

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!

KRISTIE, CALL ME!

POACHED

FREE AGENTS CAN SIGN TO DEF!?

97 YEARS AND COUNTING

WHAT IS ANGLING? IS SOMEBODY GOING FISHING?

MIKEY MONEY CAN GET YOU ANYTHING, EVEN A FIST

GLASS CEILINGS ARE THE HARDEST TO SEE THROUGH!

PUT IT ON PAT CASSIDY'S TAB

DEX JOY SOON TO BE CHAMPIONEST BOY!!!

FOLLOW ME BACK

THIS SIGN IS GOING TO CHANGE DEFIANCE FOREVER

JAY HARVEY SHOULD BE THE FIST!

I AM GRIEVING!!!

BOLOGNA ON WHITE BREAD

BIG JOE GEOCITIES TO BRAZEN! CONFIRMED!

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

DDK:

Folks, welcome to the one-hundred and forty-second edition of DEFTv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is my broadcast partner, Lance Warner!

Lance:

Hey, everybody! Coming off perhaps one of the most newsworthy episodes of DEFTv in YEARS... we follow up with perhaps one of the biggest main events in recent memory! On one side, we have the FIST of DEFIANCE, Mikey

Unlikely, along with Perfection and... I can't believe I'm about to say this... one of the longest-reigning former FISTs and now turncoat, Cayle Murray! They will go up against team of the Pop Culture Phenoms of Elise Ares and The D, along with their new friend, another former FIST... Kendrix!

DDK:

You are not hearing things! After Cayle Murray made a return and shook up the show, he turned it upside down and dropped it on his head when he joined with Mikey Unlikely and Perfection! And to make matters even crazier... Kendrix was the man revealed to be behind those videos that have stalked Mikey for weeks!

Lance:

We're gonna hear from Mikey Unlikely and company here after the intro and hopefully we're gonna get some answers, but we've got a lot of ground to cover!

DDK:

That's right! Tonight, the Unified Tag Team Titles are on the line! The Comments Section make their first defense tonight against the team that defeated the Sky High Titans to become number one contenders... The Lucky Sevens! We've also got Black Panda against Scrow in another match involving the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

But that's not all! After this interview, our first match of the night... a rematch from one of the most talked-about matches to come out of Acts of DEFIANCE! In a rematch, two former FISTs of DEFIANCE go at it again! "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy looks to even the score against the man that defeated her at Acts, the former two-time FIST "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

DDK:

All this and a whole lot more... and whoops, we're heading over to the interview stage now with Christie Zane!

24K

♪ "Gold" by Sir Sly ♪

Coming back from the commentary team we see FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely, Cayle Murray, and Perfection on the interview stage with "Do It All Correspondent" Christie Zane. Sir Sly's "Gold" begins to fade from the arena as the fans boo at the threesome loudly.

DDK:

Apparently we're being joined by Mikey Unlikely and his new crew! I've been doing this for a long time Lance... A LOOOOONG TIME! I never would have guessed in a million years that Cayle Murray would turn his back on DEFIANCE and the faithful!

Lance:

Cayle's always been a standup guy, one who battled the likes of Eric Dane, Bronson Box, and many of the DEFIANCE legends and always stood for what was right and just. Now he's teaming up with... well one of the most successful men to ever enter DEFIANCE. Say what you want about Mikey Unlikely and his wrestling skills, the man can produce wins. I just don't know how he convinced someone of Murrays moral standing to throw all that away for what? The Spotlight?

Ms Zane begins the interview by introducing the participants to the crowd. Each one earns a larger groan than the last. Finally she begins her line of questioning as she holds the microphone out towards Cayle.

Christie Zane:

Cayle Murray last week yo.....

The microphone is yanked from her hand by Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah woah... I am your FIST of DEFIANCE! If you're going to ask anyone questions first, it's going to be me!

He tosses it back at her direction.

Christie Zane:

Oh.. Okaaaaaayy. Mikey Unlikely, last week Cayle Murray turned on the Faithful and made his allegiance with you known by taking out one of our top officials Benny Doyle. Let's take a look.

The DEFIATron lights up to show the clip from last where Cayle Murray changes direction and kicks Benny Doyle in the dick. The fans groan at the low blow.

Christie Zane:

Why is Cayle back and what is he doing with you!?

Unlikely nods a moment and considers the question.

Mikey Unlikely:

You hate to see it, Christie! That's not really a question for me! That's more a question for Cayle Murray, I'll let you ask him!

He moves out of the way and allows Christie the opportunity to speak to big Murr. She rolls her eyes incredulously and moves towards the new man in the group.

Cayle waits a few moments before taking the microphone. He casts his eyes across the arena, surveying hordes upon hordes of people who once cheered themselves hoarse for him. Now, most of them are either booing or preparing to do so.

Cayle Murray:

Ahem...

The former FIST of DEFIANCE's attempt at cutting through the background noise goes predictably poorly, as massive, building-wide jeers erupt through the building. Again, Cayle tries to wait it out. He folds his arms over his chest and rolls his eyes.

Lance:

Man, I don't know if The Faithful are even going to give Cayle the opportunity here...

DDK:

Everything happened at such a whirlwind pace two weeks ago that I'm willing to bet most of our fans are still reconciling what actually happened, Lance. This may take a little while.

The buzz begins to die down a little so Cayle readies himself once more.

Same result.

'Starbreaker' frowns, speaking off the microphone, just loud enough for the camera's onboard mic to pick it up.

Cayle Murray:

Unbelievable.

Chants break out in the building's upper reaches.

"YOU SOLD OUT!"

"YOU SOLD OUT!"

"YOU SOLD OUT!"

Murray tries to nip it in the bud.

Cayle Murray:

It would be awfully nice if you'd shut up for a minute.

The response?

"BOOOOOOOOOO!"

DDK:

They just aren't letting Cayle get a word in, here. I suspect it's about to be a long, frustrating evening for Murray, who you have to believe held onto his explanation for this specific moment.

Perfection is just shaking his head and looking around the Wrestleplex.

Cayle Murray:

Listen dribblers, all I've read this past fortnight is how desperate you all are for an explanation. I've been good enough to come out an---...

Finally, the decibel level gets too much for him. Murray's words are being drowned out almost completely, so he stops, and shakes his head once more.

Cayle Murray:

Fine. Whatever. Piss off.

He throws up a middle finger, then turns to Perfection and Mikey.

Cayle Murray:

You might as well do the thing, lads. This is a waste of time.

Witherhold has had enough of the jeering and steps forward towards Christie.

Perfection:

Hey, you dopey looking bustdown of a broad! Are you drunk at work or just aloof? Why don't you do your job and tell these *Unfaithful* to shut their mouths for a minute! Can you do that, sweetheart? Huh?!

Zane looks back at James and just does as asked. No point in arguing with him.

Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you will please show some composure...

Perfection:

The word, Christie, is- RESPECT!

Zane:

Please, show some respect.

James looks at his partners chewing his gum and shaking his head. Then the crowd breaks and gives James the opportunity to jump over them. He grabs Christie by the wrist and yanks her close to him while using her arm like a personal microphone gooseneck.

Perfection:

FINALLY!

DDK:

Please start booing again to shut this idiot up.

Witherhold throws his free arm out and then points around the stage area at the Faithful close-by.

Perfection:

Now, what my dear friend Cayle here was *TRYING* to say is why he wanted to join the fray of Mikey Unlikely- DEFIANCE's greatest, must affluent, FIST ever. *PERIOD!* Full stop. Why he'd want to hang out with 'Yours Truly', who wouldn't though- and why he decided to chase what you impecunious imbeciles will never achieve- being so, SO stinkin' rich!

The crowd starts to boo and that's shut down fast by Witherhold.

Perfection:

No, no, no- *ABSOLUTELY NOT!* We aren't doing that anymore- it's *MY* time.

He puts his hand up and just yells over the crowd until he gets his way.

Perfection

Stop and listen for once, dopeys! Cayle is chasing cold hard cash, he's chasing bank, he's realizing that together, us three, are PURE FREAKIN' GOLD! 24K! Unlike some, well most. In fact, take for example one Jesse Kendrix.

James looks disappointed.

Perfection:

He's no longer a spitting image of pure bullion personified- yet a sucker. A loser chasing fame! A man that believes his face is better on screen than among these three beautiful yet manly mugs.

Perfection shrugs.

Perfection:

Fine. So be it, Jesse, but we don't just deserve an explanation.... WE GODDAMN DEMAND ONE!

Perfection looks around.

Perfection:

That means now you..

Listen, yeah?!

♪ "Fuckin' In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

The crowd pops as the one and only Jesse Frederiks Kendrix makes his way up the interview stage, one hand held flat against his chest the other out flat in the direction of the men sharing the stage.

DDK:

Kendrix seemingly coming face to face with 24K alone without the Pop Culture Phenoms by his side. You got to wonder how wise a move this is from JFK.

Lance:

Well, Keebs. These guys are tight, they're friends, but if an explanation is all 24K want then I'm sure Kendrix will do just that.

Christie hands JFK a mic as she plays middle man between the opposing men with 24k to the left of her and JFK to her right. The bearded, top knot haired, Londoner wastes little time.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

He takes a moment to admire sections of the crowd uttering his first words but only for a moment.

Kendrix:

First of all, Perfs...what you said just now about me being a loser, that hurts, bruv. However, I know how you get when you're pissed. You lash out at the ones you love the most and say things that you don't mean. Classic Perfs!

Perfection shakes his head in disagreement but Mikey and Cayle throw him a look which suggests Kendrix is spot on.

Kendrix:

In fact, I know how all three of you get when you're pissed. As a matter of fact, the four of us know exactly what makes each other tick and what pushes our buttons. It's no secret...

He points out over at the crowd.

Kendrix:

They all know it...

Then his thumb pointed right over his shoulder.

Kendrix:

The guys in the back all know it...the four of us...

Jesse flicks his wrist back and forth between the four of them.

Kendrix:

We're Bruvs.

Zane looks a little more comfortable now as the three men to her left acknowledge Jesse's words.

Kendrix:

But you're spot on, Perfs. I do owe each one of you manly men an explanation for what happened two weeks ago at DEFtv 141.

Mikey Unlikely:

You're damn right you do.

Jesse holds both hands out attempting to calm Mikey down.

Kendrix:

And I'm gonna do you one better, cos I'm your boy. I owe you three an explanation and an apology!

DDK:

An apology?

Jesse nods despite the crowd's displeasure at this revelation.

Kendrix:

Cayle, First off, I know, I know, I like to make it all about JFK, I'm a sucker for attention...but I'm sorry for stealing the spotlight from your, quite frankly SHOCKING...return to DEFIANCE.

Cayle scrunches his face and shakes his head as Perfection grabs him by the shoulders trying to calm him down.

Kendrix:

I'm sorry, bruv. Truly I am. I mean that, it was really good, just as you guys told me it was gonna go down all those weeks ago...man you brought that shit to life! I'm so proud of you. The way you kicked Bazza Doyle in the balls, man, I've gotta admit, that was funny!

Cayle, a little calmer following Perfection's shoulder massaging (who wouldn't be?!) looks pleased with himself as he receives a pat on the back from Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

I know, right? It really was funny.

With this Jesse takes a step closer to his Hollywood Buv, Mikey.

Kendrix:

And to you Mikey...my bestest bruv in the whole wide world...to you, I apologise.

BOOOOOOOOOOO

Mikey, pleased with the apology and the displeasure from the crowd, affords himself that shit eating grin.

Kendrix:

I'm genuinely sorry for ruining your evening, for ruining your plans. But look, I know you guys didn't call me out for apologies, you called me out for an explanation, right?

Perfection nods his head and points down at the interview stage.

Perfection:

Right now!

Jesse takes a deep breath, looks down at the mic in his hands and then out in front of 24K with his hand held out in presenting fashion.

Kendrix:

Pissing my boys off, pissing off the manly men, pissing off 24K wasn't something I thought I would ever do and it certainly wasn't a decision that I took lightly. But an opportunity presented itself to JFK. An opportunity to not only become the Sports Entertainment Guild's leading man.

Jesse slowly taps the palm of his hand against Mikey's title resting on his shoulder.

Kendrix:

But an opportunity to once again become the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

This crowd certainly likes the sound of that, Darren.

DDK:

Are we going to see Mikey Unlikely verses Kendrix 2.0 here in DEFIANCE?

Lance:

These best friends nearly killed each other last time!

Mikey looks over at the title on his shoulder as the two come inches from each other. However, Jesse calms the situation down by taking a step back.

Kendrix:

But relax, I'm not walking into DEFIANCE and expecting a shot at your title on day one, Mikey. The title you've dominated for so long with a bunch of guys in the back who've done a lot more than I have this year to earn their shot at prying the FIST from your hands. I know that when you walk into DEFIANCE, you've got to earn your shot at the FIST and you've got to earn your shot at Mikey Unlikely.

We can see Perf and Murray starting to separate from the side of Unlikely with James slightly behind Zane.

Kendrix:

And that is exactly what JFK intends to do. Unfortunately, as much as it hurts me to say it, as much as I love you guys, I won't be able to become the FIST of DEFIANCE hanging with my boys.

Jesse hands his mic over to Christie as he holds out a fist to an unsure looking Mikey.

Kendrix:

I hope you understand, this is just something I've gotta do for me now. We'll always be bruvs.

DDK:

Mikey looks torn, but are we gonna see a Gluefist between the Bruvs?

Mikey holds his fist out, the two fists edge closer but Mikey pushes Jesse's away and hugs him instead, like the manly man he is. Upon release, Mikey is close to tears as Kendrix is met by understanding manly man hugs from Perfection...

Mikey Unlikely:

Dammit, Jesse. You know I don't want you to do this, but I do understand. I understand that if you love someone enough you've sometimes got to just suck it up, cut their wings from the family...and let them fly.

Cayle and Kendrix release their manly man hug...

Mikey Unlikely:

So now, it's time for you to fly, bruv...it really is.

Perfection spits his gum in JFK's face which has Kendrix stumble back. Mikey comes in with a big swing of the title but Jessie blocks some of it. Quickly 24K swarms in to attack JFK with Cayle grabbing Zane's microphone to beat him with.

Lance:

What is wrong with these guys?!? They were just hugging him and now they are attacking him?

DDK:

This group is more bi-polar than my third wife!

Mikey keeps yelling "I'm sorry, bruv!" over each thud of the mic until the beating is interrupted by the rest of SEG rushing up to the stage. The sudden appearance causes 24k to hop off the stage leaving Jesse there with little bruises but nothing too serious and Christie Zane standing still in shock of the whole incident.

Lance:

Luckily the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild was nearby but I have a sense this will blow over to the main event tonight.

The camera cuts from 24K leaving the area and SEG helping Kendrix up to a shot of the commentary desk.

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. "QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

That was an absolutely despicable display from the newly formed 24K against their one time ally Jesse Fredericks Kendrix. Absolutely nothing "golden" about it from my perspective, Lance.

Lance:

You've got that right, Darren. And I certainly can't blame JFK, a one-time FIST of DEFIANCE, for having aspirations of reclaiming this company's top prize. So long as his best friend, Mikey Unlikely, holds the belt, he can't in good faith compete for it.

DDK:

If it wasn't for the Sports Entertainment Guild, JFK's career, nevermind his hopes for another FIST reign down the road, might have ended before they even began. We've got to move on, though. Our first match would be the main event any other night, but the DEFIANTS in our opening contest wanted to bring the house down right from the get-go.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy and Oscar Burns both insisted on being the first ones out of the gate for their Acts of DEFIANCE rematch tonight. Troy asked for another shot after that hard-fought battle, and she's got something to prove after Burns caught her with his Fruit Roll-Up pin. Oscar said yes, and after last week he's more than confident that lightning will strike twice for him.

DDK:

Well we're about to find out if the Queen can bounce back or if the Kiwi will make good on his word. Darren Quimbey, take it away!

Cut-to: DQ, center of the ring, live in your living rooms.

Darren Quimbey:

DEFIANTS! The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is a rematch from Acts of DEFIANCE! Introducing first...

