

SPOTLIGHT f. SCOTT DOUGLAS



The opening cuts to Lance Warner in front of the camera.

Lance Warner:

Welcome everyone to a new special show called DEFIANCE SPOTLIGHT. This show will air the week of our pay-per-views where we highlight one particular DEFIANT and their history in this company. Tonight, in our third episode, we will feature "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and four of his hand-selected matches from DEFIANCE. At **DEFCON**, **Scott Douglas** will challenge for the **FIST of DEFIANCE** against long reigning champion **Mikey Unlikely**. The loser will leave DEFIANCE, **forever**. Please enjoy the matches after this commercial break!

SPOTLIGHT DIRECTORY

MATCHES

[DEFIANCE Road 2017: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. MIDORIKAWA](#)

[DEFCON 2017: SOHER: IMPULSE © vs. BRONSON BOX vs. REAPER PRIME vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS](#)

[ACTS of DEFIANCE 2018: DEFIANCE SOHER & WrestleUTA HOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS © vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY](#)

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[DEFIANCE Road 2021: #1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD](#)

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON**MAIN EVENT****FIST of DEFIANCE, LOSER LEAVES**

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

**UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH**Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section
*losing team cannot tag anymore in DEFIANCE**SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
LAST MAN STANDING**

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

**FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP
LADDER MATCH**

Matt LaCroix © vs. Arthur Pleasant

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Elise Ares vs. Perfection

Kendrix vs. Jay Harvey

Tornado Tag

Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Better Future (Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace)

*if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become property of Better Future

Casket Match

Stalker vs. Codename: Guardian

8 Man Tag

SNS, Cortez & Minute vs. Lucky Sevens & Stevens Dynasty

*If SNS, Cortez and Minute win, they get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow and Sky High Titans name back. If Lucky Sevens and Stevens Dynasty win, Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens get the deed to Ballyhoo Brew

No Holds Barred

Henry Keyes vs. Rezin

Gage Blackwood vs. Teresa Ames w/ SOCIAL SUPPORT: Screen 7, DEFcepticons, The Hallmark Journey, Thomas Slaine & Kyle Shields

Empty Arena

Rick Dickulous vs. Chris Richards

Klein & Mushigihara vs. Jestal & Jack Mace

DEFIANCE Road 2017: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. MIDORIKAWA

♪ "Sentaku No Asa" by AYA ♪

Cut to ringside recently basked in a green hue which triggered the Faithful. The solo guitar notes give way to the grungy melodic vocal intro as Darren Quimbey, looking toward the timekeeper, is shrugging and questioning his next announcement.

DDK:

Well, partner ... We have not received any word, in regards to Scott Douglas or his arrival here tonight. It looks like --

The drums kick in, followed by the distorted guitar, raising the tempo and lowering the overall tonality of the asian grunge song.

Angus: *[raising his voice]*

-- Keebs, one time ... two time ... three times ... a *LOSER!* Douglas is done here! Midori Sour is about to put the final nail in Sub Snot's Coffin!

As the song dips into the verse and the lighter guitar tones return; this time accompanied by a steady drum beat: Midorikawa creeps out from the back. Dawning a Reaper Co trench coat, much like the one that protected his identity at the close of DEFTv several weeks ago, he stands on the ramp way. Hood up, head down.

Darren Quimbey:

The following bout is scheduled for **one** FALL! Introducing first ...

Smoke slowly rises from the ramp floor as green lasers swirl around the stoic Midorikawa. The song plays on and the Japanese lyrics fall on, the English speaking Faithful's, deaf ears. They continue to express their disapproval. The groove dips into a darker, throatier, yet more driven bridge before it brings the noise with a cymbal crash and a lot of Far East angst. Midorikawa snaps his head back and the hood of his trenchcoat is flung back revealing his black and green Lucha mask.

Angus:

What the fuck is he doing? GET. TO. THE. RING ... you *GORRAM* asiaphile!

Midorikawa, on a big lighting cue, pulls the Reaper coat open as he flings his arms back and lets the coat fall to the rampway. The right wrist of the coat hangs up slightly but is shaken away quickly. Rather than his most recent Reaper gear, MDK's tattooed chest and arms are bare. The only remnants of his Reaper Co affiliation appear to be the all black pants, boots and kneepads.

DDK:

This is, honestly, a lot of spectacle for a match we *MAY* not even see.

Midorikawa begins his slow march down to the ring, ignoring fan fare, negative or otherwise. He seems slightly less manic than normal ... almost enthused.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Izu, Japan and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds, standing six foot two inches ...
MIIDDORRRRIKAAAWWWWWWWA!!

MDK flings himself under the bottom rope and into the ring. Inside he pulls at and bounces off the ropes in a overblown show of his preparation.

DDK:

Well, partner we have one in the ring.

Angus:

And the other isn't welcome! Ring the bell!

Darren Quimbey returns to the corner, closest to the timekeeper's table, questioning yet again. Midorikawa approaches him from behind and swings him around by his shoulder, demanding he make the introduction. Darren seems frozen in fear and slowly forms an awkward shrug with his arms outstretched, as if he didn't know what to do with his hands.

DDK:

Seems as if you and Midorikawa are on the same page, partner.

Angus:

Let's GO! Curtis Peen has an ass whooping coming to him.

Midorikawa continues to badger Quimbey in the ring.

DDK:

Editorial aside, Curtis Penn will in fact defend his title next against Eric Dane in a unsanctioned match.

The green hue lifts to a mild pop from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

... and his opponent --

He pauses and looks at MDK questioningly. MDK remains steadfast in his insistence. Darren raises the mic back toward his money maker.

Darren Quimbey:

... his --

Quimbey's attention is stolen away, as well as the Faithful as the DEFiatron comes to life. It shows the Wrestle-Plex backlot just as police car screeches to a stop; just in frame. It's followed closely behind by a second. Midorikawa turns from Quimbey and cocks his head in confusion. He starts moving toward the ropes facing the large screen; shaking his head back and forth. His disbelief slowly turning into rage.

DDK:

Could this be ...?

The blue lights continue to flash as the driver exits, pivoting to the back door with haste, he pulls it open. The camera pushes in as Scott Douglas steps out the car. The crowd ignites. Douglas, looks around for a moment as Terry Anderson and Lance Warner, one by one exit the car, and appear behind him. Additional police officers appear from either side.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Benny Doyle hustles from the back; heading toward the ring.

Angus:

NO! This is ridiculous!

Cut to the live shot outside. The Faithful can be heard in a low rumble.

Lance Warner: *[motioning at his watchless wrist]*

Scott, the time...

Back inside.

Midorikawa pitches a quick fit just before he turns back to Quimbey with fire in his eyes. Quimbey's fight of flight dictates he leave the ring and quickly. He rattles off Douglas' announcement in route.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, Scott ... Douglas!

Before Quimbey can hit the floor, Midorikawa's attention turns, fervently, toward referee Benny Doyle as he enters the ring.

Midorikawa: *[screaming]*

RING IT! Ring the bell!

He backs Doyle into the corner screaming in his face only pausing briefly to glance up at the DEFiatron and to track Douglas' progress.

DDK:

Looks like Scott Douglas is on his way to the ring, partner. And with a police escort!

Douglas flanked by police and followed by the agents of his freedom, Terry and Lance make their way into the building and head for the ring.

Angus:

What the hell is Doyle doing? Ring the bell!

Midorikawa continues to hassle Doyle with the same request. He can barely get an arm free, pinned under MDK's weight, to finally say the hell with it and signal for the bell.

DING DING DING

With first toll of the bell, Midorikawa sets in on objective number two; force Doyle to start the count. He looks back toward the DEFiatron briefly, Douglas is still in route.

Midorikawa:

Count! Count ... !!

Doyle reluctantly starts the count although it is, admittedly, a bit slow.

ONE!

Midorikawa spins his finger around motioning for Doyle to pick up the pace.

TWO!

Cut to Scott Douglas and entourage rounding a corner and making their way closer to guerilla.

DDK:

Midorikawa, is not interested in facing Scott Douglas ...

THREE!**DDK:**

Rather, as he detailed last week ... his only interest is to make Douglas' life a living hell.

FOUR!**Angus:**

... And he did! Until Lance Warner and that drunkard Anderson had to go sticking their noses where they don't belong! Scooby Doo ass muthafuckers.

FIVE!

Douglas draws closer. Midorikawa, ever more impatient.

SIX!**Angus:**

Where is DEFsec? Bar this man from the building! He is known criminal, Keeps!

Douglas reaches Guerilla on the screen as Midorikawa stalks ever closer to Benny Doyle. Intimidation is his only useful tool given that striking the official would produce the opposite result of his intention.

DDK:

A criminal being ushered in by Orleans PD?

SEVEN!**Angus:**

YES! They're just doing the ushering in the wrong direction!

DDK:

Clearly, Douglas' case of mistaken identity has been cleared up. Otherwise I don't think he'd be here and about to enter DEFarena!

EIGHT!

Cut to Douglas and crew at Guerilla. With a quick look back, toward Terry Anderson and Lance Warner, a simple nod says more than Douglas could with words.

Terry Anderson:

GO!!

NINE!

Douglas steps out threw the curtain and breaks into a full sprint. What once seemed like the pinnacle of volume in the arena manages to step up another notch or two.

TE --

At the very last possible moment; Douglas slides into the ring and pops to his feet. The pair find themselves, once again, in the center of the ring trading fists.

DDK:

I was doubtful myself folks ... but *WE* have a **MATCH!**

After several stiff shots from each competitor, Midorikawa seems to land the most lasting of blows.

Angus: *[gloating]*

Midichlorian, bests Douglas! *HA!* Call it here! No need to continue ...

The jaw jacking shot stumbles Douglas and his legs appear to be made, completely, of gelatin. MDK takes full advantage and delivers a swift kick to the back of his Scott's left leg. Douglas crumbles to a knee. The audible thud of his landing seems to take the wind out of the Faithful, at least momentarily. Defiance flashes in Douglas' eyes and a painful sneer spreads across his face.

DDK:

Midorikawa in clear control here.

Angus:

Toss this flannel felon out and let's move on!

MDK pulls Douglas up by his hair as he barks something inaudible.

DDK:

Like it or not, partner ... this is a full fledged competition and for these two this is a FIGHT!

MDK whips Douglas across the ring and into the ropes. Douglas returns and feels the brunt of a spinning heel kick. Douglas crashes to the matt and rolls over, immediately, holding his face.

Angus:

Stakes or no stakes ... I'm sick and tired of the Sour Hour. Kawasaki can't seem to end this moron and the police won't keep him in jail. AND Curtis PEEEEEN is the FIST! What a world, Keeps ... *WHAT. A. WORLD.*

Douglas struggles to make it back to a knee. MDK launches himself from the far ropes and drills Douglas, again in the face.

DDK:

Unrelenting! Midorikawa with a running low dropkick.

MDK slaps his hands against the mat, fired up, on his way back up.

DDK:

Midorikawa looks unstoppable!

MDK pulls Douglas up from the mat once again. Doyle warns him about the use of the hair.

Angus:

Act like you've been here before, Keeps! Kawabonga is clearly a world class choke artist! Only prayer we have is the last remaining masked Reaper freak kills the lights and we can all pretend like this never happened!

MDK hooks Douglas from behind, belly to back.

DDK:

MDK, showing great ring awareness here: as he attempts to wrench in this hold and drag Douglas back into the middle of the ring.

Douglas isn't having it as he begins to fight back, pulling forward against the force.

DDK:

Douglas, now ... swinging a wild back elbow; in attempts to break free from this ... waist lock.

Douglas swings again, this time with the right.

Angus:

I like to think of it, more as a ... unrealized German Suplex.

Third time's the charm.

DDK:

Douglas again ... and LANDS an ELBOW.

The initial blow is followed by another and, again, another. He breaks free from his opponent's grasp and floats around MDK. Initially sinking in the same waist lock.

DDK:

Douglas, with the reverse!

Quickly switching holds from the waist lock to a modified sleeper.

DDK:

Kata Ha Jime!

As Douglas locks in the hold, MDK has the instant realization of the trouble he is in. He flails wildly with every free limb.

Angus:

I thought his name was Midorisaki?

Douglas' eyes are filled with rage and redemption as he wrenches his tormentor.

DDK:

Midori - **KAWA** ... struggles to remain relevant in this contest!

The hold proves to be difficult to maintain for Douglas as MDK, arduously, marches the pair backward and into a turnbuckle.

DDK:

Douglas, will not be deterred! He doesn't appear to be giving up ...even now with his back ... almost literally against the wall.

Angus:

He's a rat! A Mouse! Mouserat! New Band name, called it!

DDK:

MDK has the ropes ... Official Benny Doyle begins the -- Douglas releases!

MDK stumbles forward and away from Douglas.

DDK:

Douglas is pursuit!

Scott, with a handful of shoulder, spins MDK around in the center of the ring and clocks him square in the jaw with a right hand. He follows with a left and feigns another left and leads with a right. Benny steps in and warns Douglas about the closed fist. Douglas acknowledges and motions his understanding.

Angus:

I figured it out! I'm a *GORRAM* genius!

DDK:

... figured what out?

Douglas backs off with his hands raised and palms out.

Angus:

That's how he got out! He's a snitch, Keeps! And you *know* what happens to snitches!

DDK:

...

MDK wavers a bit as he attempts to regain his bearings

Angus:

They GET out of JAIL!

DDK:

Just when I think you are going left ... you learn to fly, Angus.

Angus:

Nice try, Keeps ... That's the Nirvana guy after Nirvana ... it really only works when it's era appropriate puns or just solid wrestling based make-em-ups! Thanks for playing though, partner.

Douglas doesn't give MDK a moment's rest, and lunges with a strong and very legal ... lariat. Midorikawa ducks and Douglas stumbles and catches himself against the ropes. MDK springs to action to the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Midori --

Angus:

SOUR!

DDK:

Off the ropes!

Douglas turns around, just in time, to counter; albeit sloppy and in the name of nothing more than survival.

DDK:

BACK BODY DROP!

Angus:

OH shit!

MDK is launched high up into the air and sent crashing down to the slightly padded floor at ringside.

DDK:

Douglas has just catapulted Midorikawa up and OVER the ring ropes!

Angus:

Can that be a disqualification, again? I want to say that used to be a BIG no-no ...

DDK:

I don't think even Benny Doyle can believe what he has just witnessed!

Douglas exits the ring and takes to the floor.

Angus:

Excuses! Start the count! Double countout ... countout. Six one ... have a dolphin brother!

ONE!

DDK:

What .. ? Are you having a stroke? Nevermind --

Douglas reaches down to pull MDK up but instead he catches a shot to the breadbasket. Douglas recoils and steps back as stunned MDK struggles to his feet.

