

A SWEET SUITE PARTY!

Inside the Wrestleplex we see a shot sweeping over the crowd in attendance. They raise their signs and get excited. In the background, commentary can be heard.

DDK:

Now here in DEFIANCE we're used to what's almost become a tradition following a title change, The champion will come to the ring or interview stage and address the audience and wrestlers in the back.

Lance:

I've seen it happen plenty of times!

DDK:

Well tonight, our new FIST of DEFIANCE is calling an audible. Let's take you up to our newest partner and correspondent, Jamie Sawyers who is in the field so to speak.

The scene cuts to Jamie Sawyers, he's standing in a corridor his back to the hallway. At the end of the hallway, we see two monstrous guards blocking either side of a glass door. Inside the door is a wild array of lights and muffled music. It's quite evident there's a celebration going on. Jamie is dressed in his new DEFIANCEWRESTLING Correspondent polo and slacks.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thanks, Darren, I'm up here, just outside of VIP Skybox #4 Here at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. Inside this room is the brand new FIST OF DEFIANCE, Mikey Unlikely. He's asked DEFIANCE to send someone up for his first "Championship Address", So we're going to see if we can catch a word.

Jamie continues on down the hall, the cameraman follows tightly behind. Sawyers reaches the guards and nods at them as he reaches for the door. His arm is grabbed by the guard on the right who just shakes his head. Sawyers pulls his arm back terrified. The other guard knocks on the glass 3 times. After a few seconds, Mikey Unlikely comes out of the room. As the door opens the music is loud and obnoxious, some weird trap music.

The Champion has a large box at his side. He wears comfortable clothes, loose-fitting pants, and a silk shirt. A pair of slide-on dress shoes... and of course Sunglasses indoors. Mikey walks out as the guard holds the door open for him. The music goes back to muffled when the room is once again sealed.

Jamie Sawyers:

Mikey Unlikely, at DEFCON 2020 you defeated "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns to become the new FIST of DEFIANCE! You've had a few days to reflect on that win now, how does it feel?

Unlikely looks Sawyers ups and down and chuckles.

Mikey Unlikely:

JIMMY JAM! My man! Let me ask you, how you diggin' the new gig?

The FIST puts his hand on Sawyers' head and ruffles his hair, making it messy in the process. Jamie Sawyers is clearly not amused.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes, it's true! I did it! I did it! I did it! I finally achieved what I've been trying to achieve since I got here in DEFIANCE WRESTLING, I finally became the FIST OF DEFIANCE.

Mikey swings the box out in front of him and we can finally see what it is. He's framed the FIST of DEF in a rectangle wooden box with a glass front. It's held up by gold clasps, lying on a red display material.

Mikey Unlikely:

I've accomplished the single greatest achievement of my wrestling career! I've established that I'm the greatest pure wrestler in DEFIANCE as well as the most entertaining entertainer who's ever entertained! I said 4 long years ago when I got here...Sports Entertainment will prevail, and today it has. So tonight, in front of the Jimmy Jam packed Wrestle-Plex I would like to say thank you...

Jamie Sawyer:

Thank you to the fans? Thank you to another wrestler for helping you? Thanks to Oscar Burns for bringing the best out of you?

Mikey Unlikely:

No, don't be ridiculous. I would like to thank ME! I want to thank me for staying true to my word, I want to thank me for always being the best, and I want to thank me for showing myself that there's another level to Mikey Unlikely... Not only am I the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer... Not only am I the FIST of DEFIANCE... but for the first time... I am confident I can beat ANYONE down there in that ring regardless of the circumstances.

Jamie looks down at the FIST in the box and back up to Mikey.

Jamie Sawyers:

That's a great segway into my next point...

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU BETTER NOT BE EYEING MY SEGWAY JIMMY JAM!

Jamie Sawyers:

I meant in the conversational sense... Who do you foresee being the next challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE now that you are the champion? There's Scott Stevens, who technically holds the Ace in the Hole, meaning he can cash in on the championship at any time. There's Oscar Burns, the man who you defeated for the title, has beaten you in the past and may deserve a rematch... and then there's Lindsay Troy...

The fans in the arena explode at both Oscar Burns and Lindsay Troy. Mikey's face molds to a frown, and he removes his sunglasses, glaring at Jamie Sawyers now.

Mikey Unlikely:

DEFEND!? I JUST won it! Don't I get a chance to enjoy this? All you people want is to see me fall, well NOT SO FAST Jimmy. Let me tell you how this is going to go...

Gripping the belt box with one hand again, he sticks up one finger on his other hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

First, we celebrate... Now I've got a loaded room in there full of Frapps, Strippees and Liquors, and a few of my good friends. What we're going to do tonight is have the time of our life, watch DEFtv from up here, and celebrate all things, Mikey! We're talking Segway races, Create your own Frapp bar, Dance contest, Everyone gets one minute in the Mikey Money machine, and of course Mikey matches and movies on every TV in the ROOM.. and there's a lot! I mean this is one SWEET SUITE PARTY!

Now he holds up a second finger.

Mikey Unlikely:

Then I'm going to take this title, and I'm going to go back to Hollywood, retire from wrestling, and mount this above my fireplace.

Inside the arena, they boo loudly. Commentary can't sit through that either without commenting.

