

ALL APOLOGIES

The scene opens to the back hallways of the WrestlePlex. Clacking echoes through the halls at a brisk pace, leaving a somewhat surprised camera crew rushing to keep up. As they do, we get our first glimpse at the former DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion Elise Ares, seemingly fresh from arrival, with her gargantuan travel bag. Clutching it tight, her LED sunglasses lay on top of her head as she looks back at Klein doing a slight jog to keep up.

Elise Ares:

I'm telling you, if you didn't pound down two boxes of Popeye's Chicken on the way here you wouldn't have so much trouble keeping up.

Klien:

But we didn't have any chicken, you're just late!

Elise Ares:

And we're NEVER going to get any endorsements while we're on camera with THAT attitude, will we?

Klein hangs his head in memory of all the sweet, sweet chicken money he just lost as Elise immediately stops so hard that her massive travel bag goes flying off of her shoulder and skidding across the floor. Klein catches up just in time for the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style to turn the corner into the next room.

Elise Ares:

SCOTT DOUGLAS!

Everything in catering comes to a halt as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE swaggers into the room. Some people meet the glare of the former SoHER and look away, while others are intrigued like watching a slow motion car crash. Scott Douglas turns from the catering table, plate in hand and hopes Elise Ares' sight is based on movement and stands perfectly still.

Elise Ares:

Look... we need to talk.

Scott Douglas:

Hold on ...

The former ... former SoHer, Scott Douglas glances down at the former SoHer's impossibly large bag.

Elise Ares:

What ... !?

Douglas:

Well ...

Elise Ares:

Well, WHAT!?

Douglas:

Honestly ... I'm just surprised... surprised you'd carry your own bag.

Elise's eyes bulge at Scott's statement as he tags it.

Douglas:

Especially one that big... with a lackey ...

Sub Pop glances up and over Elise's shoulder toward Klein.

Douglas:

... that big.

Elise Ares:

HE WAS TAKING SOOOOOO LONG!

Klien

YOU WERE LAT...

Elise Ares:

This isn't about ME, Klein!

Ares approaches Sub Pop with puppy dog eyes.

Elise Ares:

Well, it's a little about me... obvs, but it's mostly about Scott. Look, I don't really know how to say this but I'm... sorry?

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style looks back at Klein questionably who confirms with a thumbs up, but then motions his arm as if she should have more to say. Douglas looks on; confused but somewhat amused.

Elise Ares:

You tried to do a good thing on the last DEFtv and I was being a brat and I blew you off. Things just didn't go the way I expected them too and maaaaaybe I got a teeny, tiny bit upset. That's why I came running into the WrestlePlex tonight to make it up to you.

Douglas:

Carrying an impossibly large bag?

Perplexed on why Scott keeps bringing up the bag, Elise carries on.

Elise Ares:

Here's my proposal to you, my good friend, Scott. I say to make it up to all the Aresites ...

Douglas: [Interrupting]

Parasites?

Elise almost loses her temper before pulling it back.

Elise Ares:

ARESITES! ... out there and the... er... SubPoppies? We do another match. One-on-one. To settle once and forever who is the GREATEST Southern Heritage Champion of ALL TIME. If I win, well... then all the wrongs are righted and we can go about our lives. However, here's the good part...

She pauses for just a moment to gauge Scott's reaction. It remains annoyingly neutral.

Elise Ares:

If YOU win... I promise this time I'll concede defeat, and I will allow you to raise my arm into the air in a fantastic show of good sportsmanship. What do you say, friend?

Scott's playful demeanor shifts from joyfully confused to simply confused.

Douglas:

Elise ... look; You were a great champion and the Southern Heritage Championship wasn't even your first rodeo. The

Pop Culture Phenoms were long-reigning Tag Team Champions when I showed up in DEFIANCE. Those are accolades no one can take away from you ... just like no one can take away my Southern Heritage run ... though you broke my record for longest-reigning... which hey right there should tell you - no matter what anyone has to say about it ... You are a GREAT Southern Heritage Champion!

Elise's head drops as the sentence drags on, you can almost see all the frustrations leave her body as Scott stops speaking supportively of her reign. She takes a deep breath, then lifts her head up with big puppy dog eyes.

Elise Ares:

I appreciate the kind words... I do.

As she continues her eyes shift.

Elise Ares:

But I am THE. GREATEST. SOHER. OF. ALL. TIME. And if you'll just give me ONE MORE CHANCE, Scott. I'll prove it! I'll prove it to you! I'll prove it to Klein. I'll prove it to all the people in this room whose names are completely unimportant to the topic on hand! I'll prove it to the Faithful! I'LL PROVE IT TO THE WORLD!

The room grows more silent than it already was.

Elise Ares:

I'm begging you, Scott. Just one more match. One more shot.

The humor Scott previously found in Elise's bag size, obvious agenda and puppy dog eye assisted ruse ... fades. The bit is over. He is over it.

Elise Ares:

Look, I'm not going to fight you over and over and over again ... Go out there, do the work, get better ... come back and find me and we'll do it again but right now as we stand here ... you with that stupidly large bag and myself with ... what is now incredibly cold food ...

Scott glances down to the plate he is holding, only to motion toward it.

Elise Ares:

... nothing has changed since last week.

Elise stares on, obviously not fully accepting Scott's truth, he obliges the awkward stare long enough to be sure there isn't any response forthcoming ... and then walks away. Headed for a seat to eat his now stone-cold catering. Klein comes up, now carrying Elise's bag and places his hand on her shoulder. If stares could kill, Scott Douglas might be on fire. However, Elise Ares relents and lets Klein guide her away from DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Elise Ares:

Then we'll do this the hard way.

She mutters under her breath to her best friend as they leave the room.

Cut to the opening.

RUNDOWN

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

The heavily produced and graphically enhanced video fades out. A sky jib crane shot of the cheering Faithful screaming their lungs out, holding all of your favorite signs while pyro goes off around them. And to the Commentation Station, we go with those two lovely rascals who will introduce themselves right...

DDK:

Hello, everybody and welcome to DEFtv 131! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always, I'm joined by the master of color himself, the "Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

And tonight, I'm one hundred and twenty percent behind our NEXT DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions!

DDK:

What my partner is talking about is The Stevens Dynasty...

Angus:

BOO THEM! BOO THOSE INBRED HICKS!

DDK:

...Defending their DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships against the unlikely team that won not one, but two matches last DEFtv to earn this shot. It'll be the luchador sensation "The Sky High Kid" Minute and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez...

Angus:

PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING!

DDK:

We have all titles on the line tonight! Oscar Burns to put the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line in another open challenge and I understand he will also address Mikey Unlikely's assault during the last DEFtv's main event. Gage Blackwood also gets the spotlight later tonight and we hear he'll be putting the Southern Heritage Championship on the line against anybody willing! And we know tonight that the card for DEFCON, our biggest show of the year, will be taking shape!

Angus:

It's going to be dope, Keebs!

DDK:

We have "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in action, as well as his friend Nathan Eye, but first we have a grudge match from the last time Gage Blackwood defended his SoHer Title by attacking a defenseless Howlin' Joe Wolfe. Now Wolfe looks for payback against a member of the Blackwood backup, Gunther Adler! That match will be coming up shortly!

GUNTHER ADLER vs. JOE WOLFE

The show transitions back to the ring as the crowd settles in for whatever comes next.

♪ "Howlin' For You" by The Black Keys ♪

Howlin' Joe Wolfe walks out on stage wearing a fresh white bandana and his traditional wrestling gear. Focus and determination gleams from his eyes.

DDK:

There's Joe Wolfe, ladies and gentlemen! He'll be taking on Gage Blackwood's entourage, Gunther Adler in singles competition tonight

Anugs:

That's all fine and well, Darren, but look at the sides and back of Wolfe. He's sporting heavily taped ribs and torso. If that's not literally a painted target on your back, I don't know what is!

Wolfe nods to the crowds warm reception despite the obvious pain he is in

DDK:

Well, if you remember our last DEFtv broadcast, Wolfe was brutalized by Shooter Landell with the Landell Lock so that must've done more damage than initially believed.

♪ "Preliator" by Globus ♪

Adler's theme quickly overtakes Wolfe's as the man it belongs to comes out to the ring. Gunther slides under the lowest rope and remains unintimidated by Wolfe whatsoever seeing there is minimal size difference.

DING! DING! DING!

The match starts and Wolfe is quick to the offensive. He strikes Adler across the face a few times which forces him into a corner.

DDK:

Look at Wolfe out of the gate! The best defense from protecting his back is a good offense!

Adler covers up as Wolfe unloads on him. The barrage doesn't stop until the referee finally pulls Wolfe away.

DDK:

Wolfe coming out fast, trying to get retribution for what Adler and Landell did to him!

Wolfe cools his jets but only momentarily before introducing his knee into Adler's gut as his opponent leaves the corner. Adler falls to his knees but manages a few defensive strikes of his own. However, Wolfe absorbs them, slings Adler off the ropes and delivers a thunderous backbreaker. The ring apron shakes as their two massive bodies bounce off the canvas

Angus:

That needs to be renamed a ringbreaker because of the size of these two men!

Adler is coy enough to roll out of the ring. Relentless, Wolfe follows but ends up walking into a trap as Adler sweeps his legs, sending him into the steel ring steps rather hard. Adler gulps for air as Wolfe is bent over, exposing his back to the world. Adler smiles evilly as he rakes both of his hands across the back and follows it up with a double axe handle smash to the most tender area. Wolfe howls in pain like the animal of his namesake.

DDK:

It looks like Adler just found an opening now!

Wolfe mashes the ground with an open palm as Adler visually processes his hurt opponent. It doesn't take long for Gunther to grab a fist full of Wolfe's hair and toss him around. First into the matted ground ringside, then into the security railing and finally into the ringpost. Adler rolls Wolfe's body back into the ring.

Angus:

The momentum has turned in this one! Gunther Adler is in complete control now.

Adler waits for Wolfe to get to his feet before he downs him with a devastating shoulder block. Wolfe gets met with a few more brutal moves including a swinging neckbreaker, bearhug and finally a running sidewalk slam. Gunther refuses to go for the cover and begins measuring Wolfe for more punishment.

DDK:

It's like winning the match isn't good enough for Adler right now. Instead, he's trying to send him a message from Gage Blackwood!

Adler pulls Wolfe up and chops him back into a corner. He eventually climbs up to and straddles Wolfe from the second rope. He puts Wolfe into a headlock before jumping off and delivering a massive DDT!

DDK:

It almost looked like Wolfe slammed him! But he's just simply out of energy and couldn't hold on.

Adler sits up and looks over at his opponent. The man from Bremen smiles at the devastation he's just caused. He rises to feet and motions for the end before picking up Wolfe and nailing him with his new finisher, 'The Renaissance Facade.'

Angus:

It's over! That's got to be it!

Instead of going for the cover, Adler grabs Wolfe's luscious locks one last time and gives him an extra 'Renaissance Facade' for disgraceful good measure!

DDK:

That's two! Two body breaking powerslam spiked piledrivers endured by Joe Wolfe! Cover him already!

Adler does just that but on his own time as the referee's hand strikes the mat.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Gunther Adler pushes himself up off of Joe Wolfe. He resists the referee's attempt to raise his hand as his theme song cascades throughout the arena.

DDK:

A dominant win for Gunther Adler but only after he targeted the already hurt back of Joe Wolfe.

Angus:

I know a certain SOHER Champion that would absolutely love what just happened.

The crowd voices their displeasure as Adler raises his arms above his head victoriously. He slowly makes his way out

of the ring while looking back at the battered and bruised Joe Wolfe he victimized. The scene fades.

YOUR FIST COULD BE THEM

As we cut backstage we see Lance Warner walking at an unusual fast pace.

Lance Warner:

He better not be wasting my time.

Lance says to himself as he makes his way to a locker room door that says, "Stevens" on the outside. Lance lets out a sigh before he begins to knock on the door.

Voice:

COME IN!

A voice shouts and Lance opens the door and enters a darkened room.

Lance Warner:

DANG IT!

Lance says aloud as he bangs into something when a small light comes on in the form of a projector.

Lance Warner:

What is this Stevens?

Lance asks annoyed.

Scott Stevens:

My dear Lance, it's everything.

The Texan says as he clicks a button and a picture of the FIST of DEFIANCE championship appears on the wall.

Scott Stevens:

You see, it's all about the FIST and making that title you see there great again.

Stevens says as he clicks another button and this time Oscar Burns appears.

Scott Stevens:

The current champion, but also one of the most boringest and useless champions in this company's history. He calls himself a role model and a superhero, but is he really?

Stevens asks before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

I mean superheroes and role models are people you want your kids to look up to because they are a positive influence on your child and can instill great morals and knowledge as they grow. Do you want them looking up to a man who can't win the big one? Do you want your children to follow a man who gets into the fetal position and cries out for his mommy when the going gets tough? I don't think so.

