

RUNDOWN



Bright flashes, rolling cameras, and all the action in the world. The live crowd sees the intro video being played over the DEFiatron, as classic moments of DEF's current roster is played on screen. Footage of ACTS of DEFIANCE is briefly shown, clipping through the events line up like flipping pages of a comic book and ending on Oscar Burns holding his newly won FIST of DEFIANCE high into the air.

The heavily produced and graphically enhanced video fades out. A sky jib crane shot of the cheering Faithful screaming their lungs out, holding all of your favorite signs while pyro goes off around them.

SIGN OF THE TIMES
FIST AND TURNS!
THE GUY BEHIND ME CAN'T SEE!
GAGE THE PLAGUE!
KIWI NOT AUSSIE
BE WRESTLEFRIENDLY!
KIWI NOT STRAWBERRY
SHOOT SHOOTER!
GIEST TOTET HUNDINNEN
FIST JOKES!
ELISE THE BEAST! BUT IN A GOOD WAY!
BABES LOVE BRODY

And to the Commentation Station, we go with those two lovely rascals who will introduce themselves right...

DDK:

Hello, everyone and welcome to the 126th edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is our surly color commentator "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. Angus.

Angus:

What the hell is this surly shit, Keebs!? I am a consummate professional! I can't help it if half the people who work here are complete asshats!

DDK:

There it is.

Angus:

I'll show you where it is... Darren, being the true consummate professional of the duo, ignores Angus' crass motioning and carries on.

DDK:

Folks, we have one hell of a show for you here tonight! As we march toward DEFIANCE Road 2019 and the first annual ACE in the HOLE ... we have TWO, that's right two more qualifying matches lined up!

Angus:

What so special about two? Would they be disappointed by one? Flabbergasted by three? Forlorn for four? Forsaken by five? For --

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

DDK:

Ran out?

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Yes, you did. As I was saying ... Darren shoots a glare toward Angus.

DDK:

... during this *time-constrained* portion of the show ... Darren returns his eye line back toward the camera.

DDK:

... TWO ACE in the HOLE qualifying matches here tonight! The All American BRAZEN favorite Levi Cole takes on "The Industry Standard" and Keeling Family muscle, Uriel Cortez!

Angus: *[starting from a whisper]*

Hossfite! HossFITE! HOSSFITE!

DDK:

Indeed, partner ... this is primed to be one hell of a matchup as both men vie for a chance to compete in ACE in the Hole. For Levi Cole capturing that opportunity would be one hell of jump the line pass, from BRAZEN right to a title shot!

DDK:

Speaking of jumping the line, Nike Cortez already tried that ... back to square one, HOSS!

DDK:

And secondly, as a part of the ACE in the Hole qualifiers; we get a rematch to the classic series we saw a few months ago between Kerry Kuroyama and Matt LaCroix! I think I speak for all of the Faithful when I say I'm excited to see this match, one more time!

Angus:

K-Cupples is a boy scout and LaCroix is carbonated fake soda... but I could agree.

DDK:

You can ... ?

DDK:

Yeah, don't act so brand new, Keebs. Soda Lite and Pocket Coffee are great wrestlers and ... products of my BRAZEN at that ...

DDK:

Well, silly ever-rotating nicknames aside ... I'm happy to hear you share our enthusiasm.

Angus:

Our? You got a mouse in your pocket? Or are you just happy to cheese me!?! Angus finds himself amusing. Darren don't.

DDK:

Anyway ... DEFIANCE is unmatched in ALL action but tonight especially ... in TAG TEAM Action! And speaking of BRAZEN ...

Angus:

Superslick segway. Economy of words, Keebs.

DDK:

Brutal Attack Force rise once again to the ranks of DEFtv to face off against the relative newcomers, Sexual Tyrannosaurus Pla --

Angus:

I'm going to stop you right there ... STP. Just ... for the love of everything unholy, say STP.

DDK:

Fine, STP -- Angus squints and puts on a gruff voice.

Angus:

I'm an oilman!

Angus:

What!? Angus doubles down so as Darren will pick up on his poor impression.

Angus:

I'm an oilman, ladies, and gentlemen

DDK:

Jesus ... Angus goes for broke.

Angus:

I DRINK YOUR MILKSHAKE!! I COBBLE SHOES IN MY OFF TIME!

DDK:

I mean ...

Angus:

Lincoln!

DDK:

Ok, that's not ... that's not even the same movie.

Angus:

AHHHA! So you did get it! I am a master impressionist!

DDK: *[sighs]*

Once again, we are out of time And *must* move on ... but STP

Angus:

OIL MAN!

DDK:

...take on Brutal Attack Force. The Fuse Bro's will be in live-action with the Gulf Coast Connection ...

Angus:

Lotta oil off the Gulf Coast! I made that connection! MILKSHAKES!

DDK:

And Elise Ares, the Souther Heritage Champion takes on Gage Blackwood's muscle for hire, Shooter Landell in one on one competition! Angus continues his poor impression of Daniel Day-Lewis in There Will Be Blood.

Angus:

MY LEFT FOOT! Darren just sighs already exhausted, extremely early in the broadcast.

SHAKE ON IT?

DDK:

We're now going to take you over to the Interview Stage where we've got Lance Warner standing by with a face to face confrontation between FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns against his next challenger for that very title, Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

The Perpetual Do-Gooder Dork versus Mikey McFuckass...

DDK:

Hasn't Mikey earned your respect by now?

Angus:

Hey, he beat Scott Stevens so he's got some points in my book, but we know Mikey is a shitstirrer by nature, Keebs.

The camera pans over to the Interview Stage where Lance Warner is already ready to greet the two men about to make their appearance.

Lance Warner:

Thank you, Darren. Please, let me introduce to you the next challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE... please welcome the former Southern Heritage and World Tag Team Champion... MIKEY UNLIKELY!

♪ "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by HOTEI ♪

The fans in the Wrestle-Plex stand up and cheer as the Hollywood superstar himself makes his way through the curtain. Mikey sports Adidas warm ups like it's 1996 and of course his signature aviators.

He acknowledges the fans, before headed over to the interview stage. As Mikey remains rather lax for the moment, Lance turns his attention to the entrance ramp.

Lance Warner:

And without further ado, Mikey, your future opponent for the FIST of DEFIANCE... "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

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

Once more, the crowd ERUPTS in a thunderous po, this time for Oscar Burns making his way out in street clothes and his signature "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" in sky blue and pink lettering tonight.

Angus:

I swear, he's trying to make his Graps shirts gawdier and gawdier...

DDK:

That may be, Angus, but listen to the responses both men have garnered from the fans!

Burns takes a bow at the stage and raises the FIST of DEFIANCE over his head before he walks over to the Interview Stage. Once again, he goes to shake the hand of Lance Warner. When he approaches Mikey, the #1 Contender wants to shake his, but Burns still eyes him with the same trepidation he had before after the last DEFTV's big tag team main event.

DDK:

It's not often we don't see Burns shake hands with an opponent, or at least try to...

Angus:

Well, he's got questions about Mikey's intentions. He says he's on the up and up now, but remember when he tried to put our asses out on the street in the name of those goddamn Mormons?

DDK:

The UTA?

Angus:

You know goddamn well I know how to spell Utah, Keebs.

Burns' music fades, but Mikey doesn't think much of the handshake not being accepted from the FIST. The Team Graps Cap walks over to the stage opposite his future challenger as Lance begins mediating.

Lance Warner:

Welcome, gentlemen. We've set up this time for both of you to say your piece before we make this main event official for our next Pay Per View offering, DEFROAD 2019!

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks, Lance!

Oscar Burns:

Thanks for having us, GC.

Mikey Unlikely:

Lancey baby, the pleasure's all mine!

Lance nods while Burns rolls his eyes at the bad joke by Unlikely.

Lance Warner:

Instead of doing a typical contract signing since the match has already been made official by office management, we wanted to give both of you an opportunity to speak to your future opponent for DEFROAD. And Oscar, since you're the champion, would you like the honors of going first?

Burns shoots a look at Mikey with a smile of his own.

Oscar Burns:

I would, GC.

Lance moves backward and allows Burns the floor as he takes his microphone and stares Mikey down.

Oscar Burns:

Now, Mikey, before we were so rudely interrupted a couple of weeks ago by those Family Keeling ponces, you and I were telling each other about how we feel heading into DEFIANCE Road to compete for the FIST of DEFIANCE. And I wanted to give you your due props for all you've done to get to this point, GC. I believe you were about to say that this was a fight you could win, yeah?

Mikey nodded with absolutely certainly.

Oscar Burns:

GC, to that I say... yeah, nah.

The Guru of the Graps turns the title around and looks at his reflection in the face of the championship.

Oscar Burns:

What I wanted to tell you the last time we spoke, GC, was that I respect what you've done to scratch and claw your

way to get a shot at this championship... but, if you think that the amount of scratching and clawing you've done to get here is the same as it took for me to get myself BACK to this championship... that's where YOU'RE stupid as a two-bob watch.

Burns holds the title outward. Mikey gets a confused look on his face. He mouths "two-bob what?"

Oscar Burns:

You had to pick yourself up after what happened with your little UTA Invasion... and don't think I ever forgot about that entire thing either, GC... I had to pick my literal career up off the floor after Scott Stevens nearly ended it. And from there, it wasn't all gravy, either. Your former Bruv weasled his ass into mine and Scotty's match, and stole the title. I had to go through a bloodthirsty Scott and a cunning Kendrix who attacked my friends to try and get to me and smiled at me the whole time doing it... to get back what Scott stole from me in the first place. I had to fight through all that to beat Kendrix... something you couldn't do...

He taps his nameplate on the title. Mikey smiles.

Oscar Burns:

You may be the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer as you call yourself, GC, but this FIST of DEFIANCE says right now, *I'M* the best WRESTLER in here. And I don't plan on letting it go to just anybody.

Mikey slow golf-clapped at the dig while Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

Now, before I do shake your hand, Mikey, I have one question for you and I hope that you answer honestly, GC. What I want to know is what Mikey Unlikely I'll be fighting.

The challenger raises an eyebrow as Burns presses on.

Oscar Burns:

Will I be getting stropky with the same man that schemed and manipulated his way into almost putting us all out on our asses, or am I going to be fighting the man that has overcome the adversity of Scott Stevens and being stabbed in the back by his former Best Bruv Forever, Mikey? I've seen shades of the latter lately when you beat Scott to keep your title shot, but what Mikey tagged himself into our tag team match? What Mikey accepted that match on our behalf in the first place? Not that I won't take a challenge, but did you do it out of the kindness of your heart or did you accept it for another reason?

Lance looks from Burns to Mikey giving him cue.

Mikey Unlikely:

All good points 'Twists', Lot's of ground to cover there for sure. Let's talk about the past shall we? Mikey led the UTA invasion! (Makes headlines motion), that's very true, and to sit here and say that it didn't crash and burn would be a lie...

Angus:

It crashed and burned like Mikey's last Hulu special!

DDK:

Easy, Angus.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm man enough to admit my own mistakes Oscar... however let's think back. What did the UTA invasion do for me? It brought me to the top of the show, win, lose, or draw, every week people said "What will Mikey do next!?" At the end of the day, that's all I cared about.

Mikey tries to make a hurrying up motion for himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

Point of the story is, leading the UTA against DEFIANCE helped make me a star here, even if I wasn't people's favorites, I was a major player. Then there was the Kendrix thing, blinded by my own Bruv love. Once more I made a mistake and trusted a snake. The talk of the town at the time was... and correct me if I'm wrong Lancey.... BRUV VS BRUV! Big news! Once more, all headlines read "Mikey".

Lance shrugs and nods. Mikey points to the FIST of DEFIANCE championship.

Mikey Unlikely:

Through it all there was also this... The FIST OF DEFIANCE, staring me in the face. You're right, I fought and clawed and got my shot, a couple times. Against a Bruv, against Cayle Murray, against Dan Ryan, but there was always something else going on at the same time. Invasion, Backstabbing, SOMETHING!

He moves from pointing at the FIST, to now raising his finger towards Burns. Oscar pushes his hand away gently.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now things are different, now there's a singular focus, now there's not a crew, a squad, a couple of wrestling fans following me around to try to get a shot in major motion pictures. Now there's just me and you Oscar. You wanna talk about Andy Sharp? He's of no concern to me now, the only concern I have is the championship. You wanna worry about the past? Good... I want you to have as much on your mind as you will let in. Listen to the noise, Listen to the family Keeling, listen to the people...

The fans in the arena chant "Mikey" It isn't long before it's half and half "Oscar! Mikey! Oscar! Mikey!"

Mikey Unlikely:

You wanna know which Mikey you're facing at DEFROAD? Well I contest there's only one. I contest that you're talking to the same man who got here 3 years ago. The man who will do N-E-THING to stay on top of the headlines, I've always done what it takes to win, regardless of the cost. There's only one Mikey Unlikely, everyone in this building knows that, So I want you to be ready for anything, because everything I've ever wanted, I've got it... everything but the FIST. That changes at DEFROAD, and sadly, I'm going to be the champion, you're just going to be "Best Supporting Australian".

Mikey tries to Mic drop, luckily Lance lunges for the mic, not allowing it to hit the ground. Burns isn't done.

