

TO HELL WITH SOCIETY

The show opens in a chemistry lab. Vials of assorted filled color liquids surround the room. Beakers sit on the tables with bubbling yellow liquid. Smoke explodes from each beaker as if a volcano was active. The sounds of the liquids bubbling are heard in the background. Standing in front of one of the tables filled with vials with his back facing the camera is a man in a white lab coat. Half of his head looks shaved on the right side. His head is leaning down, nothing else is visible.

Man:

She was the only one who realized Scrow was relevant in this world. The one who meant everything to Scrow. Everything in this world now is nothing more than a vile cesspool of ignorance. People refuse to accept those that do not appeal to them. They choose to shun those that are not like themselves.

Scrow shakes his head for a moment.

Scrow:

What is a man to do when society refuses to accept him? What is a man to do when the one person that meant a DAMN in this world is now gone...*[whispering] gone, why is she gone?*

He slams his fist on the table, liquid from the beakers and vials spills on the table.

Scrow:

Scrow tried to fit into this world ...AND THEY RAN FROM HIM! WHY!? Because Scrow did not look like them? *[whispering] Scrow is not beautiful...but Scrow is a good man!* This world, however, will never see past all the scars!

The screen flashes with a burlap mask a few times with a blank stare into the screen for the mere seconds it appears, until it returns to Scrow.

Scrow:

A mask was his last option, to try and fit back into this world. Scrow felt that if people could not see his face then they would have to accept him back. Scrow accomplished his task until one fateful night in that very ring Sam Blackwall removed it! AFTER FEELING ACCEPT YOU PEOPLE TURNED ON HIM ONCE MORE! *[whispering] All because Scrow is not perfection in the flesh.* YOU PEOPLE THREW YOUR TRASH AT HIM!

Scrow runs his arm across the table with the sounds of breaking glass shattering explodes through the sound barrier of quietness. With the sounds of liquid hitting the floor in accompaniment. Scrow turns slightly to the camera his hair over one side of his face, but a clear look at the black pupil in his left eye is seen, as the other stares at the camera.

Scrow:

Scrow will show YOU PEOPLE WHAT A REAL MONSTER IS! It will start with all you self-absorbed Defiants and these Faithful that follow you!

The screen flashes with a burlap mask a few times with a blank stare into the screen for the mere seconds it appears, until it returns to Scrow. Right as it returns you see a front view only for a few seconds of Scrow's face before he spits a yellow mist into the lens of the camera. You then see his finger drawing the letters

S C R O W

On the lens, through the lettering, you see one brown eye and one white eye, in the background the whispers coming from Scrow.

"Scrow is a good man."
"Scrow is a good man."

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.

***I'M AN OIL MAN
UNLEASH ELISE!!
DOWN WITH THE D
#TOUCHINGBUTTS2019
STP FTW!
CEREBRAL CORTEXZ
GAME SHARK 4 LIFE!
MIKEY: RAP BATTLE BURNS!
HARMEN IS ALL ACES!
BRING BACK K-CUPS!
I'M IN THE DEX JOY DIVISION!
LACROIX IS A BEVERAGE!
LE STEVENS DYNASTIE: BEAU & GORGIO
DINOSAUR SEX!
BURNS CAN'T LOSE!***

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

DDK:

Hello, everyone and welcome to the 128th 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:

For the last time, Keebs!

DDK:

We don't have much time, partner and I certainly want to talk about what we just saw! For the second week in a row now, we've got a glance at Scrow! And I must say he is one ...

Angus:

Uggggly bastard!

Darren glances at Angus and sighs.

DDK:

I was going to say tortured soul!

Angus:

I don't know what his soul looks like, Keebs but having to look at that face is torture alright!

DDK:

We only know, so far, what Scrow has told us in these short pieces but I tell you what I'm intrigued to see what a man of that intensity will bring to the ring.

Angus:

Hopefully that mask he was talking about!

Darren shakes his head at Angus and remains steadfast to get through the rundown. The matching VS. graphics pop up with each match.

DDK:

Folks we have a jam-packed show for you here tonight! "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio defends his BRAZEN Championship against Mascara de Muerte IV! A few weeks ago we saw these two go one and one in a nontitle match that Victor Vacio seemed to have all sewn up before ...

Angus:

... he stole my heart! That is only cole hearted son of --

DDK:

Moving on! We have the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions ...

Angus: *[delighted]*

But not the TRIOS!

DDK:

... taking on The Dibbins! This should be --

Angus:

Illegal! Goat Rapers verse Sheep Pokers! It's that BATTLE OF BEASTIALITY, KEEBS!

DDK:

We really need a standards and practices department!

Angus:

After this match we're going to need a stable boy!

DDK:

Anyway...

Angus:

Fresh fertilizer EVERYWHERE!

DDK:

... Elise Ares, the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion is set for action but after defeating both Shooter Landell *AND* Gunther Adler ... we have to wonder what is next for the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE!?

Angus:

Good spot for here, whatever it is ... right after the Animal Farm match!

DDK:

Speaking of Steven's Dynasty and tag teams!

Angus:

And segways ...

DDK:

Several teams are desperately vying for the Number One Contendership! Fuse Bros ...

Angus:

GameNerds.

DDK:

WrestleFriends...

Angus:

WrestleDorks.

DDK:

Gulf Coast Connection...

Angus:

Redneck Surfmén?

DDK:

and No Justice, No Peace!

Darren turns toward Angus with a smug look.

DDK:

Go ahead ...

Angus:

Pass.

DDK:

Now, you have nothing to add?

Angus:

Nope, I'm ... good! Rap sheets as long as my arms. Plural. And I'm not talking records, Keebs!

DDK:

...

Angus:

Well, police records. Not like musical records of the *[whispers]* urban variety...

DDK:

You small, small man...

Angus:

How DARE you!

Darren turns back toward camera.

DDK:

And finally ... we will see a large portion of the ACE in the HOLE qualifiers in Tag Team action as Jack Harmen ...

Darren waits.

Angus:

What?

DDK:

No nicknames ... ?

Angus:

Nah... kind over this, let's get the show started!

DDK:

Jesus... "The Lunatic" Jack Harmen teams up with "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas to take on "The Industry Standard" and Scott Stevens.

Angus:

Bloody Shitbags! Ok I'm back in it ...

THE MAN WHO TRUMPED THEM ALL

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area as

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

Plays throughout the arena.

Angus:

The gorram hell is this Keebs?

DDK:

You got me...?

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters...

SCOTT STEVENS.

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

Quimbey can barely be heard over the verbal discontent as a spotlight hits the darkened stage to reveal Scott Stevens.

DDK:

Stevens coming out alone and I don't blame him after his family roped him into a trios title match and then lost the titles.

Angus:

To hell with him and his goat raping family.

Stevens makes his way down the ramp and pays no attention to the Filth cursing him out and throwing trash his way.

Angus:

Stevens doing his probational duties, being a trash can for our great fans here!

Stevens climbs the ring steps and makes his way into the ring. Once inside, he produces a microphone.

Angus:

Kill me now, Keebs.

The Texan slowly raises the microphone to his lips and before he can say anything the Faithful boos get louder and Stevens simply shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Ahem.

Stevens says and the Faithful continue to be.

Scott Stevens:

I said, AHM!

Stevens shouts as the Faithful get more rabid and chant his favorite chant.

Angus:

Maybe if it was his wife. I hear she's a gorram ten.

Stevens shakes his head and continues.

Scott Stevens:

I told you all and you didn't believe me.

Stevens says with a nod as he walks around the ring.

Scott Stevens:

I told each and every one of you Filth that I was going to advance to the next round.

The Faithful boo and Stevens eats it up.

Angus:

He cheated his way back in!

DDK:

Regardless, Scott Stevens advanced to the next round with his victory over Matt Lacroix.

Angus:

Bullshit, Keebs ... and everyone knows it.

Stevens leans on the ropes.

Scott Stevens:

You don't like that?

Stevens asks and the crowd boos.

Scott Stevens:

Well, no one gives a damn about what you like!

Stevens says and the boos grow even louder.

DDK:

Stevens not making any friends here tonight.

Angus:

Or ever! ZING! No wonder he runs around with his inbred family!

Stevens begins to pace around the ring.

Scott Stevens:

You honestly think someone like Scott Douglas could prevent me from regaining what is **rightfully mine**?

Stevens asks eliciting more negative attention from the paying audience.

Scott Stevens:

All these pretenders can think they are going to become the ACE in the Hole, but the reality is it was always going to me.

Stevens says as he points to himself.

DDK:

Stevens... as cocky as ever.

Angus:

And gayer as well.

DDK:

Angus ...

Scott Stevens:

You see, I'm a nice guy and I've ALLOWED others to walk around with my property. You know, to make them feel special. To make them feel like a TOP GUY.

Stevens smirks.

Scott Stevens:

However, I beat top guys because that's what I do and no one does it better than me.

Stevens points to himself once again.

Angus:

That's not the only thing he beats.

DDK:

ANGUS!

Angus:

What? It's true. It's natural ... I mean not when he does it but you know what I mean!

Scott Stevens:

Every one of these guys thinks that by winning the ACE in the Hole they have the upper hand because the **ACE** is the best card in the deck.

Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Y'all can be the ACE ... and I'll be the guy who **TRUMPS** you.

The Faithful boo.

Scott Stevens:

Scott Douglas **thought** he eliminated me, but I trumped him!