Scott says with a nod.

Scott Stevens:

If someone that pathetic can be your FIST then anyone can become the FIST if it isn't made great again.

Lance Warner:

Like who?

Lance asks as Stevens clicks a button for the slide to change.

Scott Stevens:

Mikey Unlikely.

Stevens says and Lance looks puzzled, but doesn't say anything.

Scott Stevens:

Tag specialist and a mid-card elitist.

Stevens says but Lance interjects.

Lance Warner:

Isn't he a friend of yours?

Scott Stevens:

Yes he is, but when it comes to the FIST of DEFIANCE I speak the truth!

Stevens says sternly.

Scott Stevens:

Mikey is good don't get me wrong, but he isn't Scott Stevens good. If he was Stevens levels good he would've already won it by now and he'd be swimming in all kinds of Mikey Money isn't of begging for change he can bribe that skank Kelly Evans with.

Stevens says before clicking a button.

Scott Stevens:

Jack Harmen.

Stevens says, shaking his head.

Scott Stevens:

High Flyer.

Stevens says with a sigh.

Scott Stevens:

A man who is passed his prime, but thinks he can still compete at a high level such as myself. Besides, we all know what has happened every time we have stepped into the ring with one another.

Stevens comments before clicking the button once more and projecting a picture of Derek Edwards.

Scott Stevens:

Then you have The D.....enough said.

Stevens says with a chuckle.

Scott Stevens:

I mean do you want your championship and champion to have a name that can be confused with male genitalia? I don't think so.

Stevens says, shaking his head.

Scott Stevens:

If Kelly Evans had her way The D would be champion because that's all she cares about.

As soon as the Texan finishes his statement the locker room door flies open and there is a foul stench in the air preceded by a long, burp as the Dibbins come into view.

Scott Stevens:

Can I help you?

Stevens asks as Duke takes another sip of his brew before answering.

Duke Dibbins:

Yeah, um.....we heard like you call our name so we are here.

Scott Stevens:

No, I didn't.

Stevens replies and Duke looks confused more than normal.

Duke Dibbins:

You don't say that The D...bbins could be HAND of DEFY-ANTS champion?

Duke replies and Stevens chuckles.

Scott Stevens:

Even inbred hicks like these two could be your FIST.

Scott says before a gob of brown liquid hits his face and the Texan quickly wipes it off and cocks his right hand.

Luke Dibbins:

What's this I heard about a FIST.

Luke says as he wipes the remnants of the chewing tobacco from his mouth.

Scott Stevens:

You're about to catch these right here.

Stevens says as he gets closer to the Dibbins.

Luke Dibbins:

You got a purrty mouth on you. I got some fists of my own and they want to fuck your mouth.

Luke says with a toothless grin.

Scott Stevens:

I'll see you out there.

Stevens replies as the Dibbins back out of the locker room.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO FACES US

As we cut to the backstage area we see the Stevens Dynasty members with the tag and trios titles over each shoulder with the patriarch, Cary Stevens, with a huge smirk on his face.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time the Stevens Dynasty.

The Faithful boo at their introduction, but Cary doesn't let it get to him.

Cary Stevens:

Can you feel it Lance?

Cary asks and Lance shrugs.

Lance Warner:

Feel what?

Lance asks and Cary looks from side to side before motioning for Lance to get in closer and Lance leans in and Cary whispers.

Cary Stevens:

Can you feel it.....COMING IN THE AIR TONIGHT!!!!

Cary shouts as Lance quickly whips his head back holding his ear as the Dynasty chuckles.

Lance Warner:

I didn't know Sean Jackson was here.

Lance replies and Cary gives him a look.

Cary Stevens:

Funny.

Cary replies and Lance smiles before he gets back into journalist mode.

Lance Warner:

Tonight, your family defends the DEFIANCE World Tag Team titles against Uriel Cortez and Minute. How do you think your chances are tonight?

Lance asks and Cary looks as confident as ever.

Cary Stevens:

Lance, I feel pretty damn confident because we are the Stevens Dynasty and just like DJ Khalid says.....ALL WE DO IT WIN!

Cary shouts with confidence doing the up and down arm motion dance that goes with the song.

George Stevens:

DJ Khalid.

George bellows as he raises and lowers his arm.

Cary Stevens:

Damn right.

Cary says as he slaps his son on the back.

Cary Stevens:

I'll give credit where credit is due when I say Uriel and Minute earned their shot against my boys here tonight but the bad news is they have to face us here tonight.

The Faithful boo Cary's smug confidence.

Lance Warner:

Sounds like you maybe underestimating your competition here tonight.

Lance replies and Cary chuckles.

Cary Stevens:

Not at all. We are taking them highly serious because they want what we have, but we have something they don't have.

Lance Warner:

Which is?

Cary Stevens:

Blood.

Cary says as he stares into the camera as he stands in the middle of Bo and George and points at them with his thumbs.

Cary Stevens:

We are a family and because of this it doesn't matter if it's Scott, Bo, George, or even my other son who is in Europe wrestling, Ricky, we are a well oiled machine, and it is almost impossible to defeat us!

Cary says firmly as he looks at Bo and George before hitting each of the four championships.

Cary Stevens:

You see the results and the same result will happen at the end of the night because it doesn't matter who faces us because the Dynasty always comes out on top. Uriel is a powerhouse and a freak specimen and Minute just hopes he lasts longer than a minute in the ring with us.

Cary says as Bo pipes in.

Bo Stevens:

BO heard his wife says he can't make a minute. He's a one pump chump.

Bo starts laughing.

Lance Warner:

I heard one pump is all you need sometimes and isn't that how you were born?

Bo goes from laughing to a what the fuck expression and has to be held back by his uncle from tearing Lance apart.

Cary Stevens:

Save it for the ring boy. Don't need you blowing your wad against this idiot.

Cary says pushing Bo back.

Cary Stevens:

Tonight, the Stevens Dynasty walks in the champs and walk out still the greatest tag team in the entire world.

Cary says before they leave, but Bo slithers back and Lance closes his eyes expecting to be hit when Bo simply looks at the camera.

Bo Stevens:

BO-lieve that.

Bo says before turning to leave once again.

NATHANIEL EYE vs. TODD DUNSON

DDK:

We've got Brazen action on tap and this one has been going on for the last couple of weeks since that tag team battle royale! Nathaniel Eye had a good showing for himself with three eliminations, including tossing out the head of the Dunson Clan, Paul Dunson. On our last Uncut, Richie Dunson tried to get some payback for the family, but Nathaniel Eye got the victory ... now, he takes on the firecracker of the family, Todd!

Angus:

Eye is biting more than he can chew between getting in trouble with Dex Joy and picking fights with the Dunsuns. They're tough and they have the numbers! Eye could maybe one day be a star, but making dumb decisions like walking into this match won't be good for him .

DDK:

Nathaniel Eye is a good looking kid and he's got all the tools to make something of himself, he can do that by following up on his Uncut win if he can beat Todd Dunson. That match is right ... wait a minute ...

♪"Turn The Page" by Metallica ♪

The crowd jeers the family now coming out from the back. With the gruff and surly Paul Dunson front and center, right behind him is the short but tough pretty boy Todd Dunson and the tatted-up Richie Dunson. Eye waits in the ring with Paul Dunson on a microphone. Much like when they had the microphone, it was Paul Dunson with the microphone.

Paul Dunson:

Nathaniel Eye ... you cheating sack of crap! You toss me out of the battle royale! You beat my lousy, no good son Richie on Uncut ...

Richie looks uncomfortable as Paul eyeballs him.

Paul Dunson:

Oh but you signed your death warrant kid. You're taking on Todd now! And don't let this pretty boy movie star good looks or his size full you! He'll kick your ass five times before you hit the ground! Show them your game face, son! Go on, show em!

Todd Dunson puts on his best mean face as he walks down the ramp. Richie stands by his dad's side. The Dunson Clan are all in the ring now with Paul about to wrap up his rant.

Paul Dunson:

Eye, this thing between you and Clan Dunson is going to end when you're sent packing from DEFIANCE Wrestling! Todd is going to literally hand you your ass and then when it's all said and done, Clan Dunson are gonna run roughshod over the tag team division!

♪"Fix Up Look Sharp" by Dizzie Rascal ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking a pink headband, black tights with two pink sultry-looking eyes, pink kneepads and white boots. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Brazen shirt, revealing an eight-pack and the necklace that was noted on commentary for being a tribute to his late father. Eye throws his t-shirt into the crowd and has a microphone.

DDK:

It looks like Nathaniel Eye has a retort for the Dunson Clan.

As Nathaniel Eye heads to the ring Paul Dunson is already on him.

Paul Dunson:

You ...

Eye smiles back and flashes his hands around his face like a camera.

Nathaniel Eye:

Me!

Paul Dunson:

Shut up! Shut up, get in this ring and take this beating like a man! Todd, get him!

Todd is ready to fight but Nathaniel Eye isn't done having fun yet.

Nathaniel Eye:

Look, Toddy ... the adults are talking so hold on a second, okay?

Todd is ready to fight but Richie is holding him back when Nathaniel Eye looks at Paul.

Nathaniel Eye:

First off, Paul, I'm sorry ... I'm sorry Todd and Richie got tossed out of that battle royale in like eight seconds! That was embarrassing am I right? It's still probably five seconds longer than any time they've been with a woman ...

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful laugh but The Dunson Clan do not look the least bit amused. Now both Todd and Richie want to take out Eye but Paul gets in their way so they can focus on the match.

Nathaniel Eye:

Look Pauly ... I didn't win either. I had a good showing, but I'm learning you win some and lose some. I might be only a couple years in this business, but you don't see this handsome face making mean handsome faces at people and blaming others for my shortcomings. My time will come for gold eventually, but now ... now I'm gonna fight Todd, then I need to get back there cause I got Momma Dunson all hot and bothered and I think she's got her eye on Eye, know what I mean?

Now Paul Dunson is outraged.

Paul Dunson:

You don't talk about Momma Dunson! She's a saint!

There's no more talking as Todd Dunson catches Nathaniel Eye with a charging head butt to the ribs! Eye gets doubled over and the official decides since the action is going on now, he's calling for the bell!

DING DING!

Angus:

Why would you do this? Momma Dunson is probably also their cousin so ...

DDK:

The Dunsons aren't taking kindly to Eye and Todd is already making him pay! He's going at him with kicks in the corner!

Dunson gives up some size to the much taller Eye and gets kicked by the blonde pretty boy of the Dunson Clan. Paul and Richie are both shouting from the corner to take him out. Todd runs at the corner looking for a big move, but Eye manages to side step him and charge off the ropes before landing a huge flying shoulder tackle that knocks Todd over! The crowd cheers as Eye goes for the cover on Dunson.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Dunson was off to a hot start, but Eye is just too explosive! He turns it around quickly!

Angus:

Should have never ripped on Momma Dunson like that!

Dunson kicks out but Eye manages to stay on him ... that is until Paul climbs the ring apron. Eye tries to knock him off but Paul moves which enables Todd to come back and hit another charging head butt to the stomach of Eye. The blow doubles him over and then Todd manages to hit a jumping DDT that plants Eye into the canvas like a lawn dart! Paul yells at him to get Eye over and pin him and he does try.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Eye kicks out this time! These two are throwing big moves at one another quickly.

Angus:

Justice for Momma Dunson!

Eye once again tries to get back to a knee but when he's there, the pitbull like fight in Todd is on full display. He jumps on the back of Eye and tries to bring him back down with a sleeper hold. Eye is fading fast and he stumbles around on a knee trying to get Todd Dunson off of him. The crowd cheers on the powerful Brazen rookie when he gets back up and runs back to the corner not once, but twice in order to get Dunson off of him.

DDK:

He just shook Todd free ... no! Todd's right back on him!

Angus:

He's got him! He's going to sleepy town!

Todd has the hold in again, but with some quick thinking, Eye grabs him by the head and elevates him before he runs and drops Todd with a big backpack stunner! Eye takes a second to catch his breath and then picks Todd back up. He whips him into the corner and hits a flying forearm smash then takes him to the other side and hits another flying forearm. Dunson gets picked up and then spiked with a full nelson slam and Eye tries to pin him.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Eye almost had it there but the Dunsons are tough and can't be slept on by any one!

Angus:

There's a good redneck joke I won't touch cause Paul Dunson is right down there.

Dunson tries to get into the ring again, but when Eye tries to catch him with a kick Paul moves. But when that happens it allows Richie to sneak in. Todd tries to shove Eye into his knee, but Eye spins around and sends the two brothers knocking into each other! Paul screams bloody murder as Eye rolls up Todd and stacks him up with a jackknife pin.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Paul and Richie both run into the ring but by the time they get there, Eye is already outside!

