

RUNDOWN

We see an opening highlight intro focusing on the title match feuds for ACTS of DEFIANCE, ending with a shot of Mikey Unlikely clutching the FIST tucked away in its case and another of the challenger, holding the ACE of DEFIANCE up high.



Open to the arena, the camera panning over the bright-eyed and excited DEFIANCE Faithful. Cut to the stage and rampway as pyro explodes from and colored directional lights flash and rotate in all the directions. The display continues as we return to the panning shot of the Faithful, catching a few of those all-important signs along the way...

**STALKER WAS MY UBER DRIVER TOO... 5 STARS... VERY FRIENDLY
BREAK A LEG MAX ... OH THE PCPS ALREADY DID IT
GO BACK TO UNCUT, DE VARGAS!
STALKER WAS MY LYFT DRIVER?!? SO WEIRD.
MIKEY, I WAS SCARED TOO!
THROW ME AT MY FAMILY, PANDA!
BURNSIE VS. QUEEN I AM HERE FOR THIS
SEND MALAK BACK TO HIS MOM'S BASEMENT
STALKER DELIVERED MY DOORDASH
DID YOU BREAK THAT THUMB UP YOUR ASS, ALVARO?
CASSIDY - IM A GOOD SINGER!
STALKER DELIVERED MY BABY!
HARVEY > BLACKWOOD
STALKER PICKED THROUGH MY GARBAGE
SUB POP 4 LYFE
MIKEY PEES SITTING DOWN**

I

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. TRASHCAN TIM

DDK:

Our first match of the evening is going to be a slugfest! DEFIANCE's Trashcan Tim takes on the mouthy, but successful BRAZEN star Alvaro de Vargas. There are rumors abound tonight that management may be watching ADV's performance in general. Thus far, he is undefeated in DEFIANCE and his most recent victory was over Trashcan Tim in a tag, albeit by dubious circumstances.

Lance:

Indeed, partner! ADV buddied up to Trashcan Tim shortly after his own successful debut on DEFtv. Once it got ADV a little more exposure, he kicked Tim to the curb as soon as humanly possible. We've seen ADV lay out Tim on two separate occasions, but tonight it's a different story entirely when these two bruisers go one on one! No more tag partners and no more distractions.

DDK:

It's the big brawler Trashcan Tim going one on one against the Cocky Cuban-American, Alvaro de Vargas!

And to Darren Quimbey in the ring we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your opening contest for ACTS OF DEFIANCE!

The Faithful roar in approval of the show to come!

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Merigold, Mississippi, weighing in at three-hundred five pounds... **TRASHCAN TIM!!!**

Trashcan Tim comes bounding into view, grinning ear to ear, his two missing front teeth on prominent display. He bops his head to the music and slaps every single hand as he can on the way to the ring, pausing several times to take in the ambiance of the WrestlePlex. He makes his way around the ringside area to slap some more hands and waves energetically at all the staff he can see. He climbs up the ring steps and enters through the middle rope.

DDK:

And here he comes! Trashcan Tim looks ready to go.

Lance:

Ever since Trashcan Tim has run afoul of Alvaro de Vargas, he's done what he can think he made a friend, but ADV is no good unless it involves helping ADV get famous. He got some exposure on TV and granted, he's been undefeated on TV... but that's no excuse for his behavior.

Once he reaches the ring, the game face is now on. He's ready for a fight against the man about to come out next.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Miami, Florida, by way of Cuba... weighing in at 272 pounds... he is **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair is the massive Cuban-American standout. While both men are making their pay-per-view debuts tonight, ADV seems more concerned with that, than with a fired-up Trashcan Tim, waiting for the turncoat de Vargas to get down to the ring to take the beating he likely deserves.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hello once again, DEFIANCE! ¡Hola otra vez! Soy la futura leyenda de DEFIANCE! Like that crusty piece of merde in

the ring just said, I am six foot eight! I am two-hundred seventy pounds! But let's be honest, ladies, we all know the real measurement you want to hear about...

He slightly pulls at his pants and peeks downward.

Alvaro de Vargas:

If I comment any further, there'd be a riot of jealous boyfriends and husbands and they'd cancel this show, so let's keep this between me and your wives. Nuestra pequeña secreta, ladies!

With a sly wink to the crowd, now ADV turns to Tim.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Trashcan Tim... you thought you could ride MY coattails! No more! No hay paseos gratis, pendejo! Let's all be honest! *I* have been the real star in this all along and YOU have been the jealous one! Verde de la envidia! You see this...

He holds out the taped thumb... THAT taped left thumb that may or may not have been used to give ADV the victory over Tim on the last DEFtv. The crowd have had it and are already jeering the Cocky Cuban as he stops in front of the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You see this thumb of mine and think "Oh! I will take advantage of that young BRAZEN talent and further my career! He can't fight back!" But I did! Me defendí! I beat you already, pendejo! And when I beat you again, you'll go back to the auto body shop you crawled from and I'LL be the real star!

Now in the ring, the microphone goes away. ADV leans against the corner, lazily looking toward Trashcan Tim with a smug smirk. Tim, contrary to his usual form, is not smiling... not at all. He marches out toward the center of the ring and signals for ADV to bring it.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim is far from his usual jovial self tonight!

Lance:

Can you blame him? After that low blow from ADV and his words before this match, it's now pretty clear to Tim that ADV had no intention of being friends.

ADV smiles and saunters toward Tim. Once he's within distance, Tim lights him up with a hard slap to the face!

DDK:

Ouch! ADV has had that coming for weeks!

ADV, stunned, stumbles back as Tim gives chase, peppering him with big lefts and rights. ADV throws his arms up to block the shots, but the momentum backs him up to the ropes. Tim lays a heavy knee into ADV's gut and launches him off to the far ropes. Trashcan Tim waits for him on the rebound and when he gets there, he CLOBBERS him with a Clothesline!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas not off to a good start right now, but Tim certainly is!

Lance:

Trashcan Tim has weeks of pent-up aggression ready to come out against Alvaro for all that he's done!

Tim picks him back up again and sends him to the ropes for another shot. However, ADV clinches the top rope to prevent the bounce back and sticks his upper body out of the ring through the middle and the top rope. Brian Slater stops a charging Tim, informing him that ADV is off-limits for the five count. Tim looks ready to shove the big man aside, hesitates, nods, and backs off.

ONE! ...

TWO! ...

ADV holds his bandaged thumb in the air, gesturing to it dramatically, telling Slater that *surely* his injury warrants more than a mere 5-count.

3! ...

Tim starts advancing. ADV, wide-eyed, yells for Slater to keep him back. Slater turns, back to ADV, and gets pressed between the two. ADV sees the opportunity and rakes Tim's eyes, sending him flailing back, swinging broadly. He grins as he removes himself from the ropes and mockingly puts his fists up, ducking and weaving like he's boxing Tim. He measures him up and boots a blinded Tim firmly in the face, dropping him to a knee.

DDK:

What a snake! ADV used the first available opportunity to cheat and now Tim is in a bad way.

ADV wastes no time in laying the boots to a downed Trashcan Tim, alternating between stomping at his head and his body. Tim tries to cover up, but ADV is relentless. He places a kick square in Tim's ribs as he comes to all fours and quickly advances to mounted strikes to his head, gripping him by his hair. Slater steps in and administers another five-count for the hair grab, ADV taking full advantage of all five seconds as he continues to hammer away.

ADV pulls Tim from the mat by his hair and maneuvers him into the corner where he follows up with a short headbutt and some chops that echo throughout the WrestlePlex.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

DDK:

De Vargas is looking pretty good right now on the offensive. From what I've learned, he is classically trained in wrestling, but he's so big he simply finds it more effective to brawl... and lie, cheat, smart-off wherever he can.

Lance:

I hate to say, but it's worked for him. Like you said before, he's been undefeated in DEFIANCE so far!

After the vicious chops, ADV struts away from Tim, who is left clutching his head in the corner and his chest reeling.. He wipes his boot back, kicking mat debris toward Tim. Tim stumbles out from the corner, ADV scoops him up and plants him with an awkward but powerful scoop slam!

DDK:

And now de Vargas has him down... no, Tim trying to get back up.

Tim tries to sit up, but ADV takes notice and hits the ropes before coming back with a HUGE Running Knee to the chest! ADV smiles and takes in the jeering from the crowd before kneeling over for the cover.

DDK:

He calls that Avivar de Fuego! Is that all?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Quick kickout by Tim, but ADV is still on him!

DDK:

He's trying, but ADV... no!

From a knee, Tim fires a few shots at ADV's stomach that jar him, but ADV responds with a knee lift that stops that, cracking Tim in the side of the head and sending him near the ropes. Alvaro then grabs Tim by the back of his mangled wifebeater and then sends him through the ropes and down to the floor.

Lance:

Uh-oh, ADV taking this out to the floor. We've seen him in previous matches do this and nothing ever goes well for his opponents turning this into a brawl.

Alvaro de Vargas climbs out to the ring apron and basks in the jeers of the crowd.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Miren esto, pendejos!

The 6'8" Vargas waits for Tim to get back to his feet on the ringside floor, but when he does, he (and the crowd) don't expect it when he comes FLYING off the ring apron with a Somersault Senton to the floor, taking out himself and Trashcan Tim!

DDK:

WHOA! WHERE DID THAT SOMERSAULT DIVE COME FROM?!

Lance:

I don't know! Not that graceful, but he got all of it and just wiped out himself and Tim!

The crowd can't help but cheer the spectacle of the tall Cuban taking flight... but after he takes a second to sit up, the BRAZEN star literally slaps his own shoulder.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Leave 'em wanting more!

The Cocky Cuban goes over to Trashcan Tim and gets the big man up before helping him... then SLAMMING him into the ring apron back-first. ADV then slides him back into the ring and the hooks the leg of Tim while laying across his body.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

ADV glares daggers at Brian Slater, who flashes a two-count with his index and middle finger.

DDK:

If ADV really wants to impress, he should just focus on winning. It's clear from what I've seen he may be able to hang, but his own ego is going to get in the way if he keeps this up.

Alvaro de Vargas quickly gets back up and then looks at his bandaged thumb... but decides better with Brian Slater right there on him. He goes over to pick up Tim and then slaps him across the back of his head.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You're on the main roster and I'm not? Mierda!

He slaps him on the head again, which seems to anger Tim.

DDK:

Now he's just poking the bear.

He tries to slap him again, but this time Trashcan Tim blocks a slap... then hits him in the face! Alvaro goes stumbling back, but he comes back and fires another right hand that stuns de Vargas. Tim is back on his feet and finally tries to mount a comeback. ADV runs at him using his signature Running Big Boot, but Tim ducks underneath. When ADV bounces back, Tim catches him and DRILLS him into the mat with a big One-Armed Spinebuster! He's too beat up to make the cover at this moment, but ADV looks just as bad now clutching his back.

DDK:

Wow! Tim just PLANTED de Vargas and now he's got an opening!

Lance:

Yes, he does! But can he take it?

Tim is recovering on the mat now while de Vargas his cradling his back in pain. The Faithful start to ramp up some and get behind the man from Merigold.

The two big men get to their feet at just about the same time and start trading heavy right hands! Tim is getting the upper hand, backing ADV up with shot after shot, but ADV throws a swift kick to Tim's knee and connects with a snappy headbutt! Tim's eyes cross as he wobbles back and rebounds with a club that ADV ducks!

DDK:

Swing and a miss!

Alvaro boots him in the gut and sends him into the corner, but Tim comes back and nails him with a big elbow. Tim then climbs to the second rope and holds out his elbow before flying off and CRACKING de Vargas with a Bionic Elbow! The crowd cheers as Tim goes for the cover and tries to end it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

He almost got him there, but Alvaro kicks out!

Tim can sense the end is near, but when he has Alvaro up in the Fireman's Carry to look for the Trash Compactor, ADV sneaks out behind him and rolls him up, hooking the tights!

ONE!

TWO!

But Slater stops counting and sees what ADV is doing!

DDK:

That came back to haunt de Vargas!

Alvaro de Vargas:
That was a three!

When Tim tries to get back up, ADV lifts Tim up over his shoulder and points toward the corner.

DDK:
Look at that strength! Trashcan Tim is in excess of 300 pounds!

Lance:
Cuban Missile on deck!

ADV moves aggressively toward the corner, but Tim kicks his feet and lands behind him! He pushes ADV hard chest-first into the corner! ADV stumbles backward where Tim locks him up in a full nelson, lifts him high into the air, and sits hard, sending ADV crashing down onto his tailbone! ADV flails his arms wildly and butt scoots away to the ropes, pulling himself up. Tim is on him immediately and goes to whip him off the ropes. ADV reverses! Tim ducks a big clothesline and bounces back with a flying shoulder tackle! ADV scrambles to his feet and Tim scoops him up for the Trash Compactor!

DDK:
He can't quite get his hands locked! ADV is struggling to get loose!

ADV squirms out of position and lands behind Tim. He swings Tim around by the arm and kicks him square in the gut. He pinches Tim's head between his knees and wraps his arms around his upper body.

Lance:
He's setting him for the Ardiendo! That vicious piledriver has put away quite a few wrestlers in DEFIANCE.

ADV tries to lift Tim, but Tim plants down, preventing it. ADV throws several hard clubs across Tim's back and goes to lift again - Tim's feet leave the mat, but he kicks them back down and sends ADV up and over his shoulders as he shoots up! ADV scrambles back to his feet and is met with a crisp jab!

Another!

Another!

ADV swings wildly with his taped thumb, but Tim ducks the blow, sending ADV spinning!

DDK:
No, not this time! That taped thumb by de Vargas misses!

Lance:
Tim was ready for it this time! And... wait, what is he doing?

Tim raises his arm in the air and rubs his hairy and profusely sweaty armpit, smiling for the first time in this match. He grabs ADV by the back of the head and rams him face first into his armpit, rubbing his face all around, laughing gleefully while The Faithful erupt!

DDK:
What do you call THAT?!

Lance:
Unpleasant.

After being released, ADV's eyes bulge and he starts coughing uncontrollably, gagging, eyes watering, his face contorting into burlesque expressions that are clear to the rafters. As he stumbles in disgust, Tim scoops him up to his

shoulders again, crunches him down, and drives his head into the mat, shaking the ring with the Trash Compactor! He covers with a deep leg hook!

One!

Two!

Three!

The Faithful cheer when Trashcan Tim finally climbs off the body of the fallen Alvaro de Vargas and sits up, looking pleased with himself on the win and showing off the missing teeth.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TRASHCAN TIM!**

He pumps a fist in the air and stands over ADV with his arm raised.

DDK:

Energetic slugfest to open the show and Trashcan Tim is victorious in his DEFIANCE Pay-per-view debut! After weeks of de Vargas using Trashcan Tim to get himself known and roughing up the roster, Trashcan Tim finally gets some payback on the BRAZEN star!

Lance:

I gotta say, ADV looked good on PPV all his own and controlled big portions of this bout, but Trashcan Tim had enough of his antics and sneak attacks in the last month, so now he gets what he deserves.

Tim looks at ADV one last time, then ignores him to head out of the ring and celebrate up the ramp with the Faithful. Inside the ring, a seething and disgusted de Vargas is crawling across the canvas while holding his neck, pissed at this major setback for his campaign to be a part of the main roster.

CLASH OF THE BRAZEN: AUGUST 31ST!

Lance:

What a brawl to open the show! And now with Trashcan Tim looking up and ahead we'll switch gears before the next match. Because after ACTS of DEFIANCE, we are bringing our next big CLASH of the BRAZEN Special!

DDK:

That's right! Next Sunday, August 30th, we bring our next special live from the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex! In our main event, BRAZEN Champion Nathaniel Eye defends his title against the monster of Les Enfants Terribles, KillJoy!

Lance:

And Killjoy's stablemates, High Flyer IV and Archer Silver defend the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles against BOTH the undefeated Heavy Artillery of Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens as well as the team that beat them on our last BRAZEN double shot, The World's Nicest Tag Team of BRAZEN veterans Levi Cole and Butcher Victorious!

DDK:

Not to mention that former DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship will be reactivated as the newly christened BRAZEN Onslaught Title! In two semi final matches, former BRAZEN Champion Reinhardt Hoffman takes on "The Prime Time Player" Jesse Harrison while the other semifinal pits bug man Gerardo Villalobos against none other than Viking War Cult's own Torvald The Destroyer! The winner of those two will meet later in the night to crown our first-ever BRAZEN Onslaught Champion!

Lance:

Former WrestleFriend and former BRAZEN Champion "The Wrestling Bear" Jack Mace takes on a mystery opponent, the Viking War Cult takes on the team of BADASS and Capital Punishment's brand new enforcer, "The Big Bad" BRAGG! Declan Alexander against former World Trios Champ and DEFIANCE star Troy Matthews! All that and so much more!

DDK:

And on top of all that... later tonight, we will have an announcement pertaining to a special show the week after CLASH... TAG PARTY II! But for now, we'll switch gears to our next match!

MATT LaCROIX vs. BLACK PANDA

DDK:

Well we started things off with Trashcan Tim and Alvaro de Vargas, two men whose paths have crossed those two are up next.

Lance:

Matt LaCroix squandered away his future last he was in the United States, blacklisted from most stateside promotions due to a reputation of general unreliability and problems with addiction. It was only the Japanese who was willing to give him another shot, forcing him into a strict monitored dojo lifestyle that he credits for getting not only his career back on track, but his life.

DDK:

It was there where he came across long reigning champion and Japanese legend THE Sam Skull. Having built quite the reputation of his own, their battles were some of the most talked about fights of the last decade, eventually resulting in Matt LaCroix reaching the pinnacle of SHOGUN and capturing their World Heavyweight Championship.

Lance:

Watching the entire saga unfold from backstage and the front row was a young Black Panda, who eventually blazed his own path despite the shadow cast by family and found his way to DEFIANCE where Matt LaCroix fought in BRAZEN desperately trying to shake his bad reputation stateside and make his way to the main roster. When he did, Black Panda was there waiting to see where he measured up to the man who took down his idol and mentor.

DDK:

With a few stiff words and a stiffer fight, these two have been at each other's throats ever since. Black Panda eager to show the world he can beat Matt LaCroix at his best, and the former BRAZEN star standing his ground and earning respect back from the Faithful and his own somewhat estranged family.

Lance:

Until Black Panda launched him into them.

DDK:

And that's where we are now, Lance. These guys are just dying to get their hands on each other. Let's not wait any longer and give it to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Inside the ring, Darren Quimbey stands awaiting his queue before smiling into the hard camera and making his famous statement.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for just ONE FALL...

♪ "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus ♪

Lights out. Faithful boo. Cue drums and flickering lights.

The Black Bastard Prince stands there with his silver panda skull mask reflecting the flickering strobes.

Darren Quimby:

From Fukushima, Japan, via Melbourne, Australia... he weighs TWO hunned and EIGHT-teeeee-EIGHT POUNDS... the BLACK - BASTARD - PRINCE... BLAAAAAAAAAAAAACK PAAAAAAAAN-DAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

He almost looks HAUNTING, Darren.

The music builds and so do the lights. Black Panda looks out over the fans before he makes his way down toward the ring. There's a sign in the front row that reads "LACROIX = DEFIANCE PURO KING!" which stops Panda in his

tracks for a moment. Just a moment for him to stare down the fan from behind that mask.

DDK:

Black Panda is now intimidating the FANS of Matt LaCroix. Look at him staring down that fan.

He remains standing there, staring at the fan, who grows nervous and begins to lower the sign so it's no longer visible. Black Panda waits until it's not before he begins to make his way to the ring again, stopping at the apron to bow.

Lance:

Black Panda has been in the ring not even a handful of times, DDK, and I think it would be safe to say that he looks like one of the most dangerous men on the roster.

DDK:

There's a chip on his shoulder that digs into his ribs, Lance. He is definitely one of the most dangerous men on the roster.

Panda from a standstill leaps onto the apron and makes his way around to the "TV side" to stare at the fans, slowly shaking his head before he steps through the ropes.

DDK:

He's really made an impression on Matt LaCroix, wouldn't you say?

Black Panda kneels in the corner, with his back to the centre of the ring when...

Lights Out.

A guitar cuts through the black. Dark red accent lights pulsate, showing smoke billow out of the entrance. A silhouette of a man appears with a gas mask on, accented by its own red LEDs shining through the pulsating red. He raises from one knee and takes a few steps forward when the pulsating stops and only the red LEDs of the mask shine through the darkness.

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

The red lights saturate the arena as soon as the "HEY!" chant kicks in revealing Matt LaCroix, hood up and gas mask on, standing stoic atop the aisle. Wearing an elongated patchwork trench version of his usual denim vest, the former gaijin marched down to the ring. Smoke swirls around the gas mask affixed to his face, painted with a white distressed voodoo skull and a black fleur de lis inside of a spade on the forehead. A bloody style handprint is smeared down the front. In the ring, former SHOGUN staff member (and current BRAZEN interviewer) Ayake Sonoda has joined Darren Quimbey and takes the microphone from his hand.

Ayake Sonoda:

Ao kona, 185cm... 110kiro... RU NES SAN SU! MAT THEWWWW LA CROIIIIIIIX!!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds... THE RENAISSANCE, MATTHEWWWWWW LAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIX!!

DDK:

Wow, look at all of this, Lance! Black Panda has been BEGGING to get his hands on the Matt LaCroix he watched defeat THE Sam Skull for a prestigious Japanese championship and it sure looks like he's getting it tonight!

Lance:

"The Renaissance" Matthew LaCroix is back, if only for one night! Named for the rebirth of his wrestling career in Japan, he became highly regarded as one of the best wrestlers on the planet.

DDK:

You know, I noticed that Matt's family wasn't at ringside tonight. You have to think there's a reason for that after he was launched into them at DEFtv.

Lance:

This is going to be a war, Darren. War isn't fun. War isn't pretty. War isn't for families. It's time to put the distractions and the families away. It's time to battle!

Matt LaCroix sits perched on the top rope across from Black Panda, where he drops his jacket to the apron and stares down his opponent through the dead eyes of a gas mask. Slowly he pulls the mask off of his face, revealing a matching smeared bloody style handprint going down his face. Laser-focused. A stare that could kill. The icy blue eyes of a killer don't even blink as the lights return to normal and Matt LaCroix hops off the top rope.

The Faithful show their appreciation for the dramatic entrance as Black Panda nods from behind his mask and steps forward into the center of the ring, beckoning LaCroix for war. It has begun.

DING DING!

The pair collide like two bulls in the centre of the ring, collar and elbow style, each trying to yank the other into position when they release, realizing neither was getting the advantage.

DDK:

LaCroix is hanging in there even though he's giving up nearly forty pounds to Black Panda.

Lance:

What Matt lacks in size and strength you could argue he makes up for in technique and sheer tenacity, Darren. Look at him calling out the bigger man for a test of strength.

Panda accepts, before pulling LaCroix into a rope whip, sending him into the ropes. Panda bends down and LaCroix leap frogs him, hitting the ropes on the other side. Panda catches him belly-to-belly and attempts to lift him, but LaCroix manages to keep himself from going over.

Lance:

LaCroix reverses into an Irish whip and charges after Black Panda like a bull.

The Black Bastard Prince leverages on the top ropes and lifts himself into the air and over LaCroix. Matt turns with a slight smile on his face as the fans cheer. Neither man taking the advantage over the other.

DDK:

None of these guys are backing down, Lance.

Black Panda paces the ring, trying to figure out what the next move is. LaCroix rolls his shoulders with an intense glare, trying to pro-conceive what Black Panda's offensive tactics might be.

Lance:

Panda strategizing and if I were Matt LaCroix, I'd be concerned.

DDK:

Panda seems a big brute but there is a fully functioning brain inside that thick skull of his and I'm sure it just dreams of different ways to hurt Matt LaCroix.

This time, Panda calls for the test of strength, which LaCroix apprehensively accepts when Panda drives a knee into his breadbasket, doubling him over. He pulls him into a side headlock and yanks on the neck harshly.

DDK:

Panda pulling on Matt's head like a stubborn cork in a wine bottle.

With all his might, LaCroix shoves Panda at the ropes, and when he meets LaCroix back in the middle he drops him with a shoulder block. Immediately, Black Panda drops with an elbow into Matt's belly.

Lance:

That stiff elbow stole all the breath from Matt's lungs, Darren.

DDK:

Panda trying to get him up! NO! Matt blocks!

Panda tries to hoist him up but LaCroix blocks the lift. Panda clubs a forearm down over his back to take a little fight from Southern Strong Style before applying the facelock again, this time lifting him and putting him into the canvas with a brainbuster suplex.

DDK:

Oh! Big brainbuster suplex and Panda ain't stopping there!

Bounding to his feet, Panda continues the offense, dropping with a knee into the side of LaCroix's neck and bouncing back up to drop a second and a third one.

Lance:

THREE vicious STIFF knees into the neck of the Orleans Outsider, Darren, and you gotta expect that to leave a kink in his neck.

LaCroix rolls out of the ring clutching his neck as the NextGen Kaiju snarls behind his mask watching Matt gather his bearings.

DDK:

Matt needs the sanctuary of the outside, Lance.

Inside the ring, Panda demands the referee to get LaCroix back inside the ring, who backs Panda away from the ropes to issue the instructions. LaCroix shakes the kinks from his neck and slips back in.

Lance:

It'll take more than that to hold Matt LaCroix down, Darren. They tie-up in the middle.

Panda overcomes LaCroix pulling him into another side headlock. He lifts him up and drives him tailbone first onto his knee with an atomic drop. LaCroix bounces to his feet clutching his lower spine when Black Panda steamrolls him with a huge lariat.

Lance:

The sound of flesh colliding echoes through the arena as Black Panda tries to damn near take Matt's head clean off. Irish whip into the corner.

Panda charges hard as LaCroix hits the turnbuckles spine first but LaCroix reels back onto the top rope and nails the Black Bastard Prince with boots to the face. Staggering back, Black Panda shakes the cobwebs and turns in time to see the Orleans Outsider burst out of the corner and rail him with a dropkick to the sternum.

DDK:

LaCroix kicking the wind outta him. Here he comes again with a big knee into Panda's face!

The Renaissance rushing in with a knee to Panda's face as he's getting up. It sends Black Panda tumbling back and LaCroix hooks an arm and sends Black Panda flipping into the corner spine first with an arm drag that sets the Faithful up onto their feet.

Lance:

OH MY! Big arm drag from LaCroix just tossing Black Panda spine first, upside down into the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Stiff boots from Matt. This IS war, Lance.

On hands and knees, Black Panda is dazed from the turnbuckle shot. LaCroix steps across with a stiff kick into his ribs which lifts him off the canvas. The second kick flips him over onto his back. LaCroix takes hold of the top ropes, lifts himself up and drops with two knees into the sternum of Panda.

Lance:

Those double knees smashing Panda's ribs to pieces, I'm sure. Matt's got Panda on his feet and pulls him into a front facelock.

The Southern Strong Style lifts Black Panda and turns 180 degrees, with a modified DDT that surely had to dislodge some vertebrae in the NextGen Kaiju.

DDK:

Lookit that DDT! OUCH!

The Faithful count along as LaCroix makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

Close call for Black Panda!

The Faithful voice their disapproval but LaCroix is all about business. He rolls out of the ring and pulls Black Panda under the rope so he's shoulders are draped just off the apron.

DDK:

What's LaCroix up to here?

Lance:

This is war, Darren. Whatever the Hell he needs to do.

He pulls himself up onto the apron and drops with a leg drop across Panda's chest which causes Panda to hit the bottom rope with nowhere to go but take the pain.

Lance:

Panda had NOWHERE to go with that leg drop and he's got to be in a lot of agony!

LaCroix is quick to his feet and slips under the bottom rope, grabbing Panda by the ankles to pull him back into the centre of the ring. He pulls him up and rails him with a European uppercut that sends him reeling.

DDK:

I think he nearly knocked Panda's teeth out with that shot. Elbow in the ribs and LaCroix's got him by the arm.

One arm hooks and before Panda can deny it he's in a half Nelson and driven by the Orleans Outsider into the canvas with a suplex.

Lance:

HIGH TIDE!

LaCroix scrambles over Black Panda with a cover to a cheer from the fans.

Lance:

ONE! TWO! THREE! No! Black Panda has his foot on the bottom rope!

Before the referee could call for the bell they saw it resting there and pointed it out to LaCroix, who slaps the canvas in frustration.

DDK:

Nearly got him there! Close call!

Looking to seal the deal, Matt LaCroix once yanks Panda to his feet, holding onto the arm and pulling it into a hammerlock. Sensing things were escalating, Black Panda reaches out to the ropes with his free hand.

Lance:

Referee forces Matt to break the hold as Panda's got a hold of the ropes.

Reluctantly, the Orleans Outsider abides and releases the grip and as the referee steps out of the way, Black Panda rushes over the top with a jumping, spinning palm-strike to the ear. Matt LaCroix is shook and stumbling from the blow.

DDK:

What a dog! Blindsiding Matt LaCroix over the referee's shoulder!

With his equilibrium rattled, LaCroix staggers into a waiting Black Bastard Prince who drives him into the canvas with a sidewalk slam, bounces to his feet, and hits a standing senton.

Lance:

Black Panda with that sidewalk slam and senton combo we're starting to get used to seeing. And he's up and charging the ropes.

The Faithful boo loudly as Black Panda rebounds and hits Matt with a running senton to exclaimate the attack.

DDK:

Oh no! Another senton.

Lance:

Is that blood coming out of Matt LaCroix's ear?

DDK:

It does appear so, Lance. That palm strike might've ruptured his eardrum.

A crimson trickle starts down the neck as LaCroix sits up, sucking air in agony as Black Panda swings his leg 180 degrees and hits him in the face with his shin. LaCroix flails backward and the Faithful gasp in unison.

DDK:

BOOM! Stiff shin straight through the kisser of the Southern Strong Style!

Lance:

Black Panda drops for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-KICKOUT!

With a cheer to urge him on, the Faithful break out into a chant.

HOME-GROWN HE-RO!

clap clap clap-clap-clap

HOME-GROWN HE-RO!

clap clap clap-clap-clap

Snarling at the fans, Black Panda shows his chagrin by pulling LaCroix to his feet and Irish whipping him into the corner. The Green Reaper hits the turnbuckles spine first and almost immediately on impact he's impaled with a spear tackle into the corner that folds him up like a concertina.

DDK:

MONSTER SPEAR! He nearly went straight through LaCroix!

Lance:

Black Panda on the middle rope now...

Black Panda simply leaps off with a double foot stomp right between the shoulder blades which folds LaCroix in half bending at an inhumane angle.

Lance:

OH MY GOD! People are NOT meant to bend that way, Darren!

Black Panda heaves LaCroix up onto his shoulder, showing off his inhuman strength and slams him down into the middle of the ring with a spinebuster. LaCroix bounces over onto his belly and up onto his knees, swaying in the breeze at Panda's luxury.

DDK:

Black Panda seems to have Matt LaCroix right where he wants him now, Lance. I don't like this one little bit.

A sickening kick strikes across LaCroix's chest which he bounces back from in his kneeling position. A jarring elbow stings across Matt's forehead. Black Panda takes a step back and wails a spinning knife edge chop to Southern Strong Style's throat which sends him rolling around the ring in agony.