TWO!**DDK:**

Midorikawa on the attack now --

THREE!

Midorikawa stalks toward the reeling Douglas. He grabs him by the wrist with and attempts an irish whip, Douglas reverses and sends MDK hurtling toward the ring post.

THREE!**DDK:**

Douglas on the apron ...

FOUR!

MDK manages to get his hands up, stop his momentum and catch himself before impact. He turns around to catch something entirely different.

DDK:

Springboard Moonsault from Douglas! Off the APRON!

FIVE!**Angus:**

SLOWEST COUNT EVER!

MDK is laid out flat and Douglas all but goes down with him. The Faithful pop big for the flight and subsequent impact. Douglas finds just enough footing on the way down to plank at worst and take back to his feet.

SIX!**DDK:**

The reaction tell a clear story here, partner: the DEFIANCE Faithful are loving this and WANT more!

Angus:

They don't know what they --

SEVEN!**DDK:**

It seems like Scott Douglas plans to oblige!

Douglas picks MDK up and slings him into the ring. MDK's shoulder catches the bottom rope and stalls him for a moment, but he rolls over and into the ring, proper.

EIGHT!

As Douglas steps through the ropes he finds MDK crawling toward the center of the ring. Benny Doyle stops the count.

DDK:

Midorikawa is reeling right now, partner. One has to wonder where is this - this ... Reaper Co. he has been running with all these months!

Douglas approaches MDK in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Oh shit! YASSS! I nearly forgot ... The lights are out ANY minute now, Keebs!

Douglas stands over MDK, his hair matted to his sweaty face, his eyes narrowed and his brow furrowed.

DDK:

Scott Douglas wasting A LOT of time here.

Scott seethes with anger as his chest heaves rolling his stiff arms and balled fists.

Angus:

Any ... minute now.

Douglas reaches down and pulls MDK up from the matt by the back of his mask. Doyle steps in with a light warning as Douglas releases and pulls MDK in.

DDK:

Looks like we'll be seeing that Sub Pop Suplex to finish this one off, partner!

Douglas maneuvers MDK's arm over his own neck and reaches down for the knee. MDK comes alive.

DDK:

Small package! SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!**Angus:**

I assumed, Keebs ... but TMI, bud.

TWO!**KICK OUT!****DDK:**

That was a close call for Douglas, who has had the upper hand the majority of this match.

Angus:

Just one more in a series of *SLOW COUNTS* tonight! Get it together, BENNY!

The pair make to their feet almost simultaneously. MDK ducks a grapple attempt by Douglas and is quick to capitalize on Scott's blind rage.

DDK:

REVERSE DDT!

The impact rings through the arena and the Faithful let out a loud gasp to accompany their deflation. MDK seizing the opportunity, hooks the leg for another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!!

Douglas with a violent kick out and the Faithful are back on their feet. Sparse chants kick up and they attempt to rally Sub Pop Scott.

DDK:

The Faithful solidly behind Seattle's Favorite Son!

Angus:

Seattle's Vagrant Bum ... *more like.*

DDK:

Midorikawa, sees an opening and he doesn't look like the type who is going to let it pass him by!

Angus:

He has a mask on, Keeps. He looks like a cartoon character.

MDK picks up the dazed Scott Douglas and applies a standing leg scissors, hooks him, both arms...

DDK:

DOUBLE UNDERHOOK POWERBOMB!

MDK sits out the maneuver.

Angus:

Douglas is laid out! This is it folks!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

KICK OUT!

DDK:

Amazing resilience by Scott Douglas!

MDK doesn't want to accept Doyle's call and gets in his face over it. He gives up, quickly, as Douglas begins to stir.

Angus:

Was Terry the GORRAM lighting tech? Where the hell is the blackout!

MDK returns to Douglas and pulls him up, hooking him once again in a waist lock.

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Douglas seems to over-rotate leading to a nasty bump but instead goes completely around. He lands on his feet but falls forward and catches himself with a hand on the matt. The Faithful ignite once again as Douglas rises upright slowly and his face grows stern and cold, the rage and anger have given way to a emotionless focus.

DDK:

I don't think Midorikawa releases ... DOUGLAS IS UP!

Angus:

Three ...

MDK turns around, pleased with himself, to find Douglas on his feet. His eyes say flight but his instinct commands fight.

DDK:

Midorikawa charges Douglas! Douglas ducks a lariat!

Angus:

Two ...

The each hit opposite ropes.

DDK:

... on a collision course!

Angus:

THREE!

Douglas and MDK collide with a pair of clotheslines and hook each others neck. The lights cut out with the impact. The Faithful begin an uproariously loud round of boos.

DDK:

... how?

The lights return and the camera crew scrambles to reorient themselves. In the ring Scott Douglas and Midorikawa are shoulder to shoulder, feet facing opposite directions: flat on the matt. Benny Doyle starts the standing ten count.

ONE!**Angus:**

Call it a gentlemen's intuition, Keeps.

DDK:

So much wrong with that one statement, I don't know where to begin ... but it appears we have company!

TWO!

The last remaining masked Reaper (Blue) stands on the stage along side this new mystery woman who was revealed as earlier in the night.

Angus:

Yeah, Keeps. Light go bye-bye, light comes back; Reapers!

DDK:

...

THREE!**Angus:** *[amused with himself]*

Jeepers REAPERS!

The Reaper pair remain on the stage and merely observe as the count continues. Midorikawa is the first to stir.

DDK:

They're just ... standing there.

Angus:

What the actual FUCK!? Another SLOW count and these creepy bastards have CEMENT for BOOTS all of a sudden!?

FOUR!

Douglas begins to show some signs of life as MDK rolls over and looks to be making a move toward vertical.

FIVE!

Angus:

SIX, Doyle! Six COMES *AFTER* FIVE!

Douglas follows suit but seems to be on a five second delay.

SIX!

Midorikawa plants his right foot but falters.

SEVEN!

He recoups but Douglas has caught up.

EIGHT!

Angus:

NINE, TEN! *NINE*, **TEN!**

NIN --

They rise in unison, albeit not fully sure footed. Midorikawa swing wildly at Douglas. Swing and a miss. Douglas returns fire and same result.

DDK:

I'm not sure standing, in this instance was enough to stop the count!

Angus:

FINALLY, Keeps. You get it!

MDK swings again, he manages a closure attempt but Douglas is able to flail an arm out and block it. MDK responds with a kick to the gut and Douglas doubles over. MDK jumps on the chance and shoots Douglas is for the Sub Pop Suplex.

DDK:

I get that this is a nearly YEAR long rivalry that somehow ... *MAY* actually end in fair competition.

Angus:

... Ehh.

DDK:

Midorikawa --

Angus: *[yelling at the Reapers]*

GO! What the hell are you wait for!?

DDK:

... is potentially going to take this one!

MDK lifts the knee and bends his own; ready to lift up Douglas and send him crashing to the matt. MDK rears up ...

DDK:

NO! ... NO!

Angus: *[yelling at the Reapers]*

GO! ... GO!

Douglas stiffens up and blocks the lift.

DDK:

Douglas isn't done yet!

Angus:

What the hell are the even here for?

Douglas raises the knee MDK is holding and drives it into his stomach. MDK loses his grip and Douglas plants his loose foot.

Angus: *[yelling at the Reapers]*

DO SOMETHING!

Douglas reaches for the knee. MDK jerks the leg back to stifles Douglas; keeping it just out of his reach. Douglas uses his free hand and starts pummeling MDK in the ribs. MDK returns fire.

DDK:

This could go either way, folks!

Their grips begin to loosen as their punching have less and less impact.

Angus:

And it could also be a double count out or double knock out ... whatever. Isn't there a time limit on this garbage?

The Faithful begin to rally behind Douglas once again as a chant builds slowly; only to swell into a cacophony.

SUB POP SCOTT!

SUB POP SCOTT!

SUB POP SCOTT!

The pair rear up and the lock becomes tense and rigid again. This time though, Midorikawa hasn't paid close enough attention the placement of his left foot. Scott reaches...

DDK:

He's got him up ...

Angus:

Son of a bitch!

DDK:

Sup Pop Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Faithful pop.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner ... "Sub Pop" SCOTTTTT DOUGGLASSSS!

DDK:

Scott Douglas triumphs over Midorikawa!

Angus: *[toward the Reapers]*

NOW ... ?

The Reapers remain, emotionless and unmoved. In the ring, Douglas rolls off of MDK, who is both emotion and motionless.

DDK:

I think both myself and the DEFIANCE Faithful hope this marks an END to the year of torment Midorikawa has cause Scott Douglas!

Angus:

Ok, fine. Whatever ... wrap it up. **NEXT!**

Douglas pulls himself up by the closest set of ropes and staggers toward MDK. He stands split legged over MDK; much like he has done before.

DDK:

This has to be a move on the mask again, partner! Midorikawa is out cold and the Reapers haven't budged! Douglas might --

Angus:

Disgrace all of Lucha Libre?

Douglas reaches down and pulls MDK up by his mask and starts to unlace it.

Cut to the Reapers, still on the ramp way.

In the ring the laces are completely loose and the mask clearly no longer taught on MDK's head ... Douglas takes pause.

Angus:

Jesus! If you're going to do it ... just **DO IT ALREADY!**

Douglas lets go and MDK's head falls back to the mat. Douglas holds his hands up as if to say he is done with the whole situation. He looks around for a moment as the Faithful continues to cheer in elation. He shakes his head knowingly and swings his leg over Midorikawa's stirring body and heads to the ropes.

DDK:

Douglas ... taking the high road it would seem.

Angus:

The high road that leads right into the hands of the Reapers! I knew it all along. Midi Pokemon was nothing more than the sacrificial pawn!

MDK rolls over as Douglas leave the ring to a continued uproariously jacked crowd.

DDK:

Looks like there is at least some life in Midorikawa.

MDK stammers to his feet but collapses, only thing keeping him from the matt is the ropes. He hangs by his right elbow from the ropes and slowly pulls off the mask with his left. Revealing his bloodied face. He screams at Douglas, no mic.

Midorikawa:

Is this what you wanted, Scotty!? Huh!?

Cut to the Reapers. No Change.

Cut back to over Douglas' shoulder, at the bottom of the ramp as he looks on at MDK.

Midorikawa:

IS *THIS* IT!? Take a good look, Scotty! Reaper mask ... Green River mask ... it **DOESN'T MATTER!** THIS WILL **NEVER END!** You and me, bud! YOU WILL **NEVER BE FREE!**

Cut to backstage.

Lance Warner is watching Scott Douglas and Midorikawa situation unfold on a small monitor. The police officers, who escorted Douglas and Terry Anderson to the arena, stand with him. One sipping a bottled water. Lance, with a handful of papers, points to the screen while tipping the documents toward the officers.

Lance Warner:

I told you this would be worth your while ...

The officers break out and hustle out of frame. One dropping an open bottled water.

Cut back to the DEFarena.

Douglas raises a hand and swipes the air toward MDK in a motion clearly suggesting he is done with the situation. He turns and starts to walk up the ramp. The camera focuses on him from behind as the two police officers, and a few more hustle from the backstage area. Douglas stops momentarily to register their passing and continues on.

Angus:

What the hell!? You just ran right past the REAL criminal!

Cut to the Reapers at the top of the ramp. The Blue eyed one steps forward but the recently unmasked Reaper places a hand on his chest and hinders the movement.

DDK:

I'm not sure what is happening folks but ... it seems like Midorikawa may have some questions to answer with the Orleans Police Department.

The officers hit the ring and attempt to subdue MDK, who has some ... but very little fight left in him. He continues to

scream some of which is picked up via the camera mics and some not so much.

Midorikawa:

She's **DEAD** Scott!

Douglas stops at the top of the ramp. Only a few feet from the Reapers' perch. He glares toward the ring. What can be understood of Midorikawa's rant picks up mid sentence with a cut to a ringside camera; as the police cuff him. He raises his chin as high as he can, chest down, hands behind his back.

Midorikawa:

...is dead! *[laughing]* Courtney is **DEAD**!

One of the police officers attempts to steady the squirming MDK with a forearm to the back of his neck.

Police:

Derrick Allen, you are under arrest for falsifying information and for skipping trial and bond.

MDK ignores them and continues to rant but begins to trail off, sounding defeated in more than one way.

Midorikawa:

She's gone! My sister ... my sister is dead.

Cut back to the Reapers. The unmasked Reaper looks to her counterpart and nods before turning and leaving the ramp for the backstage area. Scott can be seen in the foreground with a battle worn scowl spread across his face.

Cut ... to backstage.

DEFCON 2017: SOHER: IMPULSE Â© vs. BRONSON BOX vs. REAPER PRIME vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS

DDK:

It's been a wild night so far, partner, and we're still just heating up!

Angus:

I get the hyperbole, but if we literally have only one match to go and are just heating up, doesn't that sort of shit on the rest of the night so far?

DDK:

Absolutely not, Angus! This has been an extraordinary night of action so far, but that's all been sauce for the goose when compared to the fight to come! It's been over a year since Codename: Reaper first showed up in DEFIANCE with vague threats about exposing the 'false heroes' in DEFIANCE Wrestling, which quickly transitioned to accusations towards Scott --

Angus:

--The Smashing Dumpkin--

DDK:

Douglas about his role in the death of a mutual friend! However, Reaper quickly turned attention to the Southern Heritage champion Impulse, and even managed to take the SoHER from the Marathon Man for several weeks before being outed as a young girl with an old school grudge!

Angus:

Do you understand it? Because I've hosted every episode of UNCUT since DEFIANCE ROAD and I'm still lost.

DDK:

At the same time, as Bronson Box was reaching the climax of his feud with the FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray --

Angus:

And again, Squidward wasn't the FIST at the time...

DDK:

He won it the same night, Angus.

Angus:

There was something fishy about that match.

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

DDK:

... How long have you been waiting to make that joke?

Angus:

Longer than I'm comfortable admitting.

DDK:

... At the same time, Bronson Box was finally defeated by Cayle Murray, and after making an ill - timed joke, he reacted by punching out Impulse's valet, Calico Rose. Kelly Evans has been all over this situation for weeks and she finally put these wrestlers against each other with the SoHER on the line, so they could get all of their aggression out in one fell

swoop.

Angus:

While this should be a fast paced, exciting match... nothing's gonna be solved here.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is a FATAL FOUR WAY MATCH, scheduled for one fall! There are no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit... and it is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Huge pop from the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪"Cannonball" - SIRSY♪

The fans rise to their feet, cheering for the imminent arrival of the Champion.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by...

He looks through his notes.

Darren Quimbey:

...By Calico Rose...

DDK:

That's a surprise.

Angus:

Serious fight, serious intro.

Darren Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... The DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... THIS... IS... IMPULSE!

At that moment, Impulse steps through the curtain with a look of pure determination on his face. He stops at the top of the entryway and looks at the fans and soaks in their cheers.