Quimbey:

Your winner ... Nathaniel Eye!!!

DDK:

Eye wins again! He's eliminated Paul Dunson from the battle royale and now he's got two straight victories over Richie and now Todd!

Angus:

He needed Richie's help to beat Todd! He didn't do it himself!

DDK:

I'd say he did it in spite of Dunson Clan trying to interfere!

Paul Dunson angrily screams that this isn't over while "The Handsome Face" Nathaniel Eye heads to the back with another victory to his name! He smiles, blows kisses at the Dunson Clan and then goes off to celebrate. The Dunsons collect themselves but this issue is far from over.

THE EVIL WITHIN: PAYBACK

The DEFIANCE backdrop is shown with Lance Warner in front.

Lance Warner:

Folks, I'm here with none other than Aaron King, Theodore Cain and The Crescent City Kid... also known as Gulf Coast Connection!

The Faithful give a cheer as the camera pans to the three of them. The Kid stands slightly behind King and Cain.

Lance Warner:

Guys, you cost Fuse Bros. 360 their Tag Team Championship match at DEFCON! I mean, talk about getting your payback!

Aaron King leans in.

Aaron King:

Yeah man, those bruah's got what they deserved, man. Like, man we just got sick and tired of-

A voice off-screen shouts "LOOK OUT!!" as the camera flips around and only loud noises can be heard. Lance Warner is seen scrambling to get out of the way and finally as the cameraman regains his balance, showing Tyler and Conor Fuse fighting with Gulf Coast Connection!

Angus:

GET THEM BROS.! GET THEM!!

Tyler is going back and forth with Aaron King and The Crescent City Kid while Conor and Cain continue a shot for shot hockey fight, complete with pulling on each other's t-shirts.

As the two teams brawl, the recently acquired female wrestler Desire is seen in the middle of it, seemingly the one who shouted "LOOK OUT" to Gulf Coast. She tries to separate the teams but is having a very difficult time.

As Tyler tries to wrap his hands around The Crescent City Kid's neck, he looks dead into the eyes of Desire and starts screaming.

Tyler Fuse:

HOW DARE YOU WARN THEM!? WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM!?!?

Desire pushes Tyler away from The Kid and then suddenly many others jump into the picture, attempting to pull apart The Fuse's for good from Gulf Coast.

Over time, crew members are able to separate the teams but that doesn't stop them from shouting at one another.

DDK:

I hope Lance got out of there quickly!

Angus:

Yeah me too. We've got a poker game after this show and I always kick his ass, ha!

The camera first goes to Gulf Coast who are now a good 5-10 yards away from Fuse Bros. 360.

Aaron King:

Like man, what's that, you wanted to jump us *AGAIN*!?

Theodore Cain:

Like not this time, bruah!!

And the camera flips to Tyler and Conor.

Conor Fuse:

WE WILL KILL YOU. WE WILL LITERALLY KILL YOU. GAME OVERS COMING SOON!

While Tyler furiously stares down his targets.

DDK:

We have some control out here, for now anyway...

COMMERCIAL: MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN HAT

♪ "O' Fortuna" by Carl Orff ♪

Begins to play as clips of Scott Stevens are shown during his championship run as the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Voiceover:

Remember when the FIST of DEFIANCE was respectable? Dominant? Great?

Clips show Scott Stevens delivering his FIST finisher and standing tall in victory with the championship held high.

Voiceover:

However, all good things must come to an end.

Clip shows Stevens looking irate and devastated as his head slowly sinks into his arms as he watched Oscar Burns take the fall and because of this he lost his most prized possession.

Voiceover:

Lift those chins because this is a no sulking zone because the FIST can be great again.

An image of dozens of children smiling appears.

Voiceover:

That's right, if you want to make the FIST great again then you have to support the man who's trying to make it great again.

An image of dozens of children with shocked expressions appear.

Voiceover:

How you ask? That's the easy part. First, go to MFGA.com.

An image of MFGA.com appears.

Voiceover:

Once on the website to help make the FIST great again you have to become the FIST. How you ask?

An image of a child holding up a sign that reads, "HOW" appears.

Voiceover:

First, you have to buy the MFGA t-shirt, but to truly become the FIST you have to purchase the brand new MFGA hat!

An image of the MFGA Hat appears.

Voiceover:

That's right ladies and gentlemen, to help the FIST become great again he needs your support and if you truly believe that Scott Stevens is the LAST GREAT FIST of DEFIANCE Wrestling than you need to support him by becoming like him.

An image of dozens of children dressed in MFGA attire appears.

Voiceover:

Get yours now before they are all gone.

Scott Stevens:

I am Scott Stevens and I support this message.

LET US SPEAK ON THIS...

The camera pans backstage because this is a wrestling show where on occasion, we have interviewers here to give you, the fans, information on what's going through their minds before and after a match.

This is the before part. And this is Lance Warner about to bring another interview to you. Earn that paycheck, Lance.

Lance Warner:

Welcome, DEFIANCE Faithful! I'm Lance Warner and later tonight, The Stevens Dynasty will be defending their World Tag Team Championships against my guests at this time... please help me welcome the Family Keeling, Thomas and Junior Keeling, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... and Minute!

The crowd gives a mixed - but mostly positive - reaction for the normally no-good Family Keeling. Thomas and Junior are front and center. Behind them in a slick blue business suit as the camera pans up, up, UP... The seven-foot one (AND A HALF) "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez.

Thomas Keeling:

Mr. Warner, thank you for having us.

Junior Keeling:

Yep, pleasure carrying you through an interview segment.

Junior laughs like an asshole while Lance laughs it off nervously. Uriel silently nods to Lance as he adjusts the collar on his suit. The camera pans down a little further and to Lance's left, where "The Sky High Kid" Minute enters the frame. The 5'5" luchador looks up at Lance and shakes his hand.

Minute:

Hola, Lance.

Lance Warner:

We've got a full house back here, but let's talk about later tonight. On our last edition of DEFtv, we've seen this unlikely team of both Minute and Uriel Cortez form a seemingly winning pair by not only winning a battle royale but also defeating former World Tag Team Champs in The Fuse Bros 360 to get his opportunity. What made you wish to cash in this title opportunity tonight instead of simply waiting for DEFCON?

Junior clears his throat and takes Lance's microphone.

Junior Keeling:

First off, Lance, it's Uriel Cortez and Minute, not the other way around. The Titan of Industry - presented by The Family Keeling - ALWAYS gets top billing.

He literally sticks his tongue out at Minute like a child. Minute replies with a finger that gets cheers and some laughs from the crowd. Thomas Keeling fields the rest of the question.

Thomas Keeling:

It's true. We had the option to make these young men battle for the World Tag Team Titles at DEFCON, but decided we're going to strike while the iron is hot and ask for this title shot tonight. The Stevens Dynasty have achieved all they can possibly do with this run and have exceeded all expectations, but I'll be honest... I'd quite like to see Mr. Cortez give them the beating they deserve and show them that The Family Keeling's time is now! WE will go into the biggest show of DEFIANCE's calendar year with the gold, Mr. Warner!

Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

More than fair. Now, my next question goes to both Minute and Uriel Cortez. The two of you fought and it seemed that

Minute earned the respect of Uriel. Did you two expect to make such a great tag team out of the gate?

Minute is about to answer when Junior takes the microphone.

Junior Keeling:

Without a doubt, "The Titan of Industry" is a once-in-a-lifetime attraction as well as BY FAR the most powerful man in this promotion and it doesn't matter who is partner is. It could be anybody but because HE is on this team... we are ready.

Minute shakes his head. Lance Warner tries to get the thoughts of Uriel Cortez when Thomas Keeling takes the microphone now. Uriel grumbles under his breath as he clearly wanted to speak.

Thomas Keeling:

Now, to make sure we don't have any screw-ups like last week, Minute and Uriel have been training at our gym the last two weeks in preparation for this match. As good as they looked two weeks ago, they'll look even better tonight and The Stevens Dynasty won't know what hit them. They're on the same page.

Uriel wants to talk but this time Junior Keeling takes it back.

Junior Keeling:

Now beat it, Lance! We've got gold to bring home to The Family Keeling!

Thomas and Junior both depart quickly from the scene leaving Minute and Uriel with Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Er... thank you for your time, gentlemen.

Lance now leaves. Minute and Uriel Cortez are both left staring at one another. Minute lets out a sigh as Uriel adjusts the links on his collar. The two partners eye one another before the segment ends.

KEYBOARD WARRIORS

The scene returns to the commentary team of Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, folks. Up next here on DEFtv we have--

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

The theme music associated with the newest tag team in DEFIANCE begins before DDK says anything more. The Comments Section waltzes out on stage to a lukewarm reception at best. Malak Garland has a smug look on his face while Cyrus Bates remains deadpan and Teresa Ames vindictively flirts with the crowd. Each member has a cell phone in their hands.

Angus:

Hey Keebs! Look! It's that new tag team! The Comments Section! Have you followed them on social media yet?

While the camera focuses on the wrestlers entering the ring, the silence that befalls DDK implies to the viewers that he has indeed not followed them on social media.

Angus:

What's wrong? Cat got your tongue? I'm just going to throw this out there; as a legendary former tag team performer myself, I can tell ya that this is a team worth getting behind!

The music fades as Malak requests a microphone from the timekeeper's area. Before speaking, Malak thumbs his phone a few times.

Malak Garland:

Quiet, please.

The crowd is already near dead silent.

Malak Garland:

I've just got to record this promo on my new phone.

Malak continues to thumb his phone until he's satisfied with the settings. It's clear he doesn't care about anyone else's time.

Malak Garland:

Hi. I'm Malak Garland and we're The Comments Section!

He clearly feigns interest in his voice as he speaks to the crowd.

Malak Garland:

Now, we're sorry for just coming out here, somewhat unannounced but we have a few problems we need to address. The first is that we have gained next to no followers since joining DEFIANCE and that is not very inclusive. So we thought we'd come out here and explain ourselves a little bit.

Malak paces as Cyrus cracks his knuckles in the background. Teresa looks seductively over at Angus and waves.

Malak Garland:

WHO WANTS TO BECOME A KEYBOARD WARRIOR? Raise your hand! Make some noise! Who wants to join what will become the greatest single movement in history?

The crowd returns their lack of interest.

Malak Garland:

You people don't know what you're missing. Becoming a Keyboard Warrior is empowering! It's engaging! It's saying whatever you want on the internet without fear of moderation! It's putting people in their places! It's--

Teresa walks over and lowers Malak's microphone holding hand from his face. She leans in to speak.

Teresa Ames:

It's groups like you and groups like Thugs 4 Hire that think you're all so righteous and too good for the truth. You're all a bunch of blind, uneducated, filtered, progressive little--

Malak pulls the microphone away from Teresa before she finishes, although he smiles at her.

Malak Garland:

Easy, Teresa. Easy. We're trying to recruit as many warriors to join our cause as possible... but... you're kind of right, with Thugs 4 Hire at least! Here is a team that gets cheered by you people inexplicably. Why? They are wannabe gangsters! True posers! You know? Thugs 4 Hire... this is your one time offer. Join us. Join us as Keyboard Warriors and help us take over the world!

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me right now. These guys can't be serious. They're recording their promo on a phone for heaven's sake.

Malak lowers the microphone and glances towards the stage in hopes of seeing Thugs 4 Hire come out but his offer is met with nothingness.

Malak Garland:

Noted. Thugs 4 Hire. We tried to be friends. We just gave you the offer of a lifetime and you have chosen not to respond. Therefore...

Malak paws at his phone once more.

Malak Garland:

Updating status... Thugs 4 Hire is dead to us... hashtag comments section... hashtag we gonna get you... hashtag unfollow... hashtag watch yo back... annnnnd post!

Malak drops the microphone and signals for his fellow comrades to exit the ring alongside him.

DDK:

This is ridiculous! First off, Thugs 4 Hire are mainly a BRAZEN team, meaning they aren't even here tonight... and second, they gave them about five seconds to get to the ring? If they were here, they'd answer the call and put these guys in their place.

Angus:

Wrong again! Thugs 4 Hire are true posers! They deserve beating after beating for this! Hey Teresa, come back! Man, I love these guys!

Cut to else where.

DEX JOY vs. OTM

DDK:

Are you ready for the next match, Angus? We've got a real clash of styles between "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and Brazen star Oliver Tarkin Monroe.

Angus:

I'm going to enjoy watching OTM take out Dex Joy. Joy is a power guy but OTM is a technical marvel.

DDK:

Dex Joy has been recently cleared to compete tonight after having that strange substance in his eyes from Scrow and rumor has it he wanted this match to show that he's ready and willing to fight next time he gets into the ring with Scrow.

Angus:

Yay ... another goody goody doofus trying to prove himself. If he'd just wreck people he might be all right.