Oscar Burns:

Glad to know where I stand, GC. But two things. First off... Kiwi, not Aussie. Learn your maps. And second... and the most important thing. This title IS everything to me. And if you'd like to see proof firsthand, I talked to Kelly Evans earlier tonight and in tonight's main event, before I defend against you... I'm putting this title on the line tonight in another FIST open challenge match!

The crowd roars with approval! Mikey raises an eyebrow.

Oscar Burns:

Don't worry, your shot at DEFROAD is safe. If I lose, the person that wins this title tonight goes on to defend against you. It'll be my backside on the wop wops looking in. But I'm gonna do you one better than you telling me how you'll win this belt... I'm gonna SHOW you what I'm willing to do to KEEP it.

Burns hands the microphone to Lance and then finally decides that he's ready to offer his hand back to Mikey.

Angus:

Is Mikey gonna do it?

DDK:

Now that the air has been cleared, more or less, he just might.

Mikey reaches out...

Then pulls back, fires a smirk at the champion and then walks off the set first while the crowd lets out an "Oooohhh!" at the gesture. Burns shakes his head as he watches Mikey head back up the ramp, raise his hands for the crowd and walks off.

Angus:

More mind games by Mikey. He says he's willing to do what he has to do become the FIST and I believe he could go full-on McFuckass to do it.

DDK:

And what about an open challenge for the FIST tonight?! Can you believe it? Burns is willing to risk his spot at DEFROAD to make a point! We'll see more from him, but after this break, we get BRAZEN standout Levi Cole taking on "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez in another Ace In The Hole qualifying match! You don't want to miss it!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

DEX JOY ARRIVES AT DEFIANCE

Cut back from commercial.

Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler are sitting in the locker room, grumbling about the state of the wrestling business to each other, as per usual. Landell has a comically large dip in his lower lip that he shifts around as he complains to Adler.

The enormous frame of newcomer Dex Joy comes into frame, a little taken aback by the surroundings. It is far more professional than most places that he's wrestled for in the past but he takes it all in. He inhales and then exhales loudly.

Dex Joy:

First day on the job, Dexy Baby, you got this!

Shooter glances up, snarls, and calls out to the newcomer with his gravelly voice.

Shooter Landell:

Hey, kid! You get lost on your way to the concession stand?

The massive new member of the DEFIANCE roster turns around and sees the veteran speaking to him.

Dex Joy:

Ahh ... funny because I'm big!

He chuckles, slightly nervous of his new home and being in a new situation but he takes a breath.

Dex Joy:

Nah it's just my first night here. My name's Dexter Joy, but you can call me Dex.

He extends his hand to Shooter out of respect. Shooter, still snarling, shifts the dip around his lower lip and eyes the newcomer for a few seconds. He spits into the cup in his left hand and nods dismissively toward Dex, talking to Adler.

Shooter Landell:

This is what I was talking about, Adler. They'll let anybody into this business now.

He turns his attention to Dex, still standing with an outstretched hand.

Shooter Landell:

Son, I know your momma probably told you that you could be anything you wanted to be, but this is a business for professional athletes. Look at you! You ain't seen your damn feet in ten years, much less a gym! Do yourself and the business a favor - take a hike.

Landell smirks and turns his attention back to Adler.

Shooter Landell:

Shit, maybe more than one.

Landell and Adler laugh at Dex's expense. Dex decides to let out a comically loud belly laugh of his own that stops the other two men just by how loud it is.

Dex Joy:

Sweet! I didn't think it was going to be this soon.

Shooter Landell:

What the hell are you talking about?

Dex Joy:

My first rivalry, numb nuts!

Dex squares up with Shooter.

Dex Joy:

Look, this ain't the first locker room I've been in where some guy tries to fat shame me and it probably won't be the last, but I'll tell you this pally ... I won't be some guy you're just gonna walk all over just because the ink is barely dry in my contract. If I offend you that much just by meeting you, there is a place us wrestlers can settle it, if you buy what I'm selling you ... Mister ...?

Shooter narrows his eyes toward Dex, taking several moments to assess the situation. After some contemplation, he nods slowly and stands. He is slightly taller than Dex, but the sheer size difference becomes readily apparent to both the audience and to Shooter, who seems to take note of it.

Shooter Landell:

Name's Landell. Looking at you kid, it's pretty clear you don't make the best life decisions and that don't appear to be changing now. You wanna settle this in the ring? You don't gotta ask me twice. Next week, you waddle yourself down to the ring and I'll show you exactly why you don't belong here.

The DEFIANCE newcomer pumps his fist. Shooter looks puzzled - not exactly the reaction he expected. Dex grins brightly.

Dex Joy:

Yes! I got my first beef to squash! Oh yeah ...

He suddenly remembers he is in a tense confrontation.

Dex Joy:

Right, sorry!

Dex quickly snaps his head toward Shooter and does a pretty good 7-out-of-10 attempt at getting steely-eyed at the veteran.

Dex Joy:

Go ahead and show me something, Landell. 'Cause I'll show you there's more to me than just this lovely figure of mine!

Dex turns and walks off and he can be heard letting out a loud "yes!" as he leaves the locker room. Shooter shakes his head in disgust at the enthusiastic young wrestler and goes back to his business with Adler.

Cut to the commentary booth.

DDK:

Well ... seems like something is brewing between the relative newcomer Dex Joy and Gage Blackwood's muscle ... Shooter Landell!

Angus:

I've always admired Shooter... he's got grit. Looks like he could take a head off if given the chance!

Angus looks away pondering.

Angus: [hopeful]

ohhhh ... do you think he'll take this fat happy go lucky kid's head off?!?

DDK:

I suppose anything is possible, partner ... although I don't think I'd use quite that kind of language... but it was a bit of a verbal standoff between the newest member of the DEFIANCE roster and ...

Angus:

THE OLDEST!

DDK:

Angus!! That is not what I was going to say ...

LEVI COLE vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

Speaking of a tense standoff ... The FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns and his challenger, Mikey Unlikely had quite the standoff to open up the program! But more to the point tonight, we have our next Ace in the Hole qualifier. Thus far, The D and one of DEFIANCE's best Southern Heritage Champions, Scott Douglas, have already qualified. The next match is going to be what you call, Angus...

Angus:

HOSSFITE!!!!!!

DDK:

That's the one. Between top BRAZEN star Levi Cole, taking on DEFIANCE's largest and perhaps its most dangerous man, a man that came within an eyelash of winning the FIST from Burns at Ascension... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

Angus:

Levi's a big do-gooder but has always been one of BRAZEN's top guys. 6'4" 265 pound suplex lover. But Cortez... 375! Seven foot one... AND A HALF!

DDK:

An absolute uphill battle for Cole, but he'll never back down ever and has even defeated main roster talent! A win here can do wonders for his career because the winner of the Ace in the Hole ladder match will go on to fight for a title shot at a title of their choosing! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

Darren Quimbey in the ring now, nodding to the camera with a smile.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles contest and the next Ace in the Hole Qualifying match! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... he is **"AMERICAN MADE" LEVI COLE!**

♪ "Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

The massive, corn-fed young grappler bursts from backstage with all the power and forward momentum of a freight engine. He and his star spangled singlet and wrestling headgear are down the ramp and rolling under the ring. He raises both hands in the air and looks extra motivated tonight.

Angus:

I gotta hand it to Opie, he looks ready to face his imminent demise.

DDK:

People shouldn't sleep on him just yet. There's no doubt Uriel's the favorite, but Levi knows what one will do for his career.

The music cuts as Levi snaps against the ropes, ready to face the giant.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California... standing at seven foot one... AND A HALF! Weighing in at 375 pounds, presented by The Family Keeling... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Sing From The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The fans let out jeers as the massive giant from California stomps his way out from the back, looking dapper in a tailored black pinstriped suit. Adjusting his collar, the Titan of Industry slowly makes the march to the ring. All business tonight. No funny intros by Junior or Thomas. No Andy Sharp for the moment, but Thomas and Junior both proudly take either side of their giant and flank him as he marches.

Angus:

After how close he came to being our FIST of DEFIANCE at Ascension, man, he looks motivated to get back to the top, doesn't he?

DDK:

There's no doubt in my mind. Both of these guys are out here serious as a heart attack, but only one man is going to advance.

Uriel approaches the ring and steps over the ropes as Thomas and Junior both tout their monster. Uriel takes off his jacket and is wrestling in his dress shirt and pants as usual while Cole in the amateur headgear and star-spangled attire. Both men are ready and the bell is called for...

DING DING!

And Levi comes out of the corner trying to knock Cortez over with a Shoulder Tackle... but he barely budges even with Levi putting all he can muster into it. Cortez sizes him up and motions silently for Cole to bring it, which he does. Cole comes off the ropes a second time and then runs into him, but Cortez only gets knocked back a little. Still, Cole isn't deterred. He runs off the ropes and Cole tries to catch him...

WHAM!

Cortez runs right through Cole with a Shoulder Block of his own! He has an undeniable swagger to him as he adjusts his shirt collar and smirks.

DDK:

I wondered now Cortez would bounce back from his first direct loss and it appears he's even more motivated to succeed. He came VERY close despite his relative lack of big-match experience to becoming FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Big HOSS energy, Keeps!

He picks Cole up and throws him into the ropes before running at him. Cole sees him coming and in a brilliant move, he pulls the ropes down, allowing Cortez's Big Boot attempt to hit nothing but the ropes!

DDK:

That's the opening Cole needed!

The crowd is firmly behind the perennial BRAZEN favorite as he kicks the leg a couple of times! Thomas looks on shocked and Junior protests like an idiot with the official as he kicks away at the left leg. Cortez swats him away and when he comes back...

THWACK!**DDK:**

Good Lord, did you hear that Chop, Angus?

Angus:

I FELT it, dude! And I don't think that was sweat on his chest! I think that was part of Cole's soul leaving his body!

Cole is on the ground looking up at the lights while holding his chest. Cortez rubs his hands together and then picks Cole up before smacking him against the skull with a massive Headbutt. He charges in and catches Cole with a massive Corner Splash, but that's not all. Cortez pulls him out by the hand, CLOBBERS him with a big Short-Arm Clothesline and then drops a vicious Elbow Drop!

DDK:

Simple, but effective chain of big moves! Cortez with a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Angus:

I think Cortez should have hooked the leg personally, but I ain't telling him shit. He might eat me.

DDK:

Cole needs to get something to surprise Cortez like he did earlier with that leg!

Instead, Cole gets picked up by Cortez in the Atomic Drop position, but simply opts to THROW him across the ring with the Atomic Throw! Cole goes crashing into the mat and holds his back in pain while the dominant Cortez. The Titan of Industry starts to look out to the crowd when Thomas points at Cole and tells him to focus on the prize. Cortez nods and then picks up Cole before...

THWACK!

DDK:

God, those chops of his are vicious! That's what the added size and power will give him!

He then boots Cole in the gut out of the corner and tries to set him up for a Powerbomb... but Cole punches away! Despite being in pain, he fights back and keeps on reeling the big man with right hands until he gets free! The Titan of Industry swings wild with a right hand, but Cole ducks and then runs off the ropes, coming back with a Chop Block to the leg!

Angus:

There you go, Opie, chop him down!

DDK:

And Cole with another one from the front! Now Cole's going for... a German Suplex?

He does indeed try to use one of his signature suplexes on the massive Cortez instead of following up, but Cortez THROWS him away and goes back to favoring his knee. Cole picks himself up and goes for it again... no! Cortez shoves him away a second time. But when Cole comes back, he fires a third diving shoulder at the knee of Cortez! He finally buckles and lands on one knee. Cole then goes behind him...

DDK:

NO WAY! HE JUST GERMAN SUPLEXED URIEL CORTEZ! THAT WAS INSANE!

Angus:

GOTDAMN! OPIE EATING THEM WHEATIES!

The move clearly took a lot out of Cole, but the crowd applauds him as he hurriedly tries to crawl over. He puts all his weight on Cortez's chest...

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Uriel kicks out...but he's going right back to the knee he's been attacking! He's kicking at the hamstring!

Angus:

He's got that modified Figure Four, Keebs! That dork calls it the Liberty Lock and he's tapped out big wrestlers like Theo Baylor with it!

He tries the hold and the crowd cheers, but Uriel put his freet boot up and KICKS Cole away, sending him violently into the corner. Cole comes back just as Uriel comes back up...

DDK:

He catches Cole... INDUSTRY STANDARD! INDUSTRY STANDARD!

Angus:

Damn, he put some STANK on that one!

The replay sees Cole running before Cortez instantly hoists him up on the shoulder and SPIKES him down with the Waist-Lifted Side Slam! Cortez wastes no more time as he rolls over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

DDK:

Hand it to Cole, because he tried. But he wanted to hit that suplex on Cortez so bad, that could have cost him.

Angus:

I'll give it to Opie, he caught Uriel off guard a couple of times, but Uriel can just overwhelm any match with that power of his in the blink of an eye. That's how he pinned Oscar Burns before!

Cortez stands up and before the referee raises his hands Junior jumps in first.

Junior Keeling:

Get outta here. We got this!

Both Thomas and Junior help raise a collective arm of Cortez before he goes to grab his dress jacket and exits the ring.

