

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!

**WELCOME BACK HARVEY
READY PLAYER ONE
CONOR FUSE = CONFUSED
DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON!
MIKEY: MOOOOONNNNEEY PLEASE!?
MEMBER THE INVASION?
I MEMBER
NA NA NA NA BATMAN
BURNS IT DOWN, BAY-BAY!
IT BURNS WHEN I PEE!
GAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
THE VIRUS IS REAL!
CONOR STOLE MY CONTROLLER
THE PRINCESS IS IN ANOTHER CASTLE
MEMORY CARD FULL
NO CONVERSATION IN SIGN CHAT!
TELL EM STEVE DAVE!
I SAW THE SIGN CHAT
IT'S CENTER!!!!!! SPEAK AMERICAN!
IT'S THE LUCKY SEVENS!!! NETFLIX SOUND
6 SEASONS AND A MOVIE
IS "THE CAPE" STILL A TV SHOW?**

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

Lance:

Incredibly glad to be here, Darren! Just to think ... thirty-nine episodes ago, we were on the brink of extinction!

DDK:

What a difference a year makes! Ladies and gentlemen this show is SO jammed packed we have no option but to just GET RIGHT TO IT!

Lance:

Let's go!

LUCKY SEVENS vs. GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

DDK:

Lets, Lance! After what we have been seeing out of The Lucky Sevens quest to become the best of the tag team division in DEFIANCE Wrestling, I bet they're happy to have an actual match.

Lance:

They've been involved in these wacky adventures with the Pop Culture Phenoms where they wanted to trade a guest spot in ... whatever we saw with the PCP in that Tiger Queen movie in return for a match with one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's best tag teams. That didn't pan out, but Gentleman's Agreement seemed to take umbrage with the fact the twin giants were having fun instead of wrestling.

DDK:

Well I think that Gentleman's Agreement may have gotten more than they bargained for tonight. They are technicians against powerhouses so we'll have to see if they can pull off the win tonight. I also understand that after the brothers visited Netflix headquarters earlier this week to hear this deal that Mason Luck announced, they'll be addressing that later this evening. But first they'll be looking to handle business in the ring!

Quimbey:

The next match is a tag match and is for one fall! Introducing first at a combined weight of four-hundred and sixty pounds. They are Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe! They are The Gentleman's Agreement!

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The older technician Lord Sewell and the ritzy kid OTM get some jeers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and doesn't pay any attention to them as he walks on down to the ring. Sewell wipes his feet on the ring apron and then he makes Monroe do the same before he makes his student hold the ropes open for him. OTM does this and Lord Sewell enters the ring first. Both men are now inside and they await their massive opponents. The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jackpot ...

7 7 7

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

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

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Both giants step over the ropes but they are not expecting their opponents to make the first move but they do! OTM hits a drop kick to Max when he tries to enter the ring and sends him flying off the apron. Meanwhile Sewell goes for the eyes of Mason Luck and rakes them.

DDK:

So much for Gentleman's Agreement living up to their name! They attack at the bell which I think might be the best chance that these two have to win!

DING DING DING!!!

Lord Sewell and OTM do not wait long for the bell to ring and it is Mason Luck finding himself on the receiving end of both of Gentleman's Agreement attacking them. Sewell and Monroe are both hitting Mason with everything they have. The official tells OTM or Sewell to leave the ring at once or they will both be disqualified. OTM wants the chance to prove himself so Lord Sewell returns to his corner. Oliver uses some of that training that he has received from BRAZEN and from his trainer and uses uppercut forearms on Mason.

Lance:

This is a real massive opportunity for Gentleman's Agreement tonight! Mason and Max Luck are thus far undefeated as a team and in singles in DEFIANCE Wrestling and this would do wonders for their careers.

DDK:

OTM staying on Mason with those forearm uppercuts. He's not letting up.

Monroe grabs onto the leg of Mason and looks like he wants to try a leg whip but Mason pie-faces him out of the corner. Monroe gets back up again and he tries to go for the leg once again but Big Mase isn't having any of that and slams OTM's face into his knee. He gets rocked from one blow and then Mason hits the ropes to knock him down with a big shoulder. Mason reaches over and makes the tag to the returning Max Luck who was just coming back around after the attack earlier. Both brothers shoot OTM into the ropes and run him down with a double shoulder. They both pose for the crowd with some flexing and get the crowd going!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are looking good right now after a rocky start!

Lance:

And now Max is all over Oliver.

He picks OTM off the mat and drops him with a big slam, then he gets taken up and then slammed into the mat with a big gut wrench into another slam. Max is looking around to all sides of the crowd and then makes a sound like the Netflix intro -- given the brothers recent adventures -- and then he hits the ropes and drops the big Box Car Elbow!

DDK:

Box Car elbow hits!

One ...

Two ...

But it is Oliver with the shoulder up first.

Lance:

Max and Mason looking good right now!

Lord Sewell is concerned for the well being of his pupil now getting picked up and then put back into the corner of the twins. Mason get a tag from his brother and then the two pick up Monroe. They hold him up in a double vertical suplex and then turn it into a toss across the ring!

DDK:

Wow! There goes Monroe! He didn't even have to pay for that flight!

Mason and Max double high five and then Max goes back to his corner so that Mason can try and pin OTM.

One ...

Two ...

But it is Lord Sewell to the rescue by elbowing Mason's back. He throws blow after blow after blow onto Mason's back and then stands up to stomp him while he is down. The official orders him to go back to his corner.

DDK:

Wow look at Lord Sewell! He sees this opportunity to win and won't pass it up!

He even goes after Mason's eyes and rakes them both which gets the official on him again that he's about to be disqualified. Lord Sewell backs away and as Mason hobbles back up and grabs his face, Oliver has managed to get up to take the leg out from Mason with a drop kick behind him. Mason has been brought down and he makes a tag to Lord Sewell who is finally in legally ... and then he goes right back to clawing Mason's eye!

Lance:

Lord Sewell better be careful or he's going to get disqualified!

DDK:

I think so!

Lord Sewell goes for the neck with a cravate and then hits knees to the face of Mason. After several more knees land, Lord Sewell continues his hold on the neck and then puts Mason down with a DDT on the canvas. Max Luck is watching his brother get picked apart by the two men. Lord Sewell has tagged to Oliver Tarquin Monroe and then he leaps and hits a spring board drop kick as Mason tries to stand. Mason gets down again and now that he is on his way back, he goes for the cover on Mason.

One ..

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Close one now that Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe are on the attack. But Monroe is not done yet!

Mason is trying to get back to his feet when Oliver hits another drop kick to his back that puts him in the corner. OTM then goes to the middle rope right by Mason and hits a Tornado DDT to bring him down.

Lance:

Another drop right on the head! And he's going to try and pin Mason again.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Another close one!

Mason uses his power and pushes him away, but he's seeing stars after the tornado DDT when he sits up. Oliver tags Lord Sewell and then both men try to get Mason on his feet while they can. They get the giant in and then take him into the ropes but when they try to hit a double clothesline he rips right through it and then comes back to mow them down with two clotheslines of his own. Mason holds his head and then makes his way to Max who is now ready to fight!

DDK:

The tag made to Max and the crowd is liking this! He's going up top!

Both Lord Sewell and Monroe are slow to get up and when they do Max comes off the top with the Check-Raise! The

double diving clothesline takes the Gentleman's Agreement members down and when Max is on his feet, he picks up Lord Sewell and throws him to one corner. He does the same for Monrow and hits a splash for Sewell, then one on Monroe! He hits another on Sewell and then one on Monroe again! He has the Winning Hand now on Monroe!

DDK:

The Winning Hand for Sewell!

While Max has the hold on, he tags Mason! Mason comes back into the ring and then locks the Winning Hand on Lord Sewell! Max nails Monroe with the Luck's Run Out and then Mason picks Lord Sewell up on his shoulders!

Lance:

The brothers just turned this around quickly! And looks like Lord Sewell is taking a trip to Rack City!

The crowd cheers while Mason Luck has the iron claw applied in the canadian back breaker submission set up. He cranks on the hold until Lord Sewell taps! He drops Sewell on the mat and flexes for the crowd as they are announced the winners!

Quimbey:

Your winners of this match ... the Lucky Sevens!!!

THAT TIME THE LUCKY SEVENS MET PAULY SHORE

DDK

It looks like the Lucky Sevens want to have a few words now.

The Sevens are catching their breath for a moment. The crowd respond to the Sevens with cheers when Max points up at the Def Tron.

Max Luck:

We want to say something ... but first ... let's look back at the rest of our trip to Netflix HQ where we got to meet a certain somebody.

The footage now plays from what started on last week's episode of Uncut. Mason and Max Luck entering a conference room. Max opens the door with a wide grin on his face, but looks disappointed when nothing happens.

Max Luck:

... Oh.

Mason slaps his shoulder.

Mason Luck:

Were you expecting every single door here to make that dumb Netflix sound effect?

Max Luck:

Mason ... I think it's pretty obvious that I was.

Mason just points to the chairs.

Mason Luck:

Just have a seat before they escore our big asses from the building.

Max Luck:

Fine, Chris Hansen. Whatever.

The two have seat in the biggest chairs they can find in the conference room. Just moments later, the door opens and there stands none other than Pauly Shore. Max quickly gets right up from his seat and looks completely starstruck and Mason doesn't look impressed at all.

Max Luck:

Holy crap! You're Pauly Shore! Mason! Mason! Look!

Mason grabs a file from on the desk and tries to hide his face which looks more ridiculous that he is seven feet tall. Max points over.

Max Luck:

Mason! Mason! Mason Ryan Luck you look over here right now! Pauly, my brother thinks I'm embarrassing him!

Pauly just looks at Max Luck with a deadpanned expression.

Pauly Shore:

Look man, I'm glad to meet a fan but I'm really busy so we gotta mae this quick.

Pauly has a seat on the other side of the table.

Pauly Shore:

Thanks for coming out. We just wanted to talk business.

some other business like other people! Wrestling is in our blood and at the end of the day, The Lucky Sevens are wrestlers first!

Max bumps fists with his brother.

Max Luck:

So I say bring on all the competition you can because Max and I are coming for those titles soon! We won't until we put our names in the history books!

Max and Mason raise their fists and then they leave for the back.

DDK:

Well there you have it! I'd have to call that very admirable! They want to work to get to the top first! They gave Hollywood the cold shoulder for now to focus on competing in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Lance:

That's good and all, but I mean, it's just a stupid TV show after a stupid Pauly Shore mov ...

DDK:

We'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

HAND-HELD COMPANION

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

The jeers roll in as Conor Fuse jokingly pops out from behind the curtain, dancing up and down the entrance stage. At first, he jumps for joy, throwing his hands wildly in the air on the far right side of the ramp and then sprinting to the left side and doing the same thing. Next, begins the annoying dancing, like he's in some kind of Broadway play. This takes place right in front of the entrance. After a good minute, with the announcers and crowd growing tired, Conor stops, smiles and points behind him. The hulking man emerges, the same one who beat Deacon to a pulp two weeks ago.

DDK:

This... *thing* Conor has found himself, what an imposing figure!

Lance:

Indeed. We have some big men here. Dex Joy, Uriel Cortez, Deacon... but this guy might be the biggest of them all.

DDK:

Certainly not in height but he's definitely hit the weight room.

The hulking man wears the same outfit as last time, with beige polka-dot designed pants, the same color suspenders holding them up and a gray mask with two red dots for eyes and a dpad for a mouth. He quietly follows Conor, who is dressed in his typical ring attire down the rampway and into the ring.

Conor's theme comes to a close and he asks for a microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Hello, Gamers and Gamettes!

Jeers.

Conor Fuse:

You may be wondering what character I unlocked two week's ago when DEFCON fell in front of your eyes and mine!

DDK:

He means Deacon.

Conor speaks with a mischievous grin. Replays of the beating are shown for the live audience and on TV. The main focus being when the hulking man picked up Deacon, threw him over his shoulder and then smashed him through the tube television screen!

The camera goes back on Conor. He has his shifty eyebrows as he continues.

Conor Fuse:

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! That was fun, wasn't it [*he turns to the hulking man*] my new friend?

The hulking man is silent.

Conor Fuse:

So let me explain a few things to all of you before my next single player campaign!

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two tries to hold back his giggles but can't.

Conor Fuse:

I'm so silly.

He takes a moment and lowers the mic. The delaying just means more boos reign in as the younger Fuse turns to the

hulking man and pats him on the chest. Then he starts drumming on his chest. It might be a Bon Jovi song, no one is 100% sure. The hulking man only stands there, neither enjoying the moment or hating it but just being in it.

Conor, finally, turns to the hard camera.

Conor Fuse:

When I said I was going to start this singles campaign, I didn't know I would be facing a guy the size of DEFCON right away. He caught me off-guard! Perhaps, I thought, a DEFIANCE single player game world would be too... *hard?*

Fuse takes a moment to contemplate those thoughts. He shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

Naa. Silly me. It doesn't have to be hard. You just need the right... equipment.

Conor glances back at the hulking, with nothing but confidence.

Conor Fuse:

I want to introduce to all of you... my second player... my BOT. He is The Halo from Hell, The Archaic Assassin, The God of War, The "*Mini*" Boss!! I want you to welcome... MY **GAME BOY!!!**

Conor puts his hands forward like he's a beauty showing off a Price is Right showcase. The Gamers boo as the camera continues to zoom in on this monster.

DDK: *[sigh]*

Conor has always been unpredictable and obsessive-compulsive. But with this *thing* watching over him...

Lance:

You saw what he did to The Deacon! Deacon is NO push-over and The Game Boy manhandled him!

DDK:

If you want an update on Deacon, folks, there is none. I'm being told he may be out for a very long time.

Conor starts jumping up and down now, still with his hands out, showing off The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

I am scared of *no one!* I am terrified of *nothing!* With TGB by my side... my hand-held companion... THE DEFIANCE ROSTER IS ON NOTICE BA-BAY!! The end of this game reads: CONOR FUSE COMPLETES 100% DEFIANCE IN RECORD TIME!!!

"BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO."

Conor Fuse:

Now bring out THE NPC. Let me make quick work of this *goomba!*

CONOR FUSE vs. GERARDO VILLALOBOS

♪ "Heart of a Champion (instrumental)" by Nelly ♪

DDK:

It's Gerardo Villalobos!

Lance:

Wow! Villalobos, 6'6", 330 pounds rivals The Game Boy and in fact, Deacon, in height and size. Although not as muscular, Villalobos is absolutely no push-over, either!

The camera turns back to Conor Fuse, who doesn't look phased inside the ring. In fact, he yawns as Villalobos walks up the steel steps and into the squared circle.

Referee Mark Shields asks both men if they're ready. Villalobos says he is but Conor shrugs and seemingly doesn't care.

Mark Shields:

Well okay, I'm gonna ring the bell!

The Game Boy exits the ring and waits on the outside.

DING DING**DDK:**

Villalobos CHARGES in and crushes Conor with a big boot!

The fans cheer as Villalobos picks up Conor and scoop slams him back down. He goes for a leg drop but Conor rolls out of the way! Shaking the boot and subsequent bell ringing out of his head, The Codebreaker looks to both sides of the ring and then decides on the set of ropes to bounce off of. He comes flying at Villalobos but is caught in mid-air!

DDK:

Fall away slam... NO! Conor wiggles free and lands on his feet!

Conor tries a superkick but it doesn't phase Villalobos.

Conor tries another superkick but this one doesn't work well, either.

He goes for a third superkick but Gerardo catches the leg this time!

However, Conor flips head-over-heels to escape the hold and then whacks Villalobos in the chest with a chop!

DDK:

Again, it barely phases him!

Villalobos rushes Conor but the smaller wrestler uses the ropes, jumps on the top one and then clears over top of the member of Barrio Boys! As Villalobos turns around, Fuse comes flying forward with a punt-kick, catching the man from East LA under the jaw and sending him to a knee!

DDK:

Conor takes to the ropes and a missile dropkick into the face gets Gerardo down, chest-first!

Without hesitation, Conor leaps on the second turnbuckle pad and flies off with an elbow drop! He rolls Villalobos over to a pin attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

HARD KICKOUT!

Fuse flies in the air and crashes down a few feet away from his opponent. As Villalobos rises, Conor looks back at The Game Boy and smiles like he has everything under control. He doesn't. Conor rushes Villalobos but puts himself right into a sidewalk slam and then a gorilla press slam!

DDK:

Villalobos is on a roll!

Gerardo tries for a powerbomb but Conor scampers away into the corner. He grabs hold of Mark Shields which allows him to use the referee as a buffer when Villalobos races in! At the last second, Conor pushes Shields towards Villalobos and the two collide. Gerardo loses his balance, just a little and stumbles into the ropes, right to where The Game Boy positions himself beside the apron and uppercuts Villalobos in the side of the head!

THUMP.

Immediately, Villalobos falls to the mat. He's out cold!

DDK:

Oh what a cheap shot by The Game Boy!

Lance:

Conor set Villalobos up!

Mark Shields didn't see it because he was caught trying to regain his balance, as well. As he turns around he sees Conor coming in and hitting a flying elbow onto Villalobos! Then, Fuse goes floor to top rope, turns and perfectly lands the Super Splash 450.

DDK:

This probably wasn't needed. I think Villalobos was out from the punch!

Conor hooks a leg and acts like he's out of breath.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, CONOR FUUUUUUSE!

