both men with that move!

Elise Ares, clearly frustrated now, turns around and yells something at Klein drowned out by the rising crowd noise. Klein turns around and quickly jogs to the back, trying to appease the starlet. Meanwhile, Max is now back up and the crowd cheers the more aerial twin. He waits for the legal man Eric Wilson to stand up. Mingle is groggy when Mason re-enters the ring and grabs him by the wrist ... and now *both* twins have the Winning Hand on Wilson and Mingle! The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are cheering the twins for locking in the double moves before they both look at each other and nod. What comes next ...

Lance:

Wow! First the double Winning Hands and now the double Winning Hand Slam! To The Maxx are down!

Mason nods at Max and leaves the ring for Max to raise the claw again, wondering what's happening next. He grabs Wilson off the canvas and has the iron claw locked in before he rears back and lands a nasty lariat with his other arm, cracking Wilson good and taking him down to the mat in quick fashion!

DDK:

We've seen Mason's finisher, Rack City, but that one by Mason, the Winning Hand into the lariat is one that he calls Luck's Run Out!

Max makes the cover on the fallen Eric Wilson!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Elise Ares jumps out of her folding chair and shoves the table over in frustration, leaving The D's notebook to go flying somewhere into the crowd. In the ring, Max Luck rises to his feet before being joined by his brother Mason in victory.

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

Quimbey:

And your winners... Max and Mason Luck, THE LUUUUCKY SEEEEEEEEEEEVENS!

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms seem upset about the victory, but appeared to be excited about the offense of the Lucky Sevens earlier in the match.

Lance:

Yeah, I can't for the life of me figure out what they're trying to accomplish.

The answer comes quickly, as Flex Kruger and Klein come rushing out with tubs of popcorn in their hands. Elise walks over and slaps the popcorn to the ground and points to the ring where the action has concluded. The Lucky Sevens look back up at the interview stage confused as The D claps for their accomplishment, before making the international sign for “call me.”

Lance:

It looks like The D might want the Sevens’ people to call his people? Are they wanting to take up the Lucky Sevens on their challenge for more tag team competition?

DDK:

Oh boy, about what?

Lance:

Perhaps they’re looking to expand the Pop Culture Phenoms? Pass on the wealth of experience they’ve accumulated to the next generation of tag team wrestlers?

DDK:

No. They don’t do that.

Lance:

Alright well, it’s a mystery!

The Lucky Sevens are still confused by the PCPs, but they decide to blow it off for now and raise the Winning Hands again before the head to the back.

SURF'S UP

The scene is backstage with interviewer Jamie Sawyers. He stands beside the trio known as the Gulf Coast Connection.

Jamie Sawyers:

Guys, you were unsuccessful at MAXDEF and at DEFCON. But you're putting up good fights nonetheless. How have things been this last month for you?

Theodore Cain politely nods at Sawyers and then attempts to answer.

Theodore Cain:

You're right. Man, it's been tough, *bruah*. We've had a hard run these past few months but we are happy to be on the DEFIANCE roster and on DEFtv. We're gonna keep trying!

The Crescent City Kid takes a moment to air-kick into the camera while Aaron King pats him on the back. King leans into Sawyers' mic.

Aaron King:

The Comments Section, we hate to say it but those boys are tough. Well, Cyrus Bates is pretty tough. Malak Garland is... uh...

King stops, trying to figure out how to answer this. Cain interjects.

Theodore Cain:

A wimp?

King nods.

Aaron King:

Yeah, that works. A wimp. A keyboard warrior.

Cain and King laugh at the *comment* while CCK starts kicking into the camera again.

Theodore Cain:

Let's just make one thing clear, Jamie. We might be down but we are not out. We've been beaten up pretty good these past few months but we're all still standing.

Cain tussles Jamie's hair as he walks off screen. The Crescent City Kid is told to stop his kicking from King and then Aaron slowly runs him off screen too, before coming back with one final statement.

Aaron King:

It's summer. We all need to chill. Surf's up, *bruah*.

Cut back to the Wrestle-Plex.

SCROW vs. NICKY SYNZ

♪ Prime Mover by Zodiac Mindwarp, covered by Synister Sledge ♪

DDK:

We're ready for our next match up here this evening.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from Los Angeles, CA ...NICKY SYNZ!

Nicky makes his way toward the ring slapping a few hands as he gets in the ring he takes the guitar which he carried to the ring on his back over and jammed to a bit of his theme music.

♪ The In-Between by In This Moment ♪

Lance:

Here comes the man that put the cherry on top of Carny Sinclair's bad night at Maximum Defiance...Scrow.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow's new theme plays for a few moments before he finally appears. No fancy entrance, no ring attire. In fact, he looks like he is still wearing what he had on when Christie Zane interviewed or at least tried to during MAXDEF during the Deacon and Vacio matchup. The only difference in his attire is it looks like it has not been cleaned. Scrow has a six-pack in one hand and on the other hand a bottle he continues to take swigs from as he makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

This is not the Scrow I was expecting here tonight.

Lance:

He looks like he has been sleeping in a dumpster for weeks. This young man clearly has a lot of issues. I don't think it all is about The Faithful either.

Carla Ferrari watches Scrow enter the ring. With his back turned to Nicky. He sets his six-pack in the corner then turns around and sits in the corner and continues to take swigs from the bottle. Nicky asks Carla what his deal is, Carla shrugs her shoulders. She decides to go on with the match and motions for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Scrow clearly looks intoxicated here.

Lance:

I just don't get it, he should be on cloud nine. He finally rid himself of Sinclair. He has no one telling him what to do anymore so what gives?

Nicky motions for Scrow to stand up. Scrow blechs, and continues drinking his beverage. Nicky's patience runs out and he grabs Scrow by the hood and pulls him up...

CRACK!!!

The bell quickly rings!

DING DING

DDK:

Scrow just slammed his beer bottle into the face of Nicky!

Lance:

Carla has called for the bell here, but look at him. He has that same emotionless look he had after he struck Carny.

The camera catches Scrow's stare down at the screaming Nicky covering his face. Scrow slowly looks up and The Faithful have quickly changed their views on him as the jeers echo throughout the WrestlePlex. Carla is calling for help from the back. Scrow quickly shoves Carla out of the way and picks up Nicky.

DDK:

Scrow what are you doing!?

Lance:

He has him set up for a DDT, he has lost it here.

Scrow quickly falls back in driving Nicky into the shards of glass. Carla puts her hands in her hair. Scrow sits up still with that apathetic look. He looks around at The Faithful and their jeering toward him. He stands up and stares down at Nicky cuddled up in a ball with his hands on his face. Carla gets in Scrow's face, he looks up at her.

DDK:

It's that pose again, he did that just before he dropped Sinclair!

Without hesitation, Carla is nailed with the same roundhouse kick now known as "*The Raven's Call*" that planted Sinclair face-first on the mat.

Lance:

HE JUST STRUCK A WOMAN! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU SCROW?

Scrow stares down at Carla unconscious on the mat face first. Still with that same apathetic stare this time down at Carla. Security and medical have rushed to the ring and quickly surround the two. Scrow slowly backs up until he reaches his corner. He grabs his six-pack and exits the ring. He pulls a bottle from the six-pack and pops the cap and starts drinking once more as he walks through the hateful filled Faithful, disappearing behind the curtain.

DDK:

Scrow is going to pay for that striking a DEFIANCE official. Whatever this young man is going through it did not seem to turn the way we expected it to with him.

Lance:

Nicky is a bloody mess, no telling what kind of damage Scrow did to him, and Carla is no wrestler here. Scrow has gone too far here tonight.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

SINGLE PLAYER ONLY

[↪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ↪](#)

The unfamiliar, albeit video game-sounding theme gives The Gamers pause for just a moment, until the man who's name the theme belongs to crosses the DEFITron screen... Conor Fuse. Jeers follow as the cameras cut to the announce team.

DDK:

This will be very interesting, considering what we saw on UNCUT this past week...

Conor emerges from the back. He's wearing his regular lime green ring attire and lime green arm shooting sleeve. As always, he dances up and down the top of the ramp, jumping for joy on one side and then pretending to do cartwheels and failing on the other side. While he thinks he's just being silly, no one in the audience finds the act anything like that.

Lance:

At MAXDEF, Conor and his brother were victorious against Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama, Seattle's Best in what has to be considered a huge victory for Fuse Bros. 360. Perhaps, the biggest victory they've had since winning the Tag Team Championships on DEFtv 100!

Conor pantomimes his way down the ramp and to the edge of the ring. Then he drops the act, leaps up on the apron and without hesitation, leaps again, impressingly clearing the top rope and landing in the ring, perfectly balanced. He gives himself a round of applause (literally, a round as he claps in circles) while the Kirby's Dreamland theme music comes to a close and Player Two is handed a microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you, thank you, thank you for that wonderful welcome!

DDK:

I only hear boos.

Lance:

Yeah, me too.

Conor Fuse:

Sooooo I have some exciting news for all of you! Since my brother and I have accomplished 100% DEFIANCE in the tag team division, winning the *Achievements* and defeating all the horrible bosses, like DEFIANCE's *Favourite Son*, we are going to be starting our own ONE PLAYER campaigns!

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

Great...

Lance:

Does this mean he's not Player Two anymore?

Conor Fuse:

It all starts tonight and it all starts RIGHT NOW. I am gonna go through all the NPC's, straight to the last level, defeat the final boss and become 100% DEFIANT! Super easy! LET'S GET IT DONE! I WANT TO PLAY!

Conor raises his left fist in the air like the DEFIANCE logo and then turns to the entrance way.

DDK:

I think we are getting a match! Who will be Conor's first opponent in his singles journey...

The lights drop and the Gregorian chant begins.

Conor's eyes bulge and he takes a deep breath in before swallowing heavily.

DDK:

It's The Mute Freak... DEACON!

DEACON vs. CONOR FUSE

Led by Magdalena, the Deacon makes his way to the ring, wearing only his red attire, not even the monk robe he'd donned so frequently over the years. Referee Mark Shields casually makes his way down to the ring as well. The ring announcer provides introductions as Conor turns to the ropes and contemplates... leaving?

DDK:

What's going on here? One look at Deacon and the all mighty brave Conor doesn't want to go through with his singles campaign anymore?