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 ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing from Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and eighty pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

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 as he enters the squared circle. He is now in the ring and he waits for his opponent to come out to the ring.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent from Hartford Connecticut ... he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and twenty four pounds ... he is O!!! T!!! M!!!

The ritzy kid gets some jeers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and doesn't pay any attention to them as he walks on down to the ring. He climbs up the steps and looks disgusted at the very appearance of Dex Joy but he does look ready for a fight. As he enters the ring the official calls for the bell to kick off the match ...

DING DING!

Dex and OTM lock up in the ring and OTM makes the switch quickly to get behind Dex with a hammer lock. The hammer lock gets let go when Dex tries to elbow him, but Oliver ducks and catches him in a head lock now. OTM tries to get Joy onto the mat but The Biggest Boy was too strong and he picks him up high! Dex wows the crowd with his strength but OTM does manage to flip out until he lands feet first behind Dex. Dex turns around ...

Angus:

Wow! Monroe ain't playing around! He just slapped Dex!

OTM smiles at the fact that for the moment, he controls Dex. Dex sucks on his teeth and smiles but when he turns around OTM is already on him when he goes for a head lock again. The head lock stays on tightly but now Dexy Baby backs himself into the ropes and shoves OTM off of him before knocking him down with a shoulder block. The Faithful love Dex as he pumps his fist and gets reactions from all sides of the arena!

DDK:

The crowd love Big Dex Energy that's for sure.

Angus:

Oy ... why? Because he panders?

OTM gets picked up by Dex and then slammed into the mat with a scoop slam. He picks him up again and gives the crowd one more scoop slam again. Joy smiles at the fans and then picks him up a third time before putting him down with a third scoop slam. Dex hits the ropes and a hurt OTM is hurt even worse now with a leaping elbow drop from the big man from California! OTM is left holding his chest and sucking wind with Dex back on his feet.

DDK:

And there goes OTM's innards! OTM had the better of Dex for a second but now he's paying for that arrogance.

Dex hits the corner and then pulls OTM back to his feet again when he looks for Dexy's Midnight Runner. OTM has the move scouted well enough that he hangs onto the ropes as Dex comes running off the side then makes him pay for it with a drop kick to the leg. Dex teeters over onto a knee and then Oliver runs off the ropes again to catch him in the left arm with a drop kick!

DDK:

That's gonna be OTM's best chance for victory tonight. Hit a body part and weaken Dex!

OTM has Dex in a bad spot now after hitting a drop kick on the arm. Dex holds his arm in pain but a kick from the Nutmegger works him more. He follows that up with a modified version of a lungblower but on the arm! Dex is left reeling and grabs the pained arm when OTM hits a jumping single arm DDT!

DDK:

Nice moves by OTM! There's the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Angus:

Ha! But the seating arm bar has him! OTM has more arm bars in his moveset than anybody I've ever seen!

OTM has done enough work to hurt the arm and put himself in a good spot to win the match when he cranks back on the arm bar trying to win by submission. Dex Joy fights back and struggles and his size allows him to claw towards the ropes with the fans cheering him on with every inch he gets closer to the ropes. The Biggest Boy continues to take in the cheers.

DDK:

Can he make it ... yes, he does! But Monroe is holding that arm bar!

OTM continues to crank back on the arm until the official starts counting. He lets go and Dex is left reeling. OTM tries to grab the arm again but Dex surprises him by grabbing his good arm and then dropping him with a one armed samoan drop counter!

Angus:

And that'll teach him to overlook the big boy!

DDK:

The Biggest Boy!

Angus:

I'm not calling him that.

Dexy Baby rallies back and makes it back onto his feet. When Monroe stands up he gets punched in the face by Dex. Dex blocks his bad arm and then levels OTM with a big chop to the chest, followed by a punch. He switches between the jabs and the chops to back OTM to the ropes then sends him for the ride. The second he comes back Dex comes off the ropes and hits a *HA-UUUUUUUGE* shotgun drop kick of his own!

DDK:

That might be the biggest shot gun drop kick that I've ever seen!

OTM is still reeling when Dex gets back up when Dex has him thrown into the ropes again. Dex comes off the side and the crowd goes crazy for Dex Joy crashing into him with one of the biggest Dexy's Midnight Runners he's ever hit! He holds his left arm but he hit him with the right shoulder so he manages to shake it off. OTM is back up when Dex scoops him up and then plants him down with the Dex Drive!!!

DDK:

That is the Dex Drive! This one is over!

Dex holds him down with both arms over OTM's chest.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

The Biggest Boy is back on his feet and looks fired up. The official grabs his bad arm but Dex pulls it away so he can raise the good one.

Quimbey:

Your winner ... Dex Joy!!!!

DDK:

Dex Joy with a big win in impressive fashion but ... wait he's going for a microphone now!

Angus:

Oh God isn't it enough that he won? What's he gonna do? Lob some catch phrases?

Before his music can really play, it goes quiet again when Dex motions for it to happen. OTM is being helped from ringside. Dex takes a few breaths in the corner and then points to the direction of the entrance.

Dex Joy:

DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Let me hear you!

The crowd cheer in response as Dex continues.

Dex Joy:

So guys let me tell you something ... when I first came to DEFIANCE Wrestling, Dexy Baby wanted a rival! He wanted somebody to light the fuse that would make the dynamite that is Big Dex Energy explode! I got that with Shooter Landell! He was and still is a tough customer but I beat him! Olly Monroe there just gave me a good fight and tried to take my arm, but I took it back! But lately, Dexy Baby has been attracting trouble left and right! I got not one ... but *two* jagaloons that want to start something with me but don't sound too keen on finishing it!

Dexy Baby walks to the ropes closest to the entrance ramp.

Dex Joy:

Carny Sinclair wanted to try and injure my friend, Nathaniel Eye but he apparently headed back off to the circus to

hustle some other poor souls cause he hasn't been around since ... and Scrow, you spit mist in my face and tried to blind me. But Dexy Baby is back, better than ever and back on the attack! You're all pissy that people like me and they don't like you. Well, pally, if you're playing a supervillain, then consider Dexy Baby your goddamn Batman!

Dex leans between the ropes and holds them open like he's inviting them to take him up on his offer for a fight.

DDK:

Dex is all fired up and apparently fighting OTM wasn't enough! He wants more!

A few seconds go by and Scrow does not appear, Dex returns to the center of the ring just staring at the entranceway. He turns from the tron talking to the Faithful off mic. Suddenly the tron lights up and it's a horizon in a field of yellow grass and standing in the center is a scarecrow with a sparrow on its right arm. Dex stares at the tron for a second the image quickly disappears.

HA

Ha

And in a whisper

Ha

Repeats over and over, Angus catches something out of the corner of his eye.

Angus:

What did you see that Keebs?

DDK:

See what?

Angus:

Something is flying around the arena! I could've sworn I saw something.

On cue, four little sparrows are indeed flying around the arena. They circle Dex above the ring before landing, one on each turnbuckle. As Dex tries to process what's happening, the sound of laughter once again echoes through the arena.

DDK:

Ok, this is starting to get creepy. It appears we have four what look like sparrows standing on the four corners of the ring. How in the world did they get in here?

Dex scans the arena, looking for any sign of Scrow. More sparrows fly down from the rafters and make a singular line up the entrance ramp, all of them staring directly into the ring.

Dex:

Come on! Enough with the games!

The arena is suddenly engulfed in pitch blackness.

DDK:

Something tells me this is all Scrow's doing.

Angus:

GEE YA THINK?

A spotlight shines down on Dex from the ceiling, blinding him. Shadows appear around him, all in a scarecrow pose. They slowly began to circle him until they blend into each other. The spotlight disappears and darkness once more sets over the arena. The Faithful are in a buzz at what exactly is going on. The full force of the lights hits the arena again.

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE! The birds are gone!

Where each bird stood now stands... Scrow??

Dex is now surrounded by four Scrows in the ring and a stream of them line the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Dex is surrounded! He has no escape!

Angus:

Uh, Keebs look in the arena.

It also appears more Scrows are now blocking the entrance to the concession area throughout the arena. Dex, realizing he is outnumbered and not even his friend Nathienal can help him, readies for the inevitable battle. The ring Scrows start to attack and Joy starts to fight them off knocking each down. As he fights in the ring, the ones in the stands are now making their way down to the ring.

DDK:

Here they all come!

One by one, Dex fights each Scrow off. The ones from the arena hop over the barricade and he cuts a few off, but is ultimately overwhelmed. They quickly swarm Dex, dogpiling on top of him laying fists and boots. Dex bursts out from the pileup and starts dropping Scrows left and right. He manages to mostly clear the ring, but is left exhausted after the attack, breathing heavily on one knee in the ring.

DDK:

Dex has managed to fight most of them off, but it's not over yet.

Angus:

It appears those last two Scrows are heading to the ring. They look like they are not in a hurry either.

Dex fights off the last few remaining attackers as the two advancing Scrows take position on opposite sides of the ring. Dex clotheslines the final Scrow over the ropes. One of the two advancing attackers has climbed the buckle behind Dex. Dex whirls around and gestures for him to bring it on.

DDK:

Behind you, Dex!

The other Scrow slides in and kicks Dex in the stomach!

DDK:

FEARFALL! IS THAT THE REAL SCROW?!

Dex crashes into the mat and Scrow falls into the corner and sits down. The other Scrow leaps from the turnbuckle and connects with a vicious double stomp to Dex's chest.

DDK:

Wait a minute...

Scrow lifts himself from the corner and walks toward the battered Dex Joy.

DDK:

Who is the other Scrow?

The mystery Scrow slowly removes his mask to reveal a familiar grinning face. The DEFplex erupts in boos at the sight of Carny Sinclair. Carny claps Scrow on the back of his neck and nods approvingly, clearly pleased with how this plan has unfolded.

Angus:

IT'S CARNY SINCLAIR! Dex was so concerned about Scrow these past few weeks he never guessed Sinclair would be behind it all BRILLIANT!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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SILVER

Cut to backstage.

Kerry Kuroyama bends down to take a drink from a backstage water fountain.

There are backstage water fountains. Why not? Wrestlers get thirsty.

His refreshing hydration is abruptly interrupted by the last voice he wants to hear right now.

Elise Ares:

HEY! Would you look at that? It's just the man I've been looking for all night.

Many men on this Earth would die to have the opportunity to be the one that Elise Ares shouted that at one day. Kerry Kuroyama was not one of them. She enters the scene with a smirk, walking towards the Pacific Blitzkrieg who immediately tries to meld into the floor. Elise's wisdom may be low, but her perception is high.

Elise Ares:

What are the chances I find two different men that I'm looking for at the same exact water fountain two shows in a row?

Kerry measures his response carefully. It was his attempt at being friendly and conversational that started this whole mess.

Kerry Kuroyama:

... High?

Kerry says with a shrug. Having previously put his foot all the way in his mouth and causing Scott Douglas unneeded stress, single syllable responses might be his best bet.

Elise Ares:

Look, I know it's probably like choosing between two TOTES impossible options when I asked you to tell me who the GREATEST Southern Heritage Champion of all time was last time we spoke. I didn't mean to put you on the spot like that. I'm sure it's intimidating when someone who is like... well... I am, comes up to you and starts asking you questions. It's rough to be put on the spot, but I want you to know I think you handled it INCREDIBLY well, and I'm proud of you.

Kerry is obviously confused and leary.

Kuroyama:

Thanks ... ?

Kerry takes this as the end of the conversation and turns to leave but instead bumps face first into Klein's chest.

Kuroyama:

Where the hell did you come from?

Elise Ares:

Klein is a man of many secrets... but I'm more of an open book. He's the yin to my yang. The chowder to my clam.

Kerry turns back around to face Elise.

Elise Ares:

Kerry, listen. I know I came up short last DEFtv. I'm SUPES disappointed in myself... but I know I can do better. All I need is one more chance. The thing is I KINDA pissed off your friend Scott after the match and I've been beating myself up about it the whole time. I went to apologize and things kind of went sideways.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE motions her flat palm back and forth in a motion in which she probably thinks sideways is represented.

Elise Ares:

So I need you. I need a HUGE favor. I need you to get me back in the ring with Scott Douglas so I can close all of this up in a tight little box and go to sleep at night. If you could manage to do that favor for me... I'll owe you one.

She isn't getting much back from Kerry, his eyes are clearly looking around while his brain formulates an exit strategy.

Elise Ares:

I'll do ANYTHING you want. Anything in the world you can think of. Just ask. I'll do it. For you.

Kerry's bouncing eyes stop abruptly and focus on Elise.

Kuroyama:

... ANY ... thing?

Elise doesn't back down.

Elise Ares:

Absolutely anything.

Kerry smirks almost devilishly.

Kuroyama:

... I want **THE D!**

Elise's eyes open wide. Klein takes a step back.

