

## SHOW OPEN



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!

**JELL-O > PUDDIN**  
**WHERE ARE MY DIAMONDS, JULIO?!**  
**TRAINS ARE STUPID**  
**GOFUNDMURIEL'S BAIL**  
**CAN THERE BE NO TOM MORROW?**  
**I WANT A ONE MINUTE MAN! SQUASH MAX LUCK!**  
**WE LOVE GRAPS 4EVER!**  
**THE TRASHMAN CAN**  
**THE D IS ALL FOR ME**  
**PAPER RPG**  
**KERRY KERRY**  
**LACROIX RULEZ!**

The camera pans to the announce team.

**DDK:**

We have a great night one coming up! Two titles defended back-to-back!

**Lance:**

The Favored Saints Championship and the Southern Heritage Championship!

**DDK:**

A main event of Oscar Burns against Scott Stevens!

**Lance:**



And so much more!

## FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX Â© vs. NATHANIEL EYE

**DDK:**

We're just going to get right into it!

**Lance:**

You mean we're going to start with a match and not someone talking?

**DDK:**

That's exactly what I mean, Lance.

**Lance:**

YESSSS! Let's go down to the ring!

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring facing the hard camera with microphone in hand. The Faithful are electric and want to get this show started!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following match is championship bout for the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Fix Up, Look Sharp" by Dizzee Rascal ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs. He struts down to the ring to the sounds of his entrance music and then jumps on the apron waving his BRAZEN star of the year trophy! He swirls around on the ring apron and bounces on the ropes in tune with his music then he gets inside. The trophy goes away and Eye hopes to add a title alongside it!

*Lights Out.*

The WrestlePlex goes dark and cell phone flashlights begin to consume the shot. Waving back and forth like lightning bugs in the night, a deep bassline heralds smoke rising from the entrance hit with a crimson red light. In the smoke, a male figure raises from a knee with a championship belt in hand. The Faithful's celebration grows louder as the shadow raises it above his head.

*It begins with them... but it ends with me.*  
 ♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

The figure bursts through the smoke with the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship held with his right hand high in the air. His left hand rips back the hood covering his face, revealing New Orleans' own Matt Lacroix beneath the ragged black denim vest covered with buttons and patches from his worldly travels. His ocean eyes are fixated on Nathaniel Eye with a smirk as he throws the title over his shoulder and marches down to the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana! Weighing in at 242 pounds, he is THE DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION. SOUTHERN. STRONG. STYLE. MAAAAAAAAAATT LAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

The "HEY!" chants from the song are echoed by the Faithful as LaCroix marches to the ring. He slaps hands with several members of the Faithful before he drops his vest to the floor and enters the ring. Inside the ring the champion storms to the opposite corner and raises the Favoured Saints Championship above his head for a photo opportunity before jumping down and laying the title down straight in the middle of the ring.

**DDK:**

This is Favoured Saints Championship defense number three for Matt LaCroix, Lance. If he's successful here, he'll only need to defend this championship one more time before he's able to cash it in for a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship.

**Lance:**

Whoever is waiting on the other side at that point in time might be in-line to get hit by a freight train, Darren. Matt LaCroix has looked incredible since his championship win at ASCENSION. He's looked just as impressive as anyone else on this roster.

**DDK:**

I think his start and lack of success in BRAZEN may hurt people's impressions of him from the outside, Lance, but as people who are here every day we've seen that his familiarity of this company and process is the foundation for his success.

**Lance:**

The ear injury seems to be a thing of the past as well, Darren, and while Matt LaCroix may feel newer to some of the Faithful he's certainly not new. He's experienced. He's technically breathtaking. We might be witnessing the birth of a star... if he can keep his demons away.

Referee Rex Knox has taken the title from the mat and hoists it high above his head as Matt LaCroix and Nathaniel Eye share a sporting handshake in the middle of the ring.

**DDK:**

This one is going to be a burner, Lance!

***DING DING*****DDK:**

And we can't forget about Nathaniel Eye! He has done all there is to do in BRAZEN! He has held the BRAZEN title, the Tag Titles, he won the Tag Party competition and Brazen star of the year! That is an amazing year ... oh wow!!!

The "wow!!!" is Eye taking the fight right to the Favored Saints champion right from the get go using a big spear! Eye tries stealing the pin right away!

*One ...**Two ...**No!!!***Lance:**

I think Eye knows he may not be able to beat Matt LaCroix on the mat but he can surprise him with that boundless athleticism that he has going for him!

**DDK:**

I think you're right, Lance! Matt had no idea what was waiting for him!

Eye targets Matt LaCroix and watches the champ stand to his feet but then Eye knocks him off his feet using a standing drop kick. LaCroix is knocked out of the ring!

**DDK:**

And what is Eye doing? He has some pep in his step but he isn't normally a high-flyer that I have ever seen.

**Lance:**

Well tell that to Eye! Look out below!

Eye pops the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful when he runs and leaps clear over the top rope and crashes onto Matt LaCroix with a leaping no-hands plancha on the floor!

**DDK:**

That is one way for Eye to take away Matt's superior mat game! Take it where he knows he can beat him! You have to take some risks when a title is involved, Lance!

When Nathaniel Eye stands up he picks up Matt by the arm and then puts him back into the ring because the title can't be won on the outside. When Matt is busy seeing double he gets picked up from behind by the BRAZEN star of the year and dropped with a back suplex. Nathaniel Eye covers him again and hopes he can win his first title on the main roster!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**DDK:**

What an explosive start to this title match!

**Lance:**

Matt isn't defending against a pushover here, Darren. Nathaniel Eye is one of the brightest upcoming wrestlers in this company! The Favoured Saints Championship is made as much for a guy like Matt LaCroix as it is for Nathaniel Eye! It's a launching pad.

**DDK:**

You're certainly right, Lance, but can Eye keep it up and put the pressure on Matt?

Almost as if he could hear Darren Keebler on commentary, Eye is going to try his best. He once again has Matt lined up before he springs into action for one of his biggest moves called the Starry Eyed Surprise. When he tries the flying knee strike but Matt is the one who gets to do the surprising by catching Eye in the middle of the move ... then he gets thrown into the corner using the Bourbon Street Bomb instead! The running buckle bomb drops Eye to the mat and finally gives the defending champion the time he needs in order to plan his next strategy.

**DDK:**

Wow! That was a great counter by Matt! Always thinking ahead of his opponents even when his back is against the wall!

**Lance:**

He needs to get himself together quicker than that! Eye is resilient. He needs to stay on him!

As Nathaniel reaches his feet LaCroix charges and spikes him back into the corner again with a front dropkick. The BRAZEN Wrestler of the Year bounces out of the corner and stumbles forward where LaCroix locks him into a hammerlock before throwing him over his back with a hammerlock suplex. The crowd marvels as the Orleans Outsider rolls through grabs Eye with a side headlock, grounding the stronger and younger wrestler. The impact took a lot out of Nathaniel, and he continues to struggle to break free, but all of his attempts are countered by the technically superior veteran. Eventually the pair find themselves standing again and LaCroix brings Eye down to a knee with an arm wringer.

**DDK:**

Simple but effective. LaCroix is taking the strongest part of Eye's game away from him and keeping absolute control of this match.

**Lance:**

This is certainly the opposite of where Nathaniel wants to be in this match right now.

Matt fakes a hard chop attempt and instead crucifies Eye in a pin attempt.

*One!*

*Tw... Nope.*

Didn't catch him by surprise enough, once the duo reach their feet LaCroix cashes in on that strike and the chop echoes around the arena. The Faithful groan on impact as Nathaniel fights his natural instinct to fall to a knee. Matt lines him up for another, but Eye surprises him with a hard chop back again. LaCroix stumbles back on impact and smirks before unloading on his opponent with a series of chops forcing Eye against the ropes. LaCroix tries to irish whip Nathaniel but it's reversed. The Orleans Outsider goes barrelling into the ropes and on the rebound Eye goes for a rolling elbow but LaCroix ducks under, rebounding again Eye hits the deck forcing LaCroix to jump over. He does into a roll, they both bounce up and LaCroix begins pounding Eye with chops across his chest once again.

**DDK:**

LaCroix taking a moment to light up the young man!

**Lance:**

Eye's chest is BRIGHT red, Darren! It matches Matt's tights!

Southern Strong Style chops Eye back into the corner where Rex Knox makes Matt LaCroix rope break. The Favoured Saints Champion raises his arms in the air and takes a few steps back before Knox gets out of his way, and as soon as he does Eye shoots out of the corner and drills the champion with the Starry Eyed Surprise!

**Lance:**

HOLY...!

**DDK:**

Out of nowhere! The Faithful are shocked!

The Faithful react in a mixture of silence and cheers as Matt LaCroix folds onto the mat. The challenger jumps on top and hooks the leg!

*One!*

*Two!*

*Thr... No!*

Rex Knox shows the two count as the adrenaline pumps through Nathaniel's veins. With heaving breaths he pulls a semi-lifeless champion up off the mat and buries his boot into the champs stomach before spiking him back into the mat with a DDT. The Faithful are buzzing at the shock of a potential title change at the top of the show as Eye does a kip up and points to the top rope.

**Lance:**

He's going big, Darren!

**DDK:**

He seems the opening, Lance! It's now or never!

**Lance:**

Could you imagine if he wins the belt at the top of the show?! How do you follow that?!

Once up top, Nathaniel Eye screams "EYES UP HERE!" before sailing backwards with a diving moonsault. At the last minute LaCroix rolls out of the way leaving the challenger to eat a face full of canvas. Out of sheer desperation, Southern Strong Style grabs the head of the challenger and rolls into a dragon sleeper.

**DDK:**

FTW locked in!

**Lance:**

And just like that momentum changes back!

Rex Knox jumps in to look for the submission but Nathaniel Eye is already out. Knox calls for the bell and Matt immediately drops the hold leaving the BRAZEN Wrestler of the Year to fall limply to the mat.

**DING DING DING**

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

As Rex Knox checks on the challenger, Matt LaCroix takes a moment to gather his bearings, running his hand through his dirty blond hair.

**DDK:**

That's all she wrote, Lance!

**Lance:**

The Faithful enjoyed the hell out of that one, Darren. What a way to energize this crowd!

Inside the ring, Nathaniel Eye is sitting up being checked on by DEFmed as Matt LaCroix is given back his Favoured Saints Championship. He immediately takes it to the top rope to hold in the air for the Faithful. Holding up just his index finger, he reminds them that he is one successful defense away from being able to cash in for a Southern Heritage title shot. As the crowd "HEY!" chants back to him, he jumps down and meets Nathaniel Eye in the middle of the ring, gives him a pat on the shoulder and makes his way to the back.

**DDK:**

He is just one victory away from running the gambit of the Favoured Saints Championship, and he's looked damn impressive Lance.

**Lance:**

I don't know what they're going to throw at him to stop him here at the end, Darren. Whoever it is, they need to bring their A-Game... and what a showing from Nathaniel Eye. I think we've seen enough to know who one of the next great contenders for this champion is going to be.

Eye gets some more cheers from the faithful for his great showing tonight. He reaches out to thank them when the lights go out.

**DDK:**

What is happening now?

**Lance:**

Remember what happened two weeks ago, Darren! Those weird holograms of the ravens.

Nothing but the DEF-Tron gives off any more light and on the screen it shows three creepy little children staring at the ring and more specifically they are staring at Eye.

"Dex Joy! Dex Joy! Dex Joy! Dex Joy! Dex Joy! Dex Joy!"

Eye is hurt but he isn't backing down.

**DDK:**

What is this?

Then more words flash upon the DEF-Tron ...

*TURN BACK! TURN BACK! TURN BACK! TURN BACK!*

The lights start to darken again. The DEF-Tron returns to normal and the lights are normal again as if nothing ever happened. Nathaniel Eye looks angry with the interruptions but turns to the camera near him.

**Nathaniel Eye:**

I know who you are! If you want to fight me then bring it! I'm not Dex Joy but I'll be happy to kick your ass on his behalf!

Eye storms out of the ring, upset as he clearly knows who this is and heads to the back in a hurry.

**Lance:**

Eye knows who this is and I think we may have an idea.

**DDK:**

Yeah ... but is this a thread that Nathaniel Eye really wants to pull on?



**COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND**

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## VOID IN THE MARKET

Off the commercial break, a camera crew catches up with Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates who look rather conspicuous, standing outside of a daycare at the local outlet mall.

**Cyrus Bates:**

I don't know about this. What are we doing here, again?

**Malak Garland:**

Come on, Cyrus. We went over this. You thought this was a good idea in the car! We need some extra money so what better way is there than to become a cuddler for this daycare!? It's not only a great New Years resolution, it's not only a great way to make a little extra cash on the side, but it's also THE PERFECT way to fill the empty void of closeness in our lives... the empty void of closeness in *my* life. Plus, we promised Teresa we'd do something calming to give back to the wrestling community. Apparently there's lots of lonely wrestling fans out there in need of physical interaction.

Ah, yes. That refresher makes sense to Cyrus as he nods his head profusely. The two are decked out in regular street clothes. Each is wearing a different Comments Section t-shirt now available over at efedtees.com. Suddenly, the door to the daycare swings open and a middle aged woman sticks her head out.

**Daycare Nanny:**

Hi there. Are you my two o'clock?

Her toothy grin is irritating, if not disturbing, Malak nods.

**Malak Garland:**

Why yes, yes we are! We applied for the position of cuddler.

**Daycare Nanny:**

Oh good, good, good. Come in. We need to hire as many certified trained cuddlers as possible right now. There's a shortage in the community and, well, you know what that means. When the supply runs short, demand soars high. Hehehehe...

The babbling woman finally lets the men into the building. The daycare floor is bright and colorful but they don't spend any time there. Malak and Cyrus walk back to the woman's office which is sterile and cold. She promptly grabs two human sized stuffed pandas and throws them at Malak and Cyrus.

**Malak Garland:**

What the?

Malak fumbles with the large bear while Cyrus holds his steady.

**Daycare Nanny:**

Oh I see, I see.

Her analytical voice does not sit well with Malak who struggles to hold onto his panda bear.

**Daycare Nanny:**

So tell me, why do you want these jobs again?

**Malak Garland:**

Well, it's simple really. I am lonely and I found this cuddling service online. You know, one where you can hire someone to come to your house and provide a completely platonic cuddling experience for a nominal fee. It looked poorly run though. So that got me thinking-

The daycare nanny cuts Malak off.

**Daycare Nanny:** *[Points at Cyrus]*

Okay, so right now I have you hired.

Cyrus just stares at her.

**Daycare Nanny:** *[Points at Malak]*

And I'm going to have to reject you.

**Malak Garland:**

What?

**Cyrus Bates:**

Can I put my stuffed panda down now?

The daycare nanny nods. Bates immediately discards the doll.

**Daycare Nanny:**

Great! So when can you start, sir?

Malak interjects.

**Malak Garland:**

Excuse me, but no. This was my idea. Why am I rejected but Cyrus is hired?

**Daycare Nanny:**

Oh, that's easy. You see, you fumbled your panda bear, when your big, brawny friend here didn't. He also...

She walks in closer and begins to rub the rather large arms of the Bellicose Brawler.

**Daycare Nanny:**

He also has quite plump, almost motherly-like pectoral muscles. A large bosom resembles safety and that is vital for the role of a cuddler.

Malak's face slowly turns a light shade of red.

**Malak Garland:** *[To Cyrus]*

Oh, wow. Lots to unpack here. I need you to quit RIGHT NOW! On the spot. Do it. We're a package deal and this is bull!

Without hesitation, Cyrus quits much to the dismay of the nanny. Malak takes Cyrus by the wrist and the two storm out of there. They remain quiet as the nanny chases after them, offering bountiful gifts she most surely can't follow through with. Finally, the door to the daycare slams shut and they are outside.

**Malak Garland:**

What nonsense. What dribble. You know what, Cyrus? We don't need her or any other place looking for cuddlers. We can start our very own cuddling side hustle service. We'll develop an app too! YEAH! One where you can order cuddle therapy sessions from trained, certified cuddlers and GPS track their location at all times! It will be completely platonic too and never get confused with any sort of call service. It will be great! What could possibly go wrong?

The camera cuts recording as DEFtv continues on.

## SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIPS: DEX JOY Â© vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

### DDK:

Folks, we've got the second of our title matches for DEFtv 147 - Night One! Coming up next, the Southern Heritage Champion Dex Joy defends against the man that surprisingly attacked him last week... "Bantam" Ryan Batts! This whole issue involving Tyler Fuse, Dex Joy and the Southern Heritage Championship was already beyond volatile. Tyler thought he won the title on 145, only for the decision to be reversed due to his cheating.

### Lance:

He lashed out by destroying the old SoHer belt! Since then, Dex has been defending... quite literally... a paper representation of that belt against Tyler in a rematch last week that ended in a double-count out. Now, Batts who won his shot a month ago in a battle royal is doing so tonight, and he called that shot by firing a warning shot as he called it against Dex Joy, warning him he won't be taken lightly.

### DDK:

Batts has been on a tear lately, building a new style with some wins on UNCUT, winning a battle royal like Lance said, then defeating Kerry Kuroyama last weekend. Batts believes he's ready and I'm inclined to agree, but I hope he knows what he's done by angering Dex. Now to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts comes out rocking brand new attire. Black thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black kneepads and boots with dark red kickpads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and heads inside. The reaction is still mostly positive for a more outgoing, more aggressive Bantam, but his opponent? Well, say goodbye to the roof.

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 slowly come back in the arena, 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 ♪

Dex is heading to the ring and looks like a hungry lion ready to eat ... and he has a special paper championship title marked "IOU" in the middle - gifted by none other than Tyler's own brother Conor Fuse. Dex is also heading to the ring with his trophy DEFy Award for Breakout Star of the Year! Once he is in the ring, the music fades and Darren Quimbey goes through with the special in-ring introductions.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger in the corner to my left... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 204 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

Batts raises both hands but his gaze doesn't leave the champion.

### Darren Quimbey:

And in the corner to my right, the defending Southern Heritage Champion! The Breakout Star of 2020! From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 355 pounds... **"THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY!**

Joy raises the "title" and trophy! He hands both over to Benny Doyle and once they are gone the bell rings.

**SMACK!**

**Lance:**

What the!?

As Lance Warner looks over at his colleague, Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire have walked into the picture. Tyler smacked the headset right off of Keebler! The elder Fuse looks at DDK and then Warner.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Get out.

Before Lance can say anything, Princess Desire lifts his headset off and points for Lance to walk away. Keebler and Warner shrug, obviously seeing the state of mood Tyler and his wife are in and then move away from the table. Tyler takes Keeblers seat and Desire takes Lance's.

**Princess Desire:**

Hi, dear.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Don't 'hi, dear' me. Let's watch this nonsense in the middle of the ring. We've got a guy who shouldn't be the champion in there!

Princess smirks at Tyler's dickheaded comments, even the one of her.

**Princess Desire:**

Which one?

Tyler doesn't answer. He just shakes his head, likely meaning both.

Inside the ring, Batts and Joy are about to square off and referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

**DING DING**

Batts pensively approaches Joy, then goes for broke and tries to pick the leg! He zeroes in with a single leg, but Dex quickly THROWS Batts over with a biel toss! Dex fires up the crowd and he clearly hasn't forgotten getting hit with Batter Up after his match with Tyler Fuse. Batts looks up and around, carefully making his next move.

The Scrappy Young Wrestlelad punches the mat in frustration then gets back up and rushes at him again, this time going for different approach. . He throws a couple of short, sharp shoot kicks to the right knee of Batts. He goes for the knee, but when Dex tries to grab him, Batts grabs the left arm and tries to get the big man down... but nothing happens when Dex stands his ground, then THROWS him over head a second time into a back body drop!

**Tyler Fuse:**

Honestly, what has Ryan Batts done in this company, except get himself demoted to BRAZEN at the hands of Conor and I?

**Princess Desire:**

A great, great question. You're full of such insight today, aren't you?

Dex sees Batts getting up and then runs at him like a big freight train, but Batts runs underneath that and hits the ropes. He comes back and NAILS Dex in the chest with a huge dropkick sending him back! But when Batts gets up... he turns and gets SLAMMED with a WAY bigger shotgun dropkick by Dex! The crowd cheers on the big man as Batts gets knocked nearly out of his boots.

**Tyler Fuse:** *[playing the PBP guy]*

Batts getting tossed about, showing what he's really worth to this company.

**Princess Desire:** *[playing color girl]*

Is he going to quit, take his ball and go home, folks!? I hear Jack Mace is super lonely in BRAZEN. Jack Mace, the former partner of Ryan Batts for those who don't remember... or care. Which is all of you.

Batts is on the ground holding his chest in pain when Dex comes up and CRUSHES him with a huge leg drop! Joy goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

The Scrappy Young Wrestlelad sits up and holds his neck and chest in pain but gets pulled up by Dex. Joy waves a happy hello and then SOCKS him right in the mouth, sending him staggering backwards into the corner.

**Princess Desire:** *[playing PBP girl]*

Dex with a stellar right hand, meeting Batts square in the face! Gosh golly, what a shot!

**Tyler Fuse:** *[playing color guy]*

You have to wonder, Princess, you have to wonder, if Dex Joy can keep up this happy peppy version of himself! Boy he sure is trying, even after being put through concussion protocol by yours truly! You'd think that would turn the dial up on the dude but naa, naa, gotta keep wrestling for the kiddies!

**Princess Desire:** *[sarcastic]*

I apologize for my partner's behaviour. This is quite unlike him. Where's Angus when you need him? Am I allowed to say that or will Mr. Dane get his panties in a bunch?

Tyler Fuse laughs as the crowd continues showing some love to the DEFIANCE Breakout Star of 2020 when he runs for a big back elbow in the corner, but Batts moves last second, sending Joy crashing into nothing. Batts comes running at him with an elbow of his own, but Dex once again beats Bantam to the punch (ironically with a foot). He throws Batts into the ropes and tries the pop-up powerbomb called the Dex Bomb, but Batts flies over and lands on his feet behind Dex! When Dex turns, Batts nails a kick to the knee followed by a leaping kick to the head!

The blow sends Dex sailing into the corner, kick-drunk while Batts waits for his chance. He charges into the corner and cracks him with a corner elbow smash. He then runs cross-corner, then comes back with a HUGE leaping kick to the head in the corner! The kickboxing training under Lindsay Troy the last few months seems to have paid off well because Dex is left on his knees while Batts goes up top. He gets there, but shockingly Dex stops him. Meanwhile, Tyler and The Princess keep their sarcastic comments going.

**Princess Desire:**

Let's keep these roles. I am finding my niche in the play-by-play aspect. Really feeling this new position, like reeeeeaaally feeling this. That Joy and Batts, just getting me all amped up!

**Tyler Fuse:**

Well then how about you CALL the action, idiot!

**Princess Desire:**

You are so nice to me. Dex hits Batts with some stuff! Oh look at the heart Batts shows... he rebounds! Hard-out headbutt by The Bantam! Did he just go baddie???

What Desire is saying is **NOT** taking place inside the ring. She's referring to two weeks ago.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Now that's more like it! I'll add the color. Wow, Batts sure is a pitbull. You can see how much he's learned and *[starting to laugh]* how much he's grown under *[still trying to hold back laughter]* Oscar Burns' leadership- I can't. I can't do this.

Dex tries to go up top, but Batts BITES him in the forehead unexpectedly! Joy yells out then Batts hits him with not one, not two, but THREE solid headbutts, finally knocking Dex down to the canvas off the second rope! The crowd does support Batts as he goes up top...

**Princess Desire:**

Let Gravity Do The Rest! Could that Diving Senton do it!?!?!?!

ONE... TWO.... NO!

**Tyler Fuse:**

AIR LET OUTTA THE ARENA!

Dex kicks out, but Batts knows this is his chance to fight back. He pummels Dex with a pair of elbows as he gets to his knee, but Dex fires back and chops him in the chest! The blow stuns Ryan, but he guts it out and throws a HUGE kick to the right arm of Dex! He goes right to town on the same arm that he did to Kerry Kuroyama on UNCUT, leading to a win and hoping it will do the same tonight. Dex tries to shove him back to the ropes, but Batts comes right back and unleashes a basement dropkick on the same arm!

The scene cuts to the commentary table due to a lack of... audio. Princess Desire has her feet up on the table and is filing her nails. Tyler Fuse leans back, without a care in the world.

Back to the ring, Dex is left reeling and holding onto his arm for support, leaving Batts open to grab the arm and kick it a few more times while Dex is still on a knee. The Biggest Boy leans back using a big right hand to rock Batts, but he holds his arm in pain after the early work done on it. Dex gets ready to launch another assault, but Batts surprises him by grabbing the same arm and dragging it down with a double knee armbreaker! Joy falls to the mat again holding his arm!

**Princess Desire:**

And Joy falls to the mat again holding his arm! Bahahaha!

**Tyler Fuse:**

What's so funny?

**Princess Desire:**

You wouldn't understand.

Now Batts waits, then CRACKS Joy in the arm with a big soccer kick! Dex is still hurting bad, but it gets worse when Batts leaps on him and then holds him by the neck in figure-four necklock and grabs the arm in a short arm scissor! He has the submission locked in and cranks on it!

**Princess Desire:**

Submission! Oh the crowd is ALIVE with *the sound of music*! Could The Biggest Boy make the biggest tap out!?

**Tyler Fuse:** *[deadpan]*

I'm on the edge of my seat...

Batts has the arm cranked back even more but then the big man starts to fight back with the help of the crowd.

DEX!

DEX!

DEX!

Much to his surprise, Dex starts to fight back against The Scrappy Young Wrestlelad and turns, STILL with Batts on his neck! He gets up quickly then falls back with an impactful electric chair to get him down!



**Princess Desire:**

What a match we are seeing! MAYBE I SHOULD SHOUT. THAT'S WHAT KEEBLER DOES!?

**Tyler Fuse:**

Hush, woman. C'mon. We don't know who's going to walk away with the Paper Championship!

Dex's arm hurts bad, but he still looks ready to put a hurting on Ryan Batts. Dex CLUBS him with a big set of ugly clubbing crossface forearms, then punts Batts back to the ropes using a kick to the chest. When Batts comes back, Joy WAFFLES him with a huge clothesline from the left side that has Batts spinning before he hits the ground!

More "DEX!" chants erupt from the Faithful when he gets Ryan up and shoves him into the ropes before pushing off and then planting him down in the middle of the ring with a huge belly to belly suplex! Dex has the crowd on their feet when he runs and then hits a huge seated senton across the chest of Batts! Batts is left gasping for his last breath while Joy sits on his chest for a cover.

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

**Princess Desire:**

Kickout by Batts! I can't believe it!

Dex has Batts and pulls him up by wrapping his arm around his waist looking for a German suplex, but Batts uses some quick thinking and grabs the bad arm of Joy, cranking it until he lets go, then hits an overhead kick to the joint! Dex hobbles around then Batts gets behind him... tries once... then twice...

**Princess Desire:**

No way... he's hit that German suplex on *bigger* wrestlers, but no way on Joy...

HE HITS THE GERMAN SUPLEX AND THE CROWD ROARS!

Batts can't hold it into the bridge, but he does roll back and covers Joy to try and win the Southern Heritage Title!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Batts gets back up and takes a spot in the corner. He calls for Batter Up! He charges and goes for the same flying headbutt that he's been working on... DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER HITS FIRST!

**Princess Desire:**

What an explosive shoulder tackle! But Dex hit that bad arm doing it! Both men are down!

**Tyler Fuse:**

Okay, enough of this nonsense.

The Princess drops the act immediately.

**Princess Desire:**

Thank god.

Tyler leaves the announce table and makes his way down the ramp.

**Princess Desire:**

And there goes my husband... there goes my hero! *Watch him as he goes!*

Fuse slides into the ring and immediately clocks Benny Doyle in the side of the head!

**Princess Desire:**



Benny's down! Benny's down! SERVES HIM RIGHT for having a hand in costing Tyler the SOHER! Fuse now, looking at both men... The Faithful are going wild with CHEERS...

They aren't. It's boos.

**Princess Desire:**

Tyler clubs Batts in the side of the head! He's got him in that bulldog position... CQC! ThE fAiThFuL aRe LoViNg iT!

Fuse exits the ring. He remains stoic as always, pulling out a chair and sliding back in. Once Dex gets to his feet...

**CRACK.**

**Princess Desire:**

Chair shot to the face! TO THE FACE.

Tyler's not done. He takes the edge of the chair and starts driving it into Dex's legs... time after time after time.

**Princess Desire:**

Oh me, oh my! This is the SHOCK of the YEAR! Tyler Fuse is going to put The Biggest Boy in a wheelchair for the rest of his life! Maybe he'll finally get sErLoUs now and not wOrRy aBoUt tHe kIdDiEs!

Tyler is a man possessed! He keeps going and once he sees Batts starting to stir on the mat...

**CRACK.**

**Princess Desire:**

A chair shot to Batts for good measure, too!

Tyler drops the chair and stands in the center of the ring as referees run down. Tyler screams into the hard-camera.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I am the RIGHTFUL Southern Heritage Champion! You all took that AWAY from me... and because of that, this match has ended.

The Princess shoo's Keebler and Warner away from the announce table as she sees them getting close. She's having too much fun.

**Princess Desire:**

My husband is OVER! He's the most over thing in DEFIANCE! Listen to the roars! That's a reply you wanna hear! All of The Faithful are on their feet! Ruahh ruahh ruahh!! There are TYLER FUSE signs everywhere! TYLER IS AMAZE'. TYLER IS CUTE. TYLER IS THE MAN!! Awesome possum signs! The Game-Changer is going to challenge for the SOHER and he's going to be the greatest wrestler in this entire company!!

Desire laughs hysterically as Fuse stares blankly into referee Brian Slater's face as the scene comes to an end and cuts to commercial.

**Princess Desire:**

This gig is UNREAL. I might have to start doing this during UNCUTS! *[Behind her to DDK and Warner]* Hey, hey dweebs, is it okay I do this every week? I wanna talk about how over my husband is because he's SoOoOoOoO over. No one else matters! He has nuclear heat!!

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD**

*Don't miss the DEFIANCE ROAD, only on DEFonDemand!*

## SCRATCHING BACKS

**DDK:**

Folks, what an opener that was and during the break, we've just learned of a HUGE match to be added to DEFIANCE Road. Dex Joy demanded it during the commercial break and it has been granted. We will finally have a brand new Southern Heritage Championship that will be defended by "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy against BOTH Tyler Fuse and "Bantam" Ryan Batts!

The graphic appears on the screen for the added title match as Lance takes over.

**Lance:**

Things have gotten really heated where the Southern Heritage Title is concerned since Dex Joy has been fighting all comers, but none bigger than this! After Tyler Fuse's attack on both men, we're finally going to have a conclusive winner!

**DDK:**

I am also being told Tyler Fuse has been SUSPENDED until the pay-per-view. In all honesty this should have been done when he BROKE DEFIANCE property and the Southern Heritage Championship. After putting his hands on Benny Doyle, that was it.

**Lance:**

Good.

**DDK:**

But switching gears... our main event tonight has a LOT of history behind it. "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns goes one on one with perhaps his biggest career rival, Scott Stevens as a result of Scott being in the middle of Burns' recent dealings with Tom Morrow and Better Future. Scott and Oscar fought tooth and nail and rose up the card together over the years involving the old UTA Invasion of 2017. Burns went on to win the UTA World Title and then the FIST from Cayle Murray, only for Stevens to steal the belt from him and put Burns on the injured list. Burns came back and avenged that loss in a Texas Deathmatch back at Maximum DEFIANCE 2019. And one more chapter will be added tonight!

**Lance:**

And on the interview stage now, we have Chris Trutt ready to get a word with Oscar Burns about that very match!

The camera goes over where Chris Trutt looks on, being his usual nervous self. He almost drops his microphone, but barely catches it.

**Chris Trutt:**

Hello, DEFIANCE Fateful... sorry, Faithful! Right now... "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

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

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out with a mostly bothered expression on his face. Decked out in his custom DEFIANCE fist logo with "WE LIKE GRAPS" on the back, complete with black jeans and shoes, he stops on the entrance ramp and kneels down, surveying the Faithful before heading to the stage. He shakes the hand of Chris Trutt as his music cuts.

**Chris Trutt:**

Hello, Oscar! Welcome! Congrats on winning Match of the Year!

Burns nods with a quick smile.

**Oscar Burns:**

Thanks, GC. Like I said during the DEFy Awards, it takes two to tango and sometimes you just find a great dance partner.

**Chris Trutt:**

That's true. So... Match of the Year, but you've been losing a lot lately. Do you think you're gonna lose to Scott Stevens tonight, too?

The awfully blunt question hits home to Burns and the look on his face shows pure displeasure. Chris Trutt is a nervous little idiot, but even he knows he might have screwed up.

**Chris Trutt:**

Uh... sorry, just the question I was given.

**Oscar Burns:**

Yeah nah, bro. It's fine, you're doing your job... and your palms are super-sweaty, mate. I'd get that checked.

Trutt looks at his hands, panics, then wipes it on his pant leg.

**Oscar Burns:**

My matches lately haven't been chocka luck, GC. Lost to Troy. Douglas. Scrow. And just recently, The D. My hat's off to them. They were simply the better wrestlers that night... but I'm here to tell you, tell these people and tell Scotty... that's DONE.

The Faithful start to cheer some more as Burns grits his teeth.

**Oscar Burns:**

That Match of the Year trophy win reminded me of something... that win, lose or draw, \*I\* have been considered among my peers, and you, the Faithful as the best pure wrestler on this damn roster. They all know it... and sometimes, stars go through slumps. They go through a lot and sometimes, they need a good kick in the ass and a reminder of that. This match with you, Scotty? That's my reminder.

Thinking on their history, he fumes.

**Oscar Burns:**

I'm STILL "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. I am STILL one of a small handful of stars who have held the FIST more than once. Now, I'll admit... nobody else in this company makes my blood BOIL like you, Scott. Nobody else in this company has done what you did to me for two years before I dug down deep to hand you the UNHOLY ass-beating you DESERVED! Now we go one more time. You think that you're gonna bash my brains in, Scotty? YEAH. NAH. I will do ANYTHING I have to to keep history from repeating itself. Tonight, I'm beating YOU again, Scott!

The crowd erupts! It seems the Burns of old is back...

...Then they switch to JEERS.

**DDK:**

What the... OH, NO.

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Out comes not just the crown jewel of Better Future, Alvaro de Vargas and their enforcer, Theo Baylor. Not just The Lucky Sevens, Mason and Max Luck (Max dressed for competition for his match with Minute in a bit.) Alvaro in a fancy black suit, Theo Baylor in pretty blue fancy duds, Mason Luck in a green pinstriped suit... but now Ken Ellis and of course... "Brighter" Tom Morrow.

**Lance:**

Oh, God... all of Better Future Talent Agency. We still don't know exactly where Oscar Burns and Morrow stand, especially after Alvaro de Vargas' unwanted appearance led to his loss with Scrow.

**DDK:**

Well, they want to say something, so let's hear what Morrow has to say.

Ken Ellis puts the special earpiece/microphone in Morrow's ear and he clicks it on so he can be heard. Morrow smiles.

**Tom Morrow:**

Oscar, Oscar... I will give you the floor in just a moment and I am sorry to hear about what's been happening to you lately. But first... to you, the Faithful, I want to introduce to you all... 24K may be the present ... for now... but right now, I want you all to feast your eyes on these four BEASTLY specimens! Not just DEFIANCE's future... but a Better Future with "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Tom Morrow:**

Our head of security and the man with elbow strikes that equal instant concussions... THEO BAYLOR!

Baylor smirks and raises a fist in the air.

**Tom Morrow:**

Not only DEFIANCE's 2021 TAG TEAM OF THE YEAR, but also FUTURE stars of Netflix's "Encino Men" alongside Pauly Shore... And the man that's going to leave a corpse out of Minute in a little bit... MAX AND MASON LUCK... THE LUCKY SEVENS!

Mason and Max smile and raise the Winning Hand to jeers. Tom then walks over to Alvaro, who has a mic in hand.

**Tom Morrow:**

And lest we forget... OUR CROWN JEWEL! EL SOL DORADO DE DEFIANCE HIMSELF... ALVARO DE VARGAS!

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

Excuse my language...both of them... but it's YOUR pleasure, pendejos! Me amas! You really LOVE me! Ahora chúpame la polla!

The crowd jeers even harder and Burns can be seen visibly rolling his eyes at ADV. Morrow approaches Burns and leaves his massive army on the stage.

**Tom Morrow:**

Burns... My friend, we've been schmoozing back and forth for weeks on our original offer to have you with Better Future Talent Agency and quite frankly, my friend... we hear what you're saying. I hear what you're saying. Right now, things have not been going your way in that ring and in this sport... ANY sport... that happens. Some nights, you're good, some nights you're not. And you've had these little birdies on your shoulder like Lindsay Troy and Ryan Batts tell you what to do. Well, Oscar... let me pose this question... what do YOU want to do?

He taps Burns on the chest.

**Tom Morrow:**

Now... you haven't given us a yes... but you haven't said no. And why is that? Because Oscar, after everything you've been through since losing the FIST to Mikey Unlikely at DEFCON, you KNOW what I can do. I've managed wrestlers to gold. Team HOSS? Gold. Sky High Titans? Gold. In other promotions, I've managed THREE different stars to three different World Titles. And Burns... I want to help you get FIST number three.

Morrow points to the stage.

**Tom Morrow:**

Now, Oscar, I brought these sharp-dressed men out here because I want you to see first-hand what I can do. Alvaro de Vargas and Theo Baylor were gonna be left to rot in BRAZEN! The crowd turned on The Lucky Sevens! That dork,

Mr. Defiant, turned on them so all they did was flip the script! Now! You know Alvaro de Vargas, the man that slayed the beast, Uriel Cortez! You know Theo Baylor, the best kept secret in DEFIANCE. You DAMN SURE know the Lucky Sevnes! These men are indeed the future, but we also want the PRESENT! We need somebody as the HERE AND NOW of DEFIANCE!

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

That's right! We're the future kings of DEFIANCE! Los futuros reyes!

**Tom Morrow:**

Exactly! That's you. You're the franchise. You are the marquee player here. Scott Stevens? He's a punch-drunk Texan whose best days are behind him. And he's got The Stevens Dynasty! You know better than anyone that he won't hesitate to have any of those banjo-strokin', cousin-pokin' inbreds come out. You've said so yourself... he's a bloody shitbag! But if you let me guide you tonight and every night going forward, my guys will make sure HIS guys don't try anything so you can do that Match of the Year stuff we know you can do. If Alvaro and company even catch a WHIFF of stale moonshine, they will beat their asses so you can beat his. What do you say, Oscar?

Morrow puts his hand out to a Burns. The crowd pleads with him not to do it. Alvaro and the rest of the group tell him to take it.

**Lance:**

No. No. Don't do it.

**DDK:**

They can't be serious with this garbage... Burns is one of the most standout people we have on this roster.

The Technical Spectacle looks out to the fans and then back to Morrow... he shuts his eyes...

Then takes his hand.

**DDK:**

...You have to be kidding me.

**Lance:**

No...

Burns grabs the microphone with his free hand while Morrow looks elated AF that his pitch worked. He pulls Morrow close.

**Oscar Burns:**

You let me do my thing in the ring, they keep anybody else at bay. That's the deal. They DO NOT interfere. Got it?

**Tom Morrow:**

Done!

Burns and Morrow walk off the stage and the crowd BOOS Burns as he starts to approach the rest of Better Future. Morrow lets Burns leave and ADV pats him on the back. Morrow tells ADV and Theo to take a hike so they can focus on Max Luck's upcoming match with Minute.

**DDK:**

Jeez... We know Oscar Burns has been falling on hard times... but in no way did I actually see this coming. He's WITH these people?

**Lance:**

I guess so. He's made up his mind.

**DDK:**

Well... we'll try and make sense of this, but right now, we're going to in-ring action. We have Max Luck of The Lucky Sevens about to take on Minute of The Sky High Titans! Before they meet at DEFIANCE Road for the rights to the Sky High Titans name versus five minutes in ring with Tom Morrow, this preview match will be next!

## TIM TILLINGHAST

Before the show returns to ringside, we see Jestal walking with Gizmo down the hallway. They both stop when they see a street sign reading DEFROAD with an arrow pointing to the ring past the curtain.

**Jestal:** {singing}

#What's this? What's this?

Jestal steps out past the curtain. Everywhere from the entrance ramp to the ring to throughout the Wrestleplex looks like something you would see on a fresh snow falling day.

**Jestal:** {singing}

#There are colors everywhere! What's this? There are cotton balls falling.

Gizmo plays in the white fluff on the stage.

**Jestal:** {singing}

#What's this? I can't believe my eyes. I must be dreaming. What's this?

Jestal heads toward the ring. Noticing the apron has DEFIANCE ROAD on it.

**Jestal:** {singing}

What's this? What's this? There's something very wrong

Jestal looks around noticing Dandelion singing I guess a Christmas carol or rather miming it

**Jestal:** {singing}

What's this? There's people blowing fluffy clouds around theeeeeee riiiiinnnnnggggg! What's this? The ropes are lined with little led lights. The ring posts look like candy canes. Have I possibly gone daffy?

He notices Klein standing in a booth.

**Jestal:** {singing}

What is this? What's this?

He walks up to Klein.

**Jestal:** {singing}

There is Klein standing in a booth. Oh, look at all the gags in his booth! Oh, I can't believe my eyes And the fun feeling resonating in my bones. Oh, look.

Jestal enters the ring.

**Jestal:** {singing}

What's this? There is a white fluff in the ring. Oh, look there are hills in the fluff around the ring.

Jestal exits the ring and trips over one of the mounds.

**Jestal:** {singing}

What's this? What's this? There are toys under the fluff! And who would ever think

And why?

Jestal sits up and looks around the Wrestleplex.



**Jestl:** {singing}

The Faithful are dressed in winter coats! They've got signs and there's a smile on everyone. So, now, correct me if I'm wrong. This looks like fun. This looks like fun. Oh, could it be I got my wish?

Jestl gets up and dances with his candy cane mallet for a moment before dropping it walking to the front of the ramp.

**Jestl:** {singing}

I simply cannot get enough. I want it, oh, I want it. Oh, I want it for my own. I've got to know. I've got to know. What is this place that I have found?

Jestl falls back making a snow angel. Gizmo races down the ramp and sits next to Jestl his tail wagging.

**Jestl:** {singing}

WHAT IS THIS?#

Above the ring, a sign lowers. The music fades...

**Jestl:**

Winter Wonderland? hmm...

A breeze blows in the Wrestleplex spinning the sign to show a picture of The Comments Section on the other side of the sign. They're all wearing ugly turtleneck sweaters of different festive types. Jestl's eyes examine the photo. He looks at Cyrus first and can suddenly hear his voice.

**Voice of Cyrus Bates:**

Hi Jestl. Are you cold in this winter wonderland? Why aren't you wearing any mittens? Your extremities are bound to get cold.

Jestl's eyes drift over to Teresa, who is holding a platter of burnt cookies.

**Voice of Teresa Ames:**

Hey there. Happy New Year, love. Care to take a bite out of my cookie? You won't regret it.

Finally, Jestl's eyes lay upon Malak Garland who is posing with a pipe in hand.

**Voice of Malak Garland:**

If you dare to foray into a snow filled landscape, you better watch out for snowballs. WATCH OUT!

Malak's voice echoes as Jestl looks up and is suddenly pelted with snowballs. He has no choice but to cover up. The voice of Malak maniacally laughs as Jestl collects Gizmo and heads out of the arena.

## MINUTE vs. MAX LUCK

We are now at the ring and Max Luck is already inside the ring getting some words of wisdom from both Mason Luck and Tom Morrow at ringside. Just after talking Oscar Burns into the Better Future Talent Agency Max Luck looks to continue the momentum against Minute. He yells at poor Tom Ellis to bring him something to drink before the match.

**DDK:**

I still can't believe Oscar Burns just joined Better Future!!! That is unbelievable!

**Lance:**

But we have to switch gears and Max Luck will face off against Minute. Uriel Cortez beat Mason Luck by DQ on Uncut so now Max is going to try and take out Minute before they meet up at Defiance Road with some big stakes!

**Max Luck:**

Kenny! Drink!

Kenny starts to give him water but Max won't take it.

**Max Luck:**

No, the other drink!

Ken drops the water and somehow comes out of nowhere with a small glass of what looks like whiskey served neat. He takes a drink and it fires up the Lucky Sevens member after he feels the burn.

After they get there, Thomas Keeling hits the stage now in a gray Brooks Brothers suit, getting cheers from the crowd wearing the signature aviator goggles of the Sky High Titans. Morrow looks angry and yells "that was my idea!" but Thomas smiles and waves at his son.

**Thomas Keeling:**

Hey again, son. Got these goggles you want. Tonight, being accompanied by the giant that stands seven foot one ...

**Crowd:**

AND A HALF...

**Thomas Keeling:**

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... Please welcome the man that will run circles around Max Luck until he passes out from being dizzy! The mightiest 160 pounds ever saw... He is The Sky High Kid... **MINUTE!**

♪ "Let's Go" by Run The Jewels ♪

The largest man in DEFIANCE makes his way out in a "Sky High Titans: Towering over the Competition" shirt while holding the same t-shirt cannon from before... now labeled The Titan-Blaster 5000. Behind him, the luchador Minute gets ready for a fight even if he gives up a lot of size. The camera catches a fan unbundling the shirt to reveal the new "Sky High Titans: Towering Over The Competition" shirt. Morrow looks angry and Mason Luck is trying to calm him down as Uriel continues to launch a few more into the crowd. They get to ringside and Minute heads in the ring like a bullet! He hops to the ring apron, leaps to the top rope, the adjacent rope in the corner then backflips to the ring. Minute looks all the way up to Max Luck and the bell rings.

DING DING!!!

Max Luck puts an arm up high over his head telling Minute that he wants to lock up. The Tijuana Tornado does not look amused by this but Max has the time of his life when he puts the other arm up. Both sides's tag partners and managers watch on approvingly (if you're Better Future) or disapprovingly (if you're the Sky High Titans).

When Max is sad that Minute doesn't want to lock up that's when he tries to grab the elusive luchador. However he

proves to be too much of just that -- elusive! He tries grabbing him and Minute slides to his left. When Max goes right, he goes left with a roll. When he stands up again, Max runs at him in the corner, but Minute jumps low and slides between his legs. Max is in the corner now and Minute kicks his legs with as many shots as he can get (about three or four) before Max pie faces him out of the way.

**Lance:**

Minute is a very dynamic and fast athlete and he'll need every bit of that to beat Max who is no slouch in the athletics department.

Minute rolls from the push and when he stands back up, Max charges at him again. This time Minute skirts through the ropes and Max hits the corner with his chest. Minute leaps up and hits the spring board into a drop kick that knocks Max backwards. Minute is back on his feet but Max shrugs off the flying drop kick and a big knee strike to Minute's chest is all it takes to put him on his back.

**DDK:**

Exactly what you mean! Minute can do things we've never seen in this ring, but Max just needs one or two big moves to turn things in his favor.

Mason Luck and Tom Morrow are voicing their support for Max who looks ready to get more serious now. Uriel holds the t-shirt cannon behind him and looks pretty upset when Max throws another knee to take the Tijuana Tornado back down. The Sky High Kid is picked up again in a side suplex position and then gets carried around the ring. The crowd boos him as he walks a couple of laps while Minute is trying to escape but he can't when he gets picked up and thrown over with ease.

**Mason Luck:**

Good job Max! Get him!

**Tom Morrow:**

Don't let him get away! He's a slippery little ass-hole!

Max doesn't try and pin Minute just yet but instead tries to prolong his suffering. He pushes him back to the ropes and then shoots him across the ring but Minute's fancy footwork shows up again when he flips over the ropes and lands on his feet on the apron. He leaps up to the top rope, he leaps over a charging Max and then comes back off the other side with a low drop kick on Max's knee! Morrow panics and yells at Max to get him but Minute is back to the knee with two more drop kicks!

**DDK:**

That's the way kid! Go after him!

Max is stumbling about when Minute flies off the ropes again but when he comes back he gets struck down by a heavy clubbing forearm from the giant from Vegas. The crowd is booing while Max leans over and nudges Minute with the heel of his boot. Uriel Cortez wants in the ring to save his friend but Thomas Keeling plays the voice of reason to make the big man get his temper in check.

**Lance:**

Look at Max just taunting Uriel.

**DDK:**

The Lucky Sevens have looked almost unstoppable though since joining with Tom Morrow. They have defeated the PCPs again last weekend.

He pulls Minute up by the chin and gets in his face, but Minute makes him pay for it with a surprise slap. Kicks hits the legs of Minute and the Faithful fight back but Minute gets grabbed by the leg and then pulled into the grip of Max who hits him with a big scoop slam in the ring. The big slam from up high would rock most people but the Box Cars elbow drop from Max makes it worse! Max sits up and smiles then goes for a half-serious pin attempt.

One ...  
Two ... no!!!

Minute kicks out but Morrow warns Max against doing that sort of thing again.

**DDK:**

He might want to listen to Morrow! He knows first hand that Minute can beat anyone here. He defeated Jack Harmen in his DEFIANCE Wrestling debut, he defeated Elise Ares on pay-per-view and has pinned Oscar Burns. He can upset people.

**Lance:**

Well Max doesn't seem to care.

He lets Minute up and then throws him by the back of the head into a corner. Minute rests there when Max comes a-running, but the Sky High Kid gets both of his feet up to block and hits Max's knee. He gets stunned for a second then a second charge sees Minute slide between his legs then go back to the leg with yet another drop kick. When Max gets kicked back into the corner, Minute uses an innovative version of an area code shot/tiger feint kick through the middle and bottom rope to clip Max's legs again. Thomas and Uriel cheer him.

**DDK:**

Great comeback by Minute!

He hits the ropes and comes back with a flying springboard kick to the chest of Max and he goes back, but he still does not go down. Minute looks surprised by that and then comes running at Max but he tries a tilt a whirl. Minute latches onto the head for a tornado DDT out of that but Max is too strong for that and then turns that into a very appropriate snake eyes of all moves!

**DDK:**

Big move! And there's the Winning Hand!

The crowd boos Max for the Winning Hand applied to Minute and keeps hold of the deadly iron claw! Minute frantically fights but that's when Max lets go to switch to a cobra clutch and then throw him halfway across the ring!

**Lance:**

Minute is getting destroyed in there! Anything he's doing is being countered by Max! Now Max tries to end it with the pinfall.

One ...  
Two ...  
No!!!

The Sky High Kid makes the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful cheer him even harder after the kickout. Max is up and while watching Uriel and his t-shirt cannon, he makes him watch what happens next. He picks up Minute on his shoulder and tries for another snake eyes but this time Minute slips out! When he hits the corner Minute runs but Max has enough ring presence to shoot Minute over the ropes. He thinks that he's dumped him on the floor but Morrow points at Max to look out. He turns around to see Minute coming by running across the top rope and getting the crowd on their feet with his Estrella Fugaz drop kick that is enough to kick Max over the top rope!

**DDK:**

That was an incredible move Lance! Turning his back on Minute was a big mistake on Max's part!

**Lance:**

That it was! And now look at where Minute is! Back to the top rope ... OH WOW!

Minute unleashes an amazing shooting star plancha off the top rope and right down to Max Luck on the floor! Uriel and

Thomas Keeling show their love and Morrow yells at poor Ken Ellis that they are failing.

**Lance:**

Minute just took the fight back to Max Luck! Minute is back in the ring and Max is slowly getting back inside.

**DDK:**

He's gonna need something big to slay the giant though!

Max Luck is still on the ground but Minute comes back in using a spring board DDT on the giant! Minute quickly turns around and tries pinning Max!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max Luck sits up and looks angrier than before. Minute still does not let his looks betray him and does not show fear. He runs off the ropes for a hand spring but Tom Morrow tries to trip him up. The crowd boos the manager and that sends Thomas Keeling into action while Max cracks Minute using another elbow to the back of the head.

**DDK:**

Father about to go after his no good son!

Morrow gets blocked by Mason Luck and the crowd jeers ... but Keeling's smile on his face shows he was almost expecting this and then moves out of the way so Uriel Cortez can have a clear shot with the t-shirt cannon ...

SHOOTING A T-SHIRT INTO THE LUCK FAMILY JEWELS!!!

**DDK:**

No way Mason Luck is getting lucky tonight after that!

**Lance:**

Well played!

Morrow looks outraged and yells at Uriel, protesting with the giant! Uriel turns the high-powered cotton cannon back on him and Morrow gets away but inside, Max is about to powerbomb Minute. While Minute is up in the air and Morrow yells at the official Uriel reaches in and grabs the leg of Max Luck dropping him backwards with Minute hooking both legs for the cover.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

**Quimbey:**

Your winner of the match ... MINUUUUUUUUUTTTTTTEEEEE!!!!

Minute is already out of the ring before Max can sit up and he's joined both Uriel Cortez and Thomas Keeling!

**DDK:**

Tom Morrow wants the merchandising rights and the name of the Sky High Titans, but I don't think he was counting on Mason Luck getting it at 40 yards per second!

**Lance:**

The Sky High Titans get some payback for the last couple of weeks with the Lucky Sevens and their antics but this thing is far from over! Morrow tried to cheat first and Thomas Keeling reached into that bag of tricks he knows as a manager to make them pay!

Max Luck yells at the official that he was cheated out of the match with Morrow and Ken Ellis trying to tend to an embarrassed Mason Luck. He can't believe this turn of events but the Sky High Titans and their manager celebrate this occasion on the stage with Uriel smirking and firing another t-shirt for fun to the rowdy faithful

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**

*Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town (if we decide to go anywhere)! [DEFIANCEWrestling.com](http://DEFIANCEWrestling.com)*

## PLEASE DON'T SUE US, WAKA FLOCKA

If you tuned in to last week's annual DEFy Awards show from the fantastic Ballyhoo Brewery, you likely caught an inside glimpse into Muriel Puddings' arraignment hearing.

If not, then what the heck are you even doing? Go watch the show! Now. And make sure you don't read the next sentence until you do.

Muriel Puddings' bail was set for \$3,000,000,000.69: a record-setting amount in the United States. Most legal experts would opine that had she behaved with a shred of remorse, a more reasonable figure would have been set. Despite the overwhelming support of her and her actions from colleagues and fans alike, a three-million dollar bond was not something that they could afford. Especially since it seemed likely that she would duck her trial and head for parts unknown.

As a result, Muriel's accommodations until her trial date would be a deluxe four-bed/one bath suite at the Cook County Correctional Facility in Chicago. On that date, which CONVENIENTLY happened to fall on the last episode of Uncut prior to Defiance Road, her ultimate fate would be determined.

Until then, there was no way that jail time would get her down. She'd been behind bars before, and knew how to best occupy her time. If she was going to beat this case and eventually make her wrestling debut, she needed to make sure she was ready.

She needed to get hard.

*♪ Dun dun da dun dun dun da DUN dun dun dun dun dun da DUN dun dun da DUN dun dun dun ♪*

Oh yes, it is the timeless tradition in the world of character development. A video montage. The open is cold. Freezing cold, even: as it's simply Muriel Puddings in her tan-colored jail garb sitting with her arms folded on the top bunk of her current residence. She mean mugs for us all as she nods her head to the music.

Music that she herself had hummed instead of having an actual song in the background. The tune is vaguely recognizable as the same melody of a classic 2010 club banger. The suspicion is confirmed as the shrill yell erupts to introduce the lyrics: once again, Muriel provides the track.

*♪ I go hard in my motha fricken taint babe ♪  
♪ Don't be a hater babe what you doin' later babe ♪*

I mean, it's not exactly what Waka Flocka had in mind for a remix, but we do what we can to avoid any and all copyright issues here.

*♪ I won't cry about this (beep) or what the heck I lay (PUDDING POP!) ♪  
♪ Jail house rec time with a fish filet (chomp chomp chomp chomp EAT) ♪*

A cut to the inner courtyard of the Cook County Detention Center, which features several "inmates" all gathered around a wrestling ring. In the jail. One would think that the warden wouldn't allow such a thing that would encourage fighting and violence, but here we are. Muriel is poised at the far turnbuckle, who is finishing the last corner of a McDonald's Filet-o-Fish that just happened to make its way inside the system. In the opposing corner are a group of about five men and women, all very intimidating and muscular-looking.

*♪ See Lindsay that's my motha fricken bae ♪  
♪ Number one ranked that's the tea hey hey ♪  
♪ Muri Pudds one thicc ass shake ♪  
♪ Dairy Queen drinkin' thicc ass shakes ♪*

Without warning, the group begins to dart forward in a flash mob at Puddings. She responds in kind by simply curling



up in a ball and rolling at them, knocking them all down as if they were human bowling pins. She then climbs to her feet and starts jumping on all of them as if she were a frog hopping from lily pad to lily pad. Through the magic of video editing, they all dissolve into a pile of mush with each double stomp.

♪ *Got a side piece (and) gotta side piece (everyone)* ♪  
 ♪ *Got more side pieces and I'm eatin' Reese's* ♪  
 ♪ *Keep my (beep) moist and I'm smokin' cigs* ♪  
 ♪ *Call me Barbeque Bae 'cause I'm roastin' pigs* ♪

The pile of mush begins to coagulate and take the form of a ten-foot tall monster in a black judge's robe. The giant judge wields a huge iron gavel, which makes her presence even more intimidating. However, Muriel doesn't seem too shook about this as she charges forward and simply headbutts the justice in the crotch. This provides a prime opening to have the long torso of the law bent at the waist, allowing Muriel to deliver a textbook drop toe hold and send her crashing down to the mat. Muriel then merely plops on the back of the judge's head, mashing its face into the canvas. That's it. That's all she does is just sit there, crossing her legs Indian-style and smiling.

♪ *And what I stand for? (Puddin!) Dick squash! (Dick squash!)* ♪  
 ♪ *I'mma drink forty 40s, get real sloshed* ♪  
 ♪ *I'm in the ring with some babes and some hot guys* ♪  
 ♪ *I'm gonna smooch you and eat a large side of fries* ♪

A quick cut to a close up of Muriel's face while she is strength training, one of the most original things to see a wrestler doing on camera. Her chin is poised above a solid metal bar, with both hands positioned in an overhead grip. Visible strain in her brow and sweat pouring down the sides of her face, she muscles down to complete the pull up. However, once we scroll back to a full shot, she's not doing the exercise at all. She is actually squatting on the cast aluminum cell commode and merely moving her neck up and down over the bar.

♪ *Don't cross me in my hood, I'm from Ida-who* ♪  
 ♪ *Boise G's (beep) with me, Potato Lords and the Jaycees too* ♪  
 ♪ *Not scripted, it all comes from my head* ♪  
 ♪ *Paint in my childhood bedroom did contain lead* ♪

Muriel is now found just laying on her cot reading a copy of Chuck Palahniuk's Fight Club. I mean, not really something that would fit in a training montage unless she was trying to study up on combat tips. From a book that's not really about actual fighting.

♪ *I go hard in my motha fricken taint babe* ♪  
 ♪ *Don't be a hater babe what you doin' later babe* ♪

An additional scene change to Puddings doing a round of push ups to increase her ability to press slam anyone under 50 pounds. There is a pillow underneath her, which although might be a little strange, one could assume it is to provide a buffer between her body and the filthy cement floor of the jail. However, the pillow is placed right around her hips and thighs and really does not seem to deliver much in the...oh no...

Crudely taped to the pillow is an 8x10 of Conor Fuse's head shot.

♪ *I won't cry about this (beep) or what the heck I lay (PUDDING POP!)* ♪  
 ♪ *Jail house rec time with a fish filet (chomp chomp chomp chomp EAT)* ♪

Oh no, NO...now she's doing sit-ups and the pillow is placed between her legs, someone please cut this off now.

♪ *See Lindsay that's my motha fricken bae* ♪  
 ♪ *Number one ranked that's the tea hey hey* ♪  
 ♪ *Muri Pudds one thicc ass shake* ♪  
 ♪ *Dairy Queen drinkin' thicc ass shakes* ♪

Whew. Thank god that's over wit...OKAY STOP SHE'S JUST NOW BLATANTLY MOUNTED ON THE PILLOW AND GRINDING IT, THAT'S NOT EVEN AN EXERCISE. We're done here. The budget's been exceeded anyway.

## KERRY KUROYAMA vs. TRASHCAN TIM

**DDK:**

Let's get back to the action, ladies and gentlemen, with a one-on-one match-up between two DEFIANCE fan favorites, Kerry Kuroyama and Trashcan Tim!

**Lance:**

Both of these men have been looking to climb the ranks in DEFIANCE as of late. Tim, as we know, is looking to prove himself as a championship material. Meanwhile, the story with Kerry has been one of trying to right the ship after a string of tough losses.

**DDK:**

With both of these men hungry for a win, we're sure to be in for a highly competitive match!

♪ "Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

The crowd cheers loudly as the music hits. Kerry Kuroyama, not bothering to wait for the musical build-up, immediately steps through the curtain and comes down the ramp at a brisk power walk. He holds out his arms to allow some hand-claps from Faithful reaching over the barricade, but otherwise doesn't stop staring at the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, he weighs in at two-hundred and twenty-nine pounds... here is, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg", KERRY KUURROOOYAAAMAAAAA!!!

His expression is one of pure focus and determination as he pops an arm into the air for the fans and slides into the ring.

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Another solid crowd pop greets Trashcan Tim, who comes out flashing his trademark toothless grin. On his way down the ramp, he takes delight in feeding off the fans' energy and slaps every hand in sight.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the opponent, from Merigold, Mississippi... he weighs in at three-hundred and five pounds... he is, TRAAAAAASSHHCAAAANN TIIMMM!!!

Once in the ring, Tim continues to pump up the crowd by scaling a couple of the turnbuckles. Kuroyama stoically watches from his corner, stretching himself out and getting warmed up.

**DDK:**

The Faithful have certainly fallen for the man from Merigold!

**Lance:**

He definitely cherishes their support. On the other hand, Kerry Kuroyama looks like a man on a mission here tonight.

Referee Rex Knox finishes his checks and cues for the bell as both men leave their corners...

DING DING

They go right into the lock-up. The larger Tim immediately tries to force a headlock, but Kerry anticipates this as he slips under the arm and returns from behind with a side headlock of his own. Tim doesn't let himself linger in this position as he works himself back into the ropes and pushes Kerry off...

**DDK:**

Kuroyama in motion now, coming back off the ropes... Tim there to meet him with a big haymaker--NO!! Kerry goes

under, hooks the arms... backslide puts Tim's shoulders to the mat!

One!

Two!

And there's the kickout!

**Lance:**

Kerry was looking for a surprise early win, but Trashcan Tim is not going down that easy.

Kuroyama gets up first and greets the large man as he makes it to his feet by dropkicking the knee and sending him back to the mat. He follows up with a knee crusher and keeps control of the leg as he rolls Tim over...

**Lance:**

Kerry's going right for those legs, as Matt LaCroix did weeks ago

**DDK:**

That put Tim into a bad spot early on in that match, and now he's in another bad spot, as Kerry Kuroyama has him set into a half crab!

In agony, Tim drags himself over the ropes, with Kerry making him put up triple the effort with every grueling inch. He releases the hold without delay as soon as Tim makes the rope break, but waits in the big man's blindside as he gets to his feet with the help of the ropes...

**DDK:**

Trashcan Tim is breathing heavy. He had to expend a lot of energy to get to the ropes... but here's Kerry from behind as he gets to his feet--MY GOD, and he gets off a BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX that shakes the ring!

**Lance:**

Speaking of expending a lot of energy, Kerry had to dig deep to get the big man off the mat like that. Also probably didn't do his knee any favors.

**DDK:**

In any case, it certainly seems to have paid off as Kerry goes for the lateral press to make the pin!

One!

Two!

Tim gets the shoulder up!

Kerry goes for a wrist lock as both men get back to their feet, but Tim is having none of it as he yanks Kuroyama straight into a short-arm clothesline that puts him to the mat, followed by a standing elbow drop right to the sternum!

**DDK:**

Tim's now got the chance to turn this around off of the counter, lifting Kerry right back off the mat... and into a DEVASTATING sidewalk slam! He hooks the leg for the cover!

One!

Two!

And Kerry kicks out!

**Lance:**

The Pacific Blitzkrieg has to avoid those kinds of impact moves if he has any hope of pulling off that win tonight, especially against an opponent as strong and as motivated as Trashcan Tim.

Tim peels Kerry off the mat and deposits him into a corner, where he proceeds to lay into him with a few knee strikes. Though still out of breath, Trashcan Tim keeps rolling with the momentum as he gets some distance and pumps an arm to get the Faithful charged up.

**DDK:**

Here comes Trashcan Tim, rushing the corner... going for the avalanche--but NO ONE'S HOME! Kerry slipped out!

Tim winces as his ribs collide with the top turnbuckle, and Kerry is already in motion to the ropes. Tim attempts to cut him off with a swinging clothesline, but Kuroyama is quick to duck it, coming off the other set of ropes while his opponent's back is turned...

**Lance:**

Trashcan Tim is just too slow for the Pacific Blitzkrieg...

**DDK:**

Kerry from behind, jumping on the big man's back with the Katahajime Sleeper! Tim's in a bad situation now!

Trashcan Tim's face begins to redden as Kerry squeezes in the sleeperhold. He's about to reach for the ropes, but either not wanting to expend the energy or doubting his ability to make it there, another idea suddenly comes to him, and he begins backing up...

**DDK:**

Hang on, Tim backpedaling... and CRUSHES Kerry right in the corner to break the hold!

**Lance:**

I guess he got in that avalanche after all! Smart thinking by Tim, saving what energy he has left and getting in another devastating hit!

**DDK:**

Kerry is on wobbly legs out of the corner now... here comes Tim like a garbage truck with no brakes! BIG BOOT puts the Pacific Blitzkrieg to the mat! He goes right for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Kuroyama took all of that work boot to the face, but he isn't completely out of it!

Kerry slaps the mat in frustration as he tries to get up, but Tim already has ahold of him. Suddenly, Kuroyama slaps the big man's arms away, boots him in the gut, and quickly hooks both arms...

**DDK:**

DOUBLE-UNDERHOOK DDT out of NOWHERE by Kerry Kuroyama! Tim's head was just SPIKED into the mat! Could that be it? Kerry goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Tim just BARELY got the shoulder up in time!

Kuroyama again pops to his feet and bolts into the ropes. With his breathing even now heavier than before, Tim slowly gets up and sees him coming. Out of desperation, he uses every bit of his strength to burst to his feet...

**DDK:**

Tim EXPLODING with a clothesline--NO, Kerry CATCHES the arm, hooks it under the leg--oh wow, OCTOPUS HOLD locked in by Kuroyama off the counter!

**Lance:**

This is absolutely the worst possibly place Tim could be in right now! He's already looking winded, and we saw the consequences of that when he went up against LaCroix.

**DDK:**

It cost him the Favoured Saints Championship, and it could cost him a win here tonight! Meanwhile, Kerry Kuroyama could be moments away from victory, if he can get Trashcan Tim to tap out!

Tim groans in pain as his body doubles over under Kerry's weight, wrapped around him like a pretzel. Huffing and puffing still, he falls to knee, looking like he may collapse. The official asks if he'll submit. But Tim shakes his head, refusing to let this happen again, and pushes himself back up...

**DDK:**

Tim showing some strength! Kerry trying to wrench the hold--WAIT, Tim's arm slips free!

Before Kerry can react, he suddenly finds himself trapped in the grip of Trashcan Tim, readjusted onto the big Mississippian's shoulders with nowhere else to go but down...

**DDK:**

TRASH COMPACTOR right out of that Octopus Hold!! He got ALL of it! Tim hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Joe Diffie hits the PA as Trashcan Tim rolls over onto his knees and raises both arms victoriously into the air. His toothless grin widens as he gets a massive reaction from the Faithful. Rex Knox holds up the arm to make it official.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match, by pinfall... TRAAASHCAAAANN TIMMM!!

**DDK:**

A glorious victory for the man from Merigold, who overcame his struggles and toughed out his way to victory! No doubt about it, Trashcan Tim is wrestling like a man who is determined to prove he's championship material!

**Lance:**

Couldn't agree more, Keebs. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said about Kerry Kuroyama, on suffering yet another loss to his record. I can't imagine how he's taking this streak... especially after pledging to turn it all around after Ascension.

As Tim continues to celebrate in the ring, Kerry recovers into a kneeling posture. Rubbing the back of head, his face is full of disbelief and abject misery. Tim offers him a hand. Kerry looks at the hand for a moment... then eventually slaps it, respectfully giving his opponent due congratulations, before dropping under the ropes and promptly heading to the back with his head hung low and his brow furrowed in anger.

**DDK:**

It's time for another quick commercial break, ladies and gentlemen, but we've got more action on the way, so don't go anywhere!

## COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



*BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!*



## MANLY MEN OPEN CHALLENGE SERIES #3

It's...

ŠŸŽµ "Gold" by Sir Sly ŠŸŽµ

... you know what that means.

Boos. Lots of them. Plus a large sigh from Lance.

**DDK:**

Well, I guess it's about time for our weekly charade.

**Lance:** *[with extreme sarcasm]*

I sure can't wait to see what "legends" these brave warriors face after overcoming "Dan Ryan" and "Eugene Dewey" last week, Keebs!

**DDK:**

With Kendrix wheelchair-bound, no less...

**Lance:**

Right. Never before has DEFIANCE known such fighting heroes.

Cayle Murray, as usual, is out first, decked out in his gold and pink colour-vomit attire, clutching his Shock of the Year award in one hand and a microphone in the other. Following him is Jack Hunter, who has now chewed his fake Santa beard down to the roots, then Kendrix.

**DDK:**

Oh for the love of--...

There's no wheelchair, cast, or crutches this week. Instead, Kendrix is wearing a full medical halo, complete with straps around his chest to hold it in place. The jeers get louder as he stumbles out, freezing his head and neck in place, to which Cayle Murray yells.

**Cayle Murray:**

THAT MAN IS INJURED! NO RESPECT!

As per, JFKayle make their way over to the promo stage, where another bullshit enabler lies beneath a big black sheet. Kendrix is so "pained" by the arduous journey that he has to lean on Jack Hunter for support when they get there. As the music dies down, JFK pulls a microphone from his back pocket.

**Kendrix:** *[between heavy, laboured breaths]*

Listen... yeah... ?!

**Cayle Murray:**

It's okay, Jesse. Everything's okay. You can do this.

JFK mouths something that looks like "thanks, Bruv", while Jack Hunter, somehow, stands perfectly still. Perhaps they have drugged him.

**Kendrix:**

You bellends know the deal by now! It's time for us, the greatest tag team of all-time not named the Hollywood Bruvs, to bless you with another Manly Men Open Challenge! The last one was tough. Dan Ryan and Eugene Dewey are no joke, let me tell you, and I'm still hurting from it...

**Cayle Murray:**

That's why he's wearing a neck brace.

**Jack Hunter:**

That's neck he's bracing a why wear.

**Kendrix:**

Thanks lads. Yes, it's true. Tonight I will once again risk life and limb in the pursuit of manliness, and let's face it Cayle... we're already pretty bloody manly.

**Cayle Murray:**

The manliest.

**Kendrix:**

The manliest-est.

**Jack Hunter:**

The Superbest.

Cayle glares at Jack, silently telling him to shut the fuck up. JFK tries but, y'know, medical halo.

**Cayle Murray:**

Anyway, we got rid of Chris Trutt this week because unlike you fungal bollock infections, we actually respect your time! We know all you really want to see is JFKayle defying the odds once more, so let's get right to it...

Without even waiting for the big countdown, music, and general song and dance, Cayle reaches down and suddenly pulls the sheet away.

**DDK:**

Is that a dartboard?!

Yes, it most certainly is. Once again, it looks like a bunch of different names have been attached to the board. Two darts are stuck in the cork. Cayle walks over and retrieves them.

**Kendrix:**

Tonight, Cayle and I will face off against another couple of totally random, 100% legit. opponents... determined by the bloody arras, innit?!

**Lance:**

"Arras"?

**DDK:**

I have no idea.

**Kendrix:**

Two of them! One for each opponent, thrown by a different Manly Man. You love to see it.

**Cayle Murray:**

And if you don't, you're probably Ray Charles. But Jesse! I don't know, man. I'm sure you'd love to throw the first dart and help determine our opponents tonight, but as your friend, I have to advise against it. I just don't think you're medically fit for it. Jack, on the other hand...

**Kendrix:**

Yeah, Jack. You didn't wrestle Eugene Dewey and Dan Ryan last week. I can't be putting my life on the line twice in one night, you know...

**Cayle Murray:**

It's just too dangerous!

Murray extends one of the darts to the Superbest.

**Jack Hunter:**

I throw the stabber jabber?

**Cayle Murray:**

Yes, Jack... you throw the stabber jabber.

**Jack Hunter:**

Oh boy, oh boy.

The former FIST helps take Jack over towards the dartboard. Standing a fair distance away from it, Jack slowly pulls the dart back past even his head.

**Jack Hunter:**

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He launches it.

**Jack Hunter:**

OWWWEEEEEEEEEE!

But not at the dartboard.

**Lance:**

OH MY GOD!

In fact, the dart didn't even clear his head.

**DDK:**

Did he just--?!

**Lance:**

He did! He stabbed himself in the ear!

Indeed, Hunter almost took his own ear off by accidentally embedding the dart in his own flesh. It becomes dislodged and falls to the ground, as a stream of crimson starts seeping from the wound. JFKayle both look shocked, but only momentarily.

**Cayle Murray:**

Oh well!

**Kendrix:**

Our first opponent... Jack Hunter!

**Cayle Murray:**

The darts don't lie, Jesse! And our second opponent...

It looks like Cayle is about to ready himself to throw his own dart. Instead, he jogs forward, dart in hand, finds a certain name, then plants the dart right in it.

That name?

The wounded Elise Ares.

**Cayle Murray:**

Would you look at that! It's Jack and Elise!

**Kendrix:**

I can't think of anyone else I'd rather wrestle tonight!

**Cayle Murray:**

Well, I can. Lindsay Troy would be easier, because Lindsay Troy absolutely fucking sucks. But I'll take it! Elise Ares, come on down!

*ǒŸŽμ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ǒŸŽμ*

Indeed, the pop is large for the former No 1 contender, but entering first from the backstage area is the D, dressed in a gold trim outfit, monocle covering one eye. He doesn't look over his shoulder, doesn't part the curtain. He simply raises a microphone and points to the ring as the music dies. Behind him, Flex flexes, while O-Face shrieks. The D quiets her down with a single arm gesture before he begins.

**The D:**

There's nothing more the leading lady of DEFIANCE would like to do than come out here, defend the honor of the Faithful, of course, and PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING, shocking I know... and absolutely mollywhop the everlasting frappe out of you two chavs. Listen, eh? You can kindly sit and spin if you think you're getting at Elise tonight. She hasn't been cleared by Iris, and I ain't takin' her to the Mexico clinic like she asked. Any American doctor, and EVERY Hollywood doctor, from Hugh Laurie to George Clooney, has said not only is Elise Ares the sexiest leading lady of all time, but that she's in no condition to wrestle.

The D smiles.

**The D:**

Tonight. So Listen yeah?

Jesse's eyes widen as he holds his hand to his heart in what looks like a horrible pain.

**Lance:**

Murray has had to keep Kendrix from falling over, he's that shocked D used his own line!

**The D:**

I'm the leading lady's understudy. I've taken over the BRUV show, tonight I take over DEFTv, and baby it's... SHOWTIME! Flex! Hold me back.

The D starts making ways toward ringside, as Flex just wraps his bear like arms around the D's waist.

**Cayle Murray:**

Whoa whoa! Hold on there, second-best Jack in DEFIANCE...

**Kendrix:**

His name isn't Jack, bruv.

**Cayle Murray:**

What are you on about, mate? That's Jack Harmen.

**Kendrix:**

No, that's The D.

**Cayle Murray:**

Huh.

A puzzled look comes across Murray's face. Yes, he's putting it on.

**Cayle Murray:**

*Fascinating.*

**Kendrix:**

Anyway dickhead, aren't you her +1 at this wedding? You're nothing without Elise! What makes you think you're worthy of stepping into the ring with us, the manliest of men?!

The D fires up, removing his gold trim ring jacket and throwing it to the ground.

**The D:**

I'm more man than you two put together! Flex, O, I don't need you right now. I've got myself Jack Hunter as a partner...

The D nods toward O-Face, who shows her reservation, but doesn't fight back.

**The D:**

I'll be fine.

Flex escorts her as the D turns back to the JFCayle.

**The D:**

It's showtime. My name is the D, and GET READY! I'm coming inside!

The D slyly smiles and throws down his mic on his way to the ring.

**DDK**

The D is fired up here tonight while JFCayle look on in horror from the promo stage!

**Lance**

Possibly due to D's interesting last choice of words or more so at the very thought of actually having to wrestle right this very moment!

JFCayle watch the D start to make the biggest mistake of his life, and decide to head to ringside, along with D's makeshift tag partner Jack Hunter. Who almost trips twice by the way.

## JFKAYLE vs. THE D & JACK HUNTER

Kendrix limbers up, pulling on the top rope before hopping from toe to toe in the middle of the ring squaring up to The D with Navarro in between the two competitors. However, the referee is not allowing JFK to compete with that neck brace on.

**Lance:**

I hope Navarro knows there's nothing wrong with him.

**DDK:**

Just send him home, get him out of here!

Jesse calls for a moment as he tries to yank the contraption off from around his neck. To his apparent disappointment, it doesn't seem to budge. With a despondent shrug of the shoulders he walks over to his corner, head hung low which is probably not advisable or even possible for a man in his condition, as Cayle pats him encouragingly on the shoulder and readies for action.

Navarro looks over at the time keeper but before he can signal, Cayle grabs his arm and points everyone's attention to Jack Hunter leaning over his corner with his hand held out but also smashing his own head against the turnbuckle, begging to start this match. The D, quite rightly is having absolutely none of it, implying the ref to get this match up underway.

DING DING DING!

**DDK:**

And The D wasting no time, he's straight onto Cayle with those forearms!

**Lance:**

Murray tried to get out of there from the start but The D has forced him into the corner.

D Irish whips Cayle over to the opposite empty corner and charges for the follow through "D in your face!" splash but Murray just manages to dodge in the nick of time. Dazed, the former FIST tries to make his way over to Kendrix but The D doesn't let up, hopping off the middle ropes and springboarding with a dropkick to Cayle's back. It sends him tumbling toward the corner, but not close enough to make a tag, as the D rushes in and drags Cayle closer to the middle of the ring. As Cayle sits up, the D dives in with a forearm to the head. The D rushes to his feet and charges, clocking JFK off the apron to the outside to wild cheers. Kendrix mimes further injury to his neck, as the D rushes back and goes for a wild clothesline. Cayle ducks underneath, snap german but D's able to flip out of it. Cayle stands stunned, and eats With Everything (Flying Crescent Kick)!

Cayle starts to sit up as the D rushes toward him, standing on Cayle's chest and then leaping off of Cayle, before sentoning onto Murray's chest. He stays on top for a cover.

One. Two.

Cayle gets the shoulder up. The D wastes no time, lifting Cayle off the mat and dragging him to a neutral corner, before Cayle just rakes the eyes.

**DDK:**

And just like that The D is stopped in his tracks.

Ignoring the warning from Navarro Cayle gets to work on the temple of The D with hard right after hard right, dropping his opponent to a seated position in the corner before stomping down hard upon his chest.

**Lance:**

Cayle using the ropes for extra leverage. He's now trying to choke The D out.

On the count of four, Murray releases his boot from The D's neck and looks over at Kendrix and presents The D gasping for air on the mat.

**DDK:**

Oh of course, now he takes that contraption off!

**Lance:**

The prop is gone and there's the tag.

Bringing the D over to their corner, JFKayle stomp down together dropping The D to a seated position once again. As Cayle makes way Jesse raises the D up to a standing position and sends him overhead and back first down hard against the canvas.

**DDK:**

Snap suplex out of the corner. The D doesn't seem to have the best odds here in this glorified handicap match.

**Lance:**

JFKayle are working slow and methodically too, ensuring they don't make a mistake. They are in complete control.

**Kendrix:**

GO AND MAKE THE TAG, D!

Jesse begins a slow clap, trying to encourage the audience to will The D across to his corner and tag in his partner, who can't quite seem to reach his hand out despite the excitement and eagerness in his eyes.

**Lance:**

Ladies and Gentlemen, I can't quite believe I'm going to say this on air but...Jack Hunter has somehow managed to tie his own body up in the corner and can not free his own limbs to make a tag.

**DDK:**

You said it yourself Lance, it's for the best. Let's be honest here.

Having made it to one leg and had enough of the trash talk from Jesse, The D takes advantage of his opponent's lapse in concentration and catches Kendrix with a right hand to his midriff, followed by another and another. Having sent JFK doubling over, The D charges towards the ropes but as he comes back, he's met with a running knee to the jaw sending him back first to the mat.

**Lance:**

Quick counter by JFK stopping short any momentum The D was trying to muster up.

Slicking his hair back Jesse tags in Cayle. The pair grab at The D and hoist him over and down once more with a double German Suplex. Navarro then tries to usher Kendrix out of the ring but the former FIST gestures for a moment before shaking his head at Jack Hunter.

**DDK:**

Ladies and Gentleman I can confirm that Kendrix has untangled...yes you heard that right, has untangled Jack Hunter from his opponents own corner. The little bruiser is jumping for joy!

**Lance:**

Hunter is celebrating his freedom, Keebs, look at him go!

Back in his own corner, JFK shrugs at Navarro and Cayle who can't help but watch as Hunter lofts his arms in the air and runs around the ring.

**The D:**

BITCOIN!

The D hits Cayle with Da Dick-Punch-Ah! Low blow, before transitioning it into a schoolboy.

**DDK:**

Oh! Obvious nod to Cayle's own finish!

One. Two.

JFK looked worried on the apron but breathes a sigh of relief as Cayle kicks out of his own finish. The D rolls through, waiting for Cayle to stand to his feet.

**DDK:**

The D just spat in Cayle Murray's face!

Cayle wipes it off, smiles the largest shit eating grin toward the D, and just continues as he would, popping up with the ShuttheFUCKuppercut. The D back bridges and backflips to avoid, but Cayle rushes, missing a PK kick as the D twists to the side. Cayle charges, but the D narrowly avoids the Starbreaker. With Cayle reeling, D leaps, grabbing Cayle from behind. As he leaps, he dropkicks Kendrix off the apron, while nailing Cayle with a neckbreaker.

The D climbs the turnbuckle of 24K. Kendrix hops back onto the apron and tries to grab the D's leg, narrowly missing. The D flies with B-Movie, connecting on the former FIST!

**DDK:**

The D just bounced off Cayle halfway across the ring!

Indeed, the D recovers, waiting for Cayle to get up. Murray clutches his ribs, wind seemingly knocked out from him, as the D rushes forward.

**DDK:**

NETFLIX MONEY! NO! Cayle slips out... THE D GETS DICK KICKED!

The D's eyes almost pop out of his skull as he falls to his knees, clutching his genitals. Navarro looks to want to disqualify, but the D shakes his head no in DEFIANCE before he faceplants on the canvas. Cayle clutches his chest, coughing a bit as he begins to make his way to Kendrix. The D gingerly crawls himself, to his own corner. After quite an exchange...

... it's understandable one might forget who his partner is.

**DDK:**

There's the tag by Cayle. And the D makes his corner... and Jack Hunter is trying to eat the tag rope.

The D looks at Hunter, who's eager hand is extended while he munches on nylon. The D shakes his head no, exhaustedly turning back toward the ring and charges toward Kendrix. JFK ducks a With Everything, as the D lands on his hands and knees behind him. Kendrix hooks him, irish whipping him to his corner, but it's reversed, and reversed a second time! The D lands with a thud in his own corner.

Allowing Jack Hunter to eagerly tag himself in.

Before the D can reach out and stop him, Hunter charges toward JFK, who shows no hesitation.

**DDK:**

BELLEND! Kendrix is on top!

The D takes one look and watches Cayle count the three alongside Navarro from the apron.



One. Two. Three.

Cayle and JFK immediately turn their attention to the D. D looks toward them, considers fleeing, but then charges headfirst into battle. Rights and lefts to both JFK and Cayle leave their mark, but it isn't long before the two on one advantage just wears the D out. The D goes limp, as Cayle and JFK beat on the D.

Cayle grabs the D and throws him into a Kendrix superkick.

**DDK:**

Now this is just uncalled for. The D played your stupid game. And you're still going to make him suffer?

Cayle and JFK continue stomping the D as Jack Hunter finally recovers. He forgets what just happened to him and starts to cheer on the 24K members. Until the Faithful pick up his applause.

Emerging from the back is Elise Ares, to a huge cheer from the Faithful.

Cayle and JFK don't have time to turn around before she beelines to the ring. She slides inside and shoves Jack Hunter aside. This allows Kendrix just enough time to pop her once right across the eye. She takes a tumble, clutching and protecting the protective LED eye gear that's become her trademark. Cayle and JFK look to one another and each start to stomp away, Cayle on the D, JFK on Elise.

Meanwhile, Jack Hunter and Flex are having a spirited debate on the outside of the ring. Flex is definitely outsmarting Jack, but that's not saying much. Especially since Flex continues conversing with Jack rather than entering the ring.

**DDK:**

Even after everything, Elise Ares risks permanent injury to try to save the D from this two on one assault.

**Lance:**

Don't you mean three on one assault?

**DDK:**

Jack Hunter isn't a wrestler.

**Lance:**

Touche.

Cayle lifts the D by his short hair and shouts at him, before tossing him to Kendrix. As he's about to hit the Bellend...

ðŸŽµ"Bullet Holes" by Bush ðŸŽµ

Cayle and Kendrix exchange shocked looks. The D slumps out of Kendrix' hands. Both the D and Elise roll away from their assaulters as Cayle and JFK turn their attention to the entrance ramp. Emerging from the backstage area is Jay Harvey, who raises a steel chair to the 24k members. He clangs it twice on the ramp and rushes to ringside.

**DDK:**

After last week, Jay Harvey is looking to gain some allies and provide some payback to 24k!

Harvey slides in and recovers. He takes a wild swing toward Cayle, who drops down and slips out of the ring. Kendrix follows suit on the far side.

Only person left in the ring is Jack Hunter.

\*CRACK\*

Jay Harvey slams the chair into the back of the recovering Jack Hunter.

Hunter cries in agony. Jay Harvey tosses him to the staggered but recovered D, as the D tilts his head to Elise.

**DDK:**

Elise off the far side for momentum, DRIVE-BY AT THE ROXY! Jack Hunter just lost his wrestling boots into the fourth row!

Harvey stands on the middle rope staring at the retreating Cayle Murray and JFK. The 24K members backpedal, ready to fight another day. Harvey motions that the belt will be his, as the D helps Elise to her feet and tends to her tender eye.

**DDK:**

The uneasy relationship of former rivals, Jay Harvey, Elise Ares, and the D. Perhaps, they can come together, with a common enemy, and remove 24k from our lives.

**Lance:**

Gold's worth less than Bitcoin. D said it.

**DDK:**

Seriously?

**Lance:**

I have .045 shares. It's like a year's salary now.

Harvey looks down at Elise and the D, and extends his hand. Elise gives him a cautious look, before finally accepting to cheers.

Meanwhile, Cayle and JFK retreat up the ramp, without their punching bag, both looking concerned. The numbers may no longer be to 24k's advantage...

## COMMERCIAL: DEFys AWARDS 2020



*Live on DEFonDemand!*

## NO MORE FUNNY BUSINESS

Off the commercial break, the scene is at the announce table.

**DDK:**

There's absolutely a lot of potential in a partnership between Harvey and PCP no doubt. And we've got a huge main event coming up after this commercial break! Two former World Champions, Scott Stevens and Os...

**Lance:**

Darren, wait...

Lance stops and puts a finger to his headset.

**DDK:**

Partner, what's going on?

**Lance:**

Oooh, boy. Folks, I'm being told something's up in the parking lot right now. A fight broke out between the Lucky Sevens and Sky High Titans...

**DDK:**

Oh, no, what now?

**Lance:**

From what we could tell, the Sky High Titans and Thomas Keeling were leaving the show. We got security footage on this incident right now and I'm being told we'll be taking a look at that. This played out just a littel bit agolast match.

*MOMENTS AGO*

The DEFTron fires up with security camera footage from the parking lot in the last fifteen minutes, showing Thomas Keeling, Minute and Uriel Cortez heading toward the Family Keeling's limo. And when they get there, they see somebody they're all too familiar with, eating some sort of candy bar. The camera can catch a glimpse of the man, Alvaro de Vargas

**Uriel Cortez:**

Get the hell out of here, Alvaro.

Thomas Keeling stays close to the giant in case a fight breaks out. Minute grabs his bag close to him, brandishing it like a weapon.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

Hey, I'm not here to do anything but distract you with my radiating presence, pendejo.

Before Uriel Cortez can approach him further, a pair of footsteps approach. Behind them, Minute gets struck down by Max Luck! Uriel turns to the side and gets blindsided by an angry Mason Luck with what appears to be a crowbar or tire iron to rib cage.

ADV watches as the camera angle changes to the security camera by one of the building's doors. Minute is being gut punched multiple times by Max Luck, then he gets picked up and then HURLED like a lawn darn practically into the door just below the camera! The crowd can be heard watching the footage and collectively groan from the impact.

Uriel tries to fight off Mason Luck, but he gets hit with another shot and then Max rushes over to help his brother. Uriel tries to grab the weapon, but Max grabs him and the two attack the massive giant before they both put the boots to him. Alvaro does nothing and moves off the hood of the limo so the twins can do what they want. Their limo driver, James, can be seen getting out and when Mason makes a beeline for him, James runs out of the garage. Max picks up Uriel slowly and Mason helps out...

AIDED POWERBOMB ON THE HOOD OF THE LIMO!

Booing can be overheard in the arena as a crater is left where the hood of the car once stood. Thomas Keeling watches on in fear as DEFsec finally pour out into the parking lot but the damage is done by Mason and Max. Mason yells out.

**Mason Luck:**

You don't EVER touch the Luck Family Jewels!

ADV fist bumps the giants and they walk away from the parking lot wreckage. Thomas Keeling goes over to check on Minute first while DEFsec call for a trainer for Uriel. The camera cuts out as the scene goes back to ringside.

## "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. SCOTT STEVENS

### Lance:

Well, that was downright deplorable by the Lucky Sevens. We're gonna try and get a word with medical staff after the show and see if we can provide an update on the Uriel Cortez and Minute.

### DDK:

For sure.... but for now, here we go, Lance. It's been a momentous evening, but our main event tonight is nothing short of personal. Two former FISTs of DEFIANCE. Lots of history we recapped earlier. But the tables have turned since then. Scott Stevens turning into one of DEFIANCE's fan favorites. And Burns... as a member of Better Future?

### Lance:

2021 is already turning out to be stranger than 2020. I don't know what else to say about earlier. Morrow found Burns' weak spot and he's exploiting it, but you heard Burns tell Morrow earlier... he wanted this match by himself, no Better Future interfering. Will they honor that?

### DDK:

I don't know... but right now, one of our biggest main events in recent memory. A rivalry renewed so let's cut to Darren Quimbey for the announcements.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first.... From The Great State in Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds.... **SCOTT STEVENS!**

*"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"*

♪ "Dead Man Walking" by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises his right fist high into the air. Scott heads to the ring and once he gets there, he takes in the cheers, then heads into the ring. Everyone's Favorite Texan waits for the crowd to die down as the gears shift.

### Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Wellington, New Zealand... being accompanied by Tom Morrow and Ken Ellis.. weighing in at 237 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

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

Burns makes his way out and for the moment, things from the crowd are 60-40 with jeers, though some fans seem to be holding out hope that this is a bad dream... but it becomes more of a waking nightmare when...

### DDK:

Oh, God... no...

Tom Morrow and Ken Ellis both stand on either side of the former two-time FIST. Scott Stevens doesn't seem to care that much about their appearance if it means doing one of his favorite pastimes in fighting Oscar Burns.

### Lance:

Burns looked so uneasy... until he saw Scott Stevens. His blood still boils with everything they went through. And Burns is going into this match with a losing streak, but tonight he does NOT want it to continue with a man that tormented and almost ended his career at one point.

Inside the ring now, The Technical Spectacle shoots Stevens a look that might literally kill someone if it could. The two amazingly walk to the center of the ring without coming to blows for a moment. Once Burns' music fades, the two stare at one another and the Faithful start buzzing.

***DING DING***

AND BURNS STRIKES FIRST! Boot to the gut that surprises Stevens, then shoves him to the ropes. He tries a whip, but Stevens turns the tables on him and sends Burns to the ropes! He gets a lariat loaded up, but Burns swivels around him then runs the ropes again to the adjacent side. He comes back and CRACKS Stevens in the jaw using a flying European uppercut! He finally gets Stevens off his feet and Morrow looks on like a proud papa... that is also a complete asshole as he gives a thumbs up to an unimpressed Burns.

**DDK:**

Fast start by Burns! I'm betting he figures he'd start out slow.

Burns grabs the arm of Stevens as he has Everyone's Favorite Texan off-balance, then twist the arm to arm wringer. He snaps the arm over his own shoulder, getting a howl of pain from Scott. He hits the Texan with an elbow to the jaw, then another European Uppercut to rattle him before snapping the arm again. He tries to land a back suplex, but before he can, Stevens grabs him in a headlock. Burns elbows him in the chest a few times, but Stevens grabs him by the head and leans him into a corner before he starts throwing HARD chops and punches to Burns in the corner using his good arm!

**DDK:**

And there's Stevens fighting back! He'll gut it out to fight back and few can hit harder here in DEFIANCE than he can!

**Lance:**

That's true! Big lariat in the corner! Then a second one!

After Burns gets rocked with two big shots, Scott pulls him out of the corner and then snaps him over with a huge suplex! Scott goes for a cover.

*ONE... TWO-NO!*

**DDK:**

A kickout at two, but Scott going right to the mat game, too. Not as adept as Burns, but he can do it, too.

Scott switches it up and has Burns on his stomach with a tight headlock around him. He cranks back on the hold and keeps him grounded while Morrow reaches in.

**Tom Morrow:**

Come on! Grab a limb! Work that magic!

Burns nods then as Stevens tries to crank it in, Twists and Turns works said magic. He grabs the arms, then twists the left arm around -- the same one he started work on before. He turns (see what I did there?) and then now he's in the dominant spot, locking in a headlock over Stevens. The Angry Texan tries to stand and swings an elbow to try and break it up, but Burns ducks, then SNAPS him over with a big backdrop suplex!

**DDK:**

I don't know what's worse... Morrow being here for Burns... or the coaching working?

The Technical Spectacle grabs Scott by the waist then snaps him over with a huge German Suplex! The Texan has the wind knocked out of him and he tries to fight Burns, but he takes him over using a second German. Then one more time... bridging!

*ONE... TWO... NO!*

Scott kicks out and flops over onto his back. Burns starts to lose his cool for a second when Morrow silently tells him to stow the attitude and fight. Oscar nods, then goes right back to the arm, twisting it around again, then laying the bent elbow back... then STOMPS on the elbow joint! The crowd starts to give him a huge mixed reaction as Burns looks

surprised. But he shuts them out and goes back to work, stomping on the arm again.

**DDK:**

Look at Oscar! He's got the upper hand and looking very strong right now. Seeing Burns go through this slump has been somewhat unbelievable to watch, but he looks like he's slowly getting back to what brought him to the dance.

**Lance:**

Indeed! And there's another slam of the arm into the mat! He's really laying into Stevens, isn't he?

**DDK:**

Not many people have ever gotten under Oscar Burns' skin like this in his DEFIANCE career and that's pretty much Scott and maybe Mikey Unlikely... but especially Scott.

Morrow watches as Burns grabs the arm and then drops a HUGE knee drop to the arm again! Scott yells out in pain and punches the mat with his good hand in frustration. Burns then grabs the arm and then DROPS him down with a leaping single arm DDT! Stevens grits his teeth and tries to bear it, but Burns yells in his face.

**Oscar Burns:**

How do YOU like being down on the ground? Hurt? Helpless? Now you're MY punching bag!

**DDK:**

Trash-talking? Look, I get it... but this isn't right.

Burns grabs him by the arm for another arm wringer, but Scott DECKS him in the mouth with a stiff right! The blow rocks Burns, but he doesn't let go. He comes back up and tries to work a standing keylock, but Scott fires back with another punch. He continues fighting back with support from the Faithful and then tries mounting a comeback, but when he tries to get a running start from the ropes, Burns pulls him back, then POW!

**DDK:**

Hard Out Headbutt to the back! He brings Stevens down to a knee!

Morrow shouts words of encouragement for his client(?) as Stevens continues to fall. Burns grabs the arm and then twists him around into a Buffalo-style Sleeper!

**DDK:**

Buffalo Sleeper! That's a rare one! He's got Stevens by the arm and now he's cranking back in that hold! Stevens needs to get out now because if he gets him all the way down to the mat, this one could be done.

**Lance:**

That it can, but look!

*STEVENS!*

*STEVENS!*

*STEVENS!*

**DDK:**

The crowd cheering for Scott Stevens? Over Oscar Burns?

Indeed they are for the moment and even that's not lost on Burns, but Morrow tells him to focus. Burns keeps the hold locked in and tries to get Stevens to fall to the mat, but in a daze, he stands up and then ROCKS his old rival with a huge jawbreaker to get him to release the hold!

**Lance:**

Big counter there! Burns falls back to the ropes and Scott now trying to catch his breath, but that arm is a problem, too.



An angry Scott starts trying to shake his arm out to get the feeling back before he makes it to his feet. Burns rushes forward and strikes him with a good elbow smash. Scott leans back, then fires with a right of his own! The Technical Spectacle grits his teeth, then fires back with an uppercut. Stevens stays with what brought him to the dance and fires another right! Burns fights back, then clocks him! Elbow! Punch! Elbow! Punch! Elbow! Punch! Elbow! Punch!

**DDK:**

Good lord, look at them go! Just like old times, eh?

**Lance:**

Indeed, some intense battles between the two!

Scott takes a shot... then smiles. He dares Burns to take another shot. When he does, Scott calls his bluff and then suddenly hoists Burns onto his shoulders...

**DDK:**

Houston, We Have A Problem! After that strike exchange, Stevens suckered him in big time with that surprise Death Valley Driver! Cover!

*ONE... TWO... TH-NO!*

Burns gets the shoulder up and Morrow and Ken Ellis breath a collective sigh of relief.

**Lance:**

Scott suckered him in and got Oscar into that strike battle. Burns is good at it, but Stevens played him.

Scott starts getting back up and then runs into Burns, knocking him down with a big shoulder tackle, then comes back and does it again off the rebound. And when he comes back, he gets Burns back on his feet and then throws The Technical Spectacle into the ropes and then RAMS into Burns using a huge back elbow flooring him. Morrow tries willing him on, but Scott grabs his boot and almost kicks Morrow! He just barely avoids the blow, but when Scott turns, Twists and Turns (hi-yo) rolls him up into a modified school boy!

*ONE... TWO... NO!*

**DDK:**

Stevens took his eye off the ball and that almost cost him!

The two meet back up, but this time, The Angry Texan boots him in the gut and then sends Burns to the corner where a leaping splash in the corner connects. Burns gets rattled, then a second splash hits from the other side. He drags Burns out of the corner and then MURDERS him with a huge running lariat off the ropes! Then Stevens goes right into a cover!

*ONE... TWO... THR-NO!*

**DDK:**

Another kickout, but the momentum is turning in a huge way! And... no, Stevens going for Arachnophobia!

He stands up and then tries to grab the legs while Morrow and Ellis both try to yell for Burns to fight back and counter. Before he can step over to complete the hold, Burns kicks away at the arm and makes Stevens let go before he releases his grip. Twists and Turns gets back to his feet and Stevens swings with Remember the Alamo, but Burns grabs the legs and spins him around. Stevens turns and gets BLASTED with a jumping enzuigiri by his longtime rival!

**DDK:**

Rocked with the enzuigiri! And now look... BACK-CRACK-A-MA-JIG! Cover!

Burns hooks both legs!

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

The crowd can't believe it! The Faithful cheer on both men after the belly to back backbreaker fails, but Burns isn't interested in the fan reaction. He wants to get the win tonight and he grabs onto the arm of Stevens, trying to lock in a modified version of The Graps of Wrath! He has the arm locked up!

**DDK:**

He has the Graps of Wrath locked in! That's it! That's it!

But before he can fully apply it, Scott Stevens DRAGS himself to the ropes to break the hold! A frustrated

**DDK:**

Stevens BARELY makes it! He knows that hold all too well!

**Lance:**

Scott's been gutting out that damage to his arm! He's trying to fight back! Burns back on him with those uppercuts!

Burns fires a few uppercuts to rock Stevens against the ropes, but when he tries to pull him away to the ropes, Stevens reverses again and DRIVES him down with the Double S Spinebuster! The arm is in too much pain and Morrow looks like he's in panic mode. He turns to Ellis and points at him just as Stevens is near the ropes.

**DDK:**

He can't follow up after the Double S Spinebuster because of that arm work Burns has been putting in, but... no wait... WAIT!

The crowd jeers when out from under the ring, the massive Alvaro de Vargas smiles. Ken Ellis is yelling at Doyle to check on Burns and that's all Alvaro needs as Stevens tries using the nearby ropes... he grabs the arm and SNAPS it over the top rope! Then leans back out of sight of the official!

**Lance:**

No, no! Burns told them not to interfere! He's still down from the Spinebuster and I don't think he's seen anything!

As ADV goes back under the ring despite the JEERING of the Faithful, Burns gets back up slowly, seeing Stevens favor his arm in the corner. He rushes forward and CLOCKS him with a huge running high knee! The blow rocks him in the corner, then Burns sets him up for his wrist-clutch exploder!

**DDK:**

Head-Drop-O-Matic! Burns didn't see that interference... did he?

Burns just hooks the leg of Stevens as Doyle comes around to count.

*ONE... TWO... THREE!*

Burns grits his teeth and smiles the biggest smile ever as the crowd BOOS! Morrow jumps for joy at ringside and high-fives Ellis while ADV seems to be nowhere to be found.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner of the match... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

**DDK:**

Well, the monkey is off his back, I guess! But did Burns know about that interference?

**Lance:**

I don't know. I really don't. Burns made that clear he only wanted Morrow to coach, but ADV was under that ring the whole damn time, I guess!

## THE ANSWER

Burns is so ecstatic to finally be back in the win column, he pumps a fist. Despite the jeers, he shuts them out and ADV shows up “conveniently” to come out and offer some high-fives, along with Theo Baylor now coming down the ramp to join in.

**Lance:**

The gang's mostly here... I seriously can't believe this...

**DDK:**

Me, neither. Burns just defeated Scott Stevens, but that THIS cost?

Burns continues to celebrate, then as he turns to greet, Morrow, he looks up and stops on the DEFtron... The one that shows what just happened...

**Lance:**

Wait, look, Darren...

When he looks on, he sees the smoking gun...

Alvaro de Vargas snapping the arm of Scott Stevens over the ropes, leading to Burns hitting the Head-Drop-O-Matic to win.

**DDK:**

Oh, boy... he's putting two and two together! Burns told them point blank that if this partnership was going to work, he wanted no help... but Tom Morrow couldn't even afford him that, could he?

When Oscar looks on in horror that this win he has finally gotten to break his losing streak... he turns to the members of Better Future at ringside. Morrow and company now walk into the ring as the celebration stops. Morrow motions for Ken Ellis to give him his special headset and he puts it in his ear so the fans can hear him speak.

**Tom Morrow:**

Look, look, look... I know this isn't exactly what you asked for... but come on, Oscar. Stevens would have done the same thing to do if he would have been given the chance!

The camera catches a glimpse of Scott being checked on by Benny Doyle and a trainer in the corner, but he shoves them away as he tries to regain his bearings. Then it's back to Morrow in the ring. Burns stares at him irate and has no mic, but Morrow's personal mic can pick up what he's saying.

**Oscar Burns:**

I SAID NO! I TOLD YOU NO INTERFERENCE!

Tom Morrow puts a hand up and when Alvaro and Theo Baylor stand by, Morrow pleads his case.

**Tom Morrow:**

Oscar, Oscar, Oscar... you won! We just beat him to the punch, that's all! Look, I know you wanted to do this on your own and I get that... but it's not like that's worked out for you so well lately, has it?

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

The Faithful feel the tension about to boil over as Burns runs a hand through his hair, looking like he's ready to come undone.

**Tom Morrow:**

That wasn't a joke, Oscar! Tough love! Tough love! But I told you we'd be there for you no matter what and I think we

just proved that. What you see with Better Future is what you get. You wanted this. You wanted my help and this is how I help... win at all costs. So, what's it gonna be, Burns? Are you gonna keep on coming out here trying the same old crap every week or are you going to accept us for who we are? Can you move past this? FIST number three, bay-bay! That is what we're doing here.

The crowd is pleading now with Burns not to do this as he looks at Morrow.

**DDK:**

Don't do it, Oscar, don't do it...

Burns stares down at Morrow and then at Baylor and de Vargas. ADV has a hand out, offering him to join...

**Lance:**

Don't do it.

The Kiwi stares at him... THEN SHOVES HIM ON HIS ASS!

THE CROWD EXPLODES!

**DDK:**

HE'S MADE HIS CHOICE! NO TO BETTER FUTURE!

Morrow stares up at Burns, but before anything more can happen, he gets spun around by none other than Scott Stevens, who shoves Burns! Still holding the back of his head in pain, he angrily shoves Burns back, but before Oscar can do anything back to him, ADV and Theo Baylor jump in ADV CRACKS Burns with a big boot! Before Stevens can react, Theo Baylor blasts him with a big running elbow smash!

**Lance:**

And Better Future aren't taking no for an answer!

**DDK:**

And Stevens is involved in the crossfire!

Theo and Alvaro get JEERS from the crowd as they put the boots to the two former FISTs of DEFIANCE! Alvaro and Theo both work over Burns first and stomp away at him repeatedly, but when Scott tries to stand up, Alvaro waits and rears back before striking him with a vicious discus lariat!

Both Theo and Alvaro boot him from the ring and as that happens, The Lucky Sevens head down to the ring and head inside to get them some as the crowd jeers even louder.

**DDK:**

And here comes Max and Mason Luck!

**Lance:**

Did THEY not do enough earlier, laying out the Titans?

Max and Mason both climb into the ring and a giddy Tom Morrow watches the four-on-one beatdown by the masses of humanity! After the beatings continue, Alvaro de Vargas and Theo then both pull Oscar up and he can't even fight back when Theo throws him into the grip of Alvaro. He applies the standing headscissors, and then hoists him up...

**DDK:**

ARDIENDO PILEDRIVER!

**Lance:**

They're trying to make Burns regret this decision!

Morrow stands over Burns, but Alvaro doesn't seem to be done. He motions to Morrow, then rolls outside the ring quickly while Theo has a boot in Burns' throat. The jeering is at a fever pitch when Alvaro comes back into the ring moments later with a ring bell. He smiles and then watches as Mason and Max pull Burns to his feet.

**DDK:**

No, no... enough of this.

With the massive twins holding Burns up by either arm, Alvaro then swings for the fences and SMASHES the ring bell upside the head of Burns, sending him back down to the mat!

**Lance:**

Morrow's thugs have proven their point tonight! Enough!

The former two-time FIST now lies in a heap in the middle of the ring, now bleeding from his forehead! Morrow yells out "It didn't have to be this way!" while Theo smirks and Alvaro lies next to Burns, standing over him like a hungry wolf proud of his kill.

**DDK:**

Better Future may have made their most powerful statement yet since coming together... they just laid out two former world champions and did THIS to Oscar Burns all cause he said no.

Alvaro kneels over and the words the camera catches as he's close are chilling...

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

If you won't be part of our future... then you'll be left in the past...

The final scenes are El Sol Dorado now standing, holding a bloody ring bell over the head of Burns with a boot down on his chest. Morrow holds out a hand to the crown jewel of Better Future with Theo Baylor, Max and Mason Luck clapping on as the riot from the crowd takes us home for Night One.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***