Conor rolls to a knee as Mark Shields raises his left arm and points to him as the winner. Meanwhile, Gerardo Villalobos remains motionless on the canvas. The camera switches to The Game Boy, who hasn't moved a muscle and still waits on the outside. In fact, the only time he moved was to get into position and punch Gerardo Villalobos.

DDK:

A "victory" for Conor Fuse. I guess he knew it all along. He was in safe hands.

Lance:

Yeah. Two weeks ago, he was scared to death of Deacon. This week, a guy of equal size and strength and doesn't bat an eyelash.

Conor rolls away and goes straight to TGB. He tussles the top of the henchman's head like he's a good little puppy. Conor playfully skips up the rampway and The Halo from Hell follows behind.

DDK:

So we've got a spoiled little brat and his new toy... great. Just great.

The scene ends as Shields tries to revive the Barrio Boy in the ring with a smelling salt, until he notices that it was actually a dart he had in his back pocket the entire time. Shields shrugs, stops caring about Villalobos and lights it up in the corner.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020



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

WOW!

We open to a shot of the DEFIANCE faithful sitting in anticipation, waiting for what's next on DEFTv. The camera moves over to the Interview stage where we see the striking Christy Zane standing with a microphone waiting for her cue.

As the camera zooms in, she gets it.

Christy Zane:

DEFIANCE Faithful in attendance and those watching at home... Please welcome to the Wrestleplex your FIST OF DEFIANCE! MIKEYYY UNLIKELYYY!

The fans boo as the music begins.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The red carpet that is a staple to an Unlikely entrance comes rolling out. Mikey makes his way through the curtain to a barrage of boo's. He's got the FIST of DEFIANCE locked up in it's display case as he carries it in his left hand.

He makes his way over to the interview stage where Zane is waiting. He holds the championship up so she can see it. Once she nods and acknowledges it, he puts it back down to his side. The music dies down as our favorite backstage damsel starts the interview.

Christie Zane:

Mikey Unlikely, Thank you for joining us this evening! You had requested this interview early this week as you mentioned you had an announcement you would like to make...

She passes the microphone under the mouth of the champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right Christie! I wanted to take the opportunity to thank all of my fans out there for supporting me in what has been some of the toughest competition I've ever come up against during the Mikey Unlikely FISTVitational!

The fans boo in response.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's been a tough few weeks, I mean just last Uncut I went up against a man, who despite his short stature, really has a BIG future in this business! I've faced quality opponents each and every week, and somehow someway thanks to ALL OF YOU, I've come out on top!

DDK:

What a sack of...

Lance:

DARREN!

He dusts off the championship case.

Christie Zane:

What do you say to those who claim you've hand picked opponents you know you can beat as opposed to facing others on the DEFIANCE roster?

An ugly look crosses the face of the Unlikely one.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! Listen, I've been wrestling against the top wrestlers in the world for the last five years here in DEFIANCE. I've gone out each and every week and toppled the roadblocks set before me. Facing whomever I may be booked against without any excuses. NOW I finally have some control and what happens? People get jaded when they don't get an opportunity they don't deserve. You hate to see it Christy!

He looks to her for support but receives none.

Mikey Unlikely:

I mean what am I going to do? Face Scott Douglas for the 5th time?

The fans in the arena explode at the mention of Douglas who may very well be hotter than ever.

Mikey Unlikely:

Give Lindsay Troy or Oscar Burns a rematch after I beat them both?

The crowd cheers again.

Mikey Unlikely:

Go up against the Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood?

A loud "oooooo" comes from the crowd as they imagine Gage breaking Mikey's face in.

DDK:

I would love to see those matchups!

Mikey Unlikely:

NO ONE WANTS TO SEE THAT CHRISTIE! They want something fresh! Something new! They want Mikey Unlikely to remain undefeated, retain the FIST, and come out here each and every week and entertain the masses! To live my best life really!

Boos all around. These people don't want shit from Mikey.

Christie Zane:

Alright, well let's talk about you DEFENDING the FIST coming up! Will the Mikey Unlikely FISTVitational continue? What can we expect to see and what about ACTS OF DEFIANCE, just a few short weeks away?

A curt nod from Mikey, Christie is setting him up well unbeknownst to her.

Mikey Unlikely:

Right here tonight Christie...In the middle of that ring... I can say without a moment of hesitation... that I'll be taking the night off! I mean I just defended the FIST two weeks in a row! Give me a break! However next week on DEFtv I will resume the FISTVitational against an opponent from the actual DEFIANCE roster!

Christie Zane:

Who's it going to be? Elise Ares? Dex Joy? Scrow? Maybe Minute?

A quick shake of the head.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's the opportunity of a lifetime... I will be going up against one of our BRAZEN Superstars!

More boos from the home crowd.

DDK:

Of Course!

Lance:

Let's not assume here Keebs, we've seen multiple stars move up from BRAZEN to the main stage over the last year and really make a mark on DEF. Think of guys like Victor Vacio and Solomon Grendel!

Mikey Unlikely:

As a matter of fact, I'm going to take fate out of my own hands for the first time in FISTVitational history, and I'm going to let the Faithful of DEFIANCE vote on my opponent! Over at DEFIANCEWRESTLING.COM The Poll will go up TONIGHT! So get your grimey little trac phones out...

Lance:

Do they even sell Trac Phone anymore?

Mikey Unlikely:

Head on over to DEFIANCEWRESTLING.COM and YOU CAN VOTE to determine who I face next week here on DEFtv! Until then Christie... I am going to take tonight off, and we're going to CELEBRATE the good times and title defenses that I've recently had! I want to announce to the boys in the back.

Mikey points to the curtain and then up to his SWEET SUITE high above the DEFplex.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm throwing the biggest DEF party right here tonight up in my Sweet Suite! EVERYONES INVITED! Even you Christie! AND IT BEGINS....

He looks at his invisible watch.

Mikey Unlikely:

RIGHT NOW!

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The music kicks on and Mikey slowly backs away from Christie and holds up the FIST of DEFIANCE for everyone to see. He slowly makes his way to the backstage area, assumingly headed for the suite.

DDK:

Well next week on DEFtv the fans are going to choose Mikey Unlikely's Brazen opponent! That's exciting! At least he can't plan for any variables. Folks head on over to DEFIANCEWRESTLING.COM and help us pick a winner!

RETURN TO DEFIANCE 10:00-15:00

Jestal:

Dani can you let go?

Dandelion squeezes even harder!.

Jestal:

GET OFF ME!

The jester shoves her off. She continues to look around very uncomfortable with where she is right now. Or for that matter WHEN.

Jestal:

Relax, Dandy lets see if we can find someone we know, and maybe we can figure out just what exactly has been going on around here this past year.

Dandelion reluctantly nods her head, still concerned as another Defiant passes her by that she does not recognize.

The two resume their walk down the aisle, almost like they are in a dark hallway and have no idea what could be lurking around the corner.

Jestal:

DAN!!

The doll jumps in fright and slaps Jestal in the head. Staring down at him with hatred in her eyes.

Jestal:

OUCH!

Dandelion motions with her hands a bit.

Jestal:

Look...

Jestal points to a promo poster of MAXDEF. On the poster is Mikey Unlikely and Lindsay Troy.

Jestal:

MIKEY HE IS STILL HERE! See...see someone we know.

Dandelion rolls her eyes at her brother.

Jestal:

Now look, Mikey gave me my break in the UTA. Least you could do is be grateful DEFIANCE hasn't run him out of here.

Dandelion looks away with her arms crossed not impressed at the least.

Jestal:

Look at this good old Mikey is THE FIST! Would ya look at that, good things truly do happen to good people.

Dandelion looks at Jestal clearly shocked at the nerve Jestal has to even say Mikey and good people in the same sentence.

Jestal:

Check it out who is this woman?

Dandelion looks at the poster through her peripherals for a second. She then turns to the poster also wondering the same thing. The two stare at the poster deeply entranced in it.

♪Art Gallery Music plays♪

Camera shots of the Toybox staring at the promo poster from different angles play in a loop for a couple of minutes.

♪Art Gallery Music ends♪

Jestal:

Ok, who in the name of Uncle Jingles is this?

???:

That is Lindsay Troy

The Toybox look in the direction of the voice, smiles both appear on their faces in a slow-motion effect.

Jestal:

Look Dani it's...OSCAR...OSCAR BURNS!

Oscar and Ryan come into view. Jestal quickly shakes Oscars' hand and Dandelion seems relieved.

Jestal:

It's good to see you Oscar...and...

Jestal snaps his fingers a few times as he looks at Batts.

Jestal:

And Ah...

Ryan Batts:

Batts. Ryan Batts. You know who I am. You fought the WrestleFriends over the Tag Titles and you attacked Mace and I, you demented freak!

Jestal whispers something into Dandelion's ear. Clearly it can be heard by the, not too impressed Batts.

Jestal: {whisper}

Oscar must have gotten pretty big, he has a bag man now.

Dandelion nods in agreement.

Ryan Batts:

I am not a bag man, you idiot!

Jestal:

Sure you aren't, anyway Oscar can you tell your help to stop talking we need answers.

Batts rolls his eyes so hard, they might fall out of his head. Oscar puts up his arms...

Oscar Burns:

Look, GC, I haven't forgotten either what you did to Jackie and Batts. I got to hurry up because I heard Lindsay Troy has something she needs to say to me, so, let's speed this up yeah?

Jestal:

Oh, the woman on the poster you mentioned. Just who is she?

Oscar Burns:

You know... former FIST of DEFIANCE. We're currently in a thing where we want to fight each other?

Jestal and Dandelion nod as they listen to Oscar's story.

Jestal:

Interesting...

He whispers to Dandelion.

Jestal:

Great, it appears 2020 is hiring old Defiants to take the spotlight from the rest.

Oscar Burns completely facepalms.

Jestal:

Anyway, tell us, Oscar, do you know anything about the weather?

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah. I'm not a meteorologist, GC.

Jestal:

Can you help us?

Jestal puts his arm around Oscar bending him down. Putting his arm out in front of him as he says...

Jestal:

We need to get BACK TO THE PAST!

Dandelion motions a bit with her hands. Jestal and Oscar stand straight up and Jestal responds to Dandelion.

Jestal:

You are right, that sounds really weird.

Dandelion motions a few signs to Oscar.

Oscar Burns:

I can't speak sign, GC, what's she saying?

Jestal:

Dani this is a family show!

Ryan Batts:

Nah, it's really not. I've heard some F Bombs. Like a LOT of F-Bombs.

Dandelion puts her hands on her hips clearly not amused by Jestal. The clown continues to ignore anything Ryan Batts has to say.

Jestal:

Well, clearly time travel is not in the wheelhouse for you Oscar Burns...maybe your bag boy knows how to!

Batts sighs to himself.

Ryan Batts:

I am not a bag boy. I've BEATEN you clown in a singles match when you had the Tag Titles!

Jestal smirks. Still not really paying attention to what Ryan really has to say.

Jestal:

It's ok we all need to find work no matter how tedious it may be.

Ryan Batts:

Do you want me to break your arm?

Jestal puts his hand to the side of his mouth trying to block off his conversation with Batts as he tries to talk to Oscar.

Jestal:

Boy, you must have a hard time dealing with this angry employee of yours. Who took away his milk from his cereal?

Batts who clearly heard what Jestal said to Oscar interrupts.

Ryan Batts:

You hit me and Jackie with a loaded rubber chicken! A rubber chicken I'm gonna shove right back up your...

Jestal's eyes widen, he quickly grabs Batts by the shoulders and shakes him.

Jestal:

Clucky you have seen CLUCKY!?

He shakes Batts back and forth, further enraging Bantam.

Jestal:

Dandelion did you hear that? Clucky is here! NEW MISSION The Search for Clucky!

Dandelion rolls her eyes, The Toybox starts to walk away from Burns and Batts. Jestal flips a quarter into the palm of Batts.

Jestal:

Thanks for the tip.

Batts stares at the coin now completely lost in rage. Suddenly Jestal pops back into the picture and takes the coin out of Batts hand.

Jestal:

Sorry, I want to get a pop, thanks...BYE!

The blood of "Bantam" Ryan Batts is about to boil over, but he does some quick breathing before looking at Burns.

Ryan Batts:

Oscar... are we still good guys? Can I just rip his arm off and beat him with it right now?

Oscar Burns:

GC... yeah, we're still good guys. You only go hard out if they attack you first.

Ryan Batts:

...Damn it.

The Toybox was able to find someone they know and find out a bit about Lindsay Troy in the process. Who will cross their path next? Did Clucky truly follow them into the "Future"?

"BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY vs. RICHIE DUNSON

DDK:

Next up, ladies and gentlemen, we're going to have the debut of one of DEFIANCE's latest signings - the rookie known as "Black Out" Pat Cassidy.

Lance:

We saw this guy last week on Uncut, but other than that, he's a relative unknown Darren. I'm looking forward to seeing what he's all about in his match against BRAZEN's Richie Dunson - right now!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Already in the ring, being accompanied by Todd and Paul Dunson...from Mt. Hope, West Virginia, weighing in at 215 pounds...RICHIE DUNNNNNSON!

In the ring, Richie Dunson throws his hands in the air. He receives a big round of applause...from his father and brother who are standing ringside.

♪ "Gonna Be a Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!" cries the lead singer of The Dropkick Murphys as the song kicks into gear and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy emerges from the back. Cassidy, as a rookie and a newcomer to DEFIANCE, doesn't receive much of an ovation from the crowd, but it doesn't seem to bother him.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent: from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 240 lbs - making his DEFIANCE debut: "BLACK OUT" PAT CAAAAAASSIDY!

Cassidy walks down the entrance way with purpose wearing the faintest hint of a smirk and a laser focus on Richie Dunson. Cassidy rolls into the ring and heads to his corner. He paces around eagerly waiting for the match to begin.

The bell rings and Cassidy moves to the center of the ring with hands held high and ready to fight. Richie, by contrast, heads to the ropes and kneels down for a quick strategy session with his father Paul and brother Todd. Cassidy, seeing through this pretty obvious stall tactic, points to Richie and gestures to the crowd in a "this frickin guy" manner. Finally, Cassidy grows impatient and walks over to Richie, pulling him away from his family and knocking him to the mat with a stiff right hand!

DDK:

The newbie doesn't have much patience for the Dunson Family's antics!

Richie rebounds to his feet, and Cassidy is there to meet him with a "let's get this show on the road" gesture. An angry Richie gestures for Cassidy to lock up, and Cassidy obliges. Black Out brings Richie around in a hammerlock, which Richie turns into a headlock. Cassidy uses his larger size and momentum to send Richie off the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a back body drop! The smaller man flies high into the air and hits with the mat with a thud. Dunson quickly scurries out of the ring, taking refuge among his ringside family and looking to break Cassidy's building momentum. Having absolutely none of this crap, Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope, grabs Dawson by the head, and flings him violently into the ringside barrier! Cassidy has a brief staredown with the Dunson family, with Todd acting as if he is ready to brawl with Cassidy but Paul holding him back. Cassidy rolls Richie back into the ring.

Lance:

So far, we are seeing some serious aggression out of this newcomer.

Back in the ring, Cassidy executes a crisp snap suplex on the smaller Dunson, and immediately goes for a cover!

ONE!

Not deterred by the kickout, Cassidy hops back to his feet, measuring the still downed Dunson. As Richie attempts to stand up, Cassidy is there to meet him with a strategic forearm smash to the back of the head!

Dunson, stunned by the headshot, rolls over to the ropes and uses them for leverage to get to his feet. Cassidy springs off the opposite side of the ring, attempting to fly towards Dunson with some sort of offensive maneuver, but is tripped up by the crafty Dunson patriarch Paul on the outside!

DDK:

Paul Dunson, the veteran, is not about to allow this rookie to look strong at the expense of his family.

Cassidy lands face first on the mat, and Benny Doyle immediately moves into position to admonish Paul Dunson. Cassidy pushes Doyle out of the way to invite Paul into the ring if he wants a piece, but Paul declines. Satisfied, Cassidy turns around - right into a sitout jawbreaker by Richie Dunson! Cassidy is down and the momentum has shifted.

Lance:

You've got to believe Pat Cassidy's inexperience is showing - allowing the Dunsons to distract him long enough to take control of the match..

Looking to take advantage of the bigger man being off his feet, Dunson moves into position to put Cassidy in a headlock. Richie bears down with all his might as Cassidy's arms go up in an attempt to power out. Due to his larger size, Cassidy is able to get up to one knee, and then finally back to standing. With Dunson's headlock still locked on, Cassidy lifts the lighter man up, attempting to bring him down with a back suplex - but Richie Dunson lands on his feet! Thinking quickly, Dunson hooks Cassidy in a schoolboy roll up pin! To gain the extra advantage, Richie reaches up and uses the nearby ring ropes for leverage, conveniently out of Benny Doyle's line of sight.

ONE!**TWO!****THR-KICKOUT!**

Energized by that close near fall, Richie yells "watch this!" to his family and/or The Faithful, and springboards off the second rope, flipping over and heading toward Cassidy with a moonsault!

Cassidy, however, has his wits back about him and catches the smaller man in mid air! Now holding Dunson over his shoulder, Cassidy turns and drops him over a nearby turnbuckle with a snake eyes! Cassidy sends Dunson off the ropes, meeting him in the center of the ring with a kitchen sink knee to the gut. Dunson lands in a seated position, and the relentless Cassidy gets a running start and drills a kick directly into Dunson's lower back! Dunson clutches his back in agony, and Cassidy drops a missile-like elbow directly into his head!