DDK:

That makes number three and Uriel Cortez changes the complexion of the whole game now. The D and Scott Douglas now have to contend with The Titan of Industry!

The Family makes their way to the back as Angus drones on.

Angus:

We're working toward a Royal FLUSH! We got a JACK ... ass!

DDK:

The D?

Angus:

The KING of dirty boy scouts!

DDK:

Scott Douglas, I assume based on the love and somehow still disdain ...

Angus:

... annnnd Urinal ... Cortez ...

DDK:

Ur-ie-el ...

Angus:

That too... Cortez is a TEN! Anyway ya' slice it! Big son of a bitch! All we need is a Queen!

DDK:

There are no women scheduled to compete in the qualifying.

Angus:

I know ... and Stevens is out already ... So close, Keebs ... so ... close.

DDK:

Hold on, I'm told we have Uriel Cortez backstage ...

Cut to backstage.

TBD

The camera heads backstage to the curtains where Thomas and Junior Keeling both come out from the guerilla position into the backstage area. Behind them, the massive Uriel Cortez parts the curtains and looks confident with his big win to get him back on track. Junior speaks up first.

Junior Keeling:

Let that be a lesson to the rest of these numbnuts that think they're gonna win Ace in the Hole. Just like what happened to Levi Cole.

When Thomas nods with approval, the threesome are stopped by DEFIANCE's most professional interviewer, Lance Warner.

Thomas Keeling:

Ahh, Mister Warner, have you come to congratulate the Titan of Industry on his big win?

Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

Indeed, congratulations are in order. Uriel Cortez, congratulations on your big win.

Uriel smiles smugly while Thomas pats Lance on the back.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, Lance. And let this also serve as a lesson to ANYBODY else that wants to try their luck against us.

Lance Warner:

It also had to be nice to get back on the winning track after Ascension and the tag match last we...

Uriel cuts off Lance IMMEDIATELY by putting his hand over his microphone and then grabbing his tie. Thomas inches closer.

Thomas Keeling:

Mister Warner, I suggest that you choose your next line of questioning VERY carefully. Uriel isn't in the best of moods. Burns got lucky and scored one flash submission, but remember that we beat him, too. And as for last week... we'll address that eventually. But I...

"HEY!"

Uriel releases Lance's tie and swats him away, giving him the hint as the crowd could be heard popping for the appearance of one JACK HARMEN!

Jack Harmen:

So, what? Mr. Big Tall Men's Wearhouse Spokesman is fighting interviewers now? Was Burnsie too much of a step up for him?

Lance shoots a look at Harmen while Uriel turns to the interviewer.

Uriel Cortez:

Run.

He does just that and skirts on out of the way while Uriel stares down the 20+ year wrestling veteran. Junior and Thomas both stand in between the two.

Thomas Keeling:

We'd love for Uriel to make an exception and deliver the beating you deserve for not minding your business, but here's a lesson you should know all too well, Mister Harmen... we don't fight for free.

Junior Keeling:

Yeah, kick rocks, asshole.

Harmen looks to Thomas, then looks to Junior... then finally back at Uriel who looks down at the respected veteran...

Then scoffs.

Jack Harmen:

Okay then...

Before Uriel can react, Harmen lands a solid punch right on the lip! The Lunatic then jumps right after the massive monster and goes at him with right hand after right hand! Clearly having his fill of recent events, Harmen throws what little caution he has to the wind and continues to fight him.

Uriel lets out a growl and then grabs Harmen by his skull before THROWING him up and over into the nearby wall!

Thomas and Junior both scatter like cockroaches while the winded Uriel takes a second to catch his breath...

BUT HARMEN IS ALREADY BACK ON THE ATTACK!

Harmen climbs up a nearby production crate and flies off right onto Cortez's back, striking the big man with right hands up and down his head! Uriel howls again and grabs him by the neck when members of DEFSec flood the hallway! Uriel tosses Harmen off of him, but he lands on his feet and tries to pounce yet again!

Eventually they get between The Titan of Industry and The Lunatic.

DDK (V/O):

Harmen is taking the fight right to Uriel! And between everything that has gone down recently between his son in BRAZEN, him losing out on the World Tag Team Titles at Ascension, something has snapped!

Angus (V/O):

And he thinks picking a fight with the Titan of Gorram Industry is going to make it BETTER?!

DEFSec continue earning their paycheck as both men get separated. The scene then heads to break as Harmen continues shouting down the hallway.

Uriel/Harmen. Added so I can get a better idea of show format.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

THE BLAME GAME

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, and I hear we've got some backlash from what just happened before the break. Let's send things backstage, where Christie Zane is trying to get a word with an irate Jack Harmen.

Things quickly shift to the locker room area. Jack Harmen grabs a small production table and throws it over onto it's side. Christie Zane tentatively approaches him with a microphone in tow.

Zane:

Jack? Are you okay? May I have a word.

Harmen seethes and turns, staring daggers at Christie. His demeanor calms ever so slightly, but he still huffs and puffs and looks like he's going to be blowing down your house. Harmen motions for Zane to continue.

Zane:

Harmen, You just had a violent confrontation with Uriel Cortez, and yet you're coming off of a pay per view loss at Ascension versus the Stevens Family. You have challengers from all sides. Do you intend to challenge for the tag team titles again? Or are you focused on qualifying at the next DEFtv for the Ace in the Hole? Do you have anything to say about your tag team title loss at Ascension?

Harmen finishes tying his boot and looks to the floor. He is obviously still frustrated by the events that went down at Ascension and can't help but sigh before rising up to his feet to meet the interviewer. He had tried to clear the match from his mind and now, it is being brought back up. To say the loss is still a sore spot for him would be an understatement and it shows, when he violently whips the steel chair he was sitting in across the room and into some lockers.

Harmen:

Jeez, let me answer a question m'lady before you ask three more. I mean... what's there to say? Instead of showing why they are the tag team champions, the Stevens'-es... -es... chose to go after a defenseless woman. What they did was amateur evil, just a blatant show of cowardice. Yet, you can't fault them for it. They knew damn well that they couldn't hang with Geist and me. So, they went after our Achilles heel, our weak spot. At least they got their asses handed to them by Geist and his buddy. Just wish I coulda got a few more licks in myself...

The sound of heels tapping on the tile floor can be heard growing closer and into the picture comes Lorelei Albrecht with her client and beloved Pietro Geist and his newly-introduced teammate, Mack Brody, keeping pace behind her. She looks rather unhappy, as she positions herself across from Harmen. Christie senses the tension and quickly makes her way to a safe distance, while motioning to the camera man to keep filming.

Albrecht:

Heir Harmen, your anker about komink up schort in your quescht to defeat zee file Schtefens klan is underschtandable, but a man of your **schtature** schoult be uset to such a zink. Mein Pietro vas not zee vun kountink zee lights, as zey say, nor vas I. Zerefore, maybe it is not I who vas zee veak link of zis alliance. Zhankfully, he has brought James in to hantle zis situaschun viz him.

Harmen snorts with a smirk, definitely not amused by Lorelei's words. Mack sighs off in the background, as Lorelei calls him by his given name.

Harmen:

Cute. Well, let me ask you something. What exactly do you do here? I get that the fangs in your vagina have clamped down firmly upon Pietro's manhood and you handle his contracts and tell him who he can talk to and when he can poop... Yet, out there, surrounded by all the Faithful? You're a liability. Maybe you'll think about what you cost Pietro before you cause your client to lose again... I mean what kind of Valkyrie are you even? Thor would be ashamed.

The lunatic's words do not sit well with the blond bombshell and she looks to respond. Just as her mouth opens, but

massive hand lands upon her shoulder, instantly stopping her. Mack can't stop himself from giggling at how Harmen mocked Lorelei.

Geist:

Nicht sprechen. Kenne deinen platz.

Lorelei lowers her head subserviently to the Todesengel and hurries to move out of his way. All of her fire is extinguished from the single action. Geist steps up to Harmen, who doesn't back up at all. Geist looks down at him.

Geist:

Heir Harmen... Jakk. Danke.

The Uberkreiger offers his hand to Harmen, who is somewhat surprised by the action. The two shake hands.

Jack Harmen:

Was fuer?

Geist:

Vizout you, vee voult not hafe gotten zee opportunity to schow our schkills here in Defiance. Zee blame for zee loss falls solely upon me. I undereschtimatet our foes. I dit not zink zey voult sink to zee lefels zat zey dit.

Harmen:

It's cool, man. The assholes in this place never cease to amaze me with just how bad they can be.

Geist nods in agreement, disheartened by just how true that statement seems to be.

Geist:

It vill not happen again.

Harmen:

But it's not just on you. It's on me too. It's on us. Based on how they won, Lorelei and I could petition for a rematch. We could put them down once and for all.

Geist:

Yes, **VEE** koult. Howefer, **VEE** vill not.

Harmen's confusion was written all over his face.

Harmen:

What are you talking about? Now that we have extra firepower and we know their tricks, they don't stand a chance.

Geist:

Kary Schtefens kommittet a kardinal sin. He daret to lay a finker on mein beloved. Zee only punischment is deaz to him unt all zose who karry zee wretched Schtefens DNA.

Harmen:

Agreed. Yet, you need friends.

Geist:

Unt I hafe vun.

Harmen:

Sure, Adonis over there is a beefy lad, but you're still out-numbered without me. That's not counting the other seventeen imbred hicks they have sitting in a trailer park...

Geist:

Vile zhat is not somezhink I kan argue againscht, goink to var viz zee Schtefens family is a vaste of your abilities. Zhis is beneaz you. You schoult be fokuset on zee Vorlt title, not on deliferink vigilante juschtime. I do falue your koncern unt it has schurely been taken into akkount. Yet, vee vant zhem to kome. Let efery member of zee Schtefens klan kome. Kary kan brink in kousins, unkles, sisters, brozhers... Vee vill sent zhem all to zheir grafes.

The seriousness of Geist's tone and the look in his eyes is more than enough for Harmen to believe every word. Easily excitable, Mack starts getting hyped up by his best friend's words and instantly breaks up the seriousness of the situation.

Brody:

Yeah, boy! Slasher and I will stomp every last one of them! The Sexual Tyrannosaurus Platoon will put them fuckers six feet under! Wool!

Lorelei rolls her eyes and sighs loud upon hearing Mack's outburst, annoyed beyond belief at his nature and the fully stated name of the tandem. She shakes her head with her hand over her face, as Harmen and turns to Brody, not sure what to make of him and his energy. The lunatic looks down at Brody's extended fist. Used to his allies outbursts, Geist keeps his focus solely on Harmen, though he slams his fist into Mack's. Harmen chuckles and looks back to the massive German.

Harmen:

Sexual Tyrannosaurus?

Albrecht:

Please do not aschk...

Geist:

Pardon Terror's enzhusiaschm. Howefer, he is not mischtaken. Vee vill schlaughte zhem all.

Harmen:

Now, that I believe. Just remember that I'm here, if you need me.

Geist:

Unt us for you.

Brody:

You know it!

Harmen chuckles to himself at Mack's fervor and makes his exit, but not without trading angry glances with Lorelei on his way out. Brody slaps Geist on the back.

Brody:

Come on, Slasher. We got panties to dampen and asses to kick.

Lorelei looks to Brody in disbelief that he just uttered such a phrase. To which he just smiles back in return, before things head elsewhere.

Jack Harmen:

I need a cool name like Sexual Tyrannosaurus...

DDK:

Well, it looks like Geist and Harmen's quest to dethrone the Stevens Family is at an end, but Geist has the righteous vengeance of a woman scorned as his motivation, and there's nowhere for the Stevens' Clan to hide.

Angus:

That's not true. They've been hiding from my BRAZEN boys for months now!

DDK:

We don't know what's next for Harmen, but we do know what's next for Brody and Geist, they're heading to ringside now!

STP vs. BAF

DDK:

Time for some tag team action!

Angus:

That will cost you extra, Keebs.

DDK:

Moving on...

♪"Over and Under" by Egypt Central♪

Intense as ever, Petey Garrett and Solomon Grendel step out to the ramp and they examine the capacity crowd with nothing but disdain for them. Once surveying the scene, they start their trek down to the ring.

DDK:

They look to be in great shape. The guys down in Brazen are definitely getting them ready.

Angus:

They'll look great in their caskets.

Darren Quimby:

At a combined weight of 406lbs... **Petey Garrett... Solomon Grendel... They are THE BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE!!!**

In unison, the duo dive under the bottom rope and into the ring. Solomon rises up to one knee, while Petey executes a front handspring to his feet. Grendel hops up to his feet and shoots a few glares out at fans in the crowd, while Garrett positions himself on the second rope, looking out to the crowd and not liking what he sees.

DDK:

They look thrilled to be here.

Angus:

I'm with them, but they are about 5 seconds away from hating this place even more.

Attention turns to the entrance ramp with the stopping of the BAF's music and the arena being engulfed in darkness.

♪"Links 234" by Rammstein♪

Red strobe lights give a glimpse of a trio standing atop the entrance ramp. The sultry blonde vixen in the middle points to the ring and the monsters on each side take off down to the ring with a purpose.