Lance:

I think you're right. He looks *Freaked* out!

DDK:

His one player "story" hasn't even started!

Conor puts one foot through the ropes in a quiet attempt to leave the ring without anyone noticing. However, with a sold out crowd anticipating a match to take place and Deacon to potentially lay right into the Fuse Bros., the crowd starts shouting in his general direction.

Conor is quick to deter The Gamer's attention. He waves his hands around and puts a finger to his mouth, begging them to be silent. Then, as he tries to drag his second leg out from the ring, he continues pleading with the people to shut up.

DDK:

Uh, Conor...

Lance:

Caught-up in the moment, I don't think Conor realizes all of this "silencing" is falling on deaf ears.

DDK:

Or *Mute* ears.

Lance:

Oh, nice one.

DDK:

Well you had the *Freaked* out comment. I had to follow suit...

Deacon stands right behind Conor and Mark Shields has already called for the bell.

DING DING

Conor Fuse: *[to a fan in the front row]*

Stop it! Hush. C'mon. I wasn't ready for this game yet... I just realized I didn't read the manual.

The fan tells Conor to look behind him. The Codebreaker doesn't have to. Instead, he just feels someone breathing down his neck and he places his hands in that general location.

There's someone there.

... Or something.

The Mute Freak pulls Conor into the ring and the fans give a roar! With Magdalena on the outside cheering Deacon on, he tosses the young Bro into the ropes and looks for a forearm smash! Conor goes flying half-way across the ring and

lands on his knees! He checks his mouth for blood and then looks up at Deacon, still scared to death.

DDK:

Deacon comes in for a big boot but Conor rolls out of the way!

Conor bounces into the ropes. He ducks a clothesline attempt from Deacon and goes off the next set of ropes. He ducks another clothesline attempt from Deacon and hits a third set of ropes. Conor leaps across the canvas, in an attempted crossbody block but Deacon catches him and throws Conor over his head in a fallaway slam that sees Conor not only hit the ropes for a fourth time but bounce back to the center of the ring!

Lance:

What power by Deacon!

DDK:

A massive, intense individual for sure. Former fWo Champion and in fact, although their paths never did cross, Conor's career started there and Deacon's career reached epic levels in the fans Wrestling organization!

Conor can only get to one knee before he's met with a running boot of the face! Next, he's hit with a heavy headbutt and a sidewalk slam!

DDK:

Deacon goes for a knee drop but Conor slips free!

Using his last bit of energy (and courage) Conor kicks Deacon in the side of the face. Then he hits Deacon with a roundhouse kick. Finally, he goes for a superkick.

Conor Fuse:

Superkick COM-B-

Deacon catches it.

Clothesline!

DDK:

Normally Conor calls for the combo move *after* he hits them all! Not this time, he's caught and placed on the mat again!

Deacon hurls Conor into the turnbuckle back-first. As Conor stumbles out he's thrown into another turnbuckle back-first. Then, a third turnbuckle and finally the fourth one. This time, Conor stays put and Deacon comes rushing in for a stinger splash!

Wobbly, Conor sways around the ring and around the ring and around the ring.

Until he falls flat on his face!

DDK:

Deacon is schooling Conor!

Lance:

Playing him for a fool!

DDK:

Not bad, not bad.

Deacon picks Conor up and looks to attempt a suplex but Conor breaks out. He hits a desperation kick to the side of

Deacon which stuns him, only for a second. Conor jumps on the second turnbuckle and connects with a missile dropkick into Deacon's neck since The Mute Freak was too tall for Conor to catch his face.

Magdalena looks concerned as she smacks the mat for Deacon to shake the cobwebs away. This gives The Codebreaker enough time to recover and hit a spinning heel kick into Deacon's chest! Feeling the momentum and no longer seemingly scared, Conor's face grows intense. He lands a springboard dropkick that gets Deacon on one knee and then looks for a lionsault, coming across the shoulders of Deacon and knocking him to the mat!

Conor points to the top rope. Immediately, he's up there as he goes floor-to-top rope in a single swift motion. He tries for a moonsault but Deacon moves out of the way! Magdalena no longer looks concerned as The Mute Freak gets to his feet. Conor, too, struggles to find out where he is but he turns around and escapes a chokeslam from Deacon! Being much more agile, Conor gets on the second rope and looks for another springboard dropkick...

DDK:

Deacon catches him!

POWERSLAM.

The ring shakes on impact!

A gorilla press follows and then Deacon calls for the end...

DDK:

The Alter Call... the crucifix powerbomb connects!

The pin is academic.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... The Mute Freak... DEEEACON!

Magdalena enters the ring and pats Deacon on the chest as Mark Shields raises his right arm. Meanwhile, Conor lays motionless in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Not the debut in singles matches Conor wanted, that's for sure.

Lance:

I think he just found out this world is extremely hard. And now he's got no one else to rely on, either.

DDK:

A solid win for Deacon. Conor's speed was difficult for a moment but the sheer power of this Mute Freak, he's still got it even at his age!

The Deacon left the ring, just as focused as he'd entered, not acknowledging the fans or the moment - his eyes, and seemingly his mind, far away.

YOU COULD BE IN MOVIES

The camera is now in the backstage area with The Lucky Sevens, Mason and Max Luck, heading down a hall with Mason trailing behind his brother. His brother Max is on his cell phone talking to somebody and is apparently following directions of some sort.

Max Luck:

Okay ... I'm going around the corner.

Mason is rolling his eyes behind his brother.

Mason Luck:

What exactly are we doing, Max?

Max shushes his brother when they come to a door on the far end of the set of locker rooms. Max says something else to the voice on the phone and hangs up before knocking three times. Max is patiently waiting and Mason is now groaning.

Mason Luck:

Max, what is this?

Max Luck:

Bro take it easy! I got a call just a second ago and I think it's something to do with the Pop Culture Phenoms! They wanted to see us about something and has to be why they came to the ring earlier.

Mason just can't stop rolling his eyes now even harder than before.

Mason Luck:

You've paid attention to who they are, right? They stole the tag titles from the Sky High Titans. What makes you think this isn't a trap or something?

The door is opened by a young woman, hair dyed black with a pink streak... it's Ophelia Sykes, also known as O-Face who ushers them in toward a black leather couch in an otherwise empty white room with a wooden desk and a few houseplants.

We see the image from the small rinky dink camera that's set up, filming them. The D speaks just off frame.

The D:

Welcome, thank you all for making it to the casting couch.

The Lucky Sevens take a look around the room, slightly perplexed about what they're doing here before slowly taking a seat on the couch. O-Face, who so nicely ushered them into the room, squeezes in between the two massive humans who awkwardly shift out of her way. Crammed on the couch, the petite O-Face looks back and forth at them with a huge grin on her face.

The D:

You are probably wondering why I've asked you to come here.

Mason and Max are both confused by the set up.

Max Luck:

So ... if this is a porno ... then eww.

Mason Luck:

Also ... I don't have anything to add to that other than eww.

The D:

Oh no, no. I believe that couch may have once done porn, but it's turned it's life around and got steam washed. No, I'm here to provide you with the biggest opportunity in your sad lifetimes. It's an opportunity large enough, MASSIVE enough, for the D to provide. And the D will provide. See, I just got off the phone with my agents, and just inked a deal. Joining me in a few short moments will be the star of the NEXT big MASSIVE Netflix flick...you're going to have the opportunity to meet the lead of our next feature, Joan Exotic, the focal point of... THE TIGER QUEEN!

O-Face begins manically clapping, startling the Lucky Sevens. Mason Luck has no idea what's going on ... while Max Luck looks a little intrigued.

Mason Luck:

I thought that this was for a tag team match that we ...

But The D talks over Mason. He instantly turns into a salesman pitching his story.

The D:

THIS FILM -- will follow the life of the owner of a small zoo in rural Oklahoma as she struggles to make a living and keep her livelihood safe. To do so, she tries to turn her run down po-dunk zoo into the next Barnum and Bailey's Irish coffee, but as she aspires to delusional glory, her narcissistic rule and larger than life personality will put a target on her back. I, of course, will be behind the camera making magic... and O-Face here will be playing Cheryl Trashkins, a rival animal rights advocate who owns a sanctuary, stealing tigers from private owners and zoos to (mockingly) "liberate them" and provide a home befitting of these majestic beasts...

Max Luck:

This sounds really familiar? I'm pretty sure I've binged whatever this is on Netflix at least three times.

The D:

NO YOU HAVE NOT.

Mason Luck:

So wait this is a movie? And Elise ... will be playing the villain?

The D:

Oh God no, we hate Cheryl Trashkins.

The D spits at O-Face's feet. She is taken aback by it.

Max Luck:

But why? I mean just cause her last name is trash doesn't always mean they have a garbage personality ... unless her husband disappeared ...

The D pauses for a moment, looking back at them confused.

The D:

It must be because you haven't seen the script! SIDES PLEASE!

Klein comes running in from stage right, holding stapled sheets of paper in his hand and begins handing them out to the people on the couch. First to Max, then O-Face, then Mason before quickly running "off set."

The D:

Alright, from the top of page 2 starting with O-Face's line.

Mason Luck:

Wait what?

The D:

Tigers don't talk. Annnnd... ACTION!

Ophelia clears her throat and looks longing at Mason Luck, who looks uncomfortably back at her.

O-Face:

Oh, you sweet sweet prince. What have they done to you?

She reaches up and runs her hand across Mason's face, forcing him to look into her eyes before she runs her hand down his chest and continues.

O-Face:

You deserve so much better than what you've been given. You're a king. Destined to roam the jungles and destroy EVERYTHING that you come across and claim it as your own. They've emasculated you. Locked you in a tiny cage...

O-Face looks around the room, as if she is checking to see if anyone is watching before Klein slowly begins to raise his head behind Mason on the sofa holding a hand held camera. Mason is slightly distracted before O-Face grabs his leg and his eyes grow wide and he looks down.

O-Face:

You deserve to be free.

She smirks.

O-Face:

I can set you free.

Awkwardly Mason looks at his brother on the other side of the couch. Max then looks confused back at The D who appears to be waiting on something. Mason looks down at O-Face's hand, uncomfortably sitting on his upper thigh before looking back at The D.