Stevens says with a wide grin on his face.

Scott Stevens:

That's what I do! I will trump everyone that is placed in front of me until I get back what is mine and when I do ... I will **MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN!**

Stevens cackles like a hyena as the Faithful boo loudly.

DDK:

Seriously?

Angus:

Can we shoot him now?

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

Angus:

Oh, thank God.

The Faithful pop and as the music would suggest, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas walks from the curtain and takes center stage on the top of the rampway. Microphone in hand, he waits, giving the Faithful a moment to collect themselves and lower the volume. The music fades off and the Faithful quiet down.

Scott Douglas:

I think we've all heard about enough.

The Faithful pop once again.

Angus:

For a lifetime!

Douglas:

Scott, your megalomaniacal penchant for gloating is truly un-trumbable and ... your delusion is unmatched ... but even you have to know all this is bullshit!

The Faithful react once again and clearly agree.

In the ring, Stevens obviously does not agree as he paces back and forth growing more and more flustered.

Douglas:

You used Kerry's misfortune at the hands of another delusional well **dick!** And cheated Matt LaCroix out of a golden opportunity! You had your shot.

Douglas shrugs inferring the following shouldn't be news.

Douglas:

You lost!

The Faithful ignite once again in agreeance.

Douglas:

That is how that story is supposed to end!

Angus:

The happiest ending of them all.

Douglas:

But ... seeing as you've rigged the game and somehow it's being allowed to stand ...

Douglas side-eyes directly into the camera for a split second.

Douglas:

At DEFIANCE Road, win or lose ... I will right the scales!

The Faithful pop again and Stevens is now furious. Screaming and yelling toward the stage. So wound up he hasn't even thought to bring the mic back to his face. Douglas calmly turns and heads backstage through the curtain, having

said his peace.

DDK:

Well obviously, Scott Douglas has a little more skin in the game, come DEFIANCE Road, then simply becoming the ACE in the Hole and getting a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I like the idea but Scotty is too much of a boy scout. Why wait...Tonight! Main Event... Tagging with Jack "My Pants are White but Also CRAZY" Harmen!? Take his Texas-sized head off! Wait... no, wait till he heads to the back, jump out and smash his skull in!

DDK:

Scott Douglas may be a lot of things but a bushwhacker, he is not!

Angus:

Ohhh, or find his car outside and cut the brake lines. OR ...

DDK:

Folks, we'll be right back with more DEFtv!

Cut to commercial as Angus continues to mumble criminal plots.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

CAN I GET A WITNESS?

The scene goes to the backstage area as Lance Warner stands beside The WrestleFriends. The Faithful give a big pop upon seeing them there.

Lance Warner:

I am happy to announce that in two week's time a major 4-way tag team elimination match will take place between The Fuse Bros., The WrestleFriends, the Gulf Coast Connection and No Justice, No Peace! The tension has been building for some time but boys... and hopefully as all feuds do, this will get settled... in the ring!

Batts and Mace look at each other and then back to Warner with friendly smiles.

Lance Warner:

Guys, it's been tough for the two of you, seemingly caught in the middle of all this *tension* between--

BANG!!

WHAM!!

The very loud commotion startles Lance Warner and The WrestleFriends as they turn around to see what's happening. Suddenly, Ryan Batts sprints off-screen and the cameraman tires to follow.

DDK:

What's going on!?

As the camera races down the hall it's just a blur of the arena walls and floor before coming back onto Ryan Batts standing over top of what looks to be three fallen men...

DDK:

That's the Gulf Coast Connection! Aaron King... Theodore Cain... and The Crescent City Kid! What the hell happened!?!?

Angus:

Sounds like they got hit with a fire cracker??? Ha!

Batts looks past the cameraman and the slowly incoming (although trying his hardest to get there at full speed), Jake Mace.

Ryan Batts:

We need some medics out here!

The camera gets a better view of the carnage. Aaron King is bleeding from his forehead, Theodore Cain is convulsing and The Crescent City Kid hasn't moved once inch.

Ryan Batts:

Someone... QUICKLY!

DDK:

This is awful!

Angus:

This is great!

Then, as the view pans up just a little... way off in the corner...

Stand Felton Bigsby and Rosey Owens.

DDK:

Dammit! No Justice, No Peace!! It looks like they've struck again!!!

Angus:

Hey now, guilty until proven innocent, huh?

Lance Warner comes into play too as the camera pans back to the carnage and the scene goes elsewhere.

"THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO vs. MASCARA DE MUERTE IV

Cut back to the arena.

♪ "Holy Diver" by Ronnie James Dio ♪

Mascara De Murte IV makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

Folks this should be one hell of a match. Part II for these two masked competitors! The current reigning BRAZEN Champion, Victor Vacio defends the BRAZEN title against this man Mascara De Murte IV! Let's take a look at the last time we saw these two go head to head in a NONTITLE match, right here on DEFtv!

Cut video from DEFtv 123.

Victor Vacio steadies himself on the top turnbuckle.

Smash cut to Victor mid-rotation in slow motion as Darren Keebler's audio from the night plays in sound bites.

DDK:

... "Causa Perdida," ...

The footage speed ramps to full speed and Victor crashes down on Mascara de Muerte IV.

DDK:

... The Shooting Star Press ...

Victor hooks the leg and Brian Slater is there to count.

DDK:

This is one is over.

ONE

TWO

THR --

Victor pulls MDMIV's shoulder up from the mat. The video punches in tight on his expressionless masked face. Cut back to the normal aspect ratio as Victor takes back to his feet and MDMIV writhes on the mat, gripping his midsection. Several quick cuts truncate the action as Vacio lays the boots to MDMIV. Brian Slater begs off Victor but he does not relent. Slater gets between Victor and MDMIV but in his rage, Victor slings Slater to the mat and returns to laying the boots the MDMIV. Slater calls for the bell and the video slows to a crawl as Darren Quimbey's voice is heard with a heavy echo.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... as a result of disqualification... Mascara de MUUUUUERTEEEE!!

Cut back to the live feed.

Angus:

I could do without all the flippy-do nonsense but this Vacio's got a mean streak that I like!

Mascara de Muerte IV enters the ring and his music dies down.

DDK:

Now, who is the broken record?

Angus:
What!?

♪ *Funeral March* by Chopin ♪

Darren Quimbey makes the announcements as Victor Vacio hits the ramp to a chorus of boos. He stalks down to the ring slowly with the BRAZEN title dangling from his left hand grip slung low by his waist. The title's leather strap nearly drags down the ramp as he makes his way to the ring.

DDK:
It's worth mentioning Mascara De Murte IV was granted this title shot after Vacio's *VILE* actions the last time these two met. Angus, any idea who would have made that happen? Maybe a blonde mulleted champion of said vile actions ... ?

Angus:
What are you speaking in Grease!? You're not asking the questions that need to be asked! What I want to know... is how the hell are we going to tell these pair apart? Black tights, Black masks, brown -

DDK:
It honestly is like a broken record... An underground party record from the early 70's but still.

Angus:
You saw DOLEMITE TOO!? Ah, man Eddie is back, KEEBS! *"I'll put my finger in the ..."*

DDK:
NO! Nope! Let's stop that right now!

Angus:
LET ME FINISH! *"... ground and turn the WHOLE WORLD AROUND!"*

DDK:
...

Angus:
See, that wasn't that bad! Now was it?

DDK:
Well ...

Vacio slides into the ring, dropping the title on his way in and takes to his corner. A stage hand retrieves the Championship belt that caught on the apron and slipped down to the floor.

Referee Brian Slater approaches with the pre-match instructions.

DING DING

DDK:
Here we go! As we get started here, both competitors circling... sizing one another up!

Angus:
Not for long!

Muerte shoots in and the pair lock up. Vacio quickly turns out and twists MDMIV's arm up in an arm ringer. Muerte, having learned from their last interaction, isn't interested in reversals or doing the dance. He jaws Vacio with his free

hand and Muerte backs off into the corner as Brian Slater warns about the closed fist. Muerte motions questioning Slater, given the events of DEFtv 123.

Vacio shakes it off and cocks his head before slowly twisting it back the other direction. Much as how MDMIV had to understand what type of fight he was in for, last time ... Vacio knows instantly and seems intrigued.

Angus:

This is incredible already! This **is** why I ... I MEAN ... WHY THEY green lit this rematch!

DDK:

For the title, no less.

The pair meet back in the center of the ring and lock up once again. MDMIV overpowers Vacio and shoves him to the mat, standing over him glaring rather than gloating. Almost daring Vacio.

Victor slides himself back toward the corner and finds a comfortable respite against the turnbuckle. Once there, he again he cocks his head and twists his neck in the opposite direction.

Slater motions for the match to continue.

Angus:

GORRAM get to it!

Vacio reaches up and grabs the middle ropes, awkwardly vaulting himself back to his feet before heading toward MDMIV with some purpose.

Muerte throws up a big boot in a flash but Vacio baseball slides underneath. The Mask of Death turns about-face in time to catch a dropkick and stumbles backward. Vacio pops back to his feet and pushes Muerte back into the ropes before whipping him to the other side. On the return...

DDK:

Crossbody!

Brian Slater counts the pinfall.

ONE!

TW ...

MDMIV launches Vacio up and off him with a gorilla press in the name of a kick out. Victor Vacio lands on his feet and as MDMIV gets to a knee The Lost Cause strikes.