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

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

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage. There's no hyping the Faithful up tonight; she looks focused and determined as she marches down the ramp to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 195 pounds, she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" **LINDSAY TROY!**

Troy climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope. She gives Quimbey and Benny Doyle a nod, then stalks to a corner to stretch a bit before the Technical Spectacle makes his appearance.

Lance:

Lindsay's looking locked in already, Darren, as we expected her to be. No pomp and circumstance from her tonight.

DDK:

It was an absolute back and forth affair at the pay-per-view and the Queen's going to have to rely on all those years of experience to come up with an answer for what the Team Graps Cap brings to the table.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...

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

Darren Quimbey:

...From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds, he is **“TWISTS AND TURNS” OSCAR BURNS!**

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out. Burns is back to sporting his yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, along with his familiar orange wrestling gear. Behind him is Ryan Batts, waving his signature rally towel in the air and throwing it to a fan near the barricade as they make their way to the ring.

DDK:

Oscar Burns seems like the picture of confidence here, Lance. We know he's got the win-loss advantage, but does he have the mental advantage?

Lance:

He definitely left Lindsay with something to think about at DEFtv 141 two weeks ago, and you know how she hates not getting the last woHHH LOOK OUT!

Once the Team Graps Tandem reaches the bottom of the entrance ramp, Lindsay Troy darts out of the corner she had been waiting in and makes a beeline for the far ropes. She clears the top cable with ease, twists her body in the air, and crash-lands on top of Oscar Burns with a picture perfect corkscrew plancha! Ryan Batts is barely able to avoid becoming collateral damage as Burnsie and LT collapse to the ground in a heap.

DDK:

And Lindsay Troy with the first strike before the bell!

Lance:

You ain't kiddin'. She nearly took out Ryan Batts along with Oscar too!

The DEFIANCE Faithful are in a frenzy for the aerial assault to get the match started as Troy gets to her feet first and yanks Burns up along with her. She keeps him along the barricade with two stiff forearm shivers that snaps the New Zealander's head back, and then follows those up with hard Muay-Thai kicks to his ribs which leave Oscar gasping for air. Batts looks on, concerned, but not about to get involved as that's not his style. He offers words of encouragement for his compatriot, which seems to fuel Burns because he manages to block one of Troy's kicks, then lands a forearm shot of his own to put the Queen back a couple paces.

Oscar starts making his way back to the ring, hoping to get this contest officially underway and in its proper setting, but Lindsay has other plans. She smashes a running knee into Burns' kidney, which sends him falling against the steel ring steps. Benny Doyle hops out of the ring and admonishes her for the brutality, but there's nothing he can really do about it since the match hasn't officially started.

DDK:

We're minutes into this and so far it's been all Lindsay Troy, who has taken the fight to Oscar Burns on the outside before he could even get into the ring.

Lance:

And it's been a sound strategy. These two are both technical marvels but Troy needed to get Burns off his game coming into this. She has the clear upper hand right now, Darren.

Having seemingly had enough of Benny's scolding, Lindsay yanks Oscar off the mats and stuffs him underneath the bottom rope. She rolls into the ring after him with Doyle on her heels.

DING DING!

Wasting absolutely no time, Troy makes the cover!

ONE!

T-Yeah, no.

Troy stays on Burns, continuing her assault with big stomps to his chest and ribs. It's pretty clear by this point that this isn't gonna be another technical masterpiece, but rather a HOSSFITE. Well, as much of a HOSSFITE as two non-HOSS-like wrestlers are gonna make it, anyway.

And the Faithful love it.

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

Ryan Batts helps with the crowd noise, and pounds the ring mat for extra encouragement for his buddy. Oscar feeds off that energy and sends an uppercut Lindsay's way as she was pulling him up off the canvas. The Queen staggers away, holding her jaw, and Burns gets to his feet on his own accord. He holds his ribs, looking pissed, but doesn't let the pain deter him from storming over to Troy, wrapping his arms around her waist, and tossing her into the turnbuckles with a release German suplex!

OHHHH!

DDK:

And Oscar Burns turns the tide with that monstrous suplex! Lindsay Troy crash lands into the corner and Burns is immediately on her, returning the favor with kicks to her midsection!

Lance:

What's good for the goose is good for the gander!

DDK:

Burns yanking Troy vertical, arms around her waist again...CRACKBACKAMAJIG!

The amount of force that the Technical Spectacle brings the Lady of the Hour down onto his knee causes her to bounce off his leg before hitting the mat. Now it's Oscar with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-Kickout!

Lance:

A near fall there but Troy stays alive.

Both DEFIANTS get back to their feet, Lindsay the more worse for wear now. Oscar fires off a couple stiff chops, then hooks her from behind before dropping her with a big Belly to Back Suplex! Burns rolls it over and hangs on, then takes Troy up and over with a second Belly to Back Suplex...

DDK:

Now Burns takes her up again... NO! This time, a release German suplex!

Lance:

Troy came out of this one swinging, but Burns has taken over! I think he's now trying to wrap this up as quickly as he possibly can!

He does go for the cover right away, but then picks Troy up and pitches her yet again, this time with an exploder suplex! He settles in and tries for a cover.

ONE!

TWO

TH- NO!

DDK:

Goodness! How many suplexes was that by Burns? Five, total including the German into the turnbuckle! And they are not stopping!

Burns picks up Troy and muscles the Queen back against the ropes. He shoots her across the ring with an Irish whip, but Troy rolls backwards over Burns' feet and barely catches her footing! He turns around only to find himself eating leather courtesy of a spinning roundhouse heel kick from Lindsay. She follows that up with a standing shooting-star press, and then goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOO Burns gets the shoulder up!

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

DDK:

It's been fast-paced, hard-hitting, and nothing like their first encounter, but so far Burns vs. Troy II has certainly delivered!

Lance:

That it has, Darren. ACTS was definitely more methodical... and both of them are showing some color now.

Lance is right, as both Oscar and Lindsay are bleeding from their mouths. Whether it was the roundhouse kick or the shooting star press that did it for Burns, or the shooting star press or the Crackbackamajig that did it for Troy can't be determined.

Burns is the first to strike following the near fall, though, still better off for the moment. He goes up and tries picking the Queen of the Ring off the mat, but she throws an errant leg up and catches him in the side of the head. Slowly fighting back to her feet, Troy comes back and when Burns tries an elbow smash, she ducks only to fire back with one of her own! She follows the rolling elbow with a leaping Enzuigiri, catching Burns in the back of the head! He crumbles down when Troy finishes off the combination...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT! Is that gonna be enough?!

She quickly hooks the legs of Burns!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

What a flurry that was, but Burns still kicks out! I think one caught him on the lip!

DDK:

I think you're right!

Troy decides now is the time to end things. With the loud crowd rooting for them both, she quickly leads Burns up and delivers a low sole kick. She doubles the groggy Burns over and tries to hit the Final Judgment, but he twists his way out of the double underhook, then quickly throws Troy down to the mat! He quickly throws a leg across Lindsay's chest and throat, hooks his left arm around her right, and cinches in an armbar!

DDK:

Graps of Wrath III! Burns has got it locked in!

Lance:

Oscar Burns' patented armbar submission and he wasted no time cinching it tight!

Benny Doyle slides into position and asks Troy if she wants to tap and she emphatically shakes her head 'no!'

DDK:

Oh, Lindsay's in a bad position here, she could be risking broken bones...

She has to act fast, so Troy links her hands together before Burns can increase his torque further, throws them back against the knee that's against her throat, and pushes Oscar's leg up and off her. Then she drives her body back, bridges upwards and toward him, and smashes a forearm into Burns' face to make him release her arm completely.

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

She did it! Lindsay Troy broke out of the Graps of Wrath II!

DDK:

But at what cost, Lance? That is the very move Burns used to not only defeat Kendrix for his second FIST title reign, but it put JFK out of action because he was in it for so long!

Both Lindsay and Oscar lay on the mat, Troy holding her arm, Burns a little stunned that she broke out of the Graps. They're both hurt, and bleeding, and wondering what they're going to do next, and while they ponder Benny Doyle starts his mandatory ten count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

“THREE!”

Lindsay Troy rolls to her side. Oscar Burns gets up to a knee.

”FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

Burnsie’s on two feet. LT’s almost there.

”SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

The Queen ascends to a vertical base. Burns bum-rushes her and Troy side-steps him, but manages to catch his arm as he darts past. She whirls him around, jumps on his back, and takes him down to the mat.

And then rolls him up!

DDK:

Rolling prawn hold! Troy bridges backwards!

Lance:

Oscar’s fighting it!

The Guru of the Graps kicks for all he’s worth but the High Queen DEFIANT grabs hold of his legs and holds him in place!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

As soon as the bell rings, Lindsay falls backwards and releases the pin. Benny Doyle leans over and raises her hand as “Legendary” cues up. Burns sits up and looks incredulous, but Doyle has the three fingers up.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match...”**THE QUEEN OF THE RING... LINDSAY TROY!**

DDK:

I can’t believe it. For two matches they’ve tried to out-wrestle each other, and tried to out-hit each other, and each one has ended on a roll-up! Troy kept up that breakneck pace almost the entire time and I think that definitely paid off tonight!

Lance:

And now they're all tied up! I don't think anything's been settled, Darren, do you?

DDK:

I can't say that it has, and if you asked either of them, I don't think they'd say so either.

Troy looks to Burns and holds up one finger on each hand, grinning that she was able to pull out the win but acknowledging they are even. Batts rolls into the ring now to check on his mentor who looks disappointed with the result, but has to give it up for a rebounding Lady of the Hour. He respectfully gives a slow golf clap her way. She heads back up the ramp to celebrate the close win, looking pretty proud of herself as we head elsewhere.

ALL SYSTEMS GO

The scene goes to the announce team.

DDK:

Folks, earlier in the day our cameras caught up with Tyler Fuse and The Princess entering the arena. In the hopes to get a statement, regarding the recent return of Kerry Kuroyama to DEFIANCE television, we ended up with this instead...

The scene switches over to the WrestlePlex parking lot during the afternoon. A black Dodge Charger rental pulls up to a space on the right side of the camera. Tyler exits the driver's door and Desire exits the passengers. Tyler collects his Adidas duffle bag from the back seat and two duo walk towards the entrance to the arena. Tyler is dressed in simple black jeans and a v-neck dark blue t-shirt, his beard has been trimmed and his dark brown hair is cut shorter than normal. The Princess is wearing blue jeans and a light gray top with her blonde hair pulled back behind her head. The two don't say anything to each other, they merely look at the building in front of them as the camera catches up.

Maybe Tyler would have a comment to say once they entered the arena but for now, he's focused on ignoring it.

Fuse reaches the entrance, pulls back the door and Kerry Kuroyama is standing right there.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Knock, knock Heard you liked to show early-

Kerry doesn't even finish his sentence. He leaps across the space between himself and Tyler and the two start hammering each other with furious stiff shots. The Princess has backed away and commotion is heard from inside the arena as the entrance door closes and the two men bring the fight into the parking lot. Kerry hammers Tyler with a forearm shot that almost sends him into the cameraman and knocks him over. As Kuroyama races towards Tyler again with another forearm, Tyler throws the duffle bag at him and then drives his shoulder into Kerry's bad knee, causing him to cry out!

Kuroyama hops on the knee but shows no quit. He rakes Tyler's eyes and then throws him into the WrestlePlex building! Tyler comes off with a hard looking elbow to the side of the head.

Nothing further takes place because a flood of referees, crew workers and agents come out of the WrestlePlex to break up the fight.

Tyler runs the back of his hand across his mouth, wondering if he's bleeding.

Tyler Fuse:

Is that the best you got?

Kuroyama gives him the finger, tries to push the crew away and invites Fuse forward again.

Tyler's trying to do the same but both men are heavily restrained. Realizing he can't get to The Pacific Blitzkrieg, Tyler spits in his general direction as the scene closes and we go back to the announce team.

DDK:

I've been told management booted Tyler and Kerry from the building, not wanting to put up with any of this right now.

Lance:

I can't blame them. Well, I can't blame Kerry, either. His career was almost ended by Tyler and then almost ended again by Stalker *because* of Tyler! Kerry is blood-thirsty and, boy, I assume there's only one way to settle this.

The Ascension graphic replaces the announce team on the screen, with an image of Tyler Fuse on the left hand side, stone faced, The Princess behind him and Kerry Kuroyama on the right, in an unlikely screaming posture.

DDK:

Well, there you see it. It's booked. Tyler Fuse and Kerry Kuroyama are going to beat each other to a pulp. How will they even make it to the pay-per-view?

Lance:

Ban them until November! That's what I say!

DDK:

Might not be a bad idea.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



*Next up! ASCENSION 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND! Don't miss the ASCENT!*

IT'S OUR WORLD NOW!

The scene fades back to the arena, where the Faithful are still buzzing with electricity after the absolute battle they just witnessed between Burns and Troy. During the break, the ring crew have prepared the interview stage by setting out a pedestal with something displayed in a glass box on top.

Lance:

WOW, what a match... I feel I could watch those two go all night and never get bored!

DDK:

But be as it may, we've still got plenty of action to get to this evening!

Cut to a close-up of the pedestal on stage, and we can now see the newly minted FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP displayed upon it.

DDK:

But first, ladies and gentleman, let's bring you up to speed on the progress of crowning our inaugural Favoured Saints Champion!

The shot cuts to a graphic displaying a banner reading "FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT" over the four-bracket tournament set-up with headshots of every qualified competitor. On the left bracket, we can see Rezin's ugly grinning mug has advanced over the determined gaze of Matt LaCroix. On the right, the horrifying visage of Scrow and the sinister mask of Black Panda are still deadlocked in the first round.

DDK:

Here is the run-down of the tournament that will determine the competitor entry order in a special FAVOURED FOURWAY match for the title at the ASCENSION! As per the stipulations of this Favoured Fourway, two men will start the match for ten minutes with the third and fourth entrants each coming in later five minutes apart!

Fade to a second graphic, now reading "FAVOURED FOURWAY ENTRY ORDER" over four slots. Matt LaCroix takes the "1" position while the remaining three feature empty question marks.

Lance:

Having lost in the first round match against the nefarious Rezin two weeks ago, "Southern Strong Style" Matt LaCroix will be one of the two men to start the Favoured Fourway. Whoever loses tonight's match-up between "The Raven's Eye" Scrow and "The Next-Gen Kaiju" Black Panda will join him.

DDK:

And the winner will face Rezin at a later date in a match that will determine the third and fourth entry spots.

Lance:

In a match of this caliber, with these competitors involved, one would have a significant advantage in having a ten or even fifteen minute grace period before jumping into the fray!

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

The camera pans to the entry-way, and the capacity crowd BOOS LOUDLY the moment the diabolical duo of REZIN and STALKER emerge from the cascade of smoke falling over the curtain. They bask in the heat raining down on them, looking like they love every minute of it.

Lance:

It appears we are going to hear some thoughts from the gruesome twosome...

DDK:

We all know that Matt LaCroix would have come out victorious at last DEFtv if it was not for Stalker's shenanigans.

Any match in this tournament where he is at ringside is guaranteed to be tainted by his chaos.

With mics in hand, they make their way over to the interview stage, the scheming Stalker wearing his patented “No More False Heroes” t-shirt while Rezin sports his usual get-up with a classic “Black Flag” logo muscle shirt. They take a moment to leer over the title in the display case like a pair of grinning, hungry vultures, then production cuts the music and they move to the center of the stage. With a nodding glance Stalker gives Rezin the go ahead to address The Faithful.

Rezin:

Okay OKAY OH-KAYY, I know what’s on all your minds, ya normies, cause I know all them cool kids are already talking about it over the water cooler, so let’s just get this out in the open then. YES, it’s true... I used to have a side gig making bombs for gender reveal parties. I was let go though, cause... well, reasons.

DDK:

Ugh... I honestly can't tell if he's being serious or not.

Rezin:

But hey, why should I care?! I don’t build incendiary devices for profits; I do it because I’m AN ARTIST, and blowing shit up is my way of EXPRESSING MYSELF!