Darren Quimby:

At a combined weight of 632lbs... accompanied by Lorelei Albrecht... **Pietro Geist... Mack Brody... They are THE SEXUAL TYRANNOSAURUS PLATOON"!!!**

DDK:

And do the carnivores ever look hungry.

Just as their opponents did earlier, the STP leap up to the apron and enter the ring, as if they are perfectly synchronized. The brothers in paint tear their Metal Mulisha shirts clear off of their torsos and launch them into the crowd, much to the delight of Lorelei and other women in the crowd.

DING DING!!!

Not allowing the BAF to decide on who would start, the STP pounce on the two men. Garrett gets run over by a stampeding Geist and is battered with lefts and right, while his teammate covers up best he can to avoid any full on damage from the haymakers Brody sends his way.

DDK:

You come to do battle with the STP, you better be ready for a fight.

Angus:

I can't wait until they get their jaws on those inbreds...

Garrett is launched over the top rope to the floor in horrific fashion courtesy of a biel by the massive German. Geist then joins his American ally in cornering Grendel, adding to the assault. Grendel does his best to fight back, but there he can block every in-coming strike.

DDK:

Just flat out clubberin'. No other way to put it.

Angus:

No one said it's gotta be pretty, Keebs.

DDK:

That is for sure.

Geist rushes to the ropes, as SuperMack shoves a dazed Grendel out to the middle of the ring and right into the Uberkreiger's path. Geist lifts him from the mat with a powerful pounce, but instead of just crashing to the mat, Brody slams into him while he is in midair, causing him to rotate wildly before landing on his head.

DDK:

That was like something out of an NFL highlight reel!

While the referee, Hector Navarro, instructs his ally to their corner, the golden gladiator launches Grendel into the corner and flat out stomps the ever-loving hell out of him, driving Grendel down to his ass in the corner.

DDK:

Just a merciless assault.

Angus:

That's what all those morons didn't understand. That's what you need to beat those cousin-fuckers.

DDK:

Language!

The official steps in to pull Mack from his opponent only to get a fierce glare and some choice words.

Brody:

Get the fuck out of the way.

Completely ignoring the referee, Brody pulls Grendel up. The separation gave Grendel just enough time to clear his head and he goes right to the eyes. A pair of forearms follow and Grendel stumbles over to his corner and his waiting teammate.

DDK:

Tag to Petey!

Garrett hurries in and immediately goes to work. A left-footed low kick to the outside of Brody's right thigh, a

roundhouse to his chest with the right leg, a second low kick with the left, and a spinning solebutt to the abdomen all find their mark.

DDK:

Lightning-fast combo by the talented striker!

The smallest man in the match-up darts to the ropes, so he can ricochet off the middle rope, looking for a gamengiri. However, Mack has other ideas. Brody snatches him out of midair in body slam position and shows off his amazing strength by tossing Garrett up into a ring-shaking sitout powerbomb.

Angus:

A good big man will always beat a small little punk.

DDK:

Ripping off other people's material now?

Angus:

I don't know what you're talking about.

Not looking for a pin, SuperMack grips his enemy by the hair and drags him to the corner, as if he is a hockey mask-wearing killer with a victim. While most thought he would go for a tag, Brody instead scoops his opponent up and easily turns him upside down with a vertical suplex. Adding insult to injury, Mack casually walks around the ring, before turning to face the other half of the BAF and holding Garrett up with just one arm, so he can flip Grendel the bird.

Brody:

You're next, pussy.

DDK:

Cocky or not, you can't deny the strength of these men.

Angus:

If I was Grendel, I would not be in any hurry to get in there.

Mack heads back to his corner where he offers his free hand to his brother-in-arms. He doesn't wait long for it to be accepted.

DDK:

Tag to the big German.

Geist climbs into the ring and takes Garrett from Mack, keeping him in the vertical suplex position. The Todesengel isn't one to showboat like his ally, but he shows off his strength just as well. He transitions from the vertical suplex position to a military press, where he does a set of five reps, before driving Garrett down violently with a spinebuster.

DDK:

These two are throwing two fully-grown men around like they are toddlers.

Angus:

They murdered four guys last week and two of them were huge. Do you really think these cruiserweights stand a chance, Keebs?

DDK:

David toppled Goliath.

Angus:

That book also has a talking snake.

DDK:

Touché.

There is no pin attempt, as Geist captures his foe by the throat and pulls him up off the mat, only to fire him into the nearest corner. Garrett is well-versed in striking, but he was about to get a crash course in how the German does it. A left to the body, one to the cheek, a right to the other cheek, and a spinning back elbow to the jaw put Garrett down in a heap with his head draped over the bottom rope.

DDK:

Geist is just so heavy-handed. Every strike is a knockout blow.

In an unexpected move, the Uberkreiger charged at Grendel and clobbered him in the ear with an overhand right. Geist keeps him from falling off the apron by snagging him by the ear and begins to repeatedly batter the side of his head with forearm shots.

DDK:

Inside the ring or out, no one is safe around the STP.

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about, Keebs. This is what is needed to take out the Stevens.

The referee hurries over to break that up. In doing so, he allowed Brody to rush down the apron and hit a claymore-like kick to Garrett's exposed face.

DDK:

They seemingly come from every direction.

Having his fill with Grendel and not wanting to risk disqualification, the German heads back over to Garrett and forces him to stand on spaghetti legs. An Irish whip sends him into the opposite corner where Geist tries to behead him with a leaping forearm strike.

DDK:

Nowhere for Garrett to go there.

Geist doesn't let his opponent just fall to the mat. He catches him by the hair before he can and the Todesengel unloads with a pair of haymakers that instantly turn Garrett's lights out.

Angus:

I hope he has a good blender, as I see meals through a straw in his future.

DDK:

Seconded!

Not a single moment of rest is given to Garrett, as he is yanked back up and carried over to STP's corner, with his legs draped over Geist's shoulders and the rest hanging down behind the German. Brody slaps Geist on the shoulder, wanting to take another turn at delivering the punishment.

DDK:

In comes the one they call SuperMack.

Angus:

Pretty sure that was my nickname first.

DDK:

Right.

The Todesengel plants their foe with a thunderous Alabama slam in the middle of the ring, but keeps control of his legs. A catapult sends Garret into the waiting arms of Brody, who executes an exploder suplex that sends him into the corner.

DDK:

Brutal impact with the corner there.

Garrett shows no signs of life, but SuperMack didn't care at all. Brody props him up in the corner and lights up his chest with a stiff reverse knife edge chop.

Angus:

YEEOWWCH!

DDK:

That echoed through the arena.

A second does the same.

Angus:

That's gotta suck.

DDK:

I do not want to be in Garrett's shoes right now.

It looks as if Mack was going to whip him across the ring, but at the last second uses the momentum to whip him back to where he came from. Garrett slams chest first into the corner and staggers backwards to Brody, who hoists him up in a torture rack. Geist slaps his best friend on the back, before Mack steps out to the center of the ring.

DDK:

Geist back in and with something painful in mind.

Building up a head of steam, the German looks to hit the far ropes. Grendel knows he has to do something and he takes the opening to connect with an enzigiri on the hurrying Geist. The kick does stop the Uberkreiger in his tracks, but not in the manner Grendel would of hoped.

Angus:

Helen Keller could see that was a reeeeeeally bad decision.

DDK:

You could say that.

In a flash, Geist spins around and wraps his hand around Grendel's throat. A mighty pull sends Grendel soaring over the top and into the ring. The German wastes no time in once again capturing his ear and delivering repeated right hands into his cheek and jaw. Brody violently casts the lifeless Garrett to the side and joins his teammate in beating Grendel down.

DDK:

I bet Grendel wishes he would have just minded his own business.

Angus:

I wish it was Bo catching that beat down.

Grendel is sent tumbling out to the floor with Brody hot on his tail. Garrett's autopilot kicks in and he instinctively stands up. He finds himself in the middle of the ring with Geist standing before him. He is defenseless, as the German lays him out with a forearm shot, with the sound of Brody whipping Grendel into the security barrier heard in the background.

DDK:

Action all over the place!

Using what was left of his energy, Garrett tries to get upright using the ropes, but his knees buckle. He drops to one knee in front of his foe.

DDK:

Garrett has no idea where he is.

Geist took his time, just measuring his foe, before putting him back down with a huge right hand that puts Garrett face down on the mat. The German grips him in a waistlock and dead lifts him from the mat. Grendel tries once again to get involved, this time grabbing the official by the pant leg from the floor.

DDK:

I should've known that they would look to dirty tactics.

Angus:

Can you blame them, Keebs? Are you even watching this match?

Just as Hector Navarro turns his attention from the action in the ring, Garrett uses it to his advantage. He thrusts his leg backwards, hitting Geist between the legs.

DDK:

Low blow! The referee never saw it!

The German growls in pain and his grip loosens just enough for Garrett to rotate in place. A rake of the eyes and a front kick right to the nether regions, drop Geist to one knee.

DDK:

Another low blow and to the eyes to cap it off!

Angus:

Desperate times call for desperate measures, Keebs. They are getting their asses handed to them!

DDK:

They should have some honor, even in loss.

Angus:

That will get them a one way trip to the morgue with these monsters.

Garrett falls to his rear out of exhaustion, with his teammate finally climbing up onto the apron. It takes him a moment to build up enough energy to slither over to the other half of the BAF and make the tag.

DDK:

In comes a fresh Solomon Grendel.

With his window of opportunity closing fast, Grendel ascends the turnbuckle. Just as Geist turns to face him, he leaps off the top rope with a dropkick.

DDK:

On target, but Geist is still standing.

Angus:

He is going to have to do better than that. Not enough weight behind it.

Geist never leaves his feet, but he is knocked back to a safe distance that allows Grendel to gain some momentum before connecting with a jumping calf kick.

DDK:

Grendel not letting up.

The attack sends the German stumbling back into the ropes, where the STP's size comes into play, as Brody is able to slap him on the shoulder while still holding the tag rope.

DDK:

Blind tag by Brody!

Grendel fires off a chop of his own to his foe's tattooed chest and dashes to the opposite ropes. He slips under a chop attempt by Geist, but is walloped in the back of the head by a forearm by Brody.

DDK:

Right at the base of the skull with that one.

Mack quickly slips into the ring, while his teammate rocks Grendel's head back with a forearm shot of his own. Geist sprints to the ropes and meets Brody in the middle of the ring, where their dazed foe is standing. The German going high with a diving European uppercut and the American going low with a chop block.

DDK:

Turned upside down and inside out!

Angus:

You picturing that happening to Cary? I am.

Momentum is once again in the STP's favor. Geist hurried out to the apron, just to be tagged back in just as quickly. As if he was lifting a child, the Uberkreiger deadlifted Grendel from the mat and positioned him on his shoulders. Only one place for Grendel to go.

DDK:

A vicious powerbomb by Geist.

DDK:

He isn't done yet.

Not letting go after the powerbomb, the German pulls his opponent all the way back up just to do it again.

DDK:

And another!

DDK:

Skip the paramedics. Someone get the hearse ready.

After watching his ally raise Grendel from the mat for a second time, SuperMack smacks him on the back and heads up to the top rope. Once Brody is perched on the top rope like Batman next to a gargoyle, Geist extends his arms, lifting Grendel from his shoulders. Brody points at their victim with a devilish smirk on his face.

Brody:

One dead motherfucker.

Grendel is easy prey for the golden gladiator to turn inside out with a spear.

DDK:

Aussterben!!!

Mack kneels down next to his fallen foe and places a single hand upon his chest. His eyes watching the still motionless Garrett, as Hector Navarro slides into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

DDK:

Another amazing outing for the STP, giving them their second win in as many shows.

Angus:

These guys are the ones, Keebs. Two big Aryan Neo's. I'm telling you. They are going to take a chainsaw to that Stevens family tree.

DDK:

Only time will tell.

Angus:

No, I am telling you. Fuck what Time says. I don't even read that magazine.

With victory secured, Brody rises up to his feet and quickly joined in the ring by Geist.

Brody:

Major league ass-kicking is back in town! All day, every day, twice on fucking Sundays.

Geist smirks, liking the sound of that, and offers his fist. The duo do their trademark handshake of extending fists and violently pulling them away just as they connect. Lorelei makes a short detour to the timekeeper's table to commandeer a microphone, before strutting up the steel steps.

DDK:

Looks like we are going to hear from the lovely Lorelei.

Angus:

Honestly, the only time German sounds sexy.

DEMANDS

Albrecht:

Schtefens klan... You dit not vant to heet mein varnink. So, zhe runt unt zhe mongoloit vere destroyet. Now, vee schall schpare you anymore vords. Profe you are juscht as goot as you klaim to be. Defent zhose titles againscht Pietro Geist unt James MakArzhur Brody, zee STP.

DDK:

Lorelei has made it very clear what they want.

Angus:

I'm not sure what excites me more, Lorelei or the very thought of these two monsters killing the Stevens. I can only get so erect, Keebs.

Lorelei looks to the entrance ramp, growing more annoyed with every passing second.

Albrecht:

If you vouldt prefer, vee koult always kome bakk zhere unt "aschk" you face to face in vhat many vouldt konsider a more uncifilizet faschion. Zee decischion is yours. Kome out here unt schow you hafe efen zee tiniest set of balls or vee kan kome bakk zhere unt pry zhose titles from your colt deat hants.