DDK:

Big running knee to the face of Mascara de Muerte IV!

Angus:

To the skull mask!

Victor goes for the pin attempt once again but MDMIV is up before Slater can get in position. Vacio leads MDMIV up with grip on the back of the skull mask, Slater warns but not really enforcing anything. A habit he's forming with these two, not his norm.

Vacio pushes Muerte back into the ropes and sends him for the ride, on the return MDMIV regains the upper hand with a flying forearm. Vacio falls flat and Skull Mask Four to the knees, both men pop up but MDMIV has the edge.

DDK:

Muertekick!

Vacio's head cocks back and he crashes to the mat as MDMIV steadies himself and heads for the corner.

DDK:

This could be it, Angus!

Angus:

You say that seven times a match!

MDMIV climbs the turnbuckle and steadies himself. He wastes no time and launches from the top rope...

DDK:

This ...

Vacio kips up.

DDK:

Is ...

Vacio posts off his left leg.

Angus:

IT!!!

As Angus steals Darren's sound bite, Vacio throws up the stiff right leg. A picture-perfect standing sidekick is most commonly known as a Super Kick. Less a thrust kick and more an amazingly timed foot held in the right place.

MDMIV overrotates the Shooting Star Press attempt and catches Vacio's black boot directly under the chin before collapsing to the mat.

*HOLY SHIT!**HOLY SHIT!**HOLY SHIT!*

Vacio doesn't go for the pin, rather he drops back to the turnbuckle and cracks his neck. His hand instinctually held to his ailing chin.

Slater rushes to check MDMIV's ability to continue.

DDK:

That was an amazing sight to see, Angus!

Angus:

No shit, Keeps! BRAZEN "V" BRAZEN!

Slater raises MDMIV's arm. It drops.

Vacio stands up from the corner. Obviously hurt but attempting not to show it.

Slater goes again. It drops again ...

Vacio approaches the kneeled Brian Slater and MDMIV.

DDK:

Not again! Either finish the match or LEAVE Muerte be!

Slater stops the test and turns to warn Victor Vacio. Before Slater can even commit to admonishing Vacio, he continues to the ropes facing the rampway.

Angus:

Ask and you shall receive, Keebs.

Angus is correct, as Vacio turns his back to the ropes, hooks his arm and flips over and down to the floor.

DDK:

Well, this is no better! The better man should win... not walk off!

Slater stands up, confused for a brief second but instantly frustrated. Vacio stalks his way up the ramp as Slater abandons the KO test and calls for the bell.

DDK:

This is egregious!

DING DING DING

Quimbey consults quickly with Brian Slater before making the final announcement.

♪ "Holy Diver " by Ronnie James Dio ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, as a result of disqualification... Mascara de MUUUUUERTEEE!!

Darren takes a pause as Vacio strolls through the curtain, never looking back.

Darren Quimbey:

AND STILL BRAZEN Champion... "THE LOST CAUSE"... VICTOR VACIOOOO!

DDK:

Well once again... Victor Vacio retains his BRAZEN Championship via disqualification! Not much of a champion, if you ask me!

Angus:

No one did, Keebs! Vacio is a weird-ass guy but he might be the meanest and dirtiest BRAZEN Champion in the history of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

That is a sad statement...

WHATS GOOD FOR THE GOOSE

Things shift to the stage left where DDK and Angus are sitting comfortably at the announce position. DDK has a serious expression on his face and the camera focuses on the duo.

DDK:

Earlier this evening, before we went on the air, we had a confrontation in the parking lot between the reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, the Stevens Dynasty, and the newly-crowned Trios Champions, the Sexual Tyrannosaurus Platoon.

Angus:

That's what you are going to call it? More like the Gestapo got Pearl Harbored.

DDK:

Let's take you to the footage.

The picture cuts to one of Lorelei Albrecht, Pietro Geist, and Mack Brody arriving at the rear parking area of the arena in their rental car. Once pulling into a parking spot, Geist makes his way to the rear of the vehicle with Lorelei soon joining him. He pops the trunk while his teammate opens the rear passenger side door.

Mack Brody:

Seriously, I'm three times her size. How the hell does she get shotgun?

Lorelei laughs, as she hears Mack groan while extending his right leg out of the vehicle. Geist reaches into the trunk when the sound of a massive crash and a pain-induced roar echoing through the area. Lorelei looks around the side of the car and sees Mack's leg sandwiched between the frame of the car and the now hugely dented door. Rising up from one knee is the stampeding Texan bull known as George Stevens.

Lorelei Albrecht:

Gottverdammt! James!

Before she can bring the attack to Pietro's attention, three more attackers hit the scene. Scott Stevens blasts Geist from behind with a tire iron, right where the skull meets the neck. Bo joins him and strikes him in the ribs with a crowbar. Lorelei tries to do something, but Cary snatches her up and keeps her from interfering.

Lorelei Albrecht:

Get off me, you huhrensohn!!! Schluss damit!!!

The repeated sound of George slamming the car's door into Brody's right leg can be heard along with Mack's cries of agony. Geist is in no position to rescue him, as Scott and Bo work over his midsection and back with their weapons of choice.

Cary Stevens:

Don't let that kraut fucker get up! Teach him what happens when you mess with the goddamn Stevens.

George pulls Brody from the vehicle by his mangled leg and then, motions to his cousin. Bo tosses him the crowbar, which George immediately uses to knock Brody out cold. Defenseless, Mack cannot stop George from bashing his knee repeatedly with the solid metal tool.

Scott Stevens:

How do you like being jumped, you Nazi cocksucker?

Scott slams the tire iron into Geist's ribs one more time, before he and Bo grab their fallen victim and pull him up. Using all of their might, they launch Geist headfirst at the vehicle, causing him to go crashing through the driver's side window.

Lorelei Albrecht:

Sohn einer Hündin!!!

With both members of the STP unable to stand, let alone fight back, Cary releases Lorelei. She glares at Cary with a look of complete and utter hatred to which he smiles back and blows her a kiss, before starting towards the area.

Cary Stevens:

Someone pull George off that pretty boy. Our work is done here.

Bo and Scott finish up their stomping a mudhole in the bloody Pietro Geist, as Lorelei approaches, and make their way over to George, who is still going to town on Brody's leg with the crowbar. It takes both of them to pull the ravenous George from his prey's lifeless body and guide him towards the arena's entrance. The picture turns back to the announce table with DDK and Angus.

DDK:

A brutal display by the champions.

Angus:

Those chicken fuckers are scared. They know they can't beat the SS.

DDK:

STP.

Angus:

I know what I said.

DDK:

Let's throw things backstage to Christie Zane for an update.

Shifting once again away from the announcers, the picture changes in a flash to Christie standing in front of DEFmed tending to the members of the STP. Iris Davine finishes taping up Brody's damaged right leg and begins to put it in a brace. Another member of DEFmed is trying to clean a large cut above Geist's right eye, while another checks his torso for possible internal injuries, making him snarl in pain by pressing on his side.

Iris Davine:

We need to get him ready for transport. He is going to need that knee x-rayed.

Christie Zane:

As you can see behind me, the Sexual Tyrannosaurus Platoon is currently being tended to by the DEFIANCE medical staff. Early word is that Brody may have a broken knee cap and cracked shin bone, while Geist could possibly have some broken ribs and as various facial lacerations. There is no word as of yet if they will be ready for their upcoming match at DEFIANCE Road.

There's a commotion behind Christie, causing her to turn around. Geist sends a supply cart flying and shoves the two members of the medical team to the floor.

Pietro Geist:

Genug! Lass mich alleine!

Still bloody and not at one hundred percent, Pietro climbs off the gurney. He is huffing and puffing, unable to control his rage. Lorelei rushes to block his path.

Lorelei Albrecht

Pietro, geliebte, please lay bakk down, so zhey kan help you.

Geist removes his blood-drenched hair from his face with a quick flick of his head, exposing the crimson mask that he now sports much like his trademark face paint. His voice coming out as a low, demonic growl.

Pietro Geist:

Nein. Ich werde sie alle töten.

Lorelei lowers her head and steps aside. She has seen this before and in no way wants to be anywhere near him. With the path cleared, he heads to the exit, tearing the door from its hinges in the process. He never looks back.

Brody:

Kill those Texan fucktards, Slasher! Ow! Shit! Take it easy, shit brick. The head of my dick is down there.

Brody growls in pain while adjusting his leg and looks to the DEFmed member in annoyance, due them hurting his knee while tightening the brace.

DDK:

I would not want to be a member of the Stevens family right now.

Angus:

No one does, Keebs. They are forced into it. Ever see that movie "The Hills Have Eyes"? Same GORRAM thing.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

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PROVE ME RIGHT!

We're back inside the DEFplex and the fans are buzzing, waiting for whatever is next.

♪ "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by Hotei ♪

The fans cheer loudly as the music builds.

DDK:

Here we go folks, we knew it wouldn't be long before Mikey Unlikely had something to say. Remember just last week he was in a tag team match with Oscar Burns, where Burns inadvertently struck Mikey with a headbutt, costing them the match.

Angus:

As per usual Keebs, wonder if he's ever heard the term "put up or shut up?"

Mikey comes out as the single spotlight hits the stage. He runs from one side to the other motioning to the fans who cheer loudly. For once he passes by the Interview stage and heads down for the ring. Mikey is in his workout clothes, looks like he's not ready for action.