Lance:

A stiff assault on Matt LaCroix and Black Panda seems to be trying to get this all over and done with.

DDK:

He's setting up for the Retrovertigo, Lance. I can feel it in my bones.

Black Panda mimics dusting his hands with claps and wiping his feet on a doormat. The Faithful boo loudly as Black Panda turns back to LaCroix, pulling him to his feet again. When Panda attempts to apply a front facelock this time, LaCroix bursts out of it and shoves him back.

DDK:

LaCroix's ALIVE! He ain't dyin' yet!

Panda hits a forearm and LaCroix sends one back. Panda with a huge right. A stiff right return from LaCroix. The crowd picks up as the shots resonate back and forth off of each other, and cheers and boos turn into gasps at the sounds coming off of the strikes. Neither man able to knock the other clean over with a single shot.

DDK:

A fight has broken loose in the middle of this fight!

LaCroix hits a stiff kick to Panda's thigh. Panda sends his own boot into Matt's gut. A European uppercut from the Orleans Outsider. A stiff elbow onto the top of Matt's collarbone from the NextGen Kaiju. LaCroix turns around and drills him in the chin with a rolling elbow. Panda stammers, but doesn't fall.

Lance:

This looks like a violent street fight as these gladiators exchange punches and kicks and neither man is backing down.

Black Panda answers with a seismic double clap around the head on LaCroix right on the ears sending Southern Strong Style screaming and falling down to one knee. The NextGen Kaiju approaches and grabs a fist full of Matt's hair when LaCroix responds unexpectedly with a jumping European uppercut that echoes around the WrestlePlex and the crowd chaotically gasps as Panda stumbles back and into the ropes.

DDK:

My lord!

Lance:

WOW!

Panda hangs onto the ropes for just a second before taking a step forward and falling to a knee to regain his legs. Like a bullet, Matt LaCroix gathers everything he has and fires a shining wizard right into the chin of Black Panda.

DDK:

DESTRUCTION IN SPADES!

A cacophony of voice turns into joyous screams as LaCroix jumps on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! HE FORCED A SHOULDER UP!

Matt LaCroix looks awestruck at Carla Ferrari, who signals a two count back to the deflated Orleans Outsider. "How?!" you should see him ask almost into the winds of destiny itself as he turns around and sees Black Panda pulling himself up on the ropes once again. Grabbing Panda in a waistlock, LaCroix pulls him away from the ropes but not overhead for a suplex as the Black Bastard Prince just hurls Matt into the middle of the ring. LaCroix pops back up and goes for another stiff shot but he's grabbed by Black Panda and hoisted up into the air!

DDK:

Panda's got Matt up for Retrovertigo!

The crafty LaCroix wiggles loose and grabs the head of Panda on the way down, locking him into a dragon sleeper!

Lance:

NO! FTW! FTW!

Black Panda flails desperately and learns from his previous mistakes, grabbing LaCroix with uncanny strength and lifting him up off the ground and then into position for a tombstone piledriver!

DDK:

Panda is going to break his neck!

LaCroix kicks his feet desperately, breaking free and falling to the mat hard on his back. Black Panda grabs him by the arm and goes for a violent short-arm clothesline but Matthew ducks the lariat and grabs the head of Black Panda once again, locking him into a dragon sleeper.

Lance:

FTW AGAIN!

The Faithful roar as Panda tries to break free again the same way, but LaCroix answers by driving stiff knees into the back of his adversary. Panda is beginning to wane in the precarious position, throwing haymakers trying to connect with some part of LaCroix. He does in the grip loosens allowing him to fall into a seated position.

DDK:

LaCroix has momentum on his side but he can't put Black Panda away! There's too much fight! He's too strong and has too much pride.

Lance:

He's not giving up, Darren!

Matt LaCroix takes a quick few steps and nails Black Panda in the back of the head with another shining wizard! The NextGen Kaiju falls over onto his side on impact sending the Faithful into a frenzy. Shoving the monster over onto his back, LaCroix hooks the leg this time hoping to change his fate!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...

Black Panda grabs the head of Matt LaCroix and rolls him into a pin of his own.

DDK:

Black Panda with the pin reversal!

Lance:

How is he still conscious?!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...

LaCroix manages enough power to grab the head of Black Panda and reverse the pin back again, but instead of pinning the beast he locks in the dragon sleeper and sits on a knee.

Lance:

FTW AGAIN!

DDK:

Black Panda just will not pass out!

Matt LaCroix notices the astonishing power still left in Black Panda and stands up with the Black Bastard Prince.

Showing a previously unknown drive of his own with a primal scream, Matt LaCroix lifts Panda off of his feet and into the air. In an inverted suplex position, The Renaissance drops Black Panda directly onto the top of his skull with an inverted brainbuster!

Lance:

COUP D'ETAT! We haven't seen that move from Matt LaCroix since Japan!

DDK:

Since Japan?! That might be one of the most dangerous things I've EVER seen!

Despite dropping the monster onto his head, Matt never releases the grapple, rolling over and tightening the grip on the dragon sleeper. Black Panda is noticeably not moving as Carla Ferrari calls for the bell, stopping the match.

DING DING DING!

The Faithful roar in approval as Matt LaCroix immediately lets go of the hold and backs away from Black Panda before rushing to the ropes and leaning over them, looking out into the Faithful. His red bloody style face paint peeling away as he stares with exhaustion and relief.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

DDK:

He's done it! He beat Black Panda again!

Lance:

What a battle, Darren! Most of DEFIANCE has to follow that?!

The medical team checks on Black Panda as LaCroix's arm is raised by Carla Ferrari.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this matchup... THE RENAISSANCE, MATTTTTHEW LACROIIIIIIIX!

Black Panda is coming to consciousness in the ring, but is still just barely moving with medics all around him. Southern Strong Style stops while walking by on his exit and looks down at the fallen adversary. Matt LaCroix takes a knee to check on his opponent. He gives a respectful nod as he makes eye contact and does a quick hail mary before tapping the arm of Black Panda and leaving the ring. Back inside the ring, Black Panda is now sitting him staring at Matt LaCroix leaving victorious in frustration.

DDK:

This is what we have to look forward to from these two in DEFIANCE, Lance. The future of this organization looks amazing! I still can't believe what we just saw.

Lance:

Now THAT. THAT is DEFIANCE!

JUST IN CASE

After the grueling matchup between Matt Lacroix and Black Panda, we cut to FIST of DEFIANCE Champion Mikey Unlikely walking through the backstage area. He's wearing his ring gear and he's got the championship case at his side.

The fans boo loudly as they see the men on the DEFIATron.

Lance:

Well it looks like the FIST is in the building!

DDK:

Not only is he here, but it looks like he and Perfection are headed... out here! He's headed to the stage area!

Back in the arena Christy Zane can be seen rushing to her post on the DEFIANCE Interview stage. She makes it up and straightens her dress and that's about all she has time for as...

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The signature red carpet unrolls from the entrance ramp.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen once again I'm joined by James "Perfection" Witherhold, and The FIST of DEFIANCE, The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer, Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey makes his way over to the stage slowly. He looks out over the crowd who boo him before whispering something into the ear of Perfection, causing a small smile to the newcomers mouth.

They get on the stage and Christie is about to engage Mikey and ask him some questions, but the champion has other plans. He grabs the microphone from Christy Zane as Perfection shoo's her offstage. Mikey stands directly in the center of the stage and faces the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

You hate to see it Christie! I'm not out here to answer your questions, or ask the fans what they think about tonight's show.

The fans in attendance cheer loudly for the DEFIANCE Festivities... or to piss off Mikey, hard to tell.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm here for one reason and that's to speak MY MIND freely. You see, I was blindsided last week by the returning Scott Stevens. When he announced he would be cashing in his Ace in the Hole championship here tonight at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

The fans start a "Stevens Gunna Kill You" chant that breaks out in a corner of the arena.

Perfection raises both his hands and gently cups Mikey's ears to stop him from hearing the nonsense. A smattering of fans laugh at this.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I'm not like that little boy Scott Stevens, coming out here after someone has already had a grueling matchup against the top talent that DEF has to offer...and then taking advantage! NO! I'm coming out here tonight to go face to face with the Texan everyone wants to replace! Scott Stevens, You've been lying in wait for weeks on end, you've been waiting to strike like a damn Texas Scorpion. You've sat back and watched me defend my title on a damn weekly basis, all while you healed up, recovered and formed a plan.

Mikey points to his skull. It's so good looking.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well I've formed a plan too Scott Stevens. I've formed quite the plan! In fact I took out an insurance policy for just the occasion.

Mikey welcomes Perfection to stand next to him. Unlikely places a hand on Perfs back, presenting him to the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is everything I need out there. I don't know what your stupid family is upto, I know they have other matters to attend to, but I also know the last time we got into it, they were right behind you. I'm not coming alone to this fight, and needless to say...

Suddenly the arena goes dark.

Static hits the arena as the DEFIATron blurs dimly as if fighting against the static attempting to rip through it's very being, the struggle goes back and forth, ultimately however the screen gives way to a bright white light accompanied by high pitched feedback.

DDK:

Again with that noise?

Lance:

The champ doesn't look the least bit pleased at being interrupted. Last week many of us speculated that this could be Scott Stevens... but Stevens is here. He has his match! Who else might this be?

The feedback is replaced by a black screen. Suddenly a single stroke of a flared drum which is immediately interrupted by short but violent coughing...

This is cut off by the same static and ever so slight glimpse of a bloodied Mikey Unlikely sat against the ropes...

Cut to a dark screen which is only illuminated by the specs of one or two-minute red lights on the right-hand side of the screen which slowly fades in and out on repeat.

There's the cough again, only this time it's muffled.

A slightly larger white light appears on the opposite side of the screen but the effect casts nothing more than a silhouette.

Mikey Unlikely:

Who the fuck keeps doing this?!

Feedback hits once more as a glimpse of Mikey Unlikely appears, only this time it's a live shot of the FIST looking displeased on stage with Perfection. The glimpse is cut and replaced by the recording.

Distorted Voice on Screen:

It's always best when the light is off.

The red lights disappear completely.

Distorted Voice on Screen:

Do not cry out or hit the alarm, you know we're friends...

The screen shifts once again to the bloodied image of Unlikely before quickly being replaced by a black screen with the words.

UNTIL WE DIE

The word "WE" begins to shift, the two letters rotate until slowing down to reveal first an "O" "Y" and the addition of a "U"

Distorted Voice off-screen:

UNTIL *YOU* DIE

Then the white light drops. Darkness fills the arena for a moment until the static hits as the words struggle to stay on screen and are replaced in an instant and for only a moment

Capitalize

Suddenly the high pitched feedback cuts through the arena as the words disappear. The shot firmly set on Mikey. Wide eyed and afraid Mikey looks both direction. Perfection looks both ways too.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the hell was that!?

He looks to Perfection who shrugs worryingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

All you need to know is...I'm out of here!

The two take off, not worrying about whatever message needed to be relayed to Stevens. Carrying his FIST of DEFIANCE case, he hightails it to the curtain.

DDK:

Well, folks, whoever is sending Mikey these messages, they have the champion rattled. He looks afraid of his own shadow.

Lance:

Will his mind be solely on his Title Defense tonight? What does this mean for Scott Stevens chances?

The scene moves over to commentary.

STEVENS DYNASTY vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match! Introducing first, from New Orleans, being accompanied by the Crescent City Kid... weighing in at a combination of 499 pounds... AARON KING and THEODORE CAIN... GULF COAST CONNECTION!

The trio make their way down in their playful, yet serious nature, making sure they slap some hands and have a good time before getting into the ring.

DDK:

These guys have come real close to get a big victory. Fuse Bros, The Comments Section... they *do* have singles DQ victories over The Stevens and that is why we are here today. Now can they get that elusive pay-per-view win!?

A spotlight appears as the crowd boos as the sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

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

The video screen shows three shadows and George, Bo, and Cary come into view. The Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

Whether you love them or hate them, The Stevens Dynasty are one of the premiere tag teams in DEFIANCE today and in recent DEFIANCE history.

Lance:

That is true Keebs but it appears the Gulf Coast Connection has their number recently..

Cary looking spiffy in a shiny, golden jacket as he leads the charge while his son and nephew follow behind him.

DDK:

The Dynasty is looking to make an example out of GCC.

Lance:

If they have level-headedness, it may be a long night for The Coast. If they do not, then King and Cain can get the W.

Cary blows kisses towards the crowd as Bo and George crack their necks and look menacing as a golden waterfall of pyro falls down behind them.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds...BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEVEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYY!

Bo and George reach the end of the stage. Once inside the ring, Bo and George go towards the center of it. They continue to look menacing as fireworks explode from the turnbuckles while Cary is hyping up his boys.

Navarro makes sure this one gets underway quickly. He ushes Cary out of the ring, who is clearly not happy about it. Then he tells each team to pick their man to start the match.

DING DING

DDK:

So it's Aaron King and Theodore Cain who are giving it a go for this one, with King beginning against Bo. The two tie-up. King gets the upper hand and works Bo into a headlock. However, Bo throws King into the ropes and then comes back with a stiff looking uppercut! Next is a snapmare suplex and a float over into another snapmare suplex by Bo! As

King finds his base, he's met with a running back elbow smash and then a Russian leg sweep- NO! King stays on his feet and it's Bo who hits the mat instead!

Lance:

Nicely done there by Aaron to change the momentum.

DDK:

Aaron shoots off the ropes and looks for a springboard crescent kick but Bo ducks and rolls through it. Bo with another back elbow.

Lance:

I guess that momentum didn't last long.

DDK:

Bo looks for a vertical suplex but King slips out of it, gets into the ropes and crushes Bo with a tilt-a-whirl DDT.

Lance:

Okay, I can't keep up. Clearly.

DDK:

King hops to the second turnbuckle pad and jumps off, clubbing Stevens across the face with a forearm smash. Now he scoop slams Bo to the center of the ring, looks over at George, smiles and blows a kiss and then a standing press splash to Bo! We have a cover...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Not designed to get the victory there but to weaken his opponent instead... AND get into George's head, too! I think I got that one right, huh Darren?

DDK:

I believe so.

King tags Theodore Cain. King holds Bo's arm in the air and Theodore crashes through the side of Stevens' body with an axe handle smash. Cain hurls Bo into the ropes and connects with a huge running back breaker! This is followed by a big leg drop and then Cain spins to his feet, stops, turns to George and waves at him as well.

And blows a kiss.

This time, George is fuming and so is Cary on the outside.

Cary screams at Cain and King for being "virgin losers" who "can't score with anyone". The Crescent City Kid is on the apron across from Cary. Upon hearing this he waves at Cary and blows him a kiss, too.

Cary Stevens:

I WILL MURDER YOU, PUNK-ASS BITCH.

DDK:

Gulf Coast has come to play today with these mind games!

Cain tags King, keeping the pace quick. King is on the top rope and comes across with the same axe handle smash Cain performed earlier, just at a higher altitude and with more force! Bo screams out and reaches towards his partner, except that he's a long ways away. King throws Bo to the mat by his tights and then lands a quick leg drop to the neck. He hurls Bo into the ropes and comes in with a double knee takeout and then a double knee backbreaker. It's all Aaron King and The Faithful are getting behind him as he shoots to the top buckle, measures Bo and hits a perfect moonsault to the roar of the crowd!

DDK:

It could be over right here!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY GEORGE!

Referee Hector Navarro is very good at maintaining order and gets George back to his corner rather quickly. King tags in Cain and for the third time in the match, the axe handle smash is hit... and this time Cain hits it from the top rope, too!

Lance:

Out of all three axe handles, that one has to hurt the most!

DDK:

Cain with a powerslam to Bo! They have isolated one-half of the former tag team champions from George this entire time!

Cary's seen enough. He jumps on the apron and starts shouting at Cain...

The crowd erupts! The Crescent City Kid races around to the side Cary is on and grabs him by the foot...

DDK:

The Kid is bulldozed by George! *Never saw it coming!*

Lance:

This escalated quickly!

Cary takes a moment to look down at CCK.

Cary Stevens:

DUMB. ASS. BITCH.

The match immediately breaks down further but Navarro does his best commanding people back to their corners... King helps CCK back to their side of the ring. Although that's when Bo realizes the ref's back is turned and hits Cain with a low blow and then a DDT! Bo tags George.

DDK:

Oh boy... big man cometh!

And he does. George snatches Cain, who is rather big himself and performs a crushing Alabama slam on him! He looks for the pin but then decides not to and go into the ropes instead...

DDK:

Leg drop is missed!

Lance:

He took too long. He should have pinned him or gone to the ropes right away...

Cain rolls to his side and reaches out to tag King... but that's when George finds him. He pulls Cain into his body and hits a belly to belly suplex. Then a press slam. Then a splash!

George throws Cain into his shoulders and looks for a fireman's carry but Cain is able to get on his feet and superkick George in the face! He leaps over to King AND makes the tag!

Aaron comes in like a house on fire! He rifles some body shots into the massive Stevens Family member and then struggles to push him into the ropes. Once George's huge frame rumbles to them, The Pensacola Playboy actually beats him to those same ropes and tries for a sling blade bouncing off them but George catches him instead and connects with a powerslam...

There's just one problem.

No one is on the mat.

DDK:

Hey, George!

Aaron taps George on the shoulder and George turns around.

Chin breaker!

George doesn't leave his feet but he takes a step back... Aaron comes in with a crossbody but George catches him!

Fall away slam!

Just one more problem...

Aaron King landed on his feet! He clips George's leg and then bodyblocks the big man into the ropes. A blind tag is made, however, by Bo as he jumps over the top rope and towards Aaron King... right into a spear!

DDK:

Gulf Coast is throwing everything RIGHT BACK at the former champions!

Cary has seen enough. He makes his way onto the apron for a second time but this *immediately* triggers the Crescent City Kid to make his way over and find some revenge!

Cary Stevens:

Shut the HELL up, you stupid bitch! How many times do I need to say that!? Fuck you!

The Kid is not happy.

Hector Navarro starts shouting orders!

DDK:

What the!? Cary just kicked at the Crescent City Kid!

Lance:

And The Kid has pulled Cary from the apron! They are in each other's faces!

Cary Stevens:

If you could talk, you dumb mute boy, I'd rip your tongue out... shove it straight-

Theodore Cain has seen enough. He marches over there and gets into Cary's face...

DDK:

Oh no... look out guys!

Lance:

DEAR GOD!

DDK:

GEORGE STEVENS WITH A BOWLING BALL DIVE OFF THE APRON AND INTO THE KID AND CAIN!

Cary Stevens *just* got out of the way in the nick of time, too! Inside the ring, King is looking on but then turns right into a Game Changer (rolling cutter).

DDK:

Bo has the leg hooked!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Dammit! Gooram Stevens STEAL it here because of all the hectic nonsense!

Lance:

Just like that, too! Gulf Coast was pulling out some impressive stuff but it didn't take long for Bo and George to get the all important W.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... Bo and George Stevens... THE STEVENS DYNASTY!!

Bo slips out of the ring. He ensures Cary is okay and then they both check on Geroge, trying to get the giant to his feet. Below them is the Crescent City Kid, who is out and Theodore Cain, who is shaking his head in pain.

Bo is all smiles. Cary pats his family on the back.

Cary Steven:

Quick work of these morons. Good job, boys, good job.

And the PPV goes elsewhere.

STEALTH

The scene is backstage, where Conor Fuse cautiously walks the hallways with The Game Boy ever so menacingly behind him. Conor makes sure he checks every corner before turning, worried to death he will find The Mute Freak lurking in wait. Even though the probability is extremely low, since a match has already been booked for later this night, Conor Fuse is still on FULL alert, just in case the man named “Defcon” can’t wait to get his hands on him... again.

Another corner is turned. This time, Conor has to peak around it like he was in some kind of stealth video game before moving across. Something out of Metal Gear Solid. Not Metal Gear Survive though. NEVER Metal Gear Survive.

A third corner comes up. Once more, Conor shuffles slowly, turning back to The Game Boy as he puts a finger to his mouth, telling him not to make a sound. It’s not like The Halo From Hell would know what to say, anyway.

This time, however, as The Bro moves around a corner he stops dead in his tracks. For someone, or *something* is standing in front of him, off-camera.

Conor Fuse: *[to the person]*

Oh, hello...

There’s a long pause as Conor collects his breath.

Conor Fuse:

...Brother.

The camera pans and there stands Tyler Fuse alongside Princess Desire. There’s somewhat of a face-off between the four of them while a few of The Gamers give a light cheer seeing this interaction take place.

Conor Fuse:

Good to see you two, I’ve missed you dearly.

Conor pats The Game Boy on the chest as if he was introducing The “Mini” Boss to Tyler and his wife.

Conor Fuse:

So, uh, love the new look.

Conor says in relation to Tyler’s overly scruffy appearance and the lack of similar wrestling attire to what he used to wear. Tyler sports his black and orange underwear tights, orange knee pads, wrist tape and black boots. He does not wear their trademark bandana, not like Conor still does. The Codebreaker makes reference to this by reaching out and brushing past Tyler’s forehead.

Conor Fuse:

Mom loves the new look, too. She won’t stop *bitmojing* about it.

Tyler glances at The Princess and then back at Conor. The Original Player One addresses his younger brother.

Tyler Fuse:

I know. We’re in the same chat.

It’s like a light went off in Conor’s head.

Conor Fuse:

Oh yeah! Oh yeah, right. I forgot.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

Are you still scared about tonight? You look scared.

Conor throws the comments aside, although he's a terrible actor at doing it.

Conor Fuse:

Me? Haha, no no. That's silly. I've got my Game Boy here *[pats him on the chest]*. The God of War, babay! He can help me through anything!

Tyler raises both eyebrows.

Tyler Fuse:

If you say so.

About to leave, Conor stops him since he's never at a loss for words.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, so, uh, what about you, bro? Big match for you tonight, too! Are you worried about that Stalker guy? He seems a little... uncontrollable.

Tyler is unphased.

Tyler Fuse:

Stalker and I will be fine. If I have to take him on as well, the more the merrier.

Conor starts nodding with delight and doesn't stop, even though Tyler finished his sentence already.

Conor Fuse:

Hmmm, yeah. I hear ya. That's a good one you got there.

By now, Tyler and The Princess aren't even sure what Conor is talking about.

Conor Fuse:

Well, okay. You go and have yourself a great game! I'll be cheering for you from my *gaming chair*!

Tyler turns to leave but then smacks his brother on the chest as if to say "good luck". Tyler and The Princess exit from view. Conor, meanwhile, spins around to The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

Yep, that was my brother, the one I've been telling you about? He's very angry.

Conor goes back to cautiously checking the next corner while still rambling on.

Conor Fuse:

Nobody likes it when he's angry...

DEX JOY & SCROW vs. TEAM HOSS

DDK:

The next match is not going to be your typical tag match.

Lance:

Yes, Team Hoss will take on the unlikely duo of Dex Joy and Scrow. The same Dex Joy and Scrow that have been mortal enemies involving former DEFIANCE Wrestling star Carny Sinclair. Dex Joy's star has risen among the Faithful in such a huge way!

DDK:

There are those who say that Scrow's star has fallen lately and that's Team HOSS's whole beef with these two. This goes back when Dex cost Team HOSS a chance to be Unified tag team champions. Team HOSS picked fights with Dex and split the difference with Dex beating Aleczander but losing to Angel Trinidad. Since that loss, Team HOSS have had their number separately but together they may have a chance!

Lance:

I think so but can Dex trust Scrow? Scrow helped Carny injure his best friend, BRAZEN champion Nathaniel Eye. Now he has to put his faith in him if they want to win. I guess we will find out how this goes tonight if they can beat former tag team champions or not.

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match here at Acts of Defiance!!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out comes the two members of Team HOSS.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring at this time... at a combined weight of 587 pounds... they are the team of Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... TEAM HOSS!

The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great and the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad head toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. There's no fooling around from Aleczander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The crowd jeers at them as they march toward the ring.

DDK:

Angel and Aleczander have really pushed around their weight as of late. It would seem they have a major issue with Dex Joy and well Scrow I think they just like bullying him more than anything.

Lance:

Looking at them in the ring, they know this match is to their advantage. Two bitter rivals teaming up? What possible chemistry can Scrow and Dex have? Unlike the chemistry Angel and Aleczander have been teamed up for years.

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and sixty-seven pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and

"Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and looks ready for a fight. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE Faithful he reaches the bottom of the ramp and looks at Team Hoss wanting him to step into the ring.

♪ *The In-Between by In This Moment* ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the DEFiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. From the strikes to said Defiants as Scott Douglas, Oscar Burns, Dex Joy, and finally, the kill shot to Carny Sinclair at MAXDEF! The various clips repeat after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. As the lyrics

"I'm gonna bring a little hell

I'm gonna bring a little heaven

You just keep wanting more

With your blood and your whore

I'm gonna bring a little hell

I'm gonna bring a little heaven

It's a beautiful tragedy

You wanna be sick like me

'Cause I can bring a little hell"

Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, his entrance video is on repeat.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area. He looks over at Dex slowly and then looks back into the ring. He slowly removes his mask. The two dive into the ring at the same time.

DDK:

Here we go!

Lance:

Dex is squaring off with Angel, and Scrow with Aleczander!

The four men brawl back and forth and neither man gives up their ground. Aleczander throws across and Scrow spins dodging it and throws "The Ravens Call"! Aleczander quickly drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring just in time before the move hits him! Alec stares up at Scrow in shock. The Faithful clearly behind Scrow. On the other side of the ring, Dex is laying in the blows to Angel driving him back, he finishes with a clothesline up and over the top rope. To a huge ovation from The Faithful. Scrow has not taken his eyes off Aleczander as he walks around the ring to help Angel to his feet. As he does that he hears The Faithful long pausing shout of...

WHHHOOOOAAAAAA-PPPPEEE!

Aleczonder quickly gets out of the way as Dex launches himself from the ring and collides with Angel who just got to his feet! Aleczonder rounds the corner and turns around and Scrow is dashing off the apron and driving his knees into the chest of Aleczonder in a Diving Meteora! Scrow hopes to his feet and stares at the Faithful cheering. His emotions have not changed much as he looks over his shoulder at Aleczonder holding the back of his head on the floor.

DDK:

Dex Joy and Scrow are off to the mother of all hot starts! They have not only taken the fight to Team HOSS first but both Joy and Scrow have done so very well!

Lance:

That Whoa-pe and the diving Meteora from the ring apron have taken em out!

Dex has tossed Angel back in the ring and has gone on the offense against the big man. Scrow slowly walks away from Aleczonder and hops onto his corners apron grabbing the tag rope. Dex is wailing away on Angel using clubbing shots and then switches up to jabs to the big monster's body. The Biggest Boy now moves out of the corner and he has the Faithful in the palm of his hand. Scrow visibly seems to be annoyed by what Dex is doing, but his hot-dogging doesn't give away his advantage. He runs at Angel in the corner and crushes him using a big splash. ‘

DDK:

Big splash in the corner on Angel! And then there is another one!

Dex now does his familiar taunt getting the crowd riled up by raising a fist quickly to each side of the crowd before he takes in the applause. Scrow is telling the fan-favorite to stop playing around and Dex agrees.

Dex puts Angel in the ropes and tries to whip him when Angel reverses and shoots Dex from one side of the ring to the other. Angel tries using a big boot on him but Dex ducks as he runs. He comes back to unload on Angel using his now-signature shot gut dropkick!

DDK:

I can't believe how much air Dex got! That shotgun drop kick is a thing of beauty!

Dex is back on his feet getting up after that shot and he tries pinning Angel.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

That was a great move by Dex but ... look at Scrow tagging himself in!

Dex looks surprised with Scrow making the tag but Angel is down and he is still rocked.

DDK:

I definitely think that Scrow is seeing red after everything that Team HOSS has done to him in the past few weeks. They have been bullying him to excess and now he has a chance to get revenge.

Lance:

He does, but he has to put some faith in Dex Joy.

Scrow hits Angel using those lethal kicks of his. Dex acts like he is feeling the kicks from his corner when Scrow continues going to town with kicks to the large chest of the monster from New York. Angel grabs his leg for one kick but Scrow flips around and uses a rewind kick to flip backward and kick Angel upside the head.

DDK:

Scrow is keeping Angel on his feet which is a sound strategy. Everybody is on the same side when they are on their back.

Scrow waits on Angel before unleashing a wicked buzzsaw kick to his head. Angel gets knocked flat on his back and that gives Scrow a chance to break his losing streak.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Despite all the kicks that Angel Trinidad has taken, he is still able to get up with authority by pushing the smaller body of Scrow off his chest. Scrow lands on his feet and tries taking the fight to Angel again using a big discus lariat while he is down but Scrow finds himself on the receiving end of a gooze and then a release choke suplex by Angel Trinidad!

Lance:

That is some scary strength by Angel and an even scarier move! Scrow is lucky he wasn't thrown out of the ring or something!

Angel is up first and the first thing he does is drop Dex Joy from the ring apron using a dropkick of his own!

Angel Trinidad:

I'm the only monster here that gets to hit a dropkick, you fat ass!

Angel has boos rained down on him but he doesn't care.

DDK:

It is really hard to believe that Team HOSS were fan favorites at any time of their career but these guys are ruthless cutthroat bullies.

Lance:

Really and truly. They are strong, talented men that don't wrestle like typical big men but they are jerks of the highest order.

Angel picks up Scrow on his shoulder and then he lets Aleczander make the tag. When Angel picks him up he drops Scrow in the corner using a snake eyes and then Aleczander sends Scrow clear across the ring using a big shoulder block that looks a bit like Dex Joy's Dexy's Midnight Runner.

DDK:

Oh, no doubt in my mind that was a shot at Dex Joy!

Alexander the Great is watching Dex Joy start to slowly climb back to his corner after being attacked by Angel. He wants to get at both members of Team HOSS and exact some revenge, but the official is watching him like a hawk.

DDK:

Team HOSS have turned this match back in their favor. Now look at Aleczander.

He pitches Scrow into the corner. Scrow has his back pinned to the corner and that starts to give Aleczander the chance that he needs to drive his shoulder into Scrow. He continues to do so but one of the times he does it, Scrow gets a knee up and surprises Aleczander. When Scrow starts to make a harrowing comeback it is Aleczander shutting things down quickly by picking him up out of mid-air and using a tilt-a-whirl slam!

DDK:

Tilt-a-whirl slam by Aleczander the Great! And now he has a cover on Scrow.

Dex Joy watching, hoping to will his partner to kick out.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Close one right there by Scrow, but look at the teamwork that has led them to so much success!

Alecander now has Scrow put on his shoulder like a small child. He takes him back to Team HOSS's corner and the quick goes back to Angel Trinidad. He enters the ring where he sees Scrow. He lines him up and then a big splash in the corner from Alecander lands. Angel is right behind him and hits one of his own. Alecander now hits a second one and then he climbs back to the ring while Angel is right there to catch him.

DDK:

That fall away slam was amazing! It's too bad Team HOSS are such brutes and bullies.

Lance:

It really is.

Angel picks up Scrow, tossing him up over his shoulder and spinning into a powerslam. He hooks the leg.

One!

Two!

T..

Dex breaks up the pinfall!

Angel points at Dex who is being told to return to his corner, the camera audio picks up Scrow who has rolled over on his stomach.

Scrow:

Do not help...Scrow..

Dex doesn't hear him and backs away to his own corner. Angel smiles being the only one in the ring that heard that he tags Alec in and lifts Scrow to his feet and lifts his arm out and above him opening Scrow up for a kick into the side of Scrow! Alec lifts Scrow up into a sidewalk backbreaker! He goes for the cover this time...

One...

Two..

Dex is there faster! Again is quickly escorted back to his corner and now Alec hears Scrow.

Scrow:

Stop...interfering!

Dex hears this and fires back.

Dex Joy:

Then keep fighting, Scrow! I told you I'm your goddamn Batman here!

Alec and Angel smile at each other. Alec lifts up Scrow and tosses him into his corner. He walks over to Dex and shouts at him about his continued help.

Alecander:

Your friend doesn't want your help, so back off!

Lance:

Team HOSS aren't just all muscle. There are working brains there especially where tag team wrestling goes. They know Dex and Scrow aren't seeing eye to eye and they will exploit that.

DDK:

They will. It's a good strategy they are using.

Dex mouths back, while all this is happening Angel, is choking Scrow in the corner. Alec laughs at Dex before turning around along with the referee who saw nothing. Scrow is slumped into Team Hoss's corner. Alec charges driving his knee into the side of Scrow's face. Alec picks up Scrow and sticks his boot across the throat of Scrow in the corner now being counted by the referee...

One

Two

Three

Four

Alec breaks the hold and tags Angel in the two exchange a few words.

Angel lifts Scrow up again and runs at Dex with a running power slam. Angel doesn't go for the cover in fact he backs away and has a word with Alec. Dex is trying frantically to get the tag. Scrow is coughing and gasping for whatever oxygen he can get as he turns over to his side.

DDK:

What exactly are Angel and Aleczander doing?

Lance:

Are they tired of beating on Scrow?

Scrow has gotten to his hands and knees as now Angel has his arms crossed leaning in his corner all smiles with Aleczander.

DDK:

Are they actually letting Scrow tag out?

Lance:

Why would you want to lose the advantage you have?

Scrow gets to a knee and looks over at Team Hoss laughing and enjoying his misery.

Dex Joy:

Pally, you need to tag and you need to tag right *now*!

Scrow looks at Dex and slowly gets to his feet. The Faithful clearly want to see Dex in the ring as the WrestlePlex echoes "Biggest Boy." The Faithful grow even louder and Scrow turns to Dex who is just a few inches from a tag ... but then he does something that nobody expects!

DDK:

Scrow just threw the middle finger up at Dex!

Lance:

What is he thinking here?

Dex is stunned. Scrow turns around and just as he runs at Angel he is met with a bone-shattering lariat by Angel!

DDK:

Scrow needs to tag, but he refuses to do so!

Lance:

I think that's what Team Hoss knew all this time.

DDK:

I think Scrow wants the glory of the win even if it costs him here.

Angel goes for the cover and begs Dex to get in the ring to break the cover.

One

Two

Th...

Dex gets in once more to break it up!

DDK:

That was a great save by Dex but how many more will he get away with?

Angel backs off and motions for Dex to feel free to tag. Scrow rolls over to his side again, Dex has returned to the ring he now stomps on the apron for The Faithful to get behind Scrow. Angel returns to his corner yet again chatting with Alec. Scrow gets to a knee and soon to his feet. He looks completely out of wind. The Faithful again chant for "Dex Joy" Scrow looks out into them once more. He takes a deep breath, and then looks over at Team Hoss and realizes what they're doing. He puts his hands on his hips and then points at Dex, who has got The Faithful on their feet. Angel seems to be taking a few steps out of the corner. Scrow turns to Dex and reaches for the tag but stops just short...

DDK:

Scrow just flipped off The Faithful!

Lance:

Look at Dex, he doesn't know what to believe.

The Faithful start to jeer at Scrow who now has a smile on his face. He turns back to Angel who is all smiles. Scrow motions for Angel to "Come On" Angel moves in and the two swing for the fences back and forth. Scrow stuns Angel and hits the ropes, Trinidad pops up and grabs Scrow by the throat stopping the Raven's Eye in his tracks. He lifts him up going for a chokeslam, Scrow quickly reacts with a knee under the jaw of Angel who quickly loses his grip on Scrow. He holds his jaw and staggers back Scrow hits the ropes and nails a kitchen sink into the gut of Angel flipping him up and over. Scrow looks down breathing heavy Dex still wants the tag and Scrow just ignores him as Scrow lifts Angel to his feet and drives him down with a DDT! Scrow quickly covers!

One

Two

Shoulder up!

Scrow gets up to his feet and waits for Angel to get to his feet.

DDK:

Scrow may be looking for The Raven's Call here!

As Angel gets up he slowly turns around but before Scrow can hit the move Aleczander has entered the ring and nailed Scrow! The blow sends Scrow backward and right where Team HOSS doesn't want him to land.

DDK:

There goes Dex Joy! The big ball of energy makes the tag!

This now brings Dex into a huge ovation! All four men begin to brawl and Team Hoss has fought off again as they retreat outside. Scrow and Dex slowly back up and bump into one another.

DDK:

They are arguing again!

Dex and Scrow have their heads pressed against one another in a heated argument.

Lance:

These two are like oil and water they just do not mix. This argument is allowing Team Hoss to regroup, they better get on the same page or this is not going to end well for them.

Aleczaider tries getting back into the ring to pick at them, but Dex sees him coming behind Scrow and shoves his unwilling partner out of the way. Dex ducks his Weapon Flex attempt and then tosses Aleczaider backward using a big release German suplex. Aleczaider goes flying but Angel Trinidad is now in the ring to double over Dex using his knees. He tries using the chance to get the jump on him with a big move but Dex turns that around by hoisting the massive Angel onto his back and dropping him with a Samoan drop.

Dex is now back on his feet and has both members of Team HOSS reeling while Scrow is holding onto his ribs on the floor courtesy of the punishment that he has taken. Dex sees Aleczaider the Great and then he hits a splash in the corner on the powerful Brit!

He hits a corner splash on the other side hitting Angel Trinidad!

He lands another splash on Aleczaider back on his side!

Then he lands another splash on Angel and then follows that up by taking the tall Angel overusing a belly to belly side suplex!

DDK:

What a surge of energy from the man known as Big Dex Energy!

One ...

Two ...

Nooo!!!

Despite the punishment Team HOSS has endured, Aleczaider is still able to get on top of Dex and break up the cover by punt kicking Dex in the side!

Lance:

I thought that was it!

Aleczaider angrily tries getting Dex up in a German suplex of his own. Scrow gets back into the ring and he comes flying! Dex moves out of his way, but Aleczaider does not and gets a bicycle knee strike to the chin!

DDK:

Whoa! Was that intended for Aleczaider or Dex?

Lance:

I guess whoever he hit! I'm not sure!

Scrow is back on his feet, but so is Angel Trinidad who runs forward and catches him with his Trampled Underfoot

Kick! Scrow gets turned upside down after the kick and gets nudged out from the ring by the big beast from the Bronx. Dex is still trying to shake off the punt kick and Angel has him lined up in his sights.

DDK:

Angel back on his feet now and he's zeroed in on Dex!

Dex is starting to get up and it is Angel running off the ropes to try and land the big Flying HOSS Body that he likes to use ... but the problem is when he leaps, Dex *catches* him!

Lance:

Oh wow!!!

Dex spins around the other way with Angel in his clutches and then drives him down with his finishing move!

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!! DEX DRIVE!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE COUNTERED THE HOSS BODY INTO THE DEX DRIVE!!!

The crowd's reaction is a fever pitch when Dex hooks the leg of the massive Angel Trinidad after pulling off that incredible reversal into his own finisher!

One!

Two!

Scrow pulls himself up with help from the apron and watches the count...

THREE!!!

Scrow is shaking his head in a rage while Dex is sucking in wind from the kick by Aleczander but he looks happy to have the win and to finally stick it to Team HOSS who has been a pain in the collective backsides of him and Scrow for the last two months.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners are Scrow and Dex Joy!!!

DDK:

What a house of fire Dex Joy was! After what started out well enough for Dex and Scrow, things got worse not only from Team HOSS's perspective but also from Scrow practically wanting nothing to do with his own partner tonight.

Lance:

I would definitely have to call this at least a little of an upset given how much tag experience Team HOSS brought to the table but tonight it is Scrow and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy that get to enjoy the victory!

Dex Joy is celebrating but he turns around to see Scrow sliding in the ring and quickly shoves Dex.

DDK:

Oh boy, this is not over with these two.

Dex shoves him back and the two are head to head arguing yet again.

Lance:

You guys just won the match, what is Scrow's deal?

The ref tries to break it up but he can't break up these two.

Scrow:

Scrow had this...YOU STOLE IT FROM HIM!

Dex Joy:

We won the match! I didn't steal jack from YOU!

DDK:

Here comes the Brazen Champion Nathaniel Eye!

Lance:

These two are about to erupt any second now.

Dex's best friend Nathaniel Eye slides in the ring and with help from the ref is able to get in between the two. He tries to calm Dex down, while Scrow yells at him from the other side of the ring trying to be calmed down by the ref.

DDK:

You can feel the hatred between these two.

Lance:

Scrow looks like he is finally backing off but he has not shut up since the pinfall.

Scrow backtracks up the ramp cursing Dex who is yelling back from the ring. Scrow shouts at a fan or two before walking through the curtain.

DDK:

As Dex's friend continues to try and calm the Biggest Boy down here folks. Let's take a break here.

Show cuts to a video package for Lindsay Troy and Oscar Burns. As the scene fades Dex is having his hand raised by Eye being cheered by The Faithful.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

The ACTS match graphic is shown, accompanied by the pay-per-view theme song.

We return to the DEF WrestlePlex, where the cocky aristocrat Cristiano Caballero is already in the ring, oozing confidence and swagger as he holds a microphone in his hand.

Cristiano Caballero:

Because I am far too grand a spectacle for an... other like Darren Quimbey to introduce, allow me to remind you all once again that I am Cristiano Caballero, and all of BRAZEN and DEFIANCE should BEAR WITNESS, to my greatness and my grace... and tonight, I will EMBARRASS this monster movie reject who keeps saying "HE LIVES, HE LIVES," so hard, that when it's all said and done, he'll wish he was DEAD!

A round of boos responds to the aristocrat, who hands the microphone, albeit in a disgusted manner, to Darren Quimbey himself, before removing his robe and getting ready for the match ahead. Then, suddenly... darkness.

Then... that familiar movie reel footage.

7

6

5

DDK:

Fans, for the past few weeks, DEFIANCE programming has been subject to these... interesting films, who, as Caballero said, always end with someone shouting "HE LIVES." On the most recent episode of UNCUT, Caballero challenged the source of these movies at Acts of DEFIANCE, and this mysterious man... or monster, if you will, accepted.

4

3

2

At this moment, there is no light in the arena at all, save for the occasional cell phone flasher.

Lance Warner:

Indeed, Caballero has stated he feels like he does not get enough attention in the BRAZEN ranks, and earlier today he told me that he sees this as a chance to shine as he, in his words, "disposes" of this incoming threat, and...

Lance is cut off by tonight's feature presentation.

A city in panic, and in black-and-white.

Skyscrapers burn as the populace runs throughout the streets, screaming in terror. The ground shakes and even splinters, dropping some into their graves. The odd fireball or two even fills the sky, crashing into the ground or even the occasional building.

After a moment of spanning the scenery, we focus on one man, an unremarkable man of Asian features and middle age, running as fast as his clearly exhausted body will allow. Every step forces out another puff, draws in a consistently weakening breath. Finally, he manages to get into a phone booth, though not without stumbling a bit on the way in. In a panic, fueled only by fear and adrenaline, he frantically dials a number, constantly shifting focus between the phone, and the havoc ensuing outside. When he finally hears a voice on the other end, he looks outward once again and screams in a language that clearly needs subtitles to show us...

"HE LIVES!"

A brief pause as the camera switches to the outside, far away from the phone booth but rapidly zooming into it. Just as we crash into the poor man and his phone booth, we hear him utter one last phrase, which our handy subtitles translate as...

"THE GOD-BEAST LIVES!!!"

With a flash of explosive light, we now fade back to black, leaving the DEFIANCE Faithful in a frenzy. Did that video just say what they *think* it did?

BOOM. *Snap.*
BOOMBOOMBOOM *Snap.*
BOOM. *Snap.*
BOOMBOOMBOOM *Snap.*
BOOM. *Snap.*
BOOMBOOMBOOM *Snap.*
BOOM. *Snap.*
BOOMBOOMBOOM *Snap.*

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada

Lance Warner:
 NO WAY!

Yes way, Lance. Bathed in golden light, those two familiar shadowy figures form at the arena entrance, as a throng of Faithful begins their chorus of that familiar warcry...

"OSU!"
 "OSU!"
 "OSU!"
 "OSU!"

Stepping into a spotlight, his head bowed, MUSHIGIHARA stalks his way down the ring, and back into the minds and hearts of the Faithful. He slowly raises his head and scans the scenery, looking genuinely surprised somewhat at the positive reception. We cut to Cristiano Caballero, in the center of the ring, who is looking clearly nervous. Behind him, with a knowing grin that leans on trolling, Darren Quimbey does the honors.

Darren Quimbey:

INTRODUCING! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan! Weighing in tonight at two hundred ninety-seven pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante... he is the GOD-BEAST!

MU!

SHI!

GI!

HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

Sure enough, as Mushi climbs up the ring stairs, soaking in the adulation, his longtime manager Eddie Dante cackles with glee as the monster steps between the ropes, never breaking eye contact with his opponent.

DDK:

The God-Beast has made his triumphant return to DEFIANCE Wrestling after a lengthy hiatus, and he looks like he is

in the best shape of his career!

Indeed, as he stares down Caballero and waits for the bell to ring, he looks to have dropped some bulk and taken on some muscle in his time away. He tenses his arms and grins, as Caballero reluctantly steels himself for battle.

DING DING DING

The competitors lunge towards each other into a collar-and-elbow, but Mushigihara, clearly having the upper hand, **SHOVES** Caballero to the mat, making him roll back and onto his feet, rushing towards the God-Beast, only to get shoved back into the corner this time. The monster rushes to the corner himself, only to eat a boot by Caballero that sends him staggering to the center of the ring, leaving Caballero ample time to hop onto the second rope and take a high-risk attempt...

...which ends with him hanging in a Mushigihara bearhug.

Caballero struggles and writhes in the embrace of the God-Beast, who simply grins at his prey, before bellowing out that signature...

“OSU!!!”

...and suplexing Caballero to the mat!

DDK:

That trademark bearhug suplex! And Caballero's attempt at assailing the God-Beast is off to a **ROUGH** start... and Mushigihara looks to be calling for the end, too!

Indeed, the God-Beast has victory in his eyes, as he stares down the flopping Caballero, before peeling him up from the canvas, and hoisting him overhead in a familiar position!

Lance Warner:

We've seen **THIS** trick before, Caballero is helplessly being pressed over Mushi's head like a barbell! Let's see how many reps he'll give the God-Beast!

“OSU!”

“OSU!”

“OSU!”

Each of those calls of OSU are accompanied by the crowd.

THUD!

And Mushi drops him to the mat like a bad habit, before playing to the crowd again as Caballero flops and seems to be running on muscle memory as he tries to get to his feet!

Mushi returns his focus on Caballero, back on his feet, who screams in fury as he **RUSHES** forward with a fierce right...

...only to miss, and find himself facing the lights, across the God-Beast's shoulders!

DDK:

And there is the Atlas Cutter! And Caballero is **OUT**!

Satisfied at the destruction he has created, Mushigihara lays on the mat over Caballero's body.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion"

Mushi rises to his feet and grins at the camera, as DQ Quimbey does the honors.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAA!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

As his music plays, the God-Beast and his long-time advocate exit the ring in celebration, soaking in the cheers of the crowd.

DDK:

A DOMINANT display by the returning God-Beast here tonight, at Acts of DEFIANCE! Surely, the rest of DEFIANCE should be on watch tonight!

The camera cuts on the victorious pair, tagging the occasional fan on the way backstage.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. TYLER FUSE vs. STALKER

The ACTS of DEFIANCE match graphic appears along with the PPV theme music. The Faithful give a cheer, likely upon seeing the image of Scott Douglas.

DDK:

I have no idea what we're about to get-

Keebler is cut off as the scene goes to the backstage. Douglas exits the locker room to a roaring ovation from the fans. He looks to be on his way toward Gorilla and eventually, the ring. He makes one turn down the hallway and immediately stops in his tracks.

Tyler Fuse:

SCOTT DOUGLAS.

Tyler's voice can be heard in the far distance.

Tyler Fuse:

You have *FAILED* DEFIANCE.

The camera pans to find Tyler Fuse standing there, wearing black jeans, an "Intensity Personified" Tyler branded t-shirt and a black baseball cap at the end of the long hallway. Douglas cracks his knuckles and then his back and marches in a huff towards him. However, at halfway in, Sub Pop stops and looks confused.

DDK:

That's not Tyler... that's THE PRINCESS!

Keebler is correct. With her hair tucked behind her head and her head down, she is about the same height as Tyler and was too difficult to make out from so far away. Douglas takes a moment to think about-

WHAM!

And Tyler comes charging out of a side door in the hallway, directly where Douglas had stopped. Fuse's body slams himself into Sub Pop so hard, the former SOHER crashes into the white wall across the way, ricochets off it and whacks his head into the cold hard brick in the process. Tyler wastes little time stomping the hell out of Douglas for a good thirty-seconds before he looks up at Desire and nods. She leaves the area but not before flipping the baseball cap to the floor.

Tyler peels Douglas off the cement and hurls him into the door he came out of. He proceeds to beat Douglas' head off of it until there is a large dent.

DDK:

Ambushed and already in a handicapped match! Well, no surprise there.

Tyler chucks Douglas down the hallway as he follows.

Lance:

I do agree but we have no idea if and when Stalker will show up and what he will do.

DDK:

He will show up.

Fuse methodically walks towards the fallen wrestler, an expressionless and cold face. Tyler kicks Douglas in the side of the head as they get to the end of the hallway. The Game-Changer takes a moment to get down on one knee and leans into Douglas' already tortured face.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm not losing again.

Tyler throws Scotty's head into the cement ground as hard as possible, echoing a sickening thud. The Faithful are booing lightly but much more concerned at this point. Fuse applies a headlock and walks Scott to the left and up to Gorilla position. He spots a chair and hip tosses Douglas right through it, surprising the announcers!

DDK:

What an awkward landing for Douglas! He's lucky if that doesn't slip a disk!

Lance:

Tyler is relentless. He's kicking Douglas square in the head! Add concussion to the protocol already!

Fuse pushes past a few people in Gorilla as the camera follows him out. With one huff, Tyler charges the edge of the rampway and immediately chucks Scott Douglas off and into some electrical equipment and a table below.

CRACK!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

Douglas is OUT, folks. OUT. COLD. He never even had a chance in this one!

Lance:

Has the match even started?

Tyler is shouting at Brian Slater to "ring the bell" as he emerges from the back. The ref looks up at Tyler reluctantly and shrugs. This is when Tyler's face goes beet red and he starts shouting profusely.

Brian Slater:

Where is that Stalker guy!?

Tyler Fuse: *[to Brian Slater]*

RING THE BELL. DOUGLAS ASKED FOR THIS. RING. THE. BELL.

Slater shrugs again, turns to the time keeper's area, shouting for the match to officially start.

DING DING

LIGHTS OUT!

DDK:

Not again....

Lance:

Should we be surprised? At this point Jason Ree...

Lance Warner's mic roughly cuts out, with a blast of static heard on both his and Keebler's microphones. The arena has no house lights on, the only visibility was from the assortment of phones on and camera flashes. Movement can be seen that looks like the participants in the match moving to the ring. However, as the DEFIatron comes to life only Scott Douglas and Brian Slater remain in the ring.

V/O:

There once was a list of heroes, these heroes would usually stay true to their codes... but these heroes will always be known as False Heroes. Scott Douglas, you *have* failed DEFIANCE as have all of it's past False Heroes. Just like Mr. Knox, you'll eventually break.

Blast of Static - video reel of the DEFIANCE logo - slowly the letters of DEFIANCE fades out into static filled graphics. The words DEFIANCE shrink, smaller, smaller and finally to a point where they are somewhat visible in the middle of the DEFIatron screen. Then... "STALKER'S WORLD" appears on either side of the word DEFIANCE as the screen yet again suddenly switches back to black.

Stalker: *[shouting at Douglas]*

You are a dead man, False Hero!

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is standing in the ring to referee Brian Slater's surprise - already in his wrestling pants and black wife beater. He has ditched the 'No More False Heroes!' t-shirt he wore in his debut match at DEFtv 140.

DDK: *[mics working]*

We're back... obviously our audio equipment was affected in that... well, cyrptic message.

Lance:

I'm not sure what to think about that, Darren but now we have Douglas standing up here, visibly on the defensive considering Tyler's earlier onslaught. Stalker was not here to directly attack him from behind this time. He's had his fill of that, apparently.

Douglas struggles to pull himself away from the broken table, the twisted remains catching his right foot. Even once freed he drags the foot behind him as he makes his way towards the ring and The Original Reaper. Teeth clenched together, eyes locked on Reeves, he's going to make it there eventually.

DDK:

I'm not sure this match should even happen at this point!

Lance:

Unfortunately, I agree. Where is Tyler Fuse though? He seems to be absent now and it's just Douglas and Stalker staring each other down...

Finally, Douglas makes it to the apron. Reeves is even there to sarcastically hold the ropes open for him until he backtracks away.

Brian Slater tries to call out some instructions as they fall on deaf ears and the crowd's growing boots to the ground and cheering of The Faithful have overcome the situation. Douglas slips inside the ring and charges forward with a strong lariat in Stalker's direction which the veteran ducks as the two spin around to face each other in the middle of the squared circle.

Stalker: *[screaming at Douglas]*

DEFIANCE will burn because of you, Scotty! EVERYTHING YOU ALL DID TO HER, I WILL MAKE YOU SUFFER!

DDK:

What is he babbling about?

Lance:

Douglas seems a bit perplexed but considering his involvement in the family's history, the two colliding here is actually quite significant as this will be the first time Scott Douglas has ever encountered the 'Elder' Reeves in the ring.

DDK:

That we know of!

Two of the three in this triple threat square and interlock in the middle of the ring. Stalker leaning in with a swift set of upper knee lifts to Douglas' chest. The already banged-up Douglas has the wind knocked out of him as he doubles over and falls to the mat. Sub Pop's head is hanging low as he hobbles on his knees and Stalker runs back against the corner buckle, lines him quickly up, and charges forward with a DIRECT KICK to the head of Douglas!

Lance:

Stalker with a direct hit! WOW! That kick was something. Brian Slater wants to check on him but Stalker's not having it.

DDK:

Scott Douglas agreed to an unsanctioned match. However, this was obviously a setup!

Pushing Slater aside, Stalker drags Douglas by the foot to the corner post. The maniac who claims to be a 'Master of His Own World' sets Scott up with his feet under the bottom rope at the far corner of the ring without ringside steps.

Lance:

Not sure what the veteran has in store here but considering there are no rules, I can't imagine it'll be anything good!

Stalker slips down under the bottom rope with a quick roll, dusting himself off he quickly gets to work, yanking the now 'drowsy' Scott Douglas closer to the turnbuckle while he laid on his back. Miraculously, Stalker manages to form Douglas into a figure four while hanging from the corner of the outside of the ring and using Douglas' leg as his anchor.

DDK:

Stalker is doing the SAME MOVE Tyler did to take out Kerry!! How long have Tyler and Stalker known each other for!? He's going to break the man's leg!

With almost manic laughter, Stalker looks about into the crowd with a crazed look in his eyes as he dangles from Scott Douglas, causing the man an extreme amount of pain as he just now came to and is yanking upwards on the ropes and turnbuckles, trying to break free from Stalker's clutches!

Lance:

Stalker isn't budging at all! In fact, he's laughing as Scott Douglas is helpless!

The beating from Tyler Fuse to start this chaos, followed by the direct punt kick to Douglas temple was a surefire way to get him on the disadvantage. Stalker takes in the spectacle he was causing for the fans closest to the action, taunting them as he pulls with a ferocity not seen here recently at DEFIANCE!

Stalker: *[screaming]*

You will BREAK!

With a few final tugs from Douglas' feet, the former SOHER is now reeling in pain. Stalker releases the hold to the relief of Brian Slater, who thought Douglas was going to pass out from the way he was interlocked against the ring posts steel. With a hard yank back and forward, Stalker takes Douglas' right leg and slams it hard into the ring post!

Booing can be heard throughout the arena as The Faithful have had enough of Stalker's antics. Not seeming to care what the fans think and after a few moments of catching his breath, he pulls on Douglas' leg again and slams into the post. This time Douglas can't take the exchanges anymore as he practically falls out of the ring himself to try and get away from Stalker.

Lance:

Like a predator - Stalker's following Scott Douglas waiting for his moment to pounce!

DDK:

And Reeves just booted Sub Pop in the back of the head!

Dirty hits from behind seem to be Stalker's forte as he drives the heel of his boot into the back of Douglas' head before dragging Scotty up to his feet. Stalker leans into him and DROPS Douglas NECK-first onto the guardrail.

DDK:

OH!! A nasty stun gun into the barricade! Douglas is gasping for air as the Faithful continue to rally behind the former champion!

Lance:

Stalker's going for a chair under the ring!

Right on cue, the metal of the chair is gripped in Stalker's calculated hands. He raises the chair, turning to face Scott Douglas who is now on his back, his hands barely held up to shield his face as Stalker comes running in with a violent scream!

Lance:

Stalker with a WILD CHAIR SWINGG~ OH!! DOUGLAS KICKS IT!

Pure desperation as Douglas manages to get his weakened leg up.

DDK:

Stalker's out like a light!

Jason Reeves falls backward and against the ring, furthering the impact. The Faithful can't believe it as they cheer for Scott Douglas, who struggles to pull himself back to his feet.

Lance:

This will be the first time Scott Douglas has had Stalker in any type of disadvantage since the madman has interjected himself into Douglas' life.

Douglas is on rubber legs but he's fired up nonetheless. Leaning over, he picks up Stalker by his head, a flare of heat in his eyes as he tosses the psychopath into the guardrail! Douglas follows with the boot, for good measure, before reaching down and pulling Stalker upwards.

Lance:

Looks like DEFIANCE's Favorite Son has got a lot more planned for Stalker!

Douglas ushers Stalker around the ring post and toward the rampway as Stalker attempts to push Douglas off of him. Scott responds with a knee to the gut and continues leading his tormentor up the rampway.

DDK:

Not Scott Douglas' style to avoid the ring, Lance!

Lance:

True but this is an unsanctioned match and falls count anywhere!

Taking the veteran Stalker up by his shoulder, Scott Douglas seemed determined to play by Stalker's rules. Dragging the bald-headed monster toward the interview stage, the two of these battered wrestlers start to scuffle as The Original Reaper tries to get free.

Douglas hurls Stalker into some electrical equipment off the side of the interview stage. He leaps on top and furiously punches Stalker across the head. Now the shoe is on the other foot, as Reeves is the one trying to cover up but to no avail!

DDK:

Douglas throws Stalker into a metal structure! And again!

Douglas with a stiff kick to the side of Stalker's head!

Lance:

Sub Pop is finally getting revenge on this predator!

Douglas grabs Stalker by the tights and runs him into the electrical equipment! This time, sparks fly as he does!

DDK:

I don't know if it's safe but at this point, I don't think he gives a damn!

Douglas jumps right in there and continues to lay a beating on Stalker. It's clear by now, Douglas and Stalker are making their way to where the announce team is situated. Considering they are just a few weeks removed from having Tyler Fuse and Scott Douglas destroy their set, Keebler and Warner don't seem thrilled.

DDK:

Great. Just great. Can you guys go... elsewhere?

Lance:

They don't hear you. Or care.

Douglas chucks Stalker into one of the light stands used for the broadcast team. It doesn't fall, it's far too thick for that but Stalker's head bounces off it and his body wraps around the post. Just as Scotty goes to collect him a figure in black stands on the top of the rampway. The crowd is in shock.

DDK:

REAPER RED!!

There is electricity in the air and a sense of surprise and hatred all at once. Reaper Red sees Douglas standing below and then pulls out a baseball bat.

Covered in barbed wire.

A throwback to the Fuse-Douglas no holds barred match, this time it's Reaper Red who jumps off the apron and CONNECTS to Douglas' head with the barbed wire bat!

DDK:

What in the HELL!?

Douglas goes flying across the floor as Reaper Red lands on their feet, to the awe and shock of The Faithful.

Lance:

This match is about to turn into a bloodbath...

Reaper Red swings the bat around their hands, slowly stalking their prey...

WHAM

Shot to the back.

WHAM

Another shot to the back.

WHAM

This time to the legs.

Douglas is crawling, FIGHTING, struggling mightily to get to his feet. He is trying to make his way towards the ring. Considering he's been wearing his Sub Pop shirt the entire time, no one knows the extent of damage the bat has caused just yet... except for when the camera is able to get a close up of Scott's head... there's a small trickle of blood. The initial baseball bat shot caught him there.

DDK:

REAPER RED IS BACK! DEFIANCE is in trouble with Stalker AND Reaper now...

Douglas has made his way through the pathway aligned with the ramp. It's almost as if Reaper Red is ALLOWING him to get there. Once at the apron, Douglas pulls himself into the ring and screams as loud as possible, using the ropes to get himself up, in an attempt to use his feet for a defense if and when Reaper Red gets into the ring.

He tries. Douglas tries to kick at the Reaper but it's no use. Red is in the ring and charges at Douglas with the baseball bat...

SWOOSH!

DDK:

MISSED!

Douglas rushes the ropes and bounces off of them. Again, Reaper Red looks for a baseball bat shot...

SWOOSH!

DDK:

MISSED AGAIN!

The moment Reaper Red turns around to find where Scotty is, the former SOHER slides behind Red and get him into a waist lock and a subsequent German suplex, where Reaper drops the bat!

Douglas goes for the bat but he's filled with so much anger and confusion, it slips out of his hands and to the canvas floor, since it was sitting so close to the apron to begin with! Douglas shouts as the crowd lets out a huge sigh, seeing the moment pass before their eyes. It's not long before he looks up and sees the Reaper coming. There's nothing he can do, he's nowhere near the fresher man.

DDK:

Spear to Douglas!

Reaper Red grabs Douglas and throws him into a pendulum backbreaker! Next, a violent Russian leg sweep!

Some Faithful have caught on. Others, not yet.

Stalker, meanwhile, is slowly making his way back to the ring with a smile on his face, albeit still trying to recover himself.

Reaper Red waits for Stalker to enter. Then Jason Reeves nods and Reaper Red takes off his mask.

DDK:

TYLER FUSE!!

Jeers aplenty.

Lance:

What!? What the hell is this!?

DDK:

Mind games; more mind games! It has to be! Reaper Red and Tyler were in DEFIANCE at the same time so they could never have been the same guy! Tyler and Stalker have one-upped Scott Douglas once again!

Tyler throws the Reaper mask at Douglas' fallen body. Fuse takes one deep breath in and slowly exhales. He snatches Douglas by the head and hits his finisher, the running bulldog up the turnbuckle pads...

Lance:

CQC!!!

Brian Slater, who has lagged behind the carnage for much of the match is on the outside of the ring. Tyler looks at him like "it's time to end it" but before Slater slides in, Stalker puts up his hand.

Tyler's eyes widen and he cocks his head to the side. Clearly confused and burgeoning on upset.

Stalker:

Not this way. Not yet.

DDK:

For the love of God! Just pin the man! ...you have him beat. CLEARLY. Mentally and physically!

Tyler Fuse:

WHAT!?

Stalker approaches Tyler slowly, reassuring.

Stalker:

There is much more to be done. It's all a part of the plan.

Tyler doesn't want to hear anything of the like. This is his win. Whether or not he has earned it is questionable but he feels like he has.

Tyler shoves Stalker away and rushes toward the writhing Douglas. He grabs the leg ...

Tyler Fuse: *[to Brian Slater]*

Count it!

Slater drops down to count the fall. The camera gets a tight shot on the smug determination on Tyler's face as he mentally prepares for his victory lap. A true singles competitor.

ONE!

Suddenly, Tyler's head cocks back as the camera goes to a wide shot, revealing Stalker and a handful of hair being the combination pulling Fuse off of the cover.

DDK:

Stalker said that this isn't over... obviously, Tyler Fuse disagrees but now we've got a meeting of the minds!

Stalker drags Tyler to his feet and brings the man who summoned him, releasing Stalker's World on DEFIANCE, face-to-face.

Lance:

If nothing else, at least ... this is actually a three-man match now!

DDK:

As far as Scott Douglas is concerned, I think the damage has been done!

Stalker and Tyler jaw jack one another, the Fuse Bro having to look up just a bit at the monster of a man, that he himself brought to DEFIANCE. All the while a worn and battered Scott Douglas stirs on the mat.

Tyler Fuse:

I brought you here! This is my win! This is MY first step to breaking the glass ceiling!

Stalker:

This is bigger than you could have ever fathomed... you lack the imagination of your brother. It is obvious now, you aren't ready for Stalker's World...

Stalker pulls back to tee off on Tyler Fuse but the smaller man is quicker and strikes first. Tyler throws a fury of fists, catching Stalker by surprise.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse has Stalker reeling!

Stalker drops into the ropes due to Tyler's attack but he uses the momentum to spring back toward Tyler with a huge lariat.

Lance:

Stalker nearly took his head off!

Tyler flips off the impact and Stalker drops to his knees for the follow-through.

In the corner, Scott Douglas is now sitting up, grasping for the middle rope, in hopes to pull himself upright.

Stalker, worse for the wear himself, struggles up from his knees as Tyler writhes on the canvas. Rather than take note of Douglas's attempt to return to vertical, Jason Reeves stares down at Tyler Fuse for a moment.

DDK:

Who would have thought one of THESE two would have evened the odds!?

Stalker turns his attention from Tyler, quickly to Douglas. His face tightens and he is visibly frustrated by the way the night has played out.

LIGHTS OUT!

DDK:

Not again!

The lights return and all that is left in the ring is a confused Brian Slater, a downed Tyler Fuse, and a slowly recovering Scott Douglas.

DDK:

He's... he's gone?

Lance:

It appears Stalker's plan didn't go as well... as planned!

Douglas pulls himself up in the corner and Tyler muscles his way to his feet. The pair meet eyes from halfway across the ring. The crack necks rotate shoulders and all the other things that physically denote preparation for a collision.

DDK:

For the first time... since the match began... one-on-one competition in the middle of the ring!

Douglas charges toward Tyler.

Tyler charges toward Douglas.

Scott throws a wide lariat. Tyler ducks and continues toward the turnbuckle.

Tyler scales the buckle, effortlessly as Douglas turns on a dime.

Tyler leaps with no line of sight.

DDK:

Moonsault!

Douglas ducks and heads toward the turnbuckle to avoid the collision.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse lands on his FEET!?

Fuse secures his footing before he rushes toward Douglas' turned back.

Douglas uses the turnbuckle to throw his legs up as Tyler runs in, reverse leapfrogging Fuse. Tyler's chest meets the turnbuckle as Douglas plants his feet. Tyler turns around ...

DDK:

SUPERKICK!

OHHHHHHH!

Lance:

He got ALL of that one!!

Tyler falls back against the turnbuckle, bouncing off and crashing to the mat just outside of the corner. Douglas looks out to the raucously loud Faithful in attendance.

DDK:

In an amazing turn of events... this could be it! If I were a betting man, there is a Sub Pop Suplex in Tyler Fuse's future!

Douglas exhales deeply as it's clear he's made a decision. He steps over Tyler Fuse and takes to the top rope.

DDK:

Well, this is unexpected!

Douglas steps out the apron and pulls himself to the top turnbuckle before steadying himself.

Lance:

Shades of MDK ... Midorikawa ... this could be ...

Douglas leaps ...

DDK:

FREMONT PLUNGE!

The beaten and battered Douglas rotates in mid-air before landing square on Tyler Fuse with the Shooting Star Press.

DDK:

Brian Slater in position!

ONE!

Douglas hooks the leg.

TWO!

He pulls it in tighter.

THREEEE!!

The arena erupts.

DING DING DING

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner... "Sub Pop" Scott DOOOOOUGLASSS!!

Darren and Lance, nearly have to yell over the music combined with the deafening Faithful.

DDK:

Douglas does it! He has gotten revenge on Tyler Fuse once and for all!

Lance:

Stalker, too. In some way or another, Douglas claims a victory over Jason Reeves, as well!

There is nothing left in either man as Scott's theme song plays on the PA. Referee Brian Slater helps move Douglas away from Tyler. Some blood still trickles from the former SOHER's forehead. Meanwhile, Tyler lays motionless in the black bottoms of the Reaper Red suit.

DDK:

I don't want to say the war is over. Not with these sociopathic bullies likely to go nowhere. But a split in mentality regarding Tyler and Stalker, sure did even the odds and it will be very interesting where things go next.

Lance:

Scott lives to see another day, Darren. And sometimes, that's all you can ask for. I have to imagine Kerry Kuroyama is watching from back in Seattle and is more than proud to call that man a friend! What a victory. What a fighting spirit!

The scene fades as Douglas starts coming to.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. POP CULTURE PHENOMS

DDK:

I am not really sure how to call our next match. It will be The Lucky 7s finally getting their hands on the PCPs after the last few weeks involving a budding Netflix movie called Tiger Queen produced by Pauly Shore, The Lucky Sevens turning down a separate movie, Max Luck getting attacked at the knee like Tanya Harding and Mason Luck being cheated out of a match by Flex Kruger so PCP could choose this stipulation. Did I lose you Lance?

Lance:

I've done my homework and followed closely. The Lucky Sevens have been wanting to better themselves by taking on the best of the best and there's few teams better than Pop Culture Phenoms no matter what we think. They made it personal though by attacking Max and now The Lucky Sevens want a fight tonight. They'll give the PCPs a fight!

DDK:

In a straight wrestling match they have a lot of size on The D and Elise Ares but we aren't even sure of the stipulation of the match. I don't even think the Lucky Sevens are sure. They have just been told to meet the Pop Culture and we've got a camera that is going to be there, and because of that I've been asked to read a statement.

Lance:

Oh boy.

DDK:

DEFIANCE is in no way responsible for the location, production, set pieces, nor did they have any financial involvement or approval for this match. This entire match was orchestrated and paid for by PCP Productions, Inc. without the written consent of DEFIANCE or their parent company, Favoured Saints Financial.

Lance:

That means?

DDK:

DEFIANCE does not want to be held accountable for whatever this is we're about to watch.

Lance:

And ... hey Darren I'm hearing in my headset now. I believe that is where we're going now with the Lucky Sevens going on location for this match.

The camera is now on a Nissan Titan and a Chevy Colorado pull up separately to an unknown location somewhere else in Louisiana. Out of the Titan, Mason Luck comes out wearing the famous "WINNING HAND!!!" shirt belonging to he and Max's grandfather, "Wild" Winston Shoot. He is dressed for a fight in that shirt and torn black jeans that look like they've seen better days.

Mason Luck:

Max! You see this place?

Max comes out of his own truck and he is ... well he is dressed in his regular wrestling gear and a Lucky Sevens hoodie.

Mason Luck:

And why are you dressed like that?

Max Luck:

Duh dude, it's a wrestling match.

Mason Luck points at what is in front of them.

Mason Luck:

In *there*?!

The camera turns and gets the first full visual of what appears to be an abandoned animal sanctuary. Mason face-palms.

Mason Luck:

Of course it's a damn sanctuary ... of course, it's a damn sanctuary! And of course you're dressed to *wrestle*!

Max Luck:

And why are you not, bro? It's a wrestling match!

Mason Luck:

In a damn animal sanctuary! There's no ring you idiot! It's gonna be a handicapped twenty on two Tiger ... something in a cell and they've probably got Flex and that guy with the box on his head waiting with bats somewhere to take out all of our knees.

Max points at the brace.

Max Luck:

Look don't worry about me. They're gonna pay for this ... even though you're not dressed to wrestle.

Mason Luck:

Oh my God, you're an idiot!

The two start bickering until they are interrupted by a DEFIANCE Wrestling official Mark Shields.

Mark Shields:

Hey! Mason! Max!

They stop fighting long enough to notice him standing there.

Mark Shields:

Hey, the match is through those gates. We will need to go. Your match is about to start.

Mason can't do anything but sigh.

Mason Luck:

Oh to hell with this. Max, let's go kick their ass.

Max Luck:

You don't have to tell me twice.

The giant twins follow the DEFIANCE official through the gates and keep walking past empty cages and animal pens before they come across a ring placed in the center of a big opening, surrounded by other cages. Max waits for Mason Luck to turn and face him.

Max Luck:

Ha-ha! I was right, you were wrong! Wrestling ring bitch!

Mason Luck just throws his hands in the air.

Mason Luck:

That's it. I'm out. Go get your own revenge. I don't want to be the Unified tag team champions with you *this* bad.

Mason is about to just leave his brother behind but they are interrupted by one big spotlight that shines on The D

standing on the top turnbuckle in an expedition safari inspired ring gear outfit He holds a microphone that plays over a badly echoing archaic announcement system.

The D:

Welcome back my friends to the show that never ends! We're so glad you could attend, come inside, come inside... (the D winks) Ladies. Gentleman. Failed Tigers. Failures watching at home. Twins of the same ages. Welcome to the Hollywood Hills EXOTIC Animal Sanctuary!

The Lucky Sevens share a confused look before Max yells out.

Max Luck:

BUT WE'RE NOWHERE NEAR HOLLYWO...

The D:

THE D IS SPITTING HOT FIRE. Please, do not come inside unless the D...

The D hops off the turnbuckle into the ring as the spotlight follows him.

The D:

... does first. At this time, I'd like to introduce to you the star of this production. She is the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in the history of DEFIANCE. She is the QUEEN of Sports Entertainment Style. She is a three time Razzie Award Winning Actress... She is your TIGER QUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN. ELISEEEEEEEEEEE AREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

The spotlight moves to the top of the enclosure, where wrapped in vines Cirque Du Soleil style, Elise Ares begins to descend down towards the ring. Wearing a pair of mirrored aviator style glasses and her dark brown hair dyed blonde at the tips, she lands gently in the center of the ring. A dirty black leather jacket covers tiger inspired ring gear of orange with black stripes with combat style wrestling boots. The jacket drops to the canvas, where The D kicks it out of the ring, and The Tiger Queen is showcased in all her glory.

Mason Luck:

How did they do that?

Max Luck:

I'd guess highly trained, union represented labor practices.

Elise Ares:

WELCOME to my own little town. I'm the queen, the prosecutor, the cop, and the executioner.

The D begins to applaud dramatically as Elise Ares smirks before throwing her sunglasses somewhere into the "jungle." Both of the twins are looking at the structure ahead of them. Chained to each of the corners of the ring are Klein, Flex Kruger, O-Face and for some reason, "Bantam" Ryan Batts. They are all painted in the face like tigers. Ryan definitely doesn't want to be there.

Max Luck:

The little guy is Oscar Burns's friend isn't he?

The camera cuts over to Ryan Batts.

Ryan Batts:

...I just wanted to be on this Pay-Per-View! They said I would wrestle!

Elise Ares:

Yes, with your ego Ryan! There are no small parts. (to the Lucks) He's one of our tigers!

The D:

And you two are going to be our bitches!

Mason Luck finally turns around with that b word being his trigger word. He turns back and points at the ring. The D is just mouthing off mic about how awesome his comeback was.

Mason Luck:

You want to know where you idiots messed up? When you pissed off two seven foot giants!

The D and Elise still don't look at all scared and in fact they are still open to the challenge even though they give up a considerable amount of weight and height.

Mason stomps past his brother.

Max Luck:

Bro I was wrong. This is gonna be a *fight*!

Mason looks to his brother and the twins bump elbows. They head into the caged area with the ring front and center.

DDK:

Mark Shields is about to call this match and I will try my best to recap. Flex Kruger, Klein, O-Face and I guess Ryan Batts are all going to be at ring side. They are going to be serving as lumberjacks or tiger jacks? They can attack any participant that gets too close to them. This match will be won by pinfall or submission.

Lance:

I ... wow this is a first. A lot of firsts I think!

Mark Shields closes the structure and when the brothers take their place on the ring he calls for a bell. But there is no time keeper so he just yells.

Mark Shields:

Oh uh ... ding ding ding!

The match is now official and Max and Mason start shedding their hoodies and t-shirts, but that gives Elise and The D a small opening that they try and exploit by going for stereo drop kicks on the knee of Max Luck! The voiceovers of DDK and Lance Warner are now heard throughout the match.

DDK:

Wow! Nobody can say that the PCP's don't know how to exploit an opening!

Mason springs into action, grabs Elise and biels her across the ring to save his brother. Elise heads out from the ring and while that is going on, Max grabs The D (put your own jokes here) and pushes him back. He gets pushed right back into Mason who catches him and then dumps him up and over using a release side suplex.

Lance:

The PCP's went after Max's leg which is going to be a big target for them but I think they got a little ahead of themselves here.

DDK:

Mason has had more than his fill of the Pop Culture Phenoms and their shenanigans.

Mason and Max both grab The D (more jokes) now and they each take an arm. The D is thrown into a corner where Mason levels him using a splash. Mason holds onto The D (okay that's enough) and then he is sent right into a big boot from Max Luck!

DDK:

Big moves right away from the twins! And look at what Max Luck is doing!

The D gets kicked and then dropped using a big slam in the ring. The more athletic of the Lucks takes off using the ropes and then drives his signature running jumping elbow drop called the Box Cars Elbow into his chest!

Lance:

I hope Hollywood has good insurance.

DDK:

I've heard it's a racket!

After that move, the twins don't care if there is a crowd because they both put up the Winning Hand and let out roars to show off in front of their opponents. Elise pops her head out from under the ring.

Elise Ares:

Where was that kind of commitment before when we wanted you idiots as tigers?!

But by yelling that out loud, both Mason and Max see where she is hiding over by Klein who paces back and forth like a feline predator.

Elise Ares:

I mean... rrrroooooaarrrr?

Mason Luck:

Get her.

The two twins are now quickly stepping over the ropes. Elise is making a mad dash down and past Klein while Mason goes after her. Klein stops Max and the two men are left exchanging punches on the outside..

Lance:

A large man is brawling with a less tall man dressed as a tiger?

DDK:

Hey I'm paid well to call the action no matter how bizarre. Max and Klein! Klein and Max! They are going at it like there's no tomorrow!

Elise slides into the ring and Mason is on the ring apron going after her. She uses the near corner and hits a drop kick off that to catch Mason upside his head. He is left stumbling just long enough so Elise can nudge The D outside of the ring where he appears to have something in his hand that neither twin sees.

Max gets the advantage while battling back against Klein and lands a head butt. He throws Klein into the ring post and then goes inside. Elise is on the back of Mason and is trying to claw his eyes out with her nails but Max comes around long enough to grab her and toss her back to the mat. Mason makes sure both of his eyes are still working.

Mason Luck:

I didn't need your help bro, I had her.

Max Luck:

She was about to claw your eyes out like all of these tiger ... dressed people. You know, do they have any real tigers here?

Mason motions over to Elise and she doesn't look happy with where she's at right now. Both twins have the same idea but The D is back from out of nowhere using a springboard drop kick on the braced knee of Max Luck!

DDK:

The twins took their eyes off the ball and that's what happens!

Lance:

Hey! Wait!

Mason goes over to help his brother but he is stopped from a weapon shot to the back courtesy of Flex Kruger!

DDK:

Where did Flex come from? He's beating down Mason with that ... that looks like some sort of animal bone?

Lance:

It stopped Mason that's for sure!

The animal bone prop is thick enough that it has brought Mason to his knees in pain. Flex takes the chain that is still leashed around him, but the rest is loose and starts strangling Mason with it. Max is now trying to get to his brother and pushes past Elise again but The D stops Max with another super kick at the knee. Both Elise and the D start a super kick party of their own and Max is now flat on his back. The D holds out a hand and twirls what looks like a set of keys.

DDK:

Of course they are up to no good! The D went out there and unlocked the chains holding Flex Kruger! Now its a three on two in that ring. He's the director of this after all.

Lance:

That is the M.O. of the Pop Culture Phenoms! They have talent but they'd just as easily get by on the numbers and deceit.

The D throws the keys to O-Face on the outside of the ring. Max is trying to get up again and save his brother but Flex Kruger runs and kicks him in the face. He stays down so that The D can start to climb to the top rope. He poses for the crowd of three people (and Ryan Batts who is booing) and then flies off so he can hit The B Movie!

DDK:

The D can get air with the best of them! He hits his frog splash!

Mark Shields can finally do something and count a pinfall!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max shoots up and he pushes The D off of him but when he does that both Elise and Flex Kruger continue to attack him. Mason is starting to get up too but he gets a move that The D calls Da Dick Punch Ah! And that is enough to stop even a giant!

DDK:

And now Flex heads over and he shoves him out of the ring where Klein is waiting!

Lance:

And look what else The D has!

He takes out a pair of handcuffs and hands them over to Klein, who puts one end around Mason's arm and another around the bottom rope near his corner!

DDK:

No! Mason is handcuffed to the rope and Klein has him restrained! Max is all alone now!

Klein is working over Mason Luck using punches on the ground and he is making sure he stays put so the rest of the group has free reign to work over Max Luck and his braced knee. O-Face is twirling the keys around and she is enjoying the show and Ryan Batts is just watching on at the zaniness in front of him.

Lance:

The Phenoms are now controlling this match.

DDK:

They are. They have Max in the corner.

Flex is holding Max in the corner to give The D and Elise the chance to use what they call the BLACKLIST!

DDK:

More stomps from The Phenoms and Flex is getting in there too! Klein still has Mason down on the floor!

Max tries to free himself from Flex's boot, but he keeps stomping. Now The D and Elise are both stepping on Max's chest in the corner and posing for photo ops. The Tiger Queen is basking in a crowd that isn't there and The D is happy that his creative genius is not going ignored as Hollywood's next budding director.

And if you believe that, there is some nice ocean front property in Arizona that DEFIANCE Wrestling will sell you.

DDK:

Now we can see Flex going after Max's knee! That attack in our parking lot from the PCP's has really put a hamper on their chances here tonight.

Lance:

Flex dropping those big elbows! He is a true power house and no wonder Elise and The D have him on their payroll.

Flex twists and holds the knee of Max and while that is going on, Elise Ares starts to go up top but nearby is one of the tree props that are stationed around the ring to give the appearance of a jungle.

DDK:

Oh what is she doing now?

Lance::

Your guess is as good as mine at this point Darren!

Elise is a bit over the ring now and then takes another second to bask from applause by The D and from The O-Face and Klein ... while Klein has his boot still pressed into Mason's neck.

DDK:

She's going up from I think over ten maybe twelve feet in the air!

And she comes off of the structure using a senton bomb on Max Luck!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watching from the arena can't help but do anything other than cheer for the crazy stunt! The D piles right on top of Max after Elise hits her move and they hope this will put an end to the giants.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max still has the wind knocked out of him but he still kicks out.

DDK:

How the heck is Max taking this much punishment and surviving?

Max kicks out, but then Flex decides to kick away at his knee again. Max is trying to fend off their power house but Flex is all over him and so is The D. He turns to Flex and tells him to help stand Max up. He tries picking the giant up but Max is still got some fight in him while a restrained Mason Luck is rooting for his brother. Klein tries to punch him again, but Mason finally blocks a shot and back-elbows Klein in the mouth.

DDK:

Mason now trying to root for his brother, but he is still handcuffed to the bottom rope. He can't get into the ring.

Mason faces Ryan Batts at the other end of the corner but he shrugs because he can't help out. He growls and tries pulling the handcuff while Flex is now holding Max's knee in a corner of the ring. That knee is left exposed for The D to run at him and land a missile drop kick to it!

Lance:

Good double team moves by the PCP's but not what Max wants!

Mason continues trying to pull his way out of the handcuff and Elise has finally started to shake off her ridiculous stunt so she can join in on the attack. Flex runs into the corner and hits a big spear right into Max's chest. Then Flex and The D throw Max on the mat so that way she can get back up and try something.

Mason Luck:

Ahh! Damn it!

DDK:

Uh oh! The D and Flex Kruger have Max on the ground and Elise is going up to the top rope again. She might be going for that double top rope curb stomp she likes to call Extreme Make Over!

Max Luck tries to save himself but Flex is now using his chain to keep him trapped on the ground. Mason sees his brother.

Lance:

Look at Mason! I think he's pissed now!

Mason pulls!

He pulls!

He pulls one more time!

But Klein stops him from trying to pull his way out with an axe handle to his back.

DDK:

Klein recovers and stops Mason

Lance::

Or did he? Mason is now left seeing red and turns around to catch Klein using another back-elbow. Mason lets out a roar that The D probably wishes he would have done when they were originally starting this entire Tiger Queen mess ...

And the handcuffs break!

DDK:

Oh boy!

That distraction catches everybody but Max who uses his free leg to kick Flex in the face. The D gets pushed into the ropes by Max and that causes Elise to lose her balance and fall off the ropes!

Lance:

And that unwanted distraction by Mason Luck just might have saved his brother!

Mason is in the ring and now he and Flex are left trading shots. Mason throws right hands and then hits Flex with three knees to his chest. Flex is tossed into the ropes and when he comes back he is met with a running high knee. The D tries to grab Mason by his leg and stop him from whatever he has planned next but is nailed with a coconut crush.

DDK:

This is not where the PCP's want to be!

Max and Mason meet in the center of the ring where they have Flex Kruger and The D where they want them. Mason grabs Flex and Max grabs The D. The Faithful watching in attendance from the arena cheer!

DDK:

The Winning Hand times two! Winning Hands for both Flex and The D!

Both iron claw submissions are on tight! Mason is pushing Flex into a corner and has it clamped on while Max has The D up and drives him down with the Winning Hand Slam! Max is now pinning The D to the canvas!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens might pull this out!

One ...

Two ...

But Elise Ares makes one heck of a save using The Extreme Makeover on Max!

Mason gets too close to the ropes and Klein grabs him by the leg to try and pull him out of the ring again!

DDK:

They break it up and Klein has Mason on the floor of this structure! Look at the Tiger Queen though!

Max is still laid out in the middle of the ring, and she tries like heck to get Max onto his back after hitting her finisher but he's too big and she's too small. She goes over and wakes The D up then gestures to try and pin the fallen Luck.

Lance:

That's precious seconds right there!

Elise Ares shouts out a "Que Tal Aso!" and The O-Face claps from ringside. The D and Elise both try a dog pile on the big Max Luck.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max fights his way out and shoves them both off. He's still on his knees and The D and Elise decide to go for their own finish. They both go right for the Drive-By at the Roxy ...

DDK:

Oh no! Double Winning Hand! A double Winning Hand! He has Elise and The D!

Max has them both in the iron claw, one in each hand and he wants to fight! Flex tries to get back to them but Mason

fight his way free from Klein and boots him in the face to knock him down. Flex then tries taking the fight back to Max and strikes him in the back. He is looking for his Flex Plex but Mason breaks it up from behind.

DDK:

Winning Hand on Flex! And now Max has him in the back suplex! No Luck At All!

Lance::

I think this Tiger Queen movie is about to get shut down ... thankfully!

Flex gets disposed of after the brothers hit their double team finisher, then it's back to The D and Elise Ares, both trying to make a break for it. They both hurry towards The O-Face.

Ryan Batts:

She has the keys! She's got them!

The D and Elise both panic.

The D:

You'll never work in this town again you damn snitch!

Mason and Max see them and then head out of the ring. Mason reaches out and shoves The D out of the way before taking the keys from her!

Lance::

Oh no this is gonna be bad!

Elise starts going ballistic and rants to Max about how the two have ruined this production. He decides enough is enough and carries her over his shoulder!

DDK:

What are they doing?

Max limps his way to the corner that was occupied by Flex Kruger and then locks Elise on her side! She starts freaking out and screaming while the crowd is cheering for the Pop Culture Phenoms getting what is coming to them!

DDK:

The D is trying to fight Mason!

The D tries to throw another low blow and yells the name of his finisher, but Mason grabs his arm in between his own legs ... and then decks him right in the face! Klein is up and trying to help his buddy but he is still locked up. Flex is out on the outside of the ring and O-Face and Elise are restrained. Mason angrily throws The D back inside the ring with a press from the floor!

Lance::

The PCP's are split apart and now Mason and Max are in the ring. The D is all alone!

When The D looks up and now sees the seven foot twins, Mason growls. Max waves hello.

The D:

Um ... can I interest you in a story about twins that work real estate in Beverly Hills?

Max looks up at Mason.

Max Luck:

Dude, I love Selling Sunset! That's such a great show!

The D:

Really?

Max Luck starts to take off the muscle belt he and his brother wear.

Max Luck:

No!

And then he *slams* it across The D's back! The D is rolling around in pain!

DDK:

I think we could hear that all the way from here without viewing this!

Lance::

The brothers are done screwing around!

Mason picks The D up and then turns him over into the Deck Cutter!

DDK:

Deck Cutter! I think the D is done!

Elise Ares:

I'm the GODDAMN TIGER QUEEN! I'M A STAR! I'm the leading lady! I deserve to be on screen! LET ME OUT OF THIS THING RIGHT NOW!!!

Elise is still cursing the names of the Lucky Sevens! They wave at her and then they decide to take The D and then pick him up and then they take him out with No Luck At All!

Lance::

I think The Lucky Sevens just busted the PCP's!

DDK:

That's it! Max now pinning The D!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Max takes a second and makes sure he can still stand on his bad wheel then asks Mason to help him up. Max and Mason both hug it out and celebrate!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of this match ... The Lucky Sevens!!!!

DDK:

They have done it! The Phenoms have had the upper hand the last couple of weeks between attacking Max's leg and beating Mason to pick up this stipulation which won't be one anybody forgets any time soon.

Lance::

Despite all the dirty tricks that the PCP's have thrown in their way in this match between the keys, the cage, the hand cuffs ... there was nothing that was going to stop Mason and Max Luck from getting the win tonight after what they have been put through! This is easily the biggest wins of their tag team career!

Mason and Max take the keys and they free Ryan Batts from his chain.

Ryan Batts:

Thanks ... I just wanted a part in this pay per view!

Mason Luck:

No problem thanks for telling us where the damn keys were. Now let's get the hell out of here and never speak of this again.

Max Luck:

Agreed!

When they are about to leave Mason, Max and Ryan see Elise and she starts freaking out on them.

Elise Ares:

Please... please let me out of here. I can't handle this. I'm not meant to be a tiger, I'm a star. Don't make me stay locked up in here with them, I... uh... I can leave with you! If you set me free... I could set you free. Just listen to me, for a minute I promi...

Mason starts to hand her the key... and then he throws it outside of the structure.

Elise Ares:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I'M CALLING MY AGENT!!!!

The camera pans over to Klein, who tries telling Elise that he's right here, but is drowned out by the primal screams of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE.

Mason Luck:

Have one of these assholes pick it up when they wake up.

Mason, Max and Ryan all walk past the Tiger Queen who begins to ugly cry through screeching sobs. Then, they walk out of the structure for good.

DDK:

Wow I can't believe all of what we just saw. Thankfully this was out of the pockets of the PCP's and not DEFIANCE!

Lance::

What a waste of Netflix money. The Lucky Sevens have to be happy to be done with this nonsense!

ONE JOB TO DO

The broadcast changes to a locker room. Malak Garland stands on a platform, putting him slightly above his cohorts. It's time for his pre-match speech.

Malak Garland:

I've got to do more. I got one job to do, to carry us.

Cyrus nods in blind belief. Teresa smiles deviously. Malak looks beyond his partners as if talking to some ultimate but unseen spirit.

Malak Garland:

I'm going to need my teammates to help but I got to do more. I've got to take more moves, I've got to be more aggressive, I've got to help my teammates.

He thinks he can hear the crowd roaring in approval.

Malak Garland:

Like I said, I got to be more aggressive.

He fashions his hands to his hips defiantly.

Malak Garland:

Maybe we need to call some more moves. I don't know. That's another thing we got to fix going into this match. Like I said, I got to be assertive and aggressive and let the match come to me.

His eyes dart downwards at the only two people that have ever bought into what he sells.

Malak Garland:

I will carry us.

The broadcast transitions elsewhere.

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

DDK:

What a big match we have next, Lance. Many have called this the DEFIANCE Dream Match we didn't know about we wanted until we got it... but tonight, here at Acts of DEFIANCE, we're gonna get it! The former FIST of DEFIANCE and one of wrestling's more decorated stars, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy takes on the former two-time and one of the longest-reigning FIST holders, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

Lance:

I can't wait for this one! There are no championships on the line. There's no grudge to settle. Both of these proud athletes both want to eventually challenge again for the FIST of DEFIANCE, but only one of them can win tonight. And a win over the other could possibly earn that right.

DDK:

While Burns has fallen short recently when it comes to title matches, one thing he hasn't done is let that deter him from getting back to the top. He spent three months injured, then spent the following seven or eight going through his rivals, Kendrix and Scott Stevens respectively, to get back to the top for almost three hundred days in his second FIST run. Meanwhile, Lindsay Troy has spent several years away from DEFIANCE, but is a former Trios Champ and a former FIST. She's in the middle of working her way back to the top.

Lance:

Definitely. We know Burns wanted to put his hat in the ring to challenge Mikey again for the FIST, but Troy wasn't happy with being cheated out of the FIST herself at our last pay-per-view. When Troy made that clear, Burns laid out the challenge for tonight and it was accepted. Troy defeated Burns' protege, Ryan Batts, in a great main event on DEFtv 140, but we're finally here! I say let's get to the action, Darren, how about you?

DDK:

No argument from me! Darren Quimbey in the ring for the intros to this massive match!

And now to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first...

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds, he is "â€TWISTS AND TURNS"
OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out. Tonight, he wears a bright blue "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, but a brand new addition... pants-length wrestling tights! Gold and white tights with gold-hued wrestling shoes!

DDK:

And here comes Twists and Turns! Decked out in new colors for tonight's occasion!

Lance:

Arguably for the last couple years, Oscar Burns has been THE face of the company, a title that some have considered Lindsay Troy to hold during her last run here. Since 2016, aside from a brief break from competition, Burns has been the standard-bearer for both technical wrestling and an unwavering never-say-die attitude.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the

adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! He takes off the shirt and points to multiple sides of the arena to see who can garner the most noise before he then points to the one facing the hard cam for tonight's big show. He tosses it into the audience and then remains quietly in his corner, popping the bones in his neck as he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ

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

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage, hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts. Black, red, and gold are the primary colors in her attire for the evening and she sports a lightweight, functional brace on her right knee. After a few moments, she marches down the ramp, a confident smirk on her face, keeping her eyes locked on Burns.

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

If you want to look at standard-bearers, Lance, then we really need to look no further than Lindsay Troy. For close to 25 years, she's been the top woman athlete in this sport, is routinely in the conversation for one of the best *ever*, and is consistently adapting and redefining her fighting techniques. Burns may have the youth and weight advantage, but he won't have the experience one.

Lance:

That's a good point, Lance, and you and I both know how incredibly crafty the Queen is. Her ring awareness and game-planning are second-to-none. For the last month, we've heard how this match could steal the show, and I'm a believer of the hype!

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and she climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope, foregoing her usual hop-onto-the-apron, flip-herself-over-the-top-cable routine. She then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and turning to face Oscar Burns.

Burns glares at Troy. Then looks down at her knee brace. Troy smirks and lets out a sharp, piercing whistle.

Lindsay Troy:

Hey. Asshole. Eyes up here.

Oscar's eyes snap back up and he chuckles.

Oscar Burns:

Can't blame a guy for looking.

They both wait, pensively, for the bell to ring.

DDK:

Lindsay caught Oscar making a mental note of her additional hardware tonight, Lance. She's recovering from a knee injury suffered outside DEFIANCE but is cleared to compete tonight.

Lance:

Well, I doubt that was going to stop her anyway, you know? This is their first time ever facing each other in any way,

shape or form. You'd probably have to cut off one or both of her legs to prevent her from being here tonight.

DDK

No doubt.

Lance:

How do you see this going down from your experience calling these matches?

DDK:

It's hard to say. We know Burns is an accomplished mat technician and he's tapped out or pinned some of DEFIANCE's biggest names. He ended the year-long reign of Cayle Murray. He tapped out Kendrix to win the FIST the second time. He defeated his hated rival, Scott Stevens, in a Texas Deathmatch. He's primarily mat-based, but he can adapt. Troy has worked around the world and is adept at many styles. She can brawl, she can fly, she has an MMA background. I can safely say it's advantage Burns on the mat, but we'll have to see where the match leads.

Burns and Troy both inch towards the center of the ring with Benny Doyle in the middle. He calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Neither move for the moment and carefully circle up, not wanting to make a mistake. Then a chant erupts.

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

Burnsie smiles. Troy does not, but the two have both been doing this long enough to shut the crowd out. The two start to lock up carefully and Burns starts to go low for a Single-Leg on the right, but Troy backs up. She tries to give him a leg in the form of a big Muay Thai-style kick when Burns backs up. The crowd lets out a "OOOOHHH!" as Burns shakes his head with a smile, telling her it's not going to be that easy.

DDK:

Troy telling Burns with that strike she won't be caught easily in his game.

Lance:

And I believe that!

The two lock up a second time with Burns taking an arm. Troy twists around, rolls forward, then back to her feet and then flips it around to one of her own... but then Burns goes behind and then takes her down quicker than she expects with a huge waistlock takedown. Burns switches it up and then Troy scurries to try and get to the ropes while Burns still has his grip tightened. He pulls her away and then she tries to get up again when the stronger Kiwi picks her up and muscles her down with another takedown.

DDK:

Exactly what I was saying earlier. On the mat, I'd say that's the best place that Burns is going to find success.

The Joint Chief of the Joint Locks then has a Bodyscissors on and then tries to secure a Crossface Chickenwing of some sort, but Troy rolls through before he can keep it locked and then grabs onto the bottom rope. Burns shows the respect he shows most others and lets go at the count of one.

Lance:

Burns almost caught her there, but Troy isn't going to let up. She's been doing this long enough to know where she is at all times.

The crowd applauds the efforts of Burns and Troy, but Lindsay Troy isn't feeling it on account of Oscar almost taking

it. The two lock up again and that's when Troy sneaks back and has him in a Schoolboy..

ONE...

... but Burns grabs the arm, kicks her back and then tries to lock on a Cross Armbar!

DDK:

Goodness! He's taking any opening he can for a flash submission!

Lance:

Remember shortly after Maximum DEFIANCE, that's how he beat Cristiano Caballero, but with all respect due, he isn't Lindsay Troy!

Troy locks the arms and then maneuvers herself into a cover on Burns.

ONE!

TW... NO!

Burns lets go of the arm and kicks her away. Both get back on their feet, but when Troy charges at Burnsie first, he ducks down... and she quickly adjusts with a Double Foot Stomp on his back! Burnsie howls in pain when Troy quickly moves over and tries to cover.

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Good counter right there! Troy keeping Burns on his toes now!

When Burns tries to get up, she has a headlock on tight. Burns backs up into the ropes and tries to launch her off, but Troy ducks low to keep herself attached. Her tenacity is quickly challenged by Burns' power advantage as he quickly pulls up and then tries to take her over... but she rolls forward and the headlock is still on tight!

DDK:

Tit for tat right now. Somewhere, Angus is making a classless joke under his breath.

Lance:

I'll just say that I agree with you! Troy is showing Burns she's no slouch.

When The High Queen DEFIANT has the lock on, Burns finally gets back up and then he tries a Belly to Back Suplex, she flips out and lands behind him. But when he turns and Troy tries to strike, Burns ducks another high kick. He quickly maneuvers himself by Troy and then snaps her with a Gutwrench into a Suplex! Burns hangs on and the crowd starts to applaud again when he's back on his feet without missing a beat, still holding the Queen. Another Gutwrench Suplex follows! Another roll. Another Gutwrench Suplex right into a lateral press!

DDK:

Wow! Just like that, back with the advantage and the cover follows!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

He gets the two-count, but he doesn't seem too bothered. He came in expecting this to be anything but easy.

Lance:

Burns staying calm, cool and collected. He's gone into his last two big matches in emotional wringers with Mikey Unlikely and Gage Blackwood for the FIST and SoHer titles respectively. He's probably remembering that and trying to keep himself in check here.

DDK:

Definitely easier when it's a battle to see who's better, plain and simple. Now Burns trying to follow up.

The Technical Spectacle goes over to get back to Troy on his feet and then tries another suplex, this time in the form of a German, but when he tries to lift her up, she rolls forward. She doesn't go into a cove, but when she does get back to her feet, she catches Burns with another big stomp, this time to the chest!

DDK:

Ouch! Another big Double Foot Stomp variation by Troy! Good counter to save herself!

Burns is holding onto his chest in pain and then tries rolling over, but Troy is already off the ropes and comes back using a Front Flip Leg Drop to the back of Burnsie's head! He's hurt now when Troy goes over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Burns with the shoulder and now his head his throbbing. Burns tries to get up, but when he's on his knees, Troy lands a STIFF Shoot Kick to his chest! Burns coughs from the impact and it gets worse when the second one connects. The wind gets knocked out of the Technical Spectacle when she goes for broke again.

DDK:

You can hear those kicks! What shots!

Lance:

Troy tries a third... No... NO!

Burns catches the third kick, grins, then SNAPS her over with a huge Dragon Screw! Troy goes down hard and now that Burns has the advantage, he catches his breath, but doesn't release the leg. He stands up, twists around, and then drops down after a Spinning Toe Hold, going right into a tight Leg Lock!

DDK:

Great moves by Burnsie! He's got that leg worked over and if it's compromised in any way, those kicks and the high flying aspect of her arsenal are going to be that much harder to do.

Burns holds the legs and then has her in a modified Cross Leg submission, crossing one over the other and pulling back. Troy howls in pain while The Technical Spectacle holds on for dear life. He holds the leg on tightly and then continues pulling back while Troy tries to fight her way out.

Lance:

She's trying to turn back and alleviate the pressure, but I think Burns is too strong.

He continues pulling back on the leg and then tries to switch the submission up for something else, but when he tries, Troy sees an opening and then grabs him by the neck. Burns tries to roll backwards to get out of it, but Troy doesn't let him escape and then stays on his back with a Sleeper Hold! Burns tries frantically to shake the High Queen DEFIANT off and when he tries to grab the leg again, Troy moves away and back on her feet. The Team Graps Cap turns around when Troy catches him low with a Sole Kick using her good leg, then catches him with a Rolling Elbow!

DDK:

Stiff shot from Troy!

And then she hits another! Two blows rocks Burns and send him flipping through the ropes. While Burns lands on the ring apron, The Queen takes a moment to shake out the pain from her right leg. When she makes sure that she's okay, she runs forward and catches Burns with a high-speed Baseball Slide Dropkick, sending him off the apron and out to the floor! Troy takes a moment to catch her breath while The Team Graps Cap is on the floor, trying to figure out what hit him.

DDK:

Burns tried to switch things up, but that experience of Troy definitely helped in giving her the - pun not intended - leg up there.

Lance:

And now what's she doing?

Troy checks her leg again. She then waits for Burns to get back to his feet and when he's about to do so, she takes flight and unleashes a huge Corkscrew Plancha, taking him out in the process!

DDK:

Way to turn things around right there!

The crowd are firmly behind Troy for the moment and enjoying the action when she pulls Burns up by his hair and then helps him slowly back into the ring. When Burns is back inside, he is groggy as all get-out from getting kicked in the head. Which makes the next thing even less fun.

DDK:

And what does Troy have in mind? She's going up top and Burns has no idea?

Lance:

Troy up top now...

And she comes flying off, nailing a huge Front Flip Neckbreaker off the top rope! Burns gets planted into the mat and Troy takes a second to favor her knee. She then rolls over and hooks both legs this time!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Burns kicks out, but Troy seems to be picking out that neck as a target. Smart strategy. She uses a Koji Clutch variation called The Divine Right that she's won many matches with.

Lance:

Definitely smart! If Burns' neck is hurt in any way, that's going to be harder for some of these moves he can do. Bridges will be harder and she can dictate her own pace.

Troy goes back up and then pelts Oscar with another kick to back, then one to the chest. She tries to pull him up by the arms, but as much pain as he's in, he fights back and sends her into the ropes. He tries to use a Dropkick, but Troy hangs onto the ropes and Burns hits the canvas. She then rolls over into a modified Crucifix with a Neck Lock!

DDK:

Good lord, that looks painful! That modified Crucifix submission now has Burns trapped! He's definitely getting a taste of his own medicine right now!

Lance:

Burns better find a way out of this! He better hope he knows a counter for it!

Troy wrenches back on the hold and pays special attention to making sure pressure is applied on the Kiwi's neck. He tries to twist and turn (ba-dum-tiss) his way free, but Troy has it on him tightly. The Team Graps Cap has the pressure put on him in a bad way and he tries to fight his way out by moving his neck out. But when he tries...

DDK:

No! Troy with the Crucifix Pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

He powers out, but when Burns tries making it back to his feet again, she stops him cold with another Thrust Kick aimed at his stomach to double him over, then uses another kick to knock him in the chest. Troy then hits the ropes... but doesn't expect what she gets when she comes back...

DDK:

WHAT THE... DID BURNS JUST USE A HURRICANRANA!

Lance:

I believe he did!

The crowd pops when Burns leaves his feet and snaps The Lady of the Hour over with a move that would be more her forte! In a daze, she tries returning to her feet quickly only for Burns to grab the leg again and then SNAP it over with a huge Dragon Screw! Troy goes stumbling over and now Burns is finally back on his feet. He grabs Troy around the waist and then catches her with a huge Bridging German Suplex...

ONE!

TWO...NO!

Troy kicks out and Burns falls to the side of the bridge because of his neck!

DDK:

Uh-oh! Those constant attacks on Burns' neck didn't let him hold the bridge as much as he wanted!

Burns takes a second to cradle his neck and then goes back to Troy. He grabs the leg again and she tries to fight him off with a pair of kicks frantically to avoid whatever he plans on going for next. The Technical Spectacle backs off and Troy fights back to her feet. She fights back with a pair of hard Forearms that send him back. Burns grins and then fires back with an extra STIFF European Uppercut that rattles Troy on her feet. He fires a big second one and rocks her long enough to grab the leg and lift her up...

DDK:

Shinbreaker! No! Burns hangs on!

After hitting the knee again with a big Shinbreaker, he lifts her up again...

DDK:

BACKCRACKAMAJIG! Did you see the way Troy almost got broken in half?!

Lance:

That Belly to Back version of a Backbreaker will do some damage and definitely let him get to where he needs to go

with his submission work!

The crowd cringes from the impact of one of Burns' signature maneuvers! He kneels over and hooks the leg of Troy... the right leg he's been working, to be precise.

ONE!

TWO!

NO... STF!

DDK:

Burns hung onto that particular leg in case Troy kicked out and now he's got her! STF submission in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

That is just downright great strategy from Burns! Troy's had a target on that leg and Burns has taken any chance he can to target the knee and it's paying off!

The larger Burns has the hold locked in tightly, center of the ring and now Troy cries out in pain as she tries to gut it out and look for the nearest ropes! Burns keeps the pressure on working the leg while pulling back on the Facelock portion!

DDK:

Benny Doyle right there to check on Troy to see if she wants to give up!

And he does just that.

Benny Doyle:

Lindsay! Lindsay, do you give up?

She lets out a loud "No!" and then tries climbing for the ropes. She gets a little closer and a little closer...

DDK:

Wow! She's pulling her way towards! Burns... No!

Burns doesn't take a chance and lets go momentarily to grab the leg and pull her back. He turns her over and tries something else... But gets caught by both legs and rolled sideways into a roll-up pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Troy's leg is compromised and she can't hold all of it, allowing Burns to kick out. The Kiwi gets back and tries again to set her up for an Uppercut, but Troy sidesteps and then counters into a Backslide pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Troy trying to catch Burns with those roll-ups, but he's not having it!

Burns wiggles out and then rolls back to his feet when Troy tries again to land an Inside Cradle... BUT... Burns hangs on! He tries to pull her up in a Vertical Suplex, but Troy slides up and around carefully. Her leg slightly gives her trouble, but Burns shifts around and tries to get at the bad leg again, but she's a bit faster and THWACKS him a good one with the Queen's Gambit!

Lance:

Wow, that was vicious!

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring had to fight hard for that opening, but she finally manages to land a good shot and now both Burns and Troy are down!

Both are indeed down and despite nailing the Double Knee Strike, Troy is too injured to follow up! Benny Doyle checks on her knee to make sure that she can still continue and she tells him she can. On the other side of the ring, Burns had his bell rung from the earlier kick and now tries to stand up again, but he's still reeling.

Lance:

What a shot that was from Lindsay Troy! These two are not giving the other an inch! Troy has him beat in the striking game, but Burns has controlled the mat!

DDK:

It's true and when you think one can hold the advantage for a specific length of time, the other one takes it right back!

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

"LET'S GO, BURNSIE!"

"LET'S GO, TROY!"

DDK:

What a fight this has been so far! But Troy's gotta do something to pick up the pace. That may be her best chance to win!

Lance:

She's definitely going to try!

Burns is trying to pick himself up while right in front of him, Troy is using the ropes to get herself back to her feet. When she finally makes it up first, she goes right at Burns and unleashes a barrage of forearms to try and get him off his game. Burns shoves her away after feeling another one, but she comes right back with a huge chop to the chest, then another and then another.

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks reels back when Troy sends him to the ropes for a whip. Burns puts the brakes on and then sends her going to the ropes. She comes back and Burns tries a big slam, but Troy spins around and then CRACKS Burns again with an Overhead Kick that sends him stumbling to the ropes. He isn't off his feet, but he's hanging on the ropes barely as Troy gets back up. When he comes running again, Troy kicks his legs out from under him with a Soccer Kick to the left shin!

DDK:

Penalty Kick to the leg! OUCH! Then a Penalty Kick to the chest!

Burns crumbles in a heap after a big kick to the chest, then Troy stacks him up for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Twists and Turns flops over onto his stomach after kicking out, but Troy sees her chance for something big!

Lance:

Troy has him where she wants him, but that leg still slowing her down!

She is still hobbling, but she fights back when she tries to pick Burns up. Whatever she is trying looks like a Reverse STO, but Burns wiggles his way free and shoves her back to the corner. Burns rushes in and nails a huge Corner Elbow Smash that rocks the Queen. Burnsie runs off the other side of the ring and then comes back with a huge Running European Uppercut!

DDK:

Now Burnsie back on the offensive!

He throws her out of the corner and then points to the crowd! They know what's coming next and The Faithful start getting to their feet.

DDK:

Here we go! I think this big move is coming up next! I think he's thinking Sweet As Knee Drop!

He heads to the top rope while Troy is still downed. Burns starts heading between the middle and top when he lets out his signature cry for the crowd...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET A....

DDK:

NO! TROY IS UP! TROY IS UP!

The one time Burns takes his eye off the ball like that to play for the crowd, Lindsay Troy runs up and catches Burns with a big Forearm!

Lance:

What's she doing? What's she thinking?!

DDK:

She's got Burns...

TOP ROPE SPANISH FLY!

And the Faithful are now going crazy!

"HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!"

The crowd is on their feet, but the move has taken a significant toll on Troy as well as she can't follow up immediately!

DDK:

I think Troy made that move thinking the risk was going to be worth the reward, but I'm not so sure! That braced knee has taken a huge amount of punishment and that big move from the top rope could only do more!

Lance:

I think you're right! Troy is trying to crawl over! Look!

Troy does just that and then tries to make it over to Burnsie... then finally lays across his chest and hooks the far leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Burns throws the arm up off the mat and Troy can't believe it!

DDK:

How the hell did he kick out? That Sweet As Knee Drop failed him and now he almost lost, but he's not going quietly.

Lance:

Oscar Burns never does, Darren!

Troy seethes and then decides to try for something else. She has Burns by two handfuls of hair and then tries to get him up, but he stops her cold with a knee to the gut. He wants something else, but Troy quickly fights back with a Reverse STO...

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT! DIVINE RIGHT! BURNS IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! TROY HAS WON CHAMPIONSHIPS WITH THIS VERY SUBMISSION!

The Koji Clutch is locked on tightly now and it's now Burns' time to be in peril of a tapout!

Lance:

I normally wouldn't question Burns where stamina is concerned, but that Top Rope Spanish Fly definitely has to have taken something out of him!

DDK:

You might be right! And this hold, this late into the match! Burns might have to tap out!

The Queen of the Ring continues to crank on the intricate choke while Oscar is fighting for dear life not to tap out! Benny Doyle now has to get close to check on Oscar to see if Twists and Turns is going to tap out.

Benny Doyle:

Oscar, do you give up?!

Burns shakes his head no! But Troy cranks on the hold even more and Burns is fighting like hell to break free from a hold that has been very good to the Lady of the Hour in her career... but he keeps fighting!

Lance:

Goodness! Burns fighting for the ropes now!

DDK:

He's muscling Troy toward the corner! Less nuanced of a counter than we've seen Burns do, but it's probably all he can do!

He inches closer with Troy clamping down...

Closer...

And gets there with his feet!

His left foot barely drapes over the ropes and the Faithful look on in shock as he has to drop the hold! She does hold on for the couple of extra seconds, then lets go as Burns remains slumped over on the mat.

DDK:

That might have been Burnsie's last gas right there! Between the Top Rope Spanish Fly and Divine Right, I don't know what he has left.

Lance:

It had to have taken a lot!

Troy measures him up now and though her leg is still throbbing in pain, she's riding the adrenaline and waiting for Burns to get back up. She tries catching him with a big Roundhouse Kick, but he ducks! Burns then grabs her by the waist... no...

DDK:

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! BURNS SURPRISES HER WITH THE RELEASE DRAGON SUPLEX!

Burns sends her stumbling back and when she pops back up after the impact...

THWACK!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! AND NOW HE'S RIGHT INTO THE COVER ON TROY!

Sure enough, he collapses right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Both have collapsed and the crowd can't believe what's happening next, but Burns finds himself a second wind and slowly... SLOWLY inches himself upward. He slashes a thumb and then picks Troy up before DROPPING her hard with a huge Exploder Suplex into a Powerslam!

DDK:

That's a new one from Burns! Is that going to be enough?!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO

DDK:

How do either have fight left in them at this point? And the proverbial reservoirs of their respective arsenals are DEEP. We haven't seen everything that they can do yet.

Lance:

And what's next for Burns? What's he trying for?

Even though she's kicked out of two big moves, Burns still maintains his determination. He stands up and reaches over Troy, but her legs come back up and roll the Technical Spectacle into a grounded version of a Casadora pin!

DDK:

TROY CATCHES HIM! COVER! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

But before the third hand comes down, Burns shifts his body weight backwards so he's on top!

Lance:

No, no! NO! Burns leans back!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Troy BARELY powers out and Burns can't believe it, but when he tries to go for the leg again, Troy CLIPS him with a quick and harsh Palm Strike to the head, stunning him! She follows with another NASTY kick, catching him to the face!

Lance:

What a shot!

DDK:

Troy has him on the back foot! Now what?

He stumbles over but when Troy grabs an arm and starts looking for a Pentagram-style Choke...

DDK:

SACER EST--NO, NO, NO! Burns throws her forward! He's got the arms and his feet on her shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

Troy has her shoulders pinned while Burns has the arms. She instinctively moves her legs up to try and get out, but he TRAPS the legs with his own to complete his signature European Clutch!

DDK:

FRUIT ROLL-UP! FRUIT ROLL-UP!

Troy frantically fights, but the leg has been beaten to hell as Burns holds the pin for dear life!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Burns lets go of the hold and collapses over to the side, finally breaking the pin and looking up with a sigh of relief on his face as his theme thunders through the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Troy almost can't believe it! Burns sits by and is still favoring his head after having his bell rung so many times in the match... but he collapses over to the side and pumps a fist in the air.

DDK:

We have seen Oscar Burns use that hold in times of desperation! He defeated Mikey Unlikely to retain the FIST in their first confrontation, and pardon the expression, but the European Clutch came through in the clutch!

Lance:

That it did! For just under twenty-five minutes, these two threw everything and the kitchen sink at one another! Both had a target, both had a gameplan, and both had multiple ways to win that haven't failed... but in the end, it was Burns that pulls it out!

Benny Doyle's checking on Lindsay Troy, whose leg took a hell of a lot of punishment. She waves off the assistance and uses the ropes to pull herself vertical, but it's clear that she'll be taking a trip to see Iris Davine before heading out for the evening. The Faithful give her a resounding round of applause, and she throws her own fist in the air before starting to make her way to the outside of the ring.

Burns grabs her shoulder before she gets very far.

DDK:

Oh now, wait a minute, what's this?

Lance:

Looks like Oscar's got something on his mind, Darren!

Lindsay stops, looks at Oscar, and stands back up. Benny Doyle looks between the two DEFIANTS, and the crowd is red hot, anticipating some kind of follow-up confrontation after all the back-and-forth in the build-up and one hell of a performance.

Burnsie, though, simply offers his hand and the crowd erupts.

Somewhere, Angus Skaaland vomits.

DDK:

Oscar Burns extending his hand in sportsmanship to Lindsay Troy, like we expected anything less from the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

But will Lindsay Troy accept?

The Queen of the Ring flicks her eyes between Burns's brown ones and his outstretched hand. She appears to be thinking the gesture over before finally clasping her hand in his to the delight of the crowd.

But she doesn't *just* shake his hand.

Instead, Troy steps right up to Burns, making the gesture appear a little less-than-friendly. She extends the index finger of her free hand up into the air and, determined, says, *"One more."*

DDK:

Lindsay Troy's calling her shot! She wants another crack at Burns!

Lance:

She's putting him on the hot seat, Darren! They fought a hell of a match, he barely got by her, and she wants him again. He doesn't have to give her another fight, but I think the Queen had something left for him, Lance.

It's true; he doesn't *have* to give her another fight. This is Oscar Burns we're talking about, though; he doesn't back down from a challenge. So of course he replies, *"You're on!"*

ZOMGPOPSPLSION!

DDK:

"You're on!" You heard it, Lance! We're gonna get Burns/Troy, Part 2!

Lance:

Man, what are they gonna throw at each other next!?

DDK:

I have no idea, but I guarantee you it's gonna be another wild one whenever it goes down. Don't go anywhere, we've got Deacon versus Conor Fuse up next!

Troy nods and then leaves the ring to give Burns the moment to celebrate with the Faithful! They may have a rematch planned soon, but for tonight, Burns stands on the middle buckle, fist in the air!

NOT FADE AWAY

The camera focuses in on Jamie Sawyers backstage.

Jamie Sawyers:

That match was AMAZING! And speaking of great matches, shortly we'll be taking a look at a video package for our mai...

Alvaro de Vargas:

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE, PENDEJO!

Bull in a China shop-style, Alvaro de Vargas comes barging onto the set and takes his microphone away. Jamie Sawyers takes a hint and runs off the set.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Lo que pasó ahí fuera fue una mierda!

With a towel draped over his shoulders, the big man growls.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I BEAT him! I had that lost gas station employee BEAT! He tried to POISON me! I took FOUR SHOWERS to get that stench off me!

He continues kicking up a storm and still looks a bit ill. He almost gags in his mouth, composes himself... then goes right back to being a heated lunatic.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DEFIANCE! I DESERVE TO BE ON THE MAIN ROSTER! HOW MANY OTHER BRAZEN STARS COME HERE AND LOOK LIKE A STAR?! ¡sólo yo! ONLY ME! I AM NOT DONE! I **WILL** TAKE MY SPOT ON THIS ROSTER! I WILL...

About to go off again, ADV stops suddenly when a man in a suit approaches him with envelope in hand. He growls at the unknown man who dares to interrupt him.

Alvaro de Vargas:

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

The man remains calm and holds out the envelope directly to ADV.

Ken Ellis:

Mister de Vargas, you don't know me, but my name is Ken Ellis. I've been asked to deliver a message to you specifically from my employer.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Qué demonios es esto?

Ken Ellis:

I'm not at liberty to discuss further information at this time... but right now, all we want you to know is that we feel what you are feeling. You're a special talent that deserves far more than what this place is giving you currently.

Alvaro looks down at Ellis as he takes the letter.

Ken Ellis:

Open this on your own time and please reach out as soon as possible. My employer would like to speak with you personally.

Just like that, Eliis leaves. ADV looks at the folded letter, then back to where Eliid had disappeared. As soon as he's gone, Alvaro carefully opens its contents as the scene returns back to the Commentation Station.

DEACON vs. CONOR FUSE

The ACTS graphic shows. It's a lot to take in. There's The Deacon and his manager, with Deacon's eyes shooting through the screen like this is not going to be something to look forward to (or something TO look forward to, if you're a sane person and want to see some revenge). Then there's Conor Fuse, with The Game Boy behind him. Conor is all smiles and giggles and basically how annoying one man could project himself to be in a simple picture.

DDK:

I'm not expecting this one to take long.

Lance:

The Mute Freak is going to murder Conor! However, if I may, he *does* have a new friend...

DDK:

I agree with you. I still don't expect this to last that long. Either The Deacon is going to kill Conor and get some revenge on The Game Boy or... well I hate to say it...

Lance:

The Game Boy proves to be too strong.

DDK:

Yes. Deacon's made a great impact here. The Faithful support him, he's had a career-revival of sorts but can he hang with someone who's *also* a physical specimen and much younger?

Lance:

To the ring. Let's see!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... being accompanied by his uh, *Game Boy*... he is the Character Formerly Known as Player Two... CONOR FUUUUSE!

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Conor struts out by himself, at first looking scared and intimidated. The Gamers are sure to boo him even though he's thirsty for sympathy. They're also too smart to know what's about to come. As Conor hesitates to take one step forward and then another, all the while looking around him from all angles for The Deacon, he's about to descend down the ramp and then he stops, smiles and turns behind him. The Game Boy emerges from the curtain.

Fuse jumps up and down, pointing in The Halo From Hell's direction. He's so proud to show off the man with the Nintendo controller mask and comic-book looking Bane-like physical presence.

DDK:

I REALLY hope this match ends quickly because Deacon can take them both out. I don't think I can handle it the other way around, like I said.

Lance:

Oh, agreed.

DDK:

Wasn't this guy scared backstage WITH The Game Boy around?

Lance:

Yes. But I think now he knows he's not about to get jumped because the match is about to start?

DDK:

But then he's going to be scared during the match?

Lance:

Keebs, this guy has the attention span of a two-year-old. I couldn't tell ya.

And yet, Conor doesn't make his way down the ramp. Not yet. It looks like he forgot something so he disappears behind the apron again and re-emerges with...

DDK:

Dear God, no.

Lance:

Oh boy. A segue.

That's right. Conor Fuse zooms down the rampway on a neon green segue, The Game Boy hulkingly walking behind him.

DDK:

I have never, in all my years of broadcasting, wanted to see a kid get punched more than I do Conor Fuse right now.

Lance:

Can't blame you. This is a very *DEFCON*-like entrance for the younger Fuse.

Fuse takes the segue for a few laps around the ring, while The Game Boy is still making his way down the ramp. The former tag team champion is sure to profile the segue off to some of The Gamers in the front row. His license plate reads "4 UP".

Finally, Conor parks the segue far off in the corner and Conor jumps onto the apron and then easily clears the ropes, landing on his feet and doing a little jig. His "Mini" Boss waits on the outside, the exact opposite of the man he has been credited to look after, motionless and imposing.

The Lights drop. The Gregorian chant begins. The Faithful respond as expected - I BELIEVE.

DDK:

Many questioned if The Deacon could connect with The Faithful in the DEF arena but he's done what he's done throughout his career.

Lance:

Get over with the fans. We've all watched and admired his work over the years and so far, he's not let us down.

As The Deacon emerges with Magdalena, The Game Boy slowly paces to the opposite side of the ring, away from the rampway. Cloaked in his standard robes, the 7 footer glides toward the ring as he's done hundreds of times before, guided by Magdalena in the front. Dressed in black leather, her white hair tipped red starkly counters her olive-colored skin, she glances behind at the cloaked face of the Deacon.

DDK:

Deacon sent a message loud and clear to Conor.

Lance:

True, but that was without the mammoth Game Boy.

DDK:

Do you ever wonder what this would sound like on the radio? Mammoth Game Boy?

Deacon ascends the stairs, then drops his robes before finishing the climb and stepping over the top rope. He turns to Mark Shields, gestures then tightly focused, points to the bell.

Mark Shields:

What's that?

Shields is far too stupid to catch on. Meanwhile, Conor jumps up and down in a corner across the way.

Shields stumbles around the ring, first checking the corners and then the top ropes. He finally looks at the time keeper's table and asks for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

And Deacon immediately charges Conor but Player Two slides out of the squared circle to a chorus of boos!

Conor looks into the cameraman right beside him. He smiles and blows a kiss.

Conor Fuse:

Too quick. I'm just too quick!

DDK:

Conor hasn't watched Deacon. Slipping outside the ring may be helpful, or it may lead to a GAINFUL Death, as many can attest.

Lance:

I see what you did there.

Conor begins to stroll around the outside, finding his Game Boy and giving him a hug.

Conor Fuse:

Just too fas- AAHHHH!

DDK:

Well here we go because Deacon is on the apron and LEAPS off with a clubbing forearm smash!

He tosses Conor back into the ring but The Game Boy whacks him on the back just as he was getting on the apron! Before The Mute Freak can do anything, though, Conor bounces off the ropes across the way and lands a dropkick to Deacon's head, throwing him violently off the apron and into the guardrail, leaving a massive imprint in it!

Conor pulls himself to his feet and raises both hands to jeers. He tries to grab at his back, clearly feeling the effects of the forearm smash. It takes him a moment but Conor runs at the ropes again, jumps on top of them and then smashes through Deacon with a crossbody!

Lance:

Conor is crazy, I'll give him that! When he gets his *game face* on, he can bring it!

Magdalena walks over but keeps a fair distance from Conor and The Deacon. She also ensures they are between her and The Game Boy and not the other way around. The young woman shouts encouraging words to Big D as Conor struggles to flip to his feet and throw his messy blonde hair behind his face.

Fuse hasn't noticed Magdalena, not yet. Instead, he takes The Deacon and with everything he has, he's able to push the big man into the apron and start working on getting him back to the ring. That's when Magdalena moves in closer and the neon green wrestler notices her.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, hey girliel!

DDK:

I'd get outta there, Magdalena.

She retreats backwards and Conor is all smiles again, thinking he's in control. He goes to enter the ring and is kicked SQUARE in the head by Deacon! The Crowd booms in support as Deacon pulls Conor by his hair. Fuse is screaming because "it hurts, it hurts".

Lance:

I doubt that's the worst of your problems now, Conor.

DDK:

Deacon hurls Conor into the ropes and connects with a running big boot! This is followed-up by an elbow drop and Deacon reigns the fists down on Fuse!

For some reason unbeknownst to DEFIANCE, Mark Shields decides to do his job for a change and realize these are closed fists. He immediately tries to get Deacon to stop and administers a five count!

DDK:

As if this is the time Shields isn't checking out girls in the crowd. Or trying to light a dart.

Lance:

Yeah, I know.

The Deacon doesn't listen until the count gets to "four". He drops Conor and starts pacing around the ring, absolutely fuming! He walks back to his opponent but The Codebreaker has grabbed hold of Mark Shields' collar, trying to say he's really terrified here.

DDK:

Deacon PUSHES Shields away and hammers Conor with MORE right fists!

Shields, again, starts a five count and begins lecturing The Deacon in-between the numbers.

Lance:

This doesn't seem to be the same man who passed on taking a mallet to Victor Vacio a few short months ago.

DDK:

He's staying within the rules. Deacon drops Conor at four. He pulls Conor to his feet and a hard back breaker sends Fuse to the canvas again!

Deacon bounces off the ropes and looks for a splash but Conor slightly moves at the last-second! The Mute Freak's knees eat the mat since he was able to change his trajectory, too. He crushes Conor with a forearm shot and then Irish whips him into the turnbuckle! Fuse connects hard and Deacon comes in for a stinger splash but Conor rolls out of the way the second Deacon comes running in.

DDK:

I think Deacon could have held up there. Conor played his hand way too soon.

Lance:

He's off his game, Darren. The Deacon is off his game... with all due respect, this little brat had his friend over there put him through a tube television screen! You know how thick those screens are!? And for a guy as decorated as The Mute Freak is, to be beaten up on some playset that looks like a kid's basement.

Deacon finds Conor stumbling around the middle of the ring and charges at him again... however, Conor jumps over him at the last second and Deacon goes into the ropes. Deacon charges once more but Conor does the same thing and Deacon is into the next set of ropes, the ones closest to The Game Boy.

CRACK.

DDK:

C'MON SHIELDS! You can see the closed fists but you can't see that cheap shot by The Game Boy!?

Lance:

Nope. He noticed Magdalena between then.

DDK:

[sigh]

Conor comes racing in with another dropkick, this time right to Deacon's face. He's certainly hurting from the punches, so Conor takes his time to recover as he hits a standing legdrop to the big man's head and then drops an elbow into his head, too.

DDK:

We actually don't know the injuries Deacon suffered at the hands of The Game Boy. He's a mysterious figure but you'd have to think there was a concussion. In this case, Conor targeting the head is a good way to go...

Fuse attempts to drag Deacon to a corner of the ring but is struggling to do so. He lets go when he deems it's appropriate-enough of a position and gets on the second rope...

DDK:

Deacon moves!

Conor crashes to the mat as The Mute Freak has his second wind! The crowd booms in support with an I BELIEVE chant.

DDK:

Deacon with a heavy headbutt! Deacon with a club to Conor's back! Deacon with gorilla press slam... oh no!!

Deacon walks to the edge of the apron and finds where The Game Boy is standing...

DDK:

DEACON THROWS CONOR INTO THE GAME BOY... BUT THE GAME BOY CAUGHT HIM!

The Faithful are in shock as The God of War peacefully places Conor back on his feet!

Lance:

Unfortunately, what a display of hand-eye-coordination and even athleticism right there. Conor came in at record speed and The Game Boy made that look easy!

The Deacon's eyes show more intensity as he looks on from inside the ring.

DDK:

Is he... is he calling The Game Boy to get in there!?

Lance:

Well, Shields is still off in his own world... and something tells me The Deacon has made it clear it's not about wins and losses right now. It's about seeking some revenge...

The Faithful are getting behind this notion as they catch on. The Deacon awaits. The Game Boy hasn't moved or done anything just yet.

DDK:

Big test right here!

"YOU LOOK SCARED!"

"YOU LOOK SCARED!"

"YOU LOOK SCARED!"

The Faithful start a chant directed at The Game Boy!

DDK:

He STILL hasn't moved, Lance.

Finally, The Game Boy nods ever-so-slightly and starts to move towards the ring. The Deacon is waiting as the anticipation grows. The "Mini" Boss puts a hand on the ropes to pull himself up onto the apron...

DDK:

CONOR FUSE IS ON THE TOP ROPE... MISSILE DROPKICK TO THE BACK OF DEACON'S HEAD!

Deacon stumbles into a corner and Conor comes flying in quickly with a stinger splash, one of Deacon's own moves. Then he hooks Deacon's head under his armpit, runs up the ropes and hits Tyler's finishing move, CQC, a running bulldog!

DDK:

Oh no... we have a PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

HARD KICKOUT!

Conor flies in the air JUST before Shield's hand smacks the mat for a three. Even though it was a hard kickout at the end, the camera switches to Magdalena, who breathes a sigh of relief.

DDK:

Way too early for that.

Lance:

And Conor is arguing that it should've been a three. Can he count?

DDK:

Only on those games that require you to hold the joystick back for two seconds, then forward.

Lance:

Well, he's jumping up, down, up, down right now, trying to make his point.

He jumps again, this time dropping a sharp elbow on Deacon before grabbing for another cover. He gets a one count. Leaping onto the middle rope then bounding back, he drops a leg and grabs another cover.

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Another one count.

Lance:

That's being generous! I don't think the hand even made it to the mat!

Frantic, Conor looks around the ring as if trying to find a bit of kryptonite before Superman breaks through the wall. Unsuccessful, he drops for a cover and props his legs over the ropes.

Lance:

He gets a no count, though to be fair, it's because Shields stopped scanning the crowd and noticed the rule infraction!

DDK:

That's how you do your job, Marky!

Conor's resulting fit is ring-shattering. Intensely arguing, he bounces up and down on his knees and slaps the mat before standing and getting in Shields' face.

And taking WAY TOO LONG to turn around and find--

Lance:

Deacon with a right, a left, another right and Conor is bouncing, spinning, trying to get his bearings before-

DDK:

BIG BOOT to the FACE!

Deacon grabs Conor's hair and yanks him up, tossing him over with the mane like a snapmare before wrapping the hair around his left fist and proceeding to pummel Fuse with his right!

DDK:

I'll bet Conor's not upset with Shields counting now.

Lance:

But if Deacon's not careful, he's going to get disqualified!

DDK:

And if he keeps pushing the official, he's going to get suspended!

Lance:

It's so unlike Deacon - you have to wonder what's changed. He's always had a streak of violence, it's propelled him throughout his career but this... I dunno.

Deacon does let go, at least once he gets Conor's blonde hair loose from his left hand but only to grab Fuse's chin and pull him to his feet. With an Irish whip, Deacon sends Conor into the far ropes.

DDK:

Oh come on! The Game Boy grabbed Conor and pulled him outside the ring to recover! This shouldn't be happening!

Lance:

Deacon's eyes are saying- you know what's coming next.

Deacon takes off running and leaps over the top rope.

DDK:

My Death is Gain!

The name is appropriate though, at least the "Death" part, as The Game Boy pushes Conor out of the way!

Deacon crashes into The Game Boy resulting in an earth-shattering pop from The Faithful!!!

"LET'S GO DEACON!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"LET'S GO DEACON!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"LET'S GO DEACON!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Deacon shoots to his feet, eyes locked on The Game Boy for more. He grabs the DPad Destroyer by his mask and hurls him into the ring post! However, the momentum is turned when TGB swivels Deacon by the tights and throws him into it instead! Then, with a head-full of steam, Game Boy runs full-tilt into The Mute Freak with a shoulder block!

But The Deacon doesn't fall.

Instead, the crowd continues to rally. Game Boy fires a fist into Deacon, this is followed by a second and a third. It's stunning Big D but not putting him down, not yet, anyway.

DDK:

Another punch is BLOCKED by Deacon! He comes in with a hard headbutt and- OH NO, CONOR FUSE IS ON THE TOP TURNBUCKLE AGAIN...

He jumps but Deacon is the one to catch him in mid-air this time, as Conor lands right on his shoulders...

CRASH!

DDK:

Into a powerbomb on the guardrail!

A hard red line appears on Conor's back as he falls to the floor and cries out in pain. The nearby crowd loves it and continues their support in an "I BELIEVE" chant. Deacon takes Conor and throws him into the ring. As The Mute Freak gets on the apron, he's seeing too much red to notice The Game Boy is behind him again and clubs him hard in the back for a second time in this contest. Deacon falls through the ropes and the crowd begins a stomp rally, hoping for Big D to get up first.

DDK:

We're back at square one! I have to say, this match has gone on much longer than I thought it would. We are at war and in the middle of a stalemate!

Lance:

Yes, thanks to The Game Boy.

The crowd continues to pound their feet... Deacon gets to a knee but so does Conor.

DDK:

Surprisingly resilient, the younger Fuse is. Deacon, it goes without saying.

Lance:

Conor is a terrific wrestler with lots of fight. We saw that for years as a fan favorite but now... it's like he doesn't want to wrestle and hide behind this *thing*.

DDK:

Deacon is on a foot... Conor is on a foot...

Both men charge at each other...

DDK:

Conor slips away from Deacon... off the ropes. Deacon spins and catches Conor - HUGGGEEEE SPINEBUSTER!

Deacon goes back to ramming his fist across Conor's face!

DDK:

He had an opening for a victory but wants to inflict more punishment!

Lance:

Do you take the victory or keep it going?

Shields is indifferent this time with enforcing the punches to stop. He allows the shots to take place before Deacon pulls himself away from the former tag team champion. The Mute Freak furiously stomps around the ring, eyeing Fuse to get to his feet because the end looks to be near... that's when he notices The Game Boy has enclosed on Magdalena.

DDK:

You just knew that this was in their playbook!

Lance:

He'd call it a cheat code.

DDK:

He?

Lance:

Conor Fuse

DDK:

Pronouns, pal.

Immediately, Deacon anticipates where The Game Boy will be as he runs towards the ropes but doesn't clear the ring when The Game Boy stops cold in his tracks. Magdalena has been able to retreat back but not as quickly as she would have liked, seeing The Game Boy come after her was startling enough!

DDK:

A vet like Deacon shouldn't get caught up in this nonsense...

Lance:

Fortunately, the official also has noticed it and is admonishing The Game Boy to return to his side of the ring!

The Game Boy shoots his attention to Deacon and gestures for The Mute Freak to keep coming. Bloodshot eyes, Big D holds his position...

In the meantime, Conor rolls to the edge of the apron and acquires a steel chair. Struggling to rise, he snatches the ropes to get to a vertical base and turn to realize...

Deacon's back is turned. Shields' back is turned. With a wicked grin, like a kid on Christmas morning who got ALL the presents, Conor makes the few steps to Deacon, grabbing the seven-footer's shoulder and spinning the big man around.

Conor Fuse:

Payback is a-

Deacon takes Conor by the neck...

DDK:

CHOKESLAM!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Oh, I thought he had him right there!

Lance:

We all did!

Deacon lifts Conor by the hair, tossing him into a corner before laying into him with a series of punches. A hard Irish whip across the ring, Conor hitting the buckles and bricking off it like a Shaquille O'Neal free throw only to be snatched by Deacon in the air, doing his best Dennis Rodman rebound imitation with Conor's head as the ball, if that imitation ended with a-

KLANG!

DDK:

Bulldog on the chair!

Lance:

Good heavens! Did you see Conor's face bounce off that chair?

That's when The Game Boy has seen enough and gets on the apron.

Magdalena, also, has had it! She takes a deeeep breath before she marches over and confronts her demons, showing the ultimate brave face.

DDK:

What is Magdalena doing!?

The Faithful give a loud pop as Magdalena goes right behind The Game Boy and clubs him on the back of the leg. Obviously, she knows this will not hurt the hulking man but simply divert his attention from inside the ring!

The Game Boy turns to look down at the manager... his eyes shoot through the Nintendo-themed mask. Shields knows what's coming next and it's not going to be good for the diminutive Magdalena.

DDK:

Oh no...

TGB looks to reach down and take Magdalena by the hair but...

DDK:

RUNNING BOOT BY DEACON SENDS THE GAME BOY FLYING OFF THE APRON AND INTO THE GUARDRAIL!

Lance:

But the Game Boy nearly clipped the official on the way down.

WHACK!

DDK:

NOOOOO! CONOR FUSE WITH THE CHAIR SHOT TO DEACON!!

Lance:

And Shields completely missed it!

Deacon crumbles to the mat as Conor hooks both legs and then uses his own legs to prop himself on the TOP rope for the cover! Shields, still dazed, pulls himself up by the apron and notices the pinned shoulders!

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

No!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Lance:

Conor's done it!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, CONOR FUSE!!!

Still significantly dazed and confused, Player Two stumbles and falls into the apron. He sees the steel chair beside him and kicks it outside the ring, with a sinister look on his face like "who left that there!?" Mark Shields rolls the rest of the way into the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Come on! Get up! Raise my hand!

Shields does.

DDK:

This is a joke! Deacon had to deal with so much! The Game Boy, Conor cheating and let's be honest, a referee who I *still* don't know why he's employed here.

Lance:

Sour grapes, sure. But The Deacon had this match won a few times and pulled some very out-of-character stuff for a vet like himself.

Conor falls to his knees and calls a recovering Game Boy back in the ring. As Conor's theme plays, The Game Boy pulls Fuse to his feet and Conor leans on him, arms raised like he just beat a game on Hard Mode. The Halo From Hell is struggling at this point, too, having met the guardrail and denting it in the process. Magdalena, on the other hand, is unsure if she wants to get in the ring or not to check on Deacon. Either way, she doesn't seem happy.

Replays show the chair was premeditatedly placed by The Game Boy on the apron before he began "stalking" Magdalena. This allowed for Conor to roll over and pick it up without exerting too much energy. He initially missed striking The Deacon until he caught him later on.

DDK:

Conor escapes with his lives in tact... for one more night.

Fuse and his henchman haven't left the ring, however. Conor slowly feels better with each passing moment and continues to soak in the victory. By now, he doesn't need to lean on The Game Boy, not anymore. He's able to fumble around the canvas, arms raised, with a smile growing more deviously by the minute.

He mouths some comments to The Gamers in the front row, something about him being "100% DEFIANT". He looks at a fan's "I BELIEVE" sign and tells him it's a hoax. He turns to another side of the ring, the one adjacent from the rampway. He sees a girl no older than 12 with a "I HEART Magdalena my hero" sign and tells her it's trash and he should "follow The Princess instead". What should normally get the crowd angrier and angrier, it actually doesn't. More of them are happy to keep Conor and The Game Boy in the ring for as long as possible now...

Because The Deacon is stirring.

Both Conor and the NPC Nightmare haven't noticed him yet. But Deacon is up and waiting for them to take notice.

DDK:

Oh boy...

Lance:

There really are *NO* rules now!

Magdalena gets a chant going and that's when it hits Conor.

He slowly turns around.

RIGHT into Deacon's chest.

DDK:

DEACON WITH A RIGHT FIST TO CONOR AND A BOOT KNOCKS THE GAME BOY BACK!

Deacon snatches Conor by the neck, walks him to the apron and chokeslams him OUT OF THE RING!

Now he eyes The Game Boy, who's recovering in the corner.

DDK:

DEFIANCE is the land of giants, no doubt and these are two of the biggest.

Lance:

I don't think The Game Boy is ready for an even angrier version of the Deacon.

DDK:

But this crowd is.

Lance:

Deacon's letting The Game Boy get to his feet. This time, Deacon is gesturing for the Game Boy to come at him.

The Game Boy slides out of the ring and to Conor instead, the crowd erupting in boos as the protector helps Fuse up. Nonplussed, Deacon goes to follow, totalling missing-

DDK:

Look out!

The returning Victor Vacio sliding into the ring behind The Deacon before sending a heavy foot to Deacon's groin.

DDK:

Where'd Vacio come from!?

The Deacon collapses to the mat. Victor's expressionless, black mask looks down at Deacon while reaching into his black Kingsman suit jacket to reveal a manila envelope. Bending over, Vacio puts it on Deacon's sweat-drenched chest, patting it twice for good measure, before slipping back out of the ring and leaving the same way he'd arrived.

DDK:

This entire match and fall-out... I can only imagine what that envelope brings.

We cut to elsewhere as The Game Boy has Conor on his shoulders and is carrying him up the ramp. Fuse notices a cameraman following and, even in his daze, gives a tiny thumbs up and mouths the words "did it mom!" and later "hey, where's my segue?"

PREDICTION

As we shift backstage we see Christie Zane standing by.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time, Scott Stevens.

The Ace of DEFIANCE steps into view and his appearance has changed since he last competed in the ring; hair and beard are a little longer, and he's sporting new ink as well. The Texan has his arms crossed as the Ace glistens in the light over his shoulder.

Christie Zane:

Scott, you shocked the world when you returned to DEFIANCE and made your intentions known when you attacked the FIST of DEFIANCE and declared you were cashing in that championship on your shoulder to face Mikey Unlikey here tonight.

Christie says as she points to the championship.

Christie Zane:

The obvious question is why now? You haven't been since Maximum DEFIANCE so why wait? Where have you been all this time?

Christie asks as Stevens leans in to answer.

Scott Stevens:

Plain and simple, the reason why I haven't been around is because Matt LaCroix did something that no one else on this roster has done since I got here and that was put me on the shelf.

Stevens states as his focus doesn't shift.

Christie Zane:

What happened?

Scott Stevens:

I had ligament damage and a torn meniscus in my knee.

Stevens informs everyone and as Christie goes to ask something Scott cuts her off.

Scott Stevens:

Don't worry, I'm at one hundred percent, but the funny thing is that when you're laid up at home recovering your other senses such as sight and hearing become much more enhanced.

Christie Zane:

How's that?

Christie asks and Stevens turns his attention to her.

Scott Stevens:

You see Christie, I was listening to the things Mikey had to say week in and week out and I watched as Mikey has been making a fucking mockery of the FIST of DEFIANCE since he won the damn thing!

Stevens shouts showing a fiery passion with his ire of Mikey drawing cheers from the Faithful.

Scott Stevens:

Mikey, how despised have you become when the most **HATED** man in DEFIANCE is getting cheered to beat the crap out of you?

Stevens asks with a shrug.

Scott Stevens:

My Bruv, you have had to see this coming. Ever since I won this title....(*Stevens slaps the main plate of the Ace*) I have been saying I'm coming for what is rightfully mine. I mean, you think the whole, "Make the FIST Great Again" was just for shits and giggles?

Stevens asks with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens:

Hell, I defended the Ace all over the world to prove a point, but apparently all the signs were ignored and I had to resort to kindergarten tactics such as turning the lights off and sending you messages to finally get your attention.

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

Scott Stevens:

Michael, you're a farce. It sickens me to see how you've devalued that championship I once proudly wore around my waist against sub-par competition! No offense to the BRAZEN roster or the other independent talent out there, but you aren't on the Main roster and you damn sure aren't Scott Stevens.

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

You know this better than anyone Michael because you are looking at the true FIST of DEFIANCE because I was never pinned or submitted for it in the first place, and this championship right here (*Stevens holds up the Ace*) put me on the fast track to reunite me with my old friend.

Stevens slings the Ace back over his shoulder.

Scott Stevens:

Tonight, there is only one name on the voting ballot that the fans will be voting for and they'll all be Voting for Scott Stevens to finish what I started two weeks ago when I kick your ass all over this arena!

The Faithful cheer loudly.

Scott Stevens:

Bring your bouncers. Bring your boyfriend, Perfection. Hell, bring the New Orleans Police Department because the result will be the same and that's a 1-8-7 on a Hollywood Bruv.

Stevens says before exiting the scene.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. JAY HARVEY

The ACTS match graphic is shown, accompanied by the pay-per-view theme song.

DDK:

Folks, it has come to this.

Lance:

Gage has said many times, he is undefeated in singles matches throughout his entire DEFIANCE career! That's three-plus years worth right there. Uncanny! However, Jay Harvey may arguably be his toughest opponent to date.

DDK:

Oscar Burns, Elise Ares, Scott Douglas. There's been some good ones, no doubt. Perhaps, however, this is even MORE personal than some of those contests, if you can believe that!

Lance:

Well, how about we compromise. No one has been in Gage's head more than Jay. No one. As a result, it may make Harvey the most dangerous fight yet.

DDK:

Agreed. Harvey is at the top of his game, too. These two have been battling for months... in and out of the ring. It seems like no matter where these two are they are getting into it.

Lance:

We saw at the recent contract signing Gage and Jay couldn't keep from going after one another. I've been told that DEFIANCE officials are urging referee Hector Navarro to be lenient here tonight. There will be a winner and what happens during tonight's match will be up to his discretion.

DDK:

In a nutshell, folks... It's going to be a war! To the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen the following contest is scheduled for one fall, has a sixty-minute time limit and is for the **SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!**

The crowd goes insane!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first the challenger, from Raleigh, North Carolina... The Natural One... JAY HARVEY!

Lance:

No THE?

DDK:

No. Remember, he said he dropped that in an interview a month ago.

Lance:

Right, right.

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Wrestle-Plex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

DDK:

Jay is a former SOHER, so you have to wonder how that will play into things here. Not to shy away from the- HEY!

Lance:

GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Blackwood comes sprinting down the entrance ramp and crashes into Harvey who was halfway down to the ring! Harvey hits the ramp hard as The Faithful give a loud jeer. Blackwood looks at them, smirking.

Gage Blackwood:

Missed him with my car... but finally ran the bloke over!

DDK:

What a cheap shot! I actually expected more from Gage!

Lance:

Yes. He's hated by many, no doubt. But he's not one to resort to... cheating or to get an early attack on someone.

Blackwood is quick to whip the title belt off his waist and to the floor. Wearing simply his ring attire, Blackwood kicks at Harvey, working him down the ramp.

Referee Hector Navarro can do nothing but shout at Blackwood to get into the ring and leave the challenger alone. It falls on deaf ears. Blackwood lifts Harvey up and drops him neck first into the guardrail! Then he starts kicking Harvey in the side of the face. This is followed by choking him with his boot!

DDK:

Well, he's going to have the advantage whenever this match starts!

Blackwood hurls Harvey into the guardrail across the way. Jay shoots over the top of it and into the front row of fans! Blackwood wastes little time. He starts hammering Harvey with stiff left hands. The Natural One is trying to fight out of it but it's just too much right now.

Gage Blackwood: *[lightly singing]*

In my head... in my headdddddd!!

Lance:

Is he... singing that Cranberries song?

DDK:

I think so???

Gage Blackwood:

You're in my head, huh!?

Blackwood slaps Harvey.

Gage Blackwood:

Wake up, ya dumb baw juggler! WAKE. UP.

Blackwood slaps him again, as Harvey starts stumbling through the front row of fans.

Gage Blackwood:

You're just another name to cross off the back of my t-shir-

DDK:

HARVEY WITH A RIGHT UPPERCUT!

The Faithful awake with a cheer!

DDK:

Another! Another! Another! ANOTHER!

Harvey grabs Blackwood's head and throws his neck against the guardrail! Blackwood grabs at his throat as Harvey continues his attack. A fury of rights and lefts all connect with Blackwood's midsection as he leans against the guardrail.

Harvey begins choking Blackwood! The crowd where the two men are fighting are loving the action. Blackwood's face is all shades of red and Harvey isn't letting up! Harvey is right in Blackwood's face and screaming at him!

Navarro gets into the frame just holding his hand to his head, uncertain of what to do. He knows this match needs a winner and a riot will ensue if he calls things off now before they have even begun! Jay Harvey lets go of the choke and basks in The Faithful's applause.

Gage Blackwood holds his throat and is trying his best to get some oxygen back into his brain. Jay Harvey rushes Blackwood and sends him over the guardrail via a clothesline! Harvey makes his way into the crowd and the brawl continues!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is taking this war into the sold-out crowd! I mean that folks, this is a goddamn war!

Lance:

We lost them! Someone get eyes on these two!

We cut to a camera that is in the heart of The Faithful. Jay Harvey yells for some fans to get out of the way and they do. Harvey tossed Blackwood into a row of chairs! Blackwood is sprawled out across three or four chairs! Jay Harvey looks out into the crowd and the cheers reign down!

DEFIANCE security is on the scene, blocking fans and giving the two DEFIANTS as much room as they can. Harvey turns his head to see a fan holding up one of his crutches... Harvey grabs said crutch and gives it a good once over. Gage Blackwood drops to the concrete floor and is on all fours.

WHACK!

DDK:

JAY HARVEY BENT THAT CRUTCH OVER BLACKWOOD'S BACK!

Gage is in agony! Harvey looks again at the crutch, now with the perfect outline of Gage Blackwood's back in it. He hands it to the fan and the arena continues to go berserk! Harvey is letting out all his frustrations on Gage Blackwood. Harvey pulls his opponent up by the hair and marches him through the crowd some more.

Harvey takes him and the champ up some stairs to give The Faithful in the cheap seats an up-close view of the action! Harvey tosses Blackwood into a grouping of chairs as the fans close to them lose their minds. Harvey lands several right fists between the eyes of Gage Blackwood. Harvey grabs Blackwood by the hair and sends him rolling down the steps they walked up.

Bounce, bounce, bounce, the champion stumbles his way to where they came. Harvey grabs a bucket of popcorn from a fan and pours some into his mouth. He is seen chewing and marches down after Blackwood.

DDK:

Little in-match snack for Jay Harvey.

Lance:

Wonder if that popcorn has any extra butter.

DDK:

Don't.

Blackwood stops rolling and is picked up by Harvey who spits whatever is in his mouth on Blackwood! The fans are going ape shit!

Lance:

Now THOSE kernels had extra butter!

DDK:

These fans are getting more than they paid for here at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Harvey has Blackwood by the hair and is leading him exactly where he wants him. Harvey tosses Blackwood into a nearby trash can. Fans do their best to get into the shot, giving metal signs and middle fingers to the camera. Harvey grabs the trash can and tosses it on Blackwood's head! Harvey pushes with all his might and sends Blackwood straight into a concrete wall!

Jay Harvey:

That's exactly where you belong!

Blackwood escapes the trash can but can't escape Harvey. Harvey pulls Blackwood to his feet and sends him back down to the floor with a hard right hand. Fans next to Harvey pat him on the back and shoulder. Harvey isn't concerned with any of that, just destroying Gage Blackwood.

Gage Blackwood out of nowhere hits Harvey in the jaw with a vicious headbutt! Harvey is rocked, giving Blackwood enough time to grab a free steel chair and swing it with all his might!

WHACK!**Lance:**

What a chair shot!

DDK:

Harvey just got his hand up but he's still seeing stars!

Jay Harvey drops to the concrete and the two men are both in bad spots. Gage Blackwood and Jay Harvey continue to battle it out in the crowd, nowhere near the ring. Hector Navarro comes back into view.

DDK:

I almost forgot he was even there, didn't you!?

Gage begins walking back toward the ring but The Faithful do their best to block his path. Security does their job and clears his way. Blackwood slowly but surely is seen walking toward the guardrail. We switch camera views to the ring and catch Blackwood about to climb over the rail. Jay Harvey is back in the action and knocks Blackwood up and over the guardrail!

DDK:

The action is non-stop!

Lance:

This match still hasn't officially started, Darren!

DDK:

Jay Harvey... not letting up!

Harvey makes his way over the guard rail, closely followed by Hector Navarro. Navarro is pleading with Harvey to take the fight into the ring but Harvey isn't done with the violence. Harvey pulls Blackwood to a vertical position and slams him face-first into the hard exterior of the ring, again, again, again, and again!

Harvey and this sold-out pay-per-view crowd are fired up! Harvey is running on pure adrenaline! The Faithful begin an obscenity-laden chant.

"FUCK 'EM UP HARVEY, FUCK 'EM UP!" Clap, clap.

"FUCK 'EM UP HARVEY, FUCK 'EM UP!" Clap, clap.

"FUCK 'EM UP HARVEY, FUCK 'EM UP!" Clap, clap.

DDK:

The fans tonight... are a little rowdy, wouldn't ya say, Lance!?

Lance:

The Faithful are bringing it!

Harvey tosses Gage Blackwood under the bottom rope and finally, one man has made it into the ring in this match. Harvey isn't quite done with the Edinburgh native. Blackwood is crawling around the ring and finds himself perched with his upper body over the bottom rope.

Jay Harvey sees an opportunity for more damage and takes it! Harvey speeds toward Blackwood and connects with a running dropkick or as you'll see in Harvey's wrestling portion of his bio, the #MarvelousDropkick!

Jay Harvey:

Send that dentist bill to the house, Gage!

Harvey is very pleased with himself and it seems The Faithful are as well. Harvey slides under the bottom rope and quickly is to his feet while the crowd roars. Yey! The match can finally begin! Nectar Navarro is now in the ring and turns toward the time keeper's table to call for the bell. As Navarro has his back turned to Blackwood and Harvey, Gage Blackwood lands a low blow on Harvey, dropping Harvey to the mat.

DING DING

Navarro snaps around to see both men down. Gage Blackwood crawls over to Harvey and puts everything he has in the tank into a brutal back leaping knee strike to Harvey's head and neck area! Blackwood lets out a scream as he executes another one of these knee strikes!

Jay Harvey looks to be out cold. Blackwood rests on his knees, spitting sweat and saliva out into the air. Blackwood looks out into the crowd of thousands for some sort of praise but only hate. This hate from the fans makes his blood boil.

Blackwood flips a switch and gets a second wind. Blackwood has to lift Harvey's dead weight up to get him vertical. Blackwood looks to be setting Harvey up for a single-arm DDT and that's exactly what he does. Harvey is down on the mat and Blackwood is keeping the offense going.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood... going for another DDT...

Lance:

Harvey just dropped like a sack of potatoes, Darren.

Gage Blackwood looks down at the fallen Harvey. Blackwood is laughing, mocking the DEFIANCE crowd for choosing Harvey over him. Blackwood adds insult to injury by picking Harvey up once again and sending him full impact down to the mat via another single-arm DDT!

Blackwood is taking his sweet ass time before going for the pin. The crowd is all boos as the match appears to be over.

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

The crowd is into this battle and Gage Blackwood is fuming! He goes back to the drawing board and takes things aerial. Blackwood climbs up to the top rope and stands high above the ring. He has Harvey in his crosshairs and leaps off, landing a beautiful leg drop from the top rope.

Again, Blackwood almost in a showing of complete disrespect, doesn't go for the cover right away. The Scot isn't done with Harvey. Blackwood makes his way up to the top rope to go for yet another leg drop... AND HE MISSES!

Jay Harvey moved out of the way and Blackwood hit nothing but the mat! Blackwood grabs at his back as the fans are into the action again! Harvey is shaky, to say the least, on all fours with his head up and eyes on Blackwood.

DDK:

Jay Harvey was playing possum!

Lance:

Blackwood is in pain after missing that leg drop!

Harvey gets some life and jolts up, landing a stiff yakuza style kick to Gage Blackwood's chest, sending him to the mat. Harvey springboards off the nearby middle rope and lands an excellent moonsault!

Harvey holds his ribs but quickly goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BLACKWOOD JUST KICKS OUT BEFORE THE THREE!

Harvey checks with Hector Navarro to make sure it was in fact a two. Harvey is vertical and has his back turned to his opponent. Big mistake, Jay. Gage Blackwood is almost on autopilot and comes in with a chop block from behind.

Blackwood is back on the attack and going after Harvey's legs. Blackwood with boot after boot to Harvey's right leg. He knows what he's doing. He quickly follows it up with a series of spinning toe holds on the right leg of Harvey.

DDK:

Smart move on Blackwood's part.

Lance:

This is quickly turning into a wrestling match, Darren!

DDK:

Blackwood is hoping to take away Harvey's greatest strength, that knee which has finished countless opponents here in DEFIANCE and around the world.

Lance:

Absolutely, that's the ring IQ of Gage Blackwood taking over.

Blackwood is really wrenching on the right leg of Jay Harvey now! Harvey is in absolute pain! The former champion lays his shoulders on the mat and quickly picks them up not to get a pinfall counted against him. Harvey grabs Gage Blackwood's head and face but Blackwood is able to arch himself back to avoid Harvey.

Blackwood lands an elbow drop into the right knee of Jay Harvey. The Scot is now pulling Harvey's leg the wrong way against his own. Harvey slams his hands on the mat, trying to reach for the bottom rope.

Blackwood is tugging but gets caught by Jay Harvey. Harvey throws his hands at Blackwood's face and catches him by the nose, pulling Blackwood's head back!

The SOHER releases the hold and moves away from Harvey who is now rubbing his right knee. Blackwood gets to his feet and stumbles a bit as he makes his way toward the corner and the turnbuckles. Blackwood looks to be trying to untie and remove the top turnbuckle pad.

Jay Harvey is seen using the ropes to get him on his feet. Hector Navarro is checking on Harvey to make sure he can continue. Harvey is moving as fast as he can in this condition. Blackwood seems to be having trouble with the pad so he tries pulling it but to no avail. Harvey is now limping over toward Blackwood, grabbing him around the waist. Blackwood fires off a few elbows that rock Harvey, giving the two space.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood trying to remove that top turnbuckle pad... he can't seem to get it off.

Lance:

Hector Navarro is in Blackwood's ear about the pad. This match has been at his discretion. He knows these two men hate each other and he's letting them battle it out. He wants a winner and man, if he called this match for disqualification or a count-out, he'd have to change his name and move to some country we never heard of!

DDK:

Hector Navarro would be a wanted man.

The two bicker some more but this allows Jay Harvey to come from behind Blackwood and hits a brutal looking neckbreaker. Blackwood in turn rips the pad off and it goes flying to the outside. The cameraman gets a good shot of the exposed turnbuckle before we go to an overhead view of both men down with Hector Navarro checking on them.

Gage nips to his feet, to the shock and jeers of the crowd. He shakes the confusion out of his head, looks at the turnbuckle pad, and then gives a wink into the nearby camera. He snatches Harvey by his bald head and immediately goes to throw him in it but Hector gets in the way!

The Edinburgh native's eyes bulge out of his head. He looks like he's about to go through the referee now but Harvey recovers in time and hits a backdrop! Then Jay takes to the ropes and lands a dropkick to Gage's head! The fans are booming as Harvey marches around the ring, trying to contain his energy...

DDK:

Harvey might be looking for it here... he's certainly getting the people warmed up for the end...

Lance:

Game Over!?

Harvey pulls Blackwood to his knees and hits him with three quick kicks to the chest.

DDK:

Oh, man...

Next, Harvey pulls the champion up on his shoulders, looking for the Fireman's Carry Knee Lift but he can't quite get him up there just yet. Blackwood is wiggling away, hoping to use every last bit of energy or it will truly be a game over for him...

DDK:

Blackwood is trying to fight out of it... trying... trying...

Lance:

Harvey doesn't have him just yet...

DDK:

NO! The champion slips out!

In the meantime, Gage also trips up Jay to where he's able to get him on one knee, due to The Natural One's leg giving away. Blackwood wastes no time and shoots to the ropes himself...

DDK:

HE'S GOING FOR THE GAELIC STORM...

SWOOSH!!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD MISSED! BLACKWOOD MISSED! Jay ducks at the last second and Gage crashes into the ropes!

The Faithful are ballistic! Harvey comes right back at Blackwood with another dropkick to the head! Then he pulls Gage into a northern lights suplex and a bridge for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

There's a major sigh from the fans as they thought it could have been over. Harvey gets to his feet. Blackwood gets to his feet. A slug-fest ensues!

DDK:

A LEFT by Gage! A RIGHT by Jay! LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT!

Lance:

I have no idea how these two still have energy...

Blackwood looks at Navarro for a very brief moment and then hooks his foot up and catches Jay in the crotch!

Navarro is livid! He doesn't DQ Blackwood but he gets right in his face, allowing Jay Harvey enough time to recover. He starts mouthing off at the notion the referee was told there needs to be a winner. The Faithful are letting Gage have it, too. While this is taking place... Jay Harvey tries to shake it off, looking extremely pissed in the process!

He leaps into Navarro and Blackwood, almost knocking the referee out of the way. He starts reigning down shot after shot on Blackwood, the stiffness can be heard echoing in the nearby camera mic. This entire time, the fans chant behind him...

"KICK HIS ASS!"

"KICK HIS ASS!"

"KICK HIS ASS!"

Blackwood is trying to get away but Harvey isn't having any of it! He grabs Gage by the face and makes sure he digs his thumbs into his eyes too, just for good measure before throwing the champion's head back to the canvas floor. Then he stomps on Gage's neck. Once. Twice. Thrice! Navarro is now concerned for Jay's well-being and that he doesn't fly off the rails but The Natural One pushes the referee away, upon approach.

Harvey drags Blackwood into the middle of the ring and in an impressive display, he hooks in a Figure Four Leg Lock very quickly!

Blackwood screams, arms flailing around, crying for help and trying to find the ropes but he's nowhere near them! He shoots up, hoping to grab Harvey's body but he can't get to it! All he can see is his opponent on the other end, gritting his teeth and telling the champion it'll soon be over.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD MIGHT HAVE TO...

He raises his hand. He looks like he will.

Lance:

DO WE!? DO WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION...

Blackwood's hand crashes to the mat...

BUT RIGHT BEFORE it does, he picks it up and gives Jay Harvey the middle finger. Harvey can't help but laugh.

Gage Blackwood: *[shouting at Jay Harvey]*

YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST, YOU STUPID PRICK. I WILL NEVER TA- AAAAAAAHHHHH!

Harvey swings with his right arm and cracks Blackwood in his legs, adding whatever more pain he can! Blackwood is going crazy as Harvey sinks the hold in deeper! Jay's using his arms as leverage now to increase the tension in the submission! Blackwood falls to the mat! The Scot grabs his hair and starts pulling at it! He prays to find the ropes close to him but knows they are nowhere near!

DDK:

Blackwood is begging himself not to tap! Harvey has it locked in!

Lance:

I don't know... Gage has a high pain threshold but this RIGHT HERE is the ultimate test!

Harvey is trying his best to keep the champion in the middle of the ring. Blackwood is on life-support and, therefore, digging into his last bit of energy and pride. He starts to move Harvey, though still nowhere near the ropes.

Jay Harvey:

TAP YOU SON OF A BITCH! TAP!

Gage Blackwood: *[under his breath, being picked up by the camera]*

Will... never... tap... you... annoying... little... family... man...

Blackwood gets a LITTLE closer to the ropes but there's still so much more work to do on his end. The energy in the crowd is growing by the minute! They want to see Gage tap!

DDK:

This is not one of Jay's signature moves but no doubt it's something he's gone to before. Perhaps, if this was one of his elite moves the match would be over already... it's the only way I can make sense for how Gage has held on for this long...

Blackwood fights and fights. Harvey still has it locked in... then in one last-ditch effort, Blackwood uses all his effort to push up off the mat and drag Harvey as hard as he can... getting to the ropes and Navarro tells Jay to break the hold!

The Natural One keeps it on until the count of four and then breaks it. He marches over to Gage and...

DDK:

BLACKWOOD WITH A SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

HUGE SIGH OF RELIEF FROM ALL OF US!

Blackwood slides out of the ring, knowing he is nowhere near ready to do much else. This allows Harvey to collect himself and consider running up the turnbuckle pads and to the outside but his knee gives way!

DDK:

Blackwood worked on that knee earlier... maybe the figure four put pressure on it, too!

Lance:

That would make sense. No doubt, the move is to inflict pain *ON* your opponent but you also have to apply pressure from your own legs! Gage MAY have bought himself some much needed time!

Harvey goes to the center of the ring. The ref checks on him and Jay assures him he's fine to continue. However, this gives the SOHER enough energy to struggle onto the apron. When Harvey sees him, Blackwood wrings his neck on the top rope and then flips over the top, grabbing Harvey and rolling him up into another pin position!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Can't fool Jay twice!

Blackwood stumbles to the corner, surprised. Harvey falls back to a corner across the way, checking his knee and trying to recover.

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" The Faithful go.

Almost like the introduction to a superhero cartoon, Harvey breaks free from the corner at the exact same time Blackwood does and the two CRASH into each other like a car wreck!

DDK:

I don't even know what to call that! Co-shoulder blocks!? Co-tackles!?

Lance:

I think they just wanted to run each other over!

DDK:

Well, here we are. Blackwood is down. Harvey is down. It's anyone's game!

Harvey needs the use of the ropes to get up but he is the first one to do so. Blackwood, also favoring a leg, is second. The two spin around and go at each other once more...

DDK:

Harvey ducks the clothesline attempt. Jab to the neck, jab to the neck... BUT BLACKWOOD with a knee to the stomach! Midlothian Hangover... NO! Harvey escapes! Wake Up Call... NO! Blackwood drops to the mat and avoids the maneuver!

Blackwood rushes towards the challenger and looks for a forearm smash but Harvey throws him into the ropes! As Blackwood bounces off them and turns around, Harvey shoots up in the air looking for a superkick but Blackwood ducks that, slides through and then spins The Natural One around, in an attempt to hit a jawbreaker. Once more, this move is counted as Harvey pulls away!

Blackwood grabs Jay's shoulders and tries to leap onto them for a hurricanrana into a pin but Harvey, YET AGAIN, counters and turns it into a powerbomb! Except that the powerbomb isn't hit when Blackwood rolls through and pushes off Harvey's back. The two men are at square one ALL OVER AGAIN! Both wrestlers standing in the middle of the ring, both facing each other with ice-cold glares. Both favoring a knee.

DDK:

We might be here forever!

Gage Blackwood:

If I could, I'd spill MORE coffee all over your stupid shoes.

The SOHER says in relation to how we all got here.

Jay Harvey:

DO YOU EVER SHUT THE FUCK UP?!

And thus begins another slug-fest.

This one is short-lived, though, as Harvey has full control and works Blackwood into the corner. He hurls the champion across the way and the crowd GASPS when they realize this was the turnbuckle pad that was taken off!

Blackwood, however, applies the brakes at the *last second* and relief crosses his face.

DDK:

He really deserved to run into that one...

Harvey comes rushing in and Blackwood moves but HARVEY applies the brakes as well! Relief crosses his face, too!

That's when Blackwood spins the former SOHER around, kicks Jay in the back, and hits The Midlothian Hangover.

DDK:

HE CONNECTS WITH THE BRAINBUSTER. PIN!!

ONE!

TWO!

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Blackwood sees the foot there at the last second and pushes it off. He screams at Navarro, saying the ref “wanted a winner” and should have just counted through.

DDK:

Blackwood has to be smarter than that. He’s never hit the move so close to the ropes before!

Blackwood is fuming and shoves the referee.

Lance:

Well, he’s been shoved by both guys, now.

Gage goes back to Harvey. He drags him to his feet and then runs the ropes, hitting a leg chop to the right knee he was working on earlier. Jay screams in pain as he falls over and not to be outdone...

DDK:

BLACKWOOD IS APPLYING A FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK!

Lance:

Jeez...

Blackwood makes sure it’s in the middle of the ring and he even mimics some of Jay’s actions while he has the hold applied. He leans forward and screams into Harvey’s face. The Natural One, this time, is on the defensive and trying to break free. He’s throwing his hands left, right and center, hoping the ropes are near but they aren’t. Never at a loss for words, Blackwood keeps the trash talk (or rubbish talk) coming.

Gage Blackwood:

STUPID. ASS. BITCH. I OWN YOU. 24-7. YOU’RE NOTHING. YOU HEAR ME. NOTHI-

DDK:

HARVEY REVERSED THE HOLD!

The Faithful are losing their minds as Blackwood screams in agony! He slams his fists hard into the mat but looks up at Navarro right away to say that was not him submitting. However, it’s clear he’s certainly close. He can barely reach out... even though the ropes are much closer to him than they were to his opponent.

DDK:

WILL THIS BE THE END OF THE UNDEFEATED STREAK!?

The chant starts again from the last figure four.

“TAP YOU ASSHOLE!” Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

“TAP YOU ASSHOLE!” Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

“TAP YOU ASSHOLE!” Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Gage Blackwood:

I- I-

Everyone is on the EDGE of their seat!

Gage Blackwood:

I GIVE U-

But right before he finishes that sentence he reaches out and GRAZES the bottom rope! This gives him life! He tries for one push-up from the ground and moves JUST ENOUGH to get there!

Boos engulf the WrestlePlex! Harvey does break the hold. Both men are, for what seems like the hundredth time in this match, back at the beginning.

DDK:

Nothing left. These two have *nothing* left.

But, to Keebler's surprise (or perhaps he should be much smarter than that), there are still signs of life, as faint as they can be.

DDK:

I don't believe it... Harvey is dragging himself to a corner and using the ropes to get up. Blackwood is doing the same.

They both reach a vertical base and stumble backward into the middle of the ring, bumping into each other in the process.

DDK:

OLYMPIC SLAM BY GAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

The crowd is on fire as Harvey once again finds the fight and testicular fortitude to continue on. Blackwood's eyes glaze over as he looks at Navarro. By now, he's not even mad. He's just giving an expression like "why the hell is this match STILL happening"!?

The SOHER rolls to his back to catch his breath. This is when Harvey gets a second wind and pops to his feet. His knee is certainly giving him problems but he sees Blackwood laying there and can sense the champion hasn't noticed him yet. Harvey sees his chance to finish the match and hits another patented Springboard Moonsault! The lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

OH MY GOODNESS I THOUGHT IT WAS OVER!

Lance:

That pin had EVERYONE fooled! A new champion was OH SO close!

Harvey is breathing so heavily. He Irish whips Blackwood into the ropes and then upon return he looks for a Single Knee Facebreaker but Blackwood CATCHES HIM and holds on... turning it into a powerbomb with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

These counts are fast and furious!

The champion falls face-first on the mat after that wasn't a three, either. Hector Navarro starts a ten count but keeps it very slow.

Lance:

How are we going to get a finish!? Time limit draw!?

"ONE!"

DDK:

I think we are still a little away from that.

"TWO!"

Lance:

First mistake then?

"THREE!"

DDK:

Might be a good bet. This match can't end like this!

"FOUR!"

Lance:

These guys are more alike than they may let on.

"FIVE!"

DDK:

It's anyone's game!

“SIX!”

Harvey has gained a vertical base! He waits on Blackwood and thinks about going for the Shot of Reality but this is countered into a Rolling Prawn Hold by Blackwood!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Gage has another gear and gets right back up. He clotheslines Harvey down and then clotheslines him down again. Harvey, too, keeps getting up and it continues to piss the champion off. Blackwood goes for a third clothesline but this time the SHOT OF REALITY connects! The Natural One shoots to the top rope, trying to get up there without his knee giving away...

Harvey doesn't have enough in him for *THE* Shooting Star Press but he has the confidence to stay put, measure Blackwood and land a perfect looking Elbow Drop! Learning from the past few minutes of false pin finishes, Harvey knows he has to put away Gage... for good.

He props the Scot to his knees. He goes off the ropes for the Wake Up Call...

DDK:

BLACKWOOD FALLS TO THE SIDE AT THE LAST SECOND!

The champion hurls Jay Harvey into the ropes and looks for The Gaelic Storm but this time Jay moves and Blackwood hits air! The challenger spins into Gage and whips him into the turnbuckle but it's reversed...

THUMP.

DDK:

NOOO! HARVEY HIT THE EXPOSED RING PAD!

THUMP!

GAELIC STORM.

Harvey is out. Blackwood just gets lucky enough to fall on top and the fans are shaking their heads.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The air is let out of the arena. However, the jeers don't come in as loudly because it's clear neither man knows where the hell is he.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and STILL the Southern Heritage Champion... Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Wow. Just wow.

Lance:

Blackwood wins the fight. By the skin of his teeth.

The Edinburgh native's theme song plays but there is no one home. It's hard enough to get Blackwood off of Harvey's fallen body and give him the title. Referee Benny Doyle has been tasked with coming down to check on the combatants, too.

DDK:

This could have gone either way.

Lance:

Jay was SO CLOSE to the Wake Up Call. Blackwood was extremely lucky he moved that inch!

Replays show, indeed, Lance Warner was correct. Harvey went for the move and whether it was on instinct or just sheer luck, Blackwood tilts his body a little to the right and escapes RIGHT BEFORE the knee comes in.

More replays show the Irish whip into the exposed pad, one that Blackwood was initially looking to take before he reversed it. Once Harvey falls to his knees, Gage hits the double knee strike for the win... but clearly doesn't look like he could make any cover and happens to collapse on top of the challenger in a lucky fashion.

The scene goes back to the ring. Both men are in a corner now and getting checked on. Both clueless as to what's transpired. Blackwood even mouths the words "am I win?" which doesn't make grammatical sense.

DDK:

Hats off to both men, Jay Harvey and even the bitter Gage. Hell of a fight.

Lance:

Chapter Two, in a battle these men may have forever.

We stay on the scene in the ring before moving on with the show.

SPECIAL DEFIANCE/BRAZEN ANNOUNCEMENT!

DDK:

What a match we just saw between Gage Blackwood and Jay Harvey! Gage retains once again and keeps his undefeated streak intact on Pay-Per-Views! What a performance by both men!

Lance:

Absoltuely! We're just a few short moments away from our next match which will see the Unified Tag Team Titles on the line between The Comments Section and The Sky High Titans! But before we do, we have an announcement from BRAZEN's Matchmaker, Capital Punishment, concerning an upcoming event in two weeks right after CLASH of the BRAZEN!

DDK:

That's right! We're going right to our interview stage where Cappy is now with us, along with his appointed enforcer for BRAZEN, "The Big Bad" BRAGG!

The camera pans over to Capital Punishment on the stage now. The former prison guard and former member of Team HOSS stands by and nods to the crowd. Behind him, the mean-ass looking BRAGG gets cheers as he nods. As a local famous indy wrestler who has been appointed as BRAZEN's enforcer, BRAGG remains arms folded behind Cappy as he greets the fans.

Capital Punishment:

Lance, Darren, thanks. And thanks, guys, for that great response.

The crowd cheer the IWO, DEFIANCE, and ACW veteran.

Capital Punishment:

Like Darren and Lance said earlier tonight, we have CLASH of the BRAZEN coming up next week. But after that, we have a special show on Labor Day that will see BOTH BRAZEN and DEFIANCE working together to bring you a new installment of a previous joint project. DEFIANCE AND BRAZEN PRESENTS: TAG PARTY II!

The Faithful CHEER at this announcement!

Capital Punishment:

The last time we did one of these, it was an incredibly popular house show and the original edition had Elise Ares and Flex Kruger win out over Oscar Burns and "Howlin" Joe Wolfe! But this next edition will be a special televised show much like CLASH of the BRAZEN! There will be a field of TWELVE teams put together that are going to consist of one BRAZEN and one DEFIANCE star! The winners will receive a set of special trophies in addition to a \$75,000 cash prize sponsored by DEFIANCE's new parent company, Favoured Saints!

DDK:

WOW, THAT'S AMAZING!

Lance:

I know! I can't wait!

Cappy pauses as the cheers continue.

Capital Punishment:

Without further adieu, these are the teams that will be participating in this event!

The camera cuts to the DEFTron for each team being listed!

Team Rhyming Names Are Cool ("Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns/"Mellow Yellow" George Othello)

The Biggest Best Boys! ("The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy/Nathaniel Eye)

Team No Chaser ("Black Out" Patrick Cassidy/Doug "Moonshine" Matton)

Team Shut Up And Hit 'em! ("Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy/Declan "DEC4L" Alexander)

Conor Fuse/"Free Refills" Berry Chernobyl

The Boy Scout Brigade OR The World's Second Nicest Tag Team ("Sub Pop" Scott Douglas/Levi Cole)

Rag\$ To Riche\$ ("The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer" Mikey Unlikely/David Hightower)

Stalk 'N' Hoff (Stalker/Reinhardt Hoffman)

The Odd Couple (Jestal/Roosevelt Owens)

Flex In A Box (Klein/Flex Kruger)

Perfectly Great (Perfection/Aleczaider The Great)

???/Archer Silver

Cappy smiles as the crowd cheers with the names going through the list.

Capital Punishment:

The last one will be revealed later, but he's somebody I've known for a damn long time!

He laughs to himself then finishes out the rules.

Capital Punishment:

The brackets will be announced on the day of the show. There will be three blocks of four teams meeting up! The winners of each block will meet in a three-way elimination match in the main event and the winner will win this year's Tag Party along with the \$75,000 cash prize! Thanks and enjoy the rest of the show!

The Faithful give Cappy a round of applause as he and BRAGG leave the interview stage. The camera pans back to the show for the upcoming Unified Tag Team Title match!

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SKY HIGH TITANS Â© vs. THE COMMENTS SECTION

The Faithful wait patiently for the next bout. They anticipate yet another banger of a match as the show continues. Slowly, the house lights dim.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The self-absorbed tune from Shinedown plays throughout the arena as The Comments Section is met with a smattering of boos. Malak has his silly airplane arms extended as he does CIRCLES around Cyrus and Teresa who walk straight to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is set for one fall and has a sixty-minute time limit. This match is for the DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS! Introducing first, they are the challengers, being accompanied to the ring by Teresa Ames, the team of Cyrus Bates and Malak Garland, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

Malak beats his chest like an unhinged monkey when Quimbey hits the apex of their introduction.

DDK:

I think it'd be an understatement to say that Malak is clearly pumped and primed for this match.

Lance:

He's acting like an idiot, though.

DDK:

What else is new?

Malak DEMANDS Cyrus gets up on the apron and opens the ropes for him, which is exactly what happens. Teresa scours the sidelines as she investigates the crowd for any potential after-party followers. As their music finally ends, the crowd responds with a big mixed reaction when Junior Keeling comes out to greet them.

DDK:

Wow... the fans are letting Junior have it for his part in what's been happening behind the scenes with the Sky High Titans.

Junior shakes his head.

Junior Keeling:

Look... I deserve that... but tonight we're turning the page and closing the chapter on what we at The Family Keeling like to call "The 15 Minutes of Fame For These Whack-ass Instagram Nobodies."

RAHHHHHHHHH!

Malak looks ready to climb up there and fight, but he won't because Cyrus Bates is holding him back.

Junior Keeling:

Yeah... I already got a piece of the three of you, thanks. But tonight, you're fighting The Sky High Titans and they have shown the BEST OF THE BEST they ain't nothing to fuck with, Wu-Tang Clan-style. Pop Culture Phenoms. Team HOSS. The Stevens Dynasty. And anybody else who has tried to take these titles have fallen and tonight, we're adding The Comments Section to that list. Now welcome... my dad, Thomas Keeling!

Thomas Keeling gets a more positive response from the Faithful as he makes his way out.

DDK:

That's right, kids. For one night, you get to eat at the big kid's table, then after we're done tonight, you can go back to Mommy's basement.

Malak Garland:

HEY, SHE LIVES WITH ME!

Thomas Keeling:

Sure. Now introducing... YOUR Unified Tag Team Champions... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! "The Sky High Kid" Minute... **THE SKY! HIGH! TITANS!**

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels ♪

As the theme blasts over the PA, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, looking 100% business. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute. Junior tries to offer Minute a hand, but one half of the UniTag Champs brushes right past him and nods to Uriel.

DDK:

Thomas put together a last-minute Unified Tag Title defense on UNCUT to get them ready. Whatever issues that Minute has with Junior don't seem to extend to Uriel at least for now.

Lance:

The champs seem to have put it together in the ring, but outside it's been almost all Comments Section since Malak Garland somehow got hold of these private text messages and emails between Thomas and Junior Keeling about possibly replacing Minute after they were cheated by the PCPs out of the belts a couple months ago.

Cortez steps onto the ring apron and then lifts the ropes open so Minute can slide through them and get into the ring. Cortez rips off his replica luchador mask and throws it into the crowd, then Minute leaps onto the top rope, then the corner rope, and then backflips into the ring... yes, all in his suit! The two men then meet in the middle and raise their fists in the air. The collection of championships goes to referee Benny Doyle, who raises them for all to see before handing them off to ringside. With that, the match starts.

DING DING

DDK:

And we are underway! It looks like Cyrus Bates will be starting things off against Minute.

Just before the match starts, something diverts everyone's attention from the ring, to one of the higher sections in the arena. The Faithful and ring occupants all turn their heads towards the spotlighted commotion. A quick camera cut shows The Toybox emerging from the aisle.

DDK:

It would appear The Toybox has arrived at Acts of DEFIANCE and not a moment too soon! They want to see this match from the start!

Jestal has a concession stand rack filled with popcorn next to him while Dandelion has a cooler filled with snow cones. They walk down the steps and come to two empty seats. The Faithful are excited as Jestal and Dandelion start handing out free popcorn and snow cones to everyone around their seats. They leave their vendor trays up against the center posts between the stairs and sit with The Faithful who are just excited to be within arms reach to them.

Lance:

Look out!

Back in the ring, Cyrus PLANTS a devastating big boot to the face of Minute! Malak claps and laughs from his corner

as Cyrus lays into the diminutive dynamite. Junior shakes his head from the floor and points at Minute.

Junior Keeling:

Minute! That's why eyes should be on the prize!

DDK:

Everyone was looking at Toybox and Cyrus takes advantage and just lays out Minute!

Bates hammers on Minute in the empty corner until the referee pulls him away.

Lance:

Cyrus Bates means business tonight! The gold is on the line after all.

Bates slaps his chest as if taunting Minute to bring the fight to him. He does, but he gets a vicious powerslam for his troubles. Bates floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The air is nearly taken out of the arena as Minute just barely kicks out. He finds his chin cinched into a Bates sleeper hold. The two slowly rise until Minute wriggles out, bounces off the ropes and delivers a shotgun dropkick to the left knee of Bates!

DDK:

I think Minute needs a quick tag out here!

The luchador does just that, tagging in his bigger counterpart.

TAG! TAG!

Bates tags Garland in too, who comes flying in, only to be met by a STIFF Cortez clothesline.

Lance:

Here we go! I know Uriel Cortez was chomping at the bit to get himself a piece of Malak Garland.

Cortez throws Garland into the corner and nails him with a few hard back elbows. Garland looks dazed as Cortez runs to the other corner, hits the turnbuckle and comes all the way back with a big splash!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez is unchained tonight, folks!

Garland spaghetti legs himself out of the corner, but Uriel Cortez growls and grabs him by the throat.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh, no... you got an ass-whooping coming, little boy...

He pins Malak to the corner... Malak shrieks...

THWACK!

DDK:

Oh, my God! The Chop of Ages connects and now Malak is doubled ov... oh, boy...

Uriel pulls him up again... then THWACKS him a second time with his signature Chop of Ages! The Double-Handed Chop echoes like a gunshot and Malak is on his knees, crying out in pain! Uriel doesn't give him the time of day and picks him up before THROWING him over with a big Release Vertical Suplex!

Lance:

It takes a special kind of annoying to make Uriel Cortez angry, but he is. And now, he's trying for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Bates asserts himself to ensure the match doesn't end so quickly, throwing an elbow to the back of Uriel's head. The ref is fast to back Bates to his corner. Cortez tries to reach over the ref to get at Bates but he's already out of reach. Cortez goes back to work on Garland by picking him up and nailing another Release Vertical Suplex! The fans in the front rows look on in awe at the display of power.

DDK:

That one really hurt Malak! You can see him reaching to his lower back in pain.

Cortez stays on the attack as The Titan locks in a Full Nelson, only to slam his opponent down to the canvas!

Lance:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

A camera shot cuts to Teresa who covers her face in relief. Cortez calls over to his corner as he notices Minute is up but still shaking out the cobwebs from that big boot.

TAG!

Nevertheless, Cortez tags out and in storms Minute. The fans get excited as they remember the last time these two were in the same ring together.

DDK:

I bet you Minute has a bunch of pent up frustration to release on Malak for causing so much internal animosity.

The Keyboard King is slow to his feet, but a look of shock overtakes his face when he turns to see his masked nightmare in front of him. Instead of fighting with nobility, Malak slyly falls out of the ring and into the clutches of Teresa Ames.

DDK:

She's not your mom, kid. Time to face the music.

Minute propels himself off the ropes and goes for a faux dive over the rope to which Malak reacts by pulling Teresa in front of him. He cowers in fear behind her back but as mentioned, Minute faked his jump. The crowd gets all over Malak for putting Teresa in harm's way.

DDK:

Unreal! Actually, this should have been believable from the get-go! Malak is a pathetic excuse for a human being and Minute didn't even have to really do anything to prove how much of a coward he is!

Once Malak realizes he isn't getting hit with a flying lucha body part, he slowly creeps out from behind his female friend. He checks with her that she is alright before sliding back into the ring.

Lance:

I'm surprised Teresa isn't pissed.

DDK:

You'd be okay with it if you were a brainwashed peon in a cult, too, Lance.

Minute dives between the wide open legs of Garland before booting him in the rear. Garland gets caught on the ropes and Minute connects a running knee to the back of Garland's skull! Cyrus Bates quickly rushes in and flips Minute backwards, which prompts Uriel Cortez to enter the ring and start slugging it out.

DDK:

Cortez taking exception to Bates!

The two brutes fight their way against the ropes. Bates has his back to the ropes before Cortez clotheslines him to the outside. By this time, Minute is up. The TJ Tornado runs off the ropes, jumps up onto Uriel's broad shoulders and hits a HUGE dive on Cyrus to the outside! The fans are left in awe.

DDK:

What a leaping splash by Minute!

Uriel looks down at the two men while Malak creeps up behind him.

WHACK!

Lance:

Chop block!

Malak cuts Cortez down to size with a vicious looking chop block to the back of the knee. Cortez drapes over the ring ropes in pain. Malak quickly locks in a headlock and then spins around before hitting a DDT.

DDK:

Look at Thomas!

With everyone down but Malak, Thomas pleads with the referee to regain some order. Hearing this, Malak turns his *attention* to The Family Keeling by ringside. He slithers out of the ring and looks at both Thomas and Junior. He smiles before hitting both with a double airplane armed clothesline, sounds included!

Lance:

Oh, come on! Now that is uncalled for!

DDK:

Junior already suffered enough, but Thomas is 62! Come on!

Malak doesn't stop there as he grabs Thomas by the head and uses his thumbs rather violently to try and clench Thomas' eyes open. Malak begins to scream maniacally. Luckily, the camera microphone is able to pick up his words.

Malak Garland:

GIVE ME YOUR VIEWS!

DDK:

I believe he calls that move the Thirst Trap, Lance... as odd and eerie of a move that is.

Lance:

Is that even a move, Darren?

Malak gazes into Thomas' eyes as if he's able to suck his soul from his body until Junior finally pushes him away. Malak laughs as if he got something out of the exchange. However, his happy face changes immediately as he walks backwards into the apron where Uriel Cortez lurks from above. Cortez snatches Garland by his body and PRESSES him over his head before he CHUCKS Garland through the top and middle rope back into the ring! Uriel then starts motioning for a trainer to get to ringside to check on Thomas and Junior, then points to Minute.

DDK:

Look! Minute is on the top rope!

Clutching his shoulder, Minute steadies himself as Malak is up in the corner... then the crowd goes CRAZY when Minute runs across the ropes and connects with his Rope Running Corner Dropkick to the face of Malak!

DDK:

ESTRELLA FUGAZ ON MALAK GARLAND! WHAT A MOVE!

Garland falls out of the corner as he gets covered with both legs hooked.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Malak kicks out with desperation. Both men find their way to their feet. But when Malak tries to fight and Minute hits him, both men connect with Stereo Superkicks! Both men are down!

DDK:

Both men down as we sort of reset here!

Cyrus climbs back up to his corner as Cortez relocates to his. The camera catches The Toybox. They are mesmerized by the match. They have The Faithful around them in sync doing the same things they do. Jestal tosses popcorn in his mouth and Dandelion takes a bite of her snow cone.

Lance:

Well, I sure am glad Jestal and Dandelion are enjoying this one! I wouldn't mind a snow cone, in all honesty.

Malak is motionless as is Minute. The referee starts the ten count.

DDK:

This match is LITERALLY hanging in the balance. If Minute tags Uriel in, then Malak could be looking at a lot of pain and vice versa if Malak tags Bates in!

The two finally begin to stir but then end up crawling to the wrong corners. Minute looks up at an imposing Cyrus Bates and Malak's face becomes flush once he locks eyes with an enraged Uriel Cortez. The illegal men help themselves as they both enter the ring and military press their respective opponents up high.

DDK:

Cyrus has Minute up!

Lance:

Uriel has Malak up!

Cortez and Bates now lock eyes. They both decide to throw who they hold into each other at the same time! Malak's body collides with Minute's in midair, as they both drop in a heap in the center of the ring!

DDK:

What a display of power by both men!

Lance:

Both Malak and Minute took the brunt of that there!

Cortez stares down Bates before lunging over the two smaller fallen competitors. His veracity is unmatched as Bates has no choice but to cover up in the corner! Malak and Minute eventually find themselves duking it out in the opposite corner.

DDK:

Everything has broken down here! This is an all-out war!

While this is happening, Thomas is being escorted to the back, but Junior, as a former wrestler able to eat a little punishment, points and cheers Minute on from the outside. The TJ Tornado peers over his shoulder and makes eye contact with his partner. They nod and begin to Irish whip Malak and Cyrus towards each other but Garland counters and sends Minute into a vicious spear!

THUD!

The gut-busting sound even causes Junior Keeling to wrap his arms around his torso out of fear that Minute is broken in half. Cortez JUMPS on Bates quickly as they both spill out of the ring. Malak does a quick double take before jumping on Minute for the cover.

*ONE!**TWO!**THRE-KICKOUT!!!*

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

The Faithful rise to their feet in support for the guts displayed by Minute.

DDK:

He kicked out! He kicked out! How about that for hanging in there!?

Lance:

Malak can't believe his eyes.

Indeed, Malak looks over to the referee and holds out two fingers, confirming the fall was not final. A super quick cut of the camera shows Toybox mimicking Malak by holding up two fingers each. Meanwhile, Cortez and Bates still struggle on the outside. Teresa Ames decides to insert herself but Junior Keeling springs into action and blocks her out before she can lay a finger on Uriel.

DDK:

What is Malak doing?

Garland climbs to the top rope nearest to all the commotion but doesn't get to hit a move as Ames pushes Keeling into

the ring apron, accidentally causing Malak to lose his balance and groin himself on the turnbuckle!

OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd lets out a gasp as Malak is in clear pain. Minute RISES up and drills Malak with a hurricanrana from the top rope! Bates and Ames retreat back to their side as Junior and Cortez escort each other in the opposite direction.

DDK:

And it's as if we're back to square one!

Minute walks over to Cortez and they exchange some words.

TAG!

In comes Cortez. He pulls Malak up only to drop him hard with a HUGE Body Slam! Cortez tries to follow it up with some more offense, but Malak latches onto his opponent's ankle. He grovels at the bigger man, trying to lull him into a false sense of sympathy but he and the crowd can see right through it.

Lance:

Cortez is not buying any of Malak's silly antics anymore! He can't beg his way out of this one!

Cortez yanks Malak to his feet by his hair before delivering a flush fist to the chin!

DDK:

Good lord, he stopped him with that one!

Lance:

After Garland attacked Uriel's mentor Thomas Keeling and promoter Junior Keeling? He deserves no sympathy.

Uriel drags him in close.

Uriel Cortez:

Have fun snapping selfies without teeth, asshole.

Malak stumbles backwards. He is dazed as he watches Cortez walk over to the corner, exchange some more words with Minute telling him to finish the match and tags out.

TAG!

Minute comes storming back in and goes right at Malak, BLASTING him with a series of Shoot Kicks to the thighs before pushing him to the ropes. He tries a whip on Malak but puts the brakes on. Minute then goes for the ride, but hangs onto the ropes, making Malak charge. He trips Malak up in the ropes, and then flies off with a Tiger Feint Kick in between the rope!

DDK:

Minute is a house on fire right now! Look at him put Malak in his place!

Cyrus reaches over the ropes indicating he wants a tag but Minute runs over and drop kicks him. It doesn't send Bates off the apron, but it sends a message that The TJ Tornado is done fooling around.

DDK:

Look out!

Bates manages to lean over the ropes and swing his arms, catching Minute in the back of the head in retaliation.

Lance:

I think Minute bit off more than he could chew there! Kudos to him for trying though.

Malak pulls himself up with the help of the ropes but before going for the tag, he re-positions himself back on the top turnbuckle. This time, he aims and connects with a soaring elbow drop from the top rope! No pin attempt is needed as this buys Malak enough time to FINALLY tag out.

TAG!

DDK:

Uh oh. This doesn't look good.

Bates jumps over the ropes and begins stomping on the diminutive dynamite. A chorus of boos reign down on Bates as he pummels Minute. He eventually stops to catch his breath from all the physical exertion. Minute throbs in pain on the canvas.

Lance:

Cyrus is calling out Uriel now!

The obvious coaxing doesn't faze Uriel even though he wants to rush in and save his partner. Instead, Cortez stalls which allows Minute a moment of reprieve. When Bates turns his attention back to The TJ Tornado, he is met with desperation shots and that's when Minute catches him by the head...

DDK:

Interceptor! What a move right there! Tornado DDT!

DDK:

Minute needs to get out of there, now!

Minute crawls ever so slowly to his corner where Cortez waits for him, arm extended. The fans begin to clap and cheer, trying to root on their pint-sized hero. Minute gets to the corner.

BUT

He doesn't tag.

DDK:

What? Tag Cortez in!

Junior Keeling's eyes grow wide and tells him to make the tag. Minute, breathing heavily, looks at his long-time tag team partner. Sweat glistens off his body. He's tired. He's spent. His body is weak and worn down from the beating he's taken throughout the match, YET he stands there and favorably tells his partner he's got this. He's going to prove he's worth more than his weight in (tag team) gold. He points to his chest and says, "I've got this!" with confidence before turning back into the fray.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd immediately ignites and backs the show of heroism as Minute TAKES the fight to Cyrus Bates who cannot believe what he is seeing. Usually, such a hurt fighter tags out in this circumstance, but Minute is no usual fighter. Unsure how to defend himself, Bates covers up as an incoming barrage of forearms and kicks are thrown his way!

DDK:

MINUTE IS LAYING INTO THE BIGGER MAN!

Minute connects so hard with his last kick to the head, that it sends sweat dissipating off Bates' head and into the air!

Bates falls to his knees, but Malak is coy enough to notice how close he is to his partner and reach over for a tag.

TAG!

Minute isn't frazzled by the change of targets as Malak tentatively enters the ring. The feeling is now completely different. This was not the Minute he sparred with earlier in the match. The intensity is certainly ratcheted up a notch. Game on.

DDK:

The crowd is REALLY getting behind Minute here!

Lance:

They could fuel him all the way to victory, Darren!

FIGHT FOREVER!

KICK MALAK'S ASS!

FIGHT FOREVER!

KICK MALAK'S ASS!

The Faithful ride into a frenzy of chants as Malak, scared, looks Minute in the eye. Minute's heavy breathing is still present as he's running on pure adrenaline. Malak attempts a wimpy clothesline and easily misses. Minute charges off the ropes and hits a HANDSPRING ENZUIGIRI!

Lance:

Wow, Minute doesn't have quit! He wants to prove Malak Garland wrong! He wants to prove Junior Keeling wrong! He isn't the weak link of this team and doesn't need replacing!

DDK:

Cover on Garland! That's it! That's it!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

OHHHHH!

Lance:

BATES! HE SAVES THE MATCH FOR HIS TEAM!

Cyrus Bates somehow pulls Minute back at the last second, which causes Cortez to come in and deal with the situation.

DDK:

Uriel has seen enough!

The Titan of Industry gets a HUGE pop coming into the ring and CLOCKING Cyrus Bates with The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

MY GOD! That Dropkick is so unreal when Cortez uses it!

Lance:

And now he's out of the ring!

Uriel throws Bates to the outside. But when he gets out there, Teresa jumps on his back and takes a selfie, shooting a BRIGHT flash right in Uriel's eyes!

DDK:

No! Come on!

Lance:

That's absolutely new! A selfie flash stopping Uriel!

Blinded, Uriel falls to the outside too. Minute is left in the ring, noticing how Cortez, Bates and Ames are entangled on the outside, he takes the opening to go to the top rope to finish Malak off.

Lance:

Minute is going up!

He points to the sky before attempting a 450 splash!

MINUTE DETAIL-NO!

THUD!

The air escapes from the arena. Malak has his knees up as Minute plunges directly on top of them. The rest is academic.

Junior Keeling: *[Yelling]*

GET UP, MINUTE! GET UP!

Like a shark smelling blood, Malak stalks his target. Minute turns to face his maker. The crowd lets out unsettling noises as they don't want to witness what is about to happen. Malak measures him up and BLASTS him with a Superkick! He then applies a pumphandle. His smug scour is all anyone can see.

DDK:

NO! NO! NO! NO!

Pumphandle DDT.

#ohmygoshyoulostsosadlol

Malak rolls over for the cover, flailing his legs like there's even the slightest chance of Minute kicking out. Uriel Cortez looks on as he struggles to shake off the blinding flash and is being held by Bates and Ames. Junior Keeling watches as his jaws drop!

ONE!

DDK:

Not like this.

TWO!

Lance:

No, come on, kick out!

THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Silence.

DING DING

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Near everyone is gobsmacked. No one can believe it. A coronation is complete. Malak rolls off his victim as he covers his eyes dispersing happy tears. Everyone else is just pissed.

DDK:

I... I just have no words.

Lance:

They... they won!? They actually did it. They... dominated Sky High Titans if you think about it... mentally, even!

The disingenuousness in the commentary voices is exactly how everyone in the arena feels, except three. Malak pounds his fist in the air as the referee begrudgingly gives him all five Tag belts.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE MATCH... AND **NEEEEEEW** DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

Quimbey's voice shoots through the arena with vigor as he's clearly paid to be upbeat. Malak doesn't know what to do with all that gold. It's like sensory overload. Minute finds himself on the outside of the ring, alone. Bates and Ames let Cortez go as they congregate in the ring to celebrate like crazy.

DDK:

This is utter madness, Lance. Malak Garland, the biggest complainer this side of the bayou, has just captured five tag team titles and he doesn't even deserve one.

Bates and Ames hoist Garland up on their shoulders, for the world to see as all five belts are plastered to the Keyboard King in some capacity. The camera switches to The Toybox one final time as they stare down at The Comments Section, just as baffled as the fans next to them. Jestal gives a hand gesture down toward Teresa of "call me." Dandelion just shakes her head in disappointment of The Sky High Titans.

Lance:

We have new tag champions... and the future of the division has never looked so bleak.

Minute looks over to Uriel Cortez who is standing by Junior but there is a fair bit of distance between TJ Tornado and his associates. Junior is left seeing red...

He takes off his Sky High Titans bomber jacket and **THROWS** it on the ground before storming off up the ramp, leaving them behind presumably to go check on his dad.

Lance:

Jeez... I think things between The Sky High Titans and The Family Keeling look like they are about to implode!

DDK:

Minute gave an absolute valiant effort. He has nothing to be ashamed of. He kept his team in it, but that apparently doesn't seem to be enough for Junior.

Lance:

But one must wonder, could things have turned out differently if he just tagged Uriel in when he had the chance to? I mean, in effect, it cost Sky High Titans the gold and now we're entering the Age of Malak.

An aura of uncertainty shrouds Sky High Titans as Uriel, then Minute heads back up the ramp as the over-the-top celebrations continue in the ring. Bates and Ames throw streamers at Malak as he kisses the belts nonstop. The scene

fades on the newly crowned champions.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. SCOTT STEVENS

The screen cuts back to the announcers booth as we get ready for tonight's Main Event.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've had a tremendous show thus far and we are about to end with a nuclear explosion.

Lance:

That would be a huge understatement Keebs as the returning Scott Stevens has been stalking the FIST of DEFIANCE for months and we are finally going to settle it in the ring tonight.

DDK:

You're right Lance, Stevens returned two weeks ago on DEFYTV 140 and made his intentions known as he declared he was cashing in his ACE of DEFIANCE championship.

Lance:

Declare? He did more than that when he beat Mikey from pillar to post and all over the arena.

DDK:

He sure did and he let his feelings known earlier tonight as well.

Lance:

Stevens didn't hold anything back as he let Mikey know how he truly felt about his championship reign thus far.

DDK:

And speaking off the Texan.....

The lights in the arena go out when a voice shouts over the arena speakers....

"MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN!"

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 jeers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into cheers. 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* as

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

Plays throughout the arena.

DDK:

The sound of cheers for Scott Stevens is something I don't know if I can get use to.

Lance:

Me either Keebs.

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises up the ACE of DEFIANCE championship high into the air.

DDK:

Whether you like him or not, you know Scott Stevens is a proud man and an even prouder champion.

As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers and fist bumps his supporters.

DDK:

Stevens showing love to his supporters.

Lance:

He has always said you either love him or hate him and this is evident.

Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring completely focused on the task at hand until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising the ACE of DEFIANCE into the air once more before dropping to the canvas as the former FIST shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for his opponent.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The fans boo loudly when the red carpet rolls down the ramp. As the first verse starts Mikey comes through the curtain. He's got his ring gear and a zip up windbreaker. Mikey Money logo on the back. His silver aviators shine in the single spotlight that hits the stage. He's got the FIST of DEFIANCE placed securely into his carrying case. He's also not alone.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely, our current reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE, is not coming out here alone Lance, he's got Perfection with him.

Lance:

An Insurance policy perhaps? We've seen Stevens playing games with Mikey for weeks on end on DEFtv. Mikey has someone to watch his back to make sure no other shenanigans can go on tonight. Remember we don't know where the Stevens clan is in all this.

With one hand he takes the sunglasses off. He drops them in front of himself. The camera zooms in on them just as he steps on them, shattering them. He's making his way to the ring.

DDK:

Mikey looks as dangerous as I've ever seen him. He's coming off a series of quote unquote "easy FIST defenses" and now he's going one on one with a man who held the FIST of DEFIANCE for 165 days himself! Unlikely looks to pass that mark with a win here tonight.

Lance:

Two longtime greats in DEFIANCE, two men who are no strangers to Championship Gold. This should be a great matchup Darren!

Down the ramp he ignores the few fans who try to reach out to him. Before entering the ring Perfection takes the FIST from Mikey and handcuffs it to his own wrist for safekeeping.

DDK:

The question becomes, If Stevens wins this match, does Perfection hand over the championship? Or try to run with it?

He takes the ring steps up, and wipes his feet on the ring apron before stepping into the squared circle. In the corner he doesn't do the usual pose and play to the fans. He cracks his neck, and quickly unzips his jacket. Getting ready for the match, Mikey is quickly approached by Referee Carla Ferrari who checks his pads and boots. Finally the new theme fades out.

DDK:

Now we await the official introductions.

Darren Quimbey makes his way to the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Tonight's Main Event is set for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, to my left.....from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is the Number One Contender to the FIST! OF DEFIANCE! AND! ACE OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

The faithful go ballistic for Stevens' intro as Quimbey looks to his right.

Darren Quimbey:

To my right... hailing from Hollywood, California... He is the REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE...THE WORLDS GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

The Faithful boo mercilessly at Mikey who continues to stare at his former Bruv while Perfection tries to ear muff Mikey from the noise as Carla shows both championships and rings the bell.

DING. DING.

DDK:

And here we go.

Stevens and Mikey come out of their respective corners and begin trash-talking as they circle one another when they both stop as a loud chant erupts from the crowd.

"FUCK EM UP, STEVENS! FUCK EM UP!" Clap x5

DDK:

Well, that's a first.

Lance:

I think both competitors are as shocked as we are.

Stevens smirks as he tells Mikey you hear that while the FIST is holding his ears and trying not to listen, but the chant intensity grows and Mikey goes over to the official complaining about the noise.

Mikey Unlikely:

I CAN'T WRESTLE IN THESE CONDITIONS! TELL THEM TO STOP OR I WALK!

Carla argues with Mikey and the FIST calls for a microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:

If you Ungratefals don't shut the hell up you won't be able to witness greatness in this ring!

The Faithful boo even louder and it sets Mikey off.

Mikey Unlikely:

YOUR LOSS!

Mikey drops the microphone and proceeds to exit the ring.

DDK:

Is he really leaving?

Lance:

Some champion.

As Mikey makes his way over to Perfection to unlock the FIST from the ring post, Stevens quickly rolls out of the ring and grabs Mikey by his hair and throws him back into the ring.

DDK:

Stevens not allowing Mikey to leave that easily.

Perfection yells something to the Texan causing Scott to cock his fist back causing Perfection to back up a bit.

Lance:

I'm sure Stevens would love to drill Perfection in the face.

Stevens rolls into the ring and Mikey slithers out the other side and Stevens gives chase and as the duo make a lap around the ring, Mikey rolls in quickly and when Scott follows he is immediately met with a boot to the face.

DDK:

Mikey isn't going to out power the Texan so he had to outwit him.

Lance:

Mikey needs to be the aggressor if he wants to have a chance against the bigger Stevens.

Mikey continues the assault with more boots to the face before dropping a series of elbow drops across the chest of the Ace.

DDK:

Mikey isn't letting Stevens breathe.

Lance:

Which is good because if Stevens gets his hands on him that could spell the end for Mikey's reign.

Mikey goes for a cover.

One.

Stevens powers out before the count of two and Mikey applies a reverse chinlock.

Lance:

Mikey wearing down the bigger opponent and staying away from his weapons which are his hands.

Scott tries to get loose by grabbing Mikey's hair, but the champion shakes him off and rings his ears by slapping his ears before driving his elbows into the neck and shoulder of Stevens.

DDK:

Mikey driving those elbows with pinpoint accuracy into Scott's neck.

Lance:

Like I said he can't let Stevens breathe or that's it.

Stevens does his best to cover up so Mikey mixes up the attack with a few crossfaces and saliva flies out the mouth of the Texan from the force of the impact.

DDK:

What a shot by the champion!

Mikey releases the chinlock and hits the ropes and drives both knees into the upper back of Stevens.

Cover.

One.

Two.

No!

Stevens powers out.

Lance:

Rapid offense by the champ almost got Scott there.

Mikey reaches down to pick up Scott but receives a kick to the face. Stevens is slow to get to all fours giving Mikey the opportunity to capitalize on the situation and deliver an axe handle blow to the back of Stevens' head.

DDK:

Axehandle to the back of Scott's head and the Ace is down again.

Mikey picks Stevens up off of the canvas and goes to whip him, but Scott has other plans as he puts the brakes on. Mikey tries it again and the result is the same.

Lance:

Mikey might be in trouble here.

Mikey continues to try the Irish whip but Stevens stays stationary and a grin begins to form on his face as he yanks Mikey towards him, but the champion must have been anticipating this as he rocks Scott with a forearm.

DDK:

That forearm shiver rocked Stevens!

With Scott dazed and confused, Mikey whips the Texan and as he bounces off of the ropes he bends over waiting to deliver a back body drop, but Scott sees this and comes to a screeching halt and quickly places Mikey's head between his legs and partially lifts him up before Mikey slithers out of the Ace's grasp and to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Stevens may have been going for that spike piledriver of his.

Scott looks out towards Mikey standing on the outside of the ring as Perfection tries to calm him and holds up two

fingers showing how close we were from having a new FIST of DEFIANCE champion.

Lance:

Stevens showing Mikey how close it was to the match ending.

Mikey slowly circles the ring and Stevens follows him. Mikey yells at Carla to get Stevens back and the Texan voluntarily steps back to allow Mikey to re-enter the ring.

DDK:

Mikey delivered an onslaught to Scott Stevens and it didn't seem to faze the Texan.

Lance:

Hate them or love them, but it takes a nuclear explosion to make sure the members of the Stevens Dynasty stay down.

Mikey and Scott begin to circle one another and as they do Stevens slaps his shoulders before the two lock horns.

DDK:

Lock up and there goes Mikey!

Stevens throws Mikey down to the canvas and Mikey looks shocked.

Scott Stevens:

Get up!

Stevens shouts and Mikey tries to high tail it out of the ring, but the former FIST grabs him and pulls him back into the ring.

DDK:

Stevens is about to bust Mikey up, Lance.

Mikey is pleading with Stevens, but the Texan isn't hearing it and as he gets closer the FIST quickly rakes the eyes of the challenger.

Lance:

Mikey continues to stay one step ahead of Scott.

Mikey rushes towards Scott looking for a clothesline, but the challenger ducks the attack and as Mikey turns around Stevens grabs the champion and drives him into the canvas.

DDK:

DOUBLE S SPINEBUSTER!

Stevens rolls into a jackknife cover.

One.

Two.

NO!

Mikey kicks out.

Lance:

Near fall by the challenger there.

Stevens quickly gets to his feet and yanks Mikey up and uses all his strength to sling Mikey into the corner across the ring hitting the turnbuckles so loudly that it echoes throughout the arena.

DDK:

Did you hear that Lance?

Lance:

Sure did Keebs and if it wasn't for the ropes holding Mikey up he'd be lying on the mat.

Stevens stares at Mikey as he backs into the corner across from the champion and slowly bends down into a charging position. Stevens runs at Mikey looking to drive his shoulder into the black heart of Mikey Money but proves why his checks bounce as he hops over Scott.

DDK:

Mikey avoids the shoulder tackle, but he doesn't know Stevens put the brakes on.

Lance:

It looks like Perfection is trying to get his attention.

Mikey doesn't understand what Perfection is saying.

Perfection:

DO(*Crowd drowns him out*)N'T TURN AROUND!.

Mikey Unlikely:

TURN AROUND?!?!?!?

Mikey shouts in response and Perfection repeats what he says but his once again drowned out by the Faithful and Mikey gives the thumbs up and as he turns around Stevens charges at him and when he collides with Mikey you can see the life flash before his eyes as the life is driven from the FIST's body.

DDK:

SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR! HOLY SMOKES WHAT A SPEAR!

Lance:

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN KEEBS!

Stevens jumps up and shouts out a primal yell and the Faithful go ballistic.

"FUCK EM UP, STEVENS! FUCK EM UP!" **Clap x5**

DDK:

The crowd is solely behind the ACE of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

We might be looking at a new FIST Keebs!

With Mikey in the center of the ring, Scott doesn't go for a cover, but he makes his way over to Mikey's feet and picks

them up and crosses them over his left leg before he turns Mikey onto his stomach.

DDK:

ARACHNOPHOBIA!

Mikey is screaming bloody murder and trying to reach for the ropes but they are miles away.

Lance:

Stevens' primary submission hold! Can this be the nail in the coffin for the champion?

Carla asks Mikey if he wants to quit, but he shouts vulgarity at her.

DDK:

That's nice, and this man wants us to believe he's a role model?

Lance:

Well, his album went double Uranium with vulgarity like that.

Mikey shows his grit and determination and tries to muster enough strength to push the Texan off of him but Stevens shifts his weight causing Mikey to fall back onto his chest.

DDK:

Mikey trying to power out to no avail

Mikey lets out a primal scream and begins to crawl towards the ropes.

Lance:

Mikey showing the heart of a champion right now as he's digging deep.

Mikey inches closer and closer towards the bottom rope and Perfection is there cheering him on and doing something else....

DDK:

What is Perfection doing?

Lance:

Playing cheerleader.

DDK:

Look closer Lance.

As Perfection cheers on Mikey to reach the rope he is slowly pushing it in as Mikey gets closer.

Lance:

Mikey is a fingertip away.....oh no!

Stevens sensing Mikey was close to the ropes pulls the champion to the center of the ring bringing the Faithful to their feet.

DDK:

Are we going to see it?!?!?!?!?

Lance:

I think so Keebs!

Mikey screams out in agony and has no choice but to tap out.

However, while Mikey is tapping, Perfection has sensed the upcoming danger and jumped onto the apron before Carla could see the tap out.

DDK:

Damn him! We should have a new champion right now!

Lance:

That's why he was brought out here Keebs to ensure Mikey remains champion at all costs.

Stevens realizes something is wrong and releases the submission and turns around seeing Perfection and Carla chatting away and the Texan makes a beeline towards him.

Lance:

Stevens about to knock Perfection's lights out.

The Texan takes a swing at Perfection who narrowly avoids the haymaker and tries to get into the ring, but Carla holds him back giving time for Mikey to recover enough to deliver a shot below the belt.

DDK:

LOW BLOW BY MIKEY!

Mikey rolls Stevens up.

Lance:

Not like this! Not like this!

Perfection hops off of the apron and Carla turns seeing the pin.

One.

Two.

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stevens kicks out at the last second and the crowd goes wild.

DDK:

STEVENS KICKED OUT!

Mikey looks at the ref and holds up three fingers and she shouts two.

Lance:

Mikey has to be wondering what it is going to take to keep the Ace down.

Mikey waits for Stevens to get into a seated position before running at him and delivering knees to the face.

DDK:

Knees to the face by the champion!

The force of the impact causes the challenger to roll out of the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

START COUNTING!

The champion yells as the official begins her count.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Nine.

Te.....

Stevens rolls in.

DDK:

Mikey thought he had a count-out victory there.

Mikey letting the frustration build long enough explodes on the Texan as he stomps on his face and neck area before just dropping down to choke him.

DDK:

Mikey better be careful he doesn't get disqualified.

Mikey releases the hold before the count of five and pulls Stevens to his feet before delivering a swinging neckbreaker. Mikey pulls Stevens to his feet and locks in a front facelock, but Stevens pushes him off. Mikey goes for a quick clothesline, but Stevens avoids it.

Lance:

Moves and countermoves being displayed here tonight.

The Ace goes for his discuss lariat, but the champion escapes the attack and as Stevens turns around Mikey picks him up and places him on his shoulder and as he turns around the feet of Stevens accidentally strikes Carla Ferrari in the face.

Lance:

The official is down!

As Mikey goes for a slam, Stevens slides down his back and when Mikey turns he's driven face first into the canvas.

DDK:

TOXIC STING!

Lance:

No official though Keeps.

Stevens looking to finish Mikey off once and for all picks him up and places him between his legs.

DDK:

Stevens about to check Mikey's Moral Compass.

Lance:

What the? WHAT IS PERFECTION DOING?!?!?!?

Before Stevens can pick Mikey up, Perfection blasts the Texan face first with the championship display case causing it to shatter on impact.

DDK:

MY GOD!

Stevens hits the mat and doesn't move. Perfection drags Mikey on top of him and goes to revive the official before dipping out.

Lance:

NOT LIKE THIS!

One.

Two.

THREE!!!!

Carla rings the bell and Perfection rolls inside and helps Mikey to his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner and STILL!... THE REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE...THE WORLDS GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIIIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

DDK:

What a load of crap!

Lance:

I know Keebs! A great match having to end that way.

Perfection and Mikey embrace in a hug in the middle of the ring. The champion pulls the FIST from the broken carrying case and holds it to his chest. He hugs it tightly. Perfection continues to celebrate.

Lance:

Well folks that's going to wrap us up here at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

The last image seen is a physically and emotionally exhausted champion holding his title as he stares at the unconscious and bloody face of his opponent.

DDK:

Catch us next week for all the ACTS fallout and more on DEFTv!

**THIS
IS
DEFIANCE!**