Brody loves the sound of that and is bursting with energy, while his teammate is stone-faced and stoic as ever.

Brody:

Come on, motherfuckers. Come get your whoopin'.

♪ *"When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock, and Bigg Vinny Mack.* ♪

Much to the utter dismay of the crowd, Cary Stevens strolls through the curtain with not just Bo and George behind him, but Scott as well.

DDK:

Here come the champions.

Angus:

Fan-fucking-tastic...

Cary made sure to be at full power tonight. Can't blame him after what happened last week.

Angus:

Nice of Scott to take a break from all the goat fucking to show up with the others.

Basking in the utter contempt the crowd has for them, the Stevens display their collection of gold to everyone in attendance. They take in every last jeer and boo with smiles on every single one of their faces.

Cary Stevens:

Definitely the type of reaction we were expecting from low-income dirtbags like you. So, thank you for confirming that this place has more wasted lives than the dumpster behind Planned Parenthood.

FUCK YOU CARY! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

FUCK YOU CARY! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

FUCK YOU CARY! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

DDK:

It's Cary's ability to endear himself to the fans that really stands out.

Cary Stevens:

Now, let's get down to business. You fellas want a shot at the greatest damn tag team on the planet today, huh? It could happen, but let's be honest. What have you done to deserve it? Sure, you beat up a bunch of Brazen "never-were's". Big damn deal. That impresses no one. Hell, George could have beaten them all by himself while Scott and Bo were finding the fastest route out of this shit stain of a town.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Cary just smiles back at the crowd's hatred.

Albrecht:

Vell, vhy don't you and your bloodline step into zhis ring, right now, unt vee kan schow you how vorzhy vee are? You kan efen brink Schkott vizh you, as bringink him out here tells us vizhout vorts juscht how schkaret you are to face us on a lefel playink fielt. Yet, don't let zhat schtop you. Vee velkome zee challenge. Zhree on two means more carcasses for zee platoon to feet upon. So, kommen zie.

Lorelei motions with her hand for the Stevens Family to enter the ring, an idea the crowd is solidly behind. Geist places a hand on Brody's chest to stop him from just darting out of the ring to engage the Stevens in battle.

Brody:

Come on, Slasher! Let's go fuck these loser up!

Geist:

Schteady yourself.

Angus looks around the arena, almost as if he is asking for the crowd's opinion on the matter.

Angus:

Please god... Let Cary be that dumb.

Yet, he has no intention of doing any such thing. Cary looks at the trio, totally unimpressed, while Scott and Bo restrain a ravenous George, stopping him from going to the ring.

Cary Stevens:

More big words from a wannabe pair of challengers. Like we haven't heard it before. However, you said something that did make a light bulb go off above my head. Three on two... Now, that is a fine idea, little lady!

DDK:

What does he mean?

Cary Stevens:

On the next DEFtv, you two steroid-enhanced assholes will get your chance to earn a title shot. If, and only if, you can beat Bo, George, and Scott in a three-on-two handicap match. We all know you don't stand a snowball's chance against just Bo and George, let alone with Scott by their side.

Angus:

Yes! It's happening, Keebs! It is really happening!

Lorelei cannot stop herself from smirking.

Albrecht:

If you are zhat schure of your klan, vhy don't vee make it a little more intereschtink? Put zee trios titles on zee line. Or maybe all zhis talk of how superior zhey are is nozhink but bullenscheiße.

The crowd was solidly behind this idea. Cary laughs out loud, seeing absolutely no way that the STP could overcome

the disadvantage. The rest of his family joins him in chuckling.

Cary Stevens:

Sure, what the hell, sweet cheeks? The way I see it, you've got less of a chance of winning than Stevie Wonder does of seeing sasquatch, so why not?

Albrecht:

Zhen, it is settled. Prepare for battle, Schtefens... When diplomacy ends, war begins.

Lorelei casts the microphone aside, while her two monstrous associates step in front of her, hoping that their foes would show some courage and engage them in battle right now. Carys directs his family to the back, trading glares with Lorelei before joining them.

DDK:

Looks like you're getting your wish, Angus.

Angus:

Woo!!! Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus! Finally, death to those redneck jackasses!

CO-OP PLAY

The scene goes backstage as The Fuse Bros. appear to cheers from The Gamers. They look to be ready to wrestle as both of them are dressed in their normal attire. Before much longer, however, The Bros. become occupied with something or someone in front of them.

The camera pans to reveal Ryan Batts and Jack Mace, The WrestleFriends standing across the way. The fans cheer once more.

Angus:

Ugggh, idiots everywhere!

The four men look each other over and then Batts and Mace offer their hands. The Fuse Bros. don't waste time and shake them.

Ryan Batts:

Thank you for the save two weeks ago against No Justice, No Peace.

Mace agrees while Tyler finishes the hand shake with Batts and rubs his messy brown hair about.

Tyler Fuse:

You're welcome. Our battle against the two of you at Ascension was just that, two teams going at it and leaving it all out there, respectfully. And while my brother and I have had our struggles recently, we hold nothing against either of you. Now, No Justice, No Peace, that's another story.

Tyler's barely able to finish before Conor cuts in.

Conor Fuse:

That's right! We've had our problems with those guys before. They're no good. We are always willing to help!

Ryan Batts:

Well I doubt we've heard the last of them...

Mace nods.

Jack Mace:

And I'm sure they will want some payback so we've got your backs too, if you need it.

Angus:

This love-fest is making me sick.

Conor's energy starts moving him past The WreslteFriends.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sure NJNP will know they can't mess with us. They're **NPC's** afterall!

Batts and Mace seem confused at the comment while Tyler just shrugs before heading off too.

Conor Fuse:

Gulf Coast Connection, here we come! Let's get back on track; back to our winning ways dear brother!

Tyler Fuse: *[in the distance, off camera]*

Just remember what we talked about. Calm down. We're starting from the beginning again, alright? Back to the basics.

Conor Fuse:

Did you bring the mushrooms?

Tyler Fuse:

Yes.

Meanwhile Batts and Mace just stand there, looking at one another, growing a little more confused as The Bros. continue their awkward conversation down the hall.

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. vs. the Gulf Coast Connection... it's next!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND



Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

THE FUSE BROS. vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

With the Gulf Coast Connection already in the ring, the scene goes to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match! Introducing first, the team of Theodore Cain and Aaron King... the Gulf Coast Connection!

The fans give a light cheer at the BRAZEN team.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... Tyler and Conor Fuse... The Fuse Bros.!!

♪ "Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 ♪

A big pop follows as Tyler and Conor emerge. Coming down the rampway Tyler carries a small light blue drawstring bag which draws some attention. Once at the end of the rampway, Conor jumps on the apron and Tyler slides into the ring, leaving the bag in their corner.

DDK:

It's been an up-and-down, up-and-down four months for Tyler and Conor, hoping to get back on track here against this BRAZEN team that's been called up for the time being.

Angus:

And I, for one, could care less. How about they put The Fuse Bros. back down there in BRAZEN too, no?

DING DING

DDK:

We're off! Tyler's going to start against Theodore Cain. They lock up and Tyler tosses the much larger Cain to the floor! He rushes into the ropes and then jumps over Cain who hits the mat. Upon hitting the next set of ropes Cain is up and looking for a hip toss but Tyler blocks it and lands a perfect Russian leg sweep! Nicely done!

Player One goes to the second buckle and connects with a roundhouse kick to the side of Cain's head. He lifts Cain slightly in the air and puts him into a half-version of a backbreaker and then drops the leg across his neck. It only gets a one and a half count but Tyler nods and hurls Cain into the ropes...

DDK:

Dropkick by Tyler Fuse! Great display there, he's running on all cylinders right now!

Tyler tags Conor. The Second Player slings himself over the top rope and across Cain's body with a splash, all in one motion! He picks Cain up with everything he has, slams him dead in the center of the ring and rushes up to the second turnbuckle. Conor looks for a leg drop but Cain rolls out of the way and leaps forward, tagging in Aaron King.

DDK:

Conor is right back to his feet, however! Conor ducks a right hand from King and King goes into the ropes... King looks for a crossbody block but Conor ducks it and King goes flying right into the ropes and out of the ring!

Player Two looks at his brother with a smile. He rushes to the ropes away from King and then with a lot of momentum...

DDK:

Suicide dive onto King! Both men hit the floor!

Conor shoots back up to a loud approval from The Gamers. He throws King into the ring before noticing the Crescent City Kid on the outside watching. As Conor goes back into the squared circle he's met with a desperation dropkick to the face!

DDK:

And that was all King had left in him! While the Crescent City Kid didn't technically interfere, you have to wonder what kind of role he played distracting Conor Fuse, who was clearly off his game for just that split second.

Angus:

And considering The Bros. track record recently, you can't have those slip ups.

DDK:

I... I agree with you.

Angus:

What the...

Aaron King struggles to get to one knee. He's rubbing his head from the suicide dive and trying to find his tag team partner...

DDK:

King is moving toward Cain...

Angus:

Cain took more of a beating than King did. I'm not sure this is smart strategy... albeit, Cain is much bigger and more powerful...

But before King can make the tag Conor grabs him by the leg and pulls him to the mat.

DDK:

Conor is using the ropes to get to his feet and OH, with hardly any momentum whatsoever, he performs a lionsault and lands directly on top of Aaron King. Impressive!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

However, King with a strong kickout and this tag match will continue!

Conor rolls to one knee. He collects himself and then bends down to pull King to his feet. It looks like King might have raked the eyes as Conor staggers back and King pulls himself to one knee now...

DDK:

King with a jawbreaker! Player Two falls into one of the free turnbuckles before King rushes in with a big splash... misses!!

Conor tags Tyler.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse jets in with a head full of steam... clothesline to King! Theodore Cain comes in now and Tyler ejects him out the other side by dropping the top rope and letting him stumble out!

Tyler starts pumping up the crowd as the Crescent City Kid grows concerned on the outside but still doesn't get involved.

DDK:

Tyler slams King to the middle of the canvas. He looks to go off the ropes but suddenly King rolls him up!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Oh it was almost another upset right there, yet Tyler kicked out! He pulls King to his feet but this time he is met with a stunner!

Aaron goes back to his corner and just at that second, Cain repositions himself for the tag.

DDK:

Tag to Cain! Cain with a clothesline from hell to Tyler who just got to his feet! Now a high elevated back body drop! The tide has turned on The Bros.!

Snake eyes and a big boot combo follow and Player One is in deep trouble!

DDK:

This time Conor runs in for the save but he's met with an Aaron King spinning heel kick!!

Cain signals for the end and his finishing move, Bottom's Up, a tilt-a-whirl Michinoku Driver!

DDK:

Bottom's Upppp... NO!!! Tyler slips out! He kicks Cain in the stomach and somehow tucks his head underneath his arm... runs up the ropes... CQC!!! Tyler hit CQC on the big man!!

The Gamers give a loud cheer but Tyler is out on the canvas, too, looking to potentially tag instead of pin.

DDK:

It's going to be the first person to tag, here, Angus. Conor is just getting back to his corner and King is in his...

Both Cain and Tyler try to make the hot tag. Both are close.

Very close.

Tag.

DDK:

CAIN TAGS KING!

...

...

...

Tag.

DDK:

TYLER TAGS CONOR!

This time, Conor ducks the spinning heel kick attempt. He goes off the ropes and connects with a spear!

The Crescent City Kid jumps onto the apron, trying to get Benny Doyle's attention. At first, the referee is too smart for it but eventually turns to tell the Crescent City Kid he needs to get down...

Tyler Fuse grabs the Crescent City Kid's foot from the floor but instead of pulling him off the apron, he simply tells him. Tyler then takes his free hand and tosses Conor the light blue drawstring bag from their apron.

Conor wastes no time and takes out the powered blue question mark box, filled with mushrooms. The Gamers go wild!

Angus:

Not this again...

DDK:

Like Tyler said backstage, it's back to basics for them! Power-up time!!!

Conor proceeds to pour all the (legal, of course they are legal) mushrooms down his mouth in his version of hulking up.

DDK:

The arena is booming... Conor is signalling to go to the top rope...

The Gamers anticipate a big aerial move but soon those cheers of excitement turn to boos when they see The Neighborhoodlum and Felton Bigsby jump over the guardrail and to the turnbuckle Conor is standing on.

DDK:

That's... No Justice, No Peace!

Angus:

I thought they'd never come!

The Neighborhoodlum grabs Conor's foot. He looks down just in time to see what's going on and then Felton Bigsby gives Player Two a little push... right off the top.

DDK:

Conor lands on his feet but Aaron King is back on his... THE PARTY DOWN! King hits his signature move! Now he goes to the top rope himself... flying elbow!

Tyler sees this and attempts to make a save but The Neighborhoodlum gets him too with a running shoulder block on the outside before Player One can slip into the ring!

DDK:

King covers!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DDK:

Gulf Coast Connection has beaten The Fuse Bros... for a second time in their careers!!

Angus:

Shocking!

DING DING DING

Gulf Coast's theme song plays but within mere seconds it goes right back off...

WHACK!**DDK:**

Felton Bigsby with a chair shot to Aaron King!

WHACK!**DDK:**

Now The Neighborhoodlum with a chair shot to Theodore Cain!