DDK:

It's been an odd few weeks for Mikey and Oscar Burns, They continuously try to trust one another and share respect but every time something goes awry.

Mikey slides in and accepts the microphone from Ring Announcer Darren Quimbey. Darren then leaves the ring, leaving the number one contender alone.

Angus:

Maaaaaaaaan, I hope that mic is broken!

Mikey Unlikely:

Ladies, Gentlemen, Babies, and Children listen closely. Mikey Unlikely loves you all, I love my fans and I love the support you guys give me each and every week.

The fans in attendance cheer loudly for Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

With that in mind, please excuse me when I say, I'm here this week for one reason and one reason only, and that's to FINALLY call out the absentminded Australian, the Tazmanian Teabag, The Melbourne Menace!

Angus:

Tazmanian Teabag.... Not bad!

Mikey Unlikely:

A man who is terribly jealous, tryhard, and dare I say it, a coward!

DDK:

A COWARD!? What is he on about now?

Mikey Unlikely:

A few weeks ago, we teamed up to face the Family Keeling, and what happens? He gets mad that I picked up the win for the team! HELLO! YOU'RE WELCOME!

Unlikely plays it up and waits for the fans to calm down.

Mikey Unlikely:

Then last week, I was well on my way to winning ANOTHER tag match with Oscar Burns, and he uses the match as a RUSE to assault me with that thick hard skull of his.

The DEFIATron lights up and shows a replay of last week when Oscar and Mikey back into one another and Oscar turns to headbutt Mikey. Mikey has it playing in slow motion.

Mikey Unlikely:

As you can see, he had 2 or 3 full seconds to realize it's me before clocking me with what should be a foreign object... have you seen my face!?

Mikey points to a small bandaid on his forehead that has "Ouch" written on it.

DDK:

Oh, you've got to be kidding, 2 or 3 seconds? It's in slow motion! Play it in real-time and see how long it was!

Angus:

It seems legit to me.

Mikey Unlikely:

So that brings me to my point, it's time to stop the games, the handshakes, and treat this for what it is.... BURNS, I WANT THAT CHAMPIONSHIP! I AM GOING TO BE THE FIST OF DEFIANCE. I AM THE #1 CONTENDER, AND I WANT WHAT'S MINE, MY SHOT!

And lucky for dear Mikey, he doesn't have to wait long.

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

DDK:

Oh, boy... our FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns doesn't look happy with ANYTHING that's been said about him...

Angus:

Maybe Mikey is goading Burnsie out here. He knows Burns can't resist coming out to defend himself if his punk card has been pulled.

The Team Graps Cap looks out to the Faithful AKA Team Graps and then storms towards the ring in a bright red "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt with the lettering sticking out in gold. The New Zealander storms toward the ring and walks inside with a microphone in hand.

Oscar Burns:

Whatever GC is back there, manning the music, cut it.

The music goes quiet as Burns stares down the #1 Contender to the FIST.

Oscar Burns:

Look, Mikey... I'm going to chalk all this up to you having brain damage from me accidentally giving that noggin a floggin'. Because the things that you're saying right now... they're pissing me off and don't make any sense. That's good yard you're spinning right now because I know you're not bloody serious, are you?

Mikey grabs his microphone and stares up at Burns, dead serious.

Mikey Unlikely:

I told you last week. I speak BFE. I meant every damn word, Burnsie.

Burns backs off a second and sighs.

Oscar Burns:

Well, there it is, Mikey. On one hand, I was hoping you just came out here to be a bit of a dag, but a little part of me was REALLY hoping you were feeling stropo tonight. So if you want me to answer your questions, I'll do that. Because unlike you, Mikey, I've never double-talked, lied, backpedaled, or done anything to disrespect the ring you're standing in - MY ring - or the FIST of DEFIANCE that I hold. So here we go...

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks looks him dead in the eye.

Oscar Burns:

What happened was an accident. I wouldn't be faking that because *I* was the one that got pinned. I was beached as after Jackie laid me out. That one was on me. But... but Mikey. The one thing that REALLY irks my arse...

He holds up the FIST.

Oscar Burns:

...Is you insisting I'm taking the piss where this belt is concerned. This title means EVERYTHING to me. These people mean EVERYTHING to me. Being the standard-bearer of DEFIANCE means EVERYTHING and isn't anything I take lightly ever. I haven't been dipping in and out of Hollywood and wrestling, Mikey. This sport is all I've ever known since I was a wee kid in the wop wops who could barely afford a TV. Don't worry about MY convictions where this title is concerned, Mikey. I know who I am and that's the best damn wrestler in DEFIANCE.

Burns furrows his brow.

Oscar Burns:

I look in your eyes and I know that you're serious, Mikey. I see how bad you want to be the FIST of DEFIANCE. You've had a few attempts to win this belt and I don't think that I've seen you more serious than you are now... but, GC, you questioning ANYBODY about having a spotty record in the trust department is ridiculous. Almost as ridiculous as you thinking that you're going to beat me.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!"

Angus:

Snap snap snap from up here.

DDK:

Burns is definitely seething. Things are going to boil over at any moment now.

Unlikely takes in the words before responding, even wincing once.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh please, We're not here for your sap story Burns. We don't care how hard you had it. 'Woe is me, I grew up poor, with my pet Wallaby.' Enough... That Championship of yours has been had by many before you, and many after you will hold it too. I plan on being the one to take it from you. You can count on your wrestling ability, in fact, I expect you too. Just know this Oscar Burns, it's not a wrestling match you got coming up. It's an all out war. I'm not going to wrestle you, I'm going to finesse you... right out of the FIST OF DEFIANCE Championship.

Angus:

Well yeah, he's not going to win a wrestling match...

He lets it sink in. Then he walks over towards the ropes, looking into the crowd before turning back to the champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

If anyone in this country says "Mikey", one face comes to mind! Mine! I am in and out of Hollywood Burns, you're right about that, but it's WRESTLING that got me the shot. Let's not forget that it took years of matches, years of interviews, years of building my name JUST LIKE YOU. Before I ever got my shot at Hollywood, I built a resume in the ring. I beat

bigger guys, faster guys, and “better wrestlers than I’ve ever been” just fine. Here’s the thing you gotta remember Oscar....

Mikey pauses for a moment, the fans begin to cheer for either, taking both men's attention away. Mikey takes advantage.

DDK:

MIKEY JUST DROPKICKED BURNS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! Blindsided by the challenger! Burns is down!

Unlikely gets up quick and mounts Oscar Burns, raining down right forearms into his face. Burns reaches up trying to stop the onslaught, and almost catches one of Mikey’s arms. Unlikely feels it, stands up to avoid being captured. He sees the FIST laying in the middle of the ring. He stops in his tracks.

DDK:

Oh no! Mikey’s got the FIST OF DEFIANCE in his hands! He’s staring at it. Behind him Oscar Burns is getting up slowly.

Angus:

C’m on Burns, Break his arm!

As Burns uses the top rope to pull himself to his feet, he turns around. Mikey Unlikely is lying in wait, he runs and dives and the face of the FIST OF DEFIANCE crashes into the face of the Champion. Oscar Burns goes careening over the top rope and slams into the ringside guardrail.

Angus:

What a snake! We all knew he couldn’t be trusted!

DDK:

This is out of line! He has his shot, it’s not tonight! What’s the point in this!

Angus:

Mindgames Keebs, He’s trying to keep the champ on his toes. He’s just really bad at it.

Mikey Unlikely climbs the nearest turnbuckle and holds the FIST over his head. It’s about 70% boos and 30% cheers at this point. Mikey doesn’t care, a sick smile crosses his face before he lays the FIST on the mat, and leaves the ring. Wasting no time, getting out of there before Burns recovers and realizes what happened.

DDK:

The Challenger has left the champion lying! Mikey Unlikely vs Oscar Burns is set, there’s no question Oscar Burns will be ready, but what kind of shape will he be in?

Fade out of the scene as Mikey walks through the curtain backward, facing the crowd.

STEVENS DYNASTY vs. THE DIBBINS

DDK:

Welcome back from our commercial break, and up next, we have an interesting matchup, as the returning Dibbins Brothers take on the reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, The Stevens Dynasty!

Angus:

I don't know which is worse the sheep fuckers or the goat fuckers.

DDK:

We heard you the first time ... when it was much less crude!

The Sound of Banjos can be heard in the distance.... Followed by some overpowering groans from the Faithful.

♪ "99 Problems" by Hugo ♪

Darren Quimbey is in the ring, dressed much finer than the Dibbins.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is a tag team match! Coming to the ring first, at a total combined weight of 400 lbs. Hailing from Beaver, West Virginia, This is Duke, and Luke! The Dibbins Brounsins!

DDK:

Duke and Luke are making their way to ringside... WHAT THE --!?

Luke and Duke are attacked from behind by Bo and George with Cary directing traffic.

DDK:

Looks like the Stevens Dynasty is picking up where they left off earlier today with STP!

Angus:

I'm an oilman! Bo and George took exception to Luke and Duke checking out their pig they were gonna have fun with tonight.

Bo and George put the boots to the Dibbins Brounsins before dragging them to the ring and tossing them inside. Hector Navarro goes to check on the Dibbins, but is stopped by Cary.

Cary Stevens:

Ring the bell or I'll have you deported!

Cary shouts and Hector looks at him weirdly.