Elise Ares:

Whoa whoa whoa, I said that I would do anything, there are some things a girl just can't physically do.

Kerry doesn't even know what he just said... he is clueless.

Kuroyama:

What?! ... I want that sorry son of a bitch you used to run around with. One on one, in the ring! I OWE him a receipt.

Klein breathes a sigh of relief while Elise seems almost insulted.

Elise Ares:

I don't even SPEAK to that backstabbing mouth-breather anymore! He's too busy chasing around awful scripts, obsessive fangirls, and whatever in the hell Flex Kruger is!

Kuroyama:

No ... You said ANYTHING! You get me in the ring with The D and I'll get you in the ring with Scotty! You have my word.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style runs her hand through her hair in frustration, wondering where this negotiation went wrong before looking back at Klein, hanging his head in sadness about the way things used to be.

Elise Ares:

I can't speak for The D... but I can speak for the Pop Culture Phenoms. If you want to have Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama... you know, against the PCP, it'll take some time but I can definitely make that happen for you.

Kuroyama:

The hell with it, we can do it all at once ...

Kerry starts to get amped up based on the prospect alone.

Kuroyama:

I can guarantee Scott Douglas and obviously I'll be there with bells on! You can guarantee PCP!?

Elise trades glances with Klein, uncomfortably. Their body language shows the uneasiness which they walk into this agreement. Kerry tilts his head back as his eyes widen, questioning Elise both verbally and physically as he extends his hand to "shake on it."

Elise Ares:

We'll be there. I promise.

Elise reaches out and shakes the hand of the Pacific Blitzkrieg as Klein sighs in the background.

Kuroyama:

Alright...

Kerry, now, much happier to have ran into Elise Ares, figuratively, and Klein, literally, than he had at the beginning of this exchange. With a big smile spreading across his face, at the prospect of getting his hands on The D again, he exits the frame. Elise looks back at Klein before taking a small hand sanitizer out from... somewhere.

Klein:

Are you going to be able to keep that promise?

The former SoHER vigorously rubs her hands together.

Elise Ares:

I think I have to. I think things could've ended up a lot worse. I was planning on having to shower after talking to him, imagine my surprise that all I needed was a little sanitizer to get what I wanted. I hardly had to do anything at all!

Klein's eyes slowly open wide.

Elise Ares:

Ew. No. Gross... get your mind out of the gutter, Klein. I just thought I was going to have to wrestle tonight. Now that I know I'm free, let's go get drunk, shall we? We have an uncomfortable conversation to get shitfaced for.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. LUKE DIBBINS

As we come back from the backstage area we are ready to go for our next match up.

DDK:

Up next is an interesting match up as Scott Stevens takes on Luke Dibbins.

Angus:

It's the battle of the cousin fuckers vs the animal fuckers. It's a win-win for me because I get to watch two retards beat the crap out of each other.

The Sound of Banjos can be heard in the distance.... Followed by some over powering jeers from the Faithful!

♪ "Half Crazy" by Barr Brothers ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

The Dibbins are always introduced as a single unit even though Luke is going one on one with Stevens tonight.

Angus:

No shit Keebs they are introduced as one because each one carries one half of their brain.

The Dibbins make their way into the ring and begin to talk strategy in the corner, as the Faithful turn their attention to the entrance ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

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 cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... *SCOTT STEVENS* as

♪ "Hail to the Chief" by James Sanderson ♪

Plays throughout the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

Stevens looks to be in a foul mood here tonight.

Angus:

Wouldn't you be if you heard the Dibbins wanted to take your best sheep to the prom?

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

DDK:

The Dibbins are laughing at Stevens as the garbage pelts him.

Angus:

The Dibbins are funny looking so they shouldn't be laughing at anyone.

Stevens climbs the ring steps and makes his way into the ring. Once inside, he stretches out on the ring ropes.

As Luke and Duke argue over which sister they'll be with tonight Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

And here we go.

As the bell rings, Scott makes a mad dash towards the distracted Dibbins and drills Luke in the side of the face with his metal knee brace.

Angus:

Holy shit Keebs!

Stevens hawks a loogie at Duke as he places his brousin between his legs as he outstretched his arms with his thumbs up before slowly turning them down.

DDK:

That isn't going to end well for Luke.

Stevens reaches down and picks up Luke and holds him for a brief moment before spiking him on his head.

DDK:

Moral Compass Spike Piledriver! That's all she wrote.

Stevens places a boot onto the chest of Luke as Navarro counts to three.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by pinfall.....SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEVEEEEEENS!

Stevens demands Navarro raise his hand in victory and the last image we see is Scott standing on Luke with his hand raised up high.

THE EVIL WITHIN: RED RING OF DEATH

♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge on the NES ♪

DDK:

Looks like we are being interrupted by The Fuse Bros. now...

Angus:

That's 360 to you, Darren.

Tyler marches out first with Conor closely behind him. Both of them are fuming although Tyler looks a lot more angrier than Conor ever could. There isn't much time wasted before they get into the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

CUT OUR MUSIC.

It cuts.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother and I... we were screwed at the hands of Gulf Coast Connection two weeks ago.

Conor Fuse:

SCREWED.

Tyler Fuse:

As my brother would say, a bunch of *NPC*'s beat us at the hands of *NPC*'s.

The Gamers don't agree but Tyler keeps on rolling as he stomps around the ring in a huff.

Tyler Fuse:

WE **ARE** THE TAG DIVISION. No one else. TYLER AND CONOR, FUSE BROS. 360. We have been doing this for over two years now and while teams come and go we are FRONT AND CENTER. DEFCON is *our* show and it was where we would get our *Achievements* back. But now...

Tyler stares coldly into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

These little surfing freaks cost us our rightful shot.

DDK:

They didn't cost you a thing. They sought revenge on what you did to them...

Tyler Fuse:

Gulf Coast... you're just delaying the inevitable. So DEFCON, Fuse Bros. 360 takes a quick detour.

Tyler turns to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Tell them.

And flips him the mic.

Boos follow as Conor, whom is less angry and more obnoxious takes a moment to suck back the sour taste in his mouth.

Conor Fuse:

RED RING OF DEATH MATCH. DEFCON. My brother and I against all three of you NPC's.

Angus:

Ohhhh, this sounds fun!

Conor Fuse:

We will give you your GAME OVER on the biggest stage imaginable! We will show you our HARD RESET comes at a COST... a cost you want NOTHING TO DO WITH.

Conor hands the mic back to his older brother.

Tyler Fuse:

All of you [*motioning to the crowd*] haven't seen pain yet, not in the way my brother and I can inflict it. The only reason Gulf Coast isn't dead is because we will embarrass you on THE show.

Player One takes a moment, attempting to calm down and collect his thoughts. He looks back at his brother who seemed to get all the anger out of him. Conor simply replies to his older Bro with a cocky thumbs up.

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

I've got one more problem. Recently, it's with this woman who calls herself Desire.

The Gamers give a little cheer.

DDK:

Desire, who has been seen helping Gulf Coast these past few weeks and standing up to The Bros., too.

Tyler Fuse:

She showed up here months ago, left and now she's back... thinking she's some kind of *peacemaker*. Woman, I don't know what your problem is but in two weeks time I am challenging you to a match in the middle of this ring! And I welcome you to bring Gulf Coast along with you so they can see what's in store for them come DEFCON.

Tyler rubs his forehead and finishes.

Tyler Fuse:

Just remember, Gulf Coast, Desire, we are always a couple of moves ahead.

Tyler throws the mic on the floor. The Bros. theme song begins again and they exit the ring.

DDK:

That's an interesting match for next DEFtv. We've seen Desire a couple of times but Tyler Fuse looks to be on another level at the moment.

Angus:

Ha! You said *another level*. That's a good one!

DDK:

I didn't mean it in The Fuse Bros. context.

Angus:

Again, it's Fuse Bros. 360. When will you learn? They got a system upgrade!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

STEVENS DYNASTY Â© vs. URIEL CORTEZ & MINUTE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a HUGE title match coming up shortly with the dominant World Tag Team Champions, The Stevens Dynasty, about to take on the unlikely, but very successful team of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and "The Sky High Kid" Minute.

Angus:

Now, I fucking HATE the Stoovins and I've only said that once or twice...

DDK:

Not true. Not even in the slightest.

Angus:

But as good as Uriel and Minute were one night, The Stevens Dynasty have been like turds you can't flush down and they've ruled the division EVERY night since winning tag gold whether that be The World or the Trios. And that's the nicest thing I'll ever say about those inbred assholes.

DDK:

Well... when you're right, you're right, Angus. Let's go to ringside for the World Tag Team Titles! Can Uriel Cortez and Minute win their first gold in DEFIANCE or will The Stevens Dynasty's reign continue? Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey for intros.

The camera is now fixed on Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and will be contested for the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships!

The fans go nuts for what's to come. First up... the challengers.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 155 pounds... He is The Sky High Kid... **MINUTE!**

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We, Instrumental)" by Run The Jewels ♪

The music hits and out comes the twenty-one year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute! He jets down the ramp, up the steps, climbs the ropes, and then leaps from one rope, to the adjacent corner, then backflips into the ring! He lands and waits for his partner to get inside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... being accompanied by The Family Keeling... standing in at seven foot one...

Suddenly, Junior Keeling pokes his head out of the stage.

Junior Keeling:

AND A HALF!

Darren Quimbey shakes his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And weighing in at 375 pounds... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Legend Has It" by Run The Jewels ♪

The fans give a more positive reception to the mountain of muscle from California as he steps onto the stage, wearing

a blue business suit, both Thomas and Junior Keeling beside him. He unbuttons his coat slowly, hands the massive coat to Junior and then undoes his cuffs so he can wrestle in his dress shirt and pants. The Titan of Industry then heads into the ring, steps over the ropes. He looks down at Minute and the two seem to be more civil than they were two weeks ago against The Fuses.

The sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena and is followed by a gunshot, turning the cheers into jeers in the blink of an eye.

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

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, and Cary along with The Stevens Dynasty as they show their identity the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary... at a combined weight of 702 pounds. They are the reigning and defending DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions! Bo and George Stevens... **THE STEVENS DYNASTY!**

Like always, Cary is at the head of the pack, carrying the Tag championships over his shoulders, with his son and nephew in tow holding the World Trios Titles that were recently absorbed into the World Tag Titles. Always the braggart, Cary holds the tag titles up, making sure everyone watching could get a good view of them and associate them with the belts. They get handed off to Brian Slater who raises them in the air. Unlike two weeks ago, Cortez steps back willingly and lets the smaller Minute take the lead. The Family Keeling watch on with Bo Stevens taking the mantle for his side. The bell rings...

DING DING!

Bo and Minute lock up and quickly, Bo takes control with a boot and several shots to the back to double the smaller opponent over, followed by throwing him to the ropes to knock him over with a Running Back Elbow! Bo parades around the ring like he and George have already won.

Bo Stevens:

We are the Tag Team Champions forever!

Angus:

Oh, beat him already!

He whips Minute into the ropes, but when he comes back, Minute hangs between the middle ropes and waves hello to Bo. The cousin of the Ace of DEFIANCE charges forward, but Minute slips out, sending Bo out to the floor where Minute charges back, then FLIES through the ropes like a missile with a Suicide Dive through the bottom and middle rope!

DDK:

WOW! Off the bat, Minute is taking the fight to Bo Stevens!

Both giants of the respective teams watch the action as Minute is up first, catching Bo with a few big kicks to the leg as he tries to get back into the ring. With some effort, he manages to get Bo back underneath the bottom rope and then softens him up for a modified rope run into a Diving Splash! He goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

The move doesn't put away Bo, but Minute does have him down long enough to tag in Uriel Cortez! The second that Bo sees The Titan of Industry enter the ring, he tries to roll to his corner, but Uriel has him by the leg...

Angus:

Oh God I've been waiting for a long time for this... The day our HOSS Savior destroys one of these hicks!

Bo gets picked up and lands a blow on Uriel... but he doesn't even look fazed. Bo isn't a small man, but Bo panics before he throws about three more shots into the chest of Uriel. The crowd cheers when Uriel wipes his chest off like he's wiping dust, then he CHUCKS Bo violently into their corner of the ring! Minute watches as The Titan of Industry pins Bo to the corner...

THWACK!

...Bo gets BLASTED against the chest with a Double Handed Chop by The Titan of Industry and the crowd roars!

DDK:

He calls that The Chop of Ages and geez, you could hear that all the way up here at the booth.

Angus:

KILL THAT STEVENS BASTARD! FINISH HIM!

Uriel grabs Bo and THROWS him out of the corner with the Atomic Throw! Bo crashes violently across the ring and holds his back as Uriel makes the tag back to Minute. The TJ Tornado quickly ascends the ropes and as Bo starts to get back up, Minute crashes down on Bo with a big Meteora! After the flying double knees hit, The Sky High Kid lays him out and then goes for the cover again!

ONE!**TW... NO!****DDK:**

That was a close one, but look at this! During their match, they wouldn't even tag willingly until The Gulf Coast Connection gave Uriel the opening to beat Fuse Bros 360. Now, they've remained civil and they've even aided one another!

Angus:

God, I need this. Let these guys merc the Stevens Dynasty!

Minute continues to lay into Bo with a flurry of kicks to the chest to wear down the bigger man, but Bo blocks one and shoves him aside. The TJ Tornado comes back with another attempt at a kick when Cary Stevens tries to grab his legs! Junior Keeling protests, but Thomas orders him to stay at his side. Minute leaps over the attempt but the distraction is all Bo needs to land a HARD Discus Clothesline!

DDK:

And there goes Cary again! Gives Bo the opening to connect with The Bo-Dazzler and now The Stevens Dynasty are in control.

Angus:

God, you can't help a brother just once and let me wish bad things to befall my mortal enemies?

Bo takes a few seconds to shake off the damage done earlier by both Cortez and Minute - the camera shows the red welts left on his chest by The Chop of Ages from earlier. Minute gets picked up and doubled over with a big right hand by Bo, then thrown into the corner where big George Stevens finally enters for the first time. Bo backs up as Minute tries to stand, but the second that he does, he gets CRUSHED from either side with The Battle of San Jacinto!

DDK:

The Double Lariats just crushed Minute and now he's down! And in front of George Stevens, no less!

The TJ Tornado isn't looking very tornado-like right now, especially as the massive George Stevens picks up Minute, only to bury a knee in his stomach. Minute doubles over in pain again with George raising his fists in the air to a series of jeers from the crowd. Cary Stevens laughs like the asshole he is and watches George now pick up Minute off the mat. Cortez watches on as George looks over to him and smiles when he picks up Minute in a Press Slam position with two hands...

The one hand...

Then sends him CRASHING hard to the mat!

DDK:

This is the Stevens Dynasty gameplan. If they can find literally ANY opening they can, they'll exploit it to the fullest and pick apart the opposition. And they've fought giants and small men alike, so this isn't new to them.

Angus:

Stop being right, you damn nerd! Just let me have this! Uriel and The Littlest Flippy-Doo are gonna win, just you wait!

George picks up Minute by his waistband with one hand and then chucks him to The Stevens Dynasty corner so Bo can get the tag into the match. Bo eggs on the fans when he goes for a Running Back Elbow to the head of Minute in the corner! The luchador slumps over, but Bo doesn't let him fall, instead pulling him out of the corner with a vicious Short-Arm Clothesline! Bo kneels over and covers the shoulders of Minute.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Minute kicks out again, but you can just see Uriel Cortez itching to get inside.

Junior and Thomas Keeling both watch on while Cary Stevens looks more relaxed, enjoying the view of Bo trying to work over Minute's neck with a Cravate. He hangs onto the hold and then to be an asshole, throws a pair of knees upward into the head of the luchador. The highly-decorated tag team wrestler picks up Minute and then looks to go for Straight Outta Texas, but before he can hit the Alabama Slam, Minute boxes the back of Bo with a few shots until he lets go.

Angus:

The Littlest Flippy-Doo doing what he can to survive!

He tries to double over Bo with a pair of desperation kicks, but Bo rakes the eyes which even with the mask, does stun Minute just enough since fingers near any eye socket hurt. Minute stumbles around while Bo grins and shoves him lightly, ready to end things. He runs at the ropes... but gets caught suddenly by Minute with the Intceptor DDT! The crowd roars with approval!

DDK:

Beautiful Springboard Tornado DDT by Minute! He's down and now he has a chance to get at the corner.

Minute heads to his corner while off on the other side, Bo is holding his head in pain. Both big men in this match are itching to tear one another apart and with the approval of the Faithful, they're about to get it! George gets the tag... and so does Uriel!

DDK:

You can feel the trembling up here! Two of the LARGEST men in DEFIANCE are about to tear into one another!

Angus:

HOSSFITE!!!!!!

And with that, the two men come to blows! George and Uriel exchange right hands in the center of the ring with the fans giving Uriel "YAY!" for every blow landed and "BOO!" for every shot George throws. The walking condo that is George Stevens blocks a right hand and then fires off a Headbutt to the chest of Uriel. Uriel grins, then comes back with a Headbutt of his own! George reels... then fires another Headbutt! Uriel dusts himself off... then fires an even STIFFER Headbutt!

Angus:

Stop, stop! My HOSSFITE boner can only get so erect!

DDK:

As uncomfortable as I am right now, they're laying into one another!

Uriel gets the better of the exchange with a third Headbutt and then backs George into the ropes. For perhaps one of the first times in Uriel's career, an Irish Whip gets reversed on him, but as Uriel goes flying, he comes back with a POWERFUL Flying Shoulder Block that knocks George clear off his ass! The crowd roars as Uriel now stands and beats on his chest, waiting for George to stand. He hooks him from behind by the neck and then hits a huge Inverted Facelock Elbow Drop that he calls Big Business! Uriel crawls on top of George and goes for the win and the titles!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

So close! Not very many people at all have been able to bully around George like he has!

Uriel goes for the side and as George starts to stumble upward, he hooks him for the Industry Standard, but George elbows him in the side of the head until he frees himself, then runs (generously) off the ropes and BLASTS through Uriel with a big Lariat! Uriel goes down in a heap and the crowd panics as George falls on top of him with a Big Splash!

ONE!

TWO.. NO!

DDK:

How'd he kick out of THAT?! These two are throwing bombs at one another!

CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!

The loudest chant Uriel Cortez has ever gotten in his DEFIANCE tenure continues as George is standing now. He tries to pick up Uriel for the Texas Sized Slam, but Uriel quickly elbows his way out. He catches George with a Knee Strike to the head and then runs off the ropes to level him with massive Spear! He then makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

And Bo breaks it up... with a DEFIANCE World Tag Title to the back of the head! The referee sees it and calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

The crowd is booing the hell out of Bo Stevens as Minute leaps back into the ring and connects with a Springboard Missile Dropkick, catching Bo in the chest and knocking him out of the ring, but still with the title in hand. Uriel snaps his head up and holds it in pain, but George rolls out holding his rib cage with Cary yelling at the two to retreat.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... Uriel Cortez and Minute! However, as the titles don't change hands on a disqualification... STILL your DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions... **THE STEVENS DYNASTY!**

Bo and George don't look much like winners, but they collectively cackle like assholes while Thomas and Junior Keeling shake their heads in disbelief while in the ring, Uriel protests with the official and Minute looks on, confused by what just happened, but by now The Stevens Dynasty have already made it out of the ring and headed to the back... STILL in possession of the gold, much to the chagrin of a jeering crowd.

DDK:

That's how the most dominant tag team in DEFIANCE want to retain the belts? By disqualification? Folks, we'll try and get this sorted, but we deserved a lot more than that!

Angus:

You lousy bastards!

COMMERCIAL: MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN COLOGNE



The scene opens up to a beautiful day outside. The sun is shining brightly and the sky is clear and blue and we see everyone's favorite Texan walking down a sidewalk in a park talking to someone on his cell phone.

Scott Stevens:
You listen to me!

Stevens says sternly.

Scott Stevens:
If you want a journeyman as the face of your promotion and talentless hacks as your champions then by all means continue to do what you are doing, but if you want to be great again.....if you want to make the FIST great again you give me a call.

Stevens says as he hangs up his phone and places it inside his suit jacket. As he is doing this two gorgeous, young ladies walk by and something attracts them as they turn back around.

Red Head:
Excuse me?

Scott Stevens:
Yes?

The Texan asks as he turns around to the two women.

Brunette:
We don't need to bother you, but we have to know what is that lovely smell that is irradiating from you?

She asks wanting to know very badly causing Stevens to chuckle.

Scott Stevens:
If you must know, it's the brand new Make The FIST Great Again cologne.

Stevens informs the girls and their eyes light up.

Red Head:

Where can we get it?

Scott Stevens:

That's easy, go to MFGA.com and for only \$166 you too can smell like greatness again because nowadays supposed greatness smells like croc piss and koala droppings.

Stevens replies with a shudder.

Brunette:

Why such a low cost? Truly something that smells this great has to be more.

The brunette says but Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Greatness lasted for one hundred and sixty-six days and for \$166 and one hundred and sixty-six squirts of greatness in a bottle, you too can feel what it is like to be GREAT again.

Stevens says as the girls look on in awe.

Red Head:

I'm going to get two bottles for my boyfriend Oscar.

Brunette:

I'm going to get three for my husband Murray.

As the excitement gleams off of these young ladies faces, Scott has to be the bearer of bad news.

Scott Stevens:

Sorry ladies, but the greatness in a bottle has been scientifically proven ineffective to make anyone named Oscar, Cayle, Andy, or Murray great in anyway shape or form.

The news crushes the young ladies as their joyous expressions turn to sad pandas.

Scott Stevens:

However, if you truly want to experience what greatness feels like on the outside and inside.

Stevens says with a wink causing the girls to blush.

Scott Stevens:

Then why don't you follow me back to my hotel and I will show you what the meaning of greatness looks and feels like.

Stevens says as the girls giggle to one another and grab the Texan by the arm as they slowly disappear into the distance.

Scott Stevens:

I am Scott Stevens and I approve this message.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dansson ♪

The scene instantly flips to the middle of Gage Blackwood's theme music as he's halfway down the ring with Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell following close behind.

SOHER Championship around his shoulder, Blackwood marches up the steel stairs with a purpose. He slips into the ring as the two henchmen follow behind. Wearing his wrestling trunks and his now trademark "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt, with another BRAZEN name, Howlin' Joe Wolfe scratched out on the back, his theme song comes to a close and Blackwood speaks before any comments from the announce team can be made.

Gage Blackwood:

Why?

That's all he needs to say to be greeted by boos.

Angus:

It is a great question, you know.

DDK just sighs.

Gage Blackwood:

Why do you still boo me? Why do you get your hopes up and think someone from *back there* will end up taking this from me?

The Scot holds the SOHER Title high in the air with his free hand. This is followed by a long pause and almost a depressingly simplistic groan.

Gage Blackwood:

I am undefeated since returning from injury and all of you expect some BRAZEN baw juggler to come out here and take this away from me? Please. I've grown tired with all of you.

Finally, some rage slowly builds in the champion as he talks.

Gage Blackwood:

Because it can work both ways, you know. *You* can grow tired of *me* but *I* can very well do just the same back to *you*.

Adler and Landell clap in the background.

Gage Blackwood:

Yet you can't take me out of this ring... you can't take the title from me... you can't change me back to the do-gooing fighter I used to be, that's for damn sure.

DDK:

And that's a damn shame!

Gage Blackwood:

So just sit down and accept-

♪ "Earthquake" by Labrinth feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

Blackwood is interrupted by the theme music of Titus Campbell.

DDK:

Folks, that's Titus Campbell... Wingman Titus Campbell to be exact, fresh off a big victory against David Hightower on

Uncut 60!

6'7". 310 lbs.

He strolls out to the ramp with a mic in hand. Meanwhile, Gage Blackwood is slightly taken aback by the big man's size.

The theme music closes and Campbell raises the mic to his face.

Titus Campbell:

So, you're still giving out title shots Mr... *"Fighting Champion"*?

The Faithful cheer as Blackwood starts screaming from the stage.

Titus Campbell:

Well I saw what you did to Joe Wolfe and how that man *[pointing to Shooter Landell]* jumped him before the match. I can promise you one thing... try that against me... and it's not gonna happen pal.

The fans give another cheer as Campbell waits for The SOHER to speak.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, nae bother... you want a title shot tonight, you got one AND I WILL PUT YOU DOWN WITH THE REST OF THEM.

Blackwood throws the microphone out of the ring and halfway across the ramp as Campbell's music starts up again and he poses for the fans, collecting him more cheers.

DDK:

Big title match tonight! Gage Blackwood against the massive Titus Campbell! Look out champion, this will no doubt be your biggest test yet!

DEFtv changes location as Campbell continues to pose and Blackwood continues to shout.

FIST: OSCAR BURNS OPEN CHALLENGE

DDK:

We've got our next match, Angus. And it's Oscar Burns looking to put his FIST of DEFIANCE on the line in another open challenge.

Angus:

Look, Keebs... I'm all for Burns toeing the company line and wanting to represent our company, but jeez... Kiwi has a death wish lately. He's just going to ignore what happened between he and Mikey when Mikey interrupted his match with The D by kicking him in the scrotes and hitting him execution-style with the title belt?

DDK:

I think we both know he's not going to forget and that rumor is Burns WILL be addressing what happened, but first wants to make this title defense. Let's go to ringside where we have Darren Quimbey ready to bring this match about.

And we do just that.

DDK:

The following contest is set for one fall! This is the FIST of DEFIANCE Open Challenge set for one fall!

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

The fans cheer in adulation for DEFIANCE'S technically-savvy New Zealander as he walks out, looking VERY focused for the match ahead. Looking to the ring ahead pensively, the Joint Chief of Joint Locks raises a finger in the air, garnering cheers from the crowd. Dressed in his bright orange tights and wrestling shoes and a yellow "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns makes his arrival towards the ring.

DDK:

Burns was checked for a possible concussion after what happened at the end of the last DEFtv and thankfully, he was checked and cleared. But he looks laser focused tonight.

Angus:

You can't say Burnsie doesn't love this promotion. He moved to American FOR DEFIANCE and he's been pretty damn good as the FIST, but it may take its toll on him.

DDK:

Here he comes now.

The Team Graps Cap now arrives in the ring and raises the title and then waits in his corner as his music fades, waiting for whoever is going to take him up in the challenge. But before he does, Burns takes a microphone. The Faithful go apeshit as the FIST starts to speak...

Oscar Burns:

Mikey Unlikely...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd jeer the mention of the man that has been relentlessly pursuing Burns and the FIST of DEFIANCE as The Technical Spectacle continues.

Oscar Burns:

That is TWICE now that you've come out to deprive me and deprive the fans of another championship match all because it's not you standing across from me and you're packing a sad about it. Since I seem to be the only gentleman between us, GC, I'm going to give you one final warning. You attacked me and you challenged me to a match at DEFCON for this championship. And I'm going to give you a counter-offer...

Burns inches closer to the hard cam near ringside and speaks directly to the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer.

Oscar Burns:

GC, tonight, I'm not just feeling stropky... I'm PISSED. And if you get in my business one more time... I'm going hard out and I'm gonna knock you on your ass.

DDK:

STRONG words by the champ there.

Angus:

Yeah, Keebs, I like angry Burns!

The Technical Spectacle now focuses on the entrance ramp.

Osca Burns:

Now... I'm going to give a title shot and I've specifically asked for anybody who hasn't had a shot at this title previously. And I don't care if you're DEFIANCE or BRAZEN. This remains the same. While some ponces are too busy pointing at signs highlighting their biggest shows of the year or running around here with stupid commercials too scared to cash in their Ace of DEFIANCE because he knows I'll beat him again... I'm here FIGHTING week in and week out because that's what you, the Faithful deserve!

Burns tosses the microphone aside and waits...

And waits...

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

The theme plays and out comes one of his opponents... Solomon Grendel of the BRAZEN team Brutal Attack Force. Behind him is Petey Garrett, talking some strategy over with his partner. The former partners of another former FIST, Curtis Penn, walk towards the ring...

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

With a barrage of shots, the crowd BOOS the appearance of Mikey Unlikely once again, now standing over the fallen members of RAF with chair in hand! He yells at the downed men...

Mikey Unlikely:

NO! I'M GETTING THE NEXT TITLE SHOT! NOT SOME BRAZEN HACKS! THAT TITLE BELONGS TO **ME!**

DDK:

OF COURSE! IT'S MIKEY UNLIKELY! AND HE'S GOT A CHAIR IN HAND!

Angus:

And Burns has seen enough! He's running out there!

Mikey brandishes the chair again as Burns drops the title and speeds towards him on the aisle. The larger Burns sidesteps Mikey trying to lob the chair at him, then charges at him and SMACKS him in the chest with a stiff Running Hard Out Headbutt! The crowd winces from the impact, and then cheers as Burns climbs into the mount position and lands a stiff series of Elbow Smashes to the side of his head!

DDK:

Burns might be one of the nicest and most respectful champions that the FIST has had, but even he has a breaking point! He explicitly warned Mikey what was going to happen and now, he's getting what he deserves!

Angus:

Fuck up McFuckass! Get him! Rip his arm off and beat him with it!

Burns continues to wail away on Mikey until a slew of DEFsec pull him off The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer! The champion pulls away and tries to regain his composure, all the while the crowd is roaring for the champion.

"BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!"

Two more trainers come out to attend to the fallen members of RAF and referees go to check on Mikey Unlikely while Burns runs to the announce table. He motions for a microphone that Darren Keebler happens to have at the desk and snatches it from the play by play announcer.

Oscar Burns:

Look, GCs... I know what I said before about not wanting to face Mikey Unlikely and reward him for being a bloody shitbag and I stand by that... but I ALSO know that what I do is for the Faithful! So let me ask you all... do you want to see me defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Mikey Unlikely and tear this wanker apart at DEFCON?

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Burns nods and then turns to the fallen Mikey, still checking his jaw.

Oscar Burns:

MIKEY! I ACCEPT! BURNS/UNLIKELY II FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE IN THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON!

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!"

Oscar Burns:

YOU CAN TRY AND TAKE THIS TITLE, BUT WHEN YOU REACH OUT FOR IT, I'M TAKING YOUR ARM FIRST!

The Technical Spectacle angrily throws the microphone down before he retrieves his title. He takes the belt and stands over Mikey, who is stumbling, but still looking up at Burns looking back at him with the title in his face to show what's on the line before he raises the championship over head and heads to the back. Mikey starts to stumble upwards and checks his jaw to make sure his teeth are all there...

DDK:

Good lord, I haven't seen Burns EXPLODE like that ever! We finally have our main event of DEFCON and it's going to be Oscar Burns defending the FIST against Mikey Unlikely in a rematch of their epic scrap from DEFIANCE ROAD! And I have to imagine this might be Mikey's last chance at that gold if he doesn't win this.

Angus:

Let's hope so. I don't need another McFuckass holding onto that championship! Kendrix was bad enough, but this is OG McFuckass!

Burns is already gone, but as Mikey starts to head to the back, he shoves trainers away. He's clearly shaken...

But a shit-eating grin forms across his face as he looks to the fans before departing to the back.

AN EXCHANGE

The scene goes backstage as Desire is shown to a small round of cheers from The Faithful. She's at the water cooler but before she can take a sip, she turns into someone's chest.

The Crescent City Kid.

Desire is quick to apologize as she almost spills her water. The Kid just shakes his head like it's okay. Desire smiles.

Angus:

Christ this is awkward.

Desire:

Sorry about that.

CCK just nods again and motions around with his hands.

Desire looks to the ground, blushes a little bit and then glances back up.

Desire:

Look, if you're worried about what Tyler Fuse said, you shouldn't be. Guy seems like scum. I can handle my own and I am definitely going to accept the match.

The Crescent City Kid motions around some more with his hands and body.

Desire nods.

Desire:

You're welcome to come out and support me, that's fine. But the thing is dear, I need a match like this to get my career going. I started off strong and then I got hurt. I was out for a few months. Now I'm back and I have no real direction. Hopefully a match at this level will give the agents something to sink their teeth into.

The Kid moves around again and then looks to shake Desire's hand. She extends and they shake.

Desire:

Haha, look you're cute and all and I appreciate everything. I'll be okay, I promise. I'm more worried about the three of you. Tyler and Conor, they don't look like they forget things that easily.

The Crescent City Kid takes a step back and throws out an impressive roundhouse kick into thin air. This gets a major groan from Angus on commentary.

Desire:

I know you've got skills. It's just... well... Tyler seems like a real bully and Conor, he's definitely on the spectrum.

The Kid nods and pats Desire on the shoulder.

Desire:

Okay, thank you. I'll see you next week, okay?

He nods for a final time and leaves the area.

Angus:

How does this mute fuck do it?

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:
What?

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT

As we cut to the backstage area we see The Stevens Dynasty popping champagne and celebrating their title defense.

Bo Stevens:

Another successful defense!

Bo shouts as Lance Warner comes into view to interview the champions.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with the tag.....and I stress that loosely, tag team champions, the Stevens Dynasty.

Lance's comment doesn't sit well with the champions as Bo pushes him.

Bo Stevens:

What do you mean by that Lance?

Bo asks as he takes a sip of champagne.

Lance Warner:

Well, you retained your championships on a technicality. You didn't pin or submit them. Uriel and Minute were technically the winners of that match.

Lance says as he points his finger at Bo and he quickly slaps it away before his uncle intervenes.

Cary Stevens:

Whoa there Bo.

Cary says as he grabs his nephew's arm.

Cary Stevens:

Go celebrate with George.

Cary says as he pushes Bo towards his cousin.

Cary Stevens:

Such a temper.

Cary says with a chuckle.

Lance Warner:

Are you happy with yourself?

Lance asks and Cary takes a moment to think.

Cary Stevens:

ABSO-FUCKING-LUTELY!

Cary shouts with joy.

Cary Stevens:

Why wouldn't I be Lance? We retained our titles and Cortez and Minute are headed to the back of the line and won't be getting another shot at OUR tag titles any time soon. Now, we're done here.

Cary starts to turn on his heel, but before he can get two steps further, he's met in his tracks by both members of The Family Keeling, Junior and Thomas. They look up at the patriarch of The Stevens Dynasty with knowing looks on their

faces.

Thomas Keeling:

Whoa there, Mr. Stevens. Sir, with respect to a legend of the sport, you really ARE putting the cart before the horse, aren't you?

Cary raises an eyebrow.

Cary Stevens:

What the hell are you talking about? You didn't win. We kept the belts.

A sly smile crosses the face of the elder Keeling.

Thomas Keeling:

Oh, yes, you absolutely kept the belts... but the winners of the match were "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and young Minute.

Cary Stevens:

Are you two hard of hearing? I know that already. Now get the hell out of my way.

Before he can take a step further, Junior Keeling grins even wider.

Junior Keeling:

Oh, can I tell him, Pop?

Thomas Keeling extends a hand to his boy. Junior rubs his hands together with 75% glee and 25% sadism.

Junior Keeling:

Well, we went to Executive Producer Kelly Evans. Who isn't a fan of ours, but is even LESS of a fan of the Stevens Dynsaty as you already know. She wasn't happy that two men who had to fight twice in one night to earn this shot got screwed on a technicality. So she gave us the news a little bit ago. At DEFCON, Bo Peep and Georgie Porgie are gonna have to defend the World Tag Team Championships against "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and Minute in a rematch from tonight and it must have a winner!

The crowd in the background can be heard roaring while Cary growls. Junior is about to turn and leave, but then snaps his fingers like he forgot something and points to Cary.

Junior Keeling:

Oh, snap, I forgot to tell you, Care Bear... if Bo's narrow ass, George's wide ass or even your Texas car salesman-looking ass even think about getting them disqualified or counted out - the titles are gonna change hands and Uriel and Minute become the winners!

Cary doesn't even have words at this point. He glares at Lance Warner, then back at The Family Keeling before storming off at the news. Junior and Thomas both wave him farewell.

Thomas Keeling:

All right, son... we have work to do, so let's get Uriel... and Minute. We need to be ready.

Junior Keeling:

Minute, too?

Thomas Keeling:

Minute, too. We all need to be ready for DEFCON. The Stevens Dynasty have held those belts as long as they have for a reason, son.

The two nod in Lance's direction and then take their leave as the scene heads elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



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MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. ERIC WILSON

As we come back from the last segment, Darren Quimbey is finishing up his announcement for "Exclusive" Eric Wilson, one half of TO THE MAXX!, who is already in the ring.

DDK:

Eric Wilson making his return here on DEFtv this week! He faces a monumental task this week.

Angus:

A MONUMENTAL task? Really... he's facing quite possibly the worst wrestler we have.

♪"Blunt Blowin" - Small Wayne♪

The red carpet rolls down the entrance ramp as the fans begin their boos. As the song picks up The Hollywood Superstar makes his way through the curtain, careful not to step off the carpet until reaching the ring.

Darren Keebler:

AND HIS OPPONENT! Coming to the ring weighing in at 235 Lbs. He hails from Rancho Cucamonga California! He is the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer.... This is MIKEY UNLIKEEEEEEEEEELYYYYYY!

Stepping onto the ring apron he slowly wipes his feet while looking at his opponent. Mikey bounces through the ropes and shoots his hands in the air so that the capacity crowd can adore him. Instead he's treated to a litany of loud boos.

DDK:

The fans really don't appreciate Mikey Unlikely pulling the rug out from under everyone at DEFROAD, when he BLINDSIDED Oscar Burns. However tonight we saw Oscar Burns issue another open challenge. Solomon Grendle accepted the challenge for the fist but once again Mikey Unlikely would not allow the match to go down as planned. This pushed Burns over the edge, attacking Mikey and granting him his requested FIST shot at DEFCON 2020.

Angus:

He was always a snake, he was just able to camouflage himself for a moment. I'm glad we finally got to McFuckBoi SOME of his payback tonight. Come DEFCON, Burns is GORRAM Rip his arms out.