Both of them crush The Crescent City Kid with a double clothesline from hell!

Angus:

Haha I love this match now!

No Justice, No Peace turn their attention back to Tyler and Conor. But before they can inflict any more damage...

DDK:

"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!! "MANPOWER" JACK MACE! The WrestleFriends for the save!

The crowd cheers loudly as The WrestleFriends slide into the ring and No Justice, No Peace, slide the hell out of there and hightail it through the crowd as soon as possible.

DDK:

Just like they said, Batts and Mace have The Fuse Bros'. back!

The crowd continues to cheer as The WrestleFriends check on Tyler and Conor as well as the Gulf Coast Connection. The scene fades.

CONSEQUENCES

Cut to backstage. Kerry Kuroyama rings his taped wrists and rolls his shoulders as he walks through the backstage area. Presumably toward the pre-entrance staging area. A familiar voice calls from behind him.

Lance Warner:

Kerry!

Lance comes in to view with Wyatt Bronson in toe.

Warner:

Kerry! Hold on, a second.

Kerry slows but continues toward his destination. He responds to Lance, glancing over his shoulder.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't have anything to say, Lance. No interviews.

Warner:

Kerry, I'm going to need you to stop and talk to me for a moment. This is no interview.

Kuroyama:

No time, Lance. I've got a match and it's up ne -- !

Before Kerry can complete his sentence the enormous paw of Wyatt Bronson reaches and brings the Pacific Blitzkrieg to a sudden halt when placed on his shoulder. Kerry spins around quite obviously displeased.

Kuroyama:

What the hell, Bronson?!

Bronson nods, directing Kerry's attention Lance.

Warner:

Kerry, look ... due to your actions last week and the attack on The D, you've been suspended and are no longer eligible to compete in the Ace in The Hole qualifying match. Wyatt and ...

On cue the black shirts of DEFsec swarming behind their leader.

Warner:

DEFsec is here to escort you out of the building.

Kerry peers around, biting his top lip, quickly weighing his options. He has none.

Kuroyama:

This is bullshit, Lance ... you know it.

Lance shrugs.

Warner:

It's not my call, bud.

DDK:

Well, folks ... unfortunately, it looks like we won't be seeing the Pacific Blitzkrieg in action tonight or ... for the foreseeable future, I assume.

DEFsec leads Kerry away, leaving behind a burdened Lance Warner and ... Scott Stevens?

Angus:

What in the GORRAM hell is he up to!?

With the crowd cleared we learn Scott Stevens was within earshot for, presumably, the bulk of this situation. Angus' normal vitriol toward Stevens aside ... he does look as if he is plotting.

DDK:

Your guess is as good as mine ... but folks stay tuned as we'll be back with more DEFIANCE action in no time!

Angus:

Well, it's some time ... 30 seconds per spot, 2 to 3 spots ... Come to think of it, WHY do we air commercials on a pay service?

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: CLASH OF THE BRAZEN



Did you miss CLASH of the BRAZEN - watch LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. MATT LACROIX

As we come back from commercial we see Matt Lacroix pacing back and forth in the ring before going to Mark Shields asking what's going on, he doesn't know. It's Mark Shields after all.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen, tonight our scheduled ACE in the Hole qualifying matchup between Matt Lacroix and Kerry Kuroyama apparently ... isn't going to take place as we just saw Kerry Kuroyama ... has been suspended.

Angus:

It's bullshit, Keebs! You hit one little ass clown with a chair ... THAT HE DESERVED ... and you are suspended!? Gone are the days on Bronson Box GORRAM GORRING people with SPIKES!

DDK:

Maybe so but the hire ups don't think it is.

Angus:

You mean ... THE D don't think it is... doesn't think ... don't ... didn't think -- You know what I mean!! Cry baby! You know damn well he is behind this nonsense!

DDK:

Regardless, Matt Lacroix has advanced to the next round of the ACE...

Before Keebs can finish his statement; The Faithful all turn toward the rampway and as the production team catches up... Everyone's Favorite Texan, Scott Stevens is seen, running down the ramp and towards the ring.

Angus:

What in the Texas-sized HELL is he doing here, Keebs?!?!?!?

Stevens rolls into the ring and makes his way over to Mark Shields and says something to him and the official shoots him a look. Stevens continues to discuss something with him and the official looks confused.

Angus:

What's that inbred-two-horns-short-of-a-steer ... saying Keebs?

DDK:

No idea... but I have to assume something foul is afoot.

Angus:

Thanks alot, Shakespear. [mocking]A foot is rotten in the state of Bismark.

DDK:

So many things are wrong in that statement.

As the cameraman gets closer we catch the end of the conversation.

Scott Stevens:

Look Mark, I was sent here by Kelly Evans as Kerry's replacement and if you don't, believe me, we can stop the show and go ask her... but you know how she is when you don't do as she asks.

Shields lets out a labored sigh.

DDK:

If that's true that's big news.

Angus:

He can't right ... ?

Shields signals for the bell.

DING! DING!

Angus:

He did it ...

DDK:

I guess we have a match ... ?

Matt Lacroix b-lines it over to Mark Shields and wants answers. He tries to find out what is happening when the calculating former FIST rolls up Lacroix and grabs a handful of tights for good measure. The Faithful are caught as off guard as LaCroix.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lacroix kicks out after Shields' hand hit the canvas a third time and goes after Stevens but the Texan rolls out and hops the barricade.

Angus:

What the hell just happened?!?!?!?!?

The official brings the ring announcer over and says something to him.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner of the match and your newest ACE in the Hole qualifier!!! ... SCOTT!
STEEEEVVVVVVVEEEEEEEEEENNNNNNSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

This is ... this is ...

Angus:

FUCKED?!?!?!?!?!? I didn't know Shields could count ... MUCH LESS THAT GORRAM FAST!

The Faithful, typically no fan of LaCroix, intensely boo the outcome and even more so the announcement.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

WHAT!?

DDK:

Eh, well - you are correct but for god sake the language! There is no love lost here amongst the Faithful and the derelict hometown boy -- Matt LaCroix but in that series of matches we witnessed between Kerry Kuroyama and LaCroix ... a level of respect was earned and tonight I think much like myself, this crowd thought they'd see something of the same level ... Rather, we've got this nonsense!

Angus:

Ohhh, you can do better than calling it nonsense, Keebs. Let it out... let the hate fill you!

DDK:

Stevens somehow has weaseled his way in the ACE in the Hole match at DEFIANCE Road after losing fair and square to Scott Douglas on the last DEFtv! This ... [fuming] this ... is POPSTEROUS!

Stevens jumps up and down in the sea of fans like he has regained the FIST as Matt Lacroix goes ballistic in the ring yelling at Mark Shields as the camera zooms in on Stevens fading into the crowd with a smirk on his face as security attempts to keep the Faithful from exacting revenge.

Angus:

POPST-a-WHAT!? Is that the best you can do!? Get mad, Keebs! Come to the darkside... FUCK SCOTT STEVENS!!!

DDK:

Angus! Dial it back.

Angus:

Fine! I'll leave it at this ... ACE in the HOLE has it's QUEEN! [grumbling] sorry son of bitch ...

Angus continues to grumble as Matt LaCroix's verbal and somewhat physical accosting of Mark Shields sends DEFIANCE's worst official out of the ring.

Cut to backstage.

MULTI-PLAYER CO-OP

The scene quickly cuts to the backstage area, not far from the entrance ramp, where loud noises and chaos ensues. Conor Fuse is getting right into Aaron King's face while Tyler is trying to hold his younger brother back and the other two members of Gulf Coast Connection are in-between Ryan Batts and Jack Mace, The WrestleFriends, attempting to make sense of what's going on.

Conor Fuse:

YOU SAW THE CHEAP SHOT AND YOU STILL PINNED ME ANYWAY!

Angus:

More idiots arguing with idiots!!

Conor grabs at Aaron King's hair.

Conor Fuse:

You saw it and you took the easy way out!! Cheater!!!

King tries to get words in but Conor's hand is basically down his throat! Meanwhile Tyler is still telling Conor to calm down and finally pulls him away. That's when Theodore Cain decides to get in the middle of things.

Theodore Cain: *[to Tyler Fuse]*

You get that prick away from us, you know we saw nothing!

While the elder Fuse Bro. continues trying to deescalate the situation, it's clear Cain's comments don't sit well with Tyler, either.

Tyler Fuse:

And how do you know that?

Tyler snaps.

Theodore Cain:

Pretty sure we beat you guys a few months ago; we didn't need any help from NJNP that time.

Aaron King:

Yeah, it wouldn't have made a difference! You guys suck!

Angus:

He has a point... have The Fuse Bros. won anything lately?

While the Crescent City Kid doesn't say a word, he clearly sports a smile underneath his mask. This gives Conor the extra power needed to break free from Tyler's clutches and leap right into the Crescent City Kid's arms before Batts and Mace try to break it apart!

Ryan Batts:

Easy, friend. Easy, easy!

Jack Mace:

This is all just one big misunderstanding...

By now, The Bros. and Gulf Coast Connection are shouting at each other and working their way towards fighting it out, leaving The WrestleFriends square in the middle until-

WHAM!

WHAM!

DDK:

Oh my god!

WHAM!

WHAM!

DDK:

That's NJNP with steel chairs! They've taken out Tyler, King, Cain and Batts!

Angus:

Yes!!!

WHAM!

The Neighbourhoodlum smacks Conor in the side of the head.

Angus:

Oh, another good one!

WHAM!

Rosey Owens lays out The Crescent City Kid.

WHAMMM!!!

DDK:

And a double chair shot to Jack Mace, putting him on the floor too!

The fans boo loudly as all four men from NJNP, Roosevelt Owens, Theo Baylor, Felton Bigby and The Neighbourhoodlum proudly stand over the five other fallen bodies, all with chairs in their hands.

Theo Baylor gives a look of pure disgust.

Theo Baylor:

Shut the fuck up.

He directs his comments towards The Fuse Bros. and Gulf Coast Connection.

No Justice, No Peace walk off-screen.

Angus:

Thank god for them, Keebs.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

ELISE ARES vs. SHOOTER LANDELL

DDK:

Annnd we're back!

Angus:

What do we have next? Some more Ace in the Hole action? Maybe a HOSSFITE?

DDK:

Not quite, after the events of DEFtv 125 we're going to have Shooter Landell take on Elise Ares with all related parties at ringside. You have to think that something is going to go down here after that brutal attack last week.

Angus:

Elise is gonna have to deal with some of that OLD MAN STRENGTH tonight, and after 125 I'm surprised she's able to walk. Shooter is damn well liable to break her in half.

DDK:

Time and time again we've seen Elise Ares pull a rabbit out of the hat, let's see if she can keep it up!

Quimbey:

The following non-title matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The familiar guitar kicks in heralding the entrance of Shooter Landell. No dancing lights. No nonsense. All business as the lowan marches into the arena. Green trunks with one knee pad and a white towel around his neck, he tosses the towel behind him on the aisle. Working his shoulder on his way to the ring, he ignores the jeers from the crowd, who waste no time letting him know exactly how they feel.

Quimbey:

First, the challenger! Hailing from Council Bluffs, lown and weighing in at 260 pounds... SHOOOOOOTER
LAAAAAANDELLLLLLL!

He points at Darren Quimbey in the ring before walking up the stairs, wiping his boots off on the ring apron, and entering the ring between the ropes.

Angus:

A real man. A grappler's grappler. Shooter is a throwback to the business I was raised in. You didn't need to talk for five minutes, you just needed to show up, break some GORRAM arms, and go home and mount your wife.

DDK:

At 53 years young, he's definitely a throwback. We look at a guy like Matt LaCroix earlier who we often refer to as a veteran and Shooter is more than 20 years his superior.

Angus:

Anyone in that locker room will be lucky to make it to 53 and still be making the rounds, Keebs. He's in a great position to show someone like Gage Blackwood how to handle this business, and to give Elise Ares the business.

DDK:

Will he be able to keep up with Elise? That's the biggest question.

All I wanna do is...

♪ "The Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

As soon as the music kicks in the crowd leaps up to their feet. White and gold lights fill the arena and the atmosphere couldn't change any more than it just did. Elise Ares swags out, wearing the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage

Championship over her shoulder on top of a white high fashion jacket. Her LED sunglasses flash "THE" "CHAMP" "HAS" "COME." Klein follows, now on high alert after the actions of Gage Blackwood, Shooter Landell, and Gunther Adler on DEFtv 125.

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba and weighing in at 122 pounds... she is the reigning DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... "The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style"
EEEEEEELISEEE ARRRRRRRRRRRRESSSS!

Stopping at the end of the aisle, the self-proclaimed Leading Lady of DEFIANCE twirls a mic around in her fingers as she tosses her glasses off somewhere into the audience.

Angus:

Who in the blue hell gave her a microphone?!

The music cuts.

DDK:

It looks like the champion has something to say here.

Angus:

She never shuts up!

Elise Ares:

That was a real cute trick you guys pulled last time we were here, and I have to hand it to you... you made a really convincing 53-year old former celebrity. I was impressed. I could probably even get you a job as an extra on a SyFy movie if I wasn't totes about to end your career.

Shooter backs away from the ropes and motions for the champion to step inside.