Mason Luck:

What did we say before about this being a porno? And aren't you with that guy?

The D (whispers):

YOUR LINE.

Hurriedly, Mason grabs the packet sitting on the arm of the sofa, almost slapping the camera out of Klein's hand who slowly gets closer and closer. Max wants to leave, but he's silently laughing at what's happening with his twin being made so uncomfortable.

Max Luck:

Come on dude say the line.

Mason sighs to himself.

Mason Luck:

... Rawr.

The D:

CUUUUUUUUUUUUT!

O-Face pulls her hand back and rolls her eyes and Klein drops the camera looking back at The D.

The D:

Look, I know you're new to all of this, but you need brains along with a look to make it in this business. The cue next to your line CLEARLY says in ALL CAPS (WITH PASSION). We're talking about a production here that's going to make you guys rich and famous! I need you to give your all! If I put (WITH PASSION) on a line, I need to see you FEEEEEL that line. So let's try it one more time... WITH PASSION!

Immediately the hand of O-Face grabs Mason Luck's thigh once again like she's trying to crush him. He uncomfortably wiggles and Klein pops back up with camera in hand.

O-Face:

I can set you free.

Mason Luck takes a deep sigh, trying to focus during all of the weirdness surrounding him. Max is laughing. Mason is not.

Mason Luck:

I hate you ... RAWWWWWWWWR!

Suddenly the door they entered through is kicked in, and Elise Ares comes marching through wearing a pair of mirrored aviator sunglasses and a long blonde wig. She wears a very small, revealing blue tiger print bikini top with matching bottoms, and a set of black leather chaps. Completing the outfit with black leather cowboy boots, she grabs a plastic gun from the waistband and points it right at O-Face.

Elise Ares:

CHERYL FUCKIN' TRASHKINS! GET THE FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK OFF MY PROPERTAY!

The D:

CUT! CUT! CUUUUUUUUUUUUT!

The D rushes into frame as Klein gently lowers his camera. The D places his hands around Elise's shoulder and starts yammering.

The D:

Listen, babe, you're great. This is great. This movie is going to turn you from the leading lady of DEFIANCE to the leading lady of Hollywood. You're golden, don't change a thing.

Elise smiles and basks in the praises as she looks at O-Face, who blows raspberries back at Elise.

The D:

Now Mason, I know it's your first time, but you have no natural talent for this based on your most recent line reading, and I can actively hear people's remotes changing the channel as I watch a passionless performance from a man I can only describe as being mentally disabled. Listen,. I need a lot more from you. I wrote with PASSION in the parenthesis. You aren't supposed to do that unless it's SUPER important, so... you gotta make ME feel it.

Mason rolls his eyes.

The D:

Also, tigers don't know english. Please don't ad lib.

O-Face chimes in.

O-Face:

What about me?

The D:

You're fine. No one cares. Let's take it from the top.

Elise Ares:

I'm sorry. No.

The D:

No?

Elise Ares:

I can't work like this D!

The D:

Alright. I get it. What do you need?

Elise Ares:

Well...

Elise walks up behind Mason and gently strokes his massive arm with a single finger.

Elise Ares:

I mean... he is BIIIGG. I wonder.

The D:

Elise!

Elise Ares:

Sorry! But he's the worst actor I've ever seen! I just... they don't draw me to the netflix screen D.

The D:

I know. I know. But they're gonna look great in Tiger suits, and we can CGI the MGM lion onto their faces if we have to. Our audience won't know the difference cause they're stupid.

Elise Ares:

You're right. You're right.

By this point, Mason Luck has had enough and stands up to his full height and towers over the group.

Mason Luck:

Okay that's it! Max and I thought that you wanted us to come here and discuss a tag team match and this ... well this is clearly not that. Now either get that camera out of my face or I'm going to start kicking some asses in here.

Max Luck starts to laugh but when Mason gives him the side eye Max joins his brother's side.

Max Luck:

Okay I'm having fun here but ... well, brother's right. The asses are going to get kicked.

The D:

Oh my God.

Elise Ares:

I can work with that.

The D:

The passion! The fury! You, you are a TIGER! TRULY! Alright. Elise?

Elise Ares:

I'm good.

The D & Elise Ares::
YOU'RE HIRED!

O-Face takes Mason and Max by the hands and leads them off the sofa to the door. Klein fumbles with a bunch of papers and hands them to the D, who shoves them into Mason's chest.

The D:

Alright, familiarize yourself with the sides Klein gave, there's a call sheet and an address to head to tomorrow at noon. We'll Martini Shot around 7. Now, it is a sketchy neighborhood, so, bring a gun.

Mason and Max try to protest as the D grabs the door, shoving them out of the room.

The D:

Once again, congratulations on the casting, and let's make ALL DAT NETFLIX MONNAAAAY!

The D slams the door in their face. Max and Mason now have matching expressions on their face like they have no idea what they just walked into.

Max Luck:

So ... we're going to be in a movie?

Mason Luck:

That is ... definitely not what I was expecting. We're not actually going to entertain this are we?

Max Luck starts to laugh and takes the papers given to Mason.

Max Luck:

You know ... maybe we play ball and we get that tag match? We want to be Unified tag team champions eventually right?

Mason stares at the door with a whole lot of trepidation.

Mason Luck:

... I'll think about it.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

WE'RE BACK

As we come back from commercial break we see a trio that we haven't seen standing together for quite awhile.

Cary Stevens:

HEEEEEEEELLLLLLOOOOO BOOOOOOYS!

Cary shouts.

Cary Stevens:

WE'RE BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCK!

He shouts again but it is followed by laughter as the rest of the Stevens Dynasty join in.

Cary Stevens:

DEFIANCE Wrestling, it has been far too long and from the looks of it your tag team division has suffered greatly from our absence.

Cary says with a nod.

Cary Stevens:

It seems since our setback at DEFCON our Tag championships have been playing a round of hot potato jumping from one team to another and that's not healthy for a division we help stabilize.

Cary says shaking his head.

Cary Stevens:

I mean what kind of jokes do the Sky High Titans have to be to lose our titles we loaned them in their very first defense?

Cary asks as he looks at Bo and George.

Bo Stevens:

The biggest.

Bo says sternly as his uncle nods in agreement.

Cary Stevens:

That's right boy, and they lost it to some fellas named PCP.

George Stevens:

Who?

George bellows interrupting his dad.

Cary Stevens:

Some team DEFIANCE says is the greatest.

Cary replies causing the rest of the Dynasty to laugh.

Cary Stevens:

Listen here folks, my boys are the greatest team period. They are better than PEZ, Team Rodney Dangerfield, Inner Circles, Hollywood Bruvs, Group Of Deaths, Industries, and so-called Titans of the Sky!

Cary shouts as he points to the two men behind him.

Cary Stevens:

My boys carried the tag division on their backs when it was a rotten corpse left to wither and die by everyone else. We took that joke of a division and made it respectable again by defeating video game wannabes to people who dress up as clowns and dolls. We are so damn good we dominated not just tag division, but we dominated the trios division to the point that no team dared to face the Stevens Dynasty and they had to combine the divisions.

Cary informs as he stares directly into the camera.

Cary Stevens:

You're fucking welcome DEFIANCE.

He says sternly.

Cary Stevens:

Tonight, we issue a warning to the tag division because we are taking back what is ours and that's the Tag titles, and there isn't a damn thing any of you can do about it.

Cary proclaims before exiting.

Bo Stevens:

You've been warned.

Bo warns the viewers as him and his cousin follow behind Cary as the image cuts to the ring.

OPPORTUNITY CALLING

DDK:

I am being told we're going to be joined in the ring by the Southern Heritage Champion, Gage Blackwood, with a special announcement!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Danson ♪

The Faithful, of course, fill the arena with boos. However, they are not as loud as they have been in recent memory. Nonetheless, the champion walks out from behind the curtain, title belt around his waist and looking as bitter as ever before. Blackwood sports his typical wrestling attire, his kilt-designed wrestling tights and his throwback "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt, a trademark shirt from his early DEFIANCE days. Blackwood takes a casual stroll down the rampway. He allows the crowd jeers to brush over him as he makes his way to the ring and marches up the steel steps. Mic already in hand, his theme music is quick to close.

Gage Blackwood:

I've done it.

Oscar Burns chants still resinate.

Gage Blackwood:

I backed up my words and I beat Twists and Turns.

Realizing he rhymed, Blackwood smiles and gives himself a pat on the back.

Gage Blackwood:

Gage "The Rage" Blackwood! Because rhyming is stupid and so easy to get over, I might as well join the club!

Blackwood looks straight into the camera on the apron.

Gage Blackwood:

There were no *Twists* or *Turns* in my recent victory, however.

DDK:

Oh just give it up already.

Lance:

I don't think he can. I don't think Gage gives up anything or forgives anyone. He's the type of guy that would complain about finding an olive on his pizza from ten years ago...

DDK:

You know this as fact?

Lance:

Just saying.

Gage Blackwood:

I have eradicated the DEFIANCE roster from head to toe and I have nothing more to prove because Gage "*The Rage*", backs it all up!

DDK:

He has no interest in using this nickname, people. He's simply pouring salt on the wound...

Gage Blackwood:

So, upon my victory at MAXDEF, from now on out I need to be accepted as *THE* leader of this roster! I am *THE* top talent in this league! I am *THE* Southern Heritage Champion!

Blackwood takes a pause to “expect” cheers from The Faithful. He clearly does not get any.

Gage Blackwood:

And as your *leader*, I will do what those above me never did when I first started in DEFIANCE. I will open my heart to the entire backstage... well, other than BRAZEN because I already did that and we all know how *that* turned out. Just because I'm the Southern Heritage Champion doesn't mean it's all about me. I want to give opportunities to anyone in the back that were once like me, held down and forgotten.

DDK:

Again, for the millionth time, who is he kidding?

Gage Blackwood:

Gage Blackwood isn't someone to just walk into a room, speak only about himself and then directly leave right after. Oh, no. Gage Blackwood cares about YOU. He wants to make *you* the next big star!

As Blackwood rambles on, his facial expressions show he is not sincere. He is elitist and just speaking from a facade point-of-view. And he is clearly getting enjoyment out of pretending he's doing a good thing.