As Dunson lays on the mat in the pain, Cassidy signals to the crowd that this one is over. As Cassidy stands over Dunson, stalking his prey for what appears to be a big move incoming, Paul Dunson suddenly hops up onto the ring apron. Benny Doyle heads over to admonish Paul, and with Cassidy's attention diverted, Richie's brother Todd takes this chance to slip into the ring and plant the distracted Cassidy with a snap DDT! Todd quickly exits the ring before Doyle notices.

DDK:

Again, just as Cassidy is building a head of steam, the experience of the Dunsons comes into play. He's looking at loss here in his first match!

Lance:

You'd hate to see it happen this way.

Paul Dunson jumps down off the ring apron, and now Doyle's attention is back on the match with both men down. Richie musters enough energy to drape an arm over the dazed "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-kickout!

With a look of determination in his eyes, Richie Dunson climbs back to his feet and then gingerly begins to climb to the top rope nearest to Cassidy's prone form. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation for what big move the daredevil is about to pull out, and without milking the drama too much, Dunson comes off the top for his Top Rope Senton Bomb...

...but Cassidy rolls away at the last second, and Dunson collides with the mat!! As Cassidy is getting back up, Paul Dunson again hops on the apron and makes a big show to distract the referee, but this time Cassidy is ready and knocks Paul off the ringside apron with a stiff right hand! Paul collides with the ringside floor. Todd Dunson, seeing his father down, slides into the ring for another attempt at a sneak attack, but Cassidy sees *this* one coming. As Todd runs at Black Out, Cassidy is able to grab the back of his head and use Todd's own momentum to launch him over the top rope and out of the ring!

DDK:

"Black Out" Patrick Cassidy was ready for the Dunson's shenanigans this time!

Lance:

He's looking to end it here!

With the Dunson clan dispatched, Cassidy turns his attention to Richie, who is slowly pulling himself back to his feet. Cassidy stands behind Richie making a "come here" motion with both his hands. Once he is able to stand, Richie turns right into Cassidy's finish - THE IRISH GOODBYE! Grabbing Dunson across the neck area, Cassidy jumps up and falls backwards in a jumping reverse STO. Thanks to Cassidy's weight advantage and momentum, Dunson's head is DRILLED into the mat! He's out! Cassidy covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

After allowing Benny Doyle to hold his hand up in victory, Cassidy rolls out of the ring, thrusting both hands high in celebration as Paul and Todd Dunson enter the squared circle to check on their kin.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by pinfall... "BLACK OUT" PAT CAAAAASSIDY!

Just before Cassidy is about to walk to the backstage area, he suddenly stops at the top of the ramp, looking back at the fuming Dunson clan in the ring. Cassidy thinks for a second, and then instead of walking to the back, he makes his way over to the DEFIANCE interview station!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy has claimed victory in his debut match - but it looks like he's got something to say here.

Cassidy has a mic.

Cassidy:(gesturing to the Dunsons in the ring)

BOYS! Hey, guys! Call me crazy, and I may be way off base, but I...well, I think I sense some hostility here.

Inside the ring, Todd and Paul Dunon look toward Cassidy like he has three heads. What is this guy on about? Richie is still out.

Cassidy:

I can see in your eyes - you're a little upset. And I get it. I do! But there's no reason to be mad. Tonight, we had jobs to do. Your job was to try and kick my ass, and my job was to try and kick your ass. I just happened to do my job a lot better than you did yours.

A small cheer of approval for Cassidy's bravado rises up from The Faithful. He turns to the fans and lowers the mic from his mouth, mouthing "well, it's true!" Smiling, he raises the microphone back to his mouth and turns back toward the ring.

Cassidy:

BUT! Now the work is done. Another day at the office behind us. So let's let go of all those hard feelings and celebrate. Life's too short, fellas.

The Dunsons have no idea where this guy is going with this.

Cassidy:

I've only been in town for a short while, but I keep hearing that The Carousel on Royal is a happening spot.

A small pop from The Faithful confirms that this is in fact a true statement. Satisfied, Cassidy goes on.

Cassidy:

So whaddya say - meet me down there tonight after the show, and the first round is on me. Cheers, boys!

Cassidy drops the mic and raises his hands to a slightly larger ovation than the one he received during his entrance. He heads backstage as The Dunsons, still in the ring, can't figure out what to make of this guy's attitude.

THE MISSING LINK

Backstage, we see Jamie Sawyers standing by the DEFIANCE interview backdrop. You can probably guess what's going to happen next.

That's right.

A hot dog eating competition.

Idiot.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, DEFIANCE, I'm Jamie Sawyers and standing by at this time before their Unified Tag Team Title defense later tonight... please welcome... Presented by The Family Keeling, The Sky High Titans!

Stepping into view are Thomas and Junior Keeling. Unlike their typical happy selves, tonight they wear concerned looks on their faces. Behind them stand the Unified Tag Team Champions, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez along with his young, diminutive but talented partner, Minute. Minute's body language shows a bit of uncomfortability with the situation while Uriel taps him on the shoulder.

Jamie Sawyers:

Guys... we understand that you wanted this time to address what Malak Garland showed. Minute, you were victorious against Garland and he vowed to keep the secret if he lost... then turned around and revealed it any way. This time is yours, so what would you like to address?

Junior Keeling takes the microphone and addresses the camera in front of him, talking directly to The Comments Section.

Junior Keeling:

What you need to know is this, Jamie... Malak Garland is a fragile, whiny little snowflake pissant that thinks the world owes him something because he can't take his eyes off his phone. Malak, I suggest you put a window in your stomach so you can see things with your head jammed up your ass. You need to see that two weeks ago, you messed up. You revealed something that quite frankly wasn't your business and I don't know how you got those texts... but rest assured, we've got lawyers on top of it and they're going to be handling that in the courtroom. The Sky High Titans are gonna handle their business in the ring tonight against BADASS, then they're gonna be looking for the three of you.

Thomas then turns to Minute.

Thomas Keeling:

What you need to know is this... we have handled the issue in-house, but this part needs to be said publicly as well...

He taps Minute on the shoulder.

Thomas Keeling:

Minute... we owe you a massive apology. We shouldn't have been so hasty for something that wasn't your fault. The idea was kicked around briefly, but we came to our senses.

Uriel Cortez interjects.

Uriel Cortez:

I made sure that happened. It's either both of us, or none of us where this team is concerned.

The big man now turns to Minute.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute... I'm sorry that you had to be a part of that. Rest assured, I've talked to Thomas and Junior...

He glares at the both of them.

Uriel Cortez:

And the issue has been handled. When we formed this time, The Sky High Titans have become more than a team. This is a bond... no, this is a brotherhood. You've had my back more than anybody else here and I don't forget that. We won these belts together and what happened with the Pop Culture Phenoms was their fault, not yours and not ours. You're a gutsy little shit and I don't want anybody else by my side but you.

Minute nods in approval and holds out his fist and the two dab to a massive pop from the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

That's all true. Tonight, The Comments Section can look at REAL champions. Team HOSS. The PCPs. Stevens Dynasty. Burns and Batts. Landell and Adler. They've taken on all comers and they've won time and time again. The Unified Tag Team Titles aren't going anywhere and...

Thomas stops when two men approach the set. The team from BRAZEN challenging for the titles tonight, BADASS. "The Bad Seed" Davis Bloome and "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise both look on, Davis looking like his usual surly self and Tripp Wise with a grin so wide, it visibly irks Junior.

Junior Keeling:

...The hell are you smiling at?

Tripp gives them a wave.

Tripp Wise:

Hola, bitcholas!

Davis Bloome:

Look... we don't mean to interrupt. But we wanted to wish you guys good luck tonight. We fought hard to win that battle royale during the Double Shot last weekend and we're making our DEFtv debut tonight. Hope you guys got your house in order because Tripp and I want to win those at your very best.

Davis holds out a hand, along with Tripp. Uriel and Minute both shake their hands in return. Minute and Tripp shake hands peacefully, but when Davis starts to back off, Uriel holds onto his hand and pulls the BAD half of BADASS a little closer.

Uriel Cortez:

I saw that match you won and you guys have been tearing BRAZEN up... but we've been tearing people up here too that try and take these titles.

Minute nods along in agreement. After Uriel releases his grip, Davis nods while Tripp whispers next to his brother-in-law/tag partner.

Tripp Wise:

Dude... want me to hit him with an "oh, yeah?" That was a pretty dope sign-off line.

Davis groans and walks off while Tripp Wise turns to the foursome.

Tripp Wise:

...Oh, yeah?!

Uriel growls, then Tripp turns his head and bails along with his partner. Junior Keeling looks at Jamie Sawyers, standing there the whole time.

Junior Keeling:

TLDR version... BADASS are gonna get beat, then we'll be stomping The Comments Section right the hell out of DEFIANCE.

The foursome leave the set and head elsewhere as our show does the same.

"GAMES MIND"

There is a loud commotion as the camera pans from Jamie Sawyers, who seemed to be waiting for someone to interview and is caught off-guard. Down the hall the SOHER Champion Gage Blackwood enters the building. He has gray jeans on and his trademark "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt. He does not look to be in a good mood.

Blackwood kicks a dumpster. Then he throws his belt into the wall. He looks directly down the hallway at Jamie, who is standing there like a deer in the headlights.

What once looked like Jamie was (potentially) going to ask Gage a few questions, he clearly backtracks now. Seeing there is no opportunity to be had.

But it might be too late. Gage stares a hole through him.

Gage Blackwood: *[shouting from the other side of the hall]*

You want a statement!?

Sawyers says nothing. He hopes turning around will make Gage forget this whole thing.

Gage Blackwood: *[still shouting but moving closer]*

Do you!? I'll give you one!!

Blackwood is hurrying his way towards Sawyers. Jamie takes a moment to send a prayer to the heavens and hope he can see his family again when-

Blackwood grabs Sawyers.

Gage Blackwood:

Jay Harvey is a boring, two-bit bloke. The only reason he's "in my head" is because he's not "in my head" but thinks he is. Boring, generic family man who doesn't care about DEFIANCE like I do. I'm The SOHER. I care! I am SO-HER *LIT*. I am not about to play some *games mind* with him!

Realizing he screwed up the wording in that last sentence, Blackwood pushes Sawyers away and kicks a light stand before leaving.

DDK:

Did any of this make sense to you?

Lance:

Not really...

GEORGE STEVENS vs. THEODORE CAIN

DDK:

Up next is a match that is do or die for Gulf Coast Connection as they are one win away from challenging the Stevens Dynasty at the Acts of DEFIANCE pay-per-view.

Lance:

Easier said than done Keeps as last week it was a lucky break in my opinion for GCC as the Crescent City Kid was basically beat and an overzealous Bo cost his family the match..

DDK:

You may be right on that Lance, but tonight will cooler heads prevail as the behemoth known as George takes on the powerhouse of Gulf Coast Connect, Theodore Cain.

Lance:

I hope they've reinforced the ring for this one Keeps.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Gulf Coast Connection... Theodore Cain!

Cain comes out, regular attire on and looking to keep the momentum going for the team, even if The Kid won by DQ the week before. After all, a win is a win. He looks to be all business as he enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

The sound of Jaba the Hutt type laughter is heard throughout the arena before.....

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

BOOOOOOOOO!

George Stevens, with his father Cary and cousin Bo 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 Texarkana, Texas...representing the Stevens Dynasty...weighing in at 468 pounds...GEORGE!
STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVENS!

The ground shakes as George walks to the ring while Bo mouths off to a few fans in the front row. Cary barks instructions as George makes his way inside awaiting the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go.

George and Cain come out of their respective corners and lock up and begin to jock for position.

DDK:

Two of the strongest men in DEFIANCE trying to gain the upper hand.

Cain tries to continue to push George back, but the Big Crowdaddy puts on the brakes and tosses the Port City Powerhouse to the ground.

Lance:

George just showed he's the stronger of the two right there.

Cain slaps the mat and gets to his feet and goes to lock up with George once again but the Texas Powerhouse easily picks him up and slams him back down to the canvas before laughing like Jaba the Hutt.

DDK:

Seems like George thinks Theodore's attempts to take him down are funny.

Cain pops back up and yells at George to test his strength.

Lance:

Test of strength coming up?

George just laughs and goes to lock up with Cain, but Theodore has other ideas as he delivers a boot to the mid-section instead.

DDK:

Cain caught George off guard with that boot.

Cain hooks George and musters enough strength to suplex the big man over.

Lance:

My God Keeps! Look at the ring shake!

Cain is definitely feeling the effects of that suplex as he holds his lower back in pain.

DDK:

Cain got the big man over and he's in prime position to make his next move.

Cain seeing George down on the mat scrambles for a quick cover.

One.

Two.

Bo puts George's foot on the bottom rope.

Bo Stevens:

FOOT ON THE ROPE! FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Bo yells at Hector Navarro, but the official saw him place the foot on the ropes and points at Bo and Cary and sends them packing causing the Faithful to go ballistic.

Lance:

What was Bo thinking?!?!?!?!

DDK:

No idea Lance, but Cary is reading him the riot act as they head up the ramp.

Lance:

Another idiotic maneuver on Bo's part.

Cain is up and fires some right forearms into George's big stomach. Stevens absorbs them, however and hurls The Smash Surfer into the turnbuckle. Theodore hits hard but as he bounces out, he jumps on the second buckle and catches George with a surprising back elbow smash!

DDK:

Theodore is able to lift George up, ever so slightly and connect with a backdrop! Off the ropes he goes... elbow to the chest!

Cain takes hold of Stevens' tights and pushes him into the corner. Once George meets the padding, Cain comes across with a forearm to the head and Stevens falls down again! This leads to Cain getting a leg drop in, spinning back to his feet and then getting a standing splash in!

Lance:

Theodore is a house on fire!

Cain rifles another leg drop into George's chest and flips up to a vertical base.

DDK:

I gotta say, such a high class move to have Theodore go it alone and now the momentum seems to be on his side!

He looks for a suplex...

And hits it!

Cain kicks the bottom ring buckle to get the crowd going, trying to signify the end is near...

DDK:

Looks like Theodore Cain is looking to end it here..

Lance:

I think you're right Keebs.....what the?????

There is some commotion in the crowd and as the camera turns it's attention towards the crowd we see Bo Stevens coming through the audience.

DDK:

What's he doing back out here? He was kicked out of this match!.

Lance:

Something stupid probably.

Bo tells a Faithful to move and he snatches a steel chair and hops the barricade.

DDK:

This isn't going to end well for Cain.

Bo yells at Hector Navarro and Theodore Cain to get their attention as he slides in the chair to George.

DDK:

Get him out of here ref!

Bo hops onto the apron and has words with Navarro and Cain. As this is happening George is back up with the chair in his hands ready to strike.

Lance:

This isn't going to end well Keeps.

Bo takes a swing at Theodore causing Navarro to physically step in between the two. As Navarro and Bo have words Cain turns around and sees George standing there ready to hit him with a steel chair when all of a sudden Cain hits the mat.

DDK:

Huh?

Lance:

Your guess is as good as mine Keeps.

George looks confused as Cain lays motionless on the mat and as Navarro finally turns around he sees a downed Theodore Cain and George holding the smoking gun and immediately calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Navarro goes over to the ropes and says something to the ring announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner by **DISQUALIFICATION!** Theodore Cain!

The Faithful go berserk and Bo is about to have a heart attack with all the expletives he's shouting and turning redder than the sun.

DDK:

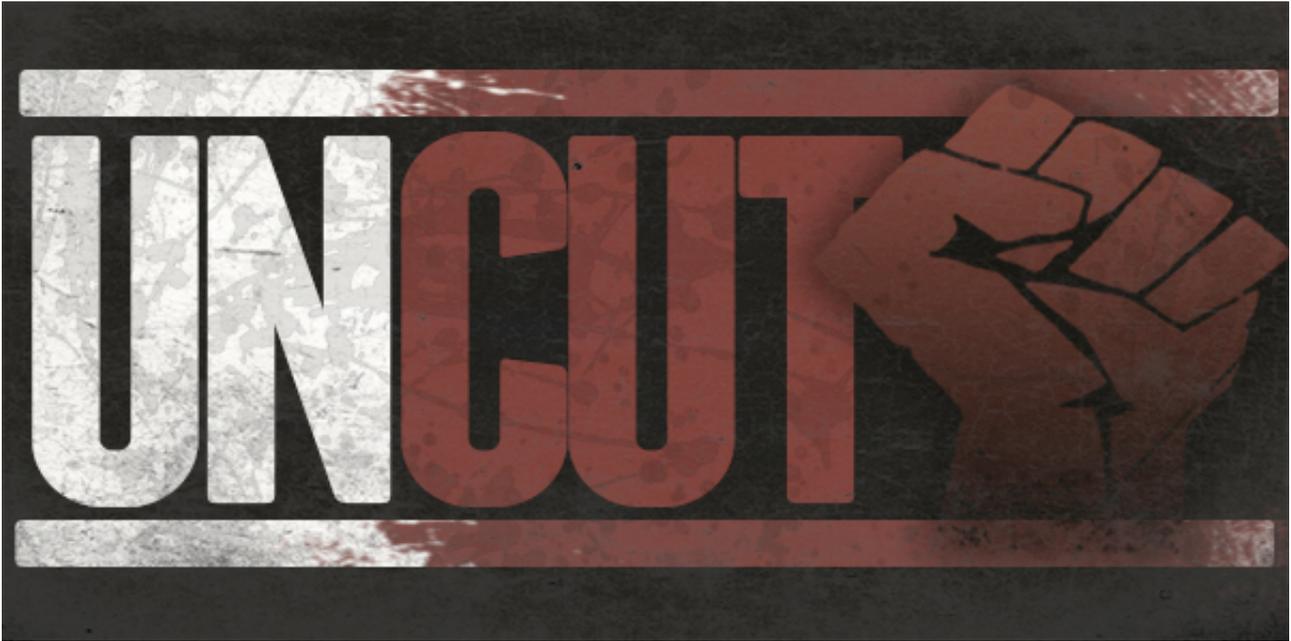
Cain just outsmarted The Stevens Dynasty and the Gulf Coast Connection has earned themselves a shot to face the former Tag champions at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Another idiotic mistake on the part of Bo Stevens. Cary is going to murder him!