Elise Ares:

Shut up, granddad, I'm not done talking yet.

She smirks as she continues.

Elise Ares:

Actually... not only am I not scared of the elderly, I'll cut you a deal. If by some miracle of God you're able to beat me tonight, I'll let Gage Blackwood pick aaaany stipulation at all he wants to. He can even pull something like 15 Minutes of Fame out of his ass like Andy Sharp did, because at the end of the day you... and good ole' boy Gunter... and Gage Blackwood between the three of you couldn't even lace my boots.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pauses as she enters the ring.

Elise Ares:

I know that look on your face, the doubt in your eyes... wondering if you still have what it takes to keep up with the greatest SoHer that's ever lived. You don't. Jay Harvey didn't. Jack Harmen didn't. Andy Sharp didn't. There's not a single wrestler at the back who can Sports Entertain like I can Sports Entertain. So Gage, wherever you are... I want you to watch this match real... REAL closely.

She slides the jacket off of her shoulders and hands the championship over to Carla Ferrari. Klein still monitoring the area, making sure to keep the dogs at bay.

Elise Ares:

Because I'mma put grandpa to bed.

DING DING!

Angus:

Elise has come a long way since she first came to DEFIANCE, but she ain't got OLD MAN STRENGTH!

DDK:

She's certainly going to have to try and use her speed to try and take advantage of her matchup here! If Shooter catches her, she might be a goner!

Angus:

We can only hope!

Elise declines to lock up with Shooter for obvious reasons, who puts his hands up, hoping to catch the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style in a mistake. Ares darts in and goes for the leg, but the saavy Shooter dodges, but takes a shot from the agile champion on the way out. A series of quick leg kicks gets pasts Shooter's defenses before a low dropkick takes him off his feet. Ares quickly capitalizes with a front flip senton onto his back and a side headlock. However, she immediately regrets the decision as Shooter reverses from his stomach into one of his own and Ares quickly dives away, shaking her finger back at the ring vet.

DDK:

Close call for Ares!

Angus:

She almost found herself in a lot of trouble there, Keebs! This guy knows a counter for everything.

A few more quick leg strikes for Ares turns into a big dropkick that sends Landell back into the corner. Ares follows up by sprinting at him and then up his chest before landing an enzuigiri to the back of Shooter's head. The impact makes him stumble forward as Ares lands on the apron. Quickly she hops to the second rope, and then the top leaping off and landing a flying head scissors bringing Shooter back down. They get up, snapmare by Ares on Shooter followed by a stiff kick to the back. Elise off the ropes and goes for a dropkick to the face of Shooter and connects! The impact rolls him back but he stumbles up to his feet once more, where Ares quickly jumps onto his shoulders for a hurricanrana... but she can't get the vet over!

DDK:

Uh oh!

Angus:

He's got her! He got her!

Shooter drops to his knees with Ares dangles down in front of him with her legs still wrapped around his head. He quickly maneuvers the legs under his arms, picks her back up off the mat and slams her down with a huge spinebuster. The crowd groans on impact as Elise tries to wiggle free through the pain. She can't as Shooter grabs the ankle and spins her around into a half boston crab.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Ares screams in pain as Carla drops to the mat and asks Ares if she'd like to submit. Never one to pass up an opportunity to talk in front of a large crowd of people, Elise responds.

Elise Ares:

Owwwww! Owwwww! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

As she screams out, Landell looks back over his shoulder to see if she tapped, but the incredibly agile Ares manages to twist and claw him across the face, forcing him to release the hold as Carla Ferrari scolds the champion.

Elise Ares:

You fell for that, old man?! I'M AN ACTRESS FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

Angus:

That's high debatable.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE hobbles up to her feet and dodges the short clothesline from Shooter, but lands a superkick right to the chops of the ring veteran. The hard shot doesn't knock him down, and a surprised Elise limps into the ropes and pushes through to leap over the head of Shooter Landell and hit a massive reverse Hurricanrana on the challenger which bounces his head off the canvas!

DDK:

Did you see that impact?! What a punishing blow!

Angus:

It'll take more than that to take down...

DDK:

Please don't say OLD MAN STRENGTH again...

ONE!

TW... NO KICKOUT.

Only a one and a half for Ares as Carla waves off the attempt to a disappointed champion. Going back to the well, Elise goes for the side headlock again and this time Shooter slowly rises to his feet and doesn't escape nearly as easily. Ares is proud of herself, holding on against the grapplers reversal attempts with a smirk on her face before she is lifted into the air and her expression quickly changes. However, Ares has a few tricks of her own and skitters across the body of Landell and quickly hooks him into The Sunset Stretch!

DDK:

Taught to her by Oscar Burns, The Sunset Stretch has made a return tonight! She could end it all with this!

Angus:

She's not SERIOUSLY going to tap out Shooter is she?!

DDK:

We've seen this submission be crippling in the past, Angus.

Angus:

How insulting to one of the best grapplers in our sport!

Shooter drops to a knee, writhing in obvious pain as Carla asks for a submission. With his arms and head bound, he's unable to tap but scream out in pain instead. He manages to power back up to his feet where Elise violently shakes her body trying to get a better wrench. Shooter instead drops down to his side, landing Elise essentially into some kind of awkward Emerald Fusion drop that looks as if it breaks her neck right off her shoulders!

Angus:

OLD MAN STRENGTH! Can I say it now, Keebs?!

DDK:

That might've just took the Southern Heritage Champion out of action completely!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Shooter is in a sitting position trying to gather his bearings as Elise lies motionless face down on the canvas. Carla Ferrari checks on the champion as Ares begins to stir, putting her hand down on the mat to brace herself... it's quickly stomped on by Shooter. Grabbing her hand instinctively and rolling onto her back, Landell rips the arm away from her and drops a knee onto it before pulling back on the fingers. Ares doesn't have as much squirm in her as she did earlier, screaming trying to get free before Shooter begins to pull the fingers back and apart!

DDK:

This is the same hand that Jay Harvey injured back in Elise's original attempt to win the Southern Heritage Championship. She's had some problems with that hand over the past year, and now Shooter Landell looks to make even more!

Angus:

Well studied! You don't stay in this business for as long as she has without learning to exploit a few weaknesses!

DDK:

One might say that exploiting weakness might actually be Elise's best quality, but right now she's in a world of hurt!

There isn't any quit in the champion however, as she kicks her legs frantically before finally hitting the ropes, forcing Shooter to break the hold which he holds all the way until five before you hear a loud SNAP over the crowd. Groans escape from the lips of the Faithful as Ares tucks her hand into her body and rolls around in excruciating pain. Klein wants to go check on his partner who tries to roll away, but he's still holding the perimeter hoping to potentially keep Gage Blackwood and Gunther Adler away from this match.

DDK:

Did he just break her fingers again?!

Angus:

It sure sounded like it from back here!

DDK:

The champion is getting more of a fight from Shooter Landell than I think we all expected here! She's in trouble! He might earn a championship shot for himself without any help at all.

Shooter drags Elise back into the middle of the ring by her ankle where he rains down some heavy stomps onto the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. He then goes to wrench the ankle and spin Elise around into a leg grapevine but the champion spins through, somehow stripping her ankle out of his grasp and goes to escape but Shooter gets her by the bootlace! Ares uses everything she has left to lunge back towards him feet first, shoving Shooter across the ring and through the ropes tumbling to the outside! The Faithful get back into it, rooting on Elise Ares as she checks on her hand and favors her ankle a bit. Looking around at the fans all around her, she smiles real big and begins to clap, getting them all into the energy!

DDK:

What's she thinking here, Angus?

Angus:

I'm thinking she's lost her GORRAM mind if she's going to try and fly on a bum ankle and one hand.

DDK:

The Faithful is on their feet, they're feeling it!

Elise Ares pushes through the pain to sprint across the ring and soar between the top and middle ropes, landing her shoulder against the side of Shooter's head completely unaware of their surroundings before they both crash across the concrete floor. A deafening roar erupts from the crowd, willing Ares right back up to her feet with a shot of

adrenaline and she manages to shove Shooter back into the ring. She follows through, stepping over the hurt and grounded ring vet and she looks across the Faithful...

"QUE TAL ESO!"

She and the crowd scream in unison as she puts her boot onto Shooter's chest and tries to wipe it off, but Landell grabs it. The cheers of victory quickly change into chaotic screams as Elise can't break free from his incredible grip strength! With one last try, Ares pulls her foot free without her boot and she goes rolling across the canvas. Shooter throws the boot into the crowd as she gets back up to his feet, not expecting Elise to sprint right back into the fire and grab him by the head and drop him over the ropes with the Cuban Necktie!

DDK:

Ares back into firm control!

Angus:

I can't believe she escaped again! How does she do that?!

DDK:

There are nights like tonight where you have to believe Elise Ares is luckier than any living person, and just wonder how she continues to do what she does EVERY. SINGLE. NIGHT.

She lays in a seductive position on the arpon after the move, pointing back at the camera and winking before pulling herself back up to her feet. Knowing the camera is still on her, she shakes her ass a bit before jumping up to the top rope and flying through the air and hitting an unsuspecting Shooter Landell with Amethystation! The superman punch floors Shooter as soon as he gets back up to his feet and Elise climbs up to the top rope, and makes a rectangle out of her thumb and index fingers pointing it into the crowd. She flicks her wrist a bit, showing pain from the earlier attempts at her hand before taking an imaginary selfie and soaring through the skies in what is one of the most photographed and breathtaking moves in DEFIANCE history, Your Feature Presentation.

DDK:

CONTACT!

Ares lands the double knee phoenix splash perfectly before rolling over and going for the pinfall. Carla and the Faithful count together.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

♪ "The Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

DDK:

She's done it, Ares wins!

Angus:

So no stipulation for Blackwood? Whatever, he will still beat her obnoxious ass!

As Ares is handed her title and her arm is raised, Shooter Landell struggles to roll out of the ring, holding the back of his head. No sooner than this is the PA music replaced...

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dansson ♪

Angus:

Thankfully!

Gage Blackwood emerges from the rampway with Gunther Adler by his side. Klein goes back to his “post” as a buffer between Ares and the ring and Blackwood/Adler and the top of the DEFTv entrance...

Blackwood snickers at the sight of Klein, tempering a look of how pathetic Klein is but it’s good of him to try.

Ares walks to the ring ropes, stands on the first rope and holds the SOHER in the direction of the number one contender. Blackwood reveals a mic in his hand and raises it to his face as his theme song closes.

Gage Blackwood:

None of this bothers me. Have your little victory. In just a few week’s time, I’m taking that from you.

Blackwood drops the mic as a beaten down Shooter Landell joins Gunther Adler before Blackwood turns and goes back behind the curtain. Adler helps Landell off afterwards.

Ares waves Klein back in, not even being phased by the comments. Her theme music plays and she picks up right where she left off, posing with the championship and celebrating around the ring.

DDK:

I know Shooter isn’t doing much with his career right now in DEFIANCE but it’s still an impressive victory for Elise Ares nonetheless!

Angus:

Not doing much? Are you serious? He’s aligned with *Gage Blackwood*. **The** hottest guy in the company at this very moment! He’s abolished everyone he’s faced into obscurity and very soon, Elise Ares is going there too! I can’t wait!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE ROAD 2019



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FIST OPEN CHALLENGE

DDK:

We're finally onto our main event tonight, Angus, you ready?

Angus:

Open challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE? Bring it.

DDK:

After a very heated face to face at the start of the show between Oscar Burns and Mikey Unlikely, Burns offered to put up his FIST of DEFIANCE in another open challenge match in a bid to show Mikey first-hand what he'll be in store for. Mikey will join us on commentary for this match. But is this a mistake by the champion? Whoever comes through that curtain to fight him has nothing to lose and EVERYTHING to gain.

Angus:

Mikey's title shot is locked in, Keebs. He'll have to fight either Oscar Burns or his opponent if they win this match. That dumb Kiwi could lock himself out of his own main event if he doesn't keep his eye on the ball.

DDK:

Can Oscar Burns survive his own open challenge for the FIST? Let's go to ringside for the main event!

To Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your main event and is an Open Challenge match for one fall... this will be contested for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

The crowd explodes! But first...

♪ "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by Hotei ♪

First, out comes Mikey Unlikely through the curtain to a greeting that would make anyone blush. The fans are on their feet as Mikey pulls the shades from his face and smiles. He makes his way over to the commentation station and pulls up a seat and a headset.

DDK:

Mikey, welcome.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks, Keebs!

Angus:

Here to mentally screw with the Kiwi, are you?

Mikey Unlikely:

Just here to watch and learn, Big A. Hell at this point, I don't know which of these guys I'll be facing. Besides, when have you ever known me to have an ulterior motive?

As the playful question lingers in the air...

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead. Looking to the ring ahead pensively, the Joint Chief of Joint Locks raises a finger in the air, garnering cheers from the crowd! Mikey jumps up from his seat at commentary and claps extra enthusiastically to the defending champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

There he is, the FIST of DEFIANCE! Good luck out there buddy!

Burns wastes no time shooting a look back at Mikey, not to mention a smirk of his own. He then heads to the ring.

DDK:

Introducing the reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The Team Graps Cap raises the title and then hands it over to Brian Slater as his music fades. The music fades...