Rezin advances to the front of the stage. Standing in full display on the edge, he grins as the jeers crescendo throughout the WrestlePlex. His ‘handler’ Jason ‘Stalker’ Reeves watches on in silence, like a cold calculated master watching his protege, his grin growing wide with approval with each statement Rezin makes that establishes his status as ‘The Favoured One’.

Rezin:

And two weeks ago, you saw that ART on display when I BLEW UP your FALSE PERCEPTION OF REALITY, proving your “hometown hero” Matt LaCroix is nothing but a WEAKLING and a WASTE OF POTENTIAL! He may be one of this company’s hottest rising stars, but I am a BLACK HOLE, and my gravity consumes ALL!

Lance:

Rather convenient how he leaves out the part where Stalker interfered in that match...

The Escape Artist glances up to the tournament graphic displayed on the DEFiaTron, and his grin seems to widen as he sees the face-off between Black Panda and Scrow. The Faithful are livid with Rezin’s attitude towards them and Matt LaCroix, letting both Stalker and his beast hear a chorus of boos. Stalker seems absorbed in the moment, fully pleased with the displeasure of the crowd being shown.

Rezin:

Guess later tonight, we’ll see which of these two Batman-villain rejects ends up being next on the chopping block... but it ain’t gonna matter who wins, and you wanna know why, normies? DO YA?!

He points spastically at the hardcore wrestling icon standing further back, darkly smiling with his arms folded over his chest who reacts only with a nod towards Rezin before looking out to the unwelcoming fans..

Rezin:

It’s because with THIS crazy sonuvabish in my corner--keeping it real, keeping it PUNK ROCK!--I’m all but GUARANTEED to be walking into that Favoured Fourway as LUCKY NUMBER FOUR, and walking out... with THAT!

He redirects his finger to the Favoured Saints Championship belt held in the display case. Then he approaches it, lavishly running his fingers through his beard like a man with evil thoughts on his mind.

Rezin:

THIS... pretty little belt. This “championship”, they call it... a symbol of the future of DEFIANCE.

Rezin grips the edge of the display case. The belt is only inches away from his tainted clutches...

Rezin:

Take a moment to just imagine that future. Imagine the career-defining moments that will be made. Imagine the LEGACY of pride and greatness that will be forged over the countless battles over this title...

With his free hand, he pulls out his butane lighter, flicks it on, takes a moment to stare into the flame, and chuckles as he puts it out.

Rezin:

...and now imagine that legacy being SNUFFED OUT before it ever has a chance of breathing life. Imagine it all being tragically aborted and flushed from existence, the moment I have this instrument of corporate greed in my clutches.

He releases his grip, leaving a noticeable black handprint on the crystalline glass. Then the Goat Bastard finds the camera, head tilted down to unsettle everyone watching with those murderous Kubrick eyes of his.

Rezin:

That's the future you can all expect at ASCENSION, cause the Boss and me... we got some plans for that strap. DEFIANCE doesn't need another title to create more false heroes! And DEFIANCE doesn't need "Favoured Saints" for that matter...

He tilts his head back. Cage eyes.

Rezin:

Cause now ya got ME... your FAVOURED SINNER!! HA-HA!! HAHAAHAHAHA!!

Stalker moves forward, placing his right hand on Rezin's shoulder. The air in the building seems to be sucked out for a moment as silence settles in and around WrestlePlex.

Lance:

Alright.... Folks, we just had a heck of a statement from the man that they call Rezin. With a debut victory over JJ Dixon, followed by a surprise win against Matt LaCroix in the first round of The Favoured Saints Tournament, he's off to a hot start - Scrow and Black Panda should be looking for a way to get an advantage not only coming into their own match but facing this man is a mountain of a task as is.

DDK:

With Stalker in his corner...

Stalker:

As he was saying....

Keebler's statements are interrupted by Stalker's comments as he takes hold of the situation on the interview stage. Guiding Rezin away from the glass container, with Stalker's hand on his shoulder, Rezin's demeanor is much calmer and he settles into the far corner of the stage. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves addresses The Faithful to wrap up his 'monster's' declarations.

Stalker:

Dixon first, then LaCroix. Fake Reapers...

With a glance into the camera and a smirk Jason Reeves acknowledges that statement is directed at LaCroix.

Stalker:

Or False Heroes are no boundaries for what The Fallen are going to bring upon DEFIANCE! The FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE is just the first and most logical step into reminding EVERYONE what it means to have the chaos that only Stalker's World can bring.

Like his protege, Stalker found the closest camera, yanking it towards his face. He has the mic against his lips as he glares into the lenses.

Stalker:

Scott Douglas - this is what you will become, my friend, when I am through with you... so make sure YOU WATCH as I let my monster run RAMSHACK on your FUCKIN' DEFIANCE! KEEP HIDING - FALSE HERO!

The psychotic manager of Rezin shoves the camera away from him as he drops the microphone in anger, a burst of static hits the microphones of the announcers. Stalker's eyes looking menacingly into the camera as he screams into it.

Stalker:

THIS LINK IS DEAD! SCOTT! YOU HEAR ME!? YOU ARE DEAD!

Growling into the camera like a savage animal, Stalker makes a cut throating motion and the camera cuts to static.

BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

Ken Ellis:

Hello, everyone. If I can please have your attention...

The crowd boos. On the stage is the mysterious Ken Ellis.

DDK:

Ugh... that's Ken Ellis. He's been the gofer for weeks now for... as it was revealed on UNCUT... Junior Keeling.

Ken Ellis:

Please welcome... as he was just able to complete a name change earlier this week... Representing his own brand, the Better Future Talent Agency... this is the Man-ager of Tomorrow... he is "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

The crowd jeers heavily and out comes the former Junior Keeling. But not dressed like a hipster in a sportcoat as he has been for... well, years in DEFIANCE. Now dressed from head to toe in a dark blue Armani suit, fancy horn-rimmed glasses and a shit-eating grin, he actually looks more professional than he ever has.

DDK:

"Brighter" Tom Morrow? Is he for real?

Lance:

I... I think he is, sadly.

The rechristened Tom Morrow walks over and stands on the announce table, shoving Lance out of the way on his way up there.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you, Mister Ellis! And thank you, Mister Warner and Mister Cookie Tree for giving me your attention as I stand on this announce table.. That will now be my soapbox! As you heard... Junior Keeling is no more. Now there is only the new man you see before you. A REAL manager. A man of tomorrow... no, a MANAGER of tomorrow, always forward-thinking, never looking back. The Keeling name will one day die with my father so I have decided that a little rebranding is in order and what better way to rebrand than to simply make myself a man of the future!

The crowd groans while Kee... Tom Morrow continues.

Tom Morrow:

First, let me introduce to you, MY talent agency! DEFIANCE is a rapidly-growing promotion! Week by week, this company's bottom line grows! And I want me and MY new talent agency to be here for years to come, cultivating and shaping the foundation of what this promotion will one day become... the plaything for ME and my guys! To that end, allow me to introduce to you The Better Future Talent Agency! Come on, cheer, everybody! This is blockbuster news!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom completely ignores the crowd and decides to press on.

Tom Morrow:

First off, let me introduce to you, the Better Future Talent Agency's personal enforcer. He has been left to rot in BRAZEN for three years now and was left so directionless, he needed Google Maps just to take a piss... now, after spending the last several months racking up wins on UNCUT and showing the training he received from wrestling Hall of Famer Sonny Silver... Please welcome THEO BAYLOR!

Baylor appears on stage, strutting with a smirk on his face and tapping his elbow -- his preferred deadly weapon as seen on UNCUT --- before he walks over to Tom Morrow near the announce table. He helps Tomorrow off the table and then walks back over to the stage.

Tom Morrow:

And now let me introduce to you the crown jewel of the Better Future Talent Agency! Another man that this company left in BRAZEN to rot. A man that has spent the better part of a decade carving his body in deathmatches before he got signed, only to be unfairly put in BRAZEN! After weeks of hanging on this main roster and looking for a spot that would have never been his without an advocate to vouch for him... please welcome DEFIANCE's NEWEST member on the main roster! The Future Legend of DEFIANCE! And the man that fired Uriel Cortez!

Audible GROANS from the crowd for that tasteless joke.

Tom Morrow:

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. Wearing a bright silk purple shirt and purple pants with...

DDK:

Is he REALLY wearing flames on his attire? After what he did two weeks ago to Uriel Cortez?

Lance:

I want to be surprised, I really do. ADV was barely tolerable enough, but he and Junior Keeling, united?

DDK:

We tease Junior, but he has a successful track record. He managed Team HOSS to a record-setting World Trios run several years ago. Twice managed The Sky High Titans to the Unified Tag Team Titles. In other organizations, he's managed multiple champions up to world championship level. He might be soulless, but you cannot deny that as a manager, he's good at his job and has almost twenty years experience doing it!

The foursome now head to the ring. Once they arrive, Ken Ellis holds open the ropes for Theo, then ADV, then for Tom Morrow. Inside, The Better Future Talent Agency look out to the jeering fans and the music fades out as Alvaro de Vargas has a microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hello once again! Soy la futura leyenda de DEFIANCE! Excuse my language... both of them... but how Maldito asombroso is this?! Me! FINALLY on the main roster where I belong!

More groaning for what has become a signature catch phrase of The Cocky Cuban-American.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Mister Morrow is correct! For months, I have been telling the brass that Alvaro de Vargas needs... no, this promotion YEARNs for a star like me. One that this company can be built around! There's nobody tougher. There's nobody stronger. There's nobody with more... charisma! Or as is said in my native tongue... (heavy on the Spanish) Carisma... than I! Even Senor Unlikely has given his support for a star like me...

DDK:

They rubbed elbows at one of Mikey's skybox parties for like ten seconds...

Alvaro de Vargas:

But I was told my attitude was holding me back! I was told to wait and behave myself and good things would come! Favoured Saints wanted a star like me! Well to you, I say this...

He spits on the canvas.

Alvaro de Vargas:

That's what I think of your opinion of mi actitud...

He spits a second time.

Alvaro de Vargas:

That's what I think of being told espera tu turno...

He spits a third time.

Alvaro de Vargas:

And THAT'S what I think of being left out of Favoured Saints' little title tournament. Better Future y Alvaro de Vargas will carve out our OWN path! One that we started when I BURNED pedazo gigante de mierda Uriel Cortez! Better Future will take out this roster one pendejo at a time until it is *I* that is standing on top with all the titles AND your girlfriend's heads near my waist!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morrow takes back the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you, Mister de Vargas! That's exactly the type of fire I'm looking for from my clients! I've got a few hands in some other pockets here tonight, but I promise you that tonight, you will see...

Thomas Keeling:

Oh, God, enough...

The crowd CHEERS for the appearance of Junior's father and still manager of The Sky High Titans, Thomas Keeling. With a mic in hand he comes out to the stage and frowns.

Thomas Keeling:

Tom Morrow? "Brighter" Tom Morrow? Really? You gave up your already established name for twenty years as a manager... to sound like an idiotic cartoon character?

The crowd is laughing now. Tom Morrow and the rest of Better Future are not. Tom motions for Theo to hold him back and when he does, he starts swinging his fists wildly.

Thomas Keeling:

Look... son... God, I wish you hadn't done what you did. I told you we could have gone back to the way it was. You and me, side by side, managing champions and keeping the family business going, son. If you wanted to go your own way, you could have just told me and I would have understood. I...

Tom Morrow:

NO, YOU WOULDN'T!

Tom clenches his teeth and lets out an exasperated growl.

Tom Morrow:

I tried to talk you out of it! I tried to talk you out of taking in that stray, Minute. Remember those texts and emails that The Comments Section leaked? I tried, Dad! I tried and you wouldn't listen! I did EVERYTHING to try and get you to hear me... I mean REALLY hear me... I even LEAKED those messages myself to the Comments Section to try and get you to split you idiots STILL stuck together!

Thomas' jaw drops as a collective "oooooooooooooooooh" washes over the crowd.

Lance:

Are you serious? JUNIOR KEELING gave them those messages and put them on the path to winning the Unified Tag Team Titles? Just so he could drive a wedge between the Titans?

DDK:

He's a bigger piece of garbage than I thought. Undercutting his own clients just because he didn't like one of them?! We gave the Keelings a chance after the horrible things they did years ago and it seems only one of them found out they still have a heart.

Thomas starts to get red in the face. He tries to remain calm, but he clearly wants to spike his microphone on the ground. Still...

Thomas Keeling:

...Of course, you did it that way. Well... if you want to play that way, son? Then I've got a couple secrets of my own... and actually this first one isn't a secret especially after the way you've been lately. First off... forgive my crassness... but you're a waste of sperm.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!"

The crowd eats it up! Now it's Tom's turn for his blood to boil while his father continues staring a hole right through him. Alvaro shakes his head in disgust.

Thomas Keeling:

I'll let you know a couple more secrets... here's an important one. Uriel is gone, but he's not out. He'll be back sooner than you think and when he's cleared for competition, he's going to rip right through Better Future. He'll rip through you all until you HAVE no future!

The crowd ROARS for that announcement, but Tom shakes his head furiously and Theo has to legit hold him back now. ADV and Ellis watch him almost blow a gasket while Thomas finally has a smile.

Thomas Keeling:

And here's my last one... I talked to management and they agreed to a match. If your supposed golden goose, Mr. de Vargas wants the chance to start laying some golden eggs, then Alvaro de Vargas can face... MINUTE!

♪ "Let's Go" by Run The Jewels ♪

Now the crowd is ROARING even more when the former two-time Unified Tag Champion makes his way out. Even underneath his mask, The TJ Tornado is visibly angered by what de Vargas has done. With Thomas at his side, Minute runs at the ring but stops just shy of entering with the rest of Better Future still inside.

DDK:

Wow! We're getting an impromptu match between Minute and Better Future's own Alvaro de Vargas! Minute has so much heart in him, but Alvaro is dangerous. We've seen that.

Lance:

He does, but he's fighting for what Uriel called family. Let's see what happens... I'm being told there's a quick break, but when we come back, it's Minute one-on-one with Alvaro de Vargas making his debut as a member of the main roster!

Tomorrow orders the rest of his group outside the ring and motions at ADV, who looks pretty confident. With that, the show cuts to a quick break.

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. MINUTE

The match made before the break with Minute and Alvaro de Vargas is now happening with Minute rolling out of the way of the much larger member of Better Future. Referee Carla Ferrari is watching closely. ADV turns and his leg gets kicked at by Minute with some extra stiff shots. He shoves Minute away and then tries to get to him. Minute goes to try and roll past ADV again, but he catches The TJ Tornado by the throat and hurls him into the open corner!

DDK:

Thanks for joining us! And just before the commercial this match-up was made! It's now the newest member of the DEFIANCE roster, Alvaro de Vargas going one on one with Minute, wanting payback for the fireball ADV lobbed at his tag partner, Uriel Cortez.

Lance:

Much easier said than done! Minute may have more heart than anybody else in DEFIANCE, but ADV is now teeing off of him with those heavy knees he likes to use!

ADV throws a pair of hard knees into the chest of Minute and has him down. De Vargas points over to Tom Morrow giving him the thumbs up before he then takes Minute and throws him across the ring. He charges behind him, but Minute slips through the ropes, leaving the charging de Vargas to hit nothing but corner! He slides under the bottom rope and between his legs before standing behind him, then delivers more kicks to the big man's legs. ADV is left hobbling, leaving Minute an opening to hit a Springboard Dropkick from the corner, Jericho-style, sending ADV over the ropes to the floor!

DDK:

Nice combination of moves by Minute! And he has the crowd on his feet now!

Minute points to the outside and Thomas Keeling is in his corner cheering on the talented lucha prodigy. Minute runs off one side of the ropes, then flies through the ropes with a Suicide Dive through the bottom and middle rope, launching himself at ADV! The rest of Better Future show some worry on their side as Minute rocks de Vargas. He doesn't go down, but he's slumped over the rails when Minute runs back inside. The TJ Tornado gets another running start as fast as possible, then opts for a HUGE No-Hands Somersault Plancha over the ropes right into de Vargas, finally knocking him off his feet!

Lance:

Minute is just an incredible athlete! What an amazing set of dives that was!

DDK:

The crowd is definitely behind Minute!

"MINUTE!
 MINUTE!
 MINUTE!"