Gage Blackwood:

Soooooo, I hereby send an open challenge to anyone back there. Me, you Southern Heritage Championship... LET'S DO THIS!

♪ *Bullet Holes by Bush* ♪

Lance:

That didn't take long!

DDK:

It's THE Jay Harvey!!

Immediately, Blackwood's overly arrogant look fades away into one of disdain as he stops dead in his tracks and watches the entranceway. He is muttering to himself. He's clearly not happy nor was expecting any of what's to come.

The sold out arena is on their feet as Jay Harvey walks out from the curtain, dressed in his ring gear and leather jacket. He already has a microphone in hand as he smiles down the ramp at the man in the ring. Harvey looks at every angle of the arena as his music slowly starts to die down.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is here! Jay Harvey we have been told was cleared for wrestling activity last week.

DDK:

He looks ready for a fight!

Harvey raises the microphone to his mouth as the fans are more cheers than boos. The Faithful don't forget Harvey's past.

Jay Harvey:

Did I hear that right? You want to prove what a leader you are...

Harvey audibly laughs into the microphone.

Jay Harvey:

Open your heart to the back and make someone a star?

Blackwood is nodding his head in the ring.

Jay Harvey:

That is what you said, isn't it? How bout me? Why don't you make ME a star, Gage!?

The crowd is all cheers.

Jay Harvey:

I mean... you are the man who has bested no, eradicated the whole roster. Did you forget that I beat you one, two, three in the middle of that very ring?

The crowd is all ohs. Gage Blackwood looks rattled in the middle of the ring, but he is trying his best to hide it and failing. Because of this, The Faithful now proceeds to have fun at Blackwood's expense.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!"

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!"

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!"

Jay Harvey:

I mean two years is a long time... I know I forget what I had for breakfast some days. I can see how you forgot.

Harvey chuckles.

Jay Harvey:

You want to prove to this crowd, to the people watching at home, and everyone sitting in the back that you are the leader of the roster? That you are at the top of the mountain?

The crowd can feel it coming.

Jay Harvey:

You want a challenge? Beat me in that ring and defend your title. Show each and every person watching right now, that you are a fighting champion. A man who takes on all comers. That you are the best... I accept, Gage!

The crowd is on their feet and Blackwood doesn't look happy.

Jay Harvey:

I'm going to knee you right in the teeth for everyone here! I'm going to take back the Southern Heritage title! Let's do this!

The crowd is roaring as Harvey starts walking down the aisle. Hector Navarro rushes from the back and walks alongside Harvey. Blackwood doesn't seem to like what is transpiring. Harvey takes his leather jacket off and tosses it on the ring steps before sliding under the bottom rope. Navarro has also made his way into the ring.

DDK:

Here we go, folks! Jay Harvey has accepted the open challenge from Gage Blackwood!

Lance:

Gage Blackwood might be regretting coming out here and putting that title on the line to just anyone!

Harvey stands toe to toe with Blackwood. Navarro asks Harvey if he is ready. Harvey nods his head in absolute delight. Navarro asks Blackwood if he is ready. Harvey looks at Blackwood, now anticipating his reply. And all The SOHER does...

Is put his mic down and exit the ring.

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Harvey stands in the middle of the squared circle, arms extended wide, almost taken back by the lack of the champion's engagement.

As Blackwood makes his way down the steel stairs, he simply looks into the fans sitting in the front row and says "no".

By now, The Faithful are livid. Blackwood heads up the rampway without looking back.

DDK:

Uh, so much for being a stand-up guy, huh Gage? I thought you were willing to fight *anyone*?

Blackwood takes a moment to assure the cameraman who is walking up with him, that he isn't scared. He just simply won't allow for this to happen. This reply creates louder boos from The Faithful that can hear from the rampway.

Jay Harvey walks over to the ring ropes and opens them back up for the champion, inviting him in. However, by now Blackwood has reached the top of the stage. He stops, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath in without looking back. Then he vanishes behind the curtain.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. MYSTERY OPPONENT

The lights go out and the fans begin to boo before the single spotlight hits the stage.

DDK:

Well apparently there's no time like the present! Earlier tonight the FIST OF DEFIANCE MIkey Unlikely announced he would be defending his championship in a closed challenge... in an effort to become the most celebrated champion the company has ever seen.

From behind the curtain comes rolling the signature red carpet. It rolls all the way to the ring.

Lance:

That's right Darren! He said he would be facing a man who's won gold right here! I'm excited to see which former champion he'll be facing tonight?

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "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. He stands at the end of the stage and takes in the audience.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... hailing from Hollywood, California... He is the REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE... THE WORLDS GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIIIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Holding the briefcase in the air he heads for the ring.

Lance:

There is such a long legacy of former champions in DEF. Whether you're talking about tag team, southern heritage, FIST, D.O.C., Trios and more!

At the bottom of the ramp the champion goes through his normal pre match ritual of handcuffing the Championship case to the ring post for safe keeping. Once it's secure he gets into the ring and takes the microphone from a confused Darren Quimbey. His music cuts out as he begins to talk.

Mikey Unlikely:

Earlier tonight I promised everyone in attendance I would defend my FIST of DEFIANCE against someone who's won gold in this very building! So please allow me to introduce to each and every one of the DEFIANTS a man who needs no introduction here in Louisiana... He is the 2018 NCAA Southeastern Region gold medalist...

DDK:

He what!?

Mikey Unlikely:

Weighing in at 185lbs and hailing from Tulane University...at least until he graduated two years ago...

DDK:

Oh no...

Mikey Unlikely:

This is STEVIE J. MURRAY!

♪ "Tulane University Fight Song" by Tulane University Marching Band ♪

Lance:

All right! Stevie J Murray will be taking on Mikey Unlikely tonight for the FIST! Darren what do you got on our latest challenger and relative newcomer to DEFIANCE!?

Papers are shuffled as a man steps through the curtain. He's very young and very thin. Wearing a wrestling singlet with the university of Tulane logo on it, as well as an amateur wrestling headpiece.

DDK:

I've... I've got nothing... I don't know who this guy is.

Lance:

Oh... Well luckily for everyone at home I happen to know quite a bit about Tulane University, in fact I'd like to give Lance's Top Ten Tulane Facts!

The guy rolls into the ring and raises his arms into the air. The handful of Tulane fans in attendance give a smattering of applause for the hometown guy.

He moves over to his corner and practices his takedown technique. On the other side of the ring Mikey hands the microphone back to Quimbey and shoos him out of the ring. Official Benny Doyle looks uneasily at the challenger and then the champion. He calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Lance:

Here we go, a big opportunity for the young guy!

DDK:

You see what's going on here, Unlikely obviously wanted some less than experienced competition tonight...

Lance:

Let's give the kid a shot Darren, you never know! This could be a huge upset. Imagine if Stevie J Murray won the FIST tonight!

The two circle in the ring. Mikey dodges one lockup and moves to the corner where he checks his hair. Looking over his shoulder he smirks towards the young man. Turning around he goes to lock up with the challenger again. This time Mikey sidesteps him once more and avoids contact.

Lance:

The champion using his ring prowess to frustrate his challenger.

The crowd boos as they go to lock up a third time and Mikey stalls. Finally Murray is done waiting and rushes Mikey. Grabbing the surprised champion by an arm and moving downward, he's able to gain leverage and pull the FIST over his shoulder.

DDK:

Fireman's carry! Classic amateur wrestling move there by Stevie.

Lance:

What do we know about Mikey's amateur career?

DDK:

He didn't have one, he never wrestled in school or played any sport. In fact he spent all of his time in Drama Club.

Lance:

Checks out.

Mikey stands up using the ropes and looks a bit ticked off. He turns and runs at the young man who once more grabs Unlikely and flings him to the mat in another takedown. The FIST slaps the mat in frustration and gets back up. Stevie wastes no time and locks the wrestler in a front face lock. Unlikely counters by clutching the arm and nailing a northern lights suplex. When they hit the mat however Murrays amatuer instincts kick in and in a flash he's rolled over ontop of Mikey into a full mount.

Lance:

Nice move kid! Tulane fact number one! Did you know the roots of Tulane university, right here in Louisiana, date back to 1834!

SJM slides into a press and has a cover on the champion. Benny Doyle gets into position and begins his count.

One...

Kickout by Mikey Unlikely.

DDK:

Trying to get the early pin on the champion, Unlikely may have been trapped but he's been doing this too long to be pinned that early.

Lance:

This isn't Amatuer wrestling here in DEFIANCE, we're going to need a full three count to declare you a winner.

Stevie gets off of Mikey and the two stand up and for the first time tonight SJM is introduced to PROFESSIONAL wrestling.

DDK:

Mikey with a huge forearm to the face of Murray, the crowd did not like that move.

Lance:

I don't think Stevie did either! Which brings me to my second of my Tulane facts! The Alumni at Tulane university hold high esteem, people such as former US Speaker of the House! Also the co-founder of Yahoo! The President of Costa Rica! Even Starsky from Starsky and Hutch, the loveable 70's show!

Mikey now mounts a dazed and confused Stevie J Murray and starts raining down forearms on his head. Murray calls out for the referee but it's all legal in DEFIANCE. After the 8th strike, Mikey pulls the kid to his feet. Shoots him off the ropes and drills him with a spinning wheel kick.

Lance:

Great agility from the champion here!

Looking over at the FIST, safely tucked away in it's lush carrying case, locked to the ring post, Mikey smiles. He stands up and does a few jumping jacks for the crowd. They send boos back his way. As Stevie gets up, he's dazed. He's not used to being hit in the head with strikes. Unlikely grabs him by the hair and tucks his head under his arm in a reverse DDT position.

DDK:

...Here we go...

Lance:

Oh no, I better speed this up! MY third Tulane University fact is that they are a Division one school for athletics! Formerly of the famed SEC, they now reside in the American Athletic Conference!

Unlikely brings his other arm around and clotheslines SJM down to his knee for the Neckbreaker/Clothesline combo.

DDK:

ROLL CREDITS by Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

Quickly! My fourth Tulane fact is the team name is the Tulane Green Wave!

Unlikely covers the challenger, barely making body contact. Benny Doyle slides into position.

Lance:

MyfifthfactforTulaneUniversity...

ONE...

Lance:

Isthattheyhave...

TWO....

Lance:

Astudentbodymadeupofabout...

THREE!

Lance:

14000Students! Isnthatimpressive...OMGTHECHAMPIONRETAINS!

The bell rings and Mikey Unlikely stands up with his arms raised in triumph.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Your winner and STILLLLLLL FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! MIKEYYYYY UNLIKELLYYYYYYYY!

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely retains of course in this...title defense, if we can really call it that.

Lance:

Oh man! I didn't even make it through my Tulane facts!

DDK:

Another time Lance, another time! Well folks we've got a lot more action tonight for you, not only did you get this FIST of DEFIANCE match but we've also got a Unified Tag Team Championship match coming up in our main event!

Unlikely exits the ring and unlocks his championship title case from the ring post. He clutches it to his chest and heads up the ramp with a smile on his face. In the ring Benny Doyle checks on SJM who's slowly coming to.

We move onto the next segment but not before getting one more look at the champion as he slips the handcuff onto his wrist to take one last measure to ensure the belt doesn't leave his grasp.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON: A RETROSPECTIVE

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

YOU AND YOUR FRIEND ARE GONNA GET IT!

We cut to the backstage area where Jamie Sawyers is standing next to the recently victorious DEFIANT newcomer Trashcan Tim. He is absolutely beaming with a grin from ear to ear that exposes his missing two front teeth. His eyes dart rapidly, seemingly excited by every aspect of his new job. He wears a cut off flannel shirt, unbuttoned, over a stained wifebeater and an Ole Miss trucker cap.

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm here with one of DEFIANT's newest wrestlers- Trashcan Tim! Tim, you got a win tonight over some impressive compe-

Tim abruptly and energetically juts his hand out toward Jamie for a shake. Jamie, momentarily bewildered, extends his hand and it is immediately snatched and shaken with a vigor that moves his whole body; he almost tumbles. Tim balances Jamie with his free hand and awkwardly removes his hat.

Trashcan Tim:

Sorry! I'm just so excited to be here, Mister Sawyers!

Jamie Sawyers:

Clearly! Tim, tell the faithful a little about yourself.

Trashcan Tim:

Mister Sawyers, this is my dream! Ever since I was a little boy in Merigold, all I wanted to do was be a rassler and now here I am in DEFIANCE. I'm just so happy to be here.

As Jamie is about to ask him another question, a hand moves into the view and covers the microphone. The hand is attached to a man in gaudy red leather pants, sunglasses (indoors cause asshole/blind, probably) and a chain around his neck. The man now looks down at Jamie.

DDK:

{V/O} Hey! That's Alvaro de Vargas! He's a BRAZEN standout we've seen him on UNCUT!

Lance:

{V/O} Yeah, he's been wanting on DEFtv for a couple shows now...

The tall Cuban-American flashes Sawyers a grin and then turns to Trashcan Tim, who waves politely. This makes ADV visibly cringe. Then it's back to Jamie... and back to the grin. He removes his hand from the microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hola, señor Jamie. Alvaro de Vargas! Undefeated futura leyenda de DEFIANCE and BRAZEN's hottest commodity. Jamie, I have a question, if I may. See... I've been involved in the business for almost a decade now. Been doing it since I was fresh out of high school. I spent ten years hopping from place to place. Five of those years have been spent among the goriest, most brutal... más mortal places. I get hired and get thrown into BRAZEN while...

He eyes Trashcan Tim up and down once before turning to Sawyers.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THIS... [air quotes] "man" is on the main roster? ¿Se había duchado?

Trashcan Tim (speaking out of the side of his mouth at Jamie):

I think he called you a douche.

ADV sighs, then stops when he (thinks, anyway) he has a revelation.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Mis disculpas, amigo. I think you're confused. The gas station is across the street. I'm sure they're missing their night shift employee and must be worried sick.

Tim looks genuinely concerned for a moment before nodding earnestly.

Trashcan Tim:

I sure hope he's alright! Nice of you to worry about him. Mister Sawyers, this here is a kind-hearted man.

Before de Vargas can respond, another voice cuts him off.

Petey Garrett:

HEY! WE'RE NOT DONE!

Tim turns around and sees one of the men from earlier in the evening, Petey Garrett, complete with balled-up fist and clenched teeth. Next to him is an angry Solmon Grendel, nursing his neck with an ice pack from being dropped earlier in the ring. De Vargas stands back and looks annoyed with the interruption of HIS interruption, but Garrett doesn't care.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hey, I'm not done with...

Petey Garrett:

[ignoring ADV] Look here, you stupid bum. You got lucky, plain and simple. Straight, dumb luck. If you were in a tag match against us, you'd get wasted. In fact...

Petey looks back at Solomon, who nods in agreement.

Petey Garrett:

Solomon agrees, so... how about it? Wanna try your luck against us? Next DEFtv. We don't care who you can find as a partner. You march down to that ring and take the beating you have coming to you.

Trashcan Tim:

Heck yeah! That sounds like fun to me! How about me and my new friend against you two?

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hey, I'm not your... [stops] Wait... DEFtv? You want to fight on DEFtv? Not on UNCUT, but THE DEFtv?

Trashcan Tim nods eagerly, then ADV turns back to the Brutal Attack Force. Those gears have clearly turned at last.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Oh, estabas equivocado, pendejos! ADV y... [pointing at Tim] this guy? We're kicking your asses! Nosotros pateamos tu culo! You're on!

Petey and Solomon both look happy with the arrangement.

Petey Garrett:

See you chumps soon.

Happy with a chance for revenge, the Brutal Attack Force head off. ADV then turns to Jamie and then Tim.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hey, we got this. BRAZEN's finest, Alvaro de Vargas y Trash Bag Tommy!

With that, ADV heads the opposite direction as the RAF, leaving just Trashcan Tim and Jamie Sawyers. Tim claps

Sawyers heartily on the elbow, still grinning widely.

Trashcan Tim:

I like that guy! I'm making friends already, huh?!

Laughing merrily, Tim leaves Sawyers, who stares after him with a puzzled look.

NOT APPLICABLE

Jamie Sawyers sees Gage Blackwood in the backstage area and is quick to run a microphone to him as a cameraman trails close behind.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gage, Gage, why did you not go through with the challenge, Gage?

Finally caught up to Blackwood, Sawyers positions himself for an answer. However, Gage takes a moment to look him over in disgust.

Gage Blackwood:

Aren't you that former failed manager who bullied me with David Hightower when I first came into DEFIANCE?

It's true, but Jamie doesn't know how to answer that.

DDK:

Man, does Gage remember everything?

Lance:

Yes.

Jamie Sawyers:

I, uh, well...

Blackwood gives him a light push, as if to tell Jamie to watch it. He then begins to answer the original question.

Gage Blackwood:

I don't need to answer to *Jay Harvey*. I said I was going to make a new star. According to himself, Jay Harvey is the most excellent wrestler in the world. Wanted and desired by everyone. We are oh so lucky to have Jay Harvey back in DEFIANCE. Oh my god, what rubbish we all were before he got back here to save this failing roster! We had to have him back here, we just HAD TO.

Sawyers stands in silence, not knowing what to say.

Gage Blackwood:

He's just a notch above everyone. So talented and has such charisma. LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE...

Gage tries to calm down before his thick accent takes over being unable to understand him any further.

Gage Blackwood:

All those Faithful are UNFaithful! Pal tried to run DEFIANCE into the ground and then bailed on us afterwards and now they all love him?

DDK:

There were some boos in there, Gage. But heaven forbid someone to change their ways. Clearly, you have.

Gage Blackwood:

I don't forget anything. The thought of every single one of those people getting behind him makes me sick. Jamie, I tell you what. He can have a match against me at DEFtv 138 but it will NOT be for the Southern Heritage Championship because he doesn't deserve that shot!

Blackwood storms off.

Lance:

I can understand some of Gage's points but the fact of the matter is, like him or hate him, Jay Harvey put everything out there before and he's come back. Nothing gives Gage the right to be judge and jury here, either. The Faithful do.

DDK:

And The Faithful have chosen Harvey over him. Sure, he was right on Harvey's past... but they've also had two year's to forget. No one's forgotten what a prick Gage has been recently.

Lance:

You're right on that.

DEX JOY vs. ALE CZANDER THE GREAT

DDK:

It's going to be a battle of super heavyweights, Lance! "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy has been growing in popularity by the week and it seemed that Team HOSS were rubbed the wrong way during an interview where they attacked him backstage. Dex evened the odds for The Sky High Titans when he kept Aleczander the Great from using a steel chair during the match.

Lance:

Dex Joy has been popular because he's a stand-up guy and wasn't about to sit by and watch Team HOSS try and screw over the Titans. He did the right thing, but in the process he put himself in Team HOSS's crosshairs.

DDK:

They still have to be angry that Maximum DEFIANCE didn't go their way when they fought Dex's new friends, the Lucky Sevens and now we'll see if Dex can handle a member of Team HOSS tonight. We're now going to the match!

Quimbey:

The next match is set for one fall! Introducing first from Miami, Florida, he is a member of Team HOSS and he is accompanied by Angel Trinidad ... Aleczander the GGGGGGGGRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEAAAATTTTT!!!!

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

DDK:

I can feel the anger bubbling from up here, partner.

Lance:

Me too. Things haven't gone the way for Team HOSS since Maximum DEFIANCE and then on last week's Uncut. Tonight they can turn it around if Aleczander can beat the big rising star Dex Joy!

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 sixty-seven pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

Standing on the entrance in a brand new black and gold version of his attire, the massive tank-like Dex Joy stands out and holds out a balled-up fist.

Dex Joy:

IT'S TIME TO FIGHT, PALLY!!!

He storms down the ramp and looks ready for a big scrap. He is on his way to the ring and when he gets to the ring, Angel Trinidad tries standing in his way. Dex looks up at the taller Team HOSS member and wants to fight either way but when he sees Aleczander coming he blocks the shot and then hits a head butt to stop him before he steps into the

ring! The official is already ready with the bell!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Dex Joy had his guard up since that battle with Carny Sinclair and more recently Team HOSS jumping him! He's not letting anybody take advantage of him a third time like that!

The crowd is in the palm of Dex Joy's hands when he uses those hands to bash Aleczander upside the head repeatedly with a number of solid shots. Dex then takes him into the corner and puts up his dukes. He throws a left and a right to the chiseled body of Aleczander and he continues bringing the fight to him one shot at a time. The crowd then cheers Dex when he winds back his arm and then *slaps* Aleczander across the chest with a chop so hard that it not only echoes but it hurts the Team HOSS member!

Lance:

Wow! Dex Joy came looking for a fight tonight and he's giving one right back to Aleczander!

DDK:

Look at him go!

Dex Joy pulls out of the corner and then waves at Aleczander to take his best shot. The enraged British star comes running at him, but Dex ducks the oncoming blow and turns when Aleczander keeps coming off the ropes. Dex collides into him with a big running body block and knocks Aleczander back into the ropes. He doesn't fall over right away, but Dex pushes him up against the ropes and locks hands around his waist to throw big Aleczander over with a belly to belly suplex off of the ropes.

DDK:

Wow! It's not often a member of Team HOSS gets thrown around like this!

Aleczander keeps rolling after the suplex and tries to get out of dodge when Dex sees him land. Dex is up and then clocks him with a running back elbow against the ropes. He runs off from the side and then Aleczander gets mowed right over with a running cross body from a man not too far from four hundred pounds!

DDK:

We've seen Dex Joy use that cross body before! Angel has one in his arsenal called the Flying HOSS Body and listen! He's out there yelling at Dex for stealing his move!

Angel Trinidad:

That's my move you fat son of a bitch!

Dex blows him a kiss in return and then covers Aleczander quickly.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

I don't know how smart that was to lip off to Angel on the floor, but Dex looks like he's imposing his will on him.

Dex stands up and then points to the sides of the ring, getting a "Big! Dex! Energy!" from each side and then boots Aleczander upside his head. He pulls Aleczander up again and soon finds himself on the shoulders of The Biggest Boy.

Lance:

Is this a samoan drop coming up?

The question doesn't get answered because Aleczander uses his free hand and elbows Dex in the side of the head before he slips free. Angel claps for his partner when he now goes wild on Dex with several of his big club-like forearms to the back. Each shot is loud and backed by lots of force. He takes Dex to the corner and then decides that he's going to pay him back with a huge *chop* of his own. The blow stuns Dex but he tries to fight back. Aleczander goes low and kicks his knee to stop the tank-like Dex and then throws a back elbow to the head.

DDK:

Now Aleczander in control! He's got him here.

Aleczander lands a second chop and then uses a third to rattle Dex. He backs up a few steps and then gets into a football stance. Dex tries to get out of the corner but Aleczander and a massive shoulder block get The Biggest Boy off his feet for the first time!

Lance:

And now Aleczander goes for the cover on Dex Joy!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Close but no cigar though! Aleczander now arguing with the official.

Aleczander goes back to punishing Dex when he pulls him up into a seated position and then raises his hand. One by one, a series of clubbing forearms called Clanging and Banging happen and after these blows land, he pushes Dex back down to the canvas so he can try to win again.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DEFIANCE Wrestling's faithful are all about that Big Dex Energy tonight when the shoulder comes up again.

Lance:

Aleczander has a good arsenal of power moves enough to chop anybody down to size, but Dex won't give up.

DDK:

You saw the performance he gave with Carny Sinclair. You know once his sights are set on something, Dex will make it happen eventually!

Aleczander uses a point of his elbow and smashes Dex in the top of his head about three times. Joy is looking pretty beat up and while this happens, Aleczander the Great makes his pecs dance to the sounds of jeers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful.

Dex then gets picked up from the canvas, but he fights back as soon as Aleczander leaves himself open for more gut punches. Aleczander blocks and throws a knee and puts Dex in the corner again. He throws some shoulder thrust-style attacks into his stomach and then throws a big european style uppercut into his jaw. Dex is now leaning back in the corner with Aleczander now ready to finish him off. He has his arm out and the bearded bralwer is now ready to clock him.

DDK:

I think there's a Weapon Flex lariat in his future!

Lance:

Here it comes ...

Aleczander comes running for the knockout blow, but he doesn't expect Dex to sidestep it and go to his left. Aleczander tries to stop himself but it's too late ...

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

The pounce-like shoulder sends Aleczander flying a couple feet back and he falls right on his backside. Dex collapses himself just by the force of the move but now the tank-like Dex is feeling like he can get the momentum back on his side.

Lance:

I think he's getting ready for another charge! He's got that Big Dex Energy coming up!

Angel Trinidad watches the match between the two big men continue. Dex fires himself up with a slap or two across his own face and then points at Aleczander. He comes charging and lands another elbow in the corner. He pulls Aleczander out by two hands full of beard, then sets him up. Dex charges out of the corner with a big shot gun style drop kick!

DDK:

Dex's offense isn't always the prettiest but he can still do some amazing things with that size of his!

Aleczander doesn't know which way is up when Dex gets up off the drop kick. Dex sees Angel Trinidad now start to climb in the ring and Dex goes at him with a swing but he moves away. Aleczander is just now about to get up and when Dex stands up, he manages to power Dex up and then back down with Spine Tingler! The "sky high" power bomb hits.

Lance:

My God! He lifted up Dex Joy for the Spine Tingler!

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... No!!!

Dex gets his shoulder up and Aleczander cannot believe that he didn't get the win.

DDK:

I don't know how Dex kicked out of that! I thought that distraction from Angel Trinidad was going to get the victory, but it didn't!

Aleczander growls and then has the Weapon Flex in mind again while Dex is on his knees. Aleczander turns and tries to run when Dex grabs hold of his trunks! He spins him around and then soon Dex catches him for ... THE DEX DRIVE!!! The crowd can't believe the reversal of fortune and Angel can't either!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful pop for the big win from Dex and when he sees the enraged Angel Trinidad coming into the ring, he gets out as fast as he can to just barely avoid a shot!

DDK:

Can you believe that! Dex Joy was nearly on the verge of defeat, but one swift reversal into the Dex Drive and he walks away with a big win tonight over a member of Team HOSS!

Angel looks down on Aleczander who can't believe what just happened. He's staring up at the lights in wonder while

The Biggest Boy is now about halfway back up the ramp enjoying a big hard fought win over one of his attackers from Uncut.

DDK:

Team HOSS continue to not have good fortune right now! Dex Joy fought hard for that win and he got it! That's twice now that he's stuck it to Team HOSS since they started this fight with The Biggest Boy.

Lance:

And there is no way they're going to let something like that stand!

Dex is now on the ramp and waves goodbye to Team HOSS with the crowd cheering in support of The Biggest Boy. Inside the ring Angel Trinidad looks ready to explode and he goes to help Aleczander up after his close defeat.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BEST OF OSCAR BURNS



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

PAUSE

Cut back from commercial.

♪ "Smiling And Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop and come out of their seats for the unadvertised appearance of "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

DDK:

Well, this is a pleasant surprise.

Scott comes through the curtain, his gate suggesting he is a little worse for the wear but upright and mobile nonetheless.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. After the events of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, just two weeks ago, I didn't think we would see the likes of Scott Douglas or Kerry Kuroyama for quite some time.

Scotty makes his way down the ramp, slapping a few hands at ringside before entering the ring and reaching out for the microphone being provided. The music fades down and Scott takes the center ring, obviously, with something on his mind.

DDK:

You can't hold a good man down, Lance.

The Faithful die down and Scott launches in.

Scott Douglas:

I don't normally make a habit of this ... but somethings have to be said. The first of which, Seattle's Best lost to the Fuse Bros at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

The Faithful boo that outcome or the statement's spoiler potential, who can be sure. Douglas attempts to carry on.

Douglas:

Look ... look, facts are facts. When the bell rang, the brothers won out over Kerry and I. No excuses. It doesn't matter the situation or lack thereof, a loss in the books, is a loss in the books.

A boisterous member of the Faithful seizes the brief lull in Scott's speech, screaming out. "*You were robbed!*" A small section joins in the sentiment and a verbatim chant begins but Douglas is able to quell it.

Douglas:

The Fuse Bros. would love for you to believe that! Not *only* robbed but that I was *robbed* by Kerry Kuroyama.

Again, the Faithful let their distaste be known.

Douglas:

And obviously ... I know and all of you know ... that's a load of shit!

That, they like.

Douglas:

Kerry hasn't had the best go here in DEFIANCE. I'm not going to stand here and attempt to brush over that and if he were here with us tonight ... neither would he. He understands that, clearly the Fuse Bros. understand that.

Scott pauses for a moment.

Douglas:

But what these two, obviously don't understand ... you don't turn you back on your friends when times get tough! I didn't abandon Kerry when --

♪ "Press Start" by MDK ♪

Douglas stops cold in his tracks as the new theme song plays and the DEFiatron finally reads the names Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire across it, receiving a chorus of boos. After a few paces around the ring, Douglas waits at the edge of the ropes, keeping his attention towards the curtain.

DDK:

An impassioned speech cut short for what I can only assume will be, well... tasteless, I'm sure.

Finally, Tyler emerges with The Princess behind him. Tyler's appearance has been changing over the past two months but now he looks very different. He has dropped the "T" bandana across his forehead, his hair is more messy and his dark brown beard has fully grown in. He still wears orange wrist tape but he is sporting black underwear tights with an orange swirl running throughout it. His black knee pads and black/orange boots complete the intense look. From a video game perspective, he doesn't really resemble anyone in particular. The Princess is wearing her usual dark grey and blue tonal designed full length tights and sports bra top, with her long blonde hair in a ponytail and off to the right side of her head. Mic in hand, Tyler's theme comes to a close.

Tyler Fuse:

So... so let me recap the nonsense I heard from you and then we can move on to some spoilers.

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

This outta be good...

Tyler Fuse:

I feel like a broken record, or perhaps as my brother would say, a rushed sequel to a game where everything, including the engine has been recycled over and over and over.

He pauses to take in some boos before pointing directly at Douglas.

Tyler Fuse:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE was a lesson you should never forget, Scott. Clearly, you don't need a guy like me to say you've got all the talent in the world. DEFIANCE is truly your realm.

Tyler looks back at Desire with a nod.

Tyler Fuse:

But this noble attitude of yours and your unwillingness to let go of those who hold you down is your greatest weakness of all.

Tyler turns to the audience.

Tyler Fuse:

For every single one of you, you should all know by now I never fully embraced these gaming terminologies like my brother, but it goes without saying Kerry Kuroyama really is an NPC.

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOO.

Tyler Fuse:

Am I wrong? Seriously. The man in that ring used to be THE Southern Heritage Champion. He's on The Mount Rushmore of DEFIANCE. After all, he is your *Favourite Son*...

SUB-POP SCOTT!
SUB-POP SCOTT!
SUB-POP SCOTT!

Tyler brushes it off.

Tyler Fuse:

Your respect for this company, your “friends” and being unable to go to great lengths to win has made you crash and burn since returning from your injury.

Tyler shakes his head while The Princess mockingly “consoles” him.

Tyler Fuse:

So for the last time I will say it: we tried to do you a favour, we tried to free you from Kerry Kuroyama, the ultimate NPC. Conor and I were once like you... such noble fighters. Nobility gets you nothing. Look where I stand now, on the stage across from you, SCOTT DOUGLAS, one of the all-time big players. A top DEFIANCE character, levelled out to the max! And me, a type-casted TAG TEAMER, ultimately having no business to break this glass ceiling and be standing directly across from the likes of... you.

Tyler pauses. He seems to be in deep thought... and then, a rare smile crosses his face.

Tyler Fuse:

But I am.

Lance:

Unfortunately, he’s not wrong with that last comment.

Tyler Fuse:

And why do I get to stand across from you? Because I saw *it*. I saw the darkness and I went to the darkside. And it’s going to get me places I could only have dreamed about before...

Sub-Pop Scott has heard just about enough! He marches around the ring, The Faithful cheering him on, awaiting for him to reply and put Tyler in his place. However, as Douglas raises his mic, right before he opens his mouth, Tyler cuts him off.

Tyler Fuse:

PAUSE! I said I had a spoiler for you... so let’s get to it...

The DEFIATron cuts to a grainy camera, almost like a body camera, there is a location, date and timestamp on the bottom right corner. Confusion is amidst the ring as Scott Douglas tries to figure out what this has to do with anything, Tyler meanwhile keeps pointing to the screen for him to look.

It’s a house, somewhere residential. As the feed continues it’s obvious the footage is being shot in real time. A few seconds go by as the outside scenery of a house soon changes to a front door. Whoever is wearing the camera is knocking at someone’s door.

Tyler Fuse: *[on the mic, not in the scene]*

Knock, knock.

Kerry Kuroyama appears answering the door, looking pretty banged up but unlike previous shows in which he defied doctor’s orders, Kerry this time seemed to be staying home as told. Trouble seems to have found him this time around, his face turns a bit pale as his jaw drops, he looks confused for a moment.

Kuroyama: *[pointing up]*

... you hair?

The way Kerry looks, it's like he saw someone he hasn't seen in years. A completely different look on said person gave Kerry a pause again before he swallowed hard and spoke up.

Kuroyama:

What are you doing here!?

The feed cuts to Tyler Fuse on the rampway, who seems to be reading over something in his hands while the footage continues to play.

Back to the DEFITron, suddenly the camera jostles forward. Kuroyama acts surprised and caught off guard as he trips further backwards into his home. The person wearing the camera pushes Kerry's shoulders backward, slamming him into the door as loud animalistic growls are rippled through the DEFiatron's speakers.

Kuroyama: *[struggling]*

Jason.... JASON!!! WHAT THE HELL MAN I HAVE NO BE....

Fists appear to slam Kuroyama's face into the door as the up close body camera films the entire scene unfolding, his face is up close and busted open but Kerry struggles back pushing his night attacker back and he connects with an undercut to the attacker's gut, but it doesn't seem to flinch the man. The two struggle as the upclose camera catches Kerry's face as it contorts in pain as multiple knees are wedged into his ribcage. A black object appears on camera, a round metal pipe. The attacker's camera moves as he raises the pipe upwards, almost catching the entire swing downwards as the pipe connects against Kuroyama's skull knocking him out and stopping any fight instantly from him.

Silence. Or was it death? The Faithful were silent and so was Kerry Kuroyama. That was because Jason was here. Empire Pro Wrestling's Hardcore Icon, the master of his own world, the man who ended Rocko Daymon's Career, he was the sickest - most sadistic - most heinous - your pulse is rising - most puppet controlling freak - there was. The sounds of his footsteps echoed in the halls of Kerry's house, like a Custom DLC package. Darkness shrouded DEFIANCE quicker than even The Faithful could prepare for. Before the attacker moves around Kerry's house, looking towards the hallway mirror a bald head, scarred and rugged face appears. It's a face that would be recognizable by only the most die hard wrestling fans.

Stalker: *[slowly pausing]*

Scotty..... Oh... boy here you are.. Way in over your head. You just have no idea what you stepped into.

His face turned into a crooked smile as he slowly walked towards the mirror. Jason Reeves, a man among men, a man unhinged, was literally frothing at his mouth with excitement. Angling the body camera for a better view, Jason took a few steps back so The Faithful and Scott Douglas could clearly see what was coming for him.

Stalker:

From all of the false heroes, from all the moments I have conjured and created, Scotty. You... will be my absolute favorite.

Laughing for a moment, Jason's eyes are a sea of madness as they look into the camera, Kerry's body lying motionless in the background.

Stalker:

Welcome... to Stalker's World ...

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS OF DEFIANCE 2020



*Next up! ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND!*

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SKY HIGH TITANS (C) vs. GUNTHER ADLER & SHOOTER LANDELL

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, coming up next is our main event! The Sky High Titans have been busy since winning the titles back from The Pop Culture Phenoms at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Yeah! You and I called an incredible match between The Sky High Titans and Team HOSS that saw the Titans retain their championships on UNCUT. And they've wasted no time moving right on to fighting Gage Blackwood's seconds, the technical veteran and his powerful young protege and former BRAZEN star, Gunther Adler.

DDK:

The Sky High Titans also have a challenge from Malak Garland from The Comments Section to fight Minute on the next DEFtv, but for right now, we've got this Unified Tag Team Title match! Let's see who comes out on top in our main event! Let's take it to Darren Quimbey for the main event!

The camera then goes to Darren Quimbey with the Faithful letting out a massive pop for the match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening! This is a tag team match set for one fall and this is for the Unified Tag Team Championships!

The crowd lets out another pop and the fans get ready for the entrance of the challengers.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Out walks Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler in matching gray hoodies and their normal wrestling attire underneath. Landell and Adler knock fists before marching down the rampway completely disgusted by the reaction The Faithful are giving them.

DDK:

They look ready for a fight tonight, Lance. Shooter and Gunther seemed pretty sure of themselves that they have this win in hand.

Lance:

They have the talent. Gunther Adler is a powerhouse and Shooter Landell has the experience.

Landell and Adler slide into the ring as they take their hoodies off and the fans await...

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

Junior Keeling:

Ladies and germs, it's now time for your MAIN EVENT! First, let me introduce to you the brains of The Family Keeling as well as our official coach... Thomas Keeling!

The crowd also cheers Thomas Keeling as he arrives on stage in a good-looking Brooks Brothers black pin-striped suit. Gunther and Shooter are both watching the introductions, just waiting for their shot.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son! Now introducing YOUR reigning and defending Unified Tag Team Champions! Mister Adler, Mister Landell, take notice of the TOP TEAM TODAY! Take it away, boy!

Junior Keeling:

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

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

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challengers, in the corner to my left... at a combined weight of 520 pounds... **GUNTHER ADLER AND SHOOTER LANDELL!**

Adler sits across the ring, arms folded and looking all sorts of badass. Shooter Landell is only a tiny bit more animated, pointing a finger at the collection of the Unified Tag Team Titles.

Darren Quimbey:

And in the corner to my right, they are the defending Unified Tag Team Champions! "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! "The Sky High Kid" Minute! They are **THE SKY! HIGH! TITANS!**

Uriel and Minute bump elbows and get ready for their second defense since winning the belts back at MAXDEF. The two get ready and Minute wants to start the match first while Uriel steps over the ropes to sit on the ring apron. Gunther Adler starts off for his team.

DING DING!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

The crowd is loud and proud tonight for the Sky High Titans as Minute and Adler circle up. Adler tries to go for a lock-up, but Minute slips past him and kicks him in the leg twice. Adler only barely flinches, but Adler goes in for a chop. Minute ducks again and goes for another pair of kicks. He tries a third, but Adler catches the leg. He shoves him back to the ropes and ducks down, but when he does so, Minute **LANDS ON HIS BACK!**

DDK:

Good LORD! He did that to Aleczander The Great on UNCUT! That balance is uncanny!

Thomas and Junior revel in Minute popping the crowd as he backflips off Adler's back and lands on his feet to take a bow. Adler comes rushing at him when Minute goes low and Dropkicks his knee, sending him staggering into the top cable. Minute then runs and connects with a Tiger Feint Kick off the ropes, catching Adler in the leg! He gets doubled over again and then Minute hits a second one OVER the top rope, cracking him in the head!

Lance:

Minute's offense is so innovative! And look... uh-oh!

Minute makes the tag to Uriel Cortez and the two men focus on Adler. Minute goes low with a few kicks while Uriel buries a pair of knees into the ropes. Minute then ducks down so Uriel and lift Adler up by the neck. He's a big man himself, but compared to the Titan of Industry, it's easy for him to lift him up right into a pop-up Dropkick by Minute! The blow sends him staggering, but it's Uriel running off the ropes and **BLASTING** him with a big Running Shoulder Block!

DDK:

Great combination of moves by The Sky High Titans! They've really put themselves together as a great tag team, that's for sure!

The crowd cheers as Uriel waits for Adler to get back up, only to boot him in the chest. He goes flying into the corner when Uriel takes a moment to raise a fist and get the crowd cheering. He goes charging full speed at Adler in the opposite corner when Adler gets an elbow up, catching the giant in the jaw. Adler comes running off the ropes and the 260-pound German runs full-speed into Uriel, but he doesn't go off his feet.

Lance:

Look at Adler go! Trying to get the big man off his feet.