Behind him, Cally steps through and takes a somewhat exaggerated bow. They join hands and head for the ring, high fiving a few fans near the guardrail.

Angus:

It's so... disconcerting... seeing these two be serious. I mean, Impulse is as serious as Hollywood McFuckass' ineptitude, but Cally is typically as serious... as McFuckass' acting career.

DDK:

You've seen Mikey Unlikely's movies?

Angus:

...No...

Upon entering the ring, Impulse does not showboat or play to the fans - he removes his jacket and hands it to a ring attendant; he removes his 'I Support The Wrestling Revolucion' T-shirt and does the same... and hands the title belt over to referee Hector Navarro.

No frills or extras.

DDK:

He looks ready, Angus!

Angus:

He's gonna have to be, for this one.

DDK:

The Southern Heritage Champion looking more serious than I've ever seen him!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" - Green River ♪

Douglas takes the stage to a resounding pop from The Faithful.

DDK:

Speaking of serious ...

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSS!

Rather than pause for effect or fanfare, he never breaks stride and heads straight for the ring. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, long cut offs and scuffed boots.

Angus:

... serious pain in the ass.

Douglas pulls himself up to the ring apron and holds for a split second. In that fleeting moment, he looks back over his shoulder at the roaring crowd of the Lakefront arena, just before ducking between the ropes.

DDK:

Fun fact, this is Scott Douglas' first DEFCON! He was a guest at last year's event and joined the company in the days following!

In the ring, Scott approaches the SoHer Champion.

Angus:

There isn't one thing fun about that fact, Keebs. Banging your head against the wall burns one hundred and fifty calories an hour. Now ... THAT is a fun fact.

Impulse, seeing Douglas' approach, meets him in the middle.

DDK:

Debatable, but some may say that is EXACTLY what Scott Douglas has done since arriving here in DEFIANCE.

The pair meet in the middle and with some inaudible words exchanged shake hands accompanied by a understanding nod.

Angus:

You always have to bring it back to this GORRAM --

DDK:

Match? Yeah, part of the job, partner.

♪"God's Gonna Cut You Down..."♪

The mood suddenly shifts; the cheers lower because of his actions and his opponents, but there's far too much respect for the WARGOD in this building to ever outright boo him.

Darren Quimbey:

Our third competitor in this match... from Banff, Scotland... weighing in at two hundred twenty four pounds...

Angus:

THE HOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Darren Quimbey:

The ORIGINAL DEFIANT... 'THE WARGOD' BRONSONNNNNNNN... BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!!!

As Box emerges from the backstage, he has a look of contempt on his face for the two athletes currently in the ring, and he approaches them, arms outstretched, walking at his own leisurely pace.

DDK:

He's one of the pillars of this company, Angus... as talented as his opponents are - with Impulse and Scott Douglas' ring tenure so far, both here and elsewhere, and with Reaper's manic energy - I think this man is the odds-on favorite to win this match.

Angus:

That's a bit of a hedged bet, Keeps... Bronson Box is the odds-on favorite to win all of the matches. Even the ones he's not in.

Wise enough to recognize that Impulse and Douglas are friendly with each other, Box enters the ring cautiously but confidently - and he keeps his distance.

♪ "Big Bad Wolf" - In this Moment ♪

As the music plays for a few seconds, Reaper Prime slowly makes her way through the curtains, standing at the top of the ramp her arms are extended out, staring at the ring and the opponents she is about to face.

Shrouded in darkness only illuminated by a red glowing spotlight she stares with dead eyes at the ring and her competitors in it.

Darren Quimbey:

And the final competitor..... hailing from... Parts Unknown! Weighing in at 224 pounds This is.... REAPER PRIMMEEEE!!!

DDK:

Reaper enters the ring -

Angus:

It's about time!

DDK:

Bronson Box seems to think so as well! Fist to the face! Reaper is rocked!

Navarro calls for the bell as Box continues to pound on Reaper! Impulse and Douglas look at each other with a simultaneous shrug before they collectively swarm Box.

DING DING

DDK:

A little bit of teamwork here in the opening minutes. Impulse and Scott Douglas attempting to neutralize Bronson Box.

Angus:

Yeah, let's see how long *that* lasts.

Impulse and Douglas' attack on Box turns his attention away from Reaper Prime allowing her to slink back into the corner to recover. Box attempts to fire back but is overcome by the numbers and finds himself in the ropes. Hector steps into warn Douglas and Impulse, either of the ropes or the fists. Either way, with a quick glance and even quicker understanding the pair lean into Box and irish whip him across the ring.

Box hits the opposite ropes and returns.

DDK:

Double clothesline as the team work continues!

Angus:

I give it five more minutes, tops.

Impulse scoops Box, and a hard slam puts the WARGOD back to the mat - Reaper with a double axe handle from behind! Scott Douglas with a kick to the midsection and a DDT on Reaper! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Bronson Box breaks it up! Box scoops Douglas, and a modified chokeslam! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Impulse breaks it up!

DDK:

Impulse pulls Box off Scott Douglas, and twists his arm into a hammerlock!

Angus:

Aaaaaany minute now...

DDK:

Reaper on the attack now!

Reaper Prime grabs the recovering Scott Douglas from behind and plants him face first with a front face Russian Leg Sweep.

Angus:

The Russian Leg Sweeps! YAAASSSS!

Meanwhile, Bronson Box has twisted out of Impulse's hammerlock and applied one of his own. Impulse slaps his pinned shoulder as he tries to find the footing that will give him the best option.

DDK:

Box has the Champion in trouble here!

Angus: [excited]

Nevermind that! This Reaper broad is wailing away on Seattle's Bastard Son in the corner!

Reaper Prime kicks and screams at and on Douglas in the corner as Hector attempts to call her off.

Impulse, still held tight in a Hammerlock, drops down forcing the stout Bronson Box to double over. The Marathon Man reaches up, with his free hand, for Box's neck.

DDK:

Snapmare ... no -- Box bares down!

Box lifts Impulse, still in hammerlock and grasping Box's neck, up and drives him down.

DDK:

Atomic Drop!

The impact causes Box to let loose of the hammerlock as Impulse springs from his feet and stagger forward.

Angus:

Tailbone torture!

Impulse catches himself with his right arm flung over the top rope as Box stalks toward him.

DDK:

If Bronson Box has shown us anything, partner ... it's that the torture has just begun!

As Box reaches for Impulse, Reaper Prime is already pulling a punch drunk Douglas from the corner.

Angus:

Lotta good that team work nonsense did them!

Reaper Prime, swinging behind Douglas, drops him face first into the turnbuckle with a drop toe hold. Across the ring Box lights up the champion with furious European Uppercuts.

DDK:

Reaper Prime going for the cover!

ONE ..

Box's attention is instantly stolen away as he charges Reaper Prime with a heavy boot to the back of the head, breaking up the pinfall attempt!

DDK:

Nearly a two count! Bronson Box won't sit idly by and have this match end quite that quickly!

Impulse, stunned but unrelenting, approaches Box, who immediately grabs him and tosses him out of the ring. Reaper is back on her feet screaming at Box. He pays her no mind, punching her in the gut and tossing her to the outside as well.

DDK:

Bronson Box is clearing the ring!

Angus:

You forgot one, Boxer! If your gonna take out the trash always start with the most rancid.

DDK:

Douglas is up! He and Box are the only two still in the ring!

Douglas is back on his feet and turns towards Bronson Box. Box says something incoherent before charging at Douglas and leveling him to the mat with a heavy hitting clothesline!

Angus: [laughing]

Douglas is down!

Reaper Prime and Impulse are both on their feet staring at one another outside of the ring. Impulse moves towards her but she quickly backs away.

DDK:

Impulse makes chase!

Angus:

Reaper Prime is gonna test out that Marathon Man title.

On the other side of the ring she stops abruptly, reaching down and pulling out a chair from under the ring. Impulse notices this and immediately stops the chase, opting to enter in the ring.

DDK:

Scott Douglas finds himself on the wrong end of a hanging vertical suplex!

Angus:

I've never exactly seen eye to eye with Box but if he would just end this twerp here tonight ...

DDK:

Angus? ... Angus?

Angus:

Huh? Oh yeah, sorry. I drifted off to a better place for a moment.

Box doesn't see the returning Impulse and is met with a huge forearm smash against the back of his head as he leans down to pick Douglas back up.

Douglas is on his back, Box is doubled over but now down. Impulse has his sights set on the ACE of DEFIANCE. Reaper Prime slides back into the ring, slapping the chair on the mat to get the champs attention.

Angus:

SoHer come out to play-ay...

Impulse pays no mind to the loud clanging and grabs the stunned Box. This infuriates Prime. She charges at him swinging the chair wildly!

DDK:

The Warriors? Really?

Impulse telegraphs it and ducks out the way leaving Box to take the brunt of the shot. He falls to the mat nearly on top of Douglas.

DDK:

OH! Huge chair shot from Reaper Prime!

Angus:

Don't you disparage the seminal work of Walter Hill, Keeps.

DDK:

Reaper Prime has always been a little mad but this ...

Prime cackles maniacally swinging the chair around wildly. Impulse keeps his distance while looking hole to shoot in.

Angus:

This is awesome.

Douglas is climbing to his feet, using the ropes to support himself. He catches the commotion of Reaper Prime, and screams to her grabbing her attention. She spins around staring at him while Impulse slowly approaches with caution, she goes to swing the chair at Douglas but Impulse grabs it from her mid-swing.

Seizing the opportunity, Douglas rushes the distracted Reaper and tackles her to the ground, laying in some heavy blows to the stomach and face area while Impulse tosses the chair out of the ring.

Angus:

See! Too serious ... we were all having fun and here comes old deadpan Dan.

DDK:

Nothing wrong with fair competition, partner. Impulse back on Bronson Box now.

Impulse moves to a recuperating Bronson Box, picking him up and pulling him to stand face to face, he hooks him in an arm bar and drags him to the corner turnbuckle to separate themselves from the brawling of Douglas and Reaper.

Angus:

Listen to that statement. Fair competition, Bronson Box ... This ends in broken bones and bloodshed, Keeps. Don't kid yourself.

Douglas has Reaper Prime on her feet now and she blocks a grapple attempt from him, using her speed, she bounces off the ropes, slides under the down to the mat and comes at Douglas with a swift kick to the groin area, it immediately doubles him over.

Angus:

She just turned down his bass!

DDK:

Reaper Prime following with a vicious uppercut!

The impact stands Douglas back upright.

Angus:

Get it, Keeps? Turned down his bass? He's got a little more treble now if you know what I mean.

Impulse working over Box in one corner while, Reaper climbs to the second rope facing the crowd she outstretches her arms, screams something inaudible and the Faithful let's out a loud gasp after what she connects.

DDK:

OH my!

Moonsaulting through the air, she catches Douglas' neck mid-flight, and in one fluid motion nails him with a heavy impacting reverse DDT! The crowd on Impulse's side of the ring quickly start screaming for him to look as Prime hooks the leg for the completely knocked out Douglas ...

ONE...

TWO...

THRNOOO!

DDK:

Impulse makes a last second diving save! Breaking the count!

Prime is in utter shock and screams to Navarro, insistent that she had the three count!

Standing ready for her attack, Impulse doesn't see the recovering Box coming towards him, but is immediately impacted with a huge chop to the neck, he spins Impulse around, kicks him in the gut -- hooks him ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!! From ... Box?

The champion is flat on his back and Bronson Box sees this as an opportunity to get the victory, he hooks the leg...

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!!

DDK:

Reaper Prime this time with the save! She kicks Box in the back of the head, breaking up the pinfall, but after that chair shot - you have to wonder; if Box is still all there?

Angus:

Chair shots or not, that's a common concern.

Reaper:

He HASN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH!!

Box:

You Fookin' Twat!

The exchange of words is followed by Box attempting a hard slap to the face of Prime which she ducks. Douglas is nearly back to his feet with a hand on the ropes and the other on his forehead.

DDK:

Prime back out to the floor. I suppose the concern of sanity would apply to her as well.

Outside, she is grabbing a chair from under the ring, she tosses it inside. Not stopping there she grabs another chair and tosses it in.

The clang of the chairs turn Douglas' wavering attention to her on the floor. She smiles at Douglas while she leans down and starts yanking out something much larger.

DDK:

What is she up to?

Angus:

I don't know but ... this is about to get good!

She produces a ladder, Box looks at her from inside the ring shaking his head while he grabs a chair. Douglas quickly

takes stock - a pair of the criminally insane, foreign objects and a downed champion. He scrambles for a chair as well. With Impulse at his back, Douglas is on high alert and has no clue from which side or which attacker it'll come from.

DDK:

This is not looking good for Scott Douglas.

Angus:

Looks great to me!

Standing the ladder up on the outside of the ring, Prime tilts it over against the ropes and starts shoving it into the ring. Impulse begins to pull himself up and find out the pickle he and Douglas are in.

DDK:

Box is biding his time here, carefully picking his spot.

Reaper Prime hops to her feet calling over Bronson, who looks at her like she is a crazy wench. He doesn't get near her so instead she screams at him.

Reaper Prime:

NOW!!!!

With a flash of action, like something never seen before, Box goes charging at Impulse and Douglas with his chair raised high, Reaper ascends a corner turnbuckle and in another split second is launching herself across the ring with a one legged missile drop kick. The kick connects with a blocking Impulse, while Douglas and Box's chairs clang in mid air!

DDK:

Impulse and Douglas, block! But the champ is down!

Followed by two more clangs, Douglas and Box attempt some chair swings, but each is blocked by the other.

Angus:

What is this a sword fight? Smash someone's skull!

Impulse, meanwhile not getting the full impact of Reaper's move is getting back to his feet from the corner, while Reaper has rolled herself to the outside to recover.

DDK:

OH! Bronson Box is had a enough and just throws that chair at Douglas!

Box turns and picks up the ladder. Spinning around to face the pair he lets out a furious yell as he charges at them with the ladder being used as a shield in front of him. Douglas is quick to react and dives out of the ring, Impulse is not so lucky as Reaper has wormed her way to him and holds his leg in place preventing him from escaping.

DDK:

My god! Box just crushed Impulse with that ladder!

Angus:

You see what that coward Douglas did right? Head for the hills!

The crunch is deafening in the arena as Impulse is caught between a ladder the turnbuckles. The SoHER champion falls to the mat in pain while Box smiles at him writhing in pain. He lifts the ladder over his head, spins it around and brings the top of it crashing down ...

DDK:

No! This is - OH! This is out of hand!

... Impulse's skull.

Reaper Prime is extremely pleased as she is clapping on the outside for the hits to continue and Box is in agreeance. Box cocks the ladder back up but Douglas puts an immediate stop to that. Yanking the ladder from Box's grasp and it drops in the center of the ring.