The TJ Tornado hears the crowd cheering his name and raises a fist! And from his corner, it's Thomas Keeling, waving his hands and encouraging the chants. The Sky High Kid slides back into the ring while de Vargas is trying to get up and slowly heads back inside, but Minute is already on him, cracking him with a Front Dropkick to the chest! The former two-time Unified Tag Champion goes for a cover.

ONE! TW... NO!

ADV launches Minute off of him and the big man is scrambling, but Minute now gets back up and throws more kicks to him while he's on his knees. He catches ADV again with a head kick and then runs off the ropes. But whatever he has thoughts on doing don't work because ADV literally SMASHES him harshly with a vicious Double Sledge!

DDK:

Good lord, that's one way to stop Minute in his tracks! Just one good shot by ADV and he's in control.

Lance:

And look at him... he's feeling embarrassed.

Minute gets picked up by ADV and then thrown to the corner, but this time Alvaro gives him no room to breathe and CRUSHES him in the corner with a huge Corner Clothesline! Minute doesn't fall down but rather ADV smiles and then grabs his arm. He throws him to the other side of the ring and then rushes forward to hit another one! Minute winces but ADV doesn't give him any space when he picks him and THROWS him across the ring with a fugly-looking Body Slam!

DDK:

Big move there by de Vargas! He's in control now!

ADV then struts over to where Minute got chucked, then peppers him lightly with kicks to the back.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Come on, pendejo! Show me more! Come on!

He even leans forward and offers Minute a free shot, but when the groggy TJ Tornado tries to take it, ADV grabs his fist. He grins, then picks him up by the throat with both hands. He hoists him up high... then CRACKS him with a stiff Headbutt! The crowd winces as Minute lays lifeless on the mat now.

Lance:

De Vargas is just hitting him with whatever he wants! And what a bad cover that is.

ADV lays across his chest, lackadaisical and starts posing.

ONE! TWO! NO!

DDK:

That's a straight mistake. Minute has defeated several big names in DEFIANCE! Jack Harmen in his first match as a main roster member! Elise Ares on Pay-Per-View! "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns himself! But ADV is just showing him no respect.

Lance:

It's said that this and many antics out of the ring were the reason he was on a short leash in BRAZEN, but that's apparently not the case now thanks to... Tom Morrow.

Tomorrow has Ken Ellis and Theo Baylor at his and is cheering on ADV to end it. Understanding, he reaches over to pick up Minute, but when he does, he gets surprised with a Jawbreaker by the luchador, followed by a Sole Kick to the left knee. ADV stumbles back when Minute turns and then CRACKS him with a Pele Kick. He stumbles back again and then launches himself off the ropes...

DDK:

Interceptor! What a move! He has him doubled over!

Now Tom Morrow looks in full red alert mode as he yells from ringside that Minute is planning another attack. Minute waits and then runs off the ropes just as ADV is getting up in the corner. He runs the ropes...

DDK:

ESTRELLA FUGAZ! God, everytime we see that maneuver! So breath-taking!

Minute hits his amazing signature rope-running Corner Dropkick to ADV! ADV tumbles over and he's flat on his back

when Minute heads to the ropes nearest, then jumps to the top cable before hitting a huge Springboard Moonsault!

DDK:

YES! What a combo! That's gotta be it! Minute hooks the leg!

ONE! TWO! NO!

The crowd can't believe it! ADV gets the shoulder up, but Minute is still fixated on making ADV pay and spoil his debut as a member of the main roster! He heads to the ropes again and then goes for broke. Theo Baylor starts to approach, but Tom Morrow puts a hand in front.

Tom Morrow:

No... he needs to make a statement on his own.

Minute leaps up...

Lance:

SALTO DE... No! NO!

He tries the same Dragon-Rana he has beaten Elise Ares and Jack Harmen with... but ADV stands his ground and catches Minute! The crowd panics now, especially when ADV flips him around and sets him up...

DDK:

CUBAN MISSILE! HE JUST TOSSED MINUTE INTO THAT BUCKLE LIKE A LAWN DART!

The crowd can't believe it, but he gets no reprieve. An ANGRY de Vargas slides to the outside and then slides over to grab Minute by his neck, then drags him to the floor with him. He gets him by the throat... CHOKESLAM ON THE RING APRON!

Lance:

Oh, No! Abajo Vas!

DDK:

And ADV STILL not done!

The crowd is all over of the man calling himself Vivo Fuego as he stands over the prone Minute and grins evilly. With a mind full of bad intentions, he picks The Sky High Kid one more time... then turns him upside down...

DDK:

ARDIENDO! Piledriver! Minute's done. He has to be.

De Vargas hits the move and the luchador crumbles like cheap paper. There's no more cheering now as he lays over Minute's shoulders, shooting a look at Thomas Keeling while he counts with his fingers...

ONE... TWO... THREE!

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

Wow. ADV took Minute's best shots. But tonight, I think ADV looks even more dangerous than he did before when he was a BRAZEN guy. He took over that match and he won. Simple as that.

Lance:

I hate to give him any compliments, but he did. Whatever he calls himself, Junior, Tom Morrow... he won... oh, no.

ADV gets back up and now Theo Baylor is in the ring... and now BOTH he and ADV are putting the boots to Minute! Thomas Keeling shakes his head, but there's not much help the 60-year-old manager can provide.

DDK:

Come on! You don't need to do this! You don't!

Tom Morrow continues yelling out at ADV and Theo Baylor, telling them to finish the job. Minute is helpless as the two beasts kick the hell out of him some more. ADV stops Theo just long enough to hoist Minute up. He drags his body up and Minute is barely able to stand at all, with only ADV supporting him... until Theo Baylor BLASTS him with what has become his signature Running Elbow Smash!

DDK:

That's enough! There's no Uriel here! He can't even defend himself!

But they're STILL not done. Now ADV motions to Theo Baylor to pull Minute back up. Theo nods and then picks up Minute. ADV grins...

DDK:

What is he doing...?

ADV flicks the wrist....

FIREBALL TO THE FACE OF MINUTE!

DDK:

NO! NO! COME ON, NOT AGAIN! FIRST, URIEL CORTEZ AND NOW MINUTE!

The crowd gasps as Minute crumbles to the mat, frantically kicking and holding his face in pain! Thomas has seen enough, but when he tries to climb up the ropes, Morrow rushes over...

Lance:

Oh, come on! Morrow attacking his own father?!

Tom stands over his father and gets in his face.

Tom Morrow:

I told you! I told you that you had no place here!

Then back to Minute in the ring!

Tom Morrow:

AND I TOLD YOU YOU'RE DONE!

ADV grins and raises his hands in the air proudly at what he's done. Two trainers rush down to the ring with Carla Ferrari now checking on Minute as the rest of Better Future leave the ring.

DDK:

No, no, no! This isn't right! Morrow is a vengeful piece of garbage!

The Better Future crew leave the ring and head up the crowd, soaking in the jeers. Trainers now attend to Minute as

the show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

BIG FAN

The sun is blaring on this seasonally cool day in Louisiana. A graphic hits the bottom of the screen “*EARLIER TODAY*” and we soon see Jay Harvey cutting through the parking lot and a row of cars.

Harvey isn't scheduled for action but is still in attendance for tonight's sold-out show. All of a sudden a DEFIANCE crew member enters the scene.

Jay Harvey:

Hey Teddy, how's the family?

Teddy:

Everyone is good. Hey man, that new shirt is killer! It's selling like hotcakes!

Harvey looks a little confused, the new merchandise is obviously news to him.

Harvey:

Really? No one said anything about any new stuff coming out.

Teddy:

Yeah man... been seeing them since doors opened up.

Harvey can't help but smile.

We transition to see Harvey inside the arena. He knows his way around and is able to sneak around to the concourse where the merch tables are set up. He comes out to see a line of fans who are all excited to see him.

The cheers of the crowd and the flashes of cameras fill all your senses. Harvey raises his hand and gets a roar from the fans. He turns to see a new T-shirt design of a silhouette of Harvey executing a Wake Up Call knee strike. Under that is the words “WAKE UP CALL” in red lettering. A striking shirt if I can say so myself.

Harvey looks down to see The Comments Section's Teresa Ames manning the booth. He's puzzled by this but before he can do anything a fan gets his attention.

Fan:

Jay! Jay! Can you sign my shirt?!

Harvey is at a loss, he doesn't have anything to write with... enter Ames. She hands him a silver marker, obvs.

Teresa Ames:

Hey, about time you showed up! Look at all this madness!

She winks at Jay.

Harvey:

What are you doing?

Ames:

I'm just a... big fan. We're almost out of stock of your new shirt. I can't believe how well it's selling.

She winks yet again at Harvey who is still perplexed by all this.

Harvey:

Sure, kid.

He just shakes it off and signs the fans shirt. The flood gates open up and more fans ask for his autograph. Ames is

seen taking money and handing out shirts. It looks like a finely tuned machine with the two executing things perfectly.

Ames:

I'd expect MASSIVE royalties for this on your next paycheck. We should totally do this more often.

Teresa playfully brushes Jay with her hip by accident, or was it? She giggles as the stacks of money keeps coming in. Faithful flock over for the lady but stay for The Natural One.

Ames:

What are you doing later? Want to count all this cash over a drink? I have lots of ideas on how to generate more revenue. Have you heard of OnlyFaithful? It's a subscription service. I'm on there.

Harvey:

You know I wasn't born yesterday, Ames. I know you are up to something.

Teresa completely ignores Harvey, and he should have known.

Ames:

Or, tell you what, why don't you join me for my next ASMR session? It'd be nice to have some muscle on there.

She's laying it on thick but the fans are so rabid at this point that it's all a little too distracting to think straight. Harvey continues signing autographs for happy fans.

Harvey:

Maybe some other time, ok?

Ames blushes as the two get back to business. We keep rolling on the zoo for a moment longer before going back to the new T-shirt design for Jay Harvey. The feed fades to black and the show marches on.

CANDYGRAM...CANDYGRAM

Backstage The Toybox is heading down the hallway leading to the parking lot the siblings are dressed in their street clothes. Just a typical any day outfit. Jestal with jeans one side is yellow and the other is blue and his shirt is striped blue/yellow. He wears a top hat with a gradient blue and yellow. Dandelion is in yellow jeans with a blue halter top. Her blonde hair tied behind her head in a ponytail. See normal clothing...WHAT?

Jestal pulls out the keychain that Clockwork Sally gave them on Uncut. The keychain has a rubber picture of Jestal and Dandelion's face.

Jestal:

It's good to see Sal is still around.

Dandelion's eyebrows lift up in a bit of awe at Jestal.

Jestal:

I never thought he build us our own wheels. You know his inventions have gotten us out of a lot of sticky situations.

Dandelion nods. The two exit the Wrestleplex and sure enough there in the parking spot is a pink ice cream truck! Jestal and Dandelion's expression slowly change like two children excited Christmas morning.

Jestal:

Look at that sis!

Jestal extends his arms to the side in absolute ecstasy!

Jestal:

I think I'll call her.....CANDYGRAM!

Dandelion jumps for joy clearly liking the name he chose. In the distance, some rumbling is heard. Jestal is too excited and starts to run to CandyGram...

Dandelion quickly grabs his arm noticing lights in the distance!

Jestal:

Come on Dani lets take CandyGram for a spin....lights? Well, we are in a parking lot what did you expect?

The rumbling gets closer and Jestal now notices it.

Jestal:

The horsepower on that car seems unnatural.

Dandelions agrees with him. The rumbling seems to pick up and is even louder than before.....Suddenly from out of the darkness and giant monster truck races and knocks CandyGram down and proceeds to smash the ice cream truck under the massive tires. Jestal and Dandelion's eyes and their mouths are wide open. Inside the truck is....THE STEVENS DYNASTY!! From left to right Cary sits then Bo sits {bitch} George is behind the wheel.

DDK:

They have a monster truck, Lance!

Cary:

You missed the spot George back up!

George puts the truck in reverse and rolls back over the ice cream truck, the Toybox continue to stare stunned.

Cary:

Perfect....oh look they have valet tonight.

Lance:

Yea, and so much for The Toybox having wheels, they have just obliterated CandyGram!

The Dynasty hop out of the truck. George tosses the keys to Cary as Bo and George walk past The Toybox with a smirk on their faces heading to the backstage area.

Cary:

Put it in a good spot will ya.

Cary walks up to The Toybox...he tosses the keys at Jestal, they bounce off his chest and hit the parking lot concrete. Cary follows his boys into the building. The camera pulls back with The Toybox who hasn't moved since CandyGram was destroyed.

DDK:

Tough luck for Jestal and Dandelion. Those Stevens are something else.

Lance:

Well, let's move on from this somber mood to some in-ring action! Dex Joy The Biggest Boy will once again meet a member of Team Hoss in Angel Trinidad. He just can't seem to get away from Team Hoss nowadays.

DEX JOY vs. ANGEL TRINIDAD

DDK:

Up next on DEF TV we have "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in action! We learned two weeks ago that Dex Joy will be face Gage Blackwood for the Southern Heritage title after his recent win streak and Tag Party 2 wins! That match will take place at Ascension!

Lance:

But right now he will be in action looking to avenge a loss to show he is ready for Gage. He will be facing Angel Trinidad of Team Hoss! Remember that Angel Trinidad has beaten Dex Joy before when Joy was in the middle of his issues with Team Hoss.

DDK:

I do and if Angel defeats him again perhaps he will be in line first. Let's get to the action now! The entrances have already begun and we have Angel Trinidad in the ring.

The camera shows the bigger half of Team Hoss inside the ring. Angel stands at six-foot ten and weighs in over three hundred pounds. He is the literal definition of a beast. Aleczander the Great is on the outside watching his partner try and handle business.

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Dex is heading to the ring with some extra pep in his step but he has not forgotten about the big task in front of him. He sees Aleczander the Great lurking at ringside and gives him a dirty look before walking the steps. Dex is in the ring and celebrates with the crowd.

DDK:

The Biggest Boy has been getting really popular with the Faithful! Let's see what he can do here!

Angel looks confident and is telling Aleczander that he is going to wrap this match up quickly. Both of the big monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling get ready for the official to ring the bell.

DING DING!!

Right after that bell rings it is Angel Trinidad that fires the first shot with a big punch to Dex's jaw. The Biggest Boy goes back and that gives Angel the chance to take the fight right to him. He staggers Dexy Baby with some strikes and then turns to the ropes. What he does not expect to happen is Dex to be right behind him hitting an elbow to his face when he turns to spin off the ropes. Dex pumps a fist and then he throws Angel into the ropes. The beast from the Bronx is taken down using a samoan drop.

DDK:

Man how quickly did Dex just turn the tide! A big move right off the bat using that samoan drop.

Lance:

And now Dex is firing up the crowd.

The fist pumping that has become a signature of Dex Joy's matches takes places and he gets cheers from each side

of the arena. Angel is sucking wind when Dex grabs him by the head and waffles him with a DDT on the mat. Angel is left laying but things get worse because Joy jumps and hits a flying seated senton right into his chest. He stays there and tries getting the win on Angel.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

Dex gets pushed back by the big beast from the Bronx. Dexy Baby looks pretty confident right now and he ignores Aleczander trying to get his attention on the outside.

Lance:

That's smart by Dex! That loss happened because of a distraction from Aleczander.

The Biggest Boy has him set up for The Dex Drive but Angel does what he can fight his way out and that's with a head butt and then grabbing Dex to throw him in the corner by smashing his face into the turnbuckle. Dex tries to fight back but he gets struck down with some right hands and then a couple more head butts. Angel Trinidad then bullies Dex over to the opposite corner. He hits him using a big splash in the corner. Once is not enough so he hits a second splash and that leaves Dex hanging over the ropes trying to keep himself from going over.

Angel Trinidad is now controlling Dex. An uppercut strikes Dex right on the chin but before he can go over, Trinidad keeps him on his feet. That is because he manages to get Dex up and hit a michinoku driver!!!

DDK:

Trinidad hits the michinoku driver! I can't believe he got him up for the move.

Lance:

Me neither!

Angel looks proud of himself for being able to hoist Dex Joy up.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

Angel does not get the win with the moves and he stands up to get in the face of the official. He looks like he wants to take a swing but calms himself down.

DDK:

That notorious temper of Trinidad has cost him. He needs to worry about Dex not the official.

Aleczander yells for his partner to focus on Dex and Angel finally takes his eyes off the referee. Angel tries to get Dex but he is back up and catches Angel in the chest using a head butt of his own. A belly to belly suplex comes after that and then he finally gets his chance to fight back.

DDK:

Dex might have just made him pay for him not paying attention!

Lance:

And now Dex is back on offense. He looks great right now!

Dex fights back with more fury behind him using three more head butts using the chest. Joy hits the ropes and then looks like he wants to try for Dexy's Midnight Runner but Angel smartly hooks onto the ropes leaving Joy wide open for the Trampled Underfoot bicycle kick!

DDK:

That's it! That's it!

Angel has the biggest smile ever on his face knowing he has the chance to beat Dex.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

And that smile is gone just as fast!

DDK:

I can't believe this! Dex kicks out again!

Alecander gets in on protesting with the official but Angel tries ending the match. He punches Dex and then has him up in a suplex position. He tries to elevate him into his finisher but Dex kicks his legs to ground himself. Angel uses knees to the chest and stops Dex from getting any offensive. Angel hits the ropes but he does not expect a big shot gun drop kick from Dex but that's what he gets!

DDK:

Dex is so good with that drop kick! That's a three-hundred fifty-five pound man that is kicking your chest in!

Dex had Trinidad right where he wants him. Alecander tries to climb on the ring apron and the official gets there first to try and keep him from doing whatever he is about to do. Angel gets up slowly and he tries catching Dex using another Trampled Underfoot kick but Dex ducks and he hits Alecander by mistake!

DDK:

Oh no! Oh no! Angel hit his own partner!

Lance:

And Dex does not miss Dexy's Midnight Runner on Angel!

Dex throws his entire weight into a football style of tackle that knocks Trinidad clean off his feet and into a corner where he sits in a seated position. Dex gets up after sticking the landing and puts the finishing touches on this match using the Jump for Joy!

DDK:

That cannon ball in the corner is so lethal!

Lance:

And I think that's it!

Trinidad is out of the corner by Dex dragging his legs and then he hooks both legs to hope he can end this.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

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

Quimbey:

Your winner ... Dex Joy!!!

Dex is in high spirits with another "W" under his belt. His arm is raised and the Faithful are cheering on Dex for a difficult win over the giant.

DDK:

His star is just rising every week! There's definitely a reason that the management have awarded Dex Joy with the next Southern Heritage title match against Gage Blackwood

Lance:

He does! And I think Dex wants to talk about it.

He is about to ask for a microphone but he does not get the chance because Gage Blackwood is arriving on the scene.

BRAVO

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Blackwood strolls out, mic in hand, sarcastically clapping the number one challenger to the SOHER Championship. Gage sports his wrestling attire, belt around his waist and trademark "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt, complete with "Bantam" Ryan Batts and Dex Joy's names crossed out on the back of it, along with others who have fallen in The Scotsman's path.

Gage Blackwood:

Hey, Dex, I gave you one of these last week and you just WALKED PAST IT ON THE RAMPWAY!?

The smug "anger" Blackwood portrays receives boos from The Faithful.

Gage Blackwood:

Remind me to get you nothing for Christmas.

Dex paces the ring. He attempts to take a microphone from Darren Quimbey, who reaches out to hand the challenger one from outside the ring but Blackwood grabs Joy's attention again.

Gage Blackwood:

AYE ya stupid baw juggler! Don't you know how rude it is to disregard someone who's talking to you? Dex, don't worry, I'm not here to run down your nickname again. If there's one thing I hate, it's people who feel the need to repeat themselves. I work with new material every day. I stay fresh. So you won't hear me say things like: your nickname is terrible, you're out of shape and you can't wrestle anywhere close to my level. I'm beyond repeating myself.

DDK:

Of course you are...

Gage Blackwood:

But I did want to address your wins and losses. I was just looking it over on DEFIANCEWRESTLING.com. Wow, Dex, wow. You really have racked up some incredible victories. Cristiano Caballero, Carny Sinclair, Felton Bigsby, OTM, JJ Dixon and other over-hyped, amount-to-nothing, talentless hacks such as the man you just beat.

DDK:

There is nothing wrong with any of those talent, folks. Many of them are simply still finding their place.

Lance:

I think Blackwood holds hard feelings. Remember when he went through BRAZEN talent during last year's DEFCON run?

Gage Blackwood:

Bravo, Dex. That's an incredible who's-who of DEFIANCE. It's no wonder you're getting this title shot.

Blackwood pauses like he forgot something.

Gage Blackwood:

Oh, you also had that FIST match against Mikey Unlikely... but how did that work for you? Ha! Mikey isn't even a wrestler... not like *me*.

Dex is trying to keep calm in the ring.

Gage Blackwood:

Just incredible talent you've beaten... WHILE I HAVE PUT DOWN ELISE ARES, SCOTT DOUGLAS, OSCAR BURNS, JAY HARVEY AND ANY OTHER PERSON WHO HAS STEPPED INTO THIS RING FOR THE SOHER, TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

The Faithful have created quite a stir. Blackwood turns to them.

Gage Blackwood:

SHUT UP. I speak NOTHING but the truth every single time and all you can do is boo me. I am as honest as I come and yet, there is no doubt in my mind that blow-hard imbecile in the middle of that ring will somehow think I *wronged* him for saying he's beaten nothing but low-tier talent. I'd have an 18-4 record too if all I did was fight JJ Dixon on DEFIANCetv. ENHANCEMENT WINS FOR EVERYONE! All of you in this arena stand on your soapboxes, point that finger at me and yet, I STEAL THE SHOW. I stole the show at MAXDEF when I beat Oscar Burns, I stole the show at ACTS when I beat Jay Harvey. I stole the show on this recent edition of UNCUT when that tiny walking midget Ryan Batts thought he could pull off the upset of upsets. CUTE LITTLE STORY but the dream didn't come through for the "Bantam"! ALL HAIL GAGE BLACKWOOD, the wrestling machine! Compare me to the other champions we have right now and tell me, TELL ME I am not on a different level when I step into the squared circle. Mikey Unlikely is an *entertainer*. Malak Garland is a snowflake crybaby *bitch*. I probably gave him PTSD by saying that. Gage Blackwood is a wrestling Jesus, reincarnated for all-

Dex has had enough. He takes a mic but Blackwood sees it before he speaks.

Gage Blackwood:

I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP. I am doing YOU a favor. You should be piling up victories against legitimate talent before you wrestle me but I am such a swell guy, with a HEART of gold, I'm willing to do it. Make no mistake, you're good, Dex but by no means can you hang with me or SHOULD you hang with me.

Blackwood's face is red. He's running on fumes.

Gage Blackwood:

You can say whatever you want. The floor is all yours... I'm not dealing with it.

And the SOHER walks to the back, dropping the mic and leaving Dex stirring in the ring. He grabs a microphone and looks on the verge of crushing it in his hands.

Dex Joy:

BLACKWOOD!!!!

Of course the champion has already left but Dex does not care by this point.

Dex Joy :

Say whatever you want about me!!! At Ascension pally ... YOUR ... ASS IS ... MINE!!!

The microphone goes down and then his fists go up for the fans. He is certainly angered by the constant taunts but Dex shows a look of determination that has the Faithful still cheering him on!

DDK:

That's class right there. Say your bit and leave, huh? Maybe you're the crybaby.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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YOU'VE BEEN WARNED

As we come back from commercial we see Christie Zane ready to go for her interview of the evening.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time, the former FIST of DEFIANCE champion, Scott Stevens.

The Faithful give Stevens a mixed reaction as he comes into the frame wearing blue jeans and a Nike hoodie looking more grumpy than normal.

Christie Zane:

Two weeks ago, you had your shot at revenge as you faced Perfection one on one after he cost you, but it didn't go as you expected.

Christie states and Stevens makes a popping sound as he flicks his tongue against his teeth.

Scott Stevens:

You're correct Christie, it didn't go as planned because if it did Perfection would be laying in a hospital bed as we speak.

Stevens states as he slowly turns towards the camera.

Scott Stevens:

Instead, you have Fool's Gold jumping me from the start of the match because they know what I am capable of.

Christie Zane:

Speaking of 24K, what are your thoughts on Cayle Murray joining them in the beat down of you?

Stevens chuckles.

Scott Stevens:

Easy, strength in numbers Christie. Mikey knows that I can take that championship of his whenever I want and he needs all the protection he can get just to keep it around his waist a little longer. However, I question why he chose Cayle though?

Christie Zane:

What do you mean?

Scott Stevens:

I mean, if Mikey thinks a Murray brother is going to stop me I guess all the drugged filled fraps and STD filled stripes are affecting his better judgment because I hurt Murray brothers. However, all this talk of Cayle Murray and Mikey Unlikely is getting off topic from the main issue....

Christie Zane:

Which is?

Christie asks cutting in.

Scott Stevens:

Perfection.

The Faithful boo loudly causing Stevens to crack a smile before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

You and I have unfinished business and you can fool everyone by saying you're the greatest wrestler, the greatest lover, and the definition of Perfection, but you don't fool me.

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

You and I both know that you're a scared little bitch and that when I get my hands on you I'm going to make you wish you didn't smash that glass case in my face costing me the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Stevens states sternly as he motions for the camera to zoom in.

Scott Stevens:

Look at my face James, this is the face that haunts Mikey Unlikey's dreams and now it's going to haunt yours.

The Faithful cheer at the threat issued.

Scott Stevens:

It doesn't matter if it's in the parking lot, the gym, the grocery store, your latest sex-capade with Mrs. Murray in those sleazy motels ya'll both like I'll be watching and waiting to make your life a living hell.

Stevens promises before leaving the frame only to stop to say one more thing.

Scott Stevens:

You've been warned.

Stevens warns as he finally exits and the image switches to the next match up.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. "BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY

DDK:

Folks, our next match up pits Pat Cassidy against... well, somebody from the DEFIANCE roster.

Lance:

That's right. Last week the carefree Cassidy seemed more serious than usual, and said he was issuing an open challenge to prove that he belonged here in DEFIANCE. I had a chance to chat with him backstage earlier today, and I can tell you that the man is 100% focused on this match tonight, which he views as potentially the biggest of his young career.

DDK:

We haven't heard a word about who would be answering the call - but we're going to find out, right now!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

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

"Black Out" Pat Cassidy emerges onto the entranceway with a confident power walk. He does not break his stride to soak in the fans or mug for the camera. Cassidy gets a solid positive reaction from the crowd, and many reach out to try and touch him as he walks down the ramp, but Cassidy doesn't acknowledge their efforts, a look of determination etched on his face. As he walks by the camera, he shoots the lens a brief glance out of the corner of his eye and says simply: "let's go" just audibly enough for people at home to hear. He then locks his eyes back on the ring as he passes the camera by on his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is the answer to an open challenge! Introducing first... from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at two hundred and forty-two pounds... "Black Out" PAAAAAAT CASSSSSSSIDY!!

Cassidy walks up the steps and ducks into the ring with little preamble or ballyhoo. Once inside the ring, he removes his lucky green zip-up hoodie and tosses it to a ringside aide, leaving him in his usual ring gear. Cassidy runs the ring a few times, still wearing a look of determination as he snaps off the ropes.

DDK:

Open challenges add an extra layer of difficulty on these athletes because they can't do any scouting. What is Cassidy going to get? A technical marvel? A brawler? Powerhouse? He has no idea.

Cassidy now has his eyes trained on the entrance as his theme song dies down. He's rolling his shoulders, cracking his knuckles, pacing back and forth in a line - whatever he's doing, he keeps moving to keep his intensity up.

Darren Quimbey:

...and his opponent...

The crowd turns in unison to look at the entrance. Brief seconds of silence as the anticipation grows...

...and then a familiar theme kicks in.

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

HUGE OVATION FROM THE SURPRISED FAITHFUL!

DDK:

Oh MAN!! We know who that is!

Lance:

If Cassidy was looking for a challenge, he couldn't do better than DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Hearing the theme, Cassidy's face morphs through several expressions in the span of seconds: a shocked "holy shit" face, looking down at the ring to contemplate what this means, and then re-focusing in on the entranceway with a smirk that says it all: "alright, let's do this." He stops pacing and instead leans forward with his hands on his knees, eagerly awaiting the sight of his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Scott emerges from the curtain; same jeans shorts, same cut off black t-shirt. He takes a moment at the top of the stage and looks out to the Faithful before making his way to the ring.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I would wager to say we have quite the match up ahead of us!

The pair stick to their respective corners as Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

There is the bell!

Both Scott Douglas and Patrick Cassidy slowly edge their way toward one another, feeling out the situation and trying to size one another up. They circle the ring, slowly drawing closer and closer to one another as Benny Doyle stays light on his feet rotating with the competitors to maintain proper positioning.

Douglas feigns shooting in but it's obvious Cassidy is ready.

DDK:

Scott Douglas taking no chances with this young DEFIANCE upstart, Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

Underestimating the talent coming in behind you ... is a fatal flaw, Darren. Generally, they are younger, hungrier, and equally as talented ... Cassidy obviously fits the bill and Scott Douglas knows not to get cocky and lean on his tenor here in DEFIANCE! True veteran move.

The circling continues as the pair seem to come to an understanding that everything is on the level and neither intend on pulling any shiesty Sports Entertaining (Guild) tactics. Doubling down ... the ever-friendly Pat Cassidy stops in the middle of the ring and extends a hand. Douglas, perpetually being betrayed, still hesitates briefly, nonverbal understandings aside ... before reaching out and accepting the handshake.

Lance:

Did they just ... ?

DDK:

NOPE!! ... Don't say it, Lance... and that my friend: is a veteran move.

Douglas and Cassidy release the handshake and rather than pull back; glare toward one another trying to gauge the next man's move.

DDK:

Lock up!

Darren is truly a veteran, that is exactly what they did.

Douglas and Cassidy each struggle for the advantage, testing one another with each pull; back and forth. Neither gives an inch and the collar and elbow tie-up is broken, giving each a moment to nod in appreciative respect for one another and rethink their game plan.

Lance:

Here we go!

The respite is short-lived as both men attempt to use the nature of a surprise. Douglas shoots in just before Cassidy and is able to capitalize off the quicker start; turning the younger man and applying a hammerlock. Not to be outdone, Cassidy returns in kind, reversing the hammerlock, with ease, into one of his own.

Douglas slaps at his prone and dingy black shirt clad shoulder briefly before twisting and turning; subsequently reversing it once again. The Faithful are completely here for this. Zero nonsense. Wrestlers ... wrestling.

Cassidy attempts a similar reversal that proves successful before but Douglas is able to apply pressure and angle away. Undeterred, Pat goes another route. He reaches back and hooks Douglas' neck, dropping down slowly to protect his own prone left arm just before releasing Douglas' neck and performing a shoulder to shoulder side roll ... popping back up and wouldn't you know it?

DDK:

Pat Cassidy back on the offensive ... *JUST* like that!

Lance:

Excellent reversal and Scott Douglas finds himself trapped in yet ANOTHER hammerlock!

Douglas pulls the pair toward the entrance ramp facing ropes and leans in, hooking an arm ... on the recoil Cassidy is shot off of Douglas' back and tumbles ass over elbows. Douglas turns ready to turn the tide but finds a completely upright Pat Cassidy. Douglas points toward Cassidy, waving his finger a bit in admiration. Cassidy, loveable as ever, shrugs and invites DEFIANCE's Favorite Son back to the foray.

Scotty obliges and the pair lock up again; each trying to outdo each other with a competitive series of chain wrestling, flips, turns ... even twists in an attempt to best one another.

DDK:

As promised, folks ... this is *already* one hell of a competition!

Lance:

One hundred percent, Darren! One of DEFIANCE's most verteran hands in a no nonsense competition against one of it's newest and youngest upstarts! This. Is. DEFIANCE!

Scott accepts Cassidy's invitation and comes in with a head of steam. Pat swings with a big clothesline but Douglas ducks under and turns on a dime. Cassidy's momentum swings him around; where "Sub Pop" is ready for him. The former Southern Heritage Champion swings wide with a clubbing blow himself and Cassidy ducks as well. Cassidy grabs a waist lock and once again runs Douglas chest first into the ropes; this time opposite of the rampway. Scott attempts to hook the ropes again but Cassidy roles backward maintaining the waist lock...

DDK:

ROLL UP!

Cassidy sits atop of Douglas' prone legs. Doyle drops into position...

ONE!

DDK:

NO!

Douglas kicks, the force thrusting Pat into the ropes chest first as Douglas spins around and hooks the Karaoke star!

DDK:

School boy!

ONE!

TW - KICKOUT!

Cassidy and Douglas both spring to their feet, locking eyes but not wasting any more time. Cassidy charges at Douglas with a clothesline attempt, but "Sub Pop" ducks. Cassidy's momentum carries him off the ropes, rebounding right back at Douglas. Douglas gets into position for a backdrop - but Cassidy instead halts his own momentum, and locks the veteran DEFIANCE grappler into position before lifting him into the air...

DDK:

Pump Handle Drop!!! Cassidy managed to catch the vet off guard with a big move! Douglas is driven into the mat! This might be an upset!

Cassidy, quick as a flash, covers Scott Douglas.

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

NO! Kickout at two!

Cassidy rolls off Douglas, but looks slightly shocked that a big power move like that didn't get the job done. He bangs the mat twice in frustration and re-covers Douglas, this time locking the pin in a little tighter.

ONE!

Lance:

Douglas is out at one!

DDK:

We're seeing some of the youthful inexperience here - frustration at not getting the pin. He's got to stay focused if he's hoping to pull off the upset.

To emphasize Keebler's point, Cassidy sits up and runs his hands through his hair, staring off into the distance and calculating his next move. On the brink of wasting too much time, Cassidy lifts Douglas to his feet. Grabbing Douglas' left arm, he again sets Douglas up into position for a second Pump Handle Drop...

...but Scott breaks free! Douglas lines himself up next to the stunned Cassidy and plants him with quick Side Russian Leg Sweep!

Lance:

Trying the same move twice in a row IS a rookie mistake. You don't get to pull that with a guy like Douglas. He was ready for it.

With Cassidy on the ropes, Douglas senses a chance to end the match. Coming up behind Cassidy, he locks him in a Cobra Clutch position, and runs across the ring, drilling Pat Cassidy with a bulldog!

With Douglas firmly in control and looking to put the kid away, The Faithful suddenly begin reacting to something outside of the ring: Rezin - Stalker's firebug - is making his way to the front row next to fans outside of the ring.

Lance:

We all know Scott Douglas has been targeted by Stalker since his arrival in DEFIANCE and now during the middle of one of his matches, Stalker's latest message to Douglas has Rezin showing up now at ringside?

DDK:

The Favoured Saints participant is making a name for himself already, with the statement that both he and his madman manager Stalker had for us earlier. I guess this is to 'deliver' on Stalker's threat.

With the action carrying on inside the ring, cameras focus on Rezin who seems to be in some sort of dispute with one of the fans.

Lance:

Not entirely sure what's happening at ringside but as Pat Cassidy recovers in the corner, Scott Douglas seems to be preoccupied with Rezin's blatant interruption.

DDK:

Veteran or no ... Scott has always had a tough time with letting things go.

The DEFlatron lights up suddenly; Stalker's face in the center of the screen.

Stalker:

Scotty! Over here!

Scott Douglas' attention is directed towards the DEFlatron's screen as Pat Cassidy pulls himself up in the corner. Curious as to what the hell is going on himself.

Stalker:

No matter where you watch us from... no matter how much you hide from me. I will always find you Scott... my friends will always find you... and you will never... ever... be safe!

Scott stares on intently as his frustration builds, leaving himself completely vulnerable to his opponent.

Stalker:

This LINK - between us - is DEAD! You are a finished False Hero!

Benny Doyle tries to focus his attention on Douglas and insists he returns to action ... though he catches a few glances toward the screen out of curiosity.

Stalker:

Now... Rezin! Show him what a dark side Scott Douglas looks like!

Lance:

This isn't good folks, Scott Douglas is clearly caught off guard by Stalker's appearance on the DEFlatron!

Rezin hops the guardrail and plants his feet firmly at the ringside. Benny Doyle turns his attention toward the Favoured

Saints' first-round winner. So has Scott Douglas.

DDK:

Douglas is still in a match here; he needs to focus and ignore these distractions.

Lance:

Look! Stalker's already off the screen! This was nothing more than a distraction to keep Scott off balance!

Rezin climbs the steps up to the ring and The Faithful are going wild! Cassidy's up to his knees, shaking the cobwebs loose. Rezin makes it up to the top of the steps with his hands on the ring post, cackling like a maniac as Douglas readies himself for the assault; beckoning Rezin into the ring.

Lance:

Cassidy has no clue what's transpired over these last two minutes...

Now to his feet, Cassidy turns to see Scott Douglas with his back to him. Cassidy does not hesitate for a second! Like a blur, Cassidy darts forward, using his leverage as he wraps Douglas up in a tightly cinched schoolboy roll-up. Doyle slides down for the count but his eyes stay focused on Rezin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Pat Cassidy gets the surprise roll up victory on the veteran and former SoHER champion Scott Douglas!

Lance:

You've gotta consider this an upset!

Cassidy, hearing the three count, releases Douglas and rolls onto the mat. He's stunned - his open challenge paid off! His face breaks into a smile as he sits up and he pumps his fist in victory - and then he sees Rezin standing on the steps. Rezin's eyes stay focused on the ring as he grins with satisfaction. With his hands on the ring post he gives Pat Cassidy a proper staredown before dropping off the ring and heading towards the stands to climb out where he came in from.

Lance:

Just like that Stalker's influence has purposely ransacked a great matchup tonight.

DDK:

As long as Stalker's involved nothing will be untainted. He has no business involved here in this match and he especially should have no hand in the tournament to crown the inaugural Favoured Saints Champion!

Lance:

Agreed and Scott Douglas needs to find a way to get that target off of his back as well!

Cassidy, for his part, looks at the departing Rezin and then over at Scott Douglas, who is climbing to his feet. You can see Cassidy start to put it together as his happiness from the big win from only seconds ago turns into a look of disgust at how the win came about. This was supposed to be his big moment. Cassidy looks to the Faithful, raising both his arms in a "well what the hell" motion as his music starts to play. Cassidy stands and turns to meet Douglas, an apologetic look on his face and both his hands locked around the back of his head.

The two trade words that the camera audio isn't able to pick up but before an understanding, Douglas reaches his

hand out. The pair once again shake hands in a show of respect and the Faithful muster a moderate pop after such a disappointment. Scott motions toward Doyle, then back toward Pat Cassidy and finally toward the lights. Doyle snaps to after all the confusion and takes the cue.

DDK:

Well, as Benny Doyle raises young Pat Cassidy's hand in victory here tonight ... it sadly was not the way the casual crooner would have liked it to go.

Douglas joins in on the other side and raises Pat's other arm in victory. Pat looks appreciative but still a bit disappointed in the tainted victory.

Lance:

You hate to see it, Darren but Scott Douglas obviously understands there was zero malice or deception here ... simply an up and comer reaching for the stars. Tonight, he grabbed one and ... pinned it!

DDK:

Indeed he did and I am quite sure we will see much more from Pat Cassidy in the future ... possibly even a rematch with Scott Douglas in the future! Until then ... let's go to ... wait, where?

E3 SHOWCASE: BLACK OUT

Outside Gorilla, Trashcan Tim strolls up to the location checking out the surroundings as if he intended to meet someone here. As Trashcan settles in, he's startled by The Game Boy appearing behind him.

Trashcan Tim: *[jumping back]*

Caught me off guard there for a second...

The Game Boy crosses his arms.

Trashcan's about to mention how that's the most response he's ever seen from The "Mini" Boss but Conor comes into the scene.

Conor Fuse:

Timmy, my good man! How are you!? What'ca been up to!?

Trashcan Tim:

I-

Conor Fuse:

Haha, yeah, same here. Sometimes I wonder why I even *watch* the news anymore. I should stick to gaming. Anyway I-

The Codebreaker is immediately captivated by a nearby monitor. He sees it inside Gorilla and his eyelids open widely, his jaw creeps down and he begins shuffling forward, without picking up his feet, towards the bright lights in the LCD screen.

Trashcan pops an eyebrow. He's never heard Conor shut up before. Whatever's captivated him, it certainly has to be something **big**.

As the camera follows Trashcan, who follows Conor, it's apparent Fuse is watching "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy celebrate his victory vs. Scott Douglas with the fans at ringside. He's in the middle of singing karaoke with them, although it's too difficult to make out what song is being used. Maybe Bon Jovi, maybe Nickelback. It's not video games so it's all the same stuff to Conor.

Conor creeps his head towards Tim, like something out of The Exorcist.

Conor Fuse:

He's new.

Trashcan shrugs. Tim's been attached to Conor's hip for more than three weeks now, he hasn't followed anything on DEFtv.

Conor slowly rubs his hands together.

Conor Fuse:

New. New, new, new, new, new.

Fuse eyes The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

Bring him to me, my pretty...

And the scene fades for commercials.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Cut back from commercial.

Terry “The Idol” Anderson is in the backstage area of the Wrestle-Plex waiting on “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas, relatively fresh off his match with Pat Cassidy.

Terry’s Hawaiian shirt is as gaudy as his fedora is dusty. The former wrestler, manager, commentator, turned private investigator for hire has seen better days. What started as a lucrative first contract has already put Terry in a spot or two that he isn’t proud of.

A job is a job, though.

“Sub Pop” Scott Douglas and Pat Cassidy enter the frame, still at some distance from Terry. The pair shake hands once more and exchange pleasantries that aren’t picked up on camera before they part ways. Douglas heads toward Terry, and luckily for Cassidy, he heads in the opposite direction. This kid is going places.

Terry Anderson:

Great match out there, bud.

Scott looks skeptical.

Scott Douglas:

Did you actually see it? ... or were you back here trying to scrounge up another bar tab?

Anderson feigns being offended by Douglas’ shot.

Anderson:

Come on, Scott! You know better than that ... when have you ever known ol’ Terry to settle up on a bar tab?

Douglas:

Touche. I need you to settle up on this Reeve’s deal.

Anderson quickly switches into excuse mode.

Anderson:

Scott, I ...

Douglas:

How many years do I have to be plagued by this family? Your family, Terry ... help me out.

Anderson:

Look, I know about as much as you do! Jason doesn’t speak to me, my own grand ...

Scott’s eyes shift upward, shifting his eye line above Terry’s head. The sudden change catches Terry’s attention and stops him mid-sentence. In an instant, he is well aware of how this situation is getting ready to unfold and he is obviously hesitant to turn and face it. One of those things he wasn’t proud of has come to right the balance.

The mask blocks Deacon’s mouth, but what can be seen of his face speaks volumes. The Deacon is ticked! His nostrils flare a moment before his hand snaps out to snatch Terry’s floral collar & yank the PI closer.

Anderson:

Scotty!

Douglas: [backing away]

You made your bed, Terry!

Douglas makes a brisk exit and leaves Terry in the lurch of his own making.

MAGDALENA:

Hello, Terry.

Eyes wide, Terry glances to the left of Deacon to find Magdalena. Anderson opens his mouth.

Anderson:

--

MAGDALENA:

Don't talk. I really suggest you don't talk until you know what [she gestures to Deacon] he expects you to tell him.

Anderson:

O-

The Deacon twists his fists, cutting Anderson's words off. Magdalena puts a finger up near Terry's mouth. He takes the hint.

MAGDALENA:

How'd you do it? [She shakes her head] Actually, wrong question. We know how you stole the **confidential** information. We know you were following Deacon for months. We know that you gave it to Victor. What we don't know is why. So [another gesture to Deacon,] tell him - why, Terry?

Magdalena moves her finger. Terry draws in a raspy breath, then another, clearing his throat to speak and--

BRAK

The Deacon collapses. Terry staggers away from the giant. Magdalena turns and finds Victor Vacio, a metal suitcase in hand, staring down at the Deacon. The Lost Cause's black, crisp suit appears as onyx - solid & soulless, the mask much the same. Magdalena kneels next to the Deacon, shaking him to no avail as Victor places the suitcase on a table, popping the left lock and then the right ... methodically, before hinging it open. He stares into it letting the camera zoom in.

A manila folder.

The manila folder.

Victor nudges the folder over and the next vision brings memories from anyone who saw the Deacon & Vacio's first battle -

A mallet.

With one hand, Victor lifts it and slowly turns toward a now stirring Deacon. Magdalena, still bent over the Mute Freak, freezes. Her eyes grow wide before she turns to Victor who takes a step forward.

MAGDALENA:

No.

She stands up, holding a hand out.

MAGDALENA:

No!

She steps toward Vacio as his eyes widen behind his black mask and his arms cocks back a little further ... as DEFsec

swarms the area.

The black polo shirts fill the area and separate Vacio from the fallen Deacon and the relentlessly defiant Magdalena.

Cut back to DDK and Lance.

DDK:

Obviously, this situation between Deacon, Magdalena, and Victor Vacio is coming to a head over the documents he obviously procured via Terry Anderson!

Lance:

Well, we saw Vacio hand copies of those documents to Deacon and Magdalena at ACTS of DEFIANCE .. and it is clear - neither Deacon or Magdalena were all too happy about the incredulous invasion of their privacy!

DDK:

At the risk of furthering said invasion, Lance ... one has to wonder WHAT do those documents contain? What does Victor Vacio have to gain from exploiting this obvious sore subject? AND even darker ... what do Deacon and Magdalena stand to lose?

Lance:

Your guess is as good as mine, Darren ... but one thing is for certain... Victor Vacio is a violent vindictively evil human being!

DDK:

Agreed but it warrants adding ... Historically, Deacon is not one to take such actions laying down! We have not seen the last of this situation, Lance.

SCROW vs. BLACK PANDA

Lights go out in the arena.

♪ "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the second round of the Favoured Saints Tournament! Making his way to the ring at this time from Fukushima, Japan, via Melbourne, Australia! "The Black Bastard Prince"....BLACK PANDA!

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

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. From the strikes to said Defiants as Scott Douglas, Oscar Burns, Dex Joy, and finally, the kill shot to Carny Sinclair at MAXDEF! The various clips repeat after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, his entrance video is on repeat.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror-like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

DING DING

DDK:

Two deadly strikers about to go head to head who will start the Favoured Fourway at Ascension with Matt LaCroix?

Lance:

Scrow has been on a path of destruction since Acts of Defiance. Panda clearly looking to get himself back on track here and a win here would give him a huge advantage come Ascension.

Panda and Scrow lock up! Each try to get an advantage over the other. Eventually, Panda is the one that gets the advantage and pushes Scrow back into the corner. Slater quickly gets in between the two forcing Panda to back away, Scrow quickly slaps Panda. Enraging the Black Bastard Prince! He quickly goes back to attack Scrow, but Scrow ducks his head in between the top and second rope. He shouts at Brian to get him to back off. Panda shoves Slater aside clearly not allowing this tactic to work. He pulls Scrow out of the corner and with relative ease hip tosses him halfway across the ring!

DDK:

Panda has something to prove here tonight!

As Scrow gets up Panda rushes in and squashes Scrow in the corner! Panda doesn't stop the offense and grabs a handful of hair and pulls Scrow to his feet and pushes him back into the corner and starts to drive those stiff elbow shots into Scrow. He pulls Scrow out and nails a vertical suplex slam! Panda quickly tries to transition into

Endangered!

Lance:

Scrow scouted that move he quickly escaped before Panda could lock it in!

DDK:

Scrow rolls to the outside...a place that lately he has been the most dangerous at.

Panda ignores Slater and follows. Scrow just trying to get his wind back is spun around and a stiff knife edge chop! The Unhinged quickly grabs his chest as he tries to just get away from the Black Bastard Prince. He rounds the corner passing the steel steps and Panda is close on his tail. Scrow quickly dropkicks the steps right into the shins of Panda. The blow drops the two hundred and eighty-eight-pound Bastard Prince!

DDK:

As expected Scrow lured Panda in.

The feed cuts to backstage, where Rezin stands watching the action on the monitor. Stalker is lurking nearby whispering something inaudible into his ear while the Escape Artist compulsively flicks on his butane lighter. We return to the action and Scrow has delivered a stiff kick into the chest of Panda. The blow is enough to knock Panda down. Scrow jaws with a few Faithful, making a motion of a championship belt around his waist. He picks up Panda and tosses him into the ring and quickly follows.

Lance:

Scrow now on the offense.

Scrow picks up Panda and snapmare's him over and follows with a kick to the back of Panda, he hits the ropes and nails a dropkick to the chest of Panda. He quickly goes for the cover!

ONE!...KICKOUT!

Scrow quickly gets to his feet waiting for Panda to do the same. As BP gets to a vertical base he turns around and Scrow unloads on him with a flurry of strikes, Panda suddenly starts exchanging blows of his own. The Faithful cheer as these two men are hitting each other with bone-shaking strikes back and forth!

Backstage, Matt LaCroix watches intently with a pair of over-the-ear earphones, worn presumably for added protection. He crosses his arms as the two exchange strikes and seems to be analytically processing the way the two men move, breaking it down in his mind the way a defense would before a big football game. He quickly taps a note into his cellphone.

DDK:

Scrow with a dropkick quickly to the shins of Panda!

Lance:

Panda is down!

Scrow looks around and then exits the ring and walks the apron and starts to climb the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Scrow is going to try and high-risk move here, this is a place we never see Scrow at.

Panda gets to his feet as The Raven's Eye leaps off with a crossbody.

DDK:

PANDA CAUGHT HIM!

Panda powers Scrow up into a military press into...

Lance:

RETROVERTIGO!

Panda with the cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

♪"Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match and advancing to the second round...BLACK PANDA!

Scrow rolls over to his stomach. The loss clearly has not shaken him. He stares into the camera. Matt is shown backstage staring at the screen almost like both men are face to face in a tense moment before Matt LaCroix just nods, and DEFTV cuts to commercial

THE EDGE OF TOM MORROW

The camera cuts backstage to Christie Zane getting ready to start another interview with one of the many new stars debuting on the roster.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for your time! I've got one of the newest members of the roster with me now. Here to talk about his future plans for competition, please welcome Brock Newbludd!

The crowd can be heard showing some love for Brock after his recent appearances on UNCUT, where he had a busy first day on the job to say the least.

The day that started off with Ken Ellis attempting to recruit him and ended with Pat Cassidy trying to outdrink him. Ken failed, and we'll call it a tie with Cassidy since the two men had to cut their night of drinking short due to being tossed out of the bar for fighting. Though, it could be said that both men walked away winners by how much fun they had during their booze fueled scrap.

Sporting his very own "Snake and Jake's Christmas Club" t-shirt to commemorate the wild night with his new friend, Brock smiles at the sound of the cheering crowd in the background.

Brock Newbludd:

You hear that, Christie? You hear those people? That's what it's all about, hearing the roar of the faithful! Hot damn!

Brock's display of pure enthusiasm infects the Wrestle-Plex and the faithful respond with an even louder roar. Zane let's Brock and the people have their moment before clearing her throat and getting down to business.

Christie Zane:

Last week, we saw that Ken Ellis approached you and in your own special way, you made it clear to him that you were not for sale by him or his boss, which we've come to find out is Junior Keeling... or now, Tom Morrow as he now calls himself. With that statement made, tell us what's next for you in the ring.

Before Brock can answer, he stops to focus on something off-camera. When Christie turns, there stands the man responsible for the heinous attacks on both Uriel Cortez and Minute...

Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Take a hike, Christie. Two adults need to talk business.

Christie looks offended by the demand but decides to take a beat and head away from the set. Tom looks up at Brock and gives him a "tsk, tsk, tsk" type sound.

Tom Morrow:

Brock Newbludd... I know we haven't met in person. Name's Tom. Tom Morrow. And we need to talk about some business.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, do you got more free beer money for me? Me and Cassidy had a great time last weekend on Ellis' dime.

Morrow tries to fight back a grunt and barely does so.

Tom Morrow:

I saw UNCUT. Looked like you two had a great time. I wanted to talk real quick about that very thing, actually.

With a laugh, Morrow starts his pitch.

Tom Morrow:

Look, you caught me in a good mood tonight, Brock. My boys and I took out some proverbial trash on this roster. Now that that's done, I'm gonna do what my name says and look to the future. A future where you can get a lot more beer money than the pocket change my assistant gave you. See, I've been following your career for some time. And when I heard you were coming to DEFIANCE, somebody like you is EXACTLY who I want for the group. You're big, you're strong, you're former military. You check a lot of boxes and have appeal to a lot of audiences that half these schmucks in the back don't have. That's why I want to offer you something bigger than what Ellis tried to give you.

He produces a roll of papers from his coat and hands them over to Brock.

Tom Morrow:

I have here a first draft of a reworked contract that the Better Future Talent Agency can do for you. 20% on top of what you're already making, in addition to some other perks. Theo Baylor and Alvaro de Vargas were BRAZEN guys that were probably going to rot there forever, but now they're on the main roster where they belong!. What do you say, Brock? Are you interested in building a Better Future for yourself in DEFIANCE?

Brock raises an eyebrow at Morrow's blatantly rehearsed smile before glancing down at the contract.

Brock Newbludd:

This is quite the offer ya slapped together here, Junior...sorry I mean Tom. Plenty of zeros on that salary for sure...

Morrow's eye twitches slightly at the mention of his former name, but he maintains the grin.

Tom Morrow:

It's a salary befitting a man of your talents. I have an eye for that, you know...talent.

Still holding the contract, Brock locks eyes with the eager Morrow before turning his head slightly and letting out a sigh.

Brock Newbludd:

The thing is Tommy, there's just one zero here in your proposal that just doesn't sit well with me and I just don't see myself being able to work with it.

Morrow's brow furrows in confusion and he grabs the contract back from Newbludd. Flipping through the pages, he scratches his head.

Tom Morrow:

Surely there's a number we can agree upon, Mr. Newbludd. Just point it out for me on the contract and let's talk.

Stepping closer to look over the document, Brock begins moving his finger down the paper.

Brock Newbludd:

The zero I'm talking about is right...

Newbludd slowly moves his finger away from the contract and places it directly on Morrow's chest.

Brock Newbludd:

...here.

Keeping his finger on Tom's chest, Brock grins.

Brock Newbludd:

Ya smell what I'm steppin' in, Tommy? You may have an eye for talent, but I have an eye for shitheads, and you my friend, are a shithead. Only a shithead would name himself "Tom Morrow" and expect to be taken seriously. For all your talk of knowing about my background and who I am as a man, I'm surprised ya missed the fact that I don't deal with pompous little shits like you. Besides... I saw what went down with that kid, Minute... I'd NEVER work with

anybody like that. EVER.

Brock seethes quietly as Morrow backs up a step, then adjusts his new coat.

Tom Morrow:

It's called rebranding, friend. But nevermind my name and nevermind my business with Minute... that's old news anyway. My clients and I are looking towards the future now and if you don't want to be a part of a winning team, then I've come to learn I can't force people to do that. So with that said...

He tips an imaginary hat because he's a douche.

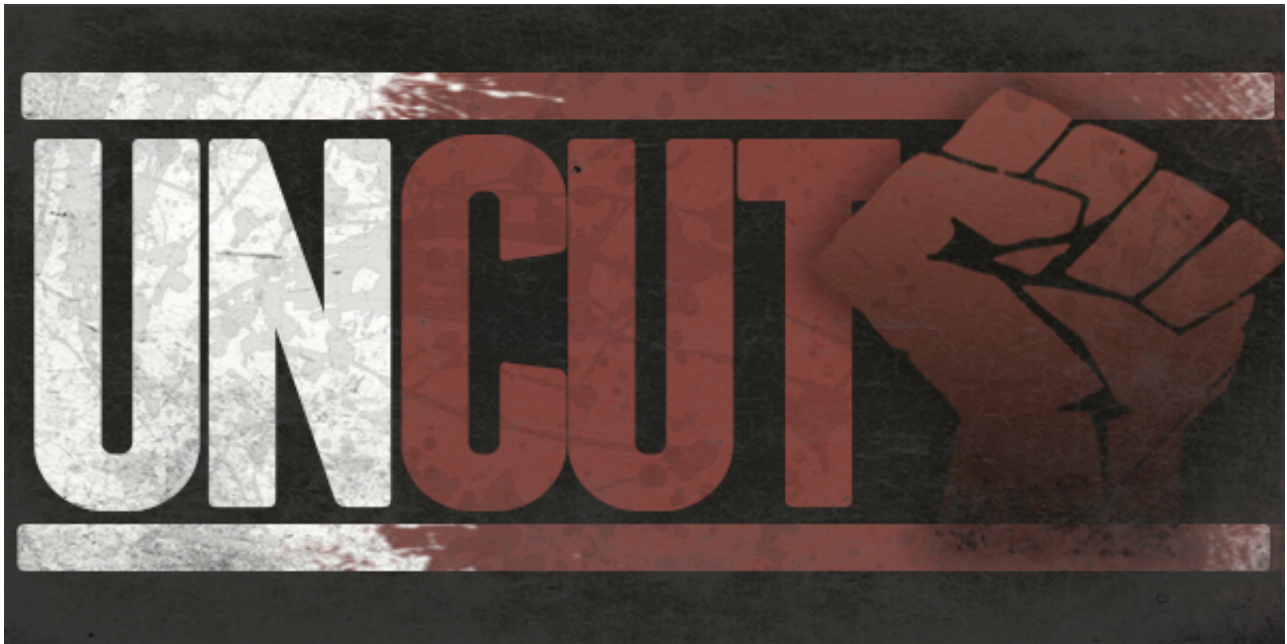
Tom Morrow:

Enjoy the rest of your evening. If you ever change your mind...

Brock Newbludd:

I won't.

Morrow shakes his head in disappointment and turns on his heel to leave, while Brock watches to make sure he stays gone. He disappears in the opposite direction as we head back to the ring.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

The broadcast returns to ringside as Darren Quimbey addresses the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

DDK:

Well folks, we're getting a bit of an early gift here with what promises to be a pay-per-view quality tag team match.

Lance:

Darren, it's not everyday we see newly crowned number one contenders challenge for their title shot right away, so big ups to Lucky Sevens for not waiting around. This should be a good one.

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. Both brothers turn and raise the signature "Winning Hand" for the Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Mason and Max are now waiting inside the ring for the champions. They raise the "Winning Hands" for the Faithful again.

The lights dim.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, Cyrus Bates and Malak Garland, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

The lights return to normal as Malak and Cyrus walk down to the ring. The Faithful notice they are without their Keyboard Queen. Malak clutches all five belts over his shoulder as a severe look of concern is on his face.

DDK:

I think the reality of what is about to happen to Malak is just setting in now.

The Comments Section reluctantly find the ring corner opposite to Lucky Sevens. Malak hands the belts over to the referee who hands them to Chaz, the ring hand near the apron.

Lance:

And it looks like it will be Malak and Mason starting things out here.

DING! DING! DING!

The fans roar loudly as Mason lunges towards Malak without hesitation. However, Malak immediately ducks out of the ring.

DDK:

What is this? What is going on here?

Mason stares a hole through Malak with confusion. Malak walks over to Chaz, pushes him and grabs his belts.

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

Give me my belts, Chaz! No one likes you and your watercooler drama!

Lance:

Where is Malak going? We are having a tag title match here!

Malak fist bumps Cyrus on the leg in order for him to get down off the apron and join him. The Bellicose Brawler does just that.

DDK:

He's not thinking of leaving, is he?

Malak Garland:

[To Cyrus] Come on. *[To Referee]* You might as well start counting because this match is not happening.

Perplexed, Mason walks over to the ropes and sits on the middle one, as if sending an invitation to Malak to come on back in. The referee has no choice but to start the count.

ONE!

TWO!

The Faithful start to get agitated as Malak and Cyrus walk backwards up the ramp, facing their foes the entire time. Max is yelling at them to come back now too but The Comments Section aren't even looking back.

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

DDK:

Oh, come on! I don't think Malak had any intentions of defending his belts all along! This is a hoax! People paid good money to be here tonight and now Malak is flaking on them.

SIX!

SEVEN!

Max and Mason both start to climb over the ropes in a bid to go after the champions.

EIGHT!

NINE!

Malak and Cyrus arrive at the top of the ramp with cheeky smiles on their faces like they just dodged a HUGE bullet.

TEN!

DING! DING! DING!

The referee regretfully calls for the bell as the fans are left stunned and pissed.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match via countout, Max and Mason, THE LUCKY SEVENS! However, still your DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

DDK:

This is pure, unadulterated, absolute bulls-

Lance cuts Darren off before he says something on the air he'll regret.

Lance:

This is exactly what should have been expected! Malak said it himself that they were going to 'cut a schedule unlike any other.' Who knew that he'd actually follow through with it.

Darren calms himself with his next *comment*.

DDK:

Well, the one thing I will say is Malak seems overly comfortable taking the loss on his record and retaining, rather than actually putting his money where his mouth is and fighting. Lucky Sevens better not have lost their shot over this nonsense.

The Comments Section high-tails it out of sight. The Lucky Sevens both climb out of the ring and they look like they are in hot pursuit of the Unified tag team champions now. Mason stops Max for a moment, then the twins walk to the announcer's table and then grab one of the spare headsets.

Mason Luck:

Lance, Darren I'm gonna borrow this for a second.

Mason now faces one of the cameramen close to him.

Mason Luck:

Cute... real cute. Trust us boys, all you're doing is prolonging the ass kicking your parents should've given to you a *long time ago!*

Mason throws their spare headset back and they depart to the backstage.

DDK:

Wow that escalated in a hurry didn't it? The Comments Section technically retain the titles but not because they wrestled fair and square.

Lance:

I have to imagine that the management are going to have some thoughts on this match. If we get more news on that

front then we'll be sure to bring it to you as soon as possible.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

We're backstage in the DEFIANCE locker room, where Pat Cassidy is sitting in front of his section of the storage space. He still has his gear on, although he's just finished removing his boots and his hair is wet from running it under water. Jamie Sawyers moves into frame, brandishing a microphone.

Sawyers:

Pat, can I have a quick word?

Cassidy, with some slight effort and a small grunt, rises from his seated position.

Cassidy:

What's up?

Sawyers:

We saw a huge win for you tonight. You have to be on top of the world. Yet, some might say that Stalker's involvement puts a damper on your victory. Where is your head right now?

Cassidy shakes his head.

Cassidy:

Look, am I happy that Stalker got involved? Hell no. I did not want or NEED that guy's help. Fact is, I was so amped up and running on pure adrenaline that I didn't even see that jackass out there.

Cassidy turns from Sawyers and looks directly into the camera lens.

Cassidy:

Scott Douglas: I respect the hell out of you. And I know you understand that true competitors take wins whenever they can get them. And I know you understand that because you're a true competitor. Next time we run into each other, the first round is on me. But als know... if you're up for Round Two... this time without any outside interference... I am down. You name the time and place. Pat Cassidy will be there.

Cassidy turns back to look at Jamie.

Cassidy:

But you're right, Sawyers. It was a huge win tonight. I told the world I would prove that I belonged here in DEFIANCE, and that's exactly what I did. Tonight, I went toe-to-toe with one of the biggest names on the roster. I sent a message. Whether it's in the ring or in the barroom, you go one-on-one with me and you're in for one hell of a fight.

Sawyers:

So - what's next for Pat Cassidy?

Cassidy smiles.

Cassidy:

I'm glad you asked. I think...

Cassidy trails off and turns his head to the left. Something off camera has caught his attention. His eyes go wide and he raises a suspicious eyebrow.

Cassidy:

...now what could you possibly want?

There, standing across from Cassidy is Conor Fuse, The Game Boy and a seemingly reluctant Trashcan Tim. Conor is ear-to-ear in a smile, while his eyebrows shift up and down, like something out of a Mega Man videogame and he is

Dr. Wily. It's actually becoming rather awkward because Conor's not doing anything else...