Lance:

WHAT!? Can he do that!?

DDK:

I don't think so! What's this mean for DEFIANCE?

Jamie Sawyers:

Woah hold on, you can't just retire the championship like that? That's not how it works.

Once more Mikey glares at Sawyers.

Mikey Unlikely:

...And who's going to stop me? YOU? I don't think so... I've accomplished everything I can here, I'm the ONLY TRIPLE CROWN CHAMPION IN DEFIANCES HISTORY! I'm the reigning FIST! What else is there to do? What else is there to prove? Nothing... so if you'll excuse me, There's a party missing its champion...

The guard opens the glass door and Mikey walks back inside the loud room. Jamie goes to follow but is stared down by one of the guards.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely says he's going to walk away from Wrestling with the FIST OF DEFIANCE!? I'm sure our new ownership will have something to say about that, Mikey is under contract for another 2 years!

Lance:

We'll get to the bottom of this, but before we do, it's time to start the show!

Cut to show open.

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 DEFCON 2020 is briefly shown, clipping through the events line up like flipping pages of a comic book and ending on Mikey Unlikely holding his newly won FIST of DEFIANCE high into the air with a last-minute cut to Lindsey Troy's surprise return and Mikey's resulting dissaproving facial expression.

With a bit of pyro, we go to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen ... Welcome to DEFtv 133! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and ... after the untimely departure of my long time partner, I would like to officially welcome Lance Warner to DEFtv! Lance, glad to have you.

Lance:

Thank you, Darren; for the warm welcome and after what we just witnessed I can only imagine what further surprises DEFtv has for us tonight!!

DDK:

I couldn't agree more, which is a phrase I RARELY get to udder here on DEFtv... but that being said in classic Mikey Unlikley fashion ... more like the, gone but not forgotten, Angus Skaaland... than he'd like to admit -- we are running behind so, let's get right into the DEFIANCE Action!

I'M THE REAL FIST

As the new duo finish the show's rundown they are suddenly interrupted by the lights in the arena going out and a familiar phrase shouts over the arena speakers...

DDK: [deflated]

This is not what I had in mind ...

"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:

Introducing at this time, from The Great State of Texas...He is the ACE OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

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

DDK:

Well, we are here now so ... Scott Stevens has made it his mission since he won that ACE of DEFIANCE championship to make the FIST of DEFIANCE great again.

Lance:

Did he really make it great when he held the championship? Was his reign memorable? Although holding the title for over a hundred days -- doesn't a great champion make.

DDK:

Wow... Good point.

Lance:

Thanks, Darren.

DDK:

No, thank ... you!

Stevens appears on the stage and doesn't look pleased. The Faithful sensing this begins to chant the Texan's favorite chant and Stevens looks towards the crowd and simply shakes his head before removing his championship from his waist and holding it high for the world to see.

DDK:

Stevens reminds everyone that he is a champion despite the Faithful's feelings towards the man...

Lance:

You don't have to like the man, but you have to respect what he has down in the ring since he's come to DEFIANCE. I don't know if anyone has ascended this fast in as short of a period of time as Scott Stevens has.

Stevens saunters down the ramp and towards the ring with the ACE held high above him as the crowd gets more

ferocious with each step.

DDK:

Is there a more hated man in DEFIANCE right now?.

Lance:

I don't know, Darren.

Stevens makes his way up the steel steps and steps in between the top and middle ropes to get inside. Stevens makes his way over to Quimbey and takes the microphone before pacing around the ring a bit.

DDK:

Stevens pacing around the ring like a caged animal and knowing this man you know for a fact it can't be good...

Stevens stops and slowly raises the microphone to his lips.

Scott Stevens:

Lindsay Troy.....

The Faithful cheer loudly at the Queen's name and the Texan has a look of disgust on his face.

Scott Stevens:

WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!?!?!?!?

Stevens shouts with a spew of hatred and the Faithful begins to rain down their feelings mercilessly.

Scott Stevens:

Seriously, what the fuck have you down to earn a shot at Mikey and my FIST of DEFIANCE?

Stevens asks as he looks flabbergasted.

Scott Stevens:

If I'm correct this is the year 2020 not 2016 where the last time you had any relevance in DEFIANCE.

The Faithful begin to boo.

Scott Stevens:

Why are you filth booing me?

Stevens asks as he looks towards the audience.

Scott Stevens:

Is it because I speak the truth and no amount of facelifts, tummy tucks, and breast reductions for the sagginess can make your has-been hero relevant in the Era of Scott Stevens.

The crowd boos even louder.

Scott Stevens:

I am sick and fucking tired of not getting what I want, but I should be used to by now. I mean I never lost the FIST to begin with against Oscar Burns and I was never given a proper rematch. Then I win the ACE of DEFIANCE and hype up the fact I will be challenging Oscar at DEFCON, but do I get my title match? Nope. I have to settle for the ridiculousness that happened at the pay-per-view. Now they hire the flavor of the month in Lindsay Troy to challenge Mikey and I'm once again kicked to the curb when I'm supposed to be the first one in line to challenge Mikey, but it is what it is.

Stevens says with a sigh.

Scott Stevens:

You see, every time I'm forced to the side for others it just proves my point that I am the true FIST of DEFIANCE champion and this champion I hold is the TRUE and TOP title in DEFIANCE.

The crowd boos and Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

I have no issues with Mikey and we can face each other like men and if he beats me he can rightfully call himself the true FIST of DEFIANCE because it isn't likely that skank who management brought in is going to beat him.

The crowd boos.

Scott Stevens:

Boo all you want but Lindsay Troy doing her best impression of Peggy Bundy sitting on a couch and eating bonbons and spending her boy toy's money is not what I consider a major threat to Mikey Unlikey.

Stevens says and the crowd gets angrier as he mouths, it's not to the Faithful.

Scott Stevens:

That is why if Kelly Evans had a working brain cell in that head of hers she would do the right business decision and let me cash in my ACE of DEFIANCE championship and give Mikey a proper challenger because I am the TRUE FIST and until I'm beaten by Mikey he can't say otherwise. I...

Lights out.

DDK:

What in the world?

Lance:

Is this normal, Darren?

DDK:

Bare with us we seem to be dealing with some kind of technical difficul...

♪ "Scenotaph (DJA Infected Remix)" by Emanuel ♪

The crowd gives out a mixed reaction as the strobes kick on and the smoke begins to rise from the ground. Scott Stevens in the ring immediately begins looking around, unsure exactly of what's going on. As the scream pierces through the PA, so does the DEFiatron. On the screen is George Stevens, six foot five inches, nearly five hundred pounds crawling across the concrete floor of the backstage area. Struggling to get back up to his feet, he's suddenly struck from above by a steel chair sending him crashing back onto the concrete.

Lance:

That's a big man to pick a fight with! Do you recognize that theme, Darren? You've been at this a lot longer than I have.

DDK:

It's familiar but different, I'm having trouble placing it, Lance. I'll be honest with you.

The scene pans up to show a man wearing a ragged black denim vest and hood, laying atop a Green Reaper mask. Again, another mixed reaction comes from the crowd as the man pulls the mask off of his face and reveals himself to be BRAZEN wrestler Matthew LaCroix. He throws the chair down on top of George Stevens, whose signs of struggle could be seen on the body of Southern Strong Style.

DDK:

That's who it was, it's Matt LaCroix!

Lance:

I remember, Darren! Scott Stevens was eliminated from Ace in the Hole until he attacked that man backstage and took his spot! Scott Stevens took what he has from the back of Matt LaCroix!

The Renaissance grabs the camera and points it at himself.

Matt LaCroix:

I wantcha to look into my eyes, Scott. I wantcha to fear tha reaper.

The scene cuts back to Scott Stevens in the ring, smugly shrugging his shoulders.

LaCroix:

When you come out to that ring, and you tell dem fans that you're tha Ace... I wanna remind you that you're buildin your legacy on a bed of lies. Ya see, you "won" that title with MY spot. MY opportunity. You took away MY chance that I busted MY ass for.

LaCroix turns around and lays a calculated stomp onto the side of George Stevens' skull.

LaCroix:

I'm not gonna be able to take it back, we can't change tha past. Howeva, tha fine new management team here decided to give me an opportunity. So I'm gonna use it to take it out of your family's ass. Den I'm gonna take it out of YOUR ass. Guess I'll be seein ya around... Ace.

The DEFiatron cuts off and the lights come back on in the WrestlePlex to show a perturbed Scott Stevens, in the middle of the ring, just before cutting to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF 2020

The Road to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE has begun! Available LIVE only on DEFonDEMAND!

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE DIBBINS

DDK:

Here we go with our first match of the night and it will be the DEFtv debut of a new tag team we've seen be successful on the last couple editions of Uncut! The twin brothers from Las Vegas, The Lucky Sevens! Mason and Max Luck, both brothers seven foot tall and each just a little over three hundred pounds!

Lance:

They were successful during a pre-show of DEFCON in a two on three handicap match with The Dunson Clan, then followed that up on our most recent Uncut against the Brutal Attack Force! Now they'll be taking on the Dibbins!

DDK:

Luke and Duke haven't taken kindly to the two men calling themselves the best family in DEFIANCE Wrestling but they'll have to back it up against these two massive men! We'll now go to Darren Quimbey!

A trio of three sevens appear on the video screen.

7 7 7

The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jack pot ...

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the two seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp, standing back to back arms folded like they are ready to rock and roll. The two appear to be identical twins that both have brown hair and matching goatees. One twin wears red thigh length trunks and gold boots, the other wearing green and gold boots and both with "777" across a pair of weight belts.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 612 pounds ... they are Mason and Max Luck ... the Lucky Sevens!!!!

Lance:

Here they come!

DDK:

They've been earning fans quickly! They've come to DEFIANCE Wrestling to follow in the footsteps of their grandfather, the great "Wild" Winston Shoot. They want to make themselves known as DEFIANCE Wrestling and be like famous groups like Team HOSS, The Viking War Cult and the PCPs!

Mason and Max both head to the ring and they greet the fans with smiles and cheers. They both climb into the ring and step over the ropes simultaneously and then head to the ring. They're ready for the Dibbins. The Sound of Banjos can be heard in the distance.... Followed by some over powering jeers from the Faithful!

♪ "99 Problems" by Hugo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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!

The Dibbins make their way into the ring and begin to talk strategy in the corner, as the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful get ready. Mason and Max decide who is first and it's Max that wins the game of rock paper scissors. The flashier twin Max is ready ...

DING DING!!!

At the bell, both Dibbins go on the attack and they decide that they are going to hit a double drop kick that sends Max into a corner. Mason shockingly does not do anything to help his brother from the corner and waits to see how the situation plays out.

DDK:

The Dibbins with the first move! They've no doubt seen how other teams have taken on The Lucky Sevens and no doubt they came in with a game plan in mind!

Lance:

They're both trying to go after Max in the corner!

Both brothers attack Max with another set of drop kicks and Max is left stumbling. Luke Dibbins decides that he's going to go for broke first and then hits a flying forearm smash in the corner on Max. Luke kneels down and then waits for Duke to run at the corner where the cousins hit a poetry in motion type of leg lariat in the corner!

DDK:

Nice combination of moves! They have Max on the back foot!

Lance:

But ... they're not following up ...

The Dibbins are instead getting jeers from the crowd because they're both leaning over the ropes, talking about how they outsmarted the big man. Max is stumbling for a couple seconds, but he climbs out of the ring and then starts to limb to the top turnbuckle ...

DDK:

What's he doing?!

Lance:

I'm thinking he's going to fly!

The Dibbins turn around and get swatted to the ground by a seven foot man with a flying double clothesline!

DDK:

Check! Both Dibbins are down!

Lance:

Incredible move by Max Luck!

The crowd cheers as Max starts climbing up and then makes the tag to his brother Mason!

DDK:

And here comes Mason! Max likes to take more risks as a giant while Mason stays more on the ground!

The Dibbins try to scramble and get back up when Mason is already ready to hit anything that moves.

Right hand for Luke!

Then a right hand for Duke!

He then picks Luke up off the mat and holds him up for a slam before dropping him on the ground.

Now Duke gets picked up and held around the ring before he gets hoisted up over his shoulder. He twists him around into a huge overhead gut wrench into a cutter known as the Hotel Drop!

DDK:

Big move by Mason Luck! He calls that yokosuka cutter by the name of Hotel Drop!

Lance:

Now the cover! It's all wrapped up!

*One ...**Two ...**No!!!*

That break up is Luke slamming himself into Mason to break the cover!

DDK:

Smart by Luke! He just barely makes it in time!

Lance:

Oooh he's going to regret that!

He gets up, but Max gets into the ring, grabs him and then slams him across the knee with a swinging side slam Backbreaker!

Now Luke is picked up and Mason tags Max. He picks up Luke when Mason locks an iron claw! The brothers spike Luke with a double team powerbomb and iron Claw combo called No Luck at All!

*One ...**Two ...**Three!!!***DDK:**

No Luck at All for the Dibbins! The Lucky Sevens pull out another win in dominant fashion!

Lance:

That they do!

The Lucky Sevens start to celebrate and then head to leave the ring, but before they do...

Lights out.

Lance:

Wait... what's going on?

DDK:

I'm not sure. Can we get somebody on this? We don't have anything scheduled this quickly after the match.

The Faithful try and light up the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex with their cell phones. They waited and then waited... and when the lights came back on...

The Lucky Sevens turn around in the ring and the crowd goes NUTS.

DDK:

LANCE! LOOK WHO IT IS! WE HAVEN'T SEEN THEM IN ALMOST TWO YEARS!

Lance:

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

Mason and Max look face to face with two men that helped terrorize DEFIANCE for a long time in its earlier days.

Aleczaider The Great.

Angel Trinidad.

DDK:

TEAM HOSS ARE BACK! ANGEL TRINIDAD! ALECZANDER THE GREAT! BUT WHY!

Lance:

We know their record at the top! Main evented multiple DEFIANCE shows! The longest reigning and most defending World Trios Champions alongside their retired mentor, Capital Punishment. But why are they back and why now?

The 6'10" Angel Trinidad looks across from the seven foot twins with a seething expression on his face. His partner, the 6'5" and 268-pound Brit Aleczaider The Great both stare daggers at The Lucky Sevens. The two members of DEFIANCE history then look down to the still fallen bodies of the Dibbins. Angel then grabs Luke while Aleczaider grabs Duke...

DDK:

What's going on?. Why are they here now?!

Angel Trinidad hoists Luke and then SPIKES him down on the canvas with a huge slam he calls Don't Look Down! Luke gets folded in half after the Vertical Suplex into the Uranage while Aleczaider hoists Duke. He powers him up and then MURDERS him with a stiff Lariat known as the Biceps Explosion! Luke gets flipped upside down and crashes down on his stomach. With that display of power, Angel and Aleczaider shoot another glance at The Lucky Sevens...

Then depart the ring.

DDK:

Team HOSS are back in DEFIANCE! They've technically been listed as members of teh BRAZEN roster, but nobody has heard anything from them in over a year! Now they're back adn it looks like The Lucky Sevens are who they're after!

Lance:

I'm not entirely sure if this has anything to do with The Lucky Sevens mentioning them by name... but I'm sure soon enough we'll all find...

Mason and Max watch Team HOSS hit the ramp before Angel and Aleczaider The Great make their way to the announce table. Angel grabs an extra headset from the table, but speaks only into the microphone.

Angel Trinidad:

Tell those fucking posers that WE'RE the dominant force here, Lance.

Angel then drops the headset and he and Aleczaider leave to the back while Mason and Max watch on, confused like the rest of the DEFIANCE Faithful.

SOMETHING OLDâ€¦ SOMETHING NEW, BUT THIS AIN'T NO MARRIAGE

Cut to backstage.

Various workers mill around waiting for their next job, but one worker already has a job - Jack Harmen walks with a purpose, nearly walking straight into the backstage door as it swings open.

Jack Harmen:

H--

He stops cold, his eyes going from looking level to up. Way up.

The man known as the Deacon steps into the backstage area of DEFIANCE for the first time in his career. He stops for a moment, glances at Jack, but as expected, he doesn't say a word - that fact accentuated by the half mask covering the lower half of his face. He raises an eyebrow then turns back to the open door. A young woman trails behind him, her black leather outfit and pristine white hair with red tips stark next to the 7' tall Deacon.

DDK:

That's... Deacon. Magdalena.

Magdalena gives a wink at Jack.

DDK:

They were in High Octane Wrestling. What's--?

Deacon continues on his way as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

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BUSINESS PROPOSALS

DDK:

Folks, coming up shortly, we've got the first interview from DEFIANCE's new Unified Tag Team Champions, The Sky High Titans! After a brutal fight against The Stevens Dynasty at DEFCON, the titles were wrestled away from The Sky High Titans in only their third match as a proper tag team!

Lance:

Yeah, that was an incredible tag team match that saw both sides do everything within their power to win! The Stevens Dynasty had a dominant run, but The Family Keeling put "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and the young luchador prodigy, Minute, on top!

DDK:

And speaking of, we've got Christie Zane standing by at the interview stage ready to get the first word in with our new Unified Tag Team Champions! Let's go to Christie right now!

And through the magic of television, we do just that.

Christie Zane:

Hello, fans! Please welcome to the stage... The Sky High Titans... PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING!

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

As they belt out the lyrics, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, complete with grin on his face. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute.

Behind them, the forms of their co-managers, Thomas and Junior Keeling appear on the stage shortly behind the brand new Unified Tag Team Champions. Uriel holds out one of the Trios Titles and one half of the DEFIANCE World Tag belts while Minute does the same, leaving Junior to hold the last of the Trios belts.

DDK:

That is QUITE the collection of gold held by The Family Keeling now. They managed Team HOSS years ago to the most dominant run as the World Trios Champions years ago and now manage The Sky High Titans to their combined gold, won from The Stevens Dynasty.

The music cuts and the fans go nuts for The Sky High Titans as Junior Keeling takes the microphone.

Junior Keeling:

Ladies and gentlemen... Proudly Presented by The Family Keeling... please give it up for your NEW Unified Tag Team Champions! The two men that showed you don't have to be a team for twenty years to be successful! The men that beat the PISS out of The Stevens Dynasty because let's be honest... those assholes had it coming! Uriel Cortez! Minute! Give it up for the Sky High Titans!

A loud cheer from the fans in agreement! Thomas Keeling takes over as Uriel takes his titles and hoists them higher on his massive shoulders. Minute walks over and dabs fists (okay, elbows) with his fellow title holder.

Thomas Keeling:

We won't lie, The Stevens Dynasty put up a hell of a fight as they always did to hold those belts, but they knew the second this team formed, they had their number! Mister Cortez and young Minute aren't going to sit idly by with this gold and defend the titles on the bare minimum. You people DESERVE fighting champions! You people DESERVE to see spectacular matches and that's what you're going to get!

Keeling then points to the stage.

Thomas Keeling:

That's why at this time, we're going to issue a challenge! Tonight, DEFIANCE matchmakers have given us their blessing for tonight's main event! Uriel Cortez and Minute will put those Unified Tag Team Titles on the line! And we can't think of any team better to SLAUGHTER and show that they run this division... than challenging perhaps DEFIANCE's greatest team! We want The Pop Culture Phenoms and we want them TONIGHT!

The crowd ERUPTS for the thought of the main event!

DDK:

WOW! The Sky High Titans and The Family Keeling want to get down to brass tacks and kick off their title reign! The PCPs were victorious over Seattle's Best in their own return match! What do you think, Lance, will they accept for tonight?

Lance:

I'd very much like to see that!

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

DDK:

And here we go!

The crowd immediately serenades the music with an audible groan. Cheers of excitement go to jeers as the team that stole a victory away from DEFIANCE's Favorite Son and Kerry Kuroyama at DEFCON. Elise Ares leads the way, wearing a shiny women's cut leather jacket over wrestling attire of black and gray with red trim, twirling a microphone in her hand. Following her, nearly flanking her are The D and Klein, with Flex Kruger and O-Face all wearing color-coordinated attire.

With a smirk on her face, Elise Ares looks down her nose, past her LED sunglasses flashing "GREATEST" on them as she walks forward. As the Sky High Titans make a move towards the group, quickly Klein and Flex Kruger push their way to the front, creating a barrier between the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions and the self-proclaimed greatest Tag Team in DEFIANCE history.

Elise Ares:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, WHOA. We're getting a little ahead of ourselves... aren't we?

Her voice cuts through the music, which immediately stops.

Elise Ares:

A couple of Keelings get just a LITTTTTTLE success and suddenly they have the entire world figured out... this story sounds familiar. Didn't we do this once before? How's your boy, Andy Sharpe? You keep trotting out the next "big things" to take out THE GREATEST and... spoiler alert! You. Will. Fail. Again.

Uriel Cortez grins and then takes the microphone from Junior Keeling, adjusting his suit.

Uriel Cortez:

Elise... Andy failed.

He holds out his set of the Unified Tag Team Titles across either of his shoulders.

Uriel Cortez:

I didn't. And you haven't beaten ME.

The crowd cheers the big man shooting a sly grin and a wink at the much smaller South Beach Starlet. Elise stares up at the monster while The D reveals a microphone of his own interrupting Thomas Keeling or Cortez before he can even speak.

The D:

Haven't you spoke enough? These people didn't come here to see the flavor of the month, they came here to see the FULL MONTY!

O-Face screams and the Pop Culture Phenoms do a little dance. The Faithful let their feelings known with a mighty boo. The D waves them off.

The D:

I get it, I do... everyone wants The D. Listen, I'm sure you guys had a great match and what an accomplishment... this is the part where I'm supposed to be impressed but I'm the director, not the actor. Although, I'm quite the actor. Director. Wrestling. TAG TEAM SAVANT. I'm famous, but... I don't make people famous. Well, I do make people famous. Just not... you... people?

Elise Ares:

I see what you're saying D. It's TOTES a shame, I would've loved to see what the future of tag team wrestling would bring. When I pinned Scott Douglas' shoulders to the mat for a three-count, it was in that *very* moment I realized I have so much greatness... that I could share, and give it back to the little people. Then, I remembered all you dirty, dirty poors turned your backs on ME.

Ares points at the Faithful with a look of scorn, Minute simply shakes his head in wonder.

Elise Ares:

And we've been at the top of this Mount Rushmore for so long it's been kind of a burden. Once we reunited the greatest combination since peanut butter and jelly, we knew it was time to make a new star... but that's not you. As a matter of fact, it's none of you. Not a single tag team in DEFIANCE, no... THIS PLANET, are worthy of the mentorship we so greatly want to bestow upon the world.

The crowd boos louder, getting a glare from Uriel Cortez, causing Klein and Flex to raise their chests.

The D:

Easy there. So, politely... at this time we're going to decline your offer. We have no interest in furthering your careers. So, in much better news, we'll instead be focusing our attention on something ACTUALLY worthy of our time... and that's new direct-to-Netflix movies for you all to enjoy from the comfort of your homes! There are many more adventures to be had around Lake Placid...do have any ideas, Elise?

Elise Ares:

Lake Placid Goes Down Under?

The D:

Shrimps on the barbie! GC and Koalas!

Elise Ares:

Crocs and Kangaroos!

The D:

Gators and great wildfires!

The crowd boos loudly at The D's reference.

The D:

Oh, I'm sorry... is it too soon? Hear me out, there's one thing Tag Team wrestling and Koalas both have in common. That soon, the last great ones will die off, unable to do what needs to be done to keep their species alive. So if you'll excuse us, we have a table read to get to. Elise?

Elise Ares:

G'DAAAAAY MATES!

The D and Elise Ares turn tail and head to the back while Junior Keeling grabs his microphone.

Junior Keeling:

You can talk all the shit you want. Walk off... but the bottom line is that WE have the gold right now and until you challenge us for it... WE are the standard bearers for this division. WE have made champions before and we'll do so again. Now... enough talking... who wants to see a title match in the main event tonight?!

The Faithful roar as Uriel holds out his titles. Minute does the same.

DDK:

I can't believe the PCP would turn down a chance to get back the Unified Tag Team Titles! They've been former champions separately, but... wait!

Lance:

Look!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Faithful go crazy as "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns... the now FORMER two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, makes his way out from the back along with "Bantam" Ryan Batts. They approach the interview stage.

DDK:

This is the first time that we've seen Burns since DEFCON, losing in the main event to Mikey Unlikely... on UNCUT, he had some words. What are they doing out here?

Burns takes the microphone and looks up at "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

Wow... Burns and Cortez have history! Remember they battled in an incredible main event last year for the FIST.

Batts eyes up Minute and the luchador looks up at the protege of Oscar Burns while the former two-time FIST glances up at Uriel, then the Keelings with a microphone in hand.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah... DEFCON didn't go my way, GCs. Let's get the elephant out of the room... but I will say this...

The Techincal Spectacle looks at The Keelings.

Oscar Burns:

I WILL be a champion again... and I'm going to do it with Ryan Batts by my side!

Ryan Batts:

Yo.

Oscar Burns:

Keelings... since the PCPs are a bunch of ponces... we accept. We'll see you tonight.

He points at the titles across both the shoulders of The Sky High Titans. Uriel shoots him a sly smirk and then nods while Minute hoists his championships to show off to Batts.

DDK:

WOW! What a main event! The first defense of the Sky High Titans isn't the one they originally requested, but tonight they get the former FIST "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns along with his protege and former WrestleFriends member

“Bantam” Ryan Batts! We’ll see them later tonight!

Lance:

Indeed! I’m looking forward to that one!

Burns and Batts watch them before they head out and the two parties disperse and we cut to VIP Skybox #4 ...

A SWEET SUITE PARTY! (TWO)

This time the cameraman is inside. We find inside a bunch of people we don't know. Many scantily clad women who were hired to be here, a handful of Mikey's "Hollywood Entourage" that are not recognizable, a barista next to a blender, A DJ in one corner wearing a "Savage Souls" hoodie with a turntable in front of him, and a security guard on the inside as well.

Mikey is seen chugging an iced alcoholic coffee beverage. He finishes it up, slams the plastic cup on the ground and lets out a "HEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY."

Mikey Unlikely:

HIT ME AGAIN BAR-RISTA! THOSE BOURBON FRAPPS ARE FIRE MY FRIEND!

The FIST of DEFIANCE has the Championship in it's new case sitting on the stand next to him. Suddenly his cell phone rings and "ROAR" by Katy Perry is his ringtone. He looks around the room nervously and chuckles.

Mikey Unlikely:

Damn phone, I never did learn how to change that ringtone... must still be the last persons.

He picks up the phone humming the song under his breath.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey Bruv! What's up? Me!? CELEBRATING BAY BAY! We're in the skybox, watching the show, enjoying the spoils! Stop by? Nah... it's wack here. Once this is done, I'll meet you at the Showcase! Yea, get it all set up. The first afterparty! SEE YOU THEN!

He ends the call and slips the phone into his back pocket. The security guard moves over to him.

Security Guard:

We've got someone at the door...

Mikey Unlikely:

Frapp Delivery?

Security Guard:

Nope

Mikey Unlikely:

Strippee?

Security Guard:

Nope

Mikey Unlikely:

Hollywood Bruv?

Security Guard:

Nope

Mikey Unlikely:

Who then?

Security Guard:

I'm not sure, says they're here for the party!

The Guard walks back over to the door with Mikey Unlikely close behind. They get to it and Mikey steps through once the door is opened for him. Outside he finds Scott Stevens waiting patiently. Mikey sticks close to his guards, he glances over his shoulder at the FIST sitting in the VIP Box.

Scott Stevens:

BRUV!!!!!!!!!!!!

Unlikely eyes Scott Stevens suspiciously.

Mikey Unlikely:

What do you want Stevens...

Stevens looks shocked by the response.

Scott Stevens:

I'm here for the party!

Stevens says doing a bad interpretation of a bad 70s dance move.

Scott Stevens:

When I'm heard my main Buv is throwing a party you know I had to come!

Mikey Unlikely:

This is an EXCLUSIVE party, I understand that people would want to come, but I just... I just don't trust you, Stevens. You just want to get close to the FIST! You just want to take it from me!

Stevens chuckles.

Scott Stevens:

Mikey, why would you think that my Buv? If it wasn't for you I wouldn't even be here. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't have won the FIST in the first place....

Stevens motions for him to get closer. Mikey considers it before leaning forward cautiously.

Scott Stevens:

Besides homie, I know you got that skank, Lindsay, to deal with, but first....WE PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mikey eases up a bit and seems to be debating whether or not to let Stevens in. He's getting ready to open the door when...

Scott Stevens:

Besides... we can wait a while before we discuss the Ace in the Hole Title shot I have.

Stevens tries to go forward but is stopped. Mikey Unlikely shouts.

Mikey Unlikely:

NO! HE DOES JUST WANT THE TITLE! GUARDS! DO NOT LET THIS MAN INTO THIS PARTY, OR ANY OTHER WRESTLERS! I AM THE CHAMPION, YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR ME ROAR!

Mikey backs away from Stevens and opens the door himself.

Scott Stevens:

But.....but.....

Unlikely is looking directly at the guards now.

Mikey Unlikely:

I don't want anyone coming into this party who hasn't been invited! You get me? Comprene!?

With that Stevens is denied entry and smiles coyly. Stevens strolls away whistling as Mikey puts his indoor guard against the glass before re-entering the party.

DDK:

It would appear that Mikey Unlikely is a little paranoid!

Lance:

You think?

Cut back to the ring.

DEX JOY v. ROOSEVELT OWENS

Cut back from commercial to Darren and Lance.

DDK:

We have a big match coming up next and I don't think I can be any more literal, Lance. Dex Joy stands at six foot two and weighs in at three hundred sixty-seven pounds. He'll be taking on Brazen's biggest star in terms of size, Roosevelt Owens who stands at six foot six and weighs nearly five hundred pounds!

Lance:

Neither man is going to win anything on style points, but Dex Joy has won over a lot of fans and put on great performances despite having the win stolen from him by Scrow and Carny Sinclair back at Defcon.

DDK:

We know Dex is a very energetic man who has a lot of fight in him and that loss shows who he is. He doesn't complain about it ... he picks himself up and fights again. We know he's not done with Carny but he can't afford to lose focus ahead of fighting Roosevelt Owens. Let's start this match between two of the biggest men on either roster!

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is set for one fall!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and 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.

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

The Wild West-themed hip hop track plays as Brother Lucius Owens is on stage. His massive nephew, Roosevelt Owens is now walking onto the stage and shooting dirty looks out to the fans. He poses for the jeering crowd and then he and his uncle head for the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent ... he is accompanied by Lucius Owens and he weighs in tonight at four hundred and seventy-eight pounds!!! This is ROOOOOOOSSEEEVVEEEEELLLLTTT OOOOOWWWEEEEENNNNSSSS!