Junior Keeling:

AHEM!

The crowd JEERS as Thomas Keeling, Junior Keeling, and a successful Uriel Cortez walk onto the stage. Thomas Keeling turns on his microphone.

Thomas Keeling:

Introducing the man that it took TWO people to beat in that sham of a tag match last week...and your NEXT FIST of DEFIANCE... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at 230 pounds... he is the undisputed Lord of the Skies! He is **ANDY SHARP!**

♪ "Rabbit's Revenge" by Tom Morello, feat. Bassnectar, Big Boi & Killer Mike ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly between hues of gold and red as the music blasts loudly and outcomes none other than the "Southern Heritage Champion" Andy Sharp, strutting like an ass-hat to his music with the stolen SoHer Championship around his waist. He turns to both Junior and Thomas and dabs fists with them. He shoots a death glare at Mikey at the announce table, then faces Uriel with the camera picking up what he says.

Andy Sharp:

I'm gonna do what YOU couldn't at Ascension. Watch and learn, big boy...

Mikey Unlikely:

I literally just said that's why I'm out here, isn't he listening? These guys always looking at the past, maybe it's because they don't have much of a future?

Uriel growls quietly as Andy runs to the ring. He stops, walks up the steps quickly and then jumps into the ring to face a game Andy. The FIST gets raised and then Brian Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING!

Junior Keeling jumps on the ring apron and starts yelling at the official right away, complaining about something Burns is doing.

DDK:

What's he doing... OH!

Mikey Unlikely:

THAT!

Burns takes his eye off the ball for approximately two seconds... and in that two seconds, the athletic freak of nature called Andy Sharp wallops him with a big Running Dropkick that launches him backwards into the corner! The crowd can't believe it as Andy rushes back to the opposite corner, and then launches into another attack with a huge Running Corner Knee Strike!

Angus:

They suckered in the Kiwi!

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh no Angus, you can't suck on a kiwi, too fragile a fruit.

DDK:

I think you're right! Flying Knee Strike off the middle rope Andy! And now the cover! Will this be it?

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Burns barely gets his shoulder up after the unsuspecting assault; a fact Andy Sharp vehemently disagrees with!

DDK

Andy is a world-class athlete. Five-time former world champion between three different promotions. He holds victories over top stars like Elise Ares and Jack Harmen! He has the skillset and resume to beat Burns tonight, especially after moves like that!

Mikey Unlikely:

What's his acting resume look like?

Thomas orders Sharp to stay on him as he waits for Burns to stand again. When the defending FIST of DEFIANCE does so, Andy lights him up with a Thrust Kick to the gut, a snap kick to the chest to double him upwards, then sends Burns to the ropes. The FIST of DEFIANCE gets sent back and sees Andy coming, to which he tries to Back Body Drop him over the ropes... but Sharp lands on the apron. The Team Graps Cap turns around and gets hit with a Elbow Smash that staggers him. Sharp does a flip into the ring...

DDK:

SHARPER IMAGE! What a slingshot into that Lariat! And now Sharp with the cover again!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd tries to catch their breath as Oscar's shoulder comes up off of the canvas once again. Sharp can't believe his high-impact quick moves haven't earned him the FIST yet, but he stands up anyway and pulls Oscar up by the hair. He subjects the defending champion to a low kick to the gut before trying to underhook his arms.

Angus:

Oh, dip, he's going for the Flippy Don't!

DDK:

That he is, but Oscar is fighting it!

Burns doubles down and then tries to take him over with another Back Body Drop, but Sharp flips through and pops the crowd as he lands on his feet behind Burnsie. The Kiwi grappler turns around to take another Elbow Smash from Sharp and then he runs up the corner, wowing the crowd again. He turns and looks for a Leaping Forearm Smash, but Burns ducks down when Sharp crashes and burns hard on the mat!

DDK:

No water in the pool for Andy with that one!

Mikey Unlikely:

Really? Water in the pool?

Mikey keeps watching as Sharp tries to pick himself up off the mat. Burns waits for the challenger to stand as the rest of The Family Keeling watch with a vested interest. Burns rushes forward and CLOBBERS Andy with a Running European Uppercut, sending him back to the corner. Burns then looks out to the crowd, runs off the opposite corner and then comes back with a second Running European Uppercut to the jaw! Andy gets brained hard and when he comes sailing out of the corner, Burns picks him up by the side...

DDK:

BACKCRACKAMAJIG!

Mikey Unlikely:

Holy ouch! See, that's why I'm out here. Scouting!

The camera moves to commentary momentarily, Mikey has a large tub of popcorn.

Angus:

Huh?!

Burns holds on after the Belly to Back-style Backbreaker and then covers Andy with both hands on his shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Sharp's shoulder up... NO! Burns suckered him in! He's going right into a Keylock!

Mikey Unlikely:

What's a guy to do, every time you turn around, he's locking you a new hold. Great wrestler here Keebs knows how to flawlessly flow from move to hold back to next offensive option. You gotta admire that. Speaking of admire, check out "Admire" the new fragrance by Abercrombie and Fitch... If you haven't seen, I've done a new commercial for it!

Just about any submission is a deadly one in the technical arsenal of the champion, but the Keylock chief among them as he cranks back and tries to wrench the arm! Andy frantically holds the left arm and crawls quickly to the safety of the ropes. Once he gets a foot there, he yells at Slater to do his job and make Burns break up the hold.

DDK:

Sharp just dominated the opening minutes of this contest, but Burns can turn things around with just one of those holds!

Angus:

He's a Flippy Doo Crippler!

The Kiwi Crippler continues working over the arm of Andy, grabbing him by the left arm and pulling him in for a short-arm shoulder block. He then grabs the arm and snaps it over his shoulder, then hits a European Uppercut to the arm before he grabs it and SNAPS Andy down into a Divorce Court-style DDT! Andy cries out in pain as Burns hammerlocks the arm...

But Andy fights free! He uses his free arm to catch Burnsie with a wild punch, making him release. Burns then tries to come back with another European Uppercut but, Sharp leans backwards. When he catches nothing but air, Sharp counters with a Snapmare and then CRACKS him in the back of the head with a Basement Dropkick! Once up, he garners jeers from the crowd as he runs and then connects with a running version of the Shooting Sharp Press!

DDK:

Sharp turns it around! Can he win here?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Burnsie still alive! What are you thinking about this match so far, Mikey?

Mikey Unlikely:

Honestly it's a hell of a contest, regardless of what happens tonight I have my work cut out for me. The Truth is both guys likely want to get their hands on me, like I said earlier, my only focus is the FIST, not anything personal.

Sharp points at Uriel and laughs about how he has Burnsie as his feet, making Uriel growl with anger. The Lord of the Skies takes Burns to task again with a few more Elbow Smashes and then pins him to the corner. He doubled Burns over and rolls backwards in his typical dickhead flashy fashion before rushing at the corner. Burns quickly sidesteps and shoves Burns into the ropes before coming back and SNAPPING him from behind with a Release German Suplex!

DDK:

Burns with the counter!

Mr. Twists and Turns waits as Sharp tries to get back to his feet, only to catch him on the jaw with a Diving European Uppercut from his knees! The crowd cheers when Burns grabs him by the side, snaps him over into a Fireman's Carry and then turns right into a Cross Arm Breaker in the center of the ring!

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh no! This could be it!

DDK:

Oscar is going after that arm like a pitbull! Can he get the submission?

Angus:

He's gonna damn well try, that's for sure!

Andy tries to block the hold by clutching his arms together, but Burns uses his free foot to kick Sharp in the chest about three times until he finally lets go so the hold can be locked in! The crowd goes nuts as Sharp frantically tries to turn him over and rolls him up into a cover while standing!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Sharp almost caught him there, but Burns had to let go of the hold!

Mikey Unlikely:

Noted! Sometimes Burns own holds can get him in trouble. Just like the song goes... ' You gotta know when to hold em, and know when to Go Fish!'

Angus:

You can't seriously think...

Burns tries to get up, only to get caught by the challenger with a desperation Superkick out of nowhere! Oscar goes wobbly when Sharp CRACKS him with the Jecht Shot!

Angus:

God, Sharp's hitting him with anything and everything!

ONE!

TWO

THR... NO!

DDK:

Sharp can't believe Burns kicked out and neither can The Family Keeling!

Thomas and Junior are beside themselves at ringside while Burns's shoulder still hangs in the air, setting Andy off like crazy. He angrily stands and then grabs Oscar by the face, SLAPPING HIM!

Andy Sharp:

You're SHIT, you hear me?! That title belongs to me...AHHHH!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! ANDY PAID FOR THAT!

Mikey Unlikely:

WOW! What a match we got here! I should come out here every week!

Angus:

NO!

The crowd goes CRAZY as Burns catches him square in the chest with the unsuspecting Headbutt, then when Sharp bounces off the ropes...

Angus:

GORRAM! SECOND HEADBUTT!

The Family Keeling (minus Uriel, who watches stone-faced) are shocked at the second one! Sharp gets knocked for a loop when Burns grabs him by the back of the head and SNAPS him down again, this time with a Release Dragon Suplex! Sharp's skull bounces off the mat in harsh fashion as the crowd rallies behind the defending champion. Burns finally grabs the arm he started working over, grapevines the other with his leg, and then...

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH III! That move is what put Kendrix out of action and the move he used to win the FIST of DEFIANCE for the second time!

Mikey Unlikely:

That's gotta be it! ANGUS CAN YOU BELIEVE IT!?

Sharp howls in pain, but has no defense mid-ring and nowhere to go! Junior pleads with him to not tap out...

TAP TAP TAP!

Burns lets go of the hold and falls backward. He's taken a lot of punishment from the highly athletic challenger, but Brian Slater retrieves his championship...

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Sharp came out of the gate with a plan to hit move after move, but he gave Burns one opening, he kicked the door open and he just retained the FIST. What are you thinking right now watching this, Mikey?

Mikey Unlikely:

Great job by Oscar Burns, I think I'm getting the match I want, and I have a lot to prepare for. I appreciate the opportunity Gentlemen.

Angus:

Sharp lost another big match! No gorram way The Family Keeling take this lying down.

Burns limps to his feet and raises the title over his head to a tremendous pop from the crowd. The Family Keeling make no moves from ringside so he rolls out of the ring and heads toward the back. He shoots a look at Mikey at commentary. Burns holds up his title while Mikey looks up at the title, then back at Burns with a confident smirk on his face. Burns leaves ringside and Mikey takes a bow for the night before leaving while inside the ring...

DDK:

Uh-oh... look at Uriel Cortez.

The Titan of Industry finally does something as he steps over the ropes and into the ring. Thomas finally turns on his microphone/headset and steps into the ring while Junior shakes his head in a disappointed parent fashion.

Thomas Keeling:

Andy, my boy... you were supposed to be our crown jewel. You failed at bringing us the Southern Heritage... TWICE...

Cortez inches closer while Andy looks up from the ground, still nursing his arm.

Thomas Keeling:

You lost that tag match on DEFTV...

Andy then looks to Junior, but the mouthier Keeling turns his head away.

Thomas Keeling:

And after we gave you the green light to accept this open challenge... you FAILED...

Cortez grabs Andy by the throat!

Thomas Keeling:

I'm afraid your services are no longer needed within The Family Keeling. In short, my boy...

Junior Keeling:

YOU. ARE. FIRED!

Cortez hoists Andy up with a smile and then BLASTS him in the face with a wicked right hand that drops him to the ground.

Angus:

JEEBUS! I COULD FEEL THAT UP HERE!

DDK:

Andy's been popping off at the mouth since losing at Ascension to Elise Ares... and it seems The Family Keeling are done with him after all these big match losses.

Cortez grabs Andy and tosses him outside the ring like a bag of trash.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez is enjoying this! Andy's been needling him for weeks and now Cortez is finally doing something about it!

Cortez goes outside and then simply hooks him by the side...

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD ON THE FLOOR! HE'S DONE!

Andy flails about in pain on the outside while Uriel stands over him. Thomas makes a motion.

Thomas Keeling:

End him, Uriel! Show the other Ace in the Hole participants what's in store for them!

Uriel Cortez:

With pleasure.

He DRIVES a foot into the back of Andy and then cranks back on his neck with the Industry Great! He CRANKS back violently on the modified Camel Clutch hold!

DDK:

They know Andy had back problems and it's what led him out of DEFIANCE when Mikey Unlikely and SEG did it to him three years ago! They're literally trying to break him!

Uriel PULLS back on the hold until DEFsec finally do something, with over half a dozen men trying to pull the largest man in DEFIANCE off of his now ex-business partner. Uriel throws one off and then push kicks another before going back to Andy! Andy cries out in pain, but Uriel continues the punishment. The final scenes are Uriel Cortez putting an end to Andy's DEFIANCE career!

DDK:

Folks, we're out of time, but this is a chaotic scene! We've got Oscar Burns versus Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFROAD 2019, and The Family Keeling have given Andy Sharp the boot!

Angus:

They're breaking his ass in half like a wishbone, Keebs, that's an understatement!

DDK:

For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler! We'll see you on our next DEFTV!

The DEFSec are STILL unable to fully pry The Titan of Industry off of Andy Sharp as the scene fades out.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE