

RUNDOWN



Bright colorful lights roll across the entire arena, the fans go wild as the DEFTv opening video is played on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

Signs and excitement everywhere!

SOME GUY NAMED WILL RUINS THINGS
WELCOME BACK HARVEY
READY PLAYER ONE
BLACKWOOD SUX
i'M sOoOoOoOoOo LiT
SCROW IS UGLY
HARVEY IS LIT
CONNER FUSE = CONFUSED
DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON!
I SAW DEX JOY EAT 56 HOT DOGS ON 4TH OF JULY
MIKEY: MOOOOONNNNEEY PLEASE!?
BRONSON BOX SLEPT ON MY SOFA LAST NIGHT, AGAIN
WHERE IS KEURIG!
YOU'RE A JAGALOOON!
DEACON: SILENT BUT DEADLY
BIG DEX ENERGY!
YOU? BEAT THE LUCKY SEVENS? DON'T BET ON IT!
WELCOME TO STALKER'S WORLD!
TYLER USES GAME GUIDES
TRASH > GARBAGE
WINNING HAND!!!
DEX IS THE BEST, PALLY!
I GOT CHOKESLAMMED BY DEACON AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS SIGN
SET US FREE, MASON!

Finally we land on the commentary duo known to DEFIANCE fans everywhere.

DDK:

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

Lance:

Thanks for the warm introduction, Darren. We begin this evening's broadcast with a sad piece of news...

DDK:

We are saddened to announce that after the events of our last DEFtv, namely an attack in his own home, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama will be out for the foreseeable future.

Lance:

If the damage done during MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, at the hands of the Fuse Bros. wasn't enough, the appearance of Jason Reeves, also known as Stalker to many wrestling fans... and the ensuing brutal attack ... certainly was.

DDK:

Current reports suggest that Kerry will require surgery and whether or not he will return to the ring isn't currently unknown. We here at DEFIANCE would like to send our best to Kerry Kuroyama and pray for his speeding recovery!

Lance:

And eventual return to the Wrestle-Plex!

DDK:

God willing, Lance.

Darren checks his papers quickly.

DDK:

As the old saying goes, Lance ... the show must go on!

Lance:

Indeed it does, Darren and I'm excited for what could possibly be THE MOST Action packed edition of DEFtv we've seen in years!

Lance looks around the arena as the fans get loud in reaction.

DDK:

That's right, Lance, it's going to be a long night for the staff here at DEFIANCE as we've got NINE, count them NINE matches already on the slate for this evening!

Warner looks at his partner for the evening confused.

Lance:

Do we even have nine referees, Darren?

DDK:

They're going to be pulling double duty it seems as we've got some dream matchups already lined up for our fans here in attendance. We've got the Southern Heritage Champion going one on one with THE Jay Harvey in what promises to be a savage clash.

Lance:

Harvey wanted a shot at the championship but Gage Blackwood isn't ready to give him one! Not only that DDK but we've also got one half of the Unified Tag Team Champions, Minute going one on one with Malak Garland of the

Comments Section!

DDK:

Speaking of tag teams we also have some tag team turmoil going on tonight when “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns teams up Ryan Batts to take on the Dunson Clan!

Darren looks over to Lance, giving him the iggy that it’s his cue.

Lance:

We’ve got so many great wrestlers in the line up tonight including “The Biggest Boi” Dex Joy, Trashcan Tim, Bo Stevens, Matt LaCroix and many many more! Not to mention our champion, The FIST of DEFIANCE is in the house after successfully defending his title last week. I’m sure we’ll be hearing from the man who considers himself the most high profile champion DEFIANCE has ever seen.

DDK:

Speaking of Mikey Unlikely here’s an announcement for you! For the first time ever the FIST of DEFIANCE will be defended in a live matchup on DEFIANCE UNCUT this week! When the FISTvitational continues. It’s an exciting time to be one of the Faithful, Lance! We’ve got so much on slate I have no idea how we’re going to fit it all onto one show! So without further adieu ladies and gentlemen... let’s get tonight underway!

Lance can’t believe it! He looks shocked by the UNCUT news.

He gets ready to say something but it appears the show is underway!

TRASHCAN TIM & ADV vs. BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE

DDK:

Are you ready for our first match, partner?

Lance:

No. I-I mean... Yes.

DDK:

We have the... well, let's be honest... VERY unlikely duo of DEFIANCE newcomer Trashcan Tim along with the VERY outspoken BRAZEN star Alvaro de Vargas against the team of Brutal Attack Force.

Lance:

And the way this match came together was nothing short of unusual. For weeks on UNCUT, Alvaro de Vargas has been fighting to get a spot on TV. While this has been going on, Trashcan Tim debuted two weeks ago on UNCUT by defeating one half of the Brutal Attack Force, Solomon Grendel.

DDK:

A great debut by Tim, but when Alvaro went to confront him backstage about getting to be on the main roster, along came BAF. They wanted revenge against Tim and a partner of his choice... when suddenly, de Vargas wanted to join in and fight him.

Lance:

We'll have to see how well Tim and de Vargas work together... de Vargas seems like a real opportunist and a bully. And that last interview on UNCUT... wow. Let's go to the ring with the introductions.

And now to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 406lbs... Petey Garrett... Solomon Grendel... They are **THE BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE!**

♪ "Over and Under" by Egypt Central ♪

Intense as ever, Petey Garrett and Solomon Grendel step out to the ramp and they examine the capacity crowd with nothing but disdain for them. Once surveying the scene, they start their trek down to the ring. In unison, the duo dive under the bottom rope and into the ring. Solomon rises up to one knee, while Petey executes a front handspring to his feet. Grendel hops up to his feet and shoots a few glares out at fans in the crowd, while Garrett positions himself on the second rope, looking out to the crowd and not liking what he sees.

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing their opponents... first, from Merigold, Mississippi, weighing in at three-hundred five pounds... **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 times to take in the ambiance 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... then gets attacked by Solomon and Garrett!

DDK:

The Brutal Attack Force not waiting... and... where's Alvaro?

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, from Miami, Florida, by way of Cuba... weighing in at 272 pounds, he is **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair is the massive Cuban-American standout. The cocky Cuban looks heading towards the ring with... a mic in hand.

DDK:

What is he doing? Does he really think TALKING is the best thing to do when his partner is being attacked?

The massive Trashcan Tim is trying to fight off both members of the Brutal Attack Force. He shoves Petey Garrett away, but leaves himself wide open for a Dropkick from Solomon Grendel that sends him into the corner. After that, Petey is back up while Alvaro de Vargas continues.

Alvaro de Vargas:

My name is Alvaro de Vargas! Leyendas futuras el DEFIANCE! I stand six-foot eight! I weigh in at 270 pounds... but let's be honest, ladies, the only measurement you care about...

He tugs and takes a peek in the front of his pants, then smirks. Yes, WHILE Trashcan Tim is in a fight!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Well, you know.

DDK:

What... come on! Your partner is being attacked!

Alvaro de Vargas:

It's finally time, DEFIANCE! El momento por fin ha llegado! The DEFtv debut of Alvaro de Vargas! Excuse my language... both of them, but you pendejos are gonna get your culos pateados by me and my buddy, Trash Panda Tom!

He FINALLY drops the microphone... and instead of making a beeline to help his partner, he casually jaunts to the ring and takes his place on the ring apron. Yes, WHILE Trashcan Tim continues to fight. He casually takes off his sunglasses and chain, then gives them to a stagehand at ringside. Hector Navarro even looks a little perturbed...but the legal man Solomon Grendel backs off long enough while Trashcan Tim is huffing in the corner after the two-on-one stomping. When he nods to Hector that he's okay to continue... Hector calls for the bell.

DING DING!

DDK:

I can't believe Hector Navarro is going to let this go, but Trashcan Tim wants to fight!

He's larger than Grendel, but he wants payback from before and goes right after Tim's leg. He tries to go for a lock in the corner and Tim tries to fight him off, only for the bigger man to shove him away. Grendel rolls through and lands on his feet, but when they do, he goes back to the ropes when Petey Garrett blind tags himself in. Solomon goes to the ropes and ducks under a Clothesline by Tim. However, he leaves himself wide open from a Dropkick by Garrett! After that, Solomon Grendel hits the ropes and then hits a Dropkick of his own to the temple of Trashcan Tim, sending him to the canvas!

DDK:

And BAF get Tim off his feet! That's great teamwork!

Lance:

And look at Alvaro de Vargas! He's looking out at the crowd instead of trying to be there for his tag partner!

The massive brawler from BRAZEN looks out to the crowd and feels like this is where he belongs... while the legal man Petey Garrett decides to hit a Double Foot Stomp off the second rope onto Tim! He goes for the cover.

ONE!

TW... NO!

The larger Tim shoves Petey off of him, but he comes right back with another Front Dropkick to the head, knocking him on his back. The tag gets made to Solomon Grendel and the two men work well together quickly. Both Grendel and Petey both hit the ropes and then hit Stereo Double Foot Stomps on Tim!

DDK:

By himself, Solomon struggled once Trashcan Tim got going, but tonight in the tag team match this is their realm.

Lance:

And another cover, this time by Solomon!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Tim kicks out again, but he's holding his ribs now and writhing as Solomon goes after the leg. He holds the leg out and then drops a few elbows into the knee. He continues attacking the leg with kicks while all the while, Alvaro de Vargas continues leaning towards ropes.

Alvaro de Vargas: *[clapping]*

You got this, TrashyTanner!

DDK:

Oh, come on, it's Trashcan Tim!

Lance:

Solomon Grendel now trying a Figure Four Leglock... no! Trashcan Tim kicks out with his good leg!

Tim does kick Grendel away. He quickly shakes it off and then rolls back to his feet, but when he gets up... One-armed Spinebuster! The knee still bugs him and he can't immediately follow up for a cover, but he hears the crowd cheering. Now FINALLY Alvaro decides he wants in.

DDK:

Oh, come on now. Alvaro wants in AFTER BAF have gone after him and his knees?

Trashcan Tim sees his "friend" and nods before trying to get to the corner when Petey Garrett gets a tag from his partner first. He tries to grab his leg to keep him from getting the tag, but the larger Tim fights back and knocks him away with his good leg. Tim hobbles to his feet when Garrett gets back up, then HOISTS him up for a Full nelson Bomb!

Lance:

Tim fights his way out of their grasp and...

DDK:

And... now? Now Alvaro de Vargas had tagged himself in after Tim has been in the whole match!

Alvaro gives Trashcan Tim a disingenuous thumbs up, then his attention is now on the fallen legal man, Petey Garrett. He gets picked up and hurled hard into the buckle with the Cuban Missile!

DDK:

Cuban Missile! Now Alvaro playing to the crowd! And they aren't having it!

When the crowd boos his hot dogging, Solomon Grendel comes back in and tries to attack him, but Trashcan Tim makes the save for his buddy first with a HUGE Flying Shoulder Tackle! Tim recovers from the landing and yells to Alvaro to end it. He pays him zero attention and picks up Garrett out of the corner. Setting him in a standing headscissors, he grins and hoists him upside-down...

DDK:

ARDIENDO! After Tim just saved him!

Lance:

and Alvaro is gonna pick up the scraps!

Alvaro plants Garrett with the Piledriver and casually covers him, not even hooking a leg. He doesn't need to.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd jeers Alvaro de Vargas as he stands up. The referee raises Trashcan Tim's hand as he joins him in the ring, then de Vargas demands that he do the same for him. When he does, the grin on his face cannot be removed.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **TRASHCAN TIM AND ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

Tim goes over to shake the hand of Alvaro de Vargas, but he's already out of the ring, collecting his things! As he saunters up the ramp in celebration, telling literally everybody that will listen that he's going to run this show soon enough. Trashcan Tim shrugs and raises his fists in the air to celebrate his second big win.

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas was real opportunistic there. After Trashcan Tim after he did all the hard work and now he's leaving him high and dry?

Lance:

He's definitely all about himself from what we've seen on UNCUT.

De Vargas celebrates one more time at the top of the ramp, stopping over by Darren and Lance to tell them both that he won the match himself.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I won! You saw it! I won that match all by myself, pendejos! Main roster, here... I... am!

He heads to the back and right behind is a grinning Trashcan Tim, telling Darren and Lance.

Trashcan Tim:

Ain't he a hoot!?

Cut to backstage.

WORLD TOUR: PT 1

Backstage we see Christie Zane with a microphone in hand. She's wearing a DEFIANCE logo'd polo shirt and black slacks. Standing in front of a large DEFtv Backdrop she is clearly ready for an interview. She stands with her resting smile face and makes the professional introduction.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen I am joined at this time by our FIST OF DEFIANCE Champion...

From the right side of the screen, the championship is placed directly in front of the camera. The display case and gold title fill the entire image. It sits there a moment before being peeled back and revealed that Mikey Unlikely is indeed holding it up in the air. He moves back to where Christie stands. Taking his place next to her, the champion pulls the title back down to his side.

Christie Zane:

...Mikey Unlikely! Mikey this is the first time we've seen you, sans a match, down here in the backstage area since you won the FIST. What brings you down here?

The champion frowns before coming up with an answer.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know, Christie, for weeks now I've been hanging out in my SWEET Suite up there at the top of the WrestlePlex. I've been enjoying myself, watching all of the action that DEFIANCE has to offer, scouting my future opponents each and every week, as well as taste testing every Frappuccino this side of the Mississippi to decide who's going to get my official endorsement of Frapp of the Year!

The experienced interviewer waits for the punchline of the joke but it never comes. He's serious.

Mikey Unlikely:

Tonight I wanted to get away from all of that super serious business and come down here and mingle with my people! Chill with my champions! Feast with the Faithful so to speak! I wanted to get down here and see how the other side lives, the people without Sweet Suites high above the ring and crowd. What's Elise Ares call them? The Bores?

Christie smirks but doesn't want to correct him.

Mikey Unlikely:

So I've come down to show the rest of the roster what they can achieve... you know... after I retire and have finally relinquished the FIST OF DEFIANCE some many years from now. At this rate Christie, I'll have beaten everyone from legend to rookie in no time! Last week I found out that there are other wrestlers in this company whom I've never even met. Ones who talk about me quite often but haven't said anything to the champion's face. I'm curious to see what the lay of the land is like.

Christie Zane:

Well, just last week you successfully defended your Championship in what some are calling a sham match?

Ignoring the question, Mikey looks up and over Christie's shoulder. This prompts the interviewer to also turn around and take a peek.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ah see, now this is what I'm talking about! Here's one of the newcomers I've yet to meet! One whom I really enjoyed seeing last week. Now THAT's how you make an impact on the scene bruv!

The camera pans beyond Christie Zane to the Deacon, sitting alone in a metal chair.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey there. The FIST of DEFIANCE is talking to you! Can you hear me or do you need that boss bitch to translate everything for you?

Expressionless, Deacon stands up, walks past Christie and invades Mikey's personal space before stopping.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh woah, little close to the FIST mate.

Mikey lightly and slowly takes two steps back creating room between he and the much larger Deacon.

Mikey Unlikely:

If you want a celebratory chest bump, I'm in! I just appreciate a heads up. Everyone knows that. I will say this - you've got quite the presence. If you ever wanna drop her and get some real leadership, I'm looking for a few guys to watch our backs.

He pulls the FIST close to his chest, and Deacon's eyes follow from Mikey's face to the FIST. Unlikely follows his eyeline to the case.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't get any ideas, Deacon. You don't get to the FIST until you've earned it in this company. At your age, I don't think you still possess what it takes to get to the top, where the real money is made!

The Deacon turns from the FIST, looking at the ground for a moment.

Mikey Unlikely:

Deac...Can I call you Deac? Say no if you're not into it!

He pauses and cups a hand to his ear, knowing the much larger wrestler won't speak. What Deacon lacks in words, he makes up in expression - the eyes, while still at the ground, glaring.

Mikey Unlikely:

The FIST of DEFIANCE writes his own checks here, Deac. There's a reason they call me Mikey Money and the rest of you... are chump change!

The champion backs out of the scene, making sure not to turn his back to Deacon, whose eyes never leave whatever thoughts they've locked onto.

Until they do - the Deacon spinning with an open hand smack against the wall, the hallway sending reverberations throughout that Christie doesn't so much hear as feel.

Cut back to the arena.

MASSIVE COWBOY vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Faithful, the show continues. Without a commercial break, here is your SECOND match of the evening! Massive Cowboy is already in the ring awaiting his opponent tonight.

♪ "You Rascal You" by Hanni El Khatib ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent making his way to the ring at this time... from Mobile, Alabama, weighing in at 227lbs... THOMAS SLAINE!

From the back, Thomas Slaine emerges and stalks his way down to the ring. He ignores the jeers from the fans as he slides slowly under the bottom rope. He props himself against the bottom turnbuckle.