Hector Navarro:

I'm an American...

Hector is cut off by Cary.

Cary Stevens:

I'm not here to listen to your Mexican gibberish! If I wanted you to respond I'd be asking for a taco or a burrito from you!

Cary says as he bows up to Navarro.

Cary Stevens:

Ring the damn bell!

Navarro shakes his head with disgust as he signals for the bell.

DING. DING.

DDK:

Looks like we are going to have a match.

Angus:

YAY! The winner gets the overall number one pick in the Old McDonald's Farm Draft. I hear Bo likes sucking utters.

DDK:

I'll say it again. S&P...

Angus:

Wait! You corrected me early, Mr. Smug. It's **STP!** ... I'm an oilman!

Bo starts off with Luke as the Texan picks up his opponent and goes to whip him into the ropes, but Luke is able to reverse the attempt.

Angus:

That whip was made in 'MURICA!

Luke goes for a clothesline, but Bo ducks underneath and builds momentum as he bounces off the other set of ropes, but it's short-lived as Luke sends the Texan to the mat with a belly bump.

DDK:

Belly bump sends Bo to the canvas.

However, before Luke can continue the attack he gets distracted by something in the audience.

Angus:

The hell is this guy doing, Keebs?

Luke positions himself towards the ring ropes and signals to someone in the crowd which happens to be an attractive young blonde eating a hot dog.

Angus:

I may have misjudged the sheep raper.

The blonde sees Luke staring at her and points to herself and he nods.

Angus:

Looks like Luke wants to show her his Dibbins Style. I heard it only takes four seconds! He calls it HALF-A-BULL RIDE!

Security helps the blonde over the security railing and she makes her way towards the ring steps as Luke licks his lips as he motions for her to come upon the apron. The blonde comes onto the apron and stands in front of Luke. Luke continues to lick his lips as the blonde closes her eyes and puckers up.

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me.

The Faithful laugh as the blonde opens up her eyes in confusion as Luke takes the hot dog out of her hand and begins to eat it.

Angus:

Well, looks like Luke likes the weiner instead of chicks, Keebs! Should we introduce him to The D!?

DDK:

Please, please ... just call the match!

Angus:

If she said baaaaaaaah, I'm sure he'd pay more attention to her.

As Luke makes out with his dinner, Bo makes his way behind him and grabs him by the back of the head and drives his knees into Luke's back.

DDK:

Backstabber by Bo and the hot dog goes flying.

Angus:

Spitters are quitters, Keebs.

Duke comes charging into the ring to help his brousin, but is cut off by an awaiting George Stevens who delivers a ring shaking Texas Size Slam.

DDK:

George just destroyed Duke and Bo is signaling to his cousin it's time to finish them off.

George picks up Luke and places him on his shoulders as Bo ascends the ropes.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty looking for the 1836.

Bo jumps off the top rope and delivers a Bo-Dog.

DDK:

1836 delivered, but Bo isn't going for a cover.

Bo tells George to climb the ropes and he backs into a corner.

DDK:

Uh oh.

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I think Bo and George are looking to finish of Luke with The Eliminator.

Bo salivates as he waits in the corner and when Luke starts to move, he starts to run in place to "build momentum" before he stops in his tracks. Everyone's attention turns to the entrance ramp and the capacity crowd eruption of cheers accompanies the appearance of Pietro Geist, who is rapidly approaching the ring.

Cary Stevens:

Aw shit! It's that kraut bastard!

Geist slides into the ring and meets Bo coming out of the corner with a devastating spear.

DDK:

Good god! He nearly cut Bo in half!

The referee calls for the bell, as the attack is an obvious disqualification, giving the Stevens the win. Just not in the fashion they had planned on.

DING DING DING!!!

Right hands rain down on Bo, blasting him again and again in the jaw, cheek, and eye. George hurries over to assist his cousin and he pulls Geist from him, by his blood-soaked hair. Just as he gets to his feet, Pietro turns his attention to George, swatting away his arm before transferring the barrage of punches to him. George tries to retaliate, but Geist bobs and weaves around his punches before connecting with a trio of left hands to the body and a right to the jaw.

DDK:

Those punches would make the Andes crumble!

Angus:

He can beat up mints?

George can barely stand, but his instincts tell him to swing away. His wild attempt at a punch finds nothing but air and he is quickly captured in a rear waistlock. No one thinks it is possible to suplex that particular Stevens, but Geist makes them all believers.

DDK:

German suplex!

Angus:

Seems like a waste of energy. Dumping George on his head really isn't going to hurt anything.

That brings the crowd to its feet and Geist stands tall in the middle of the ring. He snaps his head back to remove the mixed of crimson and blond hair from his face. Luckily for George, he rolled close to the ropes after being dumped on his head. It takes both Cary and Bo to drag his massive frame to safety on the floor. Like Kane Hodder in a goalie mask, Geist glares down at the trio, with his chest heaving with each breath.

Pietro Geist:

Der Tod kommt für dich.

Cary Stevens:

You'll get yours, you Nazi bastard!

A dazed and confused George wants to continue the fight, but Cary and Bo restrain him and do their best to pull him away from the ring. With them at a safe distance, focus turns back to the ring, where both Luke and Duke confront the massive German.

DDK:

Looks like the Dibbins aren't too pleased with the intrusion.

Duke Dibbins:

Hey, foreigner. What in the hell do ya think yer doin'? I reckon ya cost us this match! Go back to where ya came from before we beat yer ass!

Angus:

First, the Stevens and now, the Dibbins... I think the entire inbred community hates Geist.

Duke pokes Geist in the chest with his finger. Pietro doesn't say a word in reply. He just hauls off and levels Duke with

a lariat. A still hurting Luke steps up and before he can do anything, Geist lays him out with a forearm shot to the jaw.

DDK:

You could hear that forearm in the parking lot!

Angus: Someone get Davine ready. She is about to get a pair of corpses delivered to her.

Geist grabs Luke by the throat and overalls, deadlifting him from the mat and into a fireman's carry. Duke pulls himself up, but almost immediately joins Luke on the German's shoulders. The Stevens watch from the top of the entrance ramp, as Geist stares back at them from the center of the ring with both Dibbins in his possession. With a roar, Pietro sends the Dibbins flying through the air.

DDK:

Double F-5 to the Dibbins!

With the damage done, Geist sits up like many a horror villain is known to do. His gaze immediately locks onto the Defiance Tag Team champions. That enrages George and his father and cousin can barely restrain him. Bo is able to force him through the curtain while Cary returns a hate-filled glare back at the German.

Cary Stevens:

You and your boy are going on a one way trip to hell. I swear to fucking god.

Cary sees George trying to come back out and focuses on him being kept in check, ending the tense situation for this evening.

DDK:

This blood feud is one that I fear could be escalating out of control. There could be no one left standing by the time this war is over and truly no winners.

Angus:

The Texans lost at the Alamo and the Nazis lost World War II. Of course there will be no winners. Let's just all hope the Hitler's Jurassic Park kills off the Stevens in the process.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

ELISE ARES & DEX JOY vs. SHOOTER LANDELL & GUNTHER ADLER

The camera switches from commercial to a shot over the WrestlePlex, where the Faithful wait patiently for the show to resume. Or maybe... not so patiently as those who ran to go get concessions can be seen scrambling back to their seats. Meanwhile, inside the ring, Darren Quimbey looks directly into the hard camera.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a handicap match scheduled for ONE FALL!

The Faithful echo "ONE FALL" with him as he looks towards the entrance.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Out walks Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler in matching gray hoodies and their normal wrestling attire underneath. Landell and Adler knock fists before marching down the rampway completely disgusted by the reaction The Faithful are giving them.

Angus:

Here are two guys who could get their careers going BIG TIME tonight with a win over Ares.

DDK:

Umm they both have lost to her recently in single bouts.

Angus:

Yes but this is a TAG TEAM match, Keebs. Duh!

Landell and Adler slide into the ring as they take their hoodies off and the fans await...

All I wanna do is...
♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Everyone jumps to their feet as the familiar tune heralds the entrance of the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion. Golden and white lights flash around the arena as Elise Ares marches out with the SoHER (get it?) paraded on her shoulder. With a smirk on her face, the self-proclaimed greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time stops on the stage area with Klein by her side. Elise takes off her trademark LED sunglasses and tosses them into the crowd, before producing a microphone from God knows where.

Elise Ares:

Hold up Quimble... I know you have a job to do but I have something I need to say.

Angus:

Good lord, when doesn't she?

DDK:

She's been on quite the winning streak, defending her Southern Heritage Championship successfully for a year now. After defeating Andy Sharp for a second time at Ascension, she's beat Adler and Landell in consecutive weeks after they attacked her celebration party.

Angus:

You already mentioned this. However, things are gonna change at DEFIANCE Road! Gage Blackwood has been on quite the winning streak himself, and I'll be GORRA...

Elise Ares:

You're not that far from me, Angus, I can hear that haterade just spewing relentlessly from your maw... so if you could be like a door and be quiet for a minute to let me address my ARESITES out here, we would TOTES appreciate it.

Angus just throws his arms up in the air and motions towards Ares sarcastically.

Elise Ares:

Thank you, Jeeves. Now every. Single. Week. I have to listen to Jeeves over here talk about how undeserving I am of being the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of alllll time. I've called out Gage Blackwood and like the coward he is he's ducked me time and time again. Hiding behind Grandpa and Whatshisface down there, while I continue to beat them like a drum only for Gage to then also... beat them like a drum?