Bo and George argue with one another as the two end up the ramp as we fade to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

ZOMG!

Backstage...er... Upstairs rather, we near the Sweet Suite of our reigning FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely. The music can be heard bumping outside the glass doors. The guards on either side ignore the cameraman as he opens it and enters the room.

“Stupid Hoe” by Nicki Manaj can be heard playing loudly. Inside the room there’s a large number of people. Mostly in their own little groups with a few mingling about. We notice some DEFIANCE officials, office staff, as well as a handful of notable wrestlers walking about. Finally in the middle of the room we find our champion as he mulls about. He’s placed the FIST in it’s carrying case and is sitting on a shelf high up in the room where everyone can see it.

He notices someone staring at it and slowly moves up behind them. As someone else tries to grab Mikey’s attention he’s seen whispering into the onlooker’s ear. Suddenly the man frowns and walks towards the door.

Mikey walks up to the gentlemen he knows who was trying to get his attention.

Mikey Unlikely:

Can you believe that guy!? Staring at my championship! I told him to get the hell out, what an idiot! Anyway thanks for coming buddy! So glad you could make it to my sauree! Have you tried the alcoholic frapps? The Caramel is obvs the best, but the Snickerdoodle might just surprise you! You should give it a shot.

Before the guy can get a word out edgewise.

Mikey Unlikely:

Anyway I gotta mingle, talk to you later Derrick!

The guy looks confused and mouths “Derrick” as if he’s never heard the name before. The song switches to a dated Will Smith song about playing cowboys in the desert.

Unlikely walks over to another small group of people and smiles to make sure everyones having a good time. He turns and runs directly into Alvaro De Vargas chest first.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oof Bruv, watch the goods!

He looks up and sees a fellow wrestler. His demeanor changes slights. With his peripheral vision Mikey finds the FIST. It’s safe. Alvaro de Vargas puts his hands up defensively.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Disculpas, Senor Unlikely. I just wanted to come by and check out the new digs. As well as personally thank you!

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank me, eh?

Alvaro de Vargas:

You’re the type of guy... no, I’m sorry. You’re the type of campeón that people should strive to be like. You wanted the FIST. You reached out and you took it.

Mikey beams proudly and shows off the FIST.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks! All I hear from everybody is “Mikey, you suck” this and “Mikey, pay attention to me and make my career relevant again” that! Glad to know I’m helping inspire new stars!

ADV nods as Unlikely offers him a frozen alcoholic beverage, but he quietly passes on it.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tendré que declinar por ahora. I got a match tonight and I need to be sober... but hey. You've inspired me to take care of something tonight I should have done at the start. Sacando la basura. Thanks again, Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

Grassy-ass!

After moving away from the encounter Mikey Unlikely stops by the nicely labeled "Bar-ista" where he sees a freshly made concoction with his name on it. He grabs it and takes a long drag on the straw. Slowly the frozen alcoholic beverage makes its way up the straw and into his mouth. Unlikely's eyes roll into the back of his head with pleasure.

Suddenly there's a tap on his right shoulder and he's greeted by a couple more members of the DEFIANCE locker room. This time they are pleased to see the champion.

As the camera pans it reveals Conor Fuse and the large, hulking Game Boy who was introduced to The Faithful earlier in the night. Conor nods to the FIST, green bandana, unkempt blonde hair all over the place, grinning for ear to ear like he's been enjoying himself a little *too* much. He looks at the Bar-ista table and quickly scans the drinks. Then, from somewhere in the middle of them he pulls out a glass cup filled with what looks to be red Kool-Aid. Mikey has a look on his face like "how did that get there" as Conor's eyes go wide and he takes a cool sip.

Conor Fuse:

Sick *party* you have here, Mikey. The Game Boy and I just love it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks for coming! Glad to have some of my coworkers come through! It's hard to get to know people up here y'know!

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two pats the champ on the back.

Conor Fuse:

You're the greatest Boss in this franchise, don't listen to anyone else. Congratulations on being 100% DEFIANT again.

Conor mentions, as he turns back to The Game Boy and they mingle their way elsewhere.

Having made friends with two new gentlemen Mikey is in a good mood. Who cares if they are obviously looking to use him to get to the top, he's used to that. It comes in handy.

Bruno Mars' "Grenade" begins to play over the speakers. Mikey puts his arms straight up, frapp and all.

Mikey Unlikely:

This song is my JAM! Let's get LiTtY CiTy FaM!

The scene fades as Mikey busts out his best dance moves.

BLACK PANDA vs. SAM DAY

Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL...

Lance:

We're about to get underway with some singles action, this match is well... not so random. Black Panda hand picked his opponent, and to no surprise it's Matt LaCroix's old BAMF tag team partner from BRAZEN, Sam Day.

DDK:

This might be Sam Day's first or second appearance on DEFtv, and he had to know something was up when he was offered the match. It's hard to turn down the opportunity to prove yourself on the big stage, but... under these circumstances?

Lance:

He's debuting against a maniac, Darren. I just don't see this going well. I just don't.

♪ "Guitar Gangsters and Cadillac Blood" by Volbeat ♪

Wearing purple and gray smokey tights, the dusty blond-haired former alcoholic walks out to the music. He stands at the entrance for a moment, taking it all in while flipping his sobriety coin before marching with purpose down towards the ring.

DDK:

It's not hard to figure out how these two got paired in DEFIANCE. They look similar, they have similar backgrounds in fighting addictions, and are about the same age. You can't help but think Black Panda is using Day as a proxy here.

Lance:

Oh, there's no doubt about it. He's carrying nearly an identical sobriety coin to the one Matt LaCroix wears around his neck. As a student of The D and Jack Harmen, Sam Day has a pedigree that might go under the radar.

DDK:

Oh, I think Black Panda knows exactly what he's getting himself into... but does Sam?

The lights in the arena goes out.

Lance:

And here comes his opponent, who has already made an impact in Defiance in such a short time.

♪ "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus ♪

Emerging from the back, Black Panda is ushering for the techs to cut his music. He does not pleased at all. He has a microphone in hand and is already talking over the tune.

Black Panda:

Cut my music. Cut it.

He runs his hand down the length of his face, completely displeased with himself. The music cuts, as requested. Day turns to Carla Ferrari in confusion, who shrugs in response.

Black Panda:

Last week, here on Defiance Television, I stepped inside that ring and was defeated by Matt LaCroix.

Panda drops his head in disgust and the fans pop in response. It draws his ire and he snarls at the fans.

Black Panda:

NO! NO! You DON'T get to do that. You can sit there quietly because this has NOTHING to do with you. So shut your goddamned mouths and let the men speak.

Well, their pop didn't last long. Boos rang out as Black Panda paced on the stage.

Black Panda:

See, last week took me by surprise and I wasn't ready for it. I was expecting something else. Well.... some-ONE else. I was expecting the Matt LaCroix who was a champion in Japan. The hard hitting beast who dethroned legends inside that ring. A real ATHLETE and a man amongst men.

Burying his face in his hands, the Black Bastard Prince sighs heavily while the fans think he's giving their guy the rub and pop.

Black Panda:

I thought I was getting the real deal when we went head-to-head in that ring, Matt. Instead, I get this knock-off, Americanised, Louisiana white trash show-off and to say that I felt disrespected and shocked to face such a pathetic being is barely cutting the mustard.

Panda reaches back into his tights and pulls out something silver and holds it up. It's a silver panda skull mask.

Black Panda:

I lost my honour losing to the bastardised version of Matt LaCroix last week. I have lost face. I'm an embarrassment to my family name. And I vow from this day forth I shall not show my face until I deem my efforts inside that DEFIANCE ring worthy of my family.

He pulls the silver mask over his face.

Black Panda:

And the dignity my family deserves begins being won back tonight.

Dropping the microphone, Black Panda full sprints down the ramp and slides under the bottom rope.

Lance:

Looks like Black Panda is ready for action!

Sam Day becomes alarmed and the pair meet in the middle with a flurry of punches while Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

A wild exchange of punches, Lance.

The pair continue to exchange punches when Panda drives a big knee into the bread basket of Day, doubling him over enough for him to hit a clubbing forearm over his back and sending him into the canvas.

Lance:

Down goes Day and it would be fair to say... Black Panda has somewhat of a chip on his shoulder.

Panda adjusts his mask and leaps over Day, hitting the ropes and on return hits a baseball slide into the side of Day's neck.

DDK:

By the looks of that baseball slide, he's trying to put a chip in Sam's shoulder.

Lance:

Oh, that's a terrible joke.

Bounding to his feet, the Black Bastard Prince pulls Day to his feet and whips him into the ropes. He bounds back and hits Panda with a running shoulderblock, dropping him to the canvas. The fans pop loudly.

Lance:

Sam Day responds with a shoulderblock, blasting Black Panda to the canvas.

Day hits the ropes as Panda bounds to his feet, he doubles over ready to toss Day over his shoulder but is met with a kick to the face that has him staggering. Day charges over with forearm strikes that guide him into the corner.

Lance:

Day has Panda in the corner now, taking control of this contest.

DDK:

The Black Bastard Prince is in a tricky situation here.

From one side to the other, Sam Day whips Black Panda across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle, hitting it chest first. Day gallops after him, leaping and hitting a splash into the corner, crushing the Next Gen Kaiju's chest against the steel.

DDK:

Oh! That's gotta hurt! Chest first into the buckles.

Day turned to the fans, raising a fist to a loud pop, turning and being near decapitated by a brutal lariat that flipped him through the air.

DDK:

Rookie mistake. Don't turn your back on psychopaths.

Lance:

A ferocious lariat from Black Panda and it would be fair to say that corner splash aggravated him further than what he was when he came out here tonight.

Black Panda rubbed at his chest, drawing wild breath as he looked at the fans from behind his silver mask. He looked down on the fallen Sam Day and pulled him to his feet into a front facelock, lifting him into a vertical suplex slam, crashing him belly first into the canvas.

Lance:

Suplex slam and Panda has assumed control.

DDK:

He said he was out here tonight to regain some honour for his family, what do you think that means, Lance?

Already on his feet, Black Panda continued his assault, grabbing Day by the scruff of the neck and pulling him to his feet showing off his strength.

Lance:

Stiff knee and- OH! Double underhook DDT! DDK, I think that Panda feels like he lost the respect of his family by losing to Matt LaCroix last week on DEFtv.

Clearly brutalised, Day crawls on hands and knees to the corner.

DDK:

Sam is trying to escape. NO! Panda got the tiger by the toe!

Rolling him over onto his back, Black Panda drives an elbow into Day's left knee. He quickly bounds up and drives the elbow a second time. Then a third.

Lance:

Black Panda trying to disable his opponent. What's the whole deal with the silver panda mask, DDK?

Clutching his knee in pain, Day doesn't realise Panda has climbed to the second rope, stalking him to rise to his feet. The fans booing loudly didn't seem to be a good enough indicator for Day. He pulled himself up the ropes and turned to a flying Panda.

DDK:

Bionic elbow! He's lucky that didn't split his skull open! The mask is something his mentor THE Sam Skull used... when he felt disrespected or like he'd lost face he'd wear his mask. It's a pride thing I guess.

Panda scrambled across the canvas and hooked the leg for a three-count

Lance:

Black Panda with the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

TH-SHOULDERUP! That was a close one!

The fans cheered as Day groggily rolled on the canvas clutching the top of his head. Black Panda simply goes about his business, pulling Sam Day up to his feet and whipping him into the ropes. Panda swings with another wild lariat.

Lance:

Whoa! Day ducks that wild lariat, hits the ropes and leaps with a shoulderblock taking out Black Panda.

DDK:

There's some life in him yet!

Panda is the first to his feet, but Day seems to have regained some life. The Black Bastard Prince hits a forearm strike to Day's head. Day strikes with a fist. Forearm. Fist.

Lance:

Both men exchanging blows but Day takes control.

He winds up and hits a big right hand that drops Black Panda to the canvas.

DDK:

Bam! He's got him down! Scoop slam!

Sam Day charges into the ropes and hits a leg drop across Panda's masked face. Quick to his feet again, Day hits the ropes to his right before hitting a sliding dropkick into the top of Panda's head.

Lance:

Some quick offense from Sam Day and there's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Nearly got him there!

The fans boo as Day slaps the canvas in frustration. He grabs Panda and guides him to his feet, driving a stiff knee into his gut to double him over. He tangles and rolls over him and pins him to the canvas with a

Lance:

Small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Panda pounds the canvas in frustration this time, as Day gets to his feet he's met with a ferocious jumping spinning palm strike to his ear that spins him away from Panda.

DDK:

Oh damn! His ears will be ringing for days!

Black Panda pulls Day's arms back into a chickenwing hold, lifting him and driving him into the canvas with a facebuster.

Lance:

Tides are turning! Black Panda rocking Day's world and he seems OUT of it now.

Clearly rocked by the palm strike and chickenwing, Sam Day seems dazed and confused as Black Panda heaves him to his feet and shows off his insane strength deadlifting him into a military press.

DDK:

We've seen this before!

The NextGen Kaiju drops him down and sends a stiff kick straight into the face of Day and the fans groan on the impact.

Lance:

RETROVERTIGO! PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE- NO! PULLED OFF THE CANVAS WITH A SICKENING STARE.

Eyes wide, Panda, with Day's neck cradled in his arms, has lifted Sam Day off the canvas and broken the pin himself.

DDK:

I feel like I'm about to witness a terrible wreck, Lance.

Lance:

I feel it, too. I can feel the hairs standing up on my neck.

Carla Ferrari is confused and tells Panda to pin his opponent, only to be shoved out of the way. The Black Bastard Prince shakes his head as he pulls the semi-conscious Day to his feet.

Lance:

Carla is not impressed with the actions of Black Panda. What IS he doing?

DDK:

Oh no! Not another one!

He heaves him up into a Military press again as...

Lights Out.

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

The lights turn green and someone charges out from the back, running down towards the ring and catching Black Panda's attention. Panda drops Day behind him and goes to meet the intruder as he stands on the apron.

Lance:

And here comes Matt LaCroix to the rescue!

Lights return, with Southern Strong Style forgoing the usual entrance in favor of quick response. The fans are cheering loudly as LaCroix gives Black Panda a piece of his mind, furious that Panda would break his own pinfall against his friend to continue his assault. Panda and LaCroix are inches away from each other's faces when Carla Ferrari gets between them to break things up.

Lance:

There already seems some animosity between these two, DDK. Black Panda not backing down and LaCroix itching to get in the ring and even the playing field.

Ferrari shoves Panda towards the center of the ring and points at his opponent, who hasn't moved. She tells him to get on with the job and finish it off.

DDK:

Ferrari is warning Panda to focus on the task at hand.

LaCroix has dropped to ringside, protesting boisterously before nervously watching things unfold in the ring as Ferrari warns him one more time about his intrusion. The Orleans Outsider paces, never taking his arctic blue eyes off Black Panda in the ring.

Lance:

Black Panda isn't playing any more. He's making his intentions VERY clear to Matt LaCroix and the rest of the roster. You mess with him, he'll tear his way back to you through the people you care about.

DDK:

Just a sick perversion, forcing LaCroix to watch this. We should've just called for the bell here.

Panda points at LaCroix then makes a sleeping gesture before heaving Day into the air with a military press again. And again a second kick to the face. And the fans boo loudly as Black Panda stands over Day.

Lance:

This is horrible to watch. Black Panda just delivered a second Retrovertigo to the face of Sam Day and he's virtually out cold.

LaCroix slaps the canvas in frustration as he watches on, clenching his fist, impatiently waiting for the opportunity to do something about it.

DDK:

End this already! Just go for the pin. You've proven your point!

Black Panda ignores Ferrari's advice to pin his opponent and simply positions himself over Day, grabbing each arm into a chickenwing and bending his spine with a camel clutch.

Lance:

Black Panda locking in the Endangered and it appears to be the case for Sam Day.

Day seems to wake up for a minute to scream in agony, howling loudly before passing out to the pain. Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

But the bell toll doesn't release Black Panda's grip from Sam Day.

Lance:

Black Panda not releasing that hold on Sam Day!

DDK:

He couldn't watch another second, LaCroix is already in the ring!

Ferrari can't stop him now! Matt LaCroix slides beneath the bottom rope and Panda releases Day, somersaulting backwards out of LaCroix's attempt to hit him with a shining wizard knee to the side of his head. Both men pop up to their feet and emerge into a brawl. LaCroix and Panda raining fists down on each other. Exchanging stiffer and stiffer blows, as the Faithful go bananas.

Lance:

All Hell is breaking loose as these men are trying to tear each other apart.

DDK:

And the cavalry have arrived!

From the back, a team of security guards emerge and charge towards the ring to separate the two. Carla Ferrari's only power is to keep calling for the bell to distract them but the only thing that can separate the men is the guards who come from the back, who after watching the cracks and thuds between the two, aren't exactly throwing themselves into the fray.

DDK:

Security finally separates these two before they kill each other!

LaCroix is trying furiously to have himself released from the guards grip, kicking and throwing his arms around wildly. Black Panda allows the security guards to manoeuvre him out of the ring and usher him towards the ramp. When Panda's at a safe distance from LaCroix, his guards release him and he immediately attends to his almost lifeless friend in the center (or is it "centre"? Who REALLY wrote this?) of the ring.

Lance:

Matt LaCroix is checking in on his old tag partner as security ushers Black Panda to the back, and not a moment too soon.

DDK:

Things got crazy incredibly fast, Lance. Whenever these two get together the strikes are just insane. Those must've

been some epic battles in Japan between Matt LaCroix and THE Sam Skull if this is any indication. Reminds me of some of the old Onslaught matches.

Lance:

I don't think I was around for that, Darren.

The camera shoots the scene of the guards ushering Black Panda to the back with LaCroix checking on Day over his shoulder, the lights shimmering off his silver panda skull mask.

Lance:

The thought just crossed my mind, Darren, that Black Panda is leaving here tonight with the thought that what he just did brought some kind of sick respect to his name. The Faithful aren't having any of it, but is this how he plans on "earning respect" around here?

DDK:

Fear and respect aren't the same thing, Lance. Someone might need to tell Black Panda that... but one thing is for sure, a message was delivered and it was damn intimidating.

Lance:

What's he going to do next? Go after LaCroix's family? The Faithful? Sam Day is a grown man and he can handle his own... but we don't know a whole lot about this guy, so where is the line where he's willing to stop?

DDK:

I'm not looking forward to finding out, Lance. This man came from Japan talking about the honor and respect of that land, but I'm not seeing it here tonight. This could get bad. I don't like it.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

MAKING IT TO THE A-LIST

The scene shifts to outside of the WrestlePlex, where a door closes behind Max Luck, bag slung over his shoulder. He pulls out his key fob and clicks it, hearing a faint honk in the distance. Looking around, he spots fading amber lights and begins making his way, shoving his keys into his partially opened bag.

???:

HEY. Y... YOU!

A shrill feminine voice cuts through the twilight like a knife. Max stops, looking around helplessly trying to find the source.

???:

Down here you uncultured ogre!

Max Luck looks down and sees Elise Ares wearing a little black dress, befitting of a red carpet premiere. Her LED sunglasses rest on top of her head, no longer hiding her big brown eyes noticeably filled with a fiery rage.

Max Luck:

Didn't we make it obvious that we're done with your crappy little home movie? Now I gotta go meet my brother for dinner, lady, so why don't you go off and make another straight-to-the-only Blockbuster on Earth movie or something?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE gasps, putting her hand against her chest.

Elise Ares:

How DARE you! If I wasn't wearing heels worth more than your car, I'd teach you a thing or two about how to treat a STAR, but you wouldn't know acting talent if it hit you with a wrench!

Max visibly rolls his eyes.

Elise Ares:

This isn't some home video smut film, you pervert!

Max Luck:

I have never sa...

Elise Ares:

This isn't OnlyFans... not that there's anything wrong with that, this is NETFLIX! This is QUALITY. My films are streamed to the living rooms of nearly every household on the planet! These poors stay home and anxiously await the release date, so they can make sure they see our films before anyone else so they don't get spoiled on social media. So let me give you a spoiler alert, dummy!

Max feigns interest.

Elise Ares:

You're an untalented hack! The only reason you got offered a part in a Hollywood movie is because this is a sizeist industry.

Max Luck:

Wait, wait... what?

Elise Ares:

Did you really think you were "talented" and "had a future"? Please. That's what the people in this industry tell people of size. You only got offered a big deal over me because I'm short! If I was six inches taller, I'd be so in-demand that you would pay to get on a bus to drive by my estate. I mean, you could now... if you'd like. I have a Venmo.

Max Luck:

Did you just invite me to your house? Just a minute ago I think you were calling me an ogre and a height supremacist?

Elise hits Max Luck with her designer handbag and he wences on impact.

Max Luck:

What the hell do you keep in there?!

Elise Ares:

A woman never tells her secrets... and let me tell YOU something about high quality roles. Did you ever see the movie I, Tanya?

Max Luck grinds his teeth, rubbing the side of his face annoyed.

Max Luck:

I'm done with you. Bye Elise!

As he turns around, O-Face jumps out from behind a car wearing a ski-mask and slams a lead pipe against Max's knee, causing the giant to fall violently to the pavement.

Elise Ares:

GET 'EM!

The entire gang jumps out from behind the car, Flex Kruger and The D immediately begin stomping on the knee of Max Luck as Klein puts on a pair of latex gloves. Picking up the pipe, Klein runs away to destroy the evidence as stomps and hammer fists continue to slam against the attacked knee.

Elise Ares:

Not so tall now are you?!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style very cautiously gets down to a knee, the best she can in such a tight dress as Flex Kruger and The D hold Max Luck and force him to look into Elise's eyes.

Elise Ares:

Don't you ever... EVER insult our GREATNESS! You are NOTHING. You have always been NOTHING! You will always be a NOTHING. A filthy. Ugly. Tall. Pathetic. Poor!

In the background O-Face imitates the "WHYYYYYYYYYYYYY?!" screams of Nancy Kerrigan as Ares spits into the face of Max Luck and slaps him. He tries to break free but Flex Kruger plants him face first into the pavement. The D gets in a couple of quick kicks as Klein drives up in a car, screeching the brakes as he comes to a halt.

The D:

Quick! We gotta get out of here before they call the fuzz!

The group jumps into the car in a frenzy, squeezing into the four-door sedan and barely closing the door before it speeds away out of frame. Back on the ground, Max Luck rolls over onto his back and picks a piece of gravel out of his forehead. Groaning and holding his knee.

JAY HARVEY vs. RHYS COLLINS

We cut to the hardcam view of Darren Quimbey in the ring, Referee Hector Navarro is behind him, barely in the picture.

DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a Fifteen minute time limit... Already in the ring... Hailing from London, England... This is Rhys Collins!

Collins raises his left arm into the air and is looking mean.

DDK:

Rhys Collins, making his DEFtv debut here tonight.

Lance:

Not an easy first match here in DEFIANCE.

♪ *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:

Never easy when you have to go toe to toe with Jay Harvey.

DDK:

Ain't that the truth. Jay Harvey, fresh off his victory against Gage Blackwood. Harvey and The Faithful have been getting under the skin of the Southern Heritage Champion as of late.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. Jay Harvey, a pro at getting under people's skin. We know The Faithful can be as a big thorn in the side as any DEFIANT.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeyyyyy!

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.

DDK:

Jay Harvey looking to continue making his claim for a SoHer title match.

Lance:

Jay Harvey has said that "Gage Blackwood's ego won't deny him a title match".

DDK:

Blackwood can't be enjoying the way things are going right now.

Lance:

He is the champ but... for how long? Only time will tell, looks like Collins and Harvey are ready for action.

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

Lance:

Here we go...

DING! DING!**DDK:**

And we're off!

Jay Harvey and Rhys Collins meet in the center of the ring with a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Harvey gets the upper hand and turns things into a Side Headlock. Collins quickly lands some shots to Harvey's gut and is able to break free. Collins hits the ropes and Harvey drops to the mat. Harvey is back to his feet and goes for a Back Body Drop but Collins Leapfrogs over him.

Collins shoots back toward the center of the ring and eats a gorgeous looking Dropkick. Collins holds his face as he makes his way over to the nearby corner. Harvey goes toward Collins, picking him up and pushing him back first into the turnbuckles.

Harvey takes a few steps back before landing an echoing Knife Edge Chop to Collins' chest. Navarro winces as Collins' chest turns bright red. Collins moves away from the corner but Harvey pushes him right back. Referee Hector Navarro tells Harvey to get Collins out of the corner. Harvey lands one more Knife Edge Chop that Collins will be feeling for the next few days.

DDK:

The welts already starting on Rhys Collins' chest.

Lance:

Sickening sounding chops, Darren.

Harvey nudges Collins into the ropes and goes for an Irish Whip but it's reversed. Collins sends Harvey across the ring and goes for a Hip Toss but has it blocked by Harvey. Harvey swings over and is able to hit a Hip Toss of his own. Collins is right back up and right back down this time via an Arm Drag Takedown.

Harvey keeps control and locks up Collins' arm. He puts his right leg over Collins' body and wrenches tighter on the Short Arm Scissors hold. Collins is in pain as Harvey keeps putting more and more pressure on Collins' trapped arm. Referee Hector Navarro is right in the middle checking to see if Collins wants to give up.

Collins looks to be in agonizing pain but musters enough power to roll himself and in turn Harvey over for a pin attempt.

ONE!**TWO!**

Harvey is now doing his best to keep his shoulders off the mat while maintaining the submission. Navarro is down checking Harvey's shoulders to count a pin. Collins blows his tank on lifting Harvey off the mat but Harvey escapes before he can be slammed down to the mat.

The two men are up and Harvey is landing forearm shots to Collins' face. Harvey forces Collins back to the ropes and goes for an Irish Whip. Collins reverses it once again and lands a stiff knee to Harvey's midsection. Collins hits the ropes and executes a Swinging Neckbreaker that puts Harvey down on the mat.

Collins is feeling it and goes on the attack. He lands some hard looking fists to the forehead of Jay Harvey. Collins is showing effects of the arm submission and holds his left arm close to his body. Harvey is staggering around the ring and being chased by Collins.

Collins gets Harvey into the corner and hits him with a Knife Edge Chop of his own. Harvey is staring daggers at Collins now. The crowd is picking up waiting for Harvey to blow. Collins lands one more Chop and it sets Harvey off. Harvey spins Collins and tosses him into the corner and goes to town.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is unloading on Rhys Collins!

Lance:

Collins trying to cover up from the fury of Forearms by Harvey!

Collins is able to out of pure desperation hit a Jawbreaker that rocks Harvey, making him turn his back and hold his jaw in pain. Harvey stops close to the middle of the ring and drops at the hip. Collins rushes Harvey and is cracked in the left cheek with a Harvey Superkick.

The crowd is on their feet as Collins is dropped down to all fours. Harvey zips to the nearby corner and is lying in wait. He holds his hand up like a gun and waits for Rhys Collins to get where he wants him. The crowd is on their feet as they know what is coming next.

Collins is at the perfect spot and Harvey is off. Harvey lands a brutal knee to the side of Collins' head. The crowd is on their feet as Collins gets a Wake Up Call. Harvey wastes no time and immediately goes for the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****DING! DING! DING!**

Harvey's music hits and he rolls off his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match by pin fall... "THEEEEE NAAAATURAAAAAL ONEEEEE" THEEEEE JAAAAAAAY HAAAAAARVEEEEEYY!

DDK:

Impressive victory from Jay Harvey here on DEFtv.

Referee Hector Navarro raises Jay Harvey's hand in victory. The crowd is buzzing and many heads in the hard cam's view are turned toward the entrance ramp.

Lance:

Collins was just no match for Harvey here tonight, Darren. Let's show you some highlights from- it's Gage Blackwood!

Gage Blackwood is behind Harvey. He looks pissed as he waits for Harvey to turn around!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood is in the ring! He just smashed the Southern Heritage title into the face of Jay Harvey!

Blackwood is on the attack and is stomping the downed Harvey. Harvey appears to be out cold. Blackwood rips his t-shirt off and tosses it into the corner. We don't hear what Blackwood is saying to Harvey but he is laying into the unconscious DEFIANT.

Blackwood picks up his Southern Heritage title and holds it up into the air while his eyes stay glued on Harvey's beaten body. The crowd is all boos as Blackwood begins his exit from the ring.

Lance:

Gage Blackwood sending a message here!

DDK:

Jay Harvey made Gage Blackwood look silly and Gage didn't like it!

Lance:

This story just picked up, Darren!

DDK:

This is far from over, Lance. I can assure you that!

Cameras pick up the Southern Heritage Champion as he makes his way back up the ramp. We cut back to the ring where Harvey is out cold. We cut as the show continues.

STREET FIGHTER

Backstage. DEFTv backdrop. A nervous and apprehensive Jamie Sawyers stands across from Tyler Fuse. Tyler is wearing a black t-shirt with orange text reading "INTENSITY PERSONIFIED". The Princess stands behind him, arms crossed, eyes locked ahead.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tonight, Tyler, it's without a doubt your biggest test yet. A no holds barred match against DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, Scott Douglas. A match he asked for and one you accepted!

Sawyers looks at Tyler, hoping he will reply but since there is silence he's too quick to chime in again.

Jamie Sawyers:

We saw what you did against the enhancement wrestler, Dean Neenen on UNCUT. Back-to-back shows, too. Impressive and yet, terrifying. What do you have in store...

Jamie's voice trails off as he notices Tyler is staring a hole right through him.

There's another long, uncomfortable pause. Sawyers counts his blessings as Tyler pulls the mic to his face, with Jamie's hand trembling as he does.

Tyler Fuse:

I am not a *fun* guy. Not anymore. I proved that last week. UNCUT doesn't get the audience or attention as DEFTv, so if you're unfamiliar, I will show you what I am truly capable of tonight.

The Princess puts a hand on Tyler's shoulder as he continues.

Tyler Fuse:

Game slogans mean nothing. My past means nothing. When I put Kerry Kuroyama on the shelf... it meant nothing. I'm not looking to win this match. Oh no. I am looking to tear apart a man's career... one that he worked so hard for.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, uh, is there any chance we can know more about your relationship with this Stalker...

Tyler grabs Jamie by the collar.

Tyler Fuse:

Tonight begins the *Replacement Era*. You'll understand what I mean very soon. Two months ago, a guy in my position could never foresee himself on the biggest stage, in the main event, taking on one of the DEFIANCE's "best". Then again, a guy in my position two months ago wouldn't have taken the steps necessary to summon *Him*, either.

Sawyers is already too deep into this interview. It's not going to hurt him further to continue it.

Jamie Sawyers:

Him?

Tyler nods slightly.

Tyler Fuse:

The Original Mastermind. The Original Virus.

Tyler huffs out.

Tyler Fuse:

The Original Reaper.

Fuse finally lets go of Jamie's collar.

Tyler Fuse:

But that is just a secondary aspect of the *Replacement Era*. Tonight, it's step one. Tonight is the beginning of the ultimate end for SUB POP Scott. It is a fight I am ready for. And I will prove it.

Tyler and Desire walk away, leaving an ever-so-confused and still nervously twitching interviewer to the camera by himself.

Jamie Sawyers:

So it sounds like Tyler plans to take Scott Douglas out tonight... for good? Back to you Keebler.

Sawyers pulls at his collar to make sure he can breathe well as the scene fades.

ALVARO DE VARGAS vs. TITUS CAMPBELL

DDK:

You ready for the next match on DEFtv, Lance? It's gonna be a FIGHT, I wager. It'll be two of BRAZEN's hardest-hitting men. The newcomer that has been rubbing people the wrong way, but making a name for himself while doing it, Alvaro de Vargas, goes one-on-one with "Wingman" Titus Campbell!

Lance:

After Titus beat Elijah Cross on UNCUT, he called out de Vargas for this match and it was quickly granted. I did some chatting with Titus after that show and he told me that he and de Vargas used to be bouncers at the same nightclub in between de Vargas' wrestling gigs and were friends at one point. Titus didn't go into detail about the fallout, but he maintains de Vargas is manipulative and untrustworthy. That's the reason why he talked to Tim earlier and tried to warn him about de Vargas.

DDK:

Wow. Well, what we've observed of Alvaro de Vargas is that we've seen him buddy up with DEFIANCE newcomer Trashcan Tim soon as it meant he would get on DEFtv. They fought in a tag match last week against BAF and Alvaro took the win after Trashcan Tim did all the hard work. Now from what I hear, de Vargas has been radio silent after that where Tim's concerned, but when he received word he would be wrestling on DEFtv, he was suddenly all for it.

Lance:

There's a layer of truth to what Titus has been saying, I think. But tonight, they'll try and settle this in the ring now!

And to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 310 pounds...

"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!

♪ "Earthquake" by Labrinth feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

The Faithful give a cheer as Campbell comes out ready to go. While known as a party guy, the focus is all professional right now as The Wingman heads to the ring right away. He wants a fight.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

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. Titus wants to get at him, but referee Benny Doyle keeps him away while Alvaro... yes, has a microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hello once again, DEFIANCE! ¡Hola otra vez! Soy la futura leyenda de DEFIANCE!

The Faithful jeer the tall Cuban-American as he heads to the ring, albeit slowly since he can hear himself talk more.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Excuse my language... both of them... but Titus? Maldita snitch! I heard you were back there sticking your nose where it didn't belong and trying to tell Trash Bag Hefty that I wasn't his friend. That's why I stopped being tu amigo years ago, pendejo! You're jealous, that's all this is! Eres una perra celosa! But you can still fix this, Wingman. Walk away... while you can still walk.

But Titus already has a microphone... and a reply.

Titus Campbell:

SHUT UP AND TAKE THIS ASS-WHOOPING LIKE A MAN!

Titus throws the microphone down. Alvaro de Vargas... smiles. Eerily so.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Te lo adverti.

The microphone gets tossed and ADV looks like he wants to fight just as bad as Titus. Two of the largest men in BRAZEN both meet up and as soon as the bell ring...

DING DING!

The fists start flying!

DDK:

Hoo boy! These two want to fight!

The fists continue to be traded between the two at the onset of the match and they keep on flying much to the delight of the crowd! It's Titus who gets the lead as his blows are slower, but have just a little more power behind them. Titus continues raining the punches down on him until he pushes him back to the corner and CLOCKS him with a big Corner Clothesline! Titus turns away for a moment to shake the pain out from his hand... only to come back quickly and BLAST him with another Clothesline!

DDK:

That's some real fire in that ring by Titus Campbell! Imagine if he showed more of this!

Titus Campbell gets the support of the Faithful as he turns once again while ADV remains trapped in the corner. But when he turns to finally face de Vargas, out of nowhere, he surprises Titus with a sick Headbutt to the temple! Titus staggers backwards and now ADV is all over him in a rage, throwing Clubbing Forearms all across his back! Alvaro continues bringing the punishment and then sends Titus Campbell to the ropes. As he hits the ropes, he drives a knee upwards into his chest.

He sends Titus across the ring with another Irish Whip and does the same thing, meeting him with another vicious knee to the gut on the other side! As Titus is doubled over, Alvaro runs the ropes and come back with an even stiffer Knee Lift, cracking Titus in the face and knocking him to the ground! The crowd jeers ADV as he stands on his feet, basking in the reception.

DDK:

Wow! In a hurry, ADV turned things around on Titus! We've learned about his background prior to DEFIANCE and BRAZEN that he participated in deathmatch wrestling for years. He can TAKE a hit and give it out even harder.

Lance:

But then he turns around and preens like he already has the match won! That can be costly.

When Titus tries to get back to his feet, ADV picks him up and drills him down with a fugly-looking Body Slam. He backs up a few inches and gestures he's going to bring the proverbial hammer down. That hammer looks like a Leaping Knee Drop, but he MISSES when Titus rolls out of the way! Alvaro howls in pain as Titus tries to make a recover.

DDK:

And that's where that arrogance gets you! Nowhere!

Titus has the crowd cheering him as he gets back up. He waits for ADV to do the same, then bulldozes the massive Miami star into the corner! ADV hasn't been put on the back foot like this and it shows when Titus pounds away in the

corner. He keeps doing so with a few Shoulder Thrusts and then pulls ADV up... and holds him...

Five seconds...

TEN seconds...

The drops down with the Delayed Vertical Suplex! Titus is up and he's fired up already as he heads to the second rope nearby with ADV down.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Wingman going to the second rope... and he connects! He hits that Second Rope Diving Headbutt called Taking Flight! The Wingman goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

ADV kicks out right after two, but that doesn't deter Titus from wanting to punish him further.

DDK:

Wow! I thought for sure Titus had him.

He picks up ADV and clubs away at him with several more shots to the back. When he tries a whip to the ropes, ADV puts on the brakes and then grabs Titus by the head before he PLANTS him down with a big DDT! The cocky Cuban sits up and yells out some choice words in Spanish, visibly angry.

DDK:

And how quickly has ADV just turned the tide! He's back on his feet now and he grabs Titus...

Lance:

Oh, no, I think ADV is livid! He got shown up a bit by Campbell and he's gonna make him pay!

He continues to go crazy, STRIKING The Wingman in the chest with a volley of hard knee strikes to the chest. After about six or seven find their mark, ADV backs up as Titus tries to get back to his feet. He's slow to do so, but he charges and then CRACKS Titus upside the head with that signature Running Big Boot of his! Titus goes down hard and ADV doesn't waste any more time.

DDK:

ADV trying to put him away quickly now!

He grabs Titus and the Faithful jeer as de Vargas runs a hand through his hair and flicks the sweat off to the side. He takes Titus upside down...

DDK:

Ardiendo! De Vargas plants Titus with that Piledriver!

Titus can't fight back as ADV turns him off to the side and lays across his chest for what has to be the academic cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

ADV rolls off of Titus' fallen body and then sits up again. He checks his jaw to make sure it still works after Titus packed a wallop, then gets back to his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... Alvar...

Quimbey stops when Alvaro de Vargas rushes over and steals the chair out from underneath him. He turns his attention back to the ring and slides the chair inside...

DDK:

Oh, no... come on, Alvaro, you won!

Titus is defenseless and isn't even moving when ADV slides the chair next to him. He starts to grab Titus by the head and starts leading him up...

DDK:

No, no... you don't need to do this...

Lance:

Look, Darren! Trashcan Tim is coming down the ramp!

The big man comes rushing down the ramp and then heads right for Alvaro, making him stop what he's doing.

Trashcan Tim:

No! Come on, Al, don't do this!

Alvaro looks at Tim and then back down at Titus... then backs off.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hey, hey! We're good, amigo, we're good!

Trashcan Tim keeps talking sense into him and ADV decides to hand him the chair off the ground. Tim breathes a sigh of relief and then hands the chair off to an attendant at ringside.

DDK:

ADV thankfully stops whatever he was thinking of doing to Titus Campbell. Tim got through to him at the right time.

The big lug points at ADV and mentions that he wants to talk and Alvaro nods. ADV starts to turn....

THEN HITS HIM WITH A LOW BLOW!

DDK:

Oh, come on!

Lance:

What was that even for! Was that just de Vargas showing Tim his true colors?

The Faithful JEER the hell out of Alvaro de Vargas now as Tim falls to his knees, wondering what the hell just happened! ADV holds his hands up like he's won the FIST of DEFIANCE and then walks right past Tim and leaves the ring!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Fuck off, Trash Panda! I'm the REAL star now!

ADV heads back up the ramp and then raises his fists.

DDK:

Look... I'll call it like I see it. ADV is a tough customer... but he's become so insufferable. His "friendship" and I say that in sarcastic quotation marks, is done!

Alvaro de Vargas stands on top of the ramp, giving the double tall man to Trashcan Tim, who starts to sit up, gritting through his teeth as he watches the cocky Cuban-American saunter right on out of sight.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

JUST SWELL

We're back from commercial and the Faithful are treated to Lindsay Troy, posted up near the entrance to the weight room. No Jamie Sawyers. No Christie Zane. Just the Lady of the Hour and a camera.

Old school.

Just how the DEFans like it.

Lindsay Troy:

Young Mister Burns...

Lindsay doesn't address the camera head-on. Instead, her gaze is stage right, her expression pensive. She lets the thought linger in the air for a moment before completing it.

Lindsay Troy:

...I like you.

A small smile graces her lips.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't like too many people; not anymore. Call it a casualty of too many years in the business, too much time spent in places where a cut throat is more common than a handshake extended in honor, or the acknowledgement that I'm riding this DEFtrain solo and the only one watching my back this go-around is *me*.

In a way, this is how I prefer it.

But I like you, Oscar. I like your little catchphrase and I like the way you fight. I like that you haven't let your losses define you and you want to kill Mikey in the face again just as much as I do. Most of all, though? I like that you're not going to back down from me. So if you want to battle at Acts of DEFIANCE, you can consider your challenge accepted.

The Faithful roar their approval out in the arena. The Queen doesn't hear them, but she doesn't need to.

Lindsay Troy:

There's a saying though, Oscar....if you stay ready, you don't gotta get ready.

Now, Lindsay looks dead-on at the camera.

Lindsay Troy:

And I'm always ready for a tussle.

As she finishes with her trademark SMIRK~!

...

Oscar Burns:

Ms. Troy!

Another huge pop in the background, this time for the arrival of "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns along with "Bantam" Ryan Batts. She turns to face her now future opponent for Acts of DEFIANCE!

Oscar Burns:

Always ready is my second nickname AND my middle name, GC. Trust me when I say... when "Twists and Turns Always Ready" Oscar "Always Ready" Burns gets into that ring, you are getting pushed and you are getting the fight of a lifetime. And I'm sorry, love, because I truly wish both of us could go out there and either kick that bloody shitbag

Mikey Unlikely in the face or uppercut his head right off his shoulders at the same time. It'd be fun... but I'm not going to let any more opportunities pass me by, Queenie.

Lindsay Troy: (deadpanning)

Yes. You've already said that. Maybe you should change your nickname to "Twists and Turns Broken Record" Oscar Burns.

Burns lets out a fake hearty laugh.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, you with the dry wit, Queenie. It's gonna be fun going hard out at Acts of DEFIANCE. But hey... You were kind enough to answer my challenge, but... we've got one more, if you're up for it in two weeks.

Ryan Batts:

Ms. Troy...

Batts steps forward.

Ryan Batts:

Your career speaks for itself so I'll cut right to the chase. I'm challenging you to match on the next DEFtv. You might look at it as a "warm-up" match... I'm looking at it as "I've beaten former FIST title holders before and I think I can beat one more." What do you say?

Lindsay's eyebrow hikes upward.

Lindsay Troy:

So the young lion has teeth.

Batts smiles extra wide... to show off said teeth.

Lindsay Troy:

Take an inventory of them. You might find a few missing at 140. See you then.

The Lady of the Hour takes her leave, and Batts waves her a happy goodbye. Once she's gone, he turns to Burns.

Ryan Batts:

She seems swell.

Swell indeed, Ryan. Let's take it to ringside for our next match!

TEAM HOSS vs. LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

DDK:

Team HOSS have been on a real tear now lately Lance. They had some bad luck coming out of Maximum DEFIANCE but ever since these issues with Dex Joy and Scrow have taken place, they seem to be looking more like their old dominant selves again.

Lance:

Yeah and when they are on they are downright scary. Angel Trinidad beat Dex Joy and later on in the night they assaulted Scrow simply for being in their space. Now how do you think the Louisiana Bulldogs are going to fare against them?

DDK:

Honestly? I'd expect their opponents to run but the Bulldogs will fight anybody to prove their worth. They are already in the ring right now and they are raring to go because this is a massive opportunity for them to put themselves on the map. We'll see how they will fare against Team HOSS very shortly!

Quimbey:

The following match is a tag team match! Already in the ring from right here in NOLA! They are Denver and Oliver Brandt! They are the Louisiana Bulldogs!!!

Oliver and Denver look ready to fight and they get cheers from the crowd in support of their home town.

♪ "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... outcome the two members of Team HOSS.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great and the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad head, toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. Angel and Aleczander both head inside the ring. Aleczander wants to fight but the official does his best to hold them back. The Bulldogs want to fight also. When the official sees it he decides that he is going to call for the bell.

DING DING DING!!!

Right from the get-go both of the Brandt brothers go right for Angel Trinidad and they back the bigger Team Hoss member in the corner. He gets rocked by uppercuts from Oliver while Denver goes low and attacks the leg with some kicks. Aleczander grabs Oliver Brandt and tosses him aside, but Denver comes to his brother's rescue. Aleczander tries to land a standing lariat, but he ducks it. A boot to the stomach from Denver leads into a knee lift from Oliver and then a big german suplex by Denver!

DDK:

Wow! The Bulldogs are looking good in the first minute of this match! They have Angel in the corner and just took down Aleczander with a big suplex!

Angel sees the brothers celebrating perhaps a bit too prematurely. He runs at both of them and tries to succeed where Aleczander failed with a clothesline but they duck under. Angel keeps running and gets caught by two dropkicks from the brothers. They knock Angel down and it Oliver Brandt tries to pin Angel after that.

One ...

Angel kicks out at one!

Lance:

I can't believe how well these two are doing!

Oliver tags Denver back into the ring and they gang up on Angel Trinidad. They send him for the ride with a whip but that turns out to be a massive mistake on their part because Angel comes back and knocks them both down with the Flying Hoss Body!

DDK:

Oh no! Flying Hoss Body! They were doing well, Lance!

Angel is back up and all the Bulldogs look like they have done is make Team HOSS angrier. Angel tags Aleczer back into the ring. Angel grabs Oliver and throws him over the ropes where he crashes hard on the floor. The attention is back on Team HOSS now with Aleczer whipping Denver Brandt into the corner. Aleczer tells Angel to hit the corner so he can whip his own partner into Denver with a big knee smash in the corner. Aleczer lines up his arm.

DDK:

Oh no, I think we all know what's coming next!

Aleczer winds up his arm like he's at-bat. Angel sends Denver out of the corner and right into a neck wrenching lariat from Aleczer the Great!

Lance:

He calls that deadly lariat Weapon Flex! And ... he is now posing down so I see why!

Aleczer climbs on top of Denver and pins him with a knee on his chest while he makes his pecs dance.

One ...
Two ...
Three!!!

DDK:

Wow! I know that Team HOSS is one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most equally dangerous and successful teams ... but wow. They turned that around quickly!

Lance:

They sure did! Aleczer and Angel looked great out there between two weeks ago when Angel beat Dex Joy and now. Oh ... wait, what is Oliver doing?

Oliver Brandt runs back into the ring and tries to protect his brother. He shoves Aleczer back and tries to attack him but Angel shuts that down using a blow from behind. Angel picks up Oliver and then he sends him down with his vertical suplex/uranagi combination that he calls Don't Look Down!

DDK:

That's what Oliver gets for trying to help his brother against these two bullies.

Lance:

Yeah ... Oh, look now!

The crowd reaction changes from the Faithful because out comes Scrow! Team HOSS see him coming as they kick the bodies of the Brandt brothers outside, then get ready for Scrow. He slides in but Aleczer is already there to greet him with stomps to his back when he tries to get in the ring.

DDK:

Oh come on! Scrow's sticking up for himself! That's all this is! They started this conflict and that's why he's here!

Aleczander tries picking Scrow up by his hair but he surprises him with a pele kick to his head. The crowd cheers on Scrow and Aleczander bounces back but Angel is already on top of Scrow with a shoulder tackle. Scrow goes flying into the corner!

DDK:

Team HOSS are showing no signs of slowing ... wait! Wait! It's Dex Joy!

Lance:

The Biggest Boy!

The crowd is now even louder than they were for Scrow because Dex Joy is heading down to the ring. Team HOSS has been making enemies everywhere and when Angel sees him coming, Aleczander holds his head from the kick by Scrow but he tells Angel he'll deal with Joy. Angel has his boot on Scrow in the corner but when Aleczander approaches Dex, the big man runs at him and knocks down Aleczander in the aisle using his shotgun dropkick!

DDK:

Dex Joy just kicked Aleczander's heart out of his body with that massive dropkick!

Dex takes a second getting up but he continues toward the ring where Angel is waiting. He tries to grab Dex but he grabs him first and then pulls his neck down across the top rope. Angel is incapacitated and that gives Scrow the chance to blast him with the yellow mist!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! Scrow just hit him with that yellow mist and now Angel is blinded!

Dex heads into the ring while Angel hobbles around and then lets him have it with a big pounce!

DDK:

The yellow mist and then Dexy's Midnight Runner! Angel goes flying out of the ring!

Dex is beating on his chest like the gorilla-sized human that he is. He turns to ask Scrow if he's okay but Scrow shoves him aside and then he leaves the ring. Aleczander goes over and steals a sealed water bottle from a fan to help Angel get the mist out of his eyes. He leads Angel up the aisle and is yelling many British obscenities while they head to the back.

DDK:

Wow! Scrow wants nothing to do with Dex? That's some thanks for helping him out of trouble.

Lance:

After all that Scrow and Dex Joy have been a part of since both joined DEFIANCE Wrestling, I don't think I'd see them work together in any fashion but they did just that to send Team HOSS packing!

DDK:

Dex is trying to plead with Scrow but he's already gone back into the crowd.

Dex watches Scrow disappear into the masses. The Biggest Boy shrugs and then turns attention on Team HOSS. He draws an imaginary line with his feet and dares them to come back.

Dex Joy:

Come on, pallies! You guys have an ass-whooping package coming your way and I need a signature! Come on!

Joy's corny line aside, The Biggest Boy is cheered immensely by the fans when he shakes the ropes like a mad man.

WHERE IS HE?!

We come back from commercial to see Jay Harvey storming through the backstage area obviously looking for Gage Blackwood. He's holding his head after suffering a vicious attack by the hands of the Southern Heritage Champion. Harvey is visually pissed and still feeling the effects from the beating.

He powers through the pain and keeps moving. Christie Zane arrives on the scene and is walking step for step with Harvey. He doesn't stop moving.

Christie Zane:

Jay, we all witnessed that vicious attack from Gage Blackwood. Wha-

Before Christie can finish her sentence, Harvey lets out his thoughts on Gage Blackwood.

Jay Harvey:

Gage... you want to attack me from behind?! You want to play that game you coward?!

Christie keeps moving, keeps the microphone on Harvey, and keeps looking ahead to make sure he doesn't run into anything.

Jay Harvey:

Gage... if I find you, I'm going to break off your arm and stick it up your ass!

Harvey keeps trooping, the camera keeps following him as he busts into a nearby locker room. We keep rolling as Harvey goes on. His body doesn't allow the camera man entrance to the locker room and the bodies inside aren't clear.

Jay Harvey:

Where is he?!

Voice:

Who?

Jay Harvey:

The guy who busted me upside the goddamn head!

Voice:

Blackwood just left.

Harvey is a man on a mission. Harvey is out of the picture and we soon cut the feed.

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!

RETURN TO DEFIANCE 15:00-25:00

After meeting Oscar Burns and Ryan Batts, it would seem Jestal thinks Clucky was taken to the future with them. The clown has made it his mission to find Clucky. With a determined look unlike we have seen since that fateful night, they were thrown into the future. Dandelion however is more concerned with finding a way back to where she came from. Though, their respective missions are about to take an abrupt halt as they come into contact with a familiar face of their past...

Jestal:

CLUCKY....CLUCKY!

Dandelion clearly is not interested in the search for Clucky. She is very skittish as she walks by even more Defiants she does not recognize. Clearly, since her departure DEFIANCE has grown a lot.

Jestal:

CLUC...

As Jestal turns the corner he bumps into Tyler Fuse!

Jestal:

WHOA!

Dandelion notices Tyler who also seems....different. She glances beside him and sees a woman and again is afraid.

Jestal:

Look what we have here Dani, our good buddy Tyler Fuse and....

He stares at Princess Desire rubbing his chin for a few moments. He looks back at Tyler and nudges him with his elbow. Tyler clearly is not amused and has not changed much of his expression since seeing Jestal and Dandelion.

Jestal:

Who would have thought you nerds would have used your money to buy a woman to walk around beside you.

Princess Desire:

Easy there, freak. I'm his wife.

Jestal's eyes widen in shock and awe, he looks at Dandelion who clearly feels uncomfortable with this woman standing in front of her.

Jestal:

Look at this Dandy he upgraded from an escort to a mail-order bride! My man Tyler!

Jestal raises his hand hoping to get a high five from Tyler. Instead, The Original Player One just looks at Jestal's hand and then back at Jestal. The clown quickly lowers his hand, taken back by no response from Tyler Fuse.

Jestal:

So where is that hyper brother of yours....is he on his honeymoon with his mail-order bride?

The Princess rolls her eyes as Tyler finally takes one step forward.

Dandelion pushes Jestal's shoulder, wanting to leave this whole scene.

Jestal:

Relax Dani, what is this geek going to do? He was a goofball in 2019, what makes you think 2020 will be any

different?

Dandelion points at the woman.

Jestal:

A minor change, I am sure good old Tyler still plays video games in his mom's basement.

Tyler gets in the face of Jestal, still with that stoic expression.

Tyler Fuse:

Did you not see me kill a guy on UNCUT? Perhaps you were too busy putting on your make-up. You know, like those memes. Yours reads "I think I'm a good wrestler, people definitely like me" while you apply the white paint, the wig, that pathetic nose you have...

He walks past Jestal and Dandelion making sure to slam his shoulder into Jestal which almost takes the clown off his feet. Desire follows him. Dandelion motions with her hands a bit. Jestal moves back and looks at Dandelion.

Jestal:

You're right... what a dick.

He rubs his shoulder and quickly puts on a happy face once more.

Jestal:

I wonder if Conor has a better attitude?

Dandelion motions a bit more with her hands.

Jestal:

Oh come on now, what do you think the Fuse Bros. have become? Two dicks and a cup? I bet Conor hasn't changed, let's see.

Dandelion clearly questions that but follows her brother anyway.

WAIT!

Back upstairs we see Mikey sprawled out on the couch enjoying his party. He's watching wrestlers move about, people mingling. Some weird couple making out in the corner, he points them out to security.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cut those two off, they've obvs had too many frapps! Just making babies in the corner! C'MON!

He picks up his own frapp and takes another long drag off of the straw. This time he's got nothing but froth. He slams the drink back down on the coffee table in front of him. Whip goes everywhere. That cup joins the other three that sit there empty. Venti size of course.

Some of the party has thinned out. Hell Varagas had to leave earlier for his match. Some people come and some go, but Mikey keeps his eyes on them all.

Across the room there seems to be some commotion. Mikey squints his eyes trying to figure out what's happening but can't see or hear over the sultry tones of T Swift. He gets up and meanders over to the far side of the room. Apparently security has someone by the arm and is in the midst of carrying him out. He's a fairly good sized gentleman, Mikey stops the train and asks what's up.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah woah, what's going on why is this guy outta here?

Security Guard:

We noticed he was touching your championship case...

Eyes wide and mouth agape Mikey takes a minute to make sure he heard right. He looks back over his shoulder and the case is still where he left it albeit it's definitely moved and is a bit crooked.

He turns back around and stares at the intruder. The large gentleman has his hands held by each of the guards. Mikey goes nuts. He cocks back and lands a mean cheapshot with a big right fist to the face. The man did not expect this, and fell to the ground. Unlikely stands over top of the stranger. The Security guard hooks Mikey around the waist and lifts him up and out of harm's way as the man realizes he's been punched in the face. Unlikely spits at him as he's being pulled off. The music stops.

Mikey Unlikely:

DONT YOU EVER FUCKING TOUCH THAT CHAMPIONSHIP! That's mine! I AM THE FIST OF DEFIANCE AND THAT'S NOT GOING TO CHANGE! PARTIES OVER EVERYBODY! GET THE FUCK OUT!

He winds up and points to the door with enthusiasm. People begin to pour out of the room as Mikey walls over to the FIST in it's display case and pulls it off the shelf. He clutches the case to his chest and closes his eyes. He's found his comfort.

Finally Mikey turns around and Security is rushing everyone else out of the room, including the DJ who is trying to collect his equipment as fast as possible. We get down to the last few people. Mikey makes sure the BAR-ista makes one more frapp before they leave. We see from behind a man in a dark blue suit about to leave the room, he sports blonde hair that's slicked back to his neck. Mikey reaches out and grabs him by the shoulder.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oi! Not you Bruv! ... I got plans for you!

The man turns around smiling and that's when the camera finally sees the face of James Witherhold...aka... PERFECTION.

Fade.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES: SKY HIGH TITANS Â© vs. BADASS

DDK:

And we're coming up towards the end of the evening, but before we get to Scott Douglas looking to settle a grudge with Tyler Fuse, we've got the Unified Tag Team Titles on the line! The Sky High Titans are looking to put an ugly incident behind them with The Comments Section when they take on BRAZEN team BADASS.

Lance:

We saw BADASS approach them and they have guts. They won a battle royale on our last BRAZEN show sponsored by The Family Keeling to highlight some new talent. Quite frankly, BADASS have nothing to lose and everything to gain tonight!

DDK:

We saw on the surface, things seem to be okay between The Family Keeling and The Sky High Titans. They'll have to be to keep the titles, so let's get to our big title match now!

Darren Quimbey stands by in the ring for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and it is for the Unified Tag Team Championships!

The Faithful go crazy as the graphic for the five-belt collection appears on the Tron.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challengers. At a combined weight of 472 pounds, they are the team of "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise and "The Bad Seed" Davis Bloome... **BAD! ASS!**

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out walks Tripp Wise and Davis Bloome, the brothers-in-law/tag team ready for a fight. Wise and Bloome get a decent pop from the fans who have followed their rise on recent BRAZEN shows. They walk out in matching blue "BADASS!!!" hoodies before they enter the ring. Bloome and Wise get ready as the hoodies come off.

DDK:

A nice reception! Since our last CLASH of the BRAZEN special, BADASS have been one of the consistent highlights! Davis Bloome is a master of chops while Tripp Wise fancies himself a master of what we'll call Hip Attacks. Together, they have a Flapjack/DDT combo called Ultimate BADASSery that they'll look to use.

Wise and Bloome wait for the intro of one Junior Keeling.

The crowd cheers the official "promoter" of The Sky High Titans, Junior Keeling, wearing an official "SKY HIGH TITANS" Bomber Jacket and Aviators now available at defiancewrestling.com. Junior grins and then motions to the crowd. Due to the secret being revealed that he wanted to possibly replace Minute as a member of the team, the crowd reaction is decidedly mixed for Junior, but he presses on.

Junior Keeling:

Ladies and germs, it's now time to show The Comments Section what fate awaits them soon enough! First, let me introduce to you the brains of The Family Keeling as well as our official coach... Thomas Keeling!

The crowd gives the same reaction to Thomas Keeling as he arrives on stage in a good-looking Brooks Brothers black pin-striped suit.

Thomas Keeling:

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

Junior Keeling:

Standing at seven foot one {crowd joins in} AND A HALF! Weighing 375 pounds! He's the giant that'll kick your ass and look good doing it! He is "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! And he is the Sky High portion of our group! The luchador that'll run circles around ANYBODY here... he is the lucha you love to see! MINUTE!

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

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

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

DING DING!

Bloome wants a lock-up with Minute, but he doesn't get it when Minute rolls to the side. He pops right back up and now tries, but when he does, the bigger Bloome shoves him back. The TJ Tornado rolls through to his feet when Bloome comes running with a Shotei Palm Strike attempt... but misses! Minute does a front roll forward, then another before he lands on his feet!

DDK:

Close! He calls that move Plant the Seed and he almost got Minute with it!

Minute takes a bow from the cheering fans and Davis plays along, clapping his hands appreciatively. Tripp Wise wants to tag in and Davis tags his brother-in-law in the ring. Wise leaps over the ropes and does a show-offy roll to get in the ring. Minute offers some applause of his own and then the two lock up. Tripp tries a Hammerlock, but Minute quickly grabs his head and takes him over with a Flying Snapmare. He has Tripp back on his feet, then snaps him over with a Headscissors!

Lance:

Wow! Fancy footwork by Minute! He's had both members of BADASS on the ropes.

Minute then rushes as Tripp tries to get to his feet in the corner. Tripp tries sending him over with a Back Body Drop, but Minute lands on the ring apron. He catches The Wise Ass with a kick to the face, then leaps up and over, into the Interceptor! He then goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Great work by Minute! He practically outran both members of BADASS at the onset! And now... uh-oh, tag to Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

Smart of Minute to bring Tripp over there after he missed the pin attempt.

Minute works over Tripp's leg with kicks while Uriel climbs in. The Faithful roar for the giant as he pulls him up...

THWACK! The Chop of Ages connects! Davis Bloome looks mortified from his corner while his brother-in-law is gasping for air. Uriel then picks him up off the canvas and drops him down with a big Body Slam, followed by a huge

Elbow Drop! He lays across his chest for the cover.

ONE!

TWO... THWACK!

Davis Bloome runs over and lands a chop across the chest of Uriel to break the cover! It's enough to move him, but Davis looks at the giant, who suddenly rises to his feet. Davis goes with the Forearms, then runs the ropes, but off the rebound, CLOCKS him with a Running Shoulder Block!

DDK:

And there goes Davis! It looks like any damage as a result of Malak Garland leaking those private texts seems to be behind them for now.

Lance:

And there's the tag back to Minute! He slams Tripp down, then Minute enters the ring with a Slingshot Senton!

Minute rolls off of Tripp Wise and gets cheers from the crowd as Davis gets back up in his corner, albeit still smarting from trying to challenge Cortez. Minute heads to the middle rope and then tries to look for something big, but Tripp finally rolls out of the way of the Springboard Moonsault. Minute lands a pair of Shoot Kicks to the chest then tries to whip Tripp, but the blind tag gets made by Davis Bloome. Minute runs the ropes and when Davis surprises him with a kick, he gets doubled over, allowing Tripp to hit a Running Hip Attack, sending Minute to the floor!

DDK:

There they go! That's what BADASS needed! One mistake to turn the tide in their favor!

Lance:

Davis now going outside to throw Minute in the ring!

Davis Bloome throws Minute into the corner. The Tacoma, Washington native pins Minute to the corner and then looks to turn his chest all sorts of red with a NASTY barrage of Machine Gun-style Chops! The blows connect and Minute looks in a bad way... worse when Davis takes him over with a Snapmare, then CRACKS him in the back with a Chop! Minute cringes in pain! The crowd respond with "OOOH!" as he hits the ropes and lands a Back Senton! He stays on Minute for the cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

The Keelings starting to look a little worried now! The Sky High Titans might have underestimated BADASS who earned this opportunity tonight!

Lance:

There's the tag to Tripp Wise! They hit the ropes! A boot to the gut by Tripp, a chop by Wise and then... yep, another Running Hip Attack by Wise!

The crowd gives a mixed response to Wise as he lands another blow. He poses for the crowd and then looks to Minute trying to stand before hitting a Shining Wiz... nope, a Shining Hip Attack!

Lance:

Excuse the expression, but that's using your ass!

Wise hooks the leg of Minute again.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Tripp Wise almost caught him! BADASS are looking for their finishing move now!

Tripp tags back to Davis Bloome. Tripp sets him up for the Flapjack while he looks for the DDT but Minute blocks it and turns them BOTH over with a Headscissors/Headlock combo!

DDK:

Minute saves himself, but now he's got get to Uriel Cortez!

The crowd cheers when Minute points at his corner and the tag is made! The crowd now cheers as The Titan of Industry comes in. Both members of BADASS try to scramble, but Tripp gets knocked down with a Shoulder Block, then one for Davis Bloome. A big Clothesline for Tripp, then one for Bloome! Now Uriel grabs onto Davis and then hooks him from behind... a HUGE Full Nelson Slam! Uriel goes for the cover...

ONE!

TWO...

DDK:

No! Wise broke it up with yet another Hip Attack to the head... but... uh-oh!

Tripp breathes a quick sigh of relief, only to notice Uriel back up. He runs at him again, but this time Uriel catches him and hits him with an Atomic Drop! After stopping Wise's best offense, he literally boots him in the backside and sends him flying from the ring! The crowd laughs and applauds now while Uriel hones in on Davis Bloome. He picks him up and DRIVES him down with The Industry Standard!

DDK:

That's all she wrote for Davis Bloome! And now the tag to Minute! We know what's coming next!

Minute climbs to the top rope, then onto Uriel's shoulders... then the Thirty Story Splash connects! Minute hooks the leg of Bloome.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Minute climbs off of Bloome and then stands at his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Take nothing away from BADASS, but The Sky High Titans have been on... no. Wait...

As BADASS commiserate and limp out of the ring, the crowd JEERS the arrival of The Comments Section. But before they get to say anything, Junior Keeling has a mic.

Junior Keeling:

Nah, kids, the adults are talking.

Malak looks bemused as he extends his arms out, preventing his teammates from moving any farther so the trio watches Junior pace in the ring from the ramp. Behind Junior, Uriel and Minute look like they're itching for another fight.

Junior Keeling:

You idiots tried to break a special bond with your bullshit and I promise that you're gonna pay for that through our legal team for leaking business that doesn't concern you. We got people. They'll find something to pin to your asses.

Thomas takes the microphone from his son and pats him on the shoulder.

Thomas Keeling:

Son... I got this.

He turns to face The Comments Section.

Thomas Keeling:

Since legal issues can take a long time, my boys want a more immediate fix for your recent transgressions. Since you three have decided that you want these Unified Tag Titles... we're officially challenging YOU to meet The Sky High Titans at Acts of DEFIANCE with the titles on the line! If you want to eat at the big kid's table, here's your chance.

Malak allows the edges of his lips to curl upwards. The challenge is music to his ears as he can't help but get a little giddy.

DDK:

Something tells me Malak likes the idea of eating at the big kids table.

Teresa gives a microphone to the Keyboard King. His hands tremble with excitement.

Malak Garland:

I need the record to show that the Family Keeling has just cost Sky High Titans the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Titles because we accept.

The crowd gives a cheer at the formation of the match but not so much at the blame assignment.

Lance:

THE TAG TITLES WILL OFFICIALLY BE ON THE LINE COME ACTS! COMMENTS SECTION. SKY HIGH TITANS!

Malak doesn't lower the microphone. He points back to his preferred tool of destruction, the DEFiatron.

Malak Garland:

Here's a parting gift in exchange for the gift you just gave me.

Malak drops the mic and the three Keyboard Warriors watch as one last text thread scrolls on screen with a date stamp of just after the Titans lost to the PCPs.

JUNIOR KEELING: Hey. I talked to Pops and he's good with the changes. What do you think of dropping Minute for a more suitable partner? Someone more reliable. Somebody that's not going to let himself get his mask taken off?

DDK:

Not this again.

But the next message?

Lance:

What...

URIEL CORTEZ: Look... Minute has been solid. But I'll think about it. Let me know who you have in mind.

The messages finish scrolling up the DEFiatron. The crowd reacts with a mixture of shouting, shock and jeers for the second week in a row. The camera focuses on Uriel Cortez who immediately approaches Minute... but when he does, he slaps Uriel's hand away.

Uriel Cortez:

Listen to me... that message is bullshit.

Junior Keeling tries to stop Minute.

Junior Keeling:

Don't listen to those asshats. The stuff two weeks ago was all true and we talked it out. Whatever that is...

Minute shoves Junior back! The crowd jeers them again. Uriel motions for Thomas Keeling to bring him his cell phone, but by the time that he can procure it, Minute storms out of the ring, leaving his tag titles behind. Once Minute is out of sight, Cortez and the Keelings are left in the ring, to pick up the pieces of a broken partnership. The camera slowly transitions to DDK and Lance Warner.

Lance:

Look... The Family Keeling have come out and said that their texts were true but look how quickly the Family Keeling were quick to call foul. And look at Uriel. When have you seen him act like that? Ever? About anybody?

DDK:

Malak knows exactly what he's doing. Minute's issue with those messages was from The Family Keeling and not Uriel... now The Comments Section keep trying to drive another wedge between the Sky High Titans with this message that even Uriel was in on replacing him? I don't know...

Minute brushes past the members of The Comments Section while The Family Keeling are at another loss for words again. A last glimpse of Uriel Cortez looking down at his partners portion of the tag team titles lingers before breaking to commercial... but not before Malak Garland smirks once again in successfully driving yet another wedge.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020



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

NO HOLDS BARRED: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. TYLER FUSE

DDK:

It's come to this.

The house lights begin to slowly dim leaving the arena in a darkened, but not blacked out, state before returning to full brightness as quickly as they left. This repeats one more as the camera settles on Darren Quimbey standing ready in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is unsanctioned by Favoured Saints and DEFIANCE Wrestling ... and is to be contested with NO ... HOLDS ... BARRED!

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop big for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son as Scott Douglas makes his way through the curtain and onto the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, weighing in at two hundred and twenty six pounds ... from Seattle, Washington ... "Sub Pop" Scottttttt DOOOOUGGGGLASSS!

Scott's no holds barred gear isn't, at all, different from his normal ring gear. Cut off jorts, a SUB POP Records T-shirt, dusty old combat boots and taped forearm to fist. He makes his way down to the ring, focused but with his head on a swivel... things seem to go bump in the night a little more often since Stalker's arrival in DEFIANCE.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing two hundred and eight pounds... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, being accompanied by Princess Desire... TYLER FUUUUSEE!

♪ "Press Start" by MDK ♪

Tyler walks out, soaking wet with water as it runs down his face and into his beard. He has his medium-length hair pulled back without the typical brown and orange bandana he would wear in his tag matches. He sports the new black and orange swirl underwear tights he has been wearing for the past few weeks while The Princess has a dark blue and black outfit in a similar design as her husband.

DDK:

No doubt about it, Tyler Fuse's biggest match to date.

Lance:

It really is put-up or shut-up time. We've seen him destroy an independent wrestler on back-to-back Uncuts but Sub Pop Scotty is anything but that. He's the real deal.

Fuse marches down the rampway, with his focus on one thing and one thing only, the man in the ring. The Princess trails distantly behind.

DDK:

If Tyler wants to be that "single player" star he's been talking about, well, here's your chance.

Lance:

And we don't need to get into it much but Scott Douglas will be pissed and seeking retribution.

Tyler enters the ring and nods to the referee. Mark Shields calls for the bell but even before it goes off, Douglas and Tyler charge each other!

DING DING**DDK:**

NO TIME WASTED! Douglas rushes and Tyler does the same... but it's Scotty who gets more momentum behind his run and tackles Fuse off his feet, feeding him a fury of right hands!

Lance:

We don't see Douglas like this often. He's not one to actually throw punches!

However, Tyler rolls over and the southpaw starts hammering lefts of his own straight into Douglas' skull! This is only reversed again by the former SOHER, who pushes through and starts with right fists but then changes to right forearms instead! DEFIANCE's Favorite Son puts everything he can into the forearm blows, just drilling them across Tyler's head as stiff as possible, seeking retribution for Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

There is no love-lost here! This has become quite the heated rivalry!

The Faithful are worked up already, awaiting this grudge match. They begin a strong chant for Scotty as he gets up and then pumps his forearm into Tyler's head by dropping down in a flash!

Back to punches. Tyler tries to escape but this time he's caught up in the ropes! Douglas rises again and looks to kick Tyler in the head but Player One breaks free from the ropes at the very last second and drops to the outside!

Lance:

Douglas has a look in his eyes...

He doesn't waste a second. Douglas hurls himself over the top rope, in a reckless looking flying cross body.

SMACK!

DDK:

Tyler caught Douglas and power slammed him on the mat!

The impressive display by Tyler and the impact of the powerslam means Tyler stumbles back and loses his balance, falling against the ring post behind him. He takes a moment to catch his breath and then rushes his opponent...

DDK:

Douglas, not to be held down, shoots up in a hurry and crushes Tyler with a knee to the face!

Douglas sees the steel stairs behind him. He pulls Tyler to his feet and then Irish whips him into them!

CRASH!

Tyler goes knees-first and flies over the top to the other side! As Douglas marches around the ring to collect his combatant, Princess Desire appears in-between. Jeers commence.

Hands on his hips, Scotty is in NO mood to entertain anything like this. However, he doesn't have much time to think. The Princess immediately ducks and Tyler comes flying over top of her with a forearm smash of his own to Douglas' temple! Scotty flies back and smokes the guardrail while Tyler takes a moment to check on his knees from the steel stairs.

Lance:

That's like some kind of video-game peekaboo nonsense!

Veins popping from his eyes, Fuse looks down at Douglas and crescent kicks him across the side of his head. He

takes Scotty and chucks him shoulder-first into the steel steps!

THUMP.

DDK:

This is already out of hand!

Lance:

You're telling me! Looks like Douglas cut the side of his cheek. I doubt I could pinpoint when this happened, however, but the blood is starting to flow!

Tyler kicks at Douglas, telling him to get up. Meanwhile, The Princess has backtracked up the rampway, just to make sure she's out of harm's way.

DDK:

Tyler snap suplexes Scotty on the bottom of the ramp! And Fuse with another kick to the side of the head! The former tag champion seems to have gained control of this one.

Lance:

I have to say something here. Douglas will not make excuses; I have no doubt. But out of both of these guys, Tyler is the fresher of the two. He didn't go two-on-one during the last pay-per-view, Douglas did. He didn't have a tough match last week, Douglas did. And he wasn't beaten down by Stalker, either. Physically and mentally. Twice.

Fuse keeps kicking Douglas, heckling him to get up and fight.

Lance:

Yes, Tyler fought an indy wrestler these past few weeks on Uncut but he had his way with him, clear and simple!

Tyler connects with a pendulum backbreaker and throws Scott's body in the middle of the rampway. Completely locked in, Fuse gets on his knees and takes hold of Sub Pop's face with both hands. He begins to grate Scotty's head against the rampway, hoping to break the cut on his cheek open even further!

DDK:

This is disgusting.

Before Tyler can really get going, however, Douglas knocks Tyler in the side of the face with a stiff looking right! Next, Douglas comes in with a clubbing clothesline and then a DDT on the rampway, in one fluent motion!

Lance:

This might be the opening Sub Pop needs!

Referee Mark Shields just stands there, wondering if he's even needed for this "match" as Douglas drags Tyler to his feet and takes the pathway from underneath the side of the ramp. He walks Tyler closer to the announce team before stopping to fire him against the guardrail!

DDK:

Douglas with another clothesline, knocking Tyler down!

Sub Pop looks to grab Tyler by the hair but he's hit with a low blow! This gives Player One enough time to collect himself and snatch Scott by the head.

DDK:

There's no way...

Tyler looks to position himself for his finishing move, CQC, a running bulldog. The Faithful gasp as Tyler takes

Douglas' head and runs. While the move is normally performed by running up the *turnbuckle pads*, Tyler finds the beams holding the rampway from underneath and begins to sprint towards them. In a well-timed display, he finds the appropriate beams to run up, looking to push-off and drill Scott's head into the cement below! However, right before Tyler is about to leap off the last one and finish the maneuver, Sub Pop pushes Tyler away and causes the Bro to land on his own feet, without having Douglas' head to plummet into the floor!

Tyler's stunned! He charges at Douglas but Scotty moves and Tyler goes right into those same metal beams!

DDK:

What an escape by Sub Pop!

Tyler falls to a knee while Douglas also takes a breather. Scotty makes his way to Tyler and feeds him more forearms. By now, it's visible the beams have busted open Tyler Fuse's forehead and the forearm shots probably aren't helping, either.

Lance:

We have blood drawn from both men!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son continues to hammer Tyler and then walks him away from the ramp.

DDK:

Uh oh... they are making their way towards us!

Douglas hurls Tyler into the standalone structure Keebler and Warner are stationed at. Douglas takes charge at Tyler once more but it's Tyler who hits a desperation drop toe hold and Douglas smacks his head on the bottom of the announce stage!

Looking to recover, Tyler pulls back his hair and wobbles around. He's in worse shape than Douglas since Sub Pop has less blood leaking from his face and his eyes are more wide, signifying he knows where he is.

However, The Princess is shown, standing on top of the rampway, looking down at both of the wrestlers. She shouts in her husband's direction.

Princess Desire:

HERE!

She tosses him a kendo stick. Tyler catches it just in the nick-of-time as Douglas comes running...

WHACK!

DDK:

WHAT A SHOT FROM TYLER!

Lance:

I'm not a kendo stick guy myself but he obliterated that thing!

Indeed, Tyler did. The stick cracks in half across Douglas' head, shattering it and rendering it useless for a further attack. Tyler tosses it to the side and then pulls Douglas onto the broadcast set, making his way towards the announce table.

DDK:

Guys, c'mon... you could-

Tyler hurls Douglas onto the table. He pummels Scotty with left hands to make sure he stays down.

Player One looks at DDK and Lance. For no real reason, he smacks Lance Warner HARD upside the head, knocking his headset off in the process!

DDK:

UNCALLED FOR!

While Lance shakes things off and looks for his headset, Tyler takes in his surroundings. He hits Douglas with three more left fists, starts choking him with a wire and then walks over to one of the lighting towers, used to hold up the lights for the announce team during the live broadcast. In the meantime, The Princess jumps off the rampway and makes her way to the scene as well. Tyler instructs her to do *something* and Desire nods.

Tyler climbs the lighting tower while The Princess makes her way to Scott Douglas. Once Tyler is at the top of the tower, he uses the beams across the top as monkey bars and The Princess holds Douglas in place with the same cord that was wrapped around his neck. DDK and Lance Warner have already fled the area.

Tyler makes his way around the lights and finds a path in the beams directly underneath The Princess and Sub Pop Scott. In a flash, Desire lets go and dives out of the way while Tyler screams and releases his grip, flying down with an elbow...

CRRRRRAAAASSSSSHHHHHH!!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Even though they're not directly patched into the broadcast, Keebler and Warner can still be heard.

DDK: *[faintly]*

OFF THE LIGHTS AND THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

Lance: *[faintly]*

WE NEED MEDICS.

Referee Mark Shields tries to get into position for a pinfall attempt but neither man moves. By now, Tyler's face is absolutely doused in his own blood and Douglas is motionless.

DDK:

[static] Ar- *[puff, puff]* Are- are we on?

Lance:

I think so.

The announce team is shown, standing far off to the side with new headsets on.

DDK:

Well, we have a bloody mess out here, literally and figuratively!

Lance:

You can say that again! Tyler climbed the structure above and made his way to the center of it, finding Douglas and diving off with an elbow! That had to be a fifteen-foot drop!

The Faithful start a rally cry for Scotty, although somehow Tyler is the first to show signs of life, rolling to his side.

DDK:

How is he alive!?

Princess Desire walks over to Tyler and helps him to his feet.

Princess Desire: *[very concerned]*

You okay? Speak to me. Say something!

A crimson mask with pools of blood starting to form below Fuse's feet. It's difficult for Tyler to do anything but wobble back and forth. However, somehow, he's able to instruct Desire towards Scott Douglas again, as she drags Sub Pop to a knee and then Tyler makes his way over, too. Tyler puts Douglas into a headlock and along with his wife, the two of them drag Douglas from the announcing stage and up the back staircase, leading to the top of the rampway!

DDK:

I can only imagine what's about to come.

Tyler and The Princess stop in the middle of the ramp entrance. Tyler hits a snap suplex and rolls to a knee, receiving a chorus of boos! Head down, more blood seeps from his forehead. It's becoming apparent he only has so much time left before he will need to seek medical attention, if it's not there already.

Referee Mark Shields, who has lagged behind for much of this match, rests on the entrance set, wondering if he will ever be needed to make a pinfall attempt.

DDK:

The Princess has gone to the back and... oh boy.

She re-emerges, with a barbed wire baseball bat. All smiles, she hands it to Tyler Fuse.

Princess Desire:

End him, dear. It's your time now.

Tyler stumbles around, bat in hand, as he makes his way to Douglas, who's just trying to fight and use the crowd energy to will him to a knee, a foot, or better.

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son sees Tyler coming. The will on Sub Pop's face is everything. Douglas clenches his chest. He locks his jaw and grits his teeth together. He lets out a huge cry and a huff all at once, pulling himself upwards while the arena becomes unglued with support!

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

Louder and louder.

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

Even the ever-so-focused Tyler can't help but take notice with body language displaying concern.

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

DDK:

DOUGLAS IS UP AND HE'S SCREAMING AT TYLER TO... "FINISH HIM"!?!?

Eyes locked on Douglas, blood pouring from his head, it's tough to see what Tyler's demeanor really is but his white

blood-shot eyes tell the story. He's ready, willing and able to do what was once considered impossible.

Tyler takes a deep breath and pulls the bat back...

DDK:

TYLER'S GONNA DO IT...

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

"SUP POP SCOTT!"

DDK:

HE SWINGS...

SWOOSH!

DDK:

MISSES!!

The announcer's voices become more washed-out, in part due to the level of cheers but also because they are on a remote, back-up broadcast system.

DDK:

DOUGLAS WITH A DESPERATION BACKDROP TO TYLER!

Tyler drops the bat. Sub Pop grabs Fuse and immediately throws him off the stage!!!

DDK:

TYLER LANDS ON HIS FEET!

Again, not wasting a second, Scotty picks up the baseball bat and goes for it...

WHACK!

DDK:

DOUGLAS JUMPS OFF THE RAMP AND CRUSHES TYLER WITH THE BARBED WIRE BAT!! SCOTT, SLUGGER- SCOTT, SLUGGER!!!

Douglas collides into the cement floor and drops the bat in the process while Tyler crumbles to the ground as well! It was anyone's guess if the barbed wire bat busted Tyler open even more, with the amount of blood he's already lost... but it definitely knocked him out!

Finally, dragging himself towards Tyler, who lays on his back, Douglas uses his free hand to lightly signal for the referee to make his way over. Even the lazy Mark Shields rushes down the rampway, leaps off when he can successfully do so and makes his way to the pinfall attempt.

DDK:

CAN DOUGLAS PULL THIS OUT!?

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son drapes the arm over Tyler.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DDK:

YES HE DOES!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON... SCOOOOOTTTTT DOUGLAS!!

Lance:

DOUGLAS BEATS TYLER!

DDK:

Look, like him or not, Tyler Fuse is a hell of a wrestler. He's got this seemingly unmatched meanstreak that's certainly propelled him to new heights. And yet, Scott Douglas REMAINS the heart-beat of DEFIANCE! I think we should have seen this massacre coming. Hats off to both men in this blood-feud but it's Douglas getting retribution for Kerry K-

Lights out, the camera switches to an overshot of the Wrestleplex.

DDK:

Oh no, this can only mean one thing!

Lance:

It looks like the power has gone out in the Wreslplex... are those... no way...

As the camera switches back to the action Scott Douglas is trying to get to his feet in the darkness as a pair of blue eyes appear behind him.

Codename Reaper: *[voice modified]*

You knew... you always knew... I'd come for you.

There is a violent attack on Scott Douglas as he is picked up. His silhouette in the darkness being thrown forward into the camera crew by Codename Reaper - the original blue eyed monster - stalking forward as the main camera crashes into the ground and with the darkness only audio is heard on the DEFIATron and on DEFtv viewers streams.

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

Solid barbed wire baseball shots are delivered against the fallen body of Scott Douglas, as the returning Reaper has made Scott Douglas her personal batting cage in the darkness. The fallen victor of this brutal no holds barred match with Tyler Fuse - is being ransacked in a dark alley mugging by Reaper Blue.

DDK:

No way Douglas can put up a fight, this a cheap mugging by Reaper Blue or whomever this masked wrestler of the week is this time.

Lance:

You don't think it's him do you?

The full arena lights flicker on once, then twice. Finally, generators kick on which only bring the house lights up. The camera lens at the street fight scene is cracked down the middle but it's focused directly on the bloodied Scott Douglas. He has his hands in front of his face as Reaper Blue stands over him, bat on held high over the masked attacker.

Reaper: *[voice modified]*

No matter what you think this nightmare would have been like for you... with me hunting you...

Darkness again for a split second before the Wrestleplex lights come fully back completely on, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is crouching over the fallen Douglas. He's dressed in what was his daughter's costume, Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves. His fist is clenched tightly on her mask as he shoves it in Scott Douglas' face, rubbing the front of it in his bloodied face before finally tossing the mask in the crowd.

Stalker:

I can only promise you it'll be much... much... worse for you in his world...

Stepping away from him, the grizzled hardcore legend wasn't done just yet. Walking towards the half working camera that is catching the action, Jason Reeves leans over, picking it up. The camera shot flips around in a circle as he moves it towards the fallen Douglas hoisting it high. The microphones catch one more statement.

Stalker:

Head up False Hero... it only gets more violent from here...

The camera's lenses film its own demise as the barely functioning DEFtv camera is being used as a weapon by Jason Reeves to slam into Scott Douglas face! The crashing of it into Douglas shatters the camera and any direct feed of the action!

Lance:

Wow... is he just leaving through the crowd? What is his obsession with Scott Douglas? Everywhere he turns, this psychopath seems to be waiting.

DDK:

I understand now why the original Reaper was such a nut job. She was raised by one...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.