The song comes to an end as Mikey stretches on the ropes. Before the bell even rings the fans are chanting.

ER-IC! ER-IC! ER-IC!

Of course this gets into the head of Mikey who immediately covers his ears and stomps. Eric Wilson, not used to positive cheering is clearly excited to be the fan favorite.

Out of the corner, Mikey finally gets his head in the game. The two circle one another as the official calls for the bell. Mikey moves slow, Eric Wilson is trying to psych Mikey out.

The pair finally lock up in the middle of the ring, but Mikey is able to outmuscle the high flyer back into the ropes. Brian Slater begins his five count, Mikey slowly breaks away as Eric holds his hands up in the air. Mikey takes the opportunity on the break to deliver a blow right to the stomach of the tag team specialist.

This is the opening Mikey needed, he quickly takes control of the match delivering a series of blows that push Wilson around the ring. Unlikely throws him to the opposing turnbuckle, but when he follows Eric in, the High flyer springboards out of the corner behind Mikey. Wilson attempts a hiptoss but Unlikely lands on his feet and hits one of his own. As both men get up Mikey basement dropkicks Eric Wilson in the knees.

DDK:

Effective move there to take away the offense of the man who uses the ropes to his advantage. Unlikely showing his

veteran prowess here.

Angus:

Don't you dare tarnish veterans!

Unlikely is able to hold off most of the reversal attempts by Eric Wilson, but eventually, he does duck a clothesline and on the return land a huge crossbody that sends The Hollywood Superstar rolling out of the ring.

Mikey kicks the ring post out of frustration and Brian Slater begins his count.

DDK:

"Exclusive" Eric Wilson now with a big move, that just may change the complexion of the match!

As Mikey goes to slide back in the ring, Wilson is able to roll him up into a pin attempt! Brian Slater slides into position.

One...

Two...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Dammit!

Both men are pretty quick to their feet. Eric Wilson lands a dropkick on Mikey that knocks him off his feet. Right back up, Wilson goes for another one, only to be pushed aside mid air.

Wilson gets back up, Mikey sends him off the ropes with an irish whip. He drops down and Eric runs over top of him. Mikey back up and Wilson goes for a big clothesline. Mikey ducks the clothesline, but reaches an arm up and uses the momentum to swing underneath Wilson to his back and put him in the reverse DDT position. In a flash he drills it.

DDK:

ROLL CREDITS! Eric Wilsons neck snapping off the knee of Mikey Unlikely

Angus:

DAMMIT TO HELL!

Mikey Unlikely makes the cover that at this point is basically automatic.

One...

Two...

THREE!

The bell rings and Mikey stands up. He looks directly into the hard cam, breathing heavily. His face incredibly serious. Mikey motions for the belt around his waist. As his theme song hits.

♪"Blunt Blowin" - Small Wayne♪

Darren Keebler:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, Your winner! MIKEY UNLIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY

DDK:

Thats the man who's going to face Oscar Burns for the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON! Quite possibly his last chance to win it.

Angus:

Just ONE more defense for Burns is all I neeeeeed. I hope he rip's McFuckers head off!

Mikey takes no time to celebrate as he heads for the back. Looking back at the fans before going through the curtain.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2020



Don't miss the BIGGEST event of the year! DEFCON on DEFonDemand!

GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. TITUS CAMBELL

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is for the Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first, the challenger, WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL!

♪ "Earthquake" by Labrinth feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

The Faithful give a cheer as Campbell comes out ready to go. While known as a party guy, the focus is all professional right now as The Wingman steps over the top rope, raises both arms and stretches in the corner.

DDK:

Not taking Blackwood too lightly, that's for sure.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, he is the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION, GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

Boos collect before the man comes out. Followed by his two henchmen again, Blackwood emerges from the curtain. He throws his t-shirt on the ground and stomps his way down, SOHER over his right shoulder and a look of disdain on his face.

DDK:

Blackwood has defended the title against both Levi Cole and Howlin' Joe Wolfe on back-to-back DEFtv events. Next up, Titus Campbell.

Blackwood gets into the ring. Referee Benny Doyle takes the title, holds it up and calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Blackwood is very small compared to Campbell!

Angus:

Yeah but heart, Keebs, heart!

DDK sighs.

The two circle around the ring, which is much more Gage Blackwood doing the circling anyway as he tries to find some kind of opening with Titus. The fans cheer on as Blackwood looks to move in but then boo as he pulls away. This happens three more times, to the point where The Faithful are hot during the fifth and final time, where Blackwood finally does lock up with The Wingman and he's thrown to the mat about as fast as humanly possible.

Blackwood slams his hands on the canvas and screams. Meanwhile, Adler and Landell look on from the outside, somewhat concerned.

Blackwood ducks another attempt at a lock up and bounces off the ropes. He leaps towards Campbell but he's belted to the mat instantly with a **HARD** knife edge chop across the right shoulderblade. The area he's hit goes red immediately.

DDK:

Campbell to the ropes and lands a shoulder block to Blackwood! Now with EASE, he takes The SOHER and lifts him up over his head!

Campbell holds Blackwood up and doesn't drop him...

Doesn't drop him...

Doesn't drop him...

DDK:

INTO A RUNNING POWERSLAM!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Oh my god I thought we had a new champion already!

Campbell thought he might have had the three and by the looks of it, so did Adler and Landell. However, not one to argue with the referee, The Wingman pulls Blackwood to his feet and hurls him into the corner. Blackwood meets the buckles chest-first and stumbles out backwards. He's hit with an atomic drop and then with a head full of steam, Campbell goes into the ropes and crushes Blackwood with an inside-out clothesline from hell!

Campbell stomps at Blackwood. It's beyond clear the size difference has gotten into the champions head, although he's able to endure the boots for now. The challenger takes Blackwood and Irish whips him into the ropes, this time connecting with a massive powerslam and then stands to an ovation from The Faithful.

DDK:

Good work here by Campbell. He knows this is a title match and even though he seems like a fun, party-kind of guy he's not wasting time, either. He pulls Blackwood up by his hair and hammers him with right hands into the corner. Another Irish whip into the turnbuckle across the way and Blackwood meets it hard! He flips head-over-heels and then all the way back down again, wobbling out of the corner...

A second clothesline from hell!

Angus:

I can't watch!

DDK:

The fans grow louder as Titus throws The SOHER into the ropes again and hits a big boot!

Blackwood collapses on the canvas and Campbell signals for the end. He first lands a vertical suplex to position The Soct in the middle of the ring and then he goes to the second rope...

DDK:

Might be looking for that diving headbutt...

THUMP.

Blackwood BARELY moves out of the way but moves nonetheless!

DDK:

The Champion escapes! Campbell hit his head hard on the mat! He might really be hurt here!

There's concern from The Faithful as upon landing, The Wingman quickly grabs the side of his neck. However, on the outside, Adler and Landell are pounding the mat, trying to give Blackwood a second wind.

Blackwood begins to stir.

DDK:

If there's one thing to say about Blackwood, it's that he can take a beating...

Angus:

C'mon Gage, the window is now!

Blackwood gets to the ropes and uses them to pull himself up. He struggles to turn around as Titus is trying to get to one knee, as well.

Shooter Landell: *[to Gage Blackwood]*

The neck, the neck!

SMACK!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood with a missile dropkick to Titus Campbell's neck! That was a spot on move and placed exactly where the challenger's hands were!

Blackwood pulls himself off the mat and somehow faintly smirks. It's still unclear if he knows where he is... but the champion has *some* understanding of what to do next at the very least.

DDK:

Off the ropes Blackwood goes...

SMACK!

DDK:

Another missile dropkick!

The Faithful have become quiet. Concern spreads throughout the arena.

Adler and Landell are loving it. The Scot throws his hair back, revealing his trademark scar on the top of his forehead is bleeding just a little, as this sometimes happens during his matches. Blackwood wipes the scar, gives a huff and suddenly gets into another zone.

SMACK!

DDK:

Third missile dropkick!

Blackwood screams into the fallen body of the challenger. He starts mouthing off but no one can understand him because his accent grows thicker and thicker with each word to the point it doesn't even sound like english.

Angus:

What a turn of events! One headbutt missed... and goodnight! That's how deadline our champion is!

DDK:

It's not over yet...

Blackwood struggles to pull Campbell to his knees but he finally does. He roundhouse kicks Campbell in the side of the head, creating another thunderous sound that signifies The Wingman's lights may actually be out.

The challenger falls back to the mat, eyes open but no one looks to be home.

Blackwood screams again. He hits the ropes and connects with a fourth dropkick, this time right into the front of Campbell's face.

SMACK!

DDK:

Okay, this is getting disgusting! That was absolutely uncalled for! He was defenseless!

By now it's clear Campbell is significantly hurt. He's not moving a muscle and he remains in the exact same position as he did before the dropkick.

Blackwood doesn't care. He goes off the ropes again...

SMACK!!!

DDK:

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, GAGE!

Referee Benny Doyle has moved in to check on Titus Campbell. He's asking him numerous questions but Blackwood pushes the referee aside.

SMACK!!!!

Another dropkick to the head!

DDK:

STOP IT! REFEREE, YOU NEED TO-

DING DING DING

Before Darren can even finish, referee Benny Doyle turns to the time keeper and calls for the bell. The Faithful boo but more out of concern for the BRAZEN wrestler and not that the match had ended.

Angus:

What? But Blackwood wasn't done!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by referee decision and STILL the Southern Heritage Champion... GAGE BLACKWOOD.

BBBBBB000000000000000000.

SMACK!!!!

Blackwood dropkicks Titus Campbell.

DDK:

STOP IT! GOD DAMMIT, STOP IT!!

Doyle gives Blackwood the title but he seems completely disinterested. The belt drops immediately from his shoulder and Gage hits the ropes...

SMACK!!!!

Angus:

Wow, this is really teaching Titus a lesson!

Meanwhile, Adler and Landell slide into the ring. They are looking to celebrate with Blackwood but he's having none of it.

SMACK!!!!

DDK:

ENOUGH WITH THIS BEATING!!! CAN WE GET HELP OUT HERE FOR CAMPBELL, PLEASE!?!?

At first, Landell and Adler are stunned. It's like Blackwood doesn't even notice their existence.

Blood starts falling from Titus Campbell's forehead. He still remains motionless and the entire arena doesn't say a word.

Blackwood wipes the blood away from his trademark scar.

Gage Blackwood:

Made you bleed too, *bitch*.

And off the ropes he goes...

Benny Doyle tries to stop him but he isn't able to slow down the momentum too much.

SMACK!!!!

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

Blackwood gets to one knee and finally snaps out of his trance. He looks up at Adler and Landell with a giddy grin that says "can you believe I am doing this? It's amazing!"

And goes right back to the ropes...

SMACK!!!!

DDK:

I AM ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED.

At this time, other referees and EMT's rush down. They get right in front of Titus Campbell so Blackwood can't get to him anymore.

The SOHER looks at Adler and Landell.

Gage Blackwood:

Do it.

At first reluctant, Adler and Landell begin to clear everyone away from Titus by any means necessary. They throw bodies left and right while Blackwood gets back the ropes and bounces off them once more...

SMACK!!!!

The crowd reactions show some of the Faithful have turned away, others are crying and many more just stand in silence.

Even DDK is at a loss for words.

More EMT's and part of the backstage crew follow, now making it too much for any of the three men to continue. Adler is restrained, Landell is restrained and Blackwood just stands there in a trance while a few of the ring agents start screaming in his ear. He doesn't care.

Like a sociopath, Blackwood emotionlessly brushes by a few of the agents and picks up his championship. He turns and rolls out of the ring, still not processing any of the shouting in his direction. He meets Adler and Landell beside him and in a spot where his theme song would usually play, nothing is put through the airwaves. Instead, just the silence and concern from the crowd and the voices inside the ring, asking Titus Campbell if he can hear them.

DDK:

I've seen some things in my time, Angus. This is right up there with them. I literally feel sick to my stomach.

Blackwood calmly walks up the ramp, turning his back towards the ring. A few boos go his way but most of The Faithful continue to watch what's going on inside the squared circle.

Angus:

He's sent a message, Keebs. Loud and clear. Blackwood feels like he isn't respected? Well, like it or not he just made himself one of the most dangerous men in this organization. He took a beating and he came back... and then he put a 6'7", 300+ pound man to the ground. I actually don't know what's next for him but I can tell you what... there's an aura of fear when I see this man, more than I ever have before.

The DEFIANCE tag appears in the bottom right hand corner.

Blackwood stops on the top of the ramp. Both Adler and Landell look back to the ring with smiles. However, similar to two weeks ago, Blackwood pauses and doesn't look back. Instead, he closes his eyes and takes in the atmosphere, an atmosphere of silence and deep concern.

He lets out one puff.

He vanishes to the back.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.