Ares looks over at Klein for confirmation who shoots her a thumbs up.

Elise Ares:

I'm not here to kink shame or anything, what you boys do on your own time is what you do and Elise knows I have my own skeletons in that closet... but you guys HAVE to be tired. Getting your asses beat by me, then getting your asses beat by Gage, it's a long day on the set. I've tried motivating you... I've tried getting Gage to step up and be a man in your place... it's just not working. If we keep this as a handicap match, it's just not going to go well. I'm on top of my game. I'm ON FIYAH!

Elise does a victory dance and Klein feigns putting out the flames.

Elise Ares:

You two wouldn't stand a D's chance in Hollywood, so here's a thought. Let's turn this into a tag match, that'll give you two a chance to pin someone who isn't me... because Elise knows that you're NEVER going to pin me. So let's have it be the two of you against me and my good friend Kl...

♪ "The Tempest (Big Dex Energy Remix)" by Pendulum ♪

Klein has a huge smile on his face with is abruptly ended by the music. He looks over at Elise who shakes her head no and tells him that she had no idea while Dex Joy shoots out of the backstage area like a cannon. Sprinting over to Elise Ares, she looks stunned by the big man jumping up and down in front of her. He takes the microphone from her and she jerks her hand away, then her eyes grow wide in surprise.

Dex Joy:

Elise, Elise, Elise, wait! Look ... I'm sorry for barging in on your business like this, but I have a few problemas with the two jackwagons in the ring jumping me two weeks ago after Shooter stole a win from me. I called him out on Uncut and since I haven't heard back from him, I decided it was best to come out and meet Shooter McGavin and his buddy face to face!

DDK:

Wow! Dex Joy wanting to step up! Is Elise going to let this happen?

Angus:

Who cares?! He's a big fat, overeager rookie!

Dex looks at Klein and then looks back at Elise.

Dex Joy:

What do you say Elise? Klein I'm sorry my friend, but I *really* want this opportunity.

Elise orders Klein to take the microphone back from Dex, which he does before wiping the mic off with a towel and handing it back to Elise.

Elise Ares:

Sure, me and whoever the hell this guy is against the two of you. Sorry, Klein!

Klein shrugs in disappointment while Elise and Dex Joy lead him down towards the ring as "Emperor's New Clothes"

continues over the PA.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... first hailing from Beverly Hills, California and weighing at 122 pounds. She is the current Southe...

Klein can be seen whispering into Darren's ear.

Darren Quimbey:

She is the LONGEST REIGNING Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE History. She is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, ELIIIIIIIIIISE ARESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

The longtime DEFIANCE ring announcer signals to Elise who suggestively enters the ring to the delight of the men in the front row. Behind her, Dex Joy almost knocks her onto her ass as he bursts into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And her partner, from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 380 pounds, "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

You have to at least love the energy coming from Big Dexy! He brings a youthful enthusiasm back to DEFIANCE that we haven't seen in a while, Angus.

Angus:

I was hoping he would've brought an unfortunate accident to Elise Ares there, but we couldn't get so lucky. What he and Elise both need to realize is that they are in the ring against two of the most seasoned technicians in DEFIANCE right now. Don't mind that Elise has the luck of a cult deity, but this could be VERY dangerous for two of the more... how do I put this... dumbest members of the DEFIANCE roster.

DDK:

Elise has shown what she lacks for wisdom she makes up for in intelligence and cunning.

Angus:

The only thing she's good for is a lack of clothing on a free website.

Elise Ares sees the enthusiasm Dex Joy is showing and has no issues whatsoever letting him start the match and do the heavy lifting. He obliges as Shooter Landell looks at Dex taunt him, blows him off and Gunther Adler enters the ring to start the match.

DING! DING!

DDK:

Dex looks disappointed that Shooter ducked him after stealing that win but he's going up against big Gunther Adler!

Angus:

This isn't survival of the fattest, Dex!

Dex and Adler lock up like two massive bulls while Elise is watching the match rather nonchalantly from her corner with Klein. Adler decides to take big Dex into a head lock and because he is about three hundred pounds he keeps a good grip on the head lock. Dex fights away at Adler with some punches and then sends him into the ropes. Gunther runs and hits Dex with a shoulder that doesn't budge The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Joy looking to impress and I think he has in his short time so far.

Angus:

Yeah, he beat a Brazen guy on Uncut and lost to Shooter. Batting .500 and probably gonna go down after this match.

Elise watches the two men run into each other. Adler gets fed up with the stalemate of two big guys and lands a toe kick to the stomach. He winds up and he looks for a lariat when Dex surprises him off the rebound by hoisting him up and dropping him down with a samoan drop!

Big Dex Energy is back in on his feet and Adler is on the ground sucking in air. When he starts to sit up to catch his breath he gets mowed right down by Dex coming off the ropes with a running cross body that almost flattens the lackey of Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Dex goes for the win!

One ...

Two ...

... but Shooter steps into the ring and a boot lands in between Dexy Baby's shoulder blades. He breaks the cover and comes back to his corner. Adler rolls away to tag Dex's first rival in his DEFIANCE Wrestling tenure. The two meet up and Shooter goes for Dex's arm like he did in their first meeting. He drops Dex's arm over his shoulder twice and then a quick upper cut sends the energetic big brawler back into the ropes.

DDK:

The entire time, Elise hasn't tried to make a tag of any kind. Wonder why that is?

Angus:

Because I'm right and she wants him to do the dirty work!

Elise and Klein watch Shooter lock the arm of Dex and then push that locked arm into a corner! Dex gets hurt from running into the corner and Shooter pulls his arm over the ropes to crank back and try to dish out some more damage. When the official orders him to break it up at a count of five Shooter is out of the corner eyeing Elise. He dares her to come into the ring to save Dex but she doesn't make a move.

DDK:

Very nonchalant by our Southern Heritage champ there.

Angus:

I know, Keebs, do you even listen?

When Shooter comes back to the corner the last thing he expects to see is Dex fighting back with punches! Shooter gets reeled back and Dex pushes him into the ropes only to throw him out with a belly to belly release suplex!

One ...

Two ...

DDK:

A kick out by Shooter! But these people really like the enthusiasm of Dex, don't they?

Dex stands up and waits for Shooter to do the same, but he is clinging onto the official's pant leg. Dex gets his arm grabbed by Gunther Adler from the outside then he snaps it over the top rope!!!

DDK:

Cheap shot by Adler! And now Shooter back up and he takes down Dex with that rolling elbow smash!

The elbow smash sends Dex to the ropes, knocked for a loop but it's a single armed DDT from Shooter that finally puts Dex on the ground for the first time!

Shooter glances down at Dex with an unimpressive look on his face. He bounces off the ropes and connects with a running splash that shakes the ring upon impact! Shooter tags Adler.

DDK:

Adler is standing on the second rope and Landell takes hold of Dex's legs... Adler with a massive leg drop across the solar plexus of the rookie!

Angus:

I love where this match is going now. You wait out the early "home field" advantage from the big guy and then let experience take over and guide you to victory!

DDK:

Uh, you actually made some sense there partner.

Angus:

I did?

Adler struggles at first but eventually pulls Dex to his feet. He Irish whips him into one of the two free corners and as Joy stumbles back out of it, Adler hits a running bulldog sending both of them to the canvas again and making the ring shake once more!

Adler hammers some right forearms into Dex's face. He pulls him to his knees and kicks him in the head. Tagging Landell back in, it's Shooter this time who is perched on the second rope. Adler pulls Dex closer towards the Iowa native and lifts Dex's right arm in the air as he does...

DDK:

Axe handle smash across the arm of Dex! The Faithful are being taken out of this one!

Landell stomps away on that same arm before the referee pushes him away. Shooter laughs as he watches Dex struggle to get to one knee and then to his feet. Landell charges at the big man...

DDK:

OH what a powerslam by Dex Joy! He's back in this one and he's awoken the crowd!

Angus:

Isn't it awaken?

DDK:

Joy is trying to shake the pain out of his right arm. He got most of the powerslam but you could tell it took everything. That was clearly a desperation move...

Angus:

And look at this! Welcome to the party Miss "Greatest" SoHER Champion of all time... *nooow* she wants the tag...

DDK:

Joy looking to make it to his corner...

But Shooter is back on his feet.

DDK:

Right forearm by Shooter! Another! Another! And he tosses Dex Joy into the ropes...

WHAM!

DDK:

Shoulder block by Dex!

Landell gets back to his feet, looking for another forearm...

DDK:

Dex sidesteps the shot... and a sidewalk slam follows!!!

Landell right back up...

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER!!

The Faithful become deafening.

DDK:

BIG SPLASH!

Smack!

DDK:

And a tag to Elise Ares!!

Ares leaps over the top rope and right away connects with an impressive headscissors takedown to the much larger Landell!

DDK:

Plancha to Shooter! In comes Gunther Adler and he's hit with a plancha! The Faithful are stirring...

Que Tal Eso.

Angus:

I'm sick of this dancing...

Cuban Necktie.

DDK:

Landell is reeling! Ares is going to the top rope... YES! There it is!

Your Feature Presentation.

Gunther Adler tries to get into the ring again... but he's promptly projected right back out the other side by Dex Joy!