Bronson spins around seething at Scott Douglas, yelling at him and pointing a finger back to Impulse. Douglas ignores the argument and moves forward.

DDK:

Box and Douglas lock up!

Box pushes Douglas to the opposite corner of the knocked out Impulse.

Angus:

Look out for this one. Sneaky, sneaky.

Reaper Prime slides into the ring and while unhindered sees a perfect opportunity to set the ladder up in the middle of the ring. Douglas has turned the tide of the grapple fest in the corner and now has Box pinned down with knees and forearms to the midsection and face.

Within a few seconds the ladder is open and standing near the unoccupied corner of the ring, with a devilish grin on her face she stalks her prey,

DDK:

Reaper Prime clearly has some terrible intentions with that ladder ... and she seems pretty focused on the champion!

Box and Douglas have spilled their fight to the outside. Box with the upper hand is in a blood rage slamming Douglas around.

Impulse groggily pulls himself up but is quickly met with a flying dropkick to the groin area. Defeated he slumps back into the corner and that hit draws the ire of Calico, who is slapping the mat for Impulse to get up.

Reaper Prime: [to Calico]

I'm going to destroy him in front of you! Remember that!!

Picking him up she hooks him and executes a HARD IMPACT DDT.

Reaper Prime:

THAT WAS FOR JASON!

A small chant of who the fuck is Jason starts while on the outside Bronson Box is educating Seattle's Favorite Son about the dimensions of the ring post, followed by a crushing thud into the steel steps on the outside of the ring.

The chant is quickly drowned out by a loud chorus of boos and intermixed with yelling to get up as Reaper Prime ascends the ladder, quickly moving up to the top to capitalize on Impulse who is flat on his back near the center of the ring. She gets to the top scans the crowd, outstretches her arms...

DDK:

This won't be good!

She jumps.

DDK:

SOMERSAULT LEG DROP FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDER!!!

Angus:

Holy shit! I guess if you're gonna flippy do, don't fuck around!

The impact hits Impulse directly in the neck and face.

DDK:

I think Prime felt as much of that impact as Impulse!

Prime writhes in pain, holding her leg and buttocks area. Box watched the highlight reel move happen on the outside, but paid only enough attention to see if a pin fall attempt was to be had.

When it didn't he turned his focus back to Douglas who was ready for him. Turning the tide on an overshot grapple attempt, Douglas moved out of his way pushing the Monster away from him. Box turned around quickly. Douglas wasn't as quick.

DDK:

Box lays out Scott Douglas with a brutal uppercut!

In the ring, Reaper crawls her way finally to make a pinfall attempt... just a single arm over the chest of the champion...

ONE...

TWO...

THREENO!

DDK:

Impulse kicks! Impulse kicks!

At the last conceivable second Impulse kicks out of the pin attempt. The Faithful can't believe it, Reaper can't believe it.

DDK:

Impulse is still stunned! Scott Douglas is stunned!

Angus:

I'm not stunned, this is what they get when they think they can be friends for an entire free for all!

The fans are on their feet, cheering in time with Cally's palm slapping the mat! Reaper whips Impulse into the corner while Bronson Box lifts Scott Douglas and sets him up! Navarro looks back and forth between the two sets of warring athletes, evidently trying to decide where his priority is.

DDK:

REAPER WITH THE CROWN OF THORNS! BRONSON BOX WITH THE BOMBASTO BOMB!

Angus:

AND IT DOESN'T WORK!

It happens so quickly that we need a replay just to sort it out. As Reaper Prime comes off the corner to hook Impulse in the Crown of Thorns, he manages to catch her, use her momentum to spin around, and flip her into the opposite corner... where Bronson Box is a split second away from dropping Scott Douglas across the opposite corner. Box, unprepared for the assault, is shoved forward, sliding Douglas into a sitting position on the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

Reaper hits the mat hard, and Impulse is on his knees, I don't think he can follow up!

Angus:

Too bad for him, this is where the alliance crumbles! Snotty Dee's the only one who looks ready for action!

Scott Douglas takes a half second to take stock of the situation, then he reaches down! He pulls Bronson Box up with sheer force of will, and falls forward with a superbomb to a standing pop! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Angus:

You can't stop the WARGOD with a GORRAM powerbomb!

Impulse and Douglas look at each other and nod, as Douglas scoops Bronson Box and sends him into the ropes... Impulse with a drop toe hold on the rebound - Reaper Prime with a forearm to Douglas' face! Reaper glares at Impulse, but she returns her attention to the downed Scott Douglas!

DDK:

Reaper with a scoop, and a whip into the ropes... Douglas reverses!

Angus:

And Impulse grabs Box by the wrist, this is gonna be another mexican standoff!

The fans buzz with excitement as Impulse clamps down on the Wargod with his double wristlock, 'The Message,' and Scott Douglas fires a kick at Reaper Prime's face!

And the excitement turns to tension as Reaper drops to her knees on the rebound and fires a fist square into Douglas' crotch!

The change in energy catches everyone's attention, including Impulse. As Reaper grabs Douglas by the hair and back of the waist and sends him face first into the ladder, Impulse's grip changes.

The change in grip is just enough for Bronson Box to force his way up and crossface Impulse with his free hand! The hold breaks, but Box holds his previously trapped arm in pain.

DDK:

Did you hear that crack?

Angus:

Any experienced wrestler would know how dangerous that double wristlock is, even if it's not applied right. Box might've just bruised a bone - or worse.

As expected, Bronson Box - outside of the initial grunt of pain - completely ignores any damage that may have been inflicted. He hooks the stunned Impulse around the neck and lifts him up and over, dropping him on his neck and shoulders and back of the head right on that downed chair!

DDK:

Reaper is... just watching?

Angus:

She's so creepy.

DDK:

This doesn't make any sense, Angus. Bronson Box is focused on Impulse, and Scott Douglas is barely hanging onto the middle ropes! Reaper could win this!

Angus:

I'm so confused...

While Reaper stalks behind both Impulse and Bronson Box - the latter pulls the Champion to the middle of the ring and turns him over!

DDK:

THE BOSTON MASSACRE! Impulse is locked in! This is it, fans - we're going to see a new Southern Heritage Champion! This is the hold that's given Bronson Box multiple wins over the current FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray - and I don't see a way out!

Angus:

WHY IS REAPER NOT ATTACKING?!?

In the ring, even as Hector Navarro is on one side, asking Impulse if he wants to give it up, Reaper crouches down on the other, smiling into his face.

Reaper Prime:

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS, IMPULSE... YOU FALL, LIKE THE FALSE HERO YOU ARE!

Bronson Box:

Get the FOOK outta my face, ya twat!

DDK:

Impulse is turning bright red! It's gotta be murder on his neck, back, and shoulders!

Reaper Prime:

Your time is up!

The fans have begun to chant for Impulse in line with Cally's hand slapping on the mat. She paces outside the ring anxiously, hoping for some sort of change in fortune.

Reaper Prime:

GIVE UP!

Bronson Box:

Seriously, love... FOOK OFF!

DDK:

Bronson Box is quickly losing his temper!

Angus:

He's in a perpetual state of pissed off, Keeps... this could be where it all falls apart.

DDK:

All he has to do is hold on! Reaper appears more interested in screaming in Impulse's face than she does breaking up the hold, so Box has nothing between him and the Championship!

Navarro lifts Impulse's arm, but it stays up - he's still conscious. Box pulls back even harder and Impulse grits his teeth

as his eyes close - however, his arm is still up!

Reaper Prime:

FOLD, YOU PHONY!

DDK:

Is Impulse... smirking?

The fans light up in excitement as Reaper gets inches from Impulse's face.

Bronson Box:

For the last time, FOOK OFF!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS FROM BEHIND!

Angus:

Sub Plop can't do this!!

Impulse's smirk finally makes sense: Scott Douglas has crawled back into the ring and pulled himself up behind Reaper. Douglas keeps himself out of Bronson Box's line of sight as he stalks towards her, spins her around...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

This draws Hector Navarro's attention away from Box and Impulse, and the WARGOD starts to get up - but he hesitates - and Impulse slides out of his grip!

Angus:

Eeeeew...

A closer look on replay show Impulse 'popping' his shoulder and sliding between Box's grip! He hooks Box by the foot and holds him in an anklelock as Navarro slides down next to Reaper and Douglas!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

IT'S NOT FAIR!

The moment the bell rings, Impulse loses his grip on Box's foot and he backs off, popping his shoulder back into the socket. Box stops short of Douglas and Reaper, as Navarro raises Scott Douglas' hand in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... **AND NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...**

Angus:

The Slackion! Are we gonna see the title belt reupholstered in flannel?

Darren Quimbey:

'SUB POP' SCOTT DOUGLAS!!!

Cally retrieves the title belt from the timekeeper's table and hands it through the ropes to the new Champion; he takes it and looks at it, almost unbelievably - before he holds it up high. Box kicks the bottom rope in frustration as he leaves the ring angrily, shouting and cursing all the way.

Reaper finally regains her senses and looks around, almost in disbelief. Her gaze moves from Scott Douglas, the new Champion with his belt, and around to Impulse, the former Champion on the outside of the ring.

Impulse looks at her, points at his eyes, then points at her. Reaper's face twists from confusion and disappointment into full blown rage.

DDK:

What a way to cap off DEFCON night one! We've got a new Southern Heritage Champion, and it's Scott Douglas!

Angus:

A dark day for DEFIANCE, indeed! What's next, Nu-Metal Numbnuts?

DDK:

Will lightning strike again? Tomorrow night, Cayle Murray will defend his FIST against both Kendrix and Mushigihara! And we're out of time!

We fade back, with two images lingering. Impulse and Reaper, staring at each other; Reaper with anger and Impulse with satisfaction.

More significantly, Scott Douglas has jumped into the crowd with the belt to celebrate with his people.

Even more significantly...

THIS IS DEFIANCE

ACTS of DEFIANCE 2018: DEFIANCE SOHER & WrestleUTA HOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS Â© vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY Â©

We cut to the arena. Inside the ring Benny Doyle stands waiting for the combatants. A large hook hangs from the ceiling and dangles towards the center of the ring. The referee has a hold of it, ready to affix the championship titles to it. A number of ladders are scattered around the ringside area.

DDK:

Well folks, moments ago we learned, along with Scott Douglas that the chosen stipulation for this match is that it will be contested under Ladder match rules. What does that mean for Douglas; who is going into this blind? It means No Disqualifications, it means the match cannot be ended by pinfall or submission. The match will only end when one man climbs the ladder and retrieves BOTH the WrestleUTA HOHER and the DEFIANCE SOHER!

Angus:

It means the lead singer of the Spinning Neckbreakers, has to change his entire gameplan. He knew something was coming, but a ladder match is certainly an extreme choice, Keeps. I hate to say it but without time to prepare for this, McFuckBoi might hold a significant advantage.

DDK:

That he does partner, and of course *HE* designed it that way. He *knew* Scott would do whatever it took to get to him, and then proceeded to manipulate Douglas in a way only Mikey Unlikely can. Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentleman, the following matchup is a LADDER MATCH, and is for both the WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Championship, and the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship! Coming to the ring first...

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The red carpet unfurls from the entrance way and rolls towards the ring. The lights die down as the fans began to jeer one of the most despised in all of DEFIANCE. Mikey steps through the curtain. He wears his normal ring gear which has a brand new Mikey Money logo on it. Mikey also wears his signature Aviators, a grey bubble vest, and his new Hollywood Heritage Championship.

Darren Quimbey:

He is the "Self Proclaimed" WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Champion, The Owner of WrestleUTA, and The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer.... MIKEY UNLIKELYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

Mikey cuts through the boos and walks straight down to the ring. He gets in slowly, looking at all the ladders thrown about. He eyes up a few specifically before looking to the hook where the referee waits for his title. Mikey steps in, alone, and walks to the middle of the ring. He unstraps his title and warns the referee not to scratch the brand new championship..

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

As the low guitar swell rises, the camera swoops in toward the entrance way, angling up to avoid the red carpet still in place. The drum beat drops and is quickly followed by droning vocals cueing Scott Douglas to emerge from behind the curtain. His hair dripping and covering most of his low bearded face. Drops land on his leather jacketed shoulder and roll down as the camera pans to the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship, firmly strapped around his waist.

Darren Quimbey:

... the DEFIANCE Southern HERITAGE CHAMPION ... Seattle's Favorite Son ... "SUB POP"

SCOTTTTTT DOOUGGLASSSS!

Douglas takes his mark at the center of the stage just before the rampway decline begins, flinging his hair back out of his face. He looks around and soaks in the Faithfuls admiration for a moment as the grunge theme plays on.

Reaching behind and unlatching the title from his waist, he raises it to an added pop from the paying audience before placing it over his shoulder and heading toward the ring. The man of people amongst who embraced the crowd only weeks before when reclaiming his title is no more. There is no time for hand slaps or signage as he makes a deliberate walk across Mikey's leftover red carpet.

Douglas pauses on the ring steps for a moment taking stock of the ladders around ring side and Mikey's current position before entering and handing over the title to Benny Doyle.

DDK:

What an interesting matchup this is! Scott Douglas is a championed grappler and a very smart technician. However; where Mikey Unlikely lacks in ring skills, he's proved time and time again, his intelligence and gameplan building are just as effective, as he's left countless DEFIANCE matches victorious... Including, the second longest SOHER run, DEF has ever seen.

With Douglas already nearby, Doyle calls for Mikey to join the pair in the center of the ring. A camera operator joins the conclave. Doyle adds the SoHer to the hook and latches it to it self. He addresses the competitors with boths hands firmly on the hook as the titles hang.

Benny Doyle:

Scott ... Mikey ... This is no disqualification ...

Doyle turns his head back and forth to Douglas and Mikey Unlikely as the pair stare holes into one another.

Benny Doyle:

No pinfall. No submission ...

Doyle holds for a second, unsure if either man is listening at all. The silent intensity builds between the SoHer and the HoHer.

Benny Doyle:

The first man to retrieve BOTH the Southern Heritage Championship belt AND the Hollywood Heritage Champion -

Mikey breaks from the intense stare down and jerks his attention toward Benny Doyle.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's the WresteUTA Hollywood Heritage, Stripes!

Benny Doyle:

... AND the WresteUTA Hollywood Heritage Championship will be declared the winner. Understood?

Doyle turns to Douglas, who simply grunts.

Doyle turns to Unlikely, who imitates Douglas' grunt.

Doyle looks to the hard camera and nods, giving the signal for the titles to be raised. The titles ascend as the production cuts to a wide shot of the arena. Doyle and the camera operator exit the ring as the HoHer and the SoHer slowly back away from one another, toward their respective corners.

DDK:

As the Southern and Hollywood Heritage titles rise slowly toward the rafters, we prepare ourselves for - dare I say ... a

defining moment for DEFIANCE in this WAR against Mikey Unlikely and his WrestleUTA contingent.

Angus:

Douglas Houser MD said he was going to cut the McHead off of the Fuckass snake. I pray for once in his life he'll actually come through.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

And there is the bell!

Unlikely and Douglas exit their corners and slowly approach the center of the ring.

DDK:

Mikey pointing up to those belts but Douglas remains steadfast --

Angus:

... In what he **MUST** think is a staring contest! HIT HIM!

The HoHer follows up his taunting point by getting nearly chest to chest with Douglas and jaw jacking the DEFIANCE champion. The content of this furious tongue lashing is completely inaudible to the broadcast audience.

Angus:

GORRAM HIT HIM!

Douglas has heard enough and parts his lips to respond but Mikey delivers a knee to the gut mid sentence.

Angus:

That is *NOT* what I meant!

Douglas is stunned and Mikey begins laying in the punches and kicks.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely, with a solid advantage to kick things off. He already has Scott Douglas reeling!

Mikey continues to lay them in, working the body as Douglas finds himself against the ropes opposite the hard camera. The HoHer leans in and sends Douglas to the other side.

DDK:

Irish whip from Mikey Unlikely. NO!

Douglas reverses the attempt; sending Unlikely into the ropes and on the return Douglas meets the self appointed champion head on.

DDK:

Flying forearm smash from Douglas!

Mikey hits the matt but pops back up instantly. With his hand on his face, he can't seem to find his footing as rapidly as he got up. The Owner of WrestleUTA stammers toward the neutral corner as Douglas follows. Mikey tries to bow between the ropes but Douglas grabs him by the head. Mikey, frantically looks toward Benny Doyle at ringside, waiting for the five count that would normally save him in this instance but he is quickly reminded ... this is a ladder match.

Douglas pulls the opposing champion back into the ring but Mikey uses the opportunity to fire an elbow into Scott's midsection. Scott loses his grip of Unlikely and stumbles back a step. He regains his composure and steps back toward Mikey as the HoHer stands up straight just in time to thumb Sub Pop in the eye. He then drops to his knees

and low blows the SOHER blatantly.

Angus:

What that hell was that?

DDK:

Perfectly legal, unfortunately. Unlikely is no stranger to the more dastardly approach to professional wrestling. A reality that I'm sure affected his choice of match, here tonight.

Douglas stumbles away from the strike, selling his groin area. Mikey takes a moment to soak in the negative response from the DEFIANCE Faithful. He is all smiles until the paying crowd begins to chant.

YOU CAN'T WRESTLE! Clapclap clapclapclap

YOU CAN'T WRESTLE! Clapclap clapclapclap

YOU CAN'T WRESTLE! Clapclap clapclapclap

Mikey shouts and begins to seethe as his insistence they stop goes unheard. His anger turns to spite as Douglas attempts to find his composure, and the look in the HoHer's eye says "I'll show you." Mikey heads toward Douglas and leaps at the recovering DEFIANT, knees first.

DDK:

Lung Blower alre....wait!

Douglas catches Mikey then drops him to the mat, and immediately hits the ropes. He comes back on the rebound and catches Mikey with a wicked shining wizard.

Angus:

FUCK YEA! There we go! Did you see his head bounce? Can we see that again?

The screen splits into two, on the right is the live feed of Douglas getting back up. On the right we see, in super slow motion, the knee of Douglas bounce off the face of Mikey Unlikely multiple times. You can nearly hear the smile in Angus' voice.

Angus:

We really have the best production team... Always on top of things!

Douglas looks out to the ladders that surround the ring, but thinks better of heading for them just yet. He pulls Mikey to his feet, who is already trying to get there himself. Douglas has Mikey by the short pointy hair on his head but as Mikey rises up Douglas is caught by surprise and the HoHer shakes off his hold.

He hits Douglas with a quick forearm to the face before swinging harder a second time. The second volley, Douglas ducks and grabs Mikey as he spins and lays out with a backdrop suplex. Mikey clutches the back of his head after connecting with the mat.

DDK:

Douglas takes what seems to be a firm advantage. He waits for Mikey to sit up and Douglas with the basement dropkick!

Scott hops right back up and finally decides it's time.

Angus:

Scot McGee is headed for the ladders!

Indeed, it's true. Douglas rolls out of the ring, finds a big ladder that he likes, and folds it closed. He clutches it at his side and starts to turn towards the ring. That's where he finds Mikey poised and ready on the ring apron. Douglas turns

and Mikey is already in the air with a cross body block. Douglas goes down hard, the ladder clangs loudly off the concrete floor, Mikey's knees land on the ladder and he bounces around hurt a bit. The crowd lets out an audible "oohhh".

DDK:

Mikey saw that ladder coming his way and wanted to take it out before Douglas could use it! In the process he may have hurt himself!

Angus:

One can only hope!

Unlikely writhes in pain before getting up gingerly using the guardrail for assistance. Douglas is on his hands and knees next to the ladder. Scooped up by the head, Douglas offers little resistance after the big move. Mikey takes the opportunity to whip him into the ring steps.

DDK:

What impact! Did you hear the back of Scott's head hit those steps?

Angus:

You sure that was his head hitting the steps? Or the contents rattling around in there?

Reaching now under the ring, Mikey brings out a steel chair. He lifts it high into the air and brings it down with a vengeance across the back of Scott Douglas. Douglas rolls away from the stairs in pain, but he doesn't have much room to move before Mikey brings it down on him again.

Mikey Unlikely:

You wanna take my title? Embarrass me? You little pissant!

Mikey strikes a third time with the chair before slamming it onto the ground in frustration. Douglas arches his back now, clearly in a lot of pain. Mikey starts a back and forth verbal exchange with a fan in the front row.

Angus:

This right here... is why McFuckBoi will never win this war! He's ALWAYS concerned with public perception! I hope it costs him this match, and more so I hope it costs him this battle and his title!

DDK:

I would have to agree, partner. Douglas may not be in the best position currently but - this is hardly the man you want to underestimate.

Angus:

No shit, he takes ass whoopin's like it's his job.

DDK:

It ... sort of is ...

After Mikey decides he got the better of the exchange he starts going for Douglas again. Unfortunately for Mikey; Douglas has had a chance to regain his bearings and as Mikey goes to lift him, Douglas grabs Mikey's tights and pulls him down to the ground, in the process bouncing his face off the ring apron.

DDK:

Referee, Benny Doyle checking on the competitors and it looks like ... yes, he deems the match can continue.

Angus:

You GORRAM right it can! The lead singer of the Russian Leg Sweeps here promised us the GORRAM HEAD of the SNAKE! I plan to hold him to it!

Both men slowly get up, one using the ring, the other the barricade and both start swinging at the same time. Finally, Mikey ducks one of the blows and just like in the beginning of the match...

DDK:

Mikey delivering a BIG knee to the gut of Douglas!

Mikey rolls Scott back into the ring.

DDK:

...and looks to have his eyes sat on a ladder!

Mikey smiles and points to the tall ladder. The fans boo back in response. With a nod, he picks up the ladder and turns it around. He lifts it up and gets one end on the ring apron so he can slide it underneath the ropes.

Douglas is ready for him and come sprinting across the ring.

DDK:

Baseball slide from Scott Douglas!

Douglas sends the ladder into Mikey's chest. Unlikely goes down hard on the outside and the ladder lands on top of him.

DDK:

What an impact!

Angus:

That, Keeps ... That was like GORRAM Christmas!

In the ring, Douglas looks very excited, he looks to the turnbuckle and the fans around the arena start getting to their feet as he climbs up. He faces away from Mikey, but looks back, lining up the shot, then he leaps...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

With a crash of steel on flesh; Douglas lands a beautiful Moonsault from the top rope to the arena floor, on top of the ladder that Mikey sits under. The arena explodes.

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

DDK:

Both men are down!

Angus:

Correction, One man is down, one bitchy little twit is down as well!

It takes several minutes for either of the guys to move. Finally, Scott Douglas comes too and slowly makes his way up to the delight of the crowd. The chants of "Holy shit!" finally die down and Douglas looks around the floor and the twisted mess of steel for Mikey Unlikely.

Douglas grabs the ladder first, he picks it up and notices the legs are bent heavily so it's unusable for its intended purpose, but would still make a great weapon. Douglas walks it over to another side of the ring away from the ramp, and positions the ladder, almost as a bridge, setting one end on the ring apron and the other on the fan barricade.

DDK:

With all of these ladders at ringside - Douglas really should be attempting to win this match rather than ...

Angus: *[interrupting]*

Well, let's not jump the gun, Keebs. Let's see where he is going with this.

Douglas, now content with his set up, turns around to find Mikey, but he's already on his way. Unlikely is running towards Douglas and goes for a forearm shot. Scott moves and instead uses Mikey's forward momentum to crash him into the ladder already set up. It moves and is then readjusted by Douglas who scoops Mikey up and places him onto the ladder, leaving him suspended between the ring and the barrier.

Angus:

Oh yea! This is great! What's he going to do to him now?

Douglas hops up onto the ring apron, he goes over to the turnbuckle but doesn't climb into the ring. He turns, runs and DIVES at Mikey!

Angus:

OH NOOOOOOOOO!

Mikey Unlikely moves, and Scott Douglas' running senton attempt finds nothing but air and steel. The ladder doesn't collapse but it nearly does as it bends heavily. Mikey Unlikely pulls Douglas off the ladder and puts him onto the ring apron once more.

Angus:

See, Keebs!? I told you Douglas should be focusing on the victory rather than vengeance!

Both standing now, Mikey stands next to Douglas and looks back at the ladder, now lining up his own move. Mikey steps through the second rope but only with his feet, and then tucks them under the first step so that he's locked onto the rope. He grabs Douglas around the shoulder....

DDK:

RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP FROM THE APRON TO THE BRIDGED LADDER! Scott Douglas' body just broke that ladder into two! Someone call this thing off!

Angus:

NO! NO ONE DO ANYTHING OF THE SORT. DOUGIE FRESH HAS THIS! HE JUST NEEDS TO PERSEVERE!

Mikey dangles upside down, his feet wrapped in the ropes, he smiles and waves to the fans in the front row before doing a vertical sit up and untangling himself. He climbs into the ring and walks to the turnbuckle and takes a minute to catch his breath.

DDK:

Scott Douglas still isn't moving on the outside but ... Benny Doyle has not called for the bell.

The HOHER and Owner of WrestleUTA gets in between the official and Scott Douglas and helps Douglas to his feet. He then rolls him into the ring as best he can. Rolling in himself, Unlikely stands up, and grabs the feet of the DEFIANCE SOHER. Mikey rolls him over to a giant boo from the crowd.

Angus:

What the hell is this? This is a ladder match, what's he locking in submissions for? HEY IDIOT! YOU CAN'T WIN THIS WAY!

DDK:

You may be right Angus, a submission means nothing here, but he's certainly putting a lot of pressure on the small of

the back of Scott Douglas! Not to mention it's a move that Mikey has perfected, the Backstory is one he's used to put multiple opponents away the last few years, and he owes a lot of his title success to this move as well!

Indeed, the arched boston crab is locked in as Mikey sits back on it and pulls the legs under his arms. He's really exerting himself, and meanwhile Scott Douglas is brought almost right back to life but the sudden surge of pain in his back. He yells out loudly and reaches for the ropes.

It takes a few seconds but he gets to them, unfortunately Mikey knew this wouldn't break the hold so he just sits back and arches the hold further.

DDK:

No DQ's in this one folks, no rope breaks either, Mikey found that out earlier when he tried to call timeout on Douglas only for it to be used to his advantage here. Douglas has no way out of this move.

So Mikey sits...

And he sits...

And he wrenches....

And he sits...

The fans boo loudly but it's nearly five minutes before Mikey released the hold. Scott Douglas reaches for his lower back but can barely get his arm back there.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I don't know if I've ever seen someone take that hold for that long. There's no telling what kind of tissue, or muscle damage Scott Douglas is sustaining here. I can't say whether or not.... Oh thankfully Mikey releases the hold!

Walking around the ring now strutting confidentially, Mikey mocks Scott Douglas by reaching for his back and feigning injury. The crowd doesn't like it. With two hands on the ropes and two boots on Douglas he shoves the SoHer's battered body off the apron and down to the ringside floor.

After a little more celebration and mockery, Mikey drops to the matt and rolls himself out of the ring on the opposite side in search of a ladder.

Angus:

If this little shit is a legit Champion again ...

He folds up one staged nearby and attempts again to slide it in the ring. This time with Scott Douglas writhing in pain and somewhere on the ringside floor, Mikey easily succeeds. With the majority of the ladder inside, Mikey slides back into the ring and drags it up right.

DDK:

I hate to say it but this could be it, folks. Douglas is in a bad way ... I don't know that he can ...

Mikey takes his time setting the ladder up and placing it in position.

Angus:

Don't count him out yet, Keeps! Just don't!

He starts up the ladder and with both feet on the bottom step, he looks up toward the dangling titles and decides it's not quite in position.

DDK:

Given your seesaw like disdain and respect for Scott Douglas and your intense undying hatred of Mikey Unlikely, this is quite the roller coaster for you, isn't it partner?

He steps back down and readjusts and begins to step back on the ladder again before deciding against it.

Angus:

Well, Keeps ... it's - OH WHAT, in the GORRAM HELL, is this asshole doing now?

Mikey steps back from the ladder, toward the corner and mimes as if he is in deep concentration. He strokes his face and tilts his head from side to side as if he is considering the proper placement for this ladder to secure his victory. Math seems to be involved. In his antics, Mikey doesn't seem to notice Scott Douglas' hand on the apron as he attempts to pull himself to his feet.

Angus:

This is why I can't stand **this cunt!**

FUCK YOU MIKEY

FUCK YOU MIKEY

FUCK YOU MIKEY

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Faithful have seen quite enough of Mikey Unlikely's antics as it would seem. I can't quite make out what they are saying though.

Angus:

You can't? It's ... pretty clear, Keeps. FUCK YOU MIKEY!

Angus continues to chant along with the audiences as The HoHer has finally found the optimal ladder placement to retrieve, what in his estimation would be, both of his titles. He starts up the ladder and really milks it. Grabbing at his back once again mocking Douglas.

DDK:

It seems like he has all the time in the world, partner. This may be the beginning of the end.

Mikey makes it within the last three rungs of the ladder and plays with the emotion of the Faithful, swatting at the belts before he is high enough to actually reach them. The smirk spread across his face makes it clear he is enjoying every second.

Angus:

LOOK!

As Angus shouts, Douglas slides back into the ring. As he comes to his feet, it's clearly a extremely labored task.

DDK:

Scott Douglas back in the ring!

Douglas grabs the ladder and leans in. Mikey is taken by complete surprise and his smile turns to confused fear in an instant as he feels his balance shifting. As the ladder tips, somehow Mikey is able to land on his feet. He is briefly surprised but then instantly proud of himself as he looks out toward the crowd looking for everyone to notice his amazing feat.

Angus:

YES!

Douglas, with a head of steam charges blindsides Mikey with a huge clothesline that sends the self appointed HoHer

flipping up and over the top rope.

DDK:

Oh, he never saw it coming!

Mikey crashes down to the floor amidst the rubble of what once was a ladder and in the ring Douglas stumbles back from the recoil and drops to a knee. His right hand instantly placed to his back as if it were it's natural resting position.

Angus:

For the love of Cobain! Climb the ladder you greasy fuck!

Mikey recovers on the outside, pulling himself up on the guardrail as the front row Faithful let loose their vitral. In the ring, Douglas has one hand on the top rope but is failing to get himself vertical.

DDK:

The effects of the Backstory are rearing their ugly head right here, folks!

Douglas pulls himself up but doesn't look steady.

Angus:

Rear? Back? Really, Keeps? You're better than that.

Mikey, on his feet and perturbed, approaches the apron. He grabs Scott by the ankles and causes Douglas to go flat; just before yanking him to the outside. Douglas lands feet first with his back against the apron, his right shoulder slightly draped over the edge. Mikey lays in a few strikes to maintain the advantage before looking back toward the padded ring side floor. He finds the previously used and well dented steel chair and snatches it up; in the same motion he turns and charges toward Douglas - who lifts the leg.

Angus:

OH! RIGHT in the McFuckASS MUSH!!

Mikey's money maker takes the money shot and he goes down. Douglas proves the raised foot was nothing more than desperation as he continues to reel against the apron.

Angus:

Ok ... now, for FUCK SAKE - END HIM!

Mikey twists and turns on the floor with his hands over his Hollywood face.

DDK:

...or get back in the ring and climb the ladder.

Douglas uses a hand to push himself off of the apron. That same hand instantly finds its place on his lower back; the second he is aloft.

Angus:

NO! That time is done! HEAD OF THE SNAKE, Keeps... you don't take the Head of the SNAKE's title! YOU GORRAM cut that SHIT OFFFFFFF!!!

Douglas staggers toward the ailing Unlikely.

DDK:

Medical, please stand by.

Angus:

For what? Dig Dug's back? Ehhhh He'll survive!

Douglas approaches likely and with a hand full of product and hair, mostly product, Douglas begins to pull the leader of the WrestleUTA contingent to this feet.

DDK:

... no, for your impending heart attack!

One handed and in pain himself, it's as if this is happening in slow motion. Mikey's neck twists a bit, as if the tinge of pain from hair pulling has overtaken the pain in his face and his body is now complying involuntarily to relieve said tinge.

Angus:

If Doctor Houser, here ... would hurry up and END this plague on professional wrestling ... I'd be JUST GORRAM FINE!

Almost as if Angus punctuated it with his extremely partisan commentary; Unlikely reaches up grabs a hold of Douglas' head and drops to his knees.

DDK:

JAWBREAKER! Douglas might have lost a TOOTH!

At the point of contact, Douglas snaps back up and flies backwards with some well tinted pink saliva flying from his non-Hollywood face. He lands flat on the ringside mat and again finds himself writhing ... the back of one hand on his lower back and the palm of another over his mouth.

Mikey, on his knees, clearly felt the brunt of the maneuver, as he wobbles in a near circular motion. Again, Benny Doyle approaches the competitors.

DDK:

This may be NO DQ, ladies and gentlemen ... but that doesn't mean the Official ... couldn't stop this match.

Angus:

I'll be **DAMNED** IF I LET *THAT HAPPEN!*

Mikey shoves Doyle away and lumber back to his feet with the help of the apron. Douglas takes notice and the two share a brief look before Mikey makes a break for it, sliding back into the ring. He rushes toward the downed ladder and snatches it up. Douglas follows him into the ring just in time for Mikey to spin around and slam the large ladder into Douglas.

Angus:

Holy shit!

Mikey places the ladder into the corner of the ring and heads toward the downed Scott Douglas. Mikey grabs him by the hair...ironically there's no product.

DDK:

Unlikely has Douglas in that corner, and it looks like he's setting him up here! Irish whip towards the ladder! No! Scott Douglas reverses and whips Mikey into the ladder!

Mikey jumps onto the leaning ladder and stops himself from crashing headfirst. He takes a minute to try to steady himself, the ladder is very unbalanced. It's all the time Douglas needs.

Angus:

Oh keep your eyes on Dou-Bain!

The SOHER sprints for his opponent, takes two steps up the ladder, grabs Mikey by the waist and pulls backwards. The fans erupt!

Angus:

YAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! He folded him in half!

It's true, the german suplex off the ladder sends Mikey landing back on his head and shoulders. His body follows closely behind and Mikey rolls over himself so to speak and ends up face down on the mat.

DDK:

Mikey is down! Douglas is down!

Angus:

Benny Doyle can still win this thing!?

DDK:

What!?

Angus:

Wut?

Douglas begins to move first. Almost as if a electrical surge goes threw his body, Scott rises to his feet quickly and full of energy.

Angus:

The SOHER is up! And he looks PIIIISSSSSEEEEEED!

Scott Douglas goes to the outside, and he throws in a ladder. Instead of following it, he goes for another ladder, and a third. He sticks them all inside the ring.

DDK:

Scott Douglass won't lose for lack of ladders, that's for sure!

Angus:

It's like *DEF DEPOT* out there!

Douglas climbs inside just as Mikey is standing. Douglas kicks a ladder aside and guns for the HOHER. With a devastating clothesline he blindsides the WrestleUTA owner and sends him to the ring apron hard through the ropes. Unlikely holds onto the second rope, it's all he can muster to stop from falling to the arena floor. Douglas goes back to the middle of the ring and picks up a ladder. He looks over to where Mikey is pulling himself up. Douglas holds the ladder horizontally in his hands and runs at Mikey with the ladder over his head.

DDK:

NO NO NOOOOOO!

The arena goes silent for half a breath as Douglas heaves the ladder with all he has right at the face of Mikey. Mikey ducks at the last possible millisecond and the ladder goes over the top rope to the floor with a loud clang.

DDK:

My god, can you imagine the damage to Mikey's face if that would have connected?

Angus:

Shhhh.... I'm still trying to picture it, Keeps!

Mikey looks out to the ladder with wide eyes, then looks back to Douglas and every fan in the arena can read his

mouth.

"You're fucking crazy!"

Douglas runs at Unlikely again, Mikey is ready and shifts his ever effective knee through the second rope and into the gut of the SOHER. Douglas bends over and Mikey uses the opportunity to flip over the ropes and roll off Douglas' back. He continues on with the momentum and hits the opposite ropes. Mikey comes back and Douglas tries to reverse it, but in the end the WrestleUTA owner drives him down with a tornado DDT.

Angus:

AGH! Why couldn't that ladder hit that annoying face! I WANNA **SMASH** IT!

Mikey sits up and uses his arms to prop him up, clearly exhausted he asks the referee to lower the belts to him. Benny Doyle quickly shakes his head and says "you picked this match".

Frustrated, he slaps the mat and stands up. He grabs one of the ladders thrown in earlier by Scott Douglas and sets it up below the swinging championships. He starts to climb the ladder. Mikey tries to move as quick as he can but it isn't long before Scott Douglas is setting up another ladder next to him. As soon as Unlikely sees the new ladder, he puts a little pep in his step and moves faster. Mikey reaches the top of the ladder, and looks up, before looking to see where Scott Douglas is.

DDK:

Douglas is trying to climb that second ladder but he's having a very hard time after what may have been a back injury earlier. Scott Douglas is two rungs up, but Mikey is going to win this thing!

Angus:

C'mon! C'mon! Not like this!

Douglas reaches the third rung as Mikey's fingertips touch the titles before they swing slightly out of his reach. Mikey looks back down and see's Douglas gaining on him. Mikey reaches out to his right, nearly losing his balance in the process, and he kicks at the second Ladder that Douglas climbs.

DDK:

Douglas is trying to hold on but if Mikey gets a good kick....OH! The ladder is going down!

Just before the ladder tips over, possibly sending Douglas to the outside of the ring, he hops off the ladder to his left and lands on the opposite side of the ladder Mikey is on! The ladder crashes to the mat, but both men are left climbing the remaining ladder. Douglas' addition causes the ladder to shake and slow Mikey's ascent momentarily.

Angus:

YAS! Get up there Seattle!

Douglas climbs with one hand, the other hand reaching for his back but he's determined. He gets within a step of Mikey as the HoHer reaches for the titles, his arm and hand outstretched but merely tipping them with his middle finger.

Angus:

That's TOO close for COMFORT, Keeps!

Douglas takes the final step and finds himself face to face with Mikey, who abandons his pursuit of the gold and swings at Douglas. Douglas takes the first one and is rocked back but holds onto the ladder. Mikey fires a second and again Douglas sways backwards but manages to keep one hand on the ladder.

Mikey goes back to well and it proves to be one time too many. Douglas blocks the shot with one hand and takes a chance letting go of the ladder to fire back with the other. And another. The third causes Mikey to stumble or retreat

and he goes down a rung.

Douglas looks up toward the titles to gage the distance and before he can turn his attention back to Unlikely.

DDK:

OHHHH! LOW BLOW!

Mikey extends his arm between the rungs and through the A frame of the ladder and punches Douglas square in the groin. Both of Douglas' hands instinctively go to the area and he falls backwards off the ladder and back to the mat.

Angus:

NO NO NO NO!!

Mikey reaches for the belts once again but the ladder is rocking from side to side in the aftershock of Douglas' fall from grace.

DDK:

Unlikely finds himself in a good position here but I'm not sure if he can capitalize.

Mikey attempts to correct the balance of the ladder only making matters worse, forcing him to descend several rungs to find a center of gravity. Half way down he abandons the pursuit and returns to the mat to sure up the ladders footing.

He does so and with one foot on the ladder he takes notice of Douglas, nearly hobbled dragging himself up by the ropes. Frustrated he pulls his foot back off of the ladder and begins folding it up.

Angus:

For the love of everything DEFIANT ...

DDK:

This might be Unlikely's undoing in this matchup. There is no reason NOT to retrieve the titles at this point.

Mikey hoists the ladder up, the top facing down and aimed squarely at the kneeling Douglas.

Angus: *[defeated]*

Douglas rallied the Faithful while Cayle Murray was bogged down in mormon challengers ... McFuckass wants to destroy all hope... And he is about to.

Mikey swings the ladder down toward Douglas in a stabbing motion but Douglas is able to get his hand up and grabs the ladder top, from on knee. Mikey is taken by surprise but holds tight on the ladder and exerts the force to shove it back toward Douglas once again. With the ladder firmly in his grip, Douglas is pushed back against the ropes rather than struck. Off the slight bounce of the ropes Douglas returns the force and puts a little extra behind it as he pushes to his feet.

Angus:

What is this a GORRAM tug of war!?

DDK:

It'd would appear so, partner.

Douglas now on his feet struggles against Mikey Unlikely at the other end. The pair tussle for control of the ladder for several seconds before; in an instant Douglas drops his end and immediately starts to scale up the ladder in as full of a sprint as one can achieve while running up a ladder.

Angus:

GORRAM PARKOUR?

Mikey still holds the other end, having been taken by complete surprise. A few steps in, Douglas shifts his weight throwing his legs forward and smacks Mikey in the face with both boots.

DDK:

Diving Front Dropkick from Douglas on the LADDER!?!

The WrestleUTA impresario collapses backward from the impact and his right leg gets pinned underneath the ladder. Douglas though falls with the ladder and takes the recoiling impact of it, bouncing slightly after first contact only to wind up slightly askew but still on top of the ladder.

Benny Doyle slides into the ring to check on the competitors, once again. Both are stirring but heavily damaged to say the least.

Angus:

I will **END DOYLE** - if he *ends* this match!

DDK:

Honestly, Angus ... there is fair competition and there is - well, this.

Mikey struggles to free his leg from under the ladder, pinned down by Douglas' weight. Douglas struggles to move with his clearly injured back.

Angus:

Competition be DAMNED! This isn't about competition! This the GOOD versus the FUCKASS! GET UP DOUGLAS! GET UP!!

The Faithful clearly feel the same way as both Scott and Unlikely struggle to get to recover.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Even Angus chimes in under his breath with the syncopated chant.

DDK:

What was that, 'Gus?

Angus:

Wut? Nothing ... **GET UP YOU SON OF A BITCH!**

Douglas, in an attempt to stand slides off the ladder but remains on the canvas. With the SoHer's weight lifted from the ladder - Mikey is able to pull free but not able to shoot back to his feet. Instead he scoots back to a corner and reaching up to the top ropes plies himself back to a vertical position.

Angus:

GET UP, MAN!

Douglas turns over and wills himself up to knees and elbows first and then a little more quickly to hands and knees. Mikey, in the corner, is on his feet but is by no means sure footed. He steps lightly - testing the affected knee before putting full pressure on it.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, much like the months following the introduction of WrestleUTA ... this has been less and wrestling match and MORE; A BATTLE!

Angus:

A battle that we need to win! The Hollywood army is full steam ahead and we need to cut off their momentum, right here! RIGHT NOW!

Scott Douglas is responding to the will of the crowd. He looks at Mikey, Unlikely looks back. They both go for it and as fast as they can muster they push toward one another. Mikey kicks high but Scott Douglas guessed to go low, and got lucky. His baseball slide dropkick to Mikey's balancing leg forces it out from underneath him. Mikey falls and when he does...

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHA

Unlikely lands in a split with his eyes wide, his mouth exactly the same and a very high pitched scream comes out. The crowd follows Angus' lead, they laugh at the WrestleUTA owner.

DDK:

Scott Douglas isn't laughing, Scott Douglas is on the hunt. He grabs Unlikely and yanks em ;) to his feet... **SUB POP SUPLEX!!!**

Angus:

FIINNALLLY!

Douglas struggles back to his feet after dropping the HoHer on his head.

Angus:

NOW GET A LADDER!

Douglas turns back toward the rampway and dumps out of the ring.

Angus:

I mean, there was one in there ... but ok ... *[heavy breathing]* a fresh ladder is a good ladder.

DDK:

Do we need to get you a paper bag ... or maybe ... a MEDIC?

Douglas takes to the end of the ramp; where Mikey's Red Carpet still covers the normally steel laden walkway. He starts feverishly grabbing at the plush red flooring, yanking and snatching at it like a ill educated dentist. After some elbow grease - the carpeting starts to give way and he begins to pull it up in a large section. He walks it up the ramp until he hits the end of that particular section and it pulls away from the rest. Now, armed with ten or so feet of Red Carpeting; Douglas turns back to the ring.

Angus:

This is it, Keebs...

DDK:

This is where Douglas gets the win?

Angus:

No, This is where we lose the war... Douglas can win right now, and he's out here playing carpenter.

Douglas tosses the carpet section through the ropes before sliding in himself. He looks down at Mikey, who still is nearly out cold. Douglas puts the plush red carpet down next to the self proclaimed "HOHER". With a swift boot to the midsection, Unlikely turns enough for Douglas to place a boot on his mid back and further the roll onto the edge of the red carpet reminiscent.

Angus:

Ok ... hold on. I'm not sure where he is going with this ... but I may be in LOVE!

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

It's 2018, Keebs ... **don't question my love!**

Scott Douglas puts Mikey where he wants him and begins to roll the carpet with his opponent inside.

DDK:

Oh! It seems the Southern Heritage Champion has an idea for keeping Mikey down!

Douglas rolls it completely up.

Angus:

Hey Keebs, what's in a Hollywood Burrito?

DDK:

....*Ok* I'll bite, what?

Angus:

Refried beans, tomato paste, chopped onions, and poser sauce over douche meat!

DDK:

Honestly, as dumb as that is, Angus ... I've got to agree; Scott Douglas has *ROLLED UP* the Hollywood Heritage Champion in ... a ... *BURRITO!!*

Angus:

It's that Mexican influence, Douglas has ... I've *ALWAYS* loved that about him!

DDK:

You most certainly ... **HAVE NOT!**

Angus:

Have you heard his band's new hit? It's pretty catchy! I think it's called Crust Bucket of Tacos.

DDK:

There he is! Folks, Mikey is coming too and realizing he doesn't exactly have use of extremities. In a non-traditional sense.

The WrestleUTA owner's eyes are wide, as he starts to struggle against trappings of his own device. As the panic sets in, he struggles more and more only to see a eight foot, all black ladder - stretched out and being set over his burrito'd body. The legs of the ladder slam down on the mat, on either side of the Hollywood Heritage Champion. The sound of Douglas' dusty and busted ass combat boot slamming down on the aluminum of the first rung snaps his attention toward that direction.

Angus:

THIS IS IT, KEEBS!

Douglas climbs slowly up the ladder, still favoring his back. Each clang of rung to well worn boot infruitates Unlikely that much more.

Angus:

PICK UP THE PACE!!

Douglas stomps his way up the ladder, each step more labored the next. At the top of OSHA standards - he tips the belts much like Mikey had earlier in the night. He bears down on the top of the ladder; mustering the strength before hoisting himself up and grabbing hold of both belts. The SoHer comes easy but the HoHer ... much like it's previous owner, puts up a little more of a fight. Finally, off balance and juggling one belt while attempting to free the second ... the snaps of the newly minted Hollywood Heritage Championship give way.

Angus:

YASSSS! YAASSS! YASSS!!!! The UNDISPUTED CHAMPION of ... uh, HERITAGE!!! SCOTT FUCKING DOUGLAS!!!

And with both belts, somewhat in hand - Douglas falls from his perch, down to the matt. As he lands, one belt bounces free and Mikey Unlikely struggles even more at the sight. The level of frustration and anger suffered by the former champion shows in his face. Especially once Douglas reaches out and scoops in the belt that got away.

DING DING DING

The Faithful ignite at the victory and the entire WrestlePlex is up on their feet.

DDK:

It would seem ...

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" - Green River ♪

Angus:

SHUT UP, KEEBS! Let's just soak this in! Shitty GRUNGE MUSIC and ALL!

Darren Quimbey:

... AND YOU WINNNNER!!!!... STILL THE DEFIANCE Southern HERITAGE CHAMPION ... and your NEW WrestleUTA Hollywood HERITAGE CHAMPION ... SEEEAAATTTLLLLLE'S Favorite Son ... "SUB POPPPPPP" SCOTTTTTT DOOUGGLASSSSS!

DDK:

Well, to be fair, Angus - Douglas, although victorious ... he did NOT cut off the head of the snake.

Angus:

Look down in that ring, Keeps! THAT'S ALL I SEE! The HEAD OF A MCFUCKASS SNAKE!

YOU DESERVE IT!

YOU DESERVE IT!

YOU DESERVE IT!

Angus:

I don't know if they are talking to Douglas or McFUCKASS! *[laughing]* Either WAY ... they're RIGHT, KEEBS!

Scott Douglas makes it to his feet, beaten and battered. He struggles to keep hold of both titles in hand. Benny Doyle approaches and raises Douglas' arm, which causes him to drop on of the titles again. Doyle lets loose of Douglas and the newly crowned "dual" champ retrieves the second belt once again.

Doyle begins moving the ladder and checking on Mikey Unlikely as Scott Douglas ascends the turnbuckle and holds both championship belts up high.

After some copious celebration and few smirking, yet still hurting glances at Mikey; who is spitting and cursing through the entire celebration as Benny Doyle attempts to unroll him, Douglas exits the ring and makes his way up the ramp.

DDK:

Well, folks ... MARK this ONE down in a devastating BLOW to the WrestleUTA contingent! Scott Douglas not only defeated the leader of this ROUGE HORDE ... but he ALSO is walking away with Mikey Unlikely coveted Hollywood Heritage Championship! No one ... and I mean NO one could possibly be happier ... right now than Angus! Right ...?

The sound of a head set smacking a desk can be heard as the camera following Douglas up the ramp, smacking hands and favoring his back.

DDK:

... Angus??

Douglas makes it to the top of the rampway, over what's left of the plush red carpet. He is taken by surprise when he is met by a glad handing Angus Skaaland. The angle cuts to a camera already on the stage and it draws in close on the two as they shake - after some considerable hesitation on Douglas' part. The off mic audio is muffled but picked up well enough by the camera audio.

Angus:

Always knew you had it in you, bud.

Scott Douglas:

The fuck you did. I just beat your whipping boy. That's it ...

The two pull away all smile as if know one has heard the exchange. The Faithful in attendance tonight, certainly have not. Douglas turns his back to the curtain and looks out on the Wrestleplex and Angus follows suit. Keeping up aires, Angus grabs Douglas by the wrist and raises his hand in victory one more time. Angus pointing at Douglas with his free hand while holding his opposing up with Douglas'.

DDK:

Well, there you have it folks! Douglas is a dual champion? OR the Unified Champion? I don't know ... the bigger story here is Angus Skaaland just RAISED the HAND of Scott DOUGLAS!

Angus and Douglas share a quick look as they lower their hands and Douglas retreats behind th entrance curtain and Angus returns to the booth. Darren waist NO time busting his balls, as Angus is getting settled ...

DDK:

And ... so ... that, huh?

Angus:

DEFIANCE wins! DEFIANCE wins! That - uh, what that was! Should I translate it into SPANISH, KEEBS!? Miguel El BURRITTTTTTTO - DEFIANCE GOOOOOOOAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLL!

DDK:

Albeit, some of those words are in fact spanish ...

Angus:

I ALWAYS said Douglas had what it took ... HELL, he broke into DEFIANCE IN BRAZEN! WHO ... WHO, Keebs - do YOU think greenlit that transfer so quickly!? You know what ... don't answer - THIS is a GOOD night! What's next!?

Cut to what is next.

DEFIANCE Road 2021: #1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

The DEFIANCE Road graphic appears on the screen showing/reading...

**#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE
WINNER vs. FIST AT THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON
“SUB POP” SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD**

Lance:

We're gonna do this now?

DDK:

Yep, we're gonna do this now.

Lance:

Amazing.

The Faithful pop, seeing the graphic on the DEFITron, knowing they're going to be in for a hell of a fight.

DDK:

These two had a war in the fall of 2019 at Ascension. It was arguably the match that skyrocketed Gage Blackwood's career after he beat Scott Douglas clean. Two months later, he's the Southern Heritage Champion and held the title for just under a year, passing Scott Douglas' reign but falling short of Elise Ares' by 36 days.

Lance:

And now something that's escaped both men up until this point, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

And to be in the main event at DEFCON of all places.

Lance:

It should be good! Let's get to the ring and Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the number ONE contendership to the FIST of DEFIANCE! The winner will go to the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON! Introducing first, from Edinburgh, Scotland... he is "THE NOBLE RAIDER"... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

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

Gage Blackwood appears, sporting the same patterned kilt ovetop of top of his wrestling gear. Blackwood's long ratty hair is slicked back, as he rubs the trademark scar over his left eyebrow before marching down the rampway, all business.

DDK:

A month ago Gage was attacked by Chris Ross, who DOESN'T work here by the way. The Scot sustained a handful of injuries but was cleared two weeks later.

Lance:

Back when Angus had this colour commentary position, he used to call Gage Blackwood The Walking Band-Aid, meaning Gage always seemed hurt. It's true, Blackwood was hurt frequently but he continued to fight. It's miraculous how many beatings this guy has gotten up from.

DDK:

Respect. I respect the man coming down to the ring right now. I may not *like* him... but I can respect him.

Blackwood enters the squared circle and takes off his kilt.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Seattle, Washington... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGGGGLAS!

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Speaking of RESPECT...

Scott Douglas emerges in his normal wrestling attire and "Sub Pop" t-shirt. His long hair is slicked back, too as he makes his way down the ramp. Typically, Douglas would acknowledge the fans but the stakes are too high... Scotty's eyes are locked on his opponent.

The Faithful, however, cheer LOUDLY in support of Douglas. While Gage has some fans by his side, they don't call Douglas DEFIANCE's Favourite Son for no reason.

Lance:

They don't call Douglas DEFIANCE's Favorite Son for no reason!

Case and point.

Douglas rolls into the ring and looks over at referee Brian Slater with a nod.

Slater pulls both men to the center of the ring. The Faithful are HOT.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Brian Slater:

Boys, you know what's on the line tonight. I figure this won't be a problem considering your last contest but... let's keep it clean. Let's keep it in the ring. Let's get a clear winner. Good luck.

Douglas nods. Blackwood nods. Neither man backs away from each other as Brian Slater turns around and calls for the bell.

DING DING

And The Faithful rise.

DDK:

Both men aren't giving an inch here. Douglas is 6'2", Blackwood is 6'0". Both men weigh around the same, two-hundred-twenty-five pounds. Both are wrestling technicians. Douglas, has lucha libre influence, Blackwood can get a little reckless at times. They had a thirty-minute battle two years ago... and here we are.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Blackwood takes a deep break as he looks down at Douglas' boots and then straight into Scotty's face.

The Noble Raider starts mouthing off.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, ya think you can do this? I beat you once before and I'll-

DDK:

Douglas with a stiff forearm!

Blackwood stumbles back, initially looks pissed off... and then smiles. He walks back to Douglas, who's standing in place, asking for his return.

Thump.

DDK:

Blackwood with a stiff forearm!

Douglas leans back from the shot. However, Scotty gets right into position and the two continue their staredown. There's an unspoken agreement.

DDK:

Blackwood rushes the ropes and Douglas ducks the clothesline. Blackwood off the next step of ropes, charges and eats two knees to the chest!

Blackwood flips over, landing square on the mat. Douglas drops an elbow... two elbows... then peels Blackwood up and fires him into the ropes. A drop toe hold follows and Douglas attempts a headlock but Gage is quick to slip away. Blackwood shoots off the ropes himself but Douglas rushes, ducks down and sends Gage FLYING through the air via a backdrop! Gage rolls out of the ring to collect his breath but Douglas comes through with a baseball slide... However, Blackwood moves and snatches Douglas' feet as he slides through, making sure Gage throws Scotty hard to the padded floor below. Gage jumps onto the apron, punts Scott in the side of the head and then races up to the top turnbuckle...

DDK:

Flying crossbody!

Lance:

So much for keeping it inside the ring!

Blackwood, however, intends for the action to go there. He hurls Douglas towards the apron and under the bottom rope. Blackwood enters the ring through the middle rope but Douglas pops right back up and connects with a northern lights suplex and a bridge!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Blackwood is back up in a hurry! He takes Douglas and connects with a belly-to-belly suplex! Blackwood holds on... looking for another but Douglas rolls him up!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

Forearm smashes follow, as Scotty works Gage into the corner and then Irish whips him to the buckle across the way. Gage puts on the breaks as Douglas races in. Blackwood sidesteps the former Seattle Best member and sends him right into the buckle. Now it's Blackwood with a pinning attempt in the form of a backslide.

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Not to be outdone. Both men are on their game with QUICK kickouts!

Lance:

You almost want to kick out AFTER two. Gives yourself an extra second to breath if it's in the early stages but then again, you run the risk of getting caught and not making it in time for the three...

Blackwood and Douglas lock horns in the center of the ring. It's clear both are evenly matched with the back and forth that's taking place. Once Blackwood is able to angle himself over Douglas, Sub Pop Scotty takes one step back and repositions, gaining the advantage on Gage and doing the same. This back-and-forth goes on... continuing to work The Faithful up. Although the chants for Blackwood are loud...

The chants for Scott Douglas are **deafening**.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

Blackwood with a knee to the chest!

The odd fan boos as Gage snaps into the ropes but he's hit with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by Douglas!

Release German suplex.

Release German suplex.

Release German suplex.

DDK:

You're seeing triple... Scott Douglas has thrown Gage Blackwood all around the ring!

A dazed Gage is trying to shake it off as he sees Scotty coming in with some kind of dropkick.

DDK:

Blackwood rolls away... he's into the ropes... another tilt-a-whirl backbreaker- NO! Blackwood escapes it and connects with a DDT!

Lance:

This has given Blackwood a chance to recover from those vicious Germans!

The more-recent SOHER champion hammers the side of his own head before lifting Douglas off the mat and connecting with a spinning heel kick! Blackwood chucks Douglas into the ropes and drops to the mat when Douglas runs past him and into the next set of ropes. Upon return, Blackwood lands a spinning toe hold and flips it into a modified sleeper!

DDK:

Chin breaker by Scotty!

Lance:

Quick to the counter, that's for sure!

It's Douglas' turn to inflict some damage. He pulls Gage off the mat in a type of cobra clutch hold... working it into an overhead release suplex! If it wasn't for the ropes, Gage would have flown out of the ring!

DDK:

Sub Pop Scott tries a forearm smash but Blackwood catches the arm and hurls him into the ropes... however, it's reversed!

Douglas doesn't wait. He races in and clotheslines both men up and out of the ring! Blackwood lands on his feet on the outside, however. This allows Gage to throw Scotty recklessly into the guardrail, head-first. Blackwood flies across the floor with a knee...

DDK:

Douglas backdrops Blackwood into The Faithful!

Blackwood fights off the fans as he jumps on the guardrail and comes at Douglas with an axe handle smash but Douglas elbows him right in the chest, throwing Blackwood back into the ring.

DDK:

Douglas is going to the top rope... ELBOW SMASH COMING UP...

Lance:

He's got him measured...

DDK:

NO! GAGE ROLLS OUTTA THE WAY!

WHAM.

DDK:

Blackwood just bounced off those ropes and hit Scott Douglas with The Royal Tattoo, that HARD missile dropkick to the FACE! It's put wrestlers on the shelf before! Titus Campbell was in concussion protocol for FIVE weeks!

With Douglas reeling, Blackwood grins sadistically, perhaps looking like Malak Garland would before one of his patented troll jobs on the internet. Blackwood grabs Douglas' legs and starts hooking them around his right one.

DDK:

No. There's no way he does this...

Lance:

Oh, it's happening!

The Noble Raider flips DEFIANCE's Favorite Son over... into...

DDK:

THE SHARPSHOOTER!

Square.

Middle.

Ring.

Lance:

If SCOTT DOUGLAS taps out to this move... of ALLLLL things!

Blackwood has a sadistic look on his face like he's enjoying this more than he should. He leans back, putting all his weight on Douglas' lower back while asking Brian Slater to check on him.

DDK:

Scotty hasn't tapped just yet!

Lance:

But he hasn't budged, either!

Blackwood positioned Douglas' knee directly under his armpit. The submission is textbook. The move is formidable. It's almost as if Gage had a premeditated plan for this.

DDK:

There's nowhere to go and the pressure might be too much!

Lance:

I've never seen Gage perform a hold like this before. He's not known as a strong submission wrestler!

Douglas is fighting. He's pulling his hair, he's screaming out, he's trying to get his hands underneath him...

But he can't.

There's still no movement.

DDK:

CAN BLACKWOOD PUNCH HIS TICKET TO THE MAIN EVENT ON THE BIGGEST SHOW IN WRESTLING!?

Douglas raises his right arm. He's trying to fight it...

But...

DDK:

Oh my god! Douglas used Blackwood's own momentum to spin back around! He elbows Gage in the head and the sharpshooter is broken!

Blackwood stumbles three feet back as Douglas continues to be consumed by pain. Sub Pop Scotty is crawling towards the ropes but Blackwood is back at him before Douglas can find a vertical base.

Gage helps him up, however.

DDK:

Snap dragon suplex by Blackwood!

This is followed by a brainbuster, better known as The Midlothian Hangover.

DDK:

Blackwood COVERS!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER.

Blackwood agrees and goes back to work. He hammers Douglas with a number of forearms and then Irish whips his opponent into the corner... except Douglas EXPLODES out of the corner himself with an inside-out clothesline!

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

Belly-to-belly suplex by Douglas places Blackwood firm in the center of the ring. Scott drops a leg for good measure and now he's going to the top rope!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son measures Blackwood...

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL! BLACKWOOD RACES UP AND MEETS SCOTT DOUGLAS AT THE TOP ROPE... SPANISH FLY!!

Lance:

Gage Blackwood with an EXPLICIT SPANISH FLY!? Gage has worked here since early 2016 and I have NEVER seen that man do a flip before!

The Faithful are RABID at the sight of this move. Replays show before Gage has the wherewithal to drape an arm over Douglas' shoulders!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Unreal.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

DDK:

The support for Gage has taken over the Wrestle Plex! I'm not sure I could blame them after THAT.

Blackwood gets to his feet. He looks down at Douglas, who's trying to get to his. Blackwood applies a waistlock and looks for a release German suplex but Douglas hooks his leg behind Blackwood's. Gage tries again... another hook of Scotty's leg.

DDK:

Standing switch by Douglas! RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX BY SCOTTY BUT BLACKWOOD LANDS ON HIS FEET!

Blackwood runs at Douglas with a spinning heel kick but Douglas ducks it, turns around and takes hold of Gage's legs... putting him into a half crab!

The Faithful change back to a SUB POP SCOTT chant as Scotty tries to work himself into the best position possible... however...

DDK:

Blackwood is already in the ropes!

Lance:

Gage was able to scurry over there quickly before Douglas was in the proper position.

DDK:

LEFT forearm smash by Gage! RIGHT forearm smash by Scotty! LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT! Knee to the chest by

Gage, off the ropes he goes... Scotty leaps into the air with a hurricanrana into a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

BLACKWOOD SLIPS AWAY.

DDK:

Gage is QUICK to his feet... off the ropes... DEAR GOD!!! THE GAELIC STORM!

Lance:

NO! It missed, Keeps, IT MISSED!

Blackwood skins the ropes as Douglas moves his head at the last possible second!

Lance:

The hurricanrana was a PIN attempt! It took nothing out of Blackwood physically, so he was the first one to his feet... I bet you he had this planned when he was IN the pinfall! I'd say this caught Douglas by surprise but it wasn't close enough.

Douglas stands in the middle of the ring, calling his opponent on. Blackwood sneers, down on all fours, looking up one of his most hated rivals.

Blackwood walks to the center of the ring and doesn't back down.

DDK:

Two of DEFIANCE's best Southern Heritage Champions fighting for ONE SHOT at the FIST. This, folks... THIS is DEFIANCE!

Gage Blackwood:

Ya think ya'll put me down that easy, ya stupid baw juggler.

Blackwood shoves Douglas. Douglas smiles at first and then shoves Blackwood back. Gage winks at Douglas and then charges in hard... but Douglas throws him out of the ring.

DDK:

Plancha by Douglas!

Scotty chucks his opponent into the squared circle and climbs to the top rope, shaking his head like he won't be surprised this time.

DDK:

MOONSAULT CONNECTS!! SCOTT DOUGLAS IS GOING TO DEFCON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

Whhhhattttt?

A surprised Scotty looks up at Brian Slater but doesn't argue. Instead, he pulls Gage off the mat while feeding him

some forearms to keep Blackwood honest. Douglas hurls Blackwood into the ropes and looks for another hurricanrana...

DDK:

SIT-OUT POWERBOMB BY BLACKWOOD!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Gage screams at referee Brian Slater before locking in the full nelson sleeper.

DDK:

THE SOUL BREAKER! Gage has his secondary finisher, The Soul Breaker sleeper hold on Scott Douglas.

The clever Seattle native finds the ropes with his feet and pushes off, turning it into a pinning attempt for himself!

DDK:

DOUGLAS HAS A PIN!! I DON'T THINK BLACKWOOD KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

...Neither did the referee at first. Slater took a moment to realize Blackwood's shoulders were down. He slid into position rather late and Blackwood clued in when he heard the hand hit the mat for a second time!

Both men gain a vertical base. Blackwood nods like the sleeper hold is out the window. They grapple... Blackwood positions a waistlock on Douglas but Scotty turns it into a standing switch and a waistlock on Gage... which is maneuvered into a standing switch and a waistlock by Blackwood... and another standing switch by Douglas... so on and so on.

Working their way near the ropes, Blackwood standing switches again, latches onto Douglas and OVERHEAD throws DEFIANCE's Favourite Son OUT OF THE RING!

DDK:

Gage is not messing around. He exits the ring, collects Scott and throws him back inside. Blackwood connects with a snap suplex... he holds on... delayed vertical suplex... he holds on... rolling release suplex. The Scottish Trinity!

Lance:

This is the opening Gage needs. He's not one to waste time, either.

DDK:

No, not at all. Blackwood drags Douglas to the center of the ring... propping him up on his knees... oh no...

Blackwood takes to the ropes, looking for The Gaelic Storm...

DDK:

DOUGLAS SHOOTS TO HIS FEET AND HITS AN OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY!

Blackwood refuses to stay down! Although it's a struggle, he dodges a grapple attempt, kicks Douglas in the chest and hooks both his arms... however, it's Scotty who lowers his base, flips Blackwood around...

DDK:

VERTEBREAKER!!

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Lance:

Douglas is in a WORLD of hurt, though! Yes, he hit an overhead belly-to-belly and yes, he hit that vertebreaker but he's been unable to make a cover!

Douglas remains on all fours until he has enough energy to bounce off the ropes. Blackwood shoots up at the last second but this time Scotty's ready for him. Douglas hooks his arms around Blackwood's thighs and chest...

DDK:

PACKAGE PILEDRIVER!!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPE.

Lance:

If Blackwood landed a MILLIMETER more to his right that leg would NOT have found the bottom rope!

Douglas is beside himself! He looks over to see Blackwood's foot barely dangling from the bottom rope. In fact, moments later it falls off, that's how *skin off his teeth* it was for Gage to still be in this contest.

DDK:

Douglas is not going to let this get the better of him! He's the heart and soul OF DEFIANCE. Instead, it may be time...

Lance:

For a Murder Death Kill!?

DDK:

Douglas is going back to the top. We MAY see the SHOOTING STAR PRE- HOLY SHIT! GAGE BLACKWOOD! BLACKWOOD GRABS DOUGLAS OFF THE TOP ROPE!! OLYMPIC SLAM!?!? NO!!! WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLYMPIC SLAM WAS TURNED INTO A MODIFIED PSYCHO DRIVER!!

Lance:

JESUS CHRIST! GAGE IS MOVING ON TO DEFCON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!

Now it's Blackwood's turn to feel the heat! Luckily, it looks like he doesn't even know where he is. Blackwood questions the referee, not about asking who won the match... but about asking *where the hell he is!*

DDK:

Oh boy... we're going down to the wire here.

Lance:

The wire is broken. Snapped. There is no wire. We're on a FREE FALL!

Breathing heavily, Gage takes hold of the ropes to drag himself up. He sees Douglas is doing the same at the other end of the ring. The two combatants turn around at the same time and charge each other!

DDK:

DOUGLAS SIDE STEPS THE CLOTHESLINE... spins Gage around... DDT is escaped by Blackwood!

Blackwood takes three steps back, looking for a high knee but NO! Blackwood misses! Douglas is off the ropes-

WHAM!!!

...

...

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HIT THE GAELIC STORM!!! GAGE BLACKWOOD IS GOING TO DEFCON!

Blackwood simply falls into the pinning position, perhaps not even sure if he's making a pinfall attempt.

Slater counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

W.

T.

F.

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT!?!?

Lance:

SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT OF THE GAELIC STORM!!!

DDK:

No one and I mean NO ONE has kicked out of the Gaelic Storm before!

Lance:

Oscar Burns did, one time... but that was after a good thirty second DELAY in a pinfall attempt!

Blackwood can't believe it. He's looking up at Brian Slater, fully aware of what's transpired. Blackwood raises his arms and then places them on the back of his head.

DDK:

This feels like the EXACT same sequence where Blackwood BEAT Scott Douglas at Ascension 2019! The only difference is... DOUGLAS SURVIVES THIS TIME.

Blackwood knows the stakes. He can't dwell on the kickout. There's only one thing left to do. The Noble Raider pulls Douglas off the mat and hurls him into the turnbuckle. Blackwood props Douglas on the top rope and then joins him up there, carefully balancing...

Lance:

We've never seen this move before! It's in his arsenal, that I know. It's a one-handed electric chair driver... FROM THE TOP ROPE!

The Faithful are on their feet, waiting to see if GAGE BLACKWOOD can punch his ticket to the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON. It's a struggle to get Douglas onto Blackwood's own shoulders, as they both face ringside. Blackwood almost has Douglas up...

DDK:

HURRICANRANA BY DOUGLAS!!! SCOTTY'S BACK TO THE TOP ROPE... FERMONT PLUNGE!! THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS LANDS PERFECTLY!! SCOTTY'S HOOKED THE LEG...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and the man going to DEFCON... SCOTTTTTT DOUGLASSSSSS!!!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS... DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON... SUB POP SCOTT DOUGLAS... IS GOING TO THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON TO BATTLE FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!! DOUGLAS IS GONNA GET HIS SHOT ON THE BIGGEST STAGE POSSIBLE!!!

Keebler literally has to scream, not because of the excitement and energy he's feeling (although that can't hurt) but because the WrestlePlex is DEAFENING with cheers!

DDK:

He's been stalked by Reapers... hammered down from the UTA... had a psychotic Uber driver on his ass for more than FIVE YEARS straight... he's seen ups, he's seen MANY downs... but it's all WORTH it now! Scott Douglas will be in the show of all shows come April 2021!

Lance:

Bravo. To both men. Absolutely.

It's just starting to set in as Scott Douglas shifts to a knee in the middle of the ring. Brian Slater tells Sub Pop the match is over. Douglas momentarily rests his head in his hands before looking into the crowd.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

The new number one contender labors upon getting to his feet and shouting into the sea of excited Faithful. Meanwhile, Gage Blackwood crawls into a corner of the ring, watching on, completely dejected.

DDK:

This match could've gone any which way. In the end, Blackwood was NOT able to hit the electric chair driver from the top rope... and Douglas was close enough to the buckle to connect with the shooting star press.

Douglas thanks the crowd and raises his hand for the hard camera...

But his theme comes to an end when Scotty looks over at Gage. Blackwood scoffs at Douglas, who projects some inaudible words of what looks to be encouragement towards The Scot's direction. However, Blackwood shakes his head no.

The Faithful have stopped their celebration, too. They watch on, in anticipation. Sub Pop Scott walks closer to Gage Blackwood and applauds him. The Faithful follow their leader.

And yet... Blackwood doesn't move. He keeps an icy hard stare on the new challenger for the FIST, remaining in the corner.

Douglas turns away for a moment and that's when Blackwood gets to his feet. Using both hands to push off the turnbuckle padding, a wobbly Blackwood makes his way to the center of the ring and spins Scott Douglas around.

The two are once again... face-to-face.

The announcers maintain radio silence.

Douglas... extends his hand.

Blackwood scoffs.

Douglas doesn't budge.

Blackwood still looks pissed.

The stand-off runs for another thirty seconds, as The Faithful show their support. They want to see the two cap off the contest with the ultimate show of respect.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Ultimately, Blackwood walks away, receiving a chorus of boos...

But then snickers, spins around and snatches the palm of his opponent.

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAASSSSSS

Scott Douglas and Gage Blackwood shake hands. The Faithful erupt.

DDK:

Now that's something you don't see every day.

Blackwood drops the hand shake and rolls out of the ring, leaving Scott Douglas to pick up his celebration while his theme song replays. The camera follows Blackwood up the rampway and then switches back to Douglas, celebrating inside the ring with The Faithful.

DDK:

It's Douglas' time. But that's not to say Gage won't have his turn.

Lance:

Blackwood lives to fight another day... and Scott Douglas is going to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE in the main event at DEFCON.

The scene fades as Blackwood reaches the top of the rampway, stops and gives a dejected sigh while not looking back before vanishing behind the curtain. The camera switches to Douglas, hands raised, on the top turnbuckle, victorious.

Fade.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

Can Douglas complete the journey and defeat Mikey?