Lance:

Although Slaine lost in a hardcore match against Doug Matton on Clash of Brazen: This is the NEW [EXPLETIVE DELETED]. Thomas looks to get back on track as he readies for another challenge in Massive Cowboy here tonight.

Carla Ferrari who has returned to ring action signals for the bell.

DING DING!

The two men circle one another and soon engage in a collar elbow lock up. Thomas is able to hip toss Massive Cowboy over. Cowboy gets to a knee and looks at Slaine before standing back up as the two circle....

Scrow:

Carla! Carla! Carla!

DDK:

Oh no what could Scrow now want?

Lance:

I had a chance to interview him on Uncut last week. I am not sure he exactly cared about what I had to say. There has been word going around in the back he has yet to apologize to Ms. Ferrari yet.

DDK:

Will he though, he has become so unpredictable as of late who knows what he may do here.

The Faithful along with the competitors quickly look to the entranceway as Scrow clearly not dressed to wrestle but has something to say. Carla looks a bit shaken up as the deranged man makes his way to the ring. He climbs the steps and walks the apron before entering the ring he says.

Scrow:

Scrow can see the apprehension in your eyes, Carla...Please give Scrow a moment of your time.

Scrow enters the ring, he holds a finger up to both Slaine and Cowboy who are not too happy about the interruption. Neither is The Faithful as they have no love loss for what Scrow did to not only Nicky but Carla at 137.

Scrow:

It took Scrow a while to come to the conclusion...That being perhaps just maybe...

He looks back at the entranceway specifically to DDK and Lance sitting at their position as he says.

Scrow:

Scrow has been approaching everything the wrong way.

He looks back at Carla after a few seconds of staring which clearly was to Lance sitting at his position.

Scrow:

What Scrow did a couple of weeks ago was truly uncalled for. He knows Nicky is at home with an eye injury. Let Scrow set the record straight here, it was not his intention to maim anyone.

He looks back at Carla.

Scrow:

Or strike at the innocent. For that Carla Scrow truly is sorry.

Carla smiles warmly at it, she says something not caught by audio. Whatever it was Scrow seems relieved by it. On the other hand, Massive Cowboy is laughing his ass off right now. Scrow looks toward him.

Scrow:

Something funny?

Cowboy gets in his face and grabs the microphone from his hand.

Cowboy:

Sure is son, here I thought you were not the type of guy to care about anything. Yet, here you are begging for forgiveness. You son are nothing more than a flat out loser!

Without so much as a response Cowboy is struck immediately after saying "loser" by a Raven's Call. Carla quickly signals for the bell. Scrow looks at her in shock, he then looks at Slaine who clearly does not look very happy.

DING DING

Quimbly:

The winner of the match as a result of a disqualification....MASSIVE COWBOY!

Scrow tries to explain to Carla but this time she points at the logo on her shirt. Scrow quickly backs away. Until he bumps into Slaine who now is verbally berating him. Scrow backs away from him. The Faithful have mixed feelings toward him. Scrow looks around for a moment then quickly exits the ring trying to explain himself as he backtracks up the rampway. Thomas is not happy at all. Scrow reaches the top of the ramp and stares coldly at Lance before walking behind the curtain.

INDEFINITE HIATUS

DDK:

Certainly an unexpected turn of events there with Scrow. Looks like Thomas Slaine may have to have some words with him.

Lance:

Without a doubt!

DDK:

Wait a second, I'm getting told. We're receiving breaking news from backstage.

Lance:

Is someone being attacked?

DDK:

I don't believe so. I'm being told it's a pre-tape... That's breaking news?! I don't get it.

Lance:

Neither do I.

DDK:

Welp, roll it!

Fade to black. Fade back into the PCP logo. As Keebler and Lance's mics are cut...

DDK:

Oh you've got to be kidding--

We see a studio backlot. There's a large table of catering, where Flex Kruger is happily chomping away. A camera handheld cranes and takes a look at the various options, from healthy to heart attack that adorn the table.

The camera spins around to show Klein, smiling a mile wide, throwing up a thumbs up.

Klein:

Hey Faithful. It's your favorite box man, Klein here with the scoop! Hot scoops even, live on the set of Netflix's next moderately sized budget feature film, TIGER QUEEN. Let's see if we can get a word with some of the talent.

Klein quickly rushes up to a large Star Wagon, with the nameplate on the front.

"ELISE ARES"

"STAR"

Klein:

Let's head inside.

Off to the side in a director's chair is Elise, having her make up touched up by O-Face.

Klein:

Tiger Queen production has JUST started, look at Elise. She's stunning in that Peggy Bundy sort of way.

Klein spins the camera and films O-Face and Elise, as O-Face touches up her makeup.

Elise Ares:

I know I'm supposed to be a poor in this movie, but I don't want to go FULL poor. You NEVER go full poor. I swear you've done my eye shadow like... a bajillion times!

O-Face:

You can never have enough eye shadow.

Elise Ares:

Unless you're a whore.

Elise looks directly at O-Face.

O-Face:

Or a clown. Stay still. I'm doing magic.

O-Face leans in and plucks an eyebrow. Elise looks up and sees Klein. She stands up out of her chair, putting the palm of her hand to block the lens.

Elise Ares:

What are you -- Get outta here Klein!

Klein scurries away. Something metal clangs off of him and bounces on the concrete. We hear Elise shout from inside.

Elise Ares:

I totes liked you better as a box-faced mute!

Walking into frame is the D, who claps his hands loudly above his head.

The D:

Alright people, time is money! Where's Elise?

Klein points to the trailer.

The D:

Oh. Alright. Take five everybody! Star isn't ready. I'll be in my trailer. Get my cinematographer and my sound design engineer and send them to my trailer.

Klein:

Okay. HEY! Flex!

Klein shouts toward catering, as Flex turns around with a sandwich hanging from his colossal mouth.

Klein:

The D is ready for you Flex!

Flex, wide eyed, shakes his head wildly until he notices Klein pointing to the actual D. Flex shrugs and walks over. He shoulder bumps past Klein as he does.

Klein:

Alright Faithful, let's try and sneak a peak into a bonafide Hollywood meeting!

Klein takes a few steps over to where the D and Flex have wandered off to. Klein sneaks in, so the camera is pointing over the D's shoulder.

The D:

I don't know if I have the heart. Look at this, filth.

The D is holding up an iPad with today's Dailies. It's of Max and Mason, dressed in large fluffy tiger suits. They're locked in a large cage. It's a wonder they allowed this. Max calls out.

Max Luck:

LINE!

The D:

God damnit. ROAR! Your line is always ROAR!

Max Luck:

Got it!

The D:

Once again! From the top! Aaaaand, action.

There's a moment of silence. Mason just stands there, fuming.

Mason Luck:

Hey ... are we going to get a match with you guys for doing this?

The D:

(quickly)Shut up. (softly) We are rolling.

Max's eyes dart skyward, his mouth slack jawed.

Max Luck:

I'm sorry. LINE!?

The D slaps his own forehead in frustration.

Max Luck:

Is it "Grrroooooowwwlllll?"

Max just starts laughing.

The D:

CUUUUUUT! Take five everyone. (softly, but the mic picks it up) You moronic idiots... (loudly) Alright M 'n M. Time is money and we're burning through it...

The D is now turning back to Mason and Max and wants the line. Mason and Max stare at each other.

Mason Luck:

(quietly) I am going to kill you for this and start a solo wrestling career ... (louder) Roar.

The D:

FINALLY.

Max Luck:

Raaaaa ... wait I have an idea. What if I do sign language like that monkey Lucy? I think this would draw way more interest.

The D:

No. NO NO NO! This is MY MOVIE. MINE. NOT YOURS. I make the decisions. Now shut up and read your stupid line!

Max, feelings hurt, recoils. He becomes spiteful.

Max Luck:

I don't think that other tiger series had sign language tigers.

The D frowns, confused. He quickly responds, deeply concerned.

The D:

What other tiger series?

Mason Luck:

Tigers don't have fingers. How are you even going to do sign language as a tiger?

Max Luck:

I don't know but can I riff? I think a talking tiger would make this movie beaucoup bucks!

The D stops the video on a freeze frame of Max and lowers the iPad as we return to present day. He turns to Flex.

The D:

Pauly's gonna have my balls for this.

Flex shakes his head in distant understanding.

Flex:

You don't fuck with the Shores. Everyone knows that... At least you can still be called the D.

The D:

Without the balls?

Flex:

Without the balls.

The D:

Can you--

Flex throws both hands in the air and walks away, back to the camera.

Flex:

NOPE! This is your dumpster fire D. Put it out yourself.

Flex continues walking. The D turns back to the camera, a look of hurt disdain and frustration. He just stares at the camera, filming him during his lowest moment. His best friend documenting his current failure. The D lunges forward and grabs the camera, smashing it onto the ground.

We return to the broadcast booth. DDK and Lance both sit, slack jawed.

Lance:

I... there are no words.

DDK:

This is certainly... A career.

Lance:

In addition.

DDK:

Please no. I've already told you once never to read anything they give yo...

Lance:

PCP would like me to read the following statement. Due to the actions of Mason and Max Luck, the current ongoing production of Tiger Queen, Story of a Bad Ass Mamma Jammer, will be on indefinite hiatus. Casting calls for "integral, verbal parts in which the narrative revolves" will be available to the public once an additional round of funding is proquired... Darren. What sort of career is this?

DDK:

(sighs) Usually a good one. We'll be right back Faithful.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020



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

DIDN'T LIKE THEIR RATING

As we come back from commercial we cut backstage and see The Stevens Dynasty walking down the hallway in deep conversation with one another. However, they don't see another group walking by until this group collides into the Patriarch of the Stevens Dynasty.

Cary Stevens:

Watch where you're fucking going, boy!

Shouts Cary as Bo and George pull him up to his feet. The camera turns to show the Crescent City Kid was the one who knocked Cary down by mistake. He looks apologetic as Aaron King and Theodore Cain aren't too far behind.

Aaron King:

Hey, no harm, no foul. He's sorry-

Cary interrupts him mid sentence.

Cary Stevens:

Sorry isn't going to cut it.

Cary informs as he dusts himself off.

Cary Stevens:

Do you know who we are?

The Kid nods while Aaron and Theodore try to tell him with body language not to engage with The Dynasty any further.

Cary Stevens:

Good. Then you should be hugging that fucking wall when we come by because we don't have time for fans asking for autographs right now.

Cary says as Bo and George crack their knuckles but this makes King uneasy so he speaks up again.

Aaron King:

Listen, bruh, we're not fans. We're the Gulf Coast Connection and we're here to stay, so you should treat us with some respect.

Cary Stevens:

Who are you?

Cary asks for them to clarify.

The Kid just points to his t-shirt which reads "GULF COAST CONNECTION BABY". Cary turns to Bo and George and both shrug.

Cary Stevens:

Never heard of you and if we've never heard of you, you aren't important.

Cary says as he tries to pass. However, he's seemingly pissed off King and Cain, as they stand their ground.

Cary smirks, liking Gulf Coast Connection's fortitude.

Cary Stevens:

Look son, ya'll must be new around here so I'm going to give you some free advice. Either step aside or my boys here will put you down.

Cary points to Bo and George.

Cary Stevens:

Trust me, you don't want your careers to end on your first day at work.

King rolls his eyes at Cain.

Aaron King:

First day? We took on The Fuse Bros at DEFCON. We took on The Comments Section at MAX DEF. We've been here a while.

Cain steps forward.

Theodore Cain:

And now, we'll take on you. What do you say? Match at ACTS of DEFIANCE? We'll show you who we are.

Cary rolls his eyes.

Cary Stevens:

Look son, you just don't step into the ring with the Muhammad Alis of Tag Team because DEFIANCE signed you out of your backyards after watching you jump off of roofs and trees.

Cary shakes his head.

Cary Stevens:

You want to prove you're worth a fuck and worth our attention then you have to pass the test.

Cary says with a huge grin. King, once more, looks at Cain and rolls his eyes.

Aaron King:

Humor me. What test?

Cary Stevens:

The test is simple. If you can beat my boys in singles matches tonight and in two weeks, you can have your match at the pay-per-view.

Cary says as he starts to leave but stops.

Cary Stevens:

And when I mean beat my boys, I mean you have to defeat them both. Good luck boys, you're going to need it.

Cary chuckles as he leaves. Gulf Coast are left standing there. King shrugs.

Aaron King:

Simple enough.

The Kid waves goodbye to The Stevens even though they can't see him.

Cut back to the arena.

MATT LACROIX vs. BLACK PANDA

DDK:

Well that was... something, wouldn't you say, Lance?

Lance:

Can we get to some actual wrestling?

DDK:

Amen to that, let's get down to ringside!

The scene finds Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring, surrounded by the cheers of the Faithful. With a deep breath, he proceeds.

Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL...

The lights dim before fading out, heralding in the challenger.

♪ "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus ♪

When the first lot of drums hit, lights flicker with the double beat and Black Panda is standing on the stage with his head down. The next single beat and light flicker he has his head up. The lights flicker as the music builds, as if enchanted by the beat and Black Panda begins to make his way down to the ring. Once he gets to the ring he bows to it before leaping onto the apron. He along the apron to the camera side and stops in the middle, staring out at the fans with disdain. He then steps through the ropes and into the ring where he will walk to his corner and kneel, bowing his head.

Lance:

Black Panda is certainly an interesting and intimidating character, Darren. What do we know about this... I feel kinda off calling a guy this tattooed and large a "kid." But he's just 21 years old.

DDK:

21 years old. Mentored under his step-father, THE Sam Skull. Former SHOGUN World Heavyweight Champion and Japanese wrestling icon. He's come to DEFIANCE to show that he can succeed where his biological father floundered before finding a foothold in Japan himself.

Lance:

Can't blame a kid of trying to get out of shadows cast that large, Darren. He looks the part. From what we've seen he fights the part. I think he looks poised to make his mark.

DDK:

He may be ready to make his mark, Lance, but so is his opponent.

Lights Out.

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

Smoke fills the entrance as green lights flicker to life and ignite the fog. The silhouette of a man in a kneel position rises in the haze, before standing with his back to the ring. He spins around and steps forward, pulling the hood off of his head and revealing the now familiar face of the man known in Japan as "Runessansu" Matthew LaCroix.

Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at 242 pounds. Hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana... "Southern Strong Style"
MAAAAAAATT LACROIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIX!

Locking eyes with his opponent in the ring, LaCroix drops his black denim vest to the floor before marching towards the ring.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix has looked every bit as impressive since coming up to the DEFIANCE roster as he did during what I've heard was a dominant run in Japan. You can definitely see the Japanese influence on both of these men, Lance.

Lance:

Matt LaCroix's ascension in Japan has made him a legend. Showing up to the SHOGUN Dojo as a washed up American who'd run out of options and not lived up to this potential, he became the most notorious "gaijin" in the history of Japanese wrestling.

DDK:

Including defeating Black Panda's mentor.

Lance:

LaCroix's first Heavyweight Championship victory came at the defeat of THE Sam Skull, Black Panda's step-father and mentor. Skull was never able to gain a revenge victory over LaCroix, who won a couple amazing encounters before coming back to America with a new reputation.

Now walking across the apron, Matt sizes up his opponent before stepping between the ropes and into the ring. He brushes past Panda and climbs to the top rope and holds his arms out to pose for the Faithful. Black Panda barks at the former BRAZEN star as he jumps down and stares down the youngster on the way back to his corner.

DDK:

It's pretty obvious why Black Panda wants to see how he matches up, it's hard to come up in a wrestling family. So many expectations, you have to be eager to strike your own path.

Lance:

And this is the first of many opportunities for Black Panda. It's time to see where you stand, young man!

DING! DING!

Carla Ferrari clears the way and the action begins, electrifying the Faithful. The challenger appears much more brazen (pun not intended) than the veteran, charging in faster at the Orleans Outsider despite a considerable size and power advantage. He goes to grapple LaCroix, but Matt immediately grabs the arm and begins to work a limb with a hammerlock. However Panda violently powers out and hits LaCroix with a back elbow.

DDK:

Look at the strength of this kid, Lance! He's an intimidating sight to behold, but the violence this up-and-comer might be an even more intimidating sight!

Lance:

LaCroix looks a little surprised by the power himself, staggering from at elbow. Everyone has a plan until they're punched in the mouth.

DDK:

LaCroix might've busted a lip early here, but it doesn't stop him from going in for a waistlock!

Matt lifts the bigger Panda off his feet and takes him down to the mat. The Faithful get behind the hometown vet as he slides over into a headlock, trying to keep the bigger man grounded. It's unsuccessful, as Panda breaks free and throws Matt LaCroix into the corner. He follows up with a huge splash and throws him back to the middle of the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly. Southern Strong Style attempts to gain his bearings by crawling out of the path of destruction, but is ripped up from the canvas and thrown out of the ring.

Lance:

Black Panda is taking the opportunity to show Matt LaCroix he's underestimated the apprentice of his former Japanese rival.

DDK:

The big man is on the move!

Much to everyone's surprise, Black Panda stays very aggressive by diving through the ropes towards LaCroix as he rises to his feet. The vet feels it coming and dives out of the way, leaving the Next Gen Kaiju to catch nothing but barricade. The impact rallies the Faithful as LaCroix breaks the count and then poises on the apron. Panda meets a diving front drop kick to the chest once on his feet right back into the steel barrier. LaCroix storms Panda with a series of stiff strikes once he has the Black Bastard Prince cornered and downed.

Lance:

After taking some huge shots, we have life from Matt LaCroix!

DDK:

Carla is about to count them both out though!

The Orleans Outsider hits one last knee to Black Panda before turning to break the count, he doesn't expect Panda to explode off the floor running on nothing but frustration through the pain and spears LaCroix into the apron before throwing him into the ring through the ropes. Panda immediately follows him in to pull Matt off the canvas and bury him back into it with a sidewalk slam followed by a standing senton. He goes for the cover...

ONE!

TW...

Just barely a two count and LaCroix gets a shoulder up. Panda hits LaCroix with some strikes before Carla Ferrari calls for a break and forces the Next Gen Kaiju to give Matt some space. Yielding he leaves a shove for LaCroix, who pulls himself up. Black Panda goes in for another grapple but Southern Strong Style stiffens him with a hard elbow, staggering the beast. Panda answers with a strike of his own before the two Japanese standouts trade strikes with corresponding cheers and jeers from the crowd.

DDK:

Here we go!

Lance:

These are heavy... HEAVY strikes, Darren. There's no way they can keep taking these.

The shots take their toll as the pace slows. Panda lands a shot and LaCroix staggers, then Matt answers with chop across the chest. Southern Strong Style pauses and then begs the weary second generation fighter to answer with his best. He does, dropping Matt LaCroix to a knee. Black Panda roars in LaCroix's face in victory before Southern Strong Style answers with a jumping knee strike that downs the challenger.

DDK:

WOW!

Lance:

That sounded like thunder!

DDK:

LaCroix is going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

Black Panda powers out! The crowd gasps at the newcomer getting back up from such a concussive shot. Matt LaCroix gets back up and appears to be getting into position for one of his finishers, Change In Spades. The powerhouse, Black Panda, pushes himself up to one knee and LaCroix goes charging across the ring for his signature Shining Wizard but when he leaps up into the air he's caught!

DDK:

OH NO!

Lance:

LaCroix thought he was putting this match away and he got caught! The kid is already showing some ring awareness that we would've never expected!

DDK:

Could we see the upset here, Lance?!

Black Panda has the Orleans Outsider up in a powerbomb position. The hometown vet tried to throw some shots down on Panda to break free, but instead is hoisted up in a military press!

Lance:

It looks like he's going for Retrovertigo! This one could be done!

Suddenly, LaCroix slips free and grabs the head of Panda on the way down, locking him into a dragon sleeper!

DDK:

Not so fast! FTW! FTW!

Lance:

Holy cow, Darren! This match is changing by the second!

Matt locks it in tight! The Faithful roar in approval as Black Panda looks to be fading, but not so fast! Panda has conserved his energy and tries to pull apart the grip of LaCroix, who counters by falling on his back and wrapping his legs around his opponent. Carla Ferrari goes in to ask Black Panda if he submits. He screams back with an obstructed "NO!" but begins to fade.

DDK:

I don't think he can go anywhere, he's going to have to tap!

Lance:

He's too proud, he's going to get himself hurt!

Carla Ferrari has no choice but to call for the bell when Black Panda stops responding.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

What an effort by Black Panda, almost knocking off the man his mentor couldn't beat in Matt LaCroix, but experience prevailed.

Lance:

It was certainly impressive, Darren, as the medical team attends to Black Panda here in the ring, there was no quit in him. He never said the words. He fought with everything he had, and he's not that far off.

Carla Ferrari raises Matt LaCroix's hand in the ring, where he stands victorious but battered. As Darren Quimbey announces the victor, Southern Strong Style wanders over towards Black Panda who is sitting upright in the ring answering questions from the Iris Divine and the medical team.

Quimbey:

Your winner... MAAAAAAAAATT LAAAAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIIIX!

Black Panda is back up on his feet as "Scenotaph" cuts off from the speakers. The Faithful watch in anticipation before Matt LaCroix extends a hand, showing respect to the next generation wrestler as the medical team looks on. Concern crosses their face as Black Panda looks down at the hand, then back at LaCroix, before turning his back and leaving both the former BRAZEN star and the medical team in the ring to the jeers of the crowd.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix wanted to show some respect to the kid, but he doesn't want any of it. He just wants to win. He wants to end this thing on his terms, Lance.

Lance:

Shades of what Matt LaCroix did to Kerry Kuroyama if I'm not mistaken?

DDK:

Indeed. The Matt LaCroix of today may tell you that was a mistake, as Kerry ended up getting the best of him in that exchange. Perhaps a little respect for your opponent can go a long way in figuring out the best way to defeat them.

Lance:

Well, tonight wasn't Panda's night, Darren. So he's going to take his ball and go home. Medically cleared or not.

The Orleans Outsider shakes his head in disappointment as he watches Black Panda walk away, waving his arm back at him in disgust.

THIS IS HOME

We're backstage at the Wrestle-Plex. The crowd can be heard roaring in the background. Christie Zane is smack dab in the middle of your view. She stands in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop.

Christie Zane:

I'm set to be joined by one of the most sought after stars here in DEFIANCE. I'm glad to be the first to speak to... "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey.

Harvey comes into the picture and the crowd can still be heard.

Christie Zane:

Welcome back.

Jay Harvey:

It's great to be back. [*He grows more sincere*] I missed this place and I'm glad to be here, in the Wrestle-Plex in front of The Faithful, it's been a long time.

Christie Zane:

It has. Now a lot has changed in your life. Care to tell us?

Jay Harvey:

I have an almost two year old little boy at home. He's my world. Having a child really changes you and makes you think about someone other than yourself. Something I wasn't used to doing before.

Christie Zane:

What's it been like to be back?

Jay Harvey:

It's great to be back around everyone. It's great to be back in front of the crowds. Nothing against the crowds over in Japan but... this is home.

Christie Zane:

You came back with a big return, very fitting for THE Jay Harvey.

Jay Harvey:

You don't have to do the THE thing... I'm not that guy anymore. I'm a husband, a father, that's what I am. It came as a shock to most people for me to make my return. Scrow gave me a battle and I can't wait to see him again in the ring.

Christie Zane:

Now last time we saw you in the ring you accepted the open challenge from Gage Blackwood, someone who you have some history with.

Harvey chuckles and the lights can be seen reflecting off his bald head.

Jay Harvey:

We do... we do. Gage is someone I got the best of in the past. But this isn't the same Gage Blackwood, he's got that chip... on his shoulder. He wanted a challenge and it was my intent to give him one. Sadly... that's not how things happened.

Christie Zane:

What are your thoughts about Gage Blackwood essentially backing out of putting the Southern Heritage on the line for your match?

Harvey puts that classic smirk on his face before he answers.

Jay Harvey:

You want to know what I thought about that?

Christie Zane:

I think everyone does...

Jay Harvey:

Gage Blackwood is a coward and running is what a coward does. I'm not surprised and honestly I don't think anyone should be. I don't blame him. He wants to keep the title for as long as he can. Gage Blackwood knows I have his num-

Harvey slows down to a stop as Gage Blackwood enters the scene. The crowd is all boos as Blackwood is dead center of your screen. Blackwood has the Southern Heritage title across his waist. He sports his normal ring attire, and his throwback "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt. He stands right across from Harvey and Christie gets right between them.

Gage Blackwood:

Hello, bloke.

Harvey has a look on his face like he's going to allow this to happen, for now anyway.

Gage Blackwood:

I don't care that you beat me YEARS ago. You just said you're not the same guy you were. You're a father, you're a nice swell guy, you're not even *THE* anymore. Well okay pal, same here. I wasn't half the wrestler I am now. And who the hell remembers you beat me in a throwaway match during some random show, anyway? Are you a walking encyclopedia? Do you remember everything? Pathetic.

The irony doesn't need to be pointed out by anyone, not even the announcers.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm sick of you and your face already.

Harvey has a chuckle and Christie can feel the tension filling the air.

Jay Harvey:

Pathetic... that's good. I'm in your head, Gage. Play it off but you know I'm right. Hey... when you called out The Faithful and called them hypocrites... they aren't hypocrites... they just think you're an ass. It's not their fault.

Gage is flush as the crowd watching erupts.

Jay Harvey:

People can change, much like I have and much like you have. You were one of the biggest fan favorites and now... they want to see you get your face bloodied every night.

Gage is growing more agitated. The crowd is roaring and Harvey is all smiles.

Jay Harvey:

So laugh it up cuz after I beat you tonight there will be no doubt that I deserve a rightful shot... at that.

Harvey taps on the Southern Heritage title draped over Blackwood's shoulder. Gage pushes his arms into Harvey's chest. At first, it looks like Jay is going to let it slide but then Blackwood takes it too far and puts his hands right into Harvey's face! Christie gets out of dodge as the two begin to brawl!

Harvey runs into Blackwood and lifts him off his feet, only to receive a number of forearms into his back which drops the hold. The two start ripping at each other's faces before security is all over it and tries their best to pull the combatants apart.

The feed cuts as the two of them are finally restrained and pulled to different sides of the room, even though the jaring continues.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

BO STEVENS vs. CRESCENT CITY KID

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks! Up next is a match that was made earlier tonight as a member of Gulf Coast Connection would take on Bo Stevens here tonight. Who will challenge The Stevens Dynasty member tonight?

Lance:

I don't know Keebs, but whomever it is has bitten off more than they can handle.

DDK:

Why do you say that? GCC have had some success.

Lance:

Keebs, they are a good up and coming tag team, but the Stevens Dynasty is one of if not the premiere tag team in DEFIANCE. Their dominance over ALL tag divisions have proven that and they don't need the titles to prove how good they are.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Gulf Coast Connection... he is The Crescent City Kid!

The Kid makes his way down the ring without the likes of King and Cain behind him. He high fives some fans before sprinting to the ring and sliding inside. He takes his t-shirt off and hurls it into the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

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

BOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go.

Bo and CCK come out of their respective corners and begin to circle one another. CCK goes to lock up, but Bo avoids the hookup and when The Kid turns around he is met with a hard slap from the Texan.

DDK:

A show of disrespect from Bo, but what else do you expect when your last name is Stevens.

Lance:

Respect is earned Keeps, and The Kid hasn't shown Bo anything to warrant it.

CCK get mad as he starts to swing wildly at Bo who backs towards the corner and when CCK throws a haymaker he collides with a turnbuckle pad instead of Bo's face.

DDK:

The Crescent City Kid swinging wildly at Bo and he paid for it there.

Lance:

Experience trumps all and Bo is showing his against his opponent.

Bo smacks CCK in the back of the head causing the young man to turn around and chase after the former tag champion.

DDK:

Bo not taking his opponent seriously.

Lance:

That may be a mistake on Bo's part Keeps.

Bo rolls out of the ring and so does CCK. Bo see this and sprints around the ring with CCK on his tail.

DDK:

Bo trying to hi-tail it out of here.

Bo quickly rolls into the ring and when CCK rolls in after him, Bo drops a forearm across his face.

Lance:

You were saying Keeps?

Bo delivers a boot to the face.

Bo Stevens:

You think you can beat me?!?!?!?!?

Bo shouts towards his opponent before going for another kick to the face.

DDK:

The Kid rolls out of the way! Bo stumbles forward and into a heel kick by CCK and then he runs into the ropes and connects with a headscissors takedown!

Bo gets up, rather irritated. The Crescent City Kid looks for another headscissor takedown but this time Bo pushes him off. Immediately, The Kid jumps onto the second rope and then comes across with a flying DDT! The fans give a cheer and CCK looks to keep it going. He hits Bo with a leg sweep and makes his way to the turnbuckle again. He runs up the buckle and looks for a moonsault but Bo moves out of the way! However, The Kid lands on his feet! He bounces off the ropes and lands a slingblade to Stevens! Cary shouts from outside the ring as Crescent City readjusts his mask and then hits a standing leg drop. Followed by another. Followed by one more.

DDK:

CCK is lightning quick with these!

The Kid hip tosses Bo and then goes for a fourth leg drop but Bo moves out of the way! The Crescent City Kid tries a leaping roundhouse kick but Bo is just able to escape that, too. Finally, The Kid hits Bo with a pele kick and then another pele kick coming out of the ropes and, to place Stevens on the middle of the canvas floor, an atomic drop followed by a diving DDT!

DDK:

I think CCK thought of covering there but he isn't going to. Instead, The Kid wastes little time. He runs Bo's head into the turnbuckle and superkicks him to the ground!

Crescent City points to the top. He's up there in a flash once more.

DDK:

A flying headbutt misses!

Bo pulls himself together and punts The Kid square in the face!

DDK:

A vicious running punt! The Kid may be out!

Hector Navarro goes to check on CCK, and as he does he narrowly becomes collateral damage as Bo delivers another punt to the head of CCK.

Lance:

WHAT THE?!?!?!?! Bo was almost disqualified as he almost collided with the official.

Navarro, not happy, gets up and gets in Bo's face and the young Texan doesn't seem interested as he pushes his way passed Hector and lines up for another punt.

DDK:

Hector and Bo are having a heated exchange.

Lance:

Cary needs to calm Bo down.

Navarro pokes his finger into the chest of Bo and the Texan has had enough of Hector's threats as he shoves him to the ground. As Bo comes running out of the corner he suddenly stops when he hears.....

DING DING DING**DDK:**

What just happened?

Lance:

I think Bo just overstepped his boundaries.

Hector is seen speaking with the announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by **DISQUALIFICATION!** The Crescent City Kid!

The Faithful go wild and Bo and Cary go ballistic. Cary rolls into the ring and gets in the face of Navarro and Hector shoves his way through them to add insult to injury as he raises CCK's hand in victory.

DDK:

Cary is livid and you can hear the colorful language he is saying to his nephew as we speak.

Lance:

Bo made a boneheaded mistake and it gravely cost them and now GCC are one victory away from their colliding with the Stevens Dynasty at Acts of DEFIANCE.

As King and Cain help their friend we see Cary berating his nephew all the way up the ramp.

THE GAME SPOT

The scene goes back to a shot of the ring. However, it isn't ready for a match. Instead, it's set up for something entirely different. There's a black and green designed mat covering the canvas floor. There are two neon green bean bag chairs set up beside each other in the middle of the ring and two coffee tables with some red looking liquid in them. To complete the look is a large, old-school tube style television with a hooked up Super Nintendo Entertainment System (SNES) and two controllers sprawled out, one in front of each bean bag.

Lance:

Uh... care to game?

DDK:

I was more of a Sega guy myself.

Lance:

Really?

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told you can expect-

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Taken right out of Darren's mouth, Conor Fuse's theme starts up and The Gamers give a boo. He emerges from the curtain, showing no ill effects from the temper tantrum he had on display during UNCUT 70, in an exclusive shown directly after his loss to The Mute Freak Deacon from DEFtv 137. Conor bounces up and down the top of the ramp and then, in what is becoming a regular part of his act, he pantomimes his way down the ramp, giggling and laughing at members in the crowd who don't wear a wrestling t-shirt he likes. In other words, he pretty much laughs at everyone expect at a Malak Garland portrait t-shirt. Conor seems fond of Malak so far.

Darren Quimbey:

Gamers and Gamettes, I'm being told to welcome you to the NEEEEW DEFtv talk show, The Game Spot! Introducing the host, he is The Character Formerly Known as Player Two, The Codebreaker, The Eight-Bit Enforcer... CONOR FUUUUSE!

DDK:

I wonder who fed him those lines?

The camera zooms in on Conor, who leaps onto the apron and then clears the ropes in another quick jump, landing perfectly inside the ring.

Lance:

I'll give you one guess.

Quimbey hands Conor a microphone and leaves, while Conor's theme comes to a close and he gracefully jumps around a few times, only to stop and put his fist in the air like the DEFIANCE logo.

Conor Fuse:

PRESS START!

Conor giggles at the comment he made while the fans jeer.

DDK:

Certainly showing no ill effects from his loss at the hands of Deacon two weeks ago, that's for sure.

Conor strolls around the setup, admiring it greatly. He puts his chin on his right fist and uses his left hand to point at all the items in the display.

Conor Fuse:

Welcome to my new *platform*, The Game Spot! A spot where guys and gals like me and you can just hang out and get to know each other a little better!

DDK:

Oh boy...

Conor Fuse:

You know, I said to myself last week, do I *really* know all of you? And do you *really* know all of me?

The Gamers have zero interest but Conor's not phased.

Conor Fuse:

And furthermore, do I really know all of... them?

Conor points to the back. He takes a moment to let the words sink in and then shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

No sir, I don't! And if I'm going to go on this *one player campaign*... this ultimate journey, if you will, well, Mr. Conor Fuse right here needs to get better acquainted with every single Non Playable Character back there!

DDK:

You had to know he had a dick comment coming.

Conor Fuse:

If I'm going to win this game and finish it in record time, well a guy's gotta read the manual, huh!? I'm sure you all read the manuals too! Manuals are so much fun!

Conor takes another stroll around his set-up.

Conor Fuse:

I'll get to it. Let me begin my journey to become 100% DEFIANT by introducing my first guest! Some people call him Mute. Some people call him a Freak. Some people even call him The Mute Freak! He's a former fWo WORLD Champion! Gamers and Gamettes, please let me introduce to you, being accompanied by Madagascar... The Mute Freak... DEFCON!!!

DDK: *[sighing]*

I think he means *Magdalena* and *Deacon*.

The Gregorian chant begins, getting a nice reaction from The Faithful but grow confused when the Deacon never appears.

Lance:

This should be... interesting.

DDK:

Yes. Conor says he's beginning his journey to 100% DEFIANT, whatever that means. But folks, that journey began two weeks ago on DEFtv where Deacon handed Conor a loss. A hard loss.

As Conor playfully waits in the ring, no one comes out just yet.

Lance:

Exactly right, Keeps. Conor put up a little fight but Deacon was just too powerful for him.

Conor starts muttering under his breath.

Conor Fuse:

Defcon, where are you Defcon?

Finally, Magdalena emerges from the entrance. The Faithful give her a cheer as she makes her way down, slightly shaking her head. She walks to the ring and looks over to Conor as if signalling nothing else is going to happen.

DDK:

Maybe he's too stupid for his own good or he's really playing this up but Conor looks as happy as ever.

Conor asks for the theme music to come to a close and invites Magdalena into the ring. After being apprehensive at first, she walks up the steel stairs and enters between the bottom and middle rope. Conor makes sure she's given a mic.

As the fans quiet down, Magdalena steps forward to speak but Conor turns to one of his Nintendo-styled coffee tables in the middle of the ring. He picks up a drink filled with red liquid.

Conor Fuse: *[offering to Magdalena]*

Some Kool-Aid?

Her answer is a cocked eyebrow. Conor shrugs and drinks it instead.

Conor Fuse:

Mmmm that's good stuff. My mom sent me some last week.

The awkwardness builds as Conor takes another moment before noticing Magdalena again.

Conor Fuse:

So, hey, how ya doing Madagascar? Where's Defcon?

Magdalena smirks, almost pleasantly, as she either lets Conor naming her and Deacon wrongfully slide or she's too caught up in the situation to notice.

Magdalena:

You wanted the Deacon?

She pauses for a moment, shaking her head.

Magdalena:

He don't do interviews.

Conor is puzzled at first. He rubs the side of his head and then laughs it away.

Conor Fuse:

Oh? I thought he would love to be here. I've got Kool-Aid *and* an SNES!

Magdalena:

There is a reason he's been called the Mute Freak for over 20 years.

DDK:

Well, there you have it. Conor didn't even check beforehand before making Deacon one of his guests.

Lance:

Some first talk show, huh?

Conor huffs lightheartedly. He takes another stroll around his set.

Conor Fuse:

Is it the system? It's the system, isn't it? Defcon's an old guy. Maybe I should've brought the NES instead or even an Atari. I knew it!

Magdalena shakes her head no.

Magdalena:

I assure you, Deacon has more important things to deal with than your set. It's fine and not personal. Deacon just doesn't do interviews.

Conor is appreciative of the comments, as he rubs his chin and nods, listening to every word. He gives a bow to her, as a sign of respect and then picks up the second Kool-Aid on the table. He offers it to Magdalena again but she declines. Conor shrugs and chugs it down.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay. Well, thank you so much. No hard feelings, huh. I guess I should've checked with The Mute Freak beforehand.

Conor smacks his head like a light went off.

Conor Fuse:

Oooohhh right. *Mute* Freak. Meaning he doesn't talk, boy am I silly or what!?

Lance:

The Gamers still seem extremely skeptical of this situation, although Magdalena - what a trooper.

Magdalena smiles and gives a winking nod at Conor.

Conor Fuse:

Well, hey, if I can't interview him then, maybe I should interview you instead?

Magdalena shrugs.

Magdalena:

That's what I'm paid for.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, cool!

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two turns to the fans.

Conor Fuse:

I have a guest!

Some of them clap, most don't.

Conor Fuse:

So, you wanna- you wanna play SNES?

There goes that Magdalena arch again.

Magdalena:

S... NES?

Conor smacks his head for a second time.

Conor Fuse:

Jeez, silly me. Yeah, you're just a kid, huh? I guess you're into XBOX One?

Magdalena:

Not all that much.

Conor nods frantically, even though Magdalena has stopped speaking. It seems like he's putting pressure on himself to keep this interview going.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, no problem, no problem. What kinda stuff are you into, then? How did you get into wrestling?

Magdalena:

Will this be on that Mike guy's podcast?

Conor looks awkward for a moment.

Magdalena:

[Waves it off] I grew up neck deep in it. Deacon knew my parents. Not a lot of Coptics in the states so we get close.

Conor seems to really be enjoying himself now and the awkwardness of the situation has somewhat subsided.

Conor Fuse:

That's really great. I think it's awesome you've got to be a part of this environment, I really do. So how close do the--

Magdalena:

[Puts hand up] Not that close.

Conor Fuse:

[Makes the "oooo" face] So then... *[glances to the left then back]* where do you see yourself in five years?

Magdalena eyebrows knit together and her smirk returns.

Magdalena:

This a job interview? *[She nods]* I skipped out on the collegiate corral. You think I have a five year plan? My plan is to help Deacon achieve his goals and see where it goes from there.

Conor nods with real excitement this time.

Conor Fuse:

Wow, that's awesome! When I was your age, I was just an idiot. I didn't know what I wanted to do. *[laughs]* Actually, all these people probably think I've been an idiot recently, too.

A few more fans cheer but ultimately, many of them are coming around to Conor's genuine behaviour and lack of arrogance or obnoxiousness that is almost always on display. For now, it seems to be missing so they go along with the segment. Magdalena offers a shrug.

Magdalena:

That fit last week was certainly good TV.

What could have come as a back-handed comment goes right past Conor.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, yeah I took that loss poorly. It won't happen again. I realized something last week. Sometimes, the difficulty in a game -and in life- doesn't go from easy to hard. Sometimes it's just hard! You have to pull up your socks and get on with things, regardless. No one is going to feel sorry for you. Not in this world!

DDK:

Did he just say that?

Conor continues to smile at Magdalena. It's almost as if she could say anything and he wouldn't be phased.

Conor Fuse:

Well, thank you so much for this interview. This turned out to be pretty cool!

Magdalena:

My pleasure. It was a lot better than I expected when I first came out.

Conor motions to The Gamers.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, let's give her a hand! Also, let's give The Mute Freak a hand too! Like I said, I was a big baby after my loss. I should've known better and I need to get back to my regular ways, like when I first played DEFIANCE!

The Gamers are still a little uneasy but nevertheless, Conor gets some cheers.

Conor Fuse:

I have one more thing to say before you leave. For those who didn't know, I was a part of fWo too, for a little while anyway. It's where my brother and I got our start. I mean, many of you know my *oldest* brother and many of you don't, but fWo is where Tyler and I got our name and left our biggest brother's shadows...

DDK:

I think he means the legendary ex-PIW and Action Wrestling star LLB, for those who aren't aware, as the oldest brother to Tyler and Conor.

Conor Fuse:

So, I'm aware of The Mute Freak's history and he's one of the main guys I looked up to back in the day. I'm nowhere near his size but I wanted to **be** like him. He was a great wrestler, never backed down and was pretty agile for such a big dude. I'm glad to know he's still got it!

Conor seems really honest when looking at Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

So thank you and hopefully our paths can cross again.

Magdalena mouths the words "thank you" back to Conor before she begins to make her way out of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Oh and *Madagascar*, one more thing...

Suddenly, Conor's tone completely changes. The sincerity is gone from his voice and the mood doesn't switch to awkwardness, either. Instead, Conor's voice becomes intense and determined. Fear invoking, even.

Conor Fuse:

I never wanted to interview *Him*.

A sadistic smile crosses his face.

DDK:

Get the hell out of there Magdalena!

Conor starts to enclose on her. The young girl is in shock and can't seem to move out of the ring fast enough. That and she's also backed herself into a corner!

Conor Fuse:

You think The Mute Freak is going to derail *my* career? *My* first-player campaign? I've waited my entire life for this moment. Away from my brothers... away from co-op wrestling... away from everything these Gamers want me to be... and ultimately becoming a completely different character altogether!

His grin, as wide as ever, builds even more intensity as he gets closer and closer to Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

Maybe The Freak would like to come out now... you know, save his manager...

DDK:

This is disgusting! I should've known better than to buy into what Conor was saying!

Lance:

He was convincing but yes, we both should have!

Conor gets right in front of Magdalena. He's about to put his hand on her head when-

DDK:

IT'S DEACON!

The fans give a loud sigh of relief as the former fWo Champion hurries his way down the ramp. Looking for blood, Deacon slides into the ring while Conor jumps as far back as possible. First, Deacon checks on Magdalena. Once she says she's okay, he turns his attention to Conor Fuse.

Conor grows increasingly scared as The Faithful will settle for nothing more than a beating from hell!

Conor Fuse:

Hey, hey big guy... I was just messing, okay? I really wanted you out here! Honestly! I know you don't *do* interviews, you're too smart for that. So I lured you out here. I was never gonna hurt Madagascar, I swear.

Deacon inches closer and closer as Conor tries to talk himself out of what's about to come. In a deja vu moment, it's now Conor who's worked himself into a corner of the ring with nowhere else to go.

DDK:

Count your lives, Conor. You lost one two weeks ago. You're about to lose the rest...

Lance:

Maybe a few continues, too!

Deacon is within an arm's reach of Conor. The Codebreaker starts shaking and hiding his face.

Conor Fuse:

Man, I swear. I was never gonna hurt her. She's just an NPC. You're not. You're a Level Eight BOSS! I was never gonna hurt her...

Suddenly, Conor emerges from the corner. His eyes light up and a mischievous grin crosses his face.

Conor Fuse:

I was only gonna hurt... *you*.

BAM!!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?!?

Silence blows over the arena and the announce team, as from under the ring comes a massive individual, standing around 6'6" and 300 pounds of pure muscle. He's wearing an NES-controller styled face mask, complete with two red dots as eyes and a Dpad for a mouth. He has white and beige polka dot pants being held up by beige suspenders. He's got black wires running down his mask and directly into his wrists, looking like something out of a Batman comic book (see: Bane). To complete the appearance, he has veins popping out from everywhere in his body.

While this man is smaller in height than Deacon, he's just as powerful and seemingly a lot more youthful. He cracks Deacon in the back, sending The Mute Freak directly on the canvas. This hulking man reigns down boots against Deacon's head while Magdalena starts screaming on the outside of the ring, too terrified to do anything else.

DDK:

WE NEED HELP OUT HERE A-SAP!

The hulking man hammers more boots into Deacon's skull. Then he picks up a gaming coffee table and in one fluent motion he cracks it into a million pieces across Deacon's back. Conor just watches from the corner of the ring, with a smile, eyes glistening and a bit of laughter, looking like he's an anime cartoon.

Next, the hulking man shows his raw power. He lifts Deacon with ease and rests him on his shoulder. He connects with a crushing powerslam!

The crowd continues to watch in horror for what's about to come. The hulking man pulls Deacon by his mask and then fires him directly into the tube television, breaking the thick glass screen and leaving The Mute Freak half inside.

CRAAAAASSSH!!!

DDK:

DEACON HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THIS... THIS... NIGHTMARE.

The hulking man walks to the side of the ring where no blood has been shed. He stands there. Motionless. Breathing heavily.

Conor emerges from the corner where he watched it all happen. He looks over at Magdalena and blows her a kiss. He then proceeds to skip circles around the hulking man, over and over again, like he's playing some game of ring around the rosey.

DDK:

I am sickened.

Conor takes a few more skips around the hulking man and then tussles his head like he's a little puppy.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, we can go now.

They exit the ring and walk right past Magdalena in the process. She's still a deer in the headlights and doesn't know what to do. Conor makes a remark as he playfully jaunters by.

Conor Fuse:

I told the truth. I was never going to hurt you.

Up the ramp they go as numerous EMT's make their way to check on Deacon.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

WORLD TOUR: PT 2

The scene goes to an empty hallway, where The Crescent City Kid walks into after his match with Bo Stevens. He's a little woozy but with help from teammates Aaron King and Theodore Cain, he's able to rest against the wall and rub the side of his head.

King leaves the scene for a moment and then returns with a duffle bag. He pats The Kid on the back and hands him the bag.

Aaron King:

Well done out there tonight.

Crescent City just smiles under his mask. He gets on one knee and unzips his duffle bag. He pulls out some regular clothing, a pair of white-washed jeans and a colorful neon tank top. The camera pans to Aaron King and Theodore Cain with duffle bags of their own. They pull out clothing as well, about to treat the hallway as their own personal change room.

Each one begins to peel off clothing. Crescent City Kid gets out of his ring gear and is down to only his mask and his underwear. He reaches down for his waist until a word stops him.

“WAIT!”

The partially but never fully nude men all turn around as the camera pans with them. Standing there with a large frown on his face is the FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely. He's holding the display case at his side.

Mikey Unlikely:

You mean to tell me... not only are you changing in the freaking hallway, but you also take your skivvies off BEFORE your mask?

They all look at each other and The Crescent City Kid just shrugs at the champion. Unlikely stares blankly for a few minutes before walking away shaking his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

They've really let this place go...

Cut to the arena.

OSCAR BURNS & RYAN BATTS vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

Coming up next, we're turning our attention to tag team action! We've got "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns teaming up with "Bantam" Ryan Batts and they will go up against The Dunson Clan!

Lance:

The Dunson Clan have lately been trying to find that one big win to put them on the map. A win in tag team action -- let alone against the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE -- would be amazing.

DDK:

And what about that confrontation a couple of weeks ago with Lindsay Troy? Two former champions practically wanting to mark proverbial territory when it comes to who wants another title shot? Both of them are coming off more recent title losses, through Mikey Unlikely, but now two of the biggest stars in DEFIANCE look to cross paths. We'll have to see if anything becomes of that explosive confrontation, but before that... we get to ringside for this tag team match.

And we go to ringside for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a BRAZEN showcase match set for one fall! Already in the ring, accompanied by Paul Dunson... from Mt. Hope, West Virginia, at a combined weight of 420 pounds... Todd and Richie Dunson... **THE DUNSON CLAN!**

The crowd jeers Richie and Todd in the ring. Wrestling in their tattered blue jeans and boots, their father Paul Dunson is shouting words of advice to his kids to kick the asses of the technical savants heading their way...

Now.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 442 pounds... they are the team of **"Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!**

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

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

DDK:

Batts and Burns have been a team part-time and they work really well together. They've trained together for years, but The Dunson Clan are young and hungry. We'll definitely see who wants it more.

Ryan Batts agrees to start for his team while on the other side, the smaller Todd Dunson meets him in the ring. Both men weigh about the same with Todd having a two-inch height advantage. The two get ready to circle up...

DING DING!

The two lock up in the middle of the ring when Batts quickly shoots behind Todd and whips him to the ground with a Rear Waistlock. He quickly turns around and then holds him down... then shows some good strength by lifting up and throwing him down a second time. Batts shuffles around and goes into an Armbar before raising one arm in triumph!

Todd tries to get back up and elbows his way free, catching Batts in the jaw. He runs to the ropes and then tries to

leapfrog over Batts, but he grabs him by the leg and drags him down to the mat! From there, he goes right for another Armbar and then leads him to the corner to make the tag to Burns!

DDK:

Great mat work by Batts! And now Burns is in!

The crowd EXPLODES when The Technical Spectacle gets in the ring. Both men use the full five-count to take turns using Arm Wringers on Todd's left arm! Burns! Batts! Burns! Batts! Burns! Batts!

Lance:

And they're going at Todd's arm!

Todd is down while Burns now has him down for a Seated Armbar! But when Richie tries to get in the ring to stop him, Burns lets go and then quickly SNAPS Richie Dunson down with a Floating Arm Drag! He then picks him up and snaps him over with a Trapping Suplex!

DDK:

Richie tries to stop the submission, but Burns sees him coming and then stops him cold with that move!

But as Burns gets up, Todd manages to sneak up on him with a quick Schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TW... KICKOUT!

The Technical Spectacle gets back up but when he does, Todd Dunson goes low with a Battering Ram-style Headbutt to the stomach, doubling Burnsie over! Paul Dunson yells at Todd to take advantage and he does just that by driving Burns down with a big DDT into the canvas!

DDK:

Wow, just like that! The Dunson Clan take advantage and they have Burns on the ropes!

Todd Dunson goes over to his corner where Richie has limped over to after the earlier suplex and tags his brother in. Both brothers work out a double team on Burns as they send him both with a whip to their corner. Batts watches from his corner as Burns gets hit with another Battering Ram by Todd, then Richie hits a Running Cutter/Bulldog-type move out of the corner! Richie quickly turns Burns over and tries to make the cover!

DDK:

Uh-oh, can they do it! Can they pull off one of the biggest upsets in DEFIANCE?

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The shoulder of Burns rises off the canvas, but when he tries to sit up, Richie tries to ground him with a Rear Chinlock. He has that sucker about locked in tight, but Ryan Batts watches his mentor try and fight his way out. He manages to get back to his knee and grabs the arm of Richie to toss him forward. Richie quickly rolls through but when he gets up... THWACK! Burns CRACKS him with the Hard Out Headbutt!

DDK:

Wow! The Hard Out Headbutt! Now Burns is heading over to Batts.. Tag to Batts!

Lance:

And here he goes!

Richie is still groggy from the Headbutt and barely moves as Batts heads up top quickly. When Richie can finally stand, he flies with a Front Missile Dropkick, sending him flopping backwards across the ring! The crowd cheers when Batts nips to his feet. Todd Dunson manages to tag himself in and rushes at Batts, trying a Clothesline, but he ducks. Off the rebound, Batts shoots him over with a huge Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

Now back on his feet, he sees Richie trying to get up once again, but manages to catch him with a Reverse STO into the canvas! Richie goes down when Batts makes his way over... and hits a HUGE Deadlift German Suplex! The crowd pops as Batts sits up and lets out a massive shout!

DDK:

Batts is a house of fire in that ring! He's got power and technique all wrapped in one!

Batts makes the tag back to Burnsie and then he rushes into the ring at Todd, CRACKING him with a Running European Uppercut, then snaps him over with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip! After Todd hits the ground Burns looks to the crowd... then begins the stomps! STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP! He continues stomping away at the knee and then has the Graps of Wrath III locked in!

Lance:

He's got Todd in that hold! He's trying to stop him with that Heel Hook!

DDK:

Paul is having a conniption!

Paul Dunson tries to climb onto the ring apron, but Ryan Batts doesn't let him do anything. He grabs Papa Dunson and THROWS him over the ropes into the ring, right into The Fastest Armbar in the West! All the while Burns still has the Graps of Wrath III on Tod...

TAP TAP TAP!

DDK:

There we go! Burns and Batts win again!

Burns and Batts let go of their simultaneous submissions! They both have their arms raised as Darren Quimbey calls it.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Lance:

The Dunson Clan tried, but Burns has just been refocused since losing to Gage Blackwood and I think that confrontation with Lindsay Troy might have lit a fire under him! Batts looked great out there too as always and big things are in that kid's future!

But the celebration doesn't last too long. As The Dunson Clan leave the ring in defeat and head to the back, each nursing sore limbs... Burns wants a microphone.

READY**DDK:**

What do you think Burns has on his mind, Lance? Have you heard anything?

Lance:

I have heard he wasn't happy with how things went down between him announcing his bid to want to go after the FIST of DEFIANCE again and Lindsay Troy interrupting him to stake her own.

The music of their victory quickly fades as Burns waits to catch his breath.

Oscar Burns:

Lindsay Troy.

Batts watches on as his mentor addresses another former FIST.

Oscar Burns:

GC... I want you to understand that as far as I'm concerned, there's no bad blood between us. I said some things. You said some things. We both want the same thing, but this business is not one where everybody gets the same thing and that's just a fact. You get what you put into it and I'm a firm believer in that. We have both put in the work in DEFIANCE and we've both made our names as two of the best this organization has ever seen. I think we can both agree on that.

A round of applause erupts from the Faithful, along with Ryan Batts who claps along with the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

Thank you all. Seriously. But I have a point to get to so I'll do just that. Yeah nah, I'm not going to whine about what's happened in the past. I move forward when I'm feeling stropy. So here's what I propose:

The Technical Spectacle turns to the closest camera to the ring and goes to address The Lady of the Hour directly.

Oscar Burns:

"Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns versus "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy. First time ever match at Acts of DEFIANCE!

The Faithful EXPLODE! The aspect of two of DEFIANCE's biggest stars going toe to toe almost sends the roof of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex into the next zip code.

DDK:

WOW! That match would be AMAZING!

Lance:

Yes it would!

Batts starts to grab his heart and nods that he'd also like to see the match while Burns presses on.

Oscar Burns:

Queenie, take your time and think it over. Last time we were in this ring, you told me that fighting you was a path back to the top that I wasn't prepared for. Yeah, nah, my dear. I haven't fought from the brink of injury and keeled over while people like Kendrix and Scott Stevens were at the top. I fought my way through them and I have the FIST TWICE to show for it. Dare I say it, Queenie...

A small smile crosses the face of the Kiwi.

Oscar Burns:

Maybe YOU aren't ready for ME.

After that last friendly(?) parting shot from Burns, he gives the mic away as he and Batts dab fists. The two leave the ring and start heading to the back while the camera heads back to Keebler and Warner at the announce table.

DDK:

Wow! Strong words from Oscar Burns! And what a challenge that was! What will Lindsay Troy have to say?

Lance:

Knowing her over the years, I know she won't take any biting comments laying down and also hasn't met a challenge she hasn't been able to rise to.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. TBD

Cut back from the commercial as "Iron Man (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath is fading down, Kazuo Akamatsu already in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL, with a 15 minute TV time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring ... weighing in at two hundred and fifty five pounds... from Osaka, Japan ... Kazuo Akkkkaaamaaaatsuuu!

Kazuo, from the corner, raises his right arm up to a smattering of cheers mostly overtaken by a larger contingent of boos.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Big pop for DEFAINCE's Favorite Son as Scott Douglas makes his way through the curtain and onto the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty six pounds ... from Seattle, Washington ... "Sub Pop" Scotttttt
DOOOOUGGGGLASSS!

Scott makes his way down the ramp and into the ring as Darren Quimbey exits. Official Benny Doyle checks with both participants and calls for the bell.

DING DING

Douglas and Akamatsu circle, feeling each other out. Scott shoots in but is unsuccessful. The pair continue to circle until Akamatsu goes on the attack and the pair lock up. Douglas gains the advantage and applies a hammerlock but Kazou is quick to reverse. Douglas returns the favor, but again Kazou does the same before releasing and pushing Scott Douglas from behind.

Scott stumbles away from Akamatsu and comes to a stop. Turning back toward his opponent, Douglas simply nods and rolls his shoulder a bit before the circling begins again.

DDK:

Collar and elbow tie up!

Kazou gains the advantage and applies an arm wringer, but Douglas ducks, flips and reverses the hold. The pair continue the chain, eventually finding Douglas with the advantage before he, like his opponent before him, releases control and pushes his opponent away from him.

Lance:

One good deed deserves another, Darren!

DDK:

Agreed, turn about is fair play!

Kazou, like Douglas before him, turns and acknowledges being bested before the dance begins again. This time, Kazou isn't taking any chances, he uses the tie up as a distraction before delivering a swift kick. Benny Doyle warns Kazou, as the kick looked a bit low.

Douglas is doubled over.

DDK:

Side Headlock, here, by Kazou.

Akamatsu grinds Douglas' head between his arm and body., Scott throws a handful of lackluster shots to his attacker's midsection, but they don't appear to be effective. Akamatsu continues to grind and apply pressure until Douglas is able to force him back into the ropes. Scott shoots Kazou off, freeing himself from the headlock but on Kazou's return, Scotty eats a shoulder block.

Lance:

It would appear that Kazou has Scott Douglas' number!

Douglas pops up but Kazou is on him in a hurry, ushering him back into the ropes and Irish Whipping him across the ring. Douglas' momentum runs him straight into a big boot from one third of Osaka Hate Crime. He falls flat and Akamatsu goes for the pin.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

NO!

Lance:

It's been said ad nauseam on DEFtv but ... it's going to take more than that to put away Scott Douglas!

Akamatsu stands from the pin attempt as Douglas attempts to crawl to his feet. He receives a swift boot to the face in the process. Benny Doyle backs off a vicious Kazou Akamatsu and warns him as the Faithful boo the BRAZEN stalwart.

Doyle's intervention buys Douglas some time and he manages to shake it off, returning to a shaky at best, vertical base. Rather than mounting an attack of his own; Douglas finds himself on the losing end of a series of straight rights to Doyle's disapproval. The last of which sends him stumbling into the corner in search of a respite. Akamatsu follows up swiftly; a knee to the gut for good measure before ripping Douglas' Sub Pop Records T-shirt. With the chest now bare, Kazou lays in the Knife Edge chops.

CHWAACK!

CHWAACK!

DDK:

Oh my!

CHWAACK!

CHWAACK!

Doyle protests and Akamatsu relents but the damage has been done. Pulling his dazed opponent from the corner, Akamatsu takes up behind Douglas as he wanders aimlessly writhing in pain. Akamatsu pulls Douglas in by the back of his jorts and grabs a waist lock.

DDK:

German suplex! Bridge!

ONE

TWO

KICK OUT!

Scott's kick out flips him over and lands him next to the ropes. Kazou argues with Doyle over the count as Douglas slowly pulls himself up by the ropes. Akamatsu takes notice and returns to the attack but he seems to have to finish this up in mind. He snatches Douglas toward him and puts him in a front chancery.

DDK:

Kazou Akamatsu seems to be looking for the Zutsu!

Lance:

Yes! A devastating Northern Lights Bomb that is incredibly similar in it's execution and damage to Douglas' Sub Pop Suplex!

Kazou bares down and attempts to raise Scott ...

DDK:

NO!

Scott struggles and lands back on his feet, his head still tucked under Akamatsu's arm. Kazou goes back to the well once again but the result is similar. Scott digs deep...

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!

ONE!

TW --

KICK OUT!

Kazou snaps out of the pin attempt and he's noticeably frustrated. He scrambles to his feet and meets Douglas as he does the same. Kazou swings wildly with a big lariat.

DDK:

Douglas ducks the lariat!

Douglas turns. Akamatsu does the same. Kick to the gut. Douglas sets him up...

DDK:

SUP POP?!

Douglas grabs the knee and bares down.

DDK:

SUPLEX!!

Lance:

Douglas covers.

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimby:

And you winner by pinfall ... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLASS!

ARE YOU SCARED YET?

As The Faithful celebrate Douglas' hard fought victory, he leans over the ropes nearest to the time keeper's table and asks for a mic. The cheering is brought to a hush as Sub Pop's grunge theme fades and he walks to the center of the ring.

Scott Douglas:

Tyler FUSE!!

Douglas's guttural tone rings through the arena making his frustration and aggression clear.

Scott Douglas:

GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE!

The Faithful pop at Douglas' fired up comment.

Scott Douglas:

It's extremely curious, Tyler ... you've been so obsessed with watching my matches for about, what? ... Three months now?

Douglas motions out to The Faithful as if he is asking them directly.

Scott Douglas:

Why skip this one!? I thought of you and your brother as more of the completists type, if nothing else!

Douglas starts walking around the ring, cooling himself off in the process.

Scott Douglas:

Did the PS5 come out already... ?

The Faithful chuckle at this thinly veiled jab.

Scott Douglas:

All jokes aside... I have a challenge for you, Tyler... Even though you've hidden behind these cheap attacks on Kerry and now all this Stalker nonsense, I know... deep down you're not going to back away from this opportunity.

The Faithful's interest is peaked to say the least.

Scott Douglas:

I know you're back there, Tyler... Get out here, now!

DDK:

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son is laying it all on the line!

Lance:

But will Tyler show?

♪ "Press Start" by MDK ♪

DDK:

Well, that didn't take long! It was like he's laying in wait...

Indeed, Keebler's words reflect that Tyler, along with The Princess were somewhere close by as they come out immediately after the theme song cues up. Mic in hand, Tyler strolls to the top of the rampway while Desire waits by the entrance. Tyler doesn't seem phased. His cold glare looks directly into the ring but almost pathologically through

the man inside it.

Scott Douglas:

So you've taken out Kerry. Twice over. Now you get to take me out, too! Live your dream, Tyler! Become a REAL singles star... I'm challenging you, one-on-one, no holds barred... LIVE ON DEFtv!

The Faithful give a loud cheer and a subsequent "SUB POP" chant while Tyler continues to stand there, making no change in expression whatsoever, like he didn't even hear the offer Douglas just made.

DDK:

A big challenge laid out by Scott Douglas!

The crowd chant gets louder and louder. What could normally irritate another man simply brushes past Tyler. The Original Player One hasn't moved a muscle and hasn't even blinked.

Scott Douglas:

Ok... alright. Play it cool. Stand their stoic, emotionless... but at the end of the day YOU know if you don't seize this opportunity... if you CAN'T beat me... this supposed fallen figure once emblazoned in fictional stone atop a mountain that doesn't exist... then you'll NEVER truly be a PLAYER in DEFIANCE!

"SUB POP SCOTT!"

"SUB POP SCOTT!"

"SUB POP SCOTT!"

As the momentum from The Faithful builds and builds, it's suddenly deflated.

"SUB Pop sco..."

DDK:

OH LOOK OUT SCOTTY, IT'S STALKER!

Coming out from under the apron, Stalker stands behind Scott Douglas, waiting for him to realize something is off. It doesn't take more than a second for Scotty to realize the crowd has come to a complete hush and someone is behind him. Douglas wastes no time, turns around, drops the mic and readies for a fight.

Stalker:

False heroes always have their calling, Scotty....

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves steps foot into the DEFIANCE squared circle, the man hasn't touched a ring in what could be five plus years. This standoff is a bit different, two of Seattle's own home-grown legends. Stalker cracks his neck circling his head, wearing his standard black jeans and solid black ribbed A shirt, commonly referred to as a wife beater.

Lance:

To say these two had a history would be a false assessment, Stalker and Scott Douglas, to my knowledge, have ever squared off in any promotion. However, Stalker's daughter is the former SoHer champion Codename: Reaper.

DDK:

The Original Reaper! And we've seen our fair share here in DEFIANCE!

Douglas charges Stalker as he enters the ring and catches him flat footed, unlike Kerry Kuroyama, Douglas was a much less willing and viable victim. He wasn't interested in Stalker's game nor did he question the relationship between Stalker and Tyler Fuse; instead, he charged forth in Kerry's name.

Douglas whips the grizzled vet across the ring and swipes at him with a big clothesline but Stalker ducks, dropping

and sliding on his knees before catching Douglas with a low blow. The Sub Pop Superstar goes down in a hurry. Stalker quickly hops to his knees, looking out to the disapproving Faithful with an evil smirk spread across his face with his arms extended out in a cross like motion.

Stalker:

The virus is real...

Stalkers cackles maniacally as he circles the downed Scott Douglas.

Lance:

And now he's laughing in the middle of the ring...

DDK:

Did he just say the 'virus is real..?'

Stalker wastes no time capitalizing on the doubled over Douglas. After that quick taunting display, he yanks the fan favorite under his arm. Stalker looks once more to the crowd before DRILLING Douglas into the middle of the ring with his signature Evenflow DDT.

With Douglas laid out in the middle of the canvas, Stalker rises and looks on, hovering over the former SoHer's limp body to a confusion of boos and mumblings from The Faithful. He looks across the rampway, where Tyler **still** has not moved an inch, nor blinked.

DDK:

What's the alliance here? Is there one!?

Lance:

I have no idea. We knew why Stalker would come after Kuroyama. We can clearly make an educated guess as to why he's targeted Douglas... but was Tyler Fuse the one who put him up to this? And why?

After a short staredown, Stalker slithers out of the ring and makes his way to the back by going underneath the rampway.

Finally, after all this time, Tyler takes one step forward. Then another.

DDK:

NOW... Tyler Fuse wants to make his way to the ring. This is classic Fuse Bros. in recent history! No honor! NO RESPECT!

He methodically makes his way down the ramp, still with that frozen glance, not looking away from the fallen body of Scott Douglas while also acting like nothing different has taken place since Douglas laid out the challenge and before Stalker arrived.

Lance:

I would have to agree, Darren. As recent as last week Tyler Fuse berated Scott Douglas and his affinity for honor and doing the right thing, going as far as to attribute that to... in some people's opinion, Scott's fall from grace in DEFIANCE.

Tyler calmly walks up the steel steps and enters the ring. He, too, stands over Douglas' broken body and receives a chorus of boos. Tyler slowly pulls the mic to his face and in one cold and calculating breath, he gives an answer to the initial challenge.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay.

DDK:

It's easy to say that now, pal!

Tyler peacefully places his mic beside Douglas' body and then exits the ring, meeting The Princess at the top of the ramp and vanishing to the back.

DDK:

Well, I don't know what the hell is going on here but it's official. Scott Douglas versus Tyler Fuse in a no holds barred fight in two week's time on DEFtv.

Lance:

I'd say we could get more answers then but given this odd involvement of Jason Reeves ... it will likely only lead to more questions!

DEX JOY vs. ANGEL TRINIDAD

DDK:

Lance, all that being said, the show must go on. As ringside is cleared and Douglas is helped to the back, we turn our sights to our next match. And what a match it is. Coming up next, two super heavyweights of DEFIANCE Wrestling collide! Ever since a recent edition of Uncut where Team HOSS attacked Dex Joy unprovoked, he has been in their cross hairs.

Lance:

That's for sure Darren, but Dex Joy has apparently learned from his battles with Carny Sinclair. He's now going on the offensive. He kept Team HOSS from cheating their way to winning the Unified tag titles from the Sky High Titans then on our last episode of DEF TV he pinned Aleczander the Great after that hard fought battle.

DDK:

That's right! Now Dex Joy has to contend with Trinidad. He's an angry young man in the body of a six foot ten, three-hundred pound giant. Dex Joy stands at six-foot two but weighs in at three-sixty. It's a tank against a moving fortress!

Lance:

That old saying about forces and objects is very true here and I can't wait to see this, but we know Team HOSS almost never go anywhere without the other so no doubt Aleczander will be lurking at ringside. Darren Quimbey is ready with the introductions.

Quimbey:

The next match is set for one fall! Introducing first from the Bronx, New York, he is a member of Team HOSS and he is accompanied by Aleczander the Great ... Angel TRRRRINNNNNIIIIIIIDDDDDAAAADDDD!!!

♪ "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. Aleczander is in his street clothes with Angel Trinidad in his wrestling gear. Aleczander talks up Angel until he gets in the ring and waits for his opponent.

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 ♪

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 yells out to the camera in front of him.

Dex Joy:

TWO AND OH, TEAM HOSS! I'M SHOOTING FOR TWO AND OH!

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, Dex stops between the ropes and that little bit gives Angel Trinidad the opportunity to attack him right before the bell!

DDK:

Not again! We saw Team HOSS do this the last time they fought Dex Joy!

DING DING!!!

Angel Trinidad goes to town on Dex Joy using clubbing forearms and then drags him into the ring. It's to the corner that both men go where Angel uses his height to pin Joy to the corner. He switches back and forth between left and right elbow smashes to the face and wears down The Biggest Boy while he screams out at him.

Angel Trinidad:

You are the Biggest Boy! You're a fat little boy in a man's world!

Angel is electric and tries whipping Dex to the ropes, but the tank-like Dex holds onto the ropes to keep Angel from dragging him anywhere. He goes right at throwing rights at the head of Angel and then tries to go off the ropes when Angel goes off to the other side and knocks down Dex with a massive drop kick!

DDK:

Wow! Dex Joy isn't the only big man that can throw drop kicks in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Lance:

Angel's temperament has always been his biggest weakness but you can't take away his athletic prowess!

Angel stands to his full height and he holds his arms out, telling the crowd that he is the best big man in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Angel is now all over Dex with punch after punch on the ground. Dex tries to cover up the blows until the official warns Angel Trinidad not to overstep his bounds and get disqualified. Angel snaps back and makes the official jump before he goes right back to punching away at Dex. He now tries to choke Dex with both hands and he's trying to fight, but Angel is all over him.

Lance:

This is just sheer brutality by Angel! We haven't seen Dex Joy get much in the way of offense!

DDK:

That's because Aleczander gave Dex Joy an inch and he took a mile on his way to that come from behind victory!

Angel stops choking Dex and The Biggest Boy is left coughing for air as he crawls across the canvas. Angel tries pulling him up, but when he does, Dex throws a punch into his gut out of desperation. Dex fires himself up and with the crowd going along with it he throws a few more. Angel counters with two knee strikes aimed at his gut and then backs off before unleashing the same kick that laid out Dex Joy on Uncut a few weeks ago!

DDK:

Look out! Dex just got clobbered with that bicycle kick that he calls Trampled Under Foot!

Angel tries pinning Dex Joy with his weight on his shoulders.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dexy Baby gets back up first and the fans cheer for the shoulder rising from the mat. Angel looks angry at the result and he goes back to punishing Dex.

DDK:

Angel has had the advantage of this match from the onset thanks to that diversionary tactic from Aleczander the Great!

Lance:

And now he's seeing Aleczonder the Great playing cheer leader on the outside.

He is cheering on Angel by pumping a fist and trying to get a "Team HOSS!!!" chant going but to no reaction other than jeers from the crowd. He gets annoyed with that and goes back to cheering on his tag team partner kicking the crap out of Dex ... as he kicks a good field goal like kick to the chest of Dex. Dex rolls over onto his back and Angel is looking pretty happy with himself for what it is.

Angel picks him up and slams a few punches into his stomach. He then whips Dex across the ring, but Dex stops him again. He turns the tide and then hits him with a right hand, but when he does that again he stops him and then hits a running bulldog head lock!

DDK:

Wow, what a great counter for that running bull dog! Now how can Dex follow up?

Dex Joy finally has Angel Trinidad on the mat and he's holding his face in pain. Angel takes a few seconds to get back up but when he does it looks like Joy's counter made him angrier. Dex Joy picks him up again and then tries to take him down with a samoan drop but Angel punches his way free from the move and slides out behind him. Angel fires a head butt at Dex ... but Dex comes back and throws one of his own!

Angel goes for a head butt and hits one ... but Dex yells out again and then grabs Angel's head before striking him back! Aleczonder can't believe it and now he's watching the two monsters trade two more sets of head butts each!

DDK:

Are these two trading ... head butts?

Lance:

I believe that they are!

Dex shoots back with another head butt ... and one more! And one more! And one more! By now both men look shaken on their feet, but it is Dex that snaps out of it first and then throws a big right handed lariat sending Angel into a corner. Dex grins at the crowd and then he turns it around waiting for Angel to come out of the corner then throws his massive signature shot gut drop kick landing Angel Trinidad back into the corner a second time!

DDK:

He's back up! He's back up! Dex Joy has Angel in the corner! Is he going to go for the Jump for Joy?

Dex leans back in the opposing corner to Trinidad and he milks in the reception from the cheering DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful. Off Dex goes into the corner, but Angel Trinidad gets back up as he's running and then runs into Dex with the Flying HOSS Body!

DDK:

No! I think Dex wasted too much time! Angel might have taken this!

Angel stays on Dex.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Aleczonder the Great can't believe it on the outside! Angel is now even more pissed with the official's count and decides enough is enough. Angel goes to pick Dex up slowly.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Don't Look Down coming up!

Angel tries getting Dex up for his finishing move called Don't Look Down. When he tries, Dex grapevines a leg out of desperation to keep him from getting Dex off the mat and then Dex hits knees to the stomach. He then drops Angel down with a DDT on the canvas. Dex is moving around the canvas slower than before while Angel's head his throbbing but when he gets back up, Dex Joy picks him up again and then finally lands the big samoan drop. Dex then is up and follows that up with a massive running senton splash!

Lance:

Oh my word! I can't believe he did that! That might have crushed Angel's ribs!

Dex goes into the cover on Angel and tries to end it.

One ...

Two ...

The third fall never happens because Aleczander takes off his shirt and throws it at the official!

DDK:

What? What? What did he just do?

Lance:

He just saved his partner from getting beat! Come on!

Angel is definitely feeling the senton but Dex is clearly feeling that he can win this when he gets back up. Aleczander is looking incredibly proud of himself as he not only gets his shirt off but shows off his pecs that are the centerpiece of the Mt. Rushmore that is his physique. Aleczander turns around ...

DDK:

WHOA-PE! NO WAY!

Lance:

That rhymed too! I can't believe a man Dex's size like that can fly and make it look sort of easy!

Dex sails through the ropes and crashes right into Aleczander! Dex fumbles back to his feet after taking out Aleczander The Great but he does it and when he comes back into the ring ...

DDK:

Oh, no! Angel was back up! He lands another Trampled Under Foot!

Angel finally gets Dex up off his feet and then picks him up in a suplex before spiking him with a driver to land Don't Look Down!

Lance:

Oh come on!

Angel makes the cover on Dex!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Angel Trinidad sits up and can't believe the fight he got out of Dex Joy, but tonight he not only has given him a fight but he has won!

DDK:

That's Team HOSS for you! They're good enough to win without doing this sort of thing, but they've become so bitter!

Lance:

Angel steals one right there thanks to Aleczander keeping the ref from counting three with his shirt.

The massive Trinidad is standing over Dex Joy with Aleczander The Great stumbling back into the ring to join him. The two get their wits about them and continue to stomp away at Dex!

DDK:

There's no need for this! Come on, you two!

Dex Joy continues getting kicks and then Angel and Aleczander pick him up. Angel picks him up and Aleczander runs from one side of the ropes to the other before he clobbers him with a lariat called Weapon Flex!

DDK:

Cheap shots galore from Aleczander and Angel just to spite Dex for what he's done!

The Biggest Boy is laid out after the lariat! Angel and Aleczander wipe their feet in a cat-like fashion over him before leaving the ring to celebrate. Aleczander slaps Angel's chest and points at him calling him the best big man in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Lance:

And now good lord ... Team HOSS finally gets a win after the last few weeks of disappointments and of course this is how they do this.

DDK:

I don't know but I don't believe Dex Joy is going to forget about this.

Dex is rolling around the mat and looks at Team HOSS making their exit. He looks upset with himself for falling into their trap and lays there. Aleczander and Angel are very happy with this result as we fade to break.

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!

NOW YOU CAN'T BE IN MOVIES!!!

The camera now returns to the backstage hallway where The Lucky Sevens of Mason and Max Luck are in the middle of what sounds like a shouting match with somebody.

Mason Luck:

I can't believe you idiots still aired that footage!

Max Luck:

Dude ... this is them we're talking about. They probably work on a 'no such thing as bad press' kind of thing don't they?

Mason doesn't want to admit his brother is right. So he doesn't. Instead he just looks angry at the person he's talking to off camera.

Mason Luck:

Look we did that spot in your stupid movie. The least you can do is give us the match we wanted.

The camera now pans out and there is Elise Ares and she does not look happy with either of the twins.

Elise Ares:

Spoken like the couple of untalented, gigantic, stupid ass poors that you are. This move was going to be a PHENOMENON. A cinematic masterpiece. This was MY coming out party as the world's greatest character actress! This would've been my RAIN MAN! People would be talking about these just as much as... those brilliant Adam Sandler movies on Netflix! Or anything big on Netflix right now! Ozark who? Stranger what? We could have had it all but you two intellectually challenged unprofessionals ruined it!

Mason Luck:

Oh please, that movie belongs in a car wash bargain bin! It's a trashy knock-off of somebody else's trash!

Max Luck:

Hey hey hey now! I liked Tiger King!

Elise looks confused, like she has no idea what they're even talking about. Regardless, it's pretty clear it pissed her off. Immediately she points back to them with authority.

Elise Ares:

First off we would *never* have a match with you! The Pop Culture Phenoms don't do charity without press, and we all know poors don't bring press without stars. Plus we'd just destroy the two of you anyway! Did you forget the part where we're greatest team to ever tag... team? Tag to ever team? AGH, ENOUGH OF YOU UNTALENTED OGRES!

Elise is so frustrated she hurts her own brain and storms off while The Lucky Sevens are both left annoyed with everything they have taken part in over the last few weeks.

Mason Luck:

Okay we're done with this nonsense, Max. We're getting back to wrestling and we're getting back to what makes us good. No more goofing off.

Max Luck:

Man ... fine! I was having fun watching you suffer.

From not far, the two twins get cut off when they hear laughing. Mason and Max turn around and they see the Brazen team of The Gentlemen's Agreement coming the other way. Lord Sewell and his younger student Oliver Tarquin Monroe both approach.

Mason Luck:

What? You two find something funny about eavesdropping?

Sewell and Monroe talk amongst themselves.

Lord Sewell:

This is what has become of these big giants, Oliver? They went from beating Team Hoss and looking like monsters to prostituting themselves for their next big match? And they're not even getting it?

OTM:

That's comical! You two went from being monsters to jokes in a few weeks.

When Mason is about to say something, it is Max who jumps in first.

Max Luck:

Hey, I don't come back to the year 1856 and bother your stupid ass when you're doing something. And yeah maybe we've been having fun the last couple weeks but in that ring, buddy, Mason and I are undefeated as a team. How many matches have *you* two been a part of?

When Oliver is about to answer Max puts up his hand.

Max Luck:

Nevermind ... we'll give you two a match next week and see if you're still laughing while trying to pick your teeth up off the canvas. How's that sound?

Oliver and Sewell both look like they welcome the match.

Lord Sewell:

We accept your challenge. You won't be so full of bluster when you're on the mat. You may have the size but we can pick apart your limbs.

OTM:

It's true!

The two walk off and Mason looks pretty impressed with Max.

Mason Luck:

Wow. Way to handle your business bro.

Max Luck:

Only I get to make fun of you. Also ...

He pulls out his phone.

Max Luck:

I forgot that I got this email earlier before the show. There's some sort of email from a big producer working directly with Netflix.

Mason Luck:

Huh ... wow. That looks legit.

Max Luck:

Yeah they sent this earlier today and apparently somebody was watching that shit-show Tiger Queen and they liked our look? I know we said no more movies after this and the wrestling comes first but man ... they want us for a table read and I think this movie has some big names attached. Like ... look! Pauly Shore! Producer!

Mason Luck:

... hot damn. Is he a thing in 2020?

The two walk off out of sight.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. JAY HARVEY

DDK:

Tag team action heating up for next DEFtv... but I've been waiting for this one Lance. This is a big one up next. We've got Gage Blackwood, the current Southern Heritage Champion, taking on THE, returning THE Jay Harvey. First time back on DEFtv since 2018 for Harvey. Let's head to ringside.

We see camera craning shots of the hot sold out crowd. We hear the bell ding twice before landing on Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for One Fall with a Fifteen minute time limit.

♪ *Bullet Holes - Bush* ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Wrestle-Plex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold out crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out.

Lance:

The crowd is on fire here tonight!

DDK:

Most definitely, Lance. Harvey and Blackwood couldn't wait for this match to begin!

A replay of the fistcuffs in the back hits your screen. Harvey and Blackwood are seen being pulled apart by security.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is getting under Gage Blackwood's skin and Blackwood seems like he is letting it all get to him.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. He holds his right arm into the air. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner.

♪ *"Unstoppable" by Dannon* ♪

The jeers roll in as Blackwood calmly walks out from behind the curtain. He has The SOHER around his waist and his typical red and black designed kilt tights. He is also wearing a throwback t-shirt to his early DEFIANCE days, reading "There is No Tomorrow".

DDK:

Business is about to pick up folks. Now remember this is a non title match. Gage Blackwood is not putting the SoHer on the line.

Lance:

Gage Blackwood with his own set of mind games. Trying to unnerve Jay Harvey and win this match before it even starts.

Blackwood makes his way down the ramp staring daggers at Jay Harvey.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing Two Hundred-Twenty Five pounds... he is the current Southern Heritage Champion... GAGE BLACKWOOD!!

Blackwood walks up the steel stairs and gets into the ring. He takes off his Southern Heritage title and raises it in the air, mocking Harvey and this sold out crowd. Gage hands the title over to the time keeper.

DDK:

We are going to see the current Southern Heritage Champion face off with a former Southern Heritage Champion. Harvey is no stranger to the bright lights, Lance.

Lance:

No doubt, Darren. Harvey was born and raised in the wrestling business. Blackwood is the champion and isn't a stranger to high pressure situations.

Referee Navarro comes into the frame and asks Collins if he is ready and then Harvey, cameras switch between the two combatants.

DING! DING!

Gage Blackwood and Jay Harvey square off meeting in the middle of the ring. A Collar and Elbow Tie Up goes the way of Jay Harvey. Blackwood is tossed across the ring to take residence in the corner. Blackwood screams at Hector Navarro for an alleged hair grab by Harvey. Navarro is having none of it. Harvey motions for Blackwood to get to his feet.

Blackwood rises to his feet and quickly puts his body between the ropes to halt the incoming Harvey. Blackwood once again yelling at the Referee to get his opponent back. Harvey puts his arms up as Blackwood waits for him to reach a comfortable distance from him. Blackwood steps out of the corner and the two DEFIANTS circle each other. Harvey slaps at his shoulders as the two eye each other up.

Another Collar and Elbow Tie Up, both men battling for position. Harvey is able to take Blackwood's back but Gage is fighting it. Harvey is able to lift Blackwood into the air just slightly and crash the two down to the mat. Harvey is able to spin to Blackwood's head and execute a Front Facelock. Referee Hector Navarro is right there to make sure the hold is legal and to ask Blackwood if he wants to give up.

DDK:

These two world renowned athletes are feeling each other out.

Lance:

Gage Blackwood trying to break the hands of Jay Harvey loose.

Harvey has the Facelock cinched and Blackwood is nowhere near the ropes. Harvey has his face pressed on Blackwood's back, keeping his weight on him to add more pressure onto the submission. Blackwood's face is red and covered in pain. Blackwood is doing everything to escape but with no success.

Blackwood seems to be making his move. Blackwood is able to power himself and Harvey up off the mat. Blackwood takes the two back towards the nearby ropes. He is able to break himself free and send Harvey across the ring. Harvey hits the ropes and comes back at Blackwood and gets his leg swept from underneath him. Blackwood goes for the pin.

ONE!

Harvey quickly kicks out and as the two get to their feet, Harvey pulls Blackwood's legs out from underneath him and

he goes for the cover.

ONE!

Blackwood kicks out and rolls to the outside of the ring. The crowd is all over him and Harvey is standing firm in the middle of the ring. Hector Navarro begins his Ten Count and cameras pick up Gage Blackwood fuming on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Nice back and forth to start out this contest.

Lance:

Blackwood needs to get himself composed and not let Jay Harvey get into his head.

Blackwood gets into it with a fan along ringside, getting those close by a kick. Blackwood rolls into the ring, stops and immediately rolls back out. The crowd is not loving the tactics of the Southern Heritage Champion.

Jay Harvey begins clapping for Blackwood and waves for him to come into the ring. The two keep jawing with each other as Hector Navarro restarts his Ten Count. Harvey moves close to the ring ropes and sits on the middle rope, inviting Blackwood back into the ring. The crowd is getting loud.

Referee Navarro pulls at Jay Harvey to give Blackwood space and Blackwood keeps talking shit to Harvey. A fan behind Blackwood has a sign that reads "BLACKWOOD SUX", this catches the Southern Heritage Champion's eye.

Gage Blackwood:

Learn how to spell!

Blackwood finally makes his way back into the ring via the apron. He is still slow to make his entrance, telling Navarro to keep Harvey back. Blackwood is back in and the fans are really letting him have it. The two stars circle around each other once again.

The two meet in another Collar and Elbow Tie Up with Harvey once again gaining the advantage in the exchange. Harvey moves the two toward the corner, pushing Blackwood back first into the turnbuckles. Referee Hector Navarro instructs Harvey to break the hold, Harvey backs away a few steps causing Gage Blackwood to move forward, now face to face with Harvey.

DDK:

Blackwood and Harvey have some history, Lance.

Lance:

You might remember it was Gage Blackwood who bumped into Harvey causing him to spill Frappe' on his leather shoes.

Blackwood and Harvey share words until Blackwood puts his finger right in Harvey's face. Harvey brushes Blackwood's hand away only for Blackwood to come right back. Harvey is noticeably aggravated with Blackwood and smacks his hand away once more. Blackwood tries again but Harvey grabs Blackwood's hand and twists it getting great pleasure from The Faithful and great pain from Blackwood.

Harvey gives Blackwood another piece of his mind as he keeps wrenching Blackwood's hand back. Harvey lands some stiff looking elbows to Blackwood's chin and then Irish Whips him across the ring. Blackwood snaps off the ropes and is caught flush by a beautiful Jay Harvey Dropkick. Blackwood is right back up and is Hip Tossed back down to the mat.

Blackwood jolts back to his feet and is sent crashing to the mat via a Shin Breaker. Blackwood is super close to the ropes and Harvey sees an opportunity to end the contest. Harvey hits the ropes going for his finishing Knee Strike but

Blackwood rolls under the bottom rope. The nearby Faithful members give Blackwood an earful. Navarro begins his Ten Count on the Southern Heritage Champion.

ONE!

TWO!

Jay Harvey rolls under the bottom rope and is coming for Gage Blackwood. Blackwood catches Harvey on his tail and makes his way back into the ring. Harvey slides under the bottom rope and is instantly attacked by Blackwood's boots. Blackwood is on the attack and landing stomps to Harvey's shoulders and back.

Blackwood snaps to the mat dropping an elbow to the lower back of Jay Harvey. He gets right back up only to land another elbow to Harvey's lower back. Harvey tries to get up to his feet but is cut off by a Blackwood Snapmere. Blackwood keeps attacking and now has Harvey in a Chinlock. Blackwood jams his knee into Harvey's back and rib area. He continues the assault as he pulls back on Harvey's head and chin.

Harvey is in pain and trying to break Blackwood's hold. Blackwood slams his knee into Harvey's ribs and pulls back on Harvey's head and chin even more. Harvey is reaching out for the ropes but they are not close enough for him to grab. Hector Navarro is right there to see if Harvey quits or taps. Harvey's face is red and full of agony.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood is looking to get Jay Harvey to tap right here.

Lance:

Harvey has nowhere to go.

Harvey is breathing heavy and spitting when he exhales. The crowd is clapping as one trying to get "The Natural One" back into this contest. Harvey is feeling the power from the crowd and is slowly but surely making his way up off the mat. Blackwood is trying to keep the hold on and is showing signs of aggravation with The Faithful and Harvey.

Harvey is up and lands a stiff elbow into Blackwood's gut and another and another. Harvey is free and Blackwood throws a wide right fist. Harvey ducks the swing which has caused Blackwood to turn completely around. Harvey out of instinct hits a Neckbreaker that sends Blackwood to the mat. The crowd is on their feet as the match is now even.

Harvey is down and grabs at his back in an attempt to alleviate the pain from the previous attack. Blackwood is holding his neck and rolling on the mat. Referee Hector Navarro has begun his Standing Ten Count on both men.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Both men are stirring as Navarro continues to count. Navarro doesn't get far before both men are up. Harvey is first to his feet but Blackwood is right behind him. Harvey lands a couple of forearm shots to Blackwood's neck and upper back before going for an Irish Whip. It's reversed!

Harvey is sent into the ropes and is caught flush via a Blackwood Spinning Heel Kick. Harvey is back down on the mat and Blackwood is back on the offensive. Blackwood grabs for Harvey's head, bringing up to his feet. Blackwood gets Harvey crashing to the mat by way of a Running Bulldog. Blackwood goes for the Lateral Press.

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

Harvey just gets his shoulder up off the mat. The crowd is on Harvey's side and it's getting to Blackwood. Blackwood is growing more and more frustrated with the DEFIANCE crowd. Blackwood doesn't waste much time before getting Harvey back up and putting him back down this time with a DDT.

Lance:

Gage Blackwood doesn't seem to like how The Faithful are cheering for Harvey and not him.

DDK:

Blackwood claims to be doing what he does for the fans. That he's the champion they need.

Blackwood is looking to end this match by going up to the top rope. Blackwood is serenaded in boos as he makes his way up the turnbuckles. Blackwood does a little pose before leaping off.. **HARVEY GETS HIS BOOT UP!** Gage Blackwood smashes right into the size Twelve of Jay Harvey. Blackwood falls to the mat and Harvey gets over to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

BLACKWOOD PUTS HIS FOOT ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

The crowd lets out a large "Oh" as Blackwood keeps the match alive. Harvey is chuckling to himself as we see the sweat roll down his face. Jay Harvey is moving slowly, the pain of the match is finally setting in. Harvey tries to bring Blackwood to his feet but Blackwood drops back down like dead weight.

Harvey musters whatever he can to get Blackwood up. Blackwood was playing possum. Blackwood takes over and in one swift clean motion picks Jay Harvey up and puts him down on his head with The Midlothian Hangover Brainbuster. Blackwood goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NOOO!

The crowd is going crazy as Jay Harvey is able to get his shoulder up! Blackwood is getting more enraged. Blackwood is in Harvey's ear as the crowd is getting louder. Blackwood pulls Harvey back to his feet but Harvey can't keep his vertical position.

Harvey drops to his knees and Blackwood can't hold back his frustrations. Blackwood lands a stiff fist to the forehead of Harvey. Harvey snaps his head and stares right at Blackwood. Blackwood is caught off guard and goes for another fist and Harvey is fuming. Blackwood goes for another but his fist is caught!

Harvey gets back to his feet and twists Blackwood's hand around. Harvey unloads a series of right hands on Blackwood. Harvey is like a man possessed! Blackwood drops down to the mat and gets back up and is met with an Exploder Suplex that sends him crashing to the mat. Blackwood is able to get back up and rushes Harvey.

DDK:

Blackwood is- **SHOT OF REALITY! HARVEY HIT THE SHOT OF REALITY!**

Lance:

Harvey with the cover!

The Single Knee Facebreaker puts Blackwood down and it looks like for good. The crowd is on their feet and counts along with Navarro.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by Pin Fall... "THHHHHEEEEE NAAATURAAAAL OONNEEE" THEEEEE JAAAAAY HAAARVEY!

The crowd erupts as Harvey agonizes in pain. He lays on Blackwood's chest barely able to do anything let alone move. Navarro raises Harvey's hand in victory as the fans in the Wrestle-Plex are going wild.

DDK:

What a match! Both men put it all on the line.

Lance:

Darren, Jay Harvey is now Two and O against Gage Blackwood here in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

This wasn't for the Southern Heritage Championship, if it was we'd have a new champion.

A video highlight package hits your screen.

DDK:

Jay Harvey controlled this match in the early stages and then Gage Blackwood took over.

Lance:

Gage Blackwood thought he had Jay Harvey here with The Midlothian Hangover but Jay Harvey was just able to get his shoulder off the mat. Then Jay Harvey seemed to flip a switch and put Gage Blackwood away with the Shot of Reality.

The scene goes back to the ring where Blackwood sits up, looking at the referee with wide eyes. THE Jay Harvey is in the middle of the ring, arms raised and heads to the second turnbuckle in order to bask in the victory with The Faithful.

Lance:

You would think this has to put Harvey in line for a SOHER match now! No matter what Gage says!

Harvey drops down from the buckle and then stares directly at Blackwood. It looks like he doesn't even want to waste his breath. Harvey brushes The SOHER off and exits the ring. He continues to celebrate with the fans as he marches up the ramp.

By now, Blackwood is on a knee. The crowd has come-to that he's conscious and still inside the ring. They begin another chant.

"YOU LOST TWICE!"

"YOU LOST TWICE!"

"YOU LOST TWICE!"

And then...

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Gage gets on his feet. He stands, dead center in the ring, breathing deeply as The Faithful go on and on.

Then, from the rampway, Blackwood looks over. Jay Harvey is still there, seemingly occastrating the crowd to continue their chant in the direction of the champion.

Blackwood waves a hand through his long brown hair but his hand is trembling with so much anger it can barely push it away from his face. He shouts in Harvey's direction but whatever he says can't even be heard over the people.

DDK:

Gage's head is going to explode.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Blackwood's eyes grow wide. It's almost as if they will bulge out of his head. Harvey is still on the top of the ramp, loving every minute of it as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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WORLD TOUR: PT 3

Up a flight of stairs goes our reigning champion. Mikey is climbing at a furious pace. The camera has a hard time keeping up. With his brief/display case at his side Unlikely mutters to himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

Mute freaks, Big Boi's, people literally changing in the hallways. I don't know what the hell is going on but I cannot get to my sweet suite fast enough! Plush couches, cold frapps, and safety naps!. I can watch the rest of the show on my 72 inch television. Get waited on hand and foot.... I think I even saw a guy missing both of his front teeth! These are my people!?

He rounds a corner in an obviously sealed off area from fans. He can finally see his suite down the hall. Home sweet home. Unlikely holds the FIST up and looks at it as he walks. Smiling at the gold that stares back up at him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't worry, I won't let them get anywhere near you! We've only got a few steps to go. Thankfully they are steps in my new Mikey Money sneakers by Morovo shoes! I mean, who cares that they are made in a country I can't pronounce. I'm sure the child labor laws are very fair.

He gets to the door and pulls out his keycard. As he swipes it the light turns green and he's able to pull open the glass door. That's when he notices a piece of paper taped to the door. Immediately thinking it's a trap, he looks both ways down the hall. Nothing. He pulls the paper up to read it. It doesn't say much.

“8-24-2020

Acts of DEFIANCE

Finally, It's going down.“

Unlikely looks at the paper suspiciously once more. He crumples it up and tosses it over his shoulder. Entering the suite he makes sure the door locks securely behind him.

LIMIT BREAKER

Backstage...

Angel Trinidad:

And you see the way I bounced that fat fucker off the canvas? That'll teach The Fattest Boy to mess with REAL men in DEFIANCE.

Aleczonder:

Hell yeah, mate!

Heading down the hallway behind them is Scrow with his head down and shaking it side to side mumbling to himself in a whisper.

Scrow:

Future, How could Scrow listen to that nonsense? Lance Warner, you are a fucking moron!

Scrow continues his trip down the hallway he passes by Team Hoss, who he can clearly hear them talking about him.

Angel Trinidad:

Ugh... see this fucking guy? Why exactly is he even here? He can't even hang with the likes of that sack of shit Dex Joy.

Scrow blocking most of the view of the camera with a shot of his face, but Team Hoss can clearly be seen in the background amusing themselves before they notice the sullen Scrow. Angel scoffs. Aleczonder laughs a bit. Scrow's eyes widen just hearing Joy's name a man he has had many battles with in the past. Scrow turns around and walks to Team Hoss who both uncross their arms both with a mischievous look across their faces. Scrow stares up at Angel Trinidad and then toward Aleczonder The Great.

Aleczonder:

Oh look, Angel, it's little Scrow!

He approaches him and laughs.

Aleczonder The Great:

How about you get lost, wanker? This hallway and DEFIANCE is for REAL men, not whiny little drunk emo kids.

Scrow glares at the two big men.

Scrow:

You two seem to have a problem with Scrow. Here is a thought how about you two jugheads say it to his face.

Angel crosses his arms tilting his head upward with a smirk, Aleczonder responds.

Aleczonder:

What that for half a year you have been here you have proven one thing.

Angel looks over at Aleczonder.

Angel Trinidad:

What's that, Alec?

Aleczonder:

That you're a sorry little tosser! You couldn't even beat Douglas, Burns, Joy, and Jay Harvey. Hell, you even threw yourself to the wolves and took a pinfall for the sake of Carny Sinclair!? Finally, you lose to a guy like...Nicky Synz, and now publicly apologizing to Carla...You truly are a waste of a roster spot in DEFIANCE, mate! You're garbage!

Angel continues laughing at the burns and then turns back to Scrow.

Angel Trinidad:

Maybe you should go back to mixing bottles in a lab. Clearly, your choice of new professions is nothing but a big failure.

Team Hoss reply in unison.

Team Hoss:

Like you!

Angel and Aleczander laugh and that's about all that Scrow can take. Scrow looks down and to the right for a minute and quickly looks at Aleczander and spits the yellow mist into Aleczander's face!

DDK:

Scrow just blinded Aleczander! Look at this he is going after Angel right now!

Angel quickly attacks Scrow as he fights back while Aleczander shouts in the background.

Aleczander:

My eyes!

Lance:

Say what you will about Scrow, he may not be able to finish a match but he appears to be a sound strategist. He knew the odds were not in his favor and he made them in his favor.

Scrow is laying in his signature blows and has Angel reeling for a bit before Angel knee lifts Scrow stopping him cold. He grabs the back of his shirt and hurls him up onto a table with his back smacking against the concrete wall. Angel quickly tries to get his composure. In the background, Aleczander is stumbling around and finally grabs someone who just so happens to have a water bottle in their hand. Scrow notices it and leaps off the table and jumps on six-foot ten Angel Trinidad. He clearly realizes the odds are going to change quickly if Aleczander can get his sight back. Scrow tries to choke out Angel who is struggling to get Scrow off his back. The chokehold is locked in tight and Angel is fraying around desperately. The more he struggles the quicker he loses his oxygen.

DDK:

Indeed Lance, but I think he knows that if Aleczander can get his sight back this little strategy of his is going to go south.

Lance:

Darren and that's exactly what he is trying to do keep it one on one. Angel is fading here and Alec is trying to get his sight back!

In the background Aleczander is pouring the water bottle over his eyes, shouting in anger. Angel is down to one knee. In the background, Aleczander quickly shakes his head back and forth rubbing his eyes. The camera shows the back of Scrow blurry before showing Aleczander making his way to his partner. Angel is on all fours and Aleczander quickly pulls Scrow off the back of Angel who gasps for air and coughing while Scrow staggers to his feet. He unloads on the still somewhat blinded Aleczander with a flurry of kicks and backhands. One backhand spins Aleczander around and suddenly before Scrow can lunge with his next attack Aleczander hits him with a vicious lariat. The sound of the back of Scrow's head slamming into the concrete floor sends a chill to The Faithful watching.

DDK:

Man Scrow hit that pavement hard!

Lance:

He almost had both men taken out. Team Hoss now look like their ready to murder someone here.

Aleczander:

...Angel...grr

Aleczander clearly still frustrated about his vision, Angel appears to have recovered.

Angel:

Where is that scrub!

Team Hoss picks up Scrow who is bleeding from the back of the head. The two double team him in a gang-style mentality beating him to the floor once more than stomping on him. Angel walks away and pushes all the stuff on a table off it. Team Hoss picks up a prone Scrow and lift him up into a Double Powerbomb through the table! Aleczander continues to rub his eyes, while Angel holds his throat.

Angel:

Nice try loser...{cough} but once more your laying on your back.

Aleczander:

[Growling] Like usual!

The two walk off wounded but still standing tall.

DDK:

Scrow tried to hold his own, but it did not last very long. Aleczander was lucky that stagehand had a bottle of water.

Lance:

First Team Hoss picks a fight with Dex Joy and now it would seem Scrow. These two have become a bunch of bullies backstage as of late.

ACT I

We return to the arena where its pitch black, but you can hear DDK and Lance in the background.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, do not adjust your television sets.

Lance:

Or your computers.

DDK:

It appears that we have momentarily lost power here in the Wrestle-Plex. I'm told our astute team of engineers is on it, making sure we get things back up and running pronto.

Lance:

There was a northwestern front that brought in some severe thunderstorms up the coast and down the valley throughout the day. Highs in the 70s, almost 100 percent humidity.

DDK:

Bare with us, Faithful. We shall restore the lights shortly.

Lance:

We didn't even have a chance to react to what we just saw, Darren. Scrow almost had Team Hoss by himself!

The arena flashes off and on, after each flash it seems thunder sounds echo after it. DDK tries to respond but he clearly is not focused on his train of thought.

DDK:

Yea...Scrow...

Another flash happens and then suddenly wind sound echos throughout the arena. Even The Faithful are baffled, noticed only between brief glimpses of flashing light.

DDK:

I am so sorry, Faithful. This is not like our technicians. We certainly have competent techs. Lance, what's going on? This outage is really odd, don't you think?

Another flash and the wind sound seems to be growing in vibrations.

Lance:

Yeah, it's almost like the storm outside is in the actual building.

The thunder gets louder and the lights flash quicker.

DDK:

Lance look at the DEFiaTron!

Almost like a scene out of the movie Twister, a tornado is quickly seen in the flashes of light on the Tron. Slowly getting close, the effects continue to get louder.

Lance:

Ok, this clearly is not a power outage caused by the slipstream...what exactly is this?

The tornado covers the entire Tron spinning faster and faster, along with the flashing lights then suddenly.....

[cartoon spit sound]

SPLAT! x2

The lights come back on and in the center of the ring is...

DDK:

Oh, you have got to be kidding me..... ITS THE TOYBOX!

Lance:

How exactly did they end up in a tornado? What kind of entrance was that!?

Jestal is on the back of his neck in the corner of the ring, with his feet dangling in front of his face. Dandelion is leaning in the corner with the upper half of her body leaning in-between the top and second rope. Her sitting position has her lower legs bent outward.

DDK:

I can see humor has not left these two. It seems the Toybox has returned to DEFIANCE?!?

Both Toybox members are soaking wet, Dandelion is the first to wake up, as she pulls herself to her feet. She looks around bewildered, most of The Faithful are cheering the return of the former tag champions. She walks over to Jestal and pulls his feet forward. Jestal lands awkwardly and quickly holds onto his man parts. Dandy puts her hands over her mouth. Jestal clearly is awake by his sister's actions. She helps her brother up and he is holding his manhood on the way up. He finally gathers himself and shakes his head, the clown now has blue slicked back dreadlocks just to mid-back behind his head.

Lance:

I don't think she meant to do that?

DDK:

Clearly, you have not watched these two before.

Jestal finally gathers himself and looks around just as bewildered as his sister. The two quickly exit the ring and continue to look around almost like they have no idea how they got here. They climb over the barricade and stare around in The Faithful as those closest to them try to touch them. They head through the stands and vanish into the concession area.

DDK:

Something tells me we have not seen the last of The ToyBox. The tag team division is going to get a wet willy if these two are indeed back in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

It sure will be some wild television. Our main event is up next Darren, as we have one-half of the tag team champs, Minute, taking on Malak Garland of the Comments Section in one on one action. Good god, The Toybox meets The Comments Section....imagine if that happens?

DDK:

We may very well find out Lance. That being said, we're going to take one last quick break to make sure we've regained control of our electrical systems. Remember, up next for us is ACTS of DEFIANCE!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020



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

MINUTE vs. MALAK GARLAND

Proceedings return to ringside as DDK and Lance prepare for the main event of the evening.

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the final match tonight and it should be quite a doozy.

Lance:

It'll be Malak Garland's first time in singles competition in his life but more importantly, he has threatened Sky High Titans with a secret he promises to reveal if he wins.

DDK:

I don't know what to be more worried about, Lance. The secret Malak claims he has or the fact of him wrestling in the main event for his first singles match going to his head.

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

On cue, The Comments Section populates on the stage. Malak looks confident and focused with Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames lingering behind him.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the main event of the evening and it is set for one fall and a 20 minute time limit or TV time remaining. Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, MALAK GAAAAARLAND!

Malak mouths the word "main" repeatedly as he marches towards the ring, confirming one of DDK's fears. Once inside the ropes, Malak rubs his taped wrists as he tries to stay loose.

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

The stage and ring lights dazzle as the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, Uriel Cortez and Minute walk out on stage. The crowd ROARS at the sight of the best tag team in the promotion. Not far behind them are Thomas and Junior Keeling, as proud and professional looking as ever. The Sky High Titans soak in the cheers before heading to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by The Family Keeling and one half of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, Uriel Cortez, residing in El Paso, Texas, he is the other half of the Tag Team Champions, MIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINUTE!

Minute looks just as confident as Malak as he clutches both tag team titles over his shoulders.

DDK:

Minute carrying the Tag Titles as if sending a message to Malak that he isn't scared. Nor should he be.

Minute gathers himself in the ring and then hands off the two belts to the Keelings below. Cortez holds some of the other gold.

Lance:

This truly has a big fight feel written all over it.

Cyrus and Teresa stick to one side of the ring, opposite to where Uriel and the Keelings are.

DING! DING!

With both competitors in the ring, the referee quickly gets between them with arms extended. Malak chests Minute and

mouths some incoherent babble as Minute isn't afraid to verbally dish it back in Spanish. The crowd noise begins to rise in anticipation of a brawl breaking out.

DDK:

Garland getting right into the face of Minute.

Minute pushes Garland away who comes back with a clothesline that misses. Minute ducks the Airplane Arm Clothesline and taps his opponent on the back of the head with a soccer style toe kick. Malak goes down immediately.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Garland BARELY kicks out after the hot pin as the crowd thought it was over.

Lance:

Malak is already reeling! He scurries back into the corner and here comes Minute!

As the leader of The Comments Section stumbles back, Minute nails Garland with a Running Leaping Kick in the corner! After the big blow, Garland falls to the canvas as Minute sprints up to the top rope. Minute then looks out to the crowd and then RUNS across the ropes until he leaps off!

DDK:

RUNNING TOP ROPE SPLASH! I've never seen a move like that before!

The crowd gasps in amazement as Garland coughs and flails on the ground in massive amounts of pain. Minute goes for the pin once more.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

This time, Malak is able to kick out with a bit more time to spare.

Lance:

Not only is Minute all business tonight but he is certainly firing on all cylinders!

Minute latches in a grounded headlock as both men eventually rise to a vertical base. Garland escapes the clutch and throws Minute into the ropes. He tries to deliver a shoulder block but Minute is too quick and rolls him up once more with a modified School Boy!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Even though he kicks out quickest this time, Malak rolls out of the ring and finds his teammates for support. His breathing is super heavy as he clearly can't keep up with the superior Minute. Cyrus tries to calm his partner by gently patting him on the back. Minute doesn't allow for any recovery time as he bounces off the ropes and no-hands

somersault dives over the ropes, crashing into all three members of The Comments Section! The crowd is left in awe at the aerial array.

DDK:

All hell has broken loose here! Minute has just taken out all three Keyboard Warriors!

A shot of Cortez and the Keelings pumping their fists interjects as the fans chant 'HOLY SH*T' over and over.

Lance:

Minute is ON FIRE here.

Minute rises up, clutching his ribs as the move took a bit out of him too but he is quick to grab Malak by the hair and toss him back inside the ring. Malak somehow gets to a knee and drops an axe handle smash across Minute's exposed back upon sliding into the ring. Malak seizes the momentum and drops a few stomps and knees to keep Minute down.

DDK:

Malak mounting some offense now. Let's see if he can keep Minute down.

After Malak drops an elbow, he pulls his tinier counterpart up, only to down him again with a solid Russian Leg Sweep. He goes for the cover this time.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Minute raises a shoulder in time. Malak doesn't like that as he viciously punches Minute in his masked face. He continues throwing punches to the head of Minute until the official orders him to stop. The two lean on each other until they're both standing again. Malak gut kicks Minute and then delivers a release brainbuster. The Mouthpiece is panting but stays on the attack.

Lance:

Malak has to find a way to keep Minute grounded if he has any chance of securing victory. We've already seen Minute's unmatched speed on display.

Malak laces the back of Minute's head with a leg drop. However, he lazily leaves his leg there while the referee counts the fall...

ONE!

TWO!

Minute kicks out!

DDK:

Big kickout by Minute! Malak is trying to keep the pressure on! He apparently wants this secret to get out as well as the fact that a win here could absolutely put The Comments Section in contention for the Unified Tags!

Malak grabs Minute and then tries to get him back up for a Vertical Suplex. He hoists Minute, but the mighty luchador slips behind him. When he lands on his feet, The TJ Tornado kicks away at the leg of Malak! Garland winces in pain when Minute heads to the ropes, but on the way back, Malak tumbles to his feet and connects with a Superkick that echoes to the top of the Wrestle-Plex! He throws himself on top of Minute quickly again!

ONE!

TWO...

NO!

Malak can't believe it!

DDK:

No way he kicked out of that! I think Malak is trying to end this!

He tries to get him up in the air for some sort of slam, but before he can, Minute spins around and DRIVES him down out of desperation with the Eso Es Todo!

DDK:

Great counter with the modified Tornado DDT! Now both men are down!

Cyrus and Teresa slam the apron on their side as Cortez and the Keelings do the same on theirs. The crowd begins to clap along as both Minute and Malak Garland begin to stir.

Lance:

Whoever gets up first will surely grab the momentum!

They seemingly both get up at the same time so it's back to square one. Malak misses with another attempt of the Airplane Arm Clothesline and continues to run into the ropes. When he gets back to Minute, he receives a swift toe kick! He continues to kick away on the bigger Malak Garland and then tries a whip, only to get it reversed. Minute then runs back up the ropes, then comes back with a big Springboard Corkscrew Senton! Minute then gets back to his feet and has the crowd roaring with approval!

Lance:

What a response by Minute! The popularity of The Sky High Titans has certainly been something!

Minute throws a few forearms to the head of Malak and he gets it worse when he gets blistered with a few hard kicks to the chest! Minute then hits the ropes, but when he comes back... SLING BLADE BY MALAK!

Malak then quickly tries to go for a stacked cover on Minute and kicks his legs frantically with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

What a counter by Malak! He almost got him there!

Malak stands up and leans against the ropes. Once again, he tries for the Airplane Arm Clothesline, but Minute ducks! He continues going into the ropes when The TJ Tornado surprises him. He gets propelled right into a Springboard Tornado DDT!

INTERCEPTOR!

DDK:

Minute just PLANTED Malak!

Sensing he needs to close this one out imminently, Minute wills himself to the top turnbuckle once more. All eyes are on him as he ascends and leaps off, connecting with Phoenix-Style 450 Splash!

MINUTE DETAIL!

Minute stays over Malak for the cover as the fans chant along with the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

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

'RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!'

The Faithful go wild. Cortez slams the apron in celebration as Thomas and Junior embrace. A shot of Cyrus and Teresa looking down in defeat tells the story of the other side.

DEFIANTLY DECEPTIVE

The sound of the bell has yet to stop ringing as Malak Garland sits up off the canvas with a sourly disgusted look on his face. The Faithful continue to cheer as Minute gets his arm raised in victory, a decisive one at that. Thoughts of how this outcome is even possible rushes through Malak's erratic mind. His hands shake uncontrollably. He lost fair and square.

DDK:

Minute picks up the MASSIVE victory and you know what that means, Lance?

Lance:

It means Malak has to be a man of his word and not share whatever sort of secret he claims he stumbled on!

But Malak isn't your ordinary tender-spirited snowflake, no. Not even in crushing defeat can this Keyboard King be trusted.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner--

In a temper tantrum of a rage, the Mouthpiece darts out of the ring and snatches the microphone out of Quimbey's hands.

Malak Garland:

No! No. No. No. No. NO! NO! NO! NO! CUT THE MUSIC!

Malak slices the air with his arms as if his signals are enough to stop everything. The music does eventually die down as a few people in the crowd begin to chant.

'YOU ARE RATTLED!'

CLAP, CLAP-CLAP, CLAP, CLAP

'YOU ARE RATTLED!'

CLAP, CLAP-CLAP, CLAP, CLAP

'YOU ARE RATTLED!'

CLAP, CLAP-CLAP, CLAP, CLAP

Malak Garland:

I AM NOT RATTLED!

He says, clearly rattled as he runs his free hand, still shaking, through his hair. He repositions himself in the arms of Cyrus Bates who gives a scowling look to the Faithful.

Malak Garland:

Y-you know, I was originally not going to share the secret I found if I lost but I changed my mind!

'BOOOOOOOOOOOO!'

The shot switches to Minute who is surrounded by all his associates in the ring. Minute looks down at Malak and shakes his head in frustration while The Family Keeling exchange concerned glances. Uriel Cortez remains stone-faced but he balls up a fist.

Malak Garland:

Are you ready for this chat bomb? This is the ultimate *comment!* I hacked into emails and text messages between Thomas and Junior and let me tell you, I unearthed some very interesting stuff. Particularly degrading Minute as the weak link of the group.

The rather bold claims quell the vocal crowd.

Malak Garland:

The messages were about how Minute lost the titles in the first place and how Uriel was clearly wasting his time being his friend. Don't believe me? Look at this.

From within the safety of Cyrus' large arms, Malak points to the DEFiatron. A handful of email and text message images appear on the screen with information that confirms the Mouthpiece's claims.

A few text messages float over the screen now, a noticeable one from May 6th...

DDK:

Wait... that was the night after they lost the Unified Tag Team Titles to the PCPs...

Lance:

What even is this?

The text strings are the focus on the DEFiatron.

JUNIOR KEELING: I can't believe we got screwed! Can't believe that little bastard let himself fall for what PCPs did out there.

THOMAS KEELING: We all got fooled, son. But you're right... that was on Minute. He dropped the ball.

JUNIOR KEELING: What happens now? Do we cut bait like we originally wanted?

THOMAS KEELING: Well...

And then another text screenshot, dated May 8th appears. Two days after the loss of those titles.

JUNIOR KEELING: Dad... I've been looking at BRAZEN. I think there's a few people we ought to take a look at. DEFIANCE management told us they'd strip the titles from PCP, but I think we could make a bigger statement if we get Uriel a new partner that won't fall for that kind of bullshit.

THOMAS KEELING: Son...

JUNIOR KEELING: You know it's true, Dad. The PCPs stole his mask, but he's the one who put himself in that position in the first place. We find Uriel a new partner and we go for those belts. What do you say?

THOMAS KEELING: ...Send me what you got. I won't make any promises.

DDK:

No... that can't be.

Malak can't help but allow a shit eating grin to overtake his face before him and his fellow Keyboard Warriors slither away, leaving the crowd in shock and awe. Uriel Cortez looks at Thomas Keeling and then Junior, then back at Minute... who glares a hole right through the Keelings.

Lance:

I... I don't see them denying it, Darren.

As Cortez appears to be taken aback by the messages that were seen, Junior Keeling shakes his head and points at Uriel Cortez while Thomas tries to get between the two.

Junior Keeling:

Minute...

But before he can say anything, Minute shoves him back!

DDK:

What... what is going on?

Thomas continues trying to reason with Minute.

Thomas Keeling:

Young man, look. What happened up there...?

Minute SLAPS Thomas Keeling across the face and staggers backwards before he throws his set of the Unified Tag Team Titles down at the feet of his managers. Minute rolls out of the ring and then heads to the back, storming off.

DDK:

Malak Garland is a piece of garbage for what he did out here. He went back on his word... but I thought The Family Keeling were on the up and up? Were they seriously considering replacing Minute after that loss to the PCP?

Lance:

I... I don't know.

The crowd JEERS as Minute leaves, rushing right past The Comments Section who have actually been watching from the side of the stage the whole time, like a pack of rodents indulging in the firestorm they started. Thomas holds his face while Junior Keeling heads to the back and tries to go after Minute. Uriel shoots a death filled glare up the stage at Malak Garland...

Smiling a sinister grin.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.