DDK:

We have a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Elise Ares pops up to her feet and shoves her way past Carla Ferrari to grab her Southern Heritage Championship herself. Holding it up into the air, she doesn't even wait to get her arm raised. Her and Klein immediately exit, leaving Carla to only raise the arm of Dex Joy in victory.

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

DDK:

She did it again, Angus.

Angus:

After letting that big crazy man do all the work for her, she snatched up the pinfall. That's right Elise, you keep celebrating for a match you didn't win. At DEFIANCE Road you'll get yours.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style responds to Angus barking at her from the announce table by holding the SoHER in the air in his general direction as she walks to the back. In the same shot, DDK jumps up from his seat and begins to point back towards the ring, but Elise ignores him in an effort to get maximum gloating potential on Angus.

DDK:

Dex Joy is being attacked in the ring!

In all of the hubbub with Elise Ares taking the win and leaving the ring, Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler attack Dex Joy with a two on one assault! After Adler knocks him down with a big running boot the two men stomping the piss out of The Biggest Boy.

Angus:

And further proof I'm right about what I said before the match. Ares and Joy win the match but Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler are making him pay.

After an extended period of laying the boots into Dex, Adler holds the arm that he and Adler had been working over during the course of the tag team match. Dex is trying to fight but Shooter now has a chair and raises it ...

WHACK!!!!!!

DDK:

Shooter is attacking that arm!

Shooter drops the chair and they leave Dex rolling around frantically in agony. Shooter now has a microphone.

Shooter Landell:

Kid ... I told you that you don't belong in my ring but like a lot of your generation you just don't listen. So how about at DEFIANCE Road ... if your arm even works ... you face me one on one and I'll be happy to show you once again that you don't belong in any ring, let alone a DEFIANCE ring!

Shooter and Gunther may have lost this tag team match but walk away with the last laugh. Dex is still in the corner holding his left arm.

DDK:

Big challenge right there but will Dex answer it?

Angus:

If he knows what's good for him ... he shouldn't!

Shooter and Adler leave the ring.

GULF COAST CONNECTION UPDATE

The scene jumps to DDK and Angus at the announcers booth.

DDK:

Folks, just to update you, earlier today Aaron King, Theodore Cain and The Crescent City Kid, also known as the Gulf Coast Connection were brutally attacked backstage by No Justice, No Peace. We regret to inform you that they will not be coming back tonight and their status for the big 4-way tag team match in two week's time is up in the air as of this moment.

Angus:

That's excellent news!

DDK:

You sir, are an idiot. These kids were finally getting their big break on the main roster and they even have a few victories, albeit one by DQ, against The Fuse Bros...

Angus:

Big break? Ha! Everyone is beating The Fuse Bros. these days. I mean if you and I were a team, we could probably do it-

DDK cuts him off.

DDK:

We would *never* be a team. However, moving on, this is horrible news and please tune in to DEFIANCEWrestling.com for more information in the upcoming days. The three men are still in hospital and they are not expected to be released tonight. What an awful event earlier...

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

OW!

After a commercial break, the camera is now at DEFMed office with Christie Zane just outside the open door.

Christie Zane:

Hello everybody I'm Christie Zane! I'm about to see if I can get a word with Dex Joy following what just happened in the ring.

The camera shows "Moments Ago" and brief highlights of the following:

-Dex Joy having his arm snapped over the ropes by Gunther Adler

-Elise getting the win

-Dex Joy being attacked after the match by Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler

-Dex Joy having his arm smashed by a chair shot from Shooter

After the highlights air, Christie is in the office where Iris Devine is wrapping the arm of Dex up with athletic tape and an ice pack. Christie looks at Dex.

Christie Zane:

So Dex, it looks like after tonight Shooter Landell has made this issue with you personal hasn't he?

Dex looks at his taped arm and holds the ice pack close.

Dex Joy:

You could say that, Christie ... and I'd like to say something too while you're here.

Christie Zane:

Does this have anything to do with his challenge for DEFIANCE Road?

The Biggest Boy nods.

Dex Joy:

Yeah it does! Shooter ...

He turns to Christie and waves a hand to show he wants her microphone. She gives it to him and he holds it with his good arm as Iris is finishing the wrap on his other.

Dex Joy:

Shooter ... you've had problems with me since I got here just because you don't think I look like a wrestler. I'm not a chiseled monster carved from granite. I'm not a pretty movie starlet like my partner was tonight. I haven't been wrestling for thirty years inhaling asbestos in the most run-down gyms and smoking two packs a day to become a gravelly voiced a-hole. What I am ... is Big Dex Energy, pally!

He beats on his chest with his bad arm - winces - then does it with his good arm.

Dex Joy:

That's a force that tells me to start fast and end empty 100% of the time, win lose or draw. It's a force that tells me that no matter what critics have to say, I'm in that ring because I want to be and nobody is going to tell me different. Pally ... if you want to finally fight me at DEFIANCE Road then I accept! And bad chicken wing or not, I've still got one good arm and two good feet. And two good feet is all I need to stomp your ass into the mat!

The microphone is given back to Christie.

Christie Zane:

You heard it here! Shooter Landell one on one with Dex Joy at DEFIANCE Road!

CLOSE CALL

The scene jumps to The WrestleFriends walking backstage as the DEFtv theme song plays and the announcers voice overtop.

DDK:

Big match-up is coming up! The WrestleFriends, once again taking on The Fuse Bros. and it's next— LOOK OUT!!!

WHA—

WHOOSH!!!

Out of nowhere two masked men appear behind The WrestleFriends with chairs in hand. Although they clearly couldn't hear the announce team, Jack Mace senses something and turns just in time to see a chair being swung his way. He jets backward, bumping into Ryan Batts who bumps into the cameraman. The cameraman falls and hence the camera hits the floor. The only commotion is heard as The Faithful are left staring at the arena tiling.

DDK:

Can we get more eyes back there!?

The scurrying of feet is the last sound before the cameraman finally picks up the camera again and shows The WrestleFriends dusting themselves off.

Angus:

It's like they heard you. You warned them!

DDK:

It looks like they're gonna be okay. Not sure who attacked them... I can only assume it was No Justice, No Peace *AGAIN* but considering we're due a commercial break we will be right back folks!

FUSE BROS vs. THE WRESTLEFRIENDS

The scene goes to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is a tag team match! Introducing first... the team of Ryan Batts and Jack Mace, THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

A major pop is given by the crowd as the two members walk out, looking behind them as they do.

DDK:

They don't seem that shaken given what's happened.

Angus:

You're right, I'll give Batts and Mace that much. They should be, however. I mean you're the one that reported on the status of the Gulf Coast Connection. That could have been these guys!

Once Batts and Mace make it to the ring they let their guard down just a little as they play to the crowd and thank them for the cheers.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents... the team of Tyler and Conor Fuse... THE FUUUUUUSE BROS.!

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

Their theme song plays but the camera quickly lands to DDK.

DDK:

Everyone, I'm being told something's happened in the back!!

The scene jumps to a cameraman sprinting down the hall and as he turns the corner there it is. The Gamers boo and Tyler and Conor are laid out on the floor.

DDK:

DAMMIT, THEY GOT THEM AGAIN!

Angus:

Well, *technically* they didn't get them *again*. They got The Bros. for the first time. Tonight, anyway.

DDK:

Stop being a smart-ass! No Justice, No Peace have struck once more and they've taken The Fuse Bros. out!

Tyler lays motionless on the cement ground while Conor is rolling around, holding his back intensely. Conor's face is pure red.

Just then the scene goes back to ringside as the crowd has started a rally towards The WrestleFriends whom are watching the aftermath play out on the DEFI-tron. They don't see it until it's too late.

The Neighborhoodlum.

Felton Bigsby.

Rosey Owens.

And Theo Baylor.

All came through the crowd. All at different sides of the ring.

Chairs in hand. Smiles on their faces.

DDK:

Oh boy... this does not look good for The WrestleFriends!

Angus:

I guess they didn't escaper after all!

The crowd continues to shout, in the hopes Batts and Mace can fight out of this. They look at each other, nod and then rush at different sides of the ring while the members of NJNP jump onto the apron!

DDK:

BATTS HITS BIGSBY OFF THE APRON! MACE KNOCKS THE HOODLUM OFF TOO!!!

Angus:

They've gotten halfway!

DDK:

BATTS TURNS TO HIS LEFT... LOOKING TO GET OWENS!!!

WHAM!

DDK:

DAMMIT!! NO!!! HE'S MET WITH A CHAIR!

WHAM!

DDK:

AND MACE HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST THE QUICKER BAYLOR!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

Bigsby and The Neighborhoodlum recover and also get in on the fun.

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

DDK:

This is disgusting!!

With smiles on their faces the four members of No Justice, No Peace pick up The WrestleFriends and throw them down on top of each other in the middle of the ring.

Baylor hits his finisher, Weclome to LA on Ryan Batts! Bigsby hits Mace three more times with the steel chair!

They raise their hands to copious amounts of boos.

Angus: *[sarcastically]*

So I guess there's no tag team match tonight?

DDK:

No...

Baylor spits on The WrestleFriends. NJNP drop their chairs, dust off their hands, congratulate each other and then leave the ring.

DDK:

Well, as awful as this is... there might not be any hell to pay in two week's time because we might have three injured teams...

Angus:

I'm liking it already, Keebs. No Justice, No Peace. Crown them as champions!!

The scene fades as NJNP celebrates at the top of the ramp.

MAIN EVENT: FALSE START

Cut to commentary as the ring is cleared.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to DEFtv! It's time for our main event! Four out of the seven men slated to compete for the FIRST ever ACE in the HOLE a mere two weeks from tonight ... are in the match here on DEFtv and there is no love lost between these two teams and their individual members.

Angus:

I said it before, I'll say it again. Knock Stevens' head off his shoulder now! Don't wait until ACE, Scotty! Take him out!

DDK:

My partner is eluding to earlier tonight, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas made his intentions clear; at DEFIANCE Road win or lose, he intends to make sure Scott Stevens does not take home the ACE. Scott Stevens, on the other hand, feels like Douglas cheated him out of his opportunity that he recovered albeit in a questionable manner.

Angus:

Questionable? By hook or by crook... that's the phraseology you are looking for! Do I need to say it again, Keebs!? Knock his ...

DDK:

No. *[moving on]* As the two Scotts are obviously ready to go for each other's throats, there has been no love lost between The Family Keelings' Uriel Cortez and Jack Harmen.

Angus:

Now, that's a head that'll take a few wacks to knock off...

Darren jumps in.

DDK:

The pair...

Angus doesn't allow it.

Angus:

HOSSHEAD!

Darren shakes his head and throws it to the ring.

DDK:

Let's go to the ring...

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ...

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop and as the music would suggest, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas walks from the curtain and takes center stage on the top of the rampway. His standard ring gear, same as it ever was; cut off jean shorts and a black sleeveless "Sub Pop" record t-shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds... "SUB POP!!!!" Scccccottttt

DOOOOUUGGGGGLLAAAASSSS!

He poses and points for a moment at the top of the stage before heading down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner ...

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Jack Harmen bursts through the curtain and raises the devil horns up with both hands upon reaching the top of the entrance ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-four pounds... "The LUNATIC!!!!" Jaaaaacckk HAAAAARRRRMMMMENNN!

Jack jogs and bounces down the ramp, stopping a couple of times to slap a few fans' hands. He slides into the ring under the bottom rope and slaps the mat with both hands before standing up and displaying the devil horns once again.

DDK:

This is the first time either of these teams have ever teamed together in the history of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

DEFIANCE? Try, ever!

In the ring, Scott Douglas and Jack Harmen trade a few words near the corner that appear mostly civil.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ...

Darren holds for the music cue, but nothing. He tried again.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ...

Again nothing.

Angus:

What the in the *GORRAM* HELL!?

DDK:

I'm being told there is a ruckus backstage ...

Cut to said: ruckus.

Scott Stevens with the Stevens Clan backing him up is amidst a screaming match with Thomas Keeling. The hulking Uriel Cortez standing by on the ready but as usual not adding much to the discourse.

Scott Stevens:

Oh, no, no NO! I am a FORMER FIST! Send him out first!

Thomas Keeling:

FORMER! THIS IS THE NEXT FIST!

Keeling argues with Stevens as he points toward Uriel, arms folded and chest bulging.

Carry jumps in on the screaming and Junior is there to match wits in his loudest voice possible. Bo and George, mostly play the back, awaiting the inevitable brawl.

DDK:

Well, folks... we may *not* get a match here as apparently neither Scott Stevens or Thomas Keeling can come to an agreement on who gets top billing. I think we are going to take a break while we figure this out...

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE ROAD 2019



Don't miss DEFIANCE ROAD 2019! Live on DEFonDemand!

JACK HARMEN & SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. SCOTT STEVENS & URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen welcome back. During the break, the production crew was able to get Scott Stevens, as well as Uriel Cortez, down to the ring. I won't speak to the order of those proceedings... but the action already has been fast, to say the least!

Angus:

It's been brutal! It's great!

DDK:

And I suppose I'd be remiss if I didn't mention, we've been joined on commentary by another ACE qualifier, The D.

The D:

It took you twelve seconds to get to me. That's eleven seconds too long.

DDK:

Along with Flex standing ever so close to me. Can he stand a little further away?

The D:

He can.

Angus:

Have him take ten to twelve steps stage left...

Stevens ducks underneath a Douglas clothesline, back off the ropes and Scott hits him with an overhead belly to belly. Stevens bounces into the corner where a frustrated Uriel Cortez tags himself in. He charges, knocking Douglas down with a shoulder tackle. Douglas back up, off the ropes, lifted into a press slam, before being dropped on his face. Douglas bounces toward the corner.

DDK:

Douglas showing some veteran instinct, getting back to his corner.

Angus:

More like basic survival skills.

Harmen reaches in and tags himself in. Uriel turns as Harmen reaches the top of the turnbuckle, and Harmen dives with a missile dropkick. It only sends the big man stumbling back a few paces. Harmen on his knees, scouts the situation. He rushes off the far side, gains speed and ducks underneath a brutal looking Cortez clothesline. Back off the other side, Harmen gets blind tagged by Douglas. Jack collides with Uriel Cortez with a shoulder block but doesn't even stumble the big man. Harmen however, falls down onto his back. But it's enough of a distraction for Douglas to hit a picture-perfect moonsault on the just ever so late to notice Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

What a moonsault! He could have him!

The D:

He just threw himself at a dude. Not impressed.

Angus:[begrudgingly]

... same.

ONE.

TWO.

Cortez powers out of the pin, shoving Douglas off and high enough to land on his feet. Scott stumbles toward the enemy side and turns to Stevens. Stevens throws a right, but Douglas blocks it, just as Cortez comes charging. Sub Pop dodges and Uriel slams into Scott, sending him sprawling off the apron and into the barricade.

Cortez just shrugs.

Cortez turns about and Scott Douglas throws a big right but it's easily caught with a bigger left. Uriel grips Sub Pop's fist. Now in complete control, Cortez turns the pair around as he twists his opponent's wrist, bringing Douglas down to his knees. Harmen, back to his feet attempts to break this up runs in an immovable object.

Cortez lets loose Douglas' fist and without turning around swings a blind elbow at the charging Harmen.

DDK:

Official Benny Doyle is quickly losing control of this one.

Angus:

What's new?!

Doyle attempts to usher Jack Harmen out of the ring but although The Lunatic is beginning to recover, he isn't responding. Scott Stevens stirs as well on the outside as Uriel turns his attention back to Scott Douglas. Cortez reaches down and hoists Scott Douglas to his feet before sending him off into the ropes.

DDK:

Douglas sent for the ride!

On the return, Scott launches himself toward "The Industry Standard."

Angus:

That ride was to go fetch some desperation!

Scott's attempt fails instantly upon contact when what was either a failed crossbody or a Lou Thez press finds the former SoHer in DEFIANCE's biggest Bear Hug. Cortez locks his wrist and really begins to wrench the lower back.

DDK:

This could be it, right here, folks!

The D:

It's just a bear hug.

Uriel squeezes even harder on Douglas as he dangles.

The D:

Nevermind.

Scott Stevens has found his way back to the apron and Jack Harmen is to his feet in the corner. Harmen reluctantly is ushered out of the ring as Cortez slows the pace.

DDK:

And this is where a man like Uriel Cortez excels.

Douglas is held in Uriel's arms and squeezed. Doyle is right there to see if the pain overwhelms Scott.

DDK:

Hey. Where did Flex go?

Harmen is standing on the apron, reaching out for Douglas' outstretched hands. Uriel squeezes again, retracting him away. Douglas claps Uriel, and again, trying to loosen. Uriel stumbles to the corner, bear hug still held in, as Scott reaches out.

And Flex yanks Harmen off the apron before Douglas' outstretched hands can tag him in. Flex grabs Harmen by his midsection and rams him into the outside barricade as Doyle calls for the bell. Stevens just stands on the apron, soaking it all in.

DDK:

You sent him down there, didn't you?

The D:

That's my queue Dweebs. Pleasure's all yours.

A headset rattles as it's thrown onto the table. The D gets up, and the fans pop as Klein rushes out from the back. Right hand, right, right, left, BIG left uppercut sends the D up onto the ramp. Klein stalks the D back up the ramp toward the ring, before grabbing the D and placing him on his shoulders. Klein then charges toward the ring, and CHUCKS the D over the top rope into Uriel's back. Cortez tumbles, as Douglas falls out of the bear hug.

Klein turns to the crowd and eats a superkick from Stevens.

DDK:

Remember the Alamo!

Angus:

Stevens picking and choosing his shots. We got Flex dropping Harmen throat first on a chair.

DDK:

Douglas with a diving forearm through the ropes at Stevens!

Angus:

Uriel has the D on his shoulders, and sends him sprawling onto all three!

DDK:

Chaos!

Uriel looks down at the mess of people and scoffs. He turns just as Harmen slips onto his shoulders. Uriel spins and Harmen Hurraconrada's him over the top onto everyone. Jack lands on the apron and gets to his feet. He notices Douglas has climbed onto the apron. They nod to each other. Harmen then Asai Moonsaults onto half of everyone as Douglas rushes the apron and hits a shooting star to the outside. Everyone tumbles like bowling pins.

DDK:

This is just a mess of bodies Angus! It's a small sample of what we're going to see at DEFRoad!

Angus:

I don't condone the flipping but the destruction is A PLUS!

DDK:

Just wait until a LADDER is INVOLVED! We'll see you in two weeks at DEFIANCE ROAD!!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.