Adler runs off the ropes and tries a second Shoulder Block, but the blow only knocks him back a step. Adler tries a third time and third verse... same as the first. Uriel continues to remain on his feet and dares Adler to try again. He runs off the ropes, but when he comes back, a **DROPKICK** from The Titan of Industry! Shooter Landell can't believe it and his eyes grow wide a bit!

DDK:

WHAT A DROPKICK! Biggest one in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

That's for sure!

Uriel takes a moment to dust himself off and then picks up Adler off the ground before taking him to the corner. He holds out both of his hands...

THWACK!

Adler doubles over in pain after getting rocked with a move called The Chop of Ages! The Double Handed Chop knocks the breath out of him as Uriel picks Adler up out of the corner. Shooter watches his partner get picked up on Uriel's shoulder. Uriel tags Minute and then dumps Gunther with a Scoop Slam, followed by Minute climbing up and hitting a **HUGE Springboard Senton!** He hurriedly crawls into a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Solid two-count there, but Adler kicks out!

Minute tags back to Uriel Cortez and he steps back over the ropes. Uriel whips Minute who lands an aided Running Dropkick to the gut of Adler! After Minute gets up and heads back to the corner, Uriel **SMASHES** Adler with a big Corner Splash and then pulls him out by the arm, right into huge Short-Arm Clothesline! Uriel then raises his arm and **DROPS** a massive Elbow Drop into his chest! Adler is hurt bad and Uriel lays on top right into a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Aside from fleeting flurries by Adler, this match has been all Titans so far!

DDK:

You can certainly feel the confidence from The Sky High Titans since those wins over PCP and then Team HOSS! Two of the most successful groups in DEFIANCE and they've beaten them both!

As Uriel goes to pick up Adler again, Shooter Landell has seen enough and tries to get into the ring, but Uriel sees him coming and meanmugs the veteran, daring him to get in. The referee reprimands Shooter and he returns to holding the tag rope, but that allows Adler to go low and stun Uriel with a few shots to his massive frame. Uriel fights back with another knee and sends him to the ropes... but Adler comes back unexpectedly with a Diving Shoulder aimed at the knee of Uriel!

DDK:

Uh-oh! They got him!

Adler gets up and holds his gut in pain from the beating he's taken from The Sky High Titans, but sees Shooter who wants a tag. Shooter gets it and the vet picks up where Adler left off as Uriel tries to stand. Shooter goes behind the same knee and goes low with a Chop Block, knocking Uriel down to one knee again!

DDK:

That is GREAT strategy by Shooter and Gunther Adler! Karate Kid 101! Sweep the leg!

Lance:

Definitely! Shooter and Gunther working really well now!

Shooter goes for the leg and Uriel tries to fight him off by grabbing his throat, but Shooter remains calm(ish) and kicks his knee frantically until Uriel lets go. He hobbles around when Shooter grabs onto the leg and kicks it away a few times. Uriel tries to catch him with an elbow, but Shooter ducks. He then goes low with a Dragon Screw and snaps the big man over!

DDK:

They did it! Uriel's down at last! Uriel's been honestly one of the most dominant competitors in that ring since he's set foot in DEFIANCE almost two years ago. Only one direct loss to Oscar Burns. But they've got the giant off his feet!

Shooter makes the tag quickly to Gunther Adler who has recovered enough to help out. Uriel tries to push Shooter away from his knee, but Adler stomps on him a few times and then allows Shooter to land a Stomp on the knee! Uriel howls in pain and it gets worse when Adler comes the ropes and does the same! Adler goes to the leg and then DRIVES a vicious elbow into the leg to tie up the hamstring! He continues dropping elbow after elbow into the joint while Thomas and Junior both watch on with concern.

DDK:

As good as Minute is, we typically see Minute in this position! But Shooter and Gunther found a great strategy for this match! They're working over his left knee! Even Uriel Cortez is vulnerable in this state.

Uriel tries to get back up, but he kicks Adler away with his good leg. He tries to get back, but doesn't expect Adler to come back like a missile in the form of a Diving Shoulder Tackle off the ropes, knocking Uriel onto his back! The crowd jeers as he goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The crowd cheers for The Titan of Industry as he tries to rise. His arm comes up, but Adler goes back to the leg and stomps on it a few more times. Cortez winces and Shooter makes the tag. He's got Uriel down and then both men grab the leg and make a wish! Cortez yelps out in pain again and Shooter goes for the knee with a modified Leg Lock, holding onto the ankle while putting the point of his knee in the leg!

The camera cuts quickly to the backstage areas where it appears like The Comments Section are watching... well, normally, most opponents might. But Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames are all on their phones instead with the match playing on a monitor behind them.

Lance:

Well, The Comments Section... sort of have an eye on this match, don't they!

DDK:

Possibly, but look it the ring now... He's got that hold locked in! When Uriel Cortez was beaten by Burns... it was to his Rolling Heel Hook finisher! I'm sure Shooter and Gunther have done their homework just in case they had this spot and here they are now!

Lance:

He's got Cortez on the ropes!

Shooter continues with the Leg Lock on firmly. Uriel tries to reach out, but Shooter just narrowly avoids the reach and pulls back on the leg further, sending Cortez back to the canvas. Minute watches on concerned for his buddy while Shooter yells at the cheering crowd to shut up and back off. Uriel continues getting punished in the hold.

DDK:

Is Shooter going to do it? Is Uriel going to tap?

Uriel has a hand up, but bites his left hand. He grits through the pain and tries to reach up again, this time managing to get his right leg up again to kick Shooter away. The elder statesman of the challenging duo is slow to get up, but when Uriel tries, Shooter goes low to the knee yet again with another kick. The previous damage gets Uriel downed and then Shooter SPIKES him into the mat with a big DDT! He quickly has to get Uriel onto his back but when he does, he moves into a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close! That leg is a giant target being used against Uriel! He's got to get over to Minute!

Shooter quickly goes back to making the tag to Uriel Cortez. He and Adler both try to subdue Uriel in a Double Front Facelock and then look for what may be a Double DDT. Uriel manages to try and get them both over, but his knee gives way! Uriel drops both men and Shooter and Gunther looked pleased. But when they approach him again, Uriel CRACKS Adler in the jaw with a big right! The blow rocks him but when Shooter once again tries to go for the leg, Uriel unleashes a roar and HURLS him across the ring with the Atomic Throw!

DDK:

Wow! What a surge of power by Uriel Cortez! But that knee is giving him trouble! Look!

Lance:

I'm seeing that, too! He needs to get to Minute!

Shooter rolls out of the ring, but the legal man Gunther Adler is staggered against the ropes. Uriel limps over...

TAG TO MINUTE!

The crowd goes crazy when Minute wastes no time heading to the middle of the ring apron while Gunther Adler is starting to get his bearings back. He sees Minute coming and leaps into the ring. He ducks underneath a wild Lariat from Adler, bounces off the ropes and hits a Running Dropkick to the knee of Adler on the return! The moves ground Adler and then Minute goes back to hitting Adler's chest with a barrage of kicks. He grabs one leg and tries to block it when Minute hits a Reverse Mule Kick, surprising Adler under the jaw!

DDK:

Look at Minute go! He's got Adler rocked with that speed of his!

Adler rolls outside while Minute starts getting the crowd going. Thomas and Junior Keeling both watch the high-flying dynamo go to work when he runs, LEAPS to the top and then comes CRASHING down on Gunther Adler with a Springboard Moonsault to the floor!

Lance:

What a big move by Minute! That Springboard Moonsault was a thing of beauty!

DDK:

That it was! But look out below!

Minute takes a second and is the first one up. Gunther Adler tries to sit up in a daze when Minute pushes him towards the bottom rope to get him back inside. Minute waits inside and then nails the Interceptor! He hooks the leg after the Springboard Tornado DDT!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

No! Shooter makes the save!

Shooter cracks Minute in the back with a good shot. He tries to go for what looks like an STO, but Uriel Cortez limps back into the ring and saves his buddy! Shooter tries going for Cortez's leg, but he hits a Coconut Knee Smash with his good knee and sends him back to the ropes. Uriel charges slightly forward and BLASTS him with a Clothesline sending him over the ropes... but Shooter hits his knee HARD on the ring apron and tumbles to the floor!

Lance:

OH, NO! URIEL CORTEZ GOT SOME PAYBACK FOR THAT LEG! LOOK AT SHOOTER!

DDK:

I can't believe it! I don't think that was Uriel's intention to do that, but Shooter's knee is in a bad way!

Shooter is crumbled on the floor and favors his knee, writhing about in pain. Meanwhile, as Uriel returns to the corner, Minute gets picked up by a surprise Adler with a HUGE European Uppercut! Minute goes down and Adler hooks him up for a move on his shoulders that he calls the The Renaissance Facade, but Minute barely slips out and a blind tag gets made by Uriel back in the corner. Adler charges when Minute cracks him with an Overhead Kick. Uriel climbs over the ropes and catches a staggering Adler... **THE INDUSTRY STANDARD!**

DDK:

WOW, DID THAT RING RATTLE! THAT HAS TO BE IT!

Uriel is still favoring his knee, but he hooks the leg of Adler.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd lets out a massive chorus of cheers for the retaining champions as Uriel sits up and slowly rises to his towering height. Minute returns to the ring with the Unified Tag Team Titles while on the outside, Thomas and Junior Keeling are both giving them applause!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and STILL the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

DDK:

What a main event! Gunther and Shooter really took it to Uriel Cortez for a while, but The Titans have just become THE team to beat in the division and they're at the top of their game right now!

Lance:

They certainly are! I hope The Comments Section get their heads out of their phones long enough to make this match happen because next week, Malak Garland faces Minute one on one! He's promised to reveal some sort of secret if he wins, but that could be smoke and mirrors.

DDK:

What a night! Titles defended, more or less in Mikey Unlikely's case, new feuds brewing and more new stars looking to make a mark! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and thanks for joining us for DEFtv!

The final shots are a grounded Shooter Landell still favoring his knee on the outside, now being attended to by trainers at ringside. Meanwhile, on the inside, one final shot of The Sky High Titans parading around with the collection making up the Unified Tag Team Titles. The five belts glisten in the lights while Thomas and Junior Keeling once again praise the work of their charges. Minute and Uriel Cortez with an unbreakable bond that has taken them straight to the top!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.