Cassidy:

Ummmm...

Sawyers and Cassidy look at each other and then back at Fuse. FINALLY, The Codebreaker speaks while rubbing his hands together.

Conor Fuse:

TERRIFIC!! UNBELIEVABLE! My *brother* didn't even beat Scott Douglas! You are new here, no?

Before Cassidy can reply, Conor keeps on going.

Conor Fuse:

Well I think that's swell! I'm Conor Fuse, the Locker Room Leader of DEFIANCE...

Conor waves his hands in the air as if insinuating he owns the building.

Conor Fuse:

That's my henchman, The Game Boy. And THAT's my newest homeless friend, Trashy Timmy! Say hi, Timmy.

As Tim opens his mouth, Conor cuts him off.

Conor Fuse:

So, hey, since you're new around here I am doing tours. Here you go, sir...

Conor walks over and stuffs a pamphlet into Cassidy's hand. "Black Out" flips through it while Fuse keeps on going.

Conor Fuse: *[sales pitch mode]*

Rated best tour in DEFIANCE. I don't cut corners. I give you a good rundown of every amenity here so YOU become more comfortable in this environment. I could even show you how to work a light switch! It'll be great!

Patrick looks up from the pamphlet, raising an eyebrow.

Cassidy: *[a little confused but trying to be polite]*

Uh, you know that "Black Out" is just a nickname, right?

Conor strolls over to Cassidy and puts his arm around him.

Conor Fuse:

So hey, how 'bout it? And you know what, I've just decided. Yep. I've just decided. WE...

With one arm around Cassidy, he walks him over to Trashcan Tim and puts his free arm around the "homeless" man. There Fuse stands, right beside his new best *friends*.

Conor Fuse:

WE shouldn't stop at a tour, either. Since you guys are brand new and I am, as previously stated, the Locker Room Leader in DEFIANCE, I'm thinking I should create a new league of talent and I'm willing to add you two right away! No application needed. No mindless paperwork. You are both PRE-APPROVED! With me as your senior leader, this... uh...

Fuse is trying to roll through all the thoughts in his head to find something that can stick.

Conor Fuse:

... FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE...

DDK:

Friendship... Members League?

Lance:

FM... L?

Conor Fuse:

...will get you two feeling more comfortable by the second! So, how about that tour, my good man?

Conor looks at Cassidy with puppy-dog anticipation in his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

Timmy over here's been through the tour once but you can never become too comfortable in your surroundings, that's what I say!

Throughout this whole spiel, Cassidy's face has gone from surprised, to confused, to... something a little kinder. Gently, he removes Conor's arm from around his shoulders and rubs his chin in thought.

Cassidy:

So... the four of us band together? Friendship Members League?

Conor shakes his head enthusiastically.

Cassidy looks to Sawyers, who simply shrugs. He looks to Trashcan Tim, who is behind Conor and frantically waving his arms in a "no" motion and silently mouthing "don't do it!" Finally, Cassidy looks to The Game Boy... who gives him nothing. Cassidy glances upwards for a moment, as if he's thinking and then...

Cassidy:

Hell yeah! Let's do this.

Conor pumps his arm in a "yeeeeesss" motion. Behind him, Tim's mouth hangs open in shock.

Cassidy:

And I gotta tell ya, as excited as I am about the tour, I think I might have an even better idea. Do you know the best way to encourage bonding in a new group? Team building exercises! Wait... what am I saying? Of course you know that - being a locker room leader and all. And why not get the ball rolling tonight? I happen to know a wonderfully magical little watering hole where a team can really gel over some cold ones.

Fuse takes a long pause. This wasn't his original idea so there's a sense of uneasiness looming over the scene. However, after much contemplation, Conor's eyes go wide and he skips up and down with excitement.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah! Let's do it! I'm all for a cold Kool-Aid! My mom didn't pack any for me this week and I am super thirsty right now...

Cassidy is about to clarify what a "cold one" means but instead he smiles and follows the group down the hall.

Conor Fuse: *[to Patrick Cassidy]*This is my new friend Timmy. Timmy, this is my *newest* friend The Black Out. Timmy doesn't talk much, he came in off the street one day and I decided to take him in-

Trashcan attempts to make a comment but he's cut off by The Codebreaker.

Conor Fuse:I think this is the start of something really *special*. A bond that can never be broken...

And by now, the four of them are out of sight as the scene spins back to Jamie Sawyers, trying to put it all together.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



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The lights turn to gold and bathe the entrance way. The signature red carpet rolls from behind the curtain down the ramp and the fans began to boo loudly from most of the seats in the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

...And their opponents! PERFECTION, CAYLE MURRAY, and the FIST of DEFIANCE MIKEY UNLIKELY! This is 24Kaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyy!

The trio come from behind the curtain and the crowd noise only gets louder. Standing at the top of the ramp they smile and look out over the crowd.

DDK:

What a crazy turn of events, who could have predicted Cayle Murray gone bad!

Lance:

The guy has his reasons, even if he is choosing to keep them to himself at the moment. Now let's see if he can put his money where his mouth is.

The threesome walk down the ramp towards the ring taking their time to climb in. They eye the challengers carefully, considering their position in relation to where they enter. They all stand together in the middle of the ring as Mikey raises the FIST high above his head. The music dies down and the lights come back up.

Official Brian Slater stands between the two teams to keep this from devolving before the bell. 24K make their way to their respective corner. Unlikely steps between the ropes and pulls out the handcuffs. He affixes his FIST case to the turnbuckle post. Perfection meanwhile stays in the ring to begin the match against The D of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

The bell rings after the signal.

DDK:

Here we go! Perfection starting things off with The D of the Phenoms. Kendrix in the corner already calling Mikey out meanwhile!

Lance:

...yea and Elise is.... Is she fixing her lip gloss on the front facing camera on her cell phone? Right now?

DDK:

According to Elise, if you don't look good it doesn't count, Lance.

Perfection and The D both enter the lockup with a lot of confidence, Perfection goes down first to the delight of the crowd, but it isn't long before he pulls himself out of a head lock, twists The D around and slaps him across the face.

The fans in attendance give a long "Ooooooh" at the smack.

Lance:

I don't know if I would call that a wrestling move but it's certainly effective. Look at the shock on the face of D man!

Perfection wastes little time, using the distraction to his advantage. He kicks D in the gut and sends him towards the 24K corner. Once there a quick tag is made to FIST of DEFIANCE, Mikey Unlikely. Perfection holds The D against the ropes until Mikey can get a few hits in. All the while he's being chastised by Hector Navarro.

Unlikely pulls The D to the middle of the ring where he slams him down with a quick suplex. He applies a submission hold but it's fought out of quickly as Unlikely didn't have it fully cinched. Once they both get to their feet The D moves towards his corner but Unlikely hooks his face from behind with both hands and drives him to the mat with a reverse facebuster. He goes for the cover.

One...

Two...

Elise Ares is able to break up the pin before we reach three.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely happy to walk out of here as fast as possible with this one.

As the official moves Elise back to her corner, Mikey is able to pick up the D and shoot him off the ropes, after a leapfrog and a drop down, the D surprisingly is the one who takes advantage with a huge flying crescent kick!

Lance:

WITH EVERYTHING! Nice move by The D as he's finally able to catch his breath! Unlikely goes down with that shot to the back of his head.

The D moves over to his corner quickly and is able to tag in Kendrix. The fans come unglued as JFK moves into the ring to deal with Mikey. Unfortunately that's not on the cards...

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely runs full speed towards his corner and quickly tags in Cayle Murray. He's not looking to face Kendrix anytime soon!

Lance:

...JFK none too pleased!

Kendrix stops but only to curse. He charges right at Cayle but Murray retreats immediately, sliding his torso between the middle and top ropes. He wags a finger, telling JFK to back off, then yells at Hector Navarro to get his opponent away from him. Restraining himself, Kendrix takes a few steps backwards but 'Starbreaker' is in no hurry to emerge from the ropes. He stays there a few seconds longer before eventually slithering out, then holding his arms out, seemingly calling for a test of strength. The Bruv No Longer Hollywood dives in with vigour but Cayle sidesteps him then walks away, dusting his hands off with a shit-eating grin on his face.

DDK:

Is Cayle actually going to engage Kendrix here?! What's going on...

Lance:

Looks like a ploy to me, Keebs!

Kendrix finally decides he has had enough and darts right at Murray, but Cayle, the quicker man, hears him coming and slides right out of the ring, drawing more boos from the crowd. A microphone picks him up as he calls back inside the ring.

Cayle Murray:

Too slow, cunto!

JFK isn't waiting around this time. He slides out and gives chase, pursuing the Scot halfway around the ring before Murray gets back inside. He readies himself in the centre as JFK comes back inside. Perfection and Mikey are causing a commotion in the corner, distracting Navarro long enough for Cayle to go for his already patented Dick Kick... but Kendrix blocks it, shaking his head like "not today, bruv!". No problem for Cayle, though: he pokes JFK straight in the eyes and rolls him into an inside cradle.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Kendrix had the, ahen, *Penis Punt* scouted after what Cayle did to Scott Stevens and Benny Doyle last week, but it looks like Murray has added a few more tricks to his arsenal since the last time we saw him.

Back to their feet and Cayle immediately tries to retreat between the ropes again, but JFK is quicker this time. He grabs Murray's arm and Irish Whips him before he can escape. Cayle hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent rebounding and JFK charges, countering a back body drop over the top by landing on the apron. Kendrix plans a forearm in the back of Cayle's skull before coming back in, downing him with a bulldog, and going to work on the mat.

DDK:

KENDRIX KROSS!

Cayle rolls through and swings the forearm as the two reach their feet but JFK ducks under and drops Cayle with a countered neck breaker.

Lance:

Jesse tried to end this with the submission but he didn't have Cayle's arm locked in.

Not waiting around for Cayle to recover, JFK pulls him up to a standing position, dragging him to the corner opposite his tag partners where he grabs the top ropes with both hands and stomps hard into the Cayle's stomach, not once, not twice but three times, each shot dropping Cayle down to a seated position.

DDK:

Kendrix trying to wear Cayle down with PCP cheering him on as he makes his way to the opposite corner.

JFK throws a wink at Mikey before taking aim, running towards Cayle, but the Starbreaker sees it coming, he hops up and jumps over Kendrix but JFK, just as agile as Cayle, reacts quickly as Cayle lands, wraps both arms around his midriff and hauls him up, over and down against the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Huge release German Suplex from JFK.

Lance:

The crowd liked that one. Cayle in trouble here Keebs.

Having seen enough, Mikey makes his way into the ring but Navarro cuts him off. However, The FIST doesn't go back to his corner easy, telling the official exactly what he thinks of his refereeing abilities.

DDK:

OH, LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

Kendrix is down feeling the worst pain ever known to man as Cayle catches his breath and shakes off the cobwebs before looking down on Jesse pleased with his dastardly action. The D takes notes on the apron as Elise shouts in protest.

Lance: Desperation move from Murray, taking advantage of Mikey's distraction. 24K doing what it takes to shift the tide in this match.

Cayle comes back to his corner. He's got JFK by the hair. He goes to tag in Perfection but he's not on the apron.

DDK:

Wait, where's.... Oh you gotta be kidding me!

The camera cuts to Perfection, he's near his corner talking to a couple of well endowed female fans who are sitting in the front row. Cayle shoots Perfection a look, but he doesn't notice due to the distractions. Mikey reaches out and

Cayle tags him in. The two perform a double Russian leg sweep on JFK sending him crashing to the mat back and neck first.

Unlikely starts jaw jacking Kendrix now that he's got the clear upperhand. JFK is trying to get to his feet, Unlikely ends each insult with a chop on the exposed back of Kendrix.

"Where you been, Bruv?" *SMACK* "What's been going on?" *SMACK*
"Running away from all your problems?" *SMACK* "I've been right here the whole time!" *SMACK* "I thought we were Bruvs?" *SMACK* "Turns out you're just a bitch!" *SMACK* "Time to send you back to the UK Bruv!"

Unlikely raises his hand again, this time Kendrix spins around, lands on his back, and thrusts his legs straight out towards Mikey, catching him in the groin. The shot sends Mikey keeling over in the middle of the ring. JFK lays down and breathes deep, trying to get his second wind. The fans in the arena explode for this.

The official begins his 10 count.

DDK:

What a shot by Kendrix!

One!

Lance:

I don't think we'll be seeing any 'little Hollywood Bruvs' anytime soon!

Mikey tries to slowly crawl back to his corner. As he gets near there's a commotion in the crowd.

Two!

Perfection is still chilling by the barricade and chatting while every now and then glancing back in the ring to make sure things are on the up and up. He looks like he's ready to go back to the apron but decides to stay using the barricade to prop himself up and leans against it.

Three!

JFK is starting to make his way to his knees. Perfection starts to make a move away from the barricade but he's not needed. Cayle has already rushed in the ring and put a kick boot to JFK to the disagreement of Navarro. The rush lets Mikey get to the corner and use the ropes to climb to his feet while Cayle argues. A clever distraction to give the FIST more time to recover. The crowd nearest to Perfection begins with another loud buzz of commotion.

DDK:

Now what?

Four!

The camera catches Scott Stevens coming over the side of the barricade behind Perfection who's warned by the two females he's talking to. Witherhold spins around real fast and balls his fist but it's no good. Stevens has a chair-

CRACK!

Perfection hits the floor hard and holds his head as we can see red starting to pour out from between his fingers. The crowd is cheering loudly with one of the females James was chatting up patting Stevens on the back.

Lance:

SCOTT STEVENS HAS JUST LAID OUT PERFECTION!

DDK:

And the best part is that referee Hector Navarro didn't see a thing!

Navarro is lost to what is going on but is still trying to get Murray to get out of the ring. Mikey is back to his feet and yelling at Stevens from the corner who's just standing over the body of Perfection. He's not there long before he decides to flick Unlikely the bird and vanish back through the crowd he came from.

Lance:

Man, Perfection is not in a good place right now he's really bleeding out.

Cayle has finally been forced back to the outside and apron. JFK is to his feet but hunched over. With the help of a roaring crowd Kendrix makes the couple step dash for a hot tag to Elise. Mikey is still barking instructions at security as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE tosses her cell phone to The D and pulls her LED sunglasses off her head and side-arms them into the crowd. She cracks her neck with a smirk on her face, listening to the Faithful erupt as Mikey Unlikely turns around to a front dropkick right to the chest!

DDK:

Wow! That impact, Lance!

Lance:

And listen to the Faithful get behind the Sports Entertainment Guild and Elise Ares!

DDK:

Just a month ago that would've been an INSANE statement, but here we are, Lance!

Mikey's back bounces off the turnbuckle and ricochets back so fast that Cayle Murray misses the blind tag as the FIST stumbles forward and Elise pulls on the leg of Unlikely as she darts back up to her feet. With the champion on his knees, Ares bounces off the ropes and hits him with a short hurricanrana spiking the tip of his head into the mat. After the vicious impact she rolls out onto the apron and makes a box out of her fingers, as if she's filming the demise of Mikey to the roar of the Faithful as Cayle Murray goes to knock her off the apron, but the quick Ares hits him with a superkick, staggering him before he falls off the apron and on to the floor.

DDK:

Elise Ares is a house on fire tonight!

Lance:

It looks like a switch has been flipped since the reformation of the Sports Entertainment Guild and the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is LOCKED IN.

DDK:

She needs to stop trash talking Cayle, Unlikely is starting to get back up to his feet!

Almost as if she hears the warning Ares soars through the air and hits a clean Amethystation Superman Punch on the FIST right in the jaw, which spins him around like a Punch-Out character before face planting into the mat. Elise does a kip up back to her feet and does a "QUE TAL ESO?!" dancing to the roars of the Faithful before backing into a neutral corner, playing to the crowd by stomping her boot rhythmically. The Faithful clap and stomp with her as the FIST begins to push himself up and crawl across the ring towards his corner.

DDK:

There's no one home!

Lance:

Is this for real, Darren?! Do we really think Elise Ares is about to pin the FIST of DEFIANCE?!

DDK:

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