The massive Roosevelt Owens is staring across from Dex Joy now in the ring. He sizes up the Los Angeles native and then climbs inside the ring. The crowd is into the spectacle of the two big men sizing each other up.

DDK:

Roosevelt Owens can give Dex Joy a run for his money on size alone! Let's see if Dex Joy can overcome what happened at Defcon and rebound with a win ... or if Owens can put his name on the map tonight.

DING DING!!!

Lance:

And they are off! They're jockeying for position early!

Joy and Owens rush into each other like bulls and try and get the first advantage out of a collar and elbow. The two massive men roll around the ring and against the ropes almost pushing them to their limits until the official gets in between the two with Rosey holding the ropes. Big Rosey watches Dex move backwards and then pats him on the chest clean to break up the hold without making a move. The man that calls himself Dexy Baby winks at Rosey and then poses for the crowd.

Lance:

I'm not sure how smart that is, playing around with a man as big as Roosevelt Owens!

DDK:

That is true because Dex likes to have fun ... and there goes Owens!

The titanic Owens runs forward to smack Dex into the ropes, but he bounces back and then smacks into Rosey. The two men still aren't moving so they decide that it's time to go for right hands! The two big men are now trading shots and then Dex gets the advantage when he ducks a right and fires back with pair of chops and then whacks Rosey upside the head with some more punches and then a head butt.

Rosey is backed into the ropes and the crowd is all about Dexy Baby going for the fight. He rushes at him when Lucius Owens tells his nephew to look out. Rosey knees him in the gut and then things escalate quickly when he grabs Joy by the strap of his singlet and then throws him through the ropes!

Lance:

The action is now spilling to the floor!

DDK:

And Roosevelt Owens is taking the fight to Dex! He wants a good showing for himself against the big rising star!

Roosevelt is putting the boots to Dexy Baby on the floor with kicks and then a few chops. Dex is hurt when he gets slammed head first into the steel steps. The Biggest Boy continues to reel from that when Roosevelt puts him against the ring post and then smashes into him with a massive standing splash against it!

Lance:

If Lucius Owens can help his nephew get this victory, it'll be because of great advice like that!

DDK:

Big Rosey is hungry for this singles win tonight! He's got Dex back in the ring now and he's following him in!

Big Roosevelt is now in the ring standing over Dex Joy when he reels back and drops a *massive* elbow drop into his chest. Dex is hurt when he stands up and then drops a second elbow drop that looks even worse than the first! Dex is hurt and that's when Rosey goes for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

The first official fall of the match and he almost beat Dex!

Lance:

And now he's got Dex up by his fauxhawk!

He pulls Dex up by the hair and then throws a right that sends Dex stumbling back to the ropes. A big chop in the chest

follows and when you think things can't get any worse from here, Dex is muscled up and then dropped with a ring shaking samoan drop in the middle of the ring! Lucius Owens tells his nephew to cover immediately! Rosey nods and then hooks a leg.

ONE ...

TWO ...

No!!!

DDK:

And the second near fall of the match was almost a loss for Dex!

Lance:

Dex is hurt bad. This match won't go long, but he can't take too many more shots like that.

With Dexy Baby on the mat still reeling from the slam, Roosevelt stands up when Lucius tells him he needs to end the match now. Roosevelt follows his uncle's instructions and then looks for the Pancake Splash ... but there is no water in the pool! Dex rolls out of the way!

Lance:

Dex might have been playing possum! No doubt he's still feeling that Samoan drop but the fans are getting him back in the game.

DDK:

Dex is back up ... ouch!!!! Running senton across the chest of Rosey Owens! Roosevelt missed his shot, but Dex didn't miss his!

The full force of Dex Joy crushes Rosey's chest and now he is left reeling as Dex starts to stand up. He climbs slowly with the turnbuckle and then gets cheers from the crowd before turning around to face Rosey. He runs forward with a little bit of pep in his step and as Rosey tries to get back up, he gets kicked into the corner with a massive shotgun drop kick!

DDK:

Wow! Big move by The Biggest Boy! He's getting back up and he's already rocking him back in the corner!

Lance:

He's looking ready to try and end this ... big running splash in the corner by Dex!

Dex smashes all his weight into Rosey with a running splash of his own in the corner and then trips the big man up before he poses for the crowd. Lucius Owens is yelling at Dex from the outside but Dexy Baby is zoned in and looking extra focused tonight. He has Rosey down in the corner ...

DDK:

There it is! Jump for Joy! The corner cannon ball!

Dex gets him out of the corner and then pulls him out before he moves in for the cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREEEEE!!!

The crowd cheers on Dex Joy and then he stands up to be given a microphone after the win. Roosevelt Owens gets helped out of the ring by his uncle and then he limps to the back while Dex takes a breath.

DDK:

Big win for Dex Joy tonight put himself back on the winning track ... but it looks like he has something to say!

Dex takes a breath and when his music fades out, he is all piss and vinegar.

Dex Joy:

CARNY! MOTHER! LOVING! SINCLAIR!

The crowd is jeering the name of the man he mentions.

Dex Joy:

What you did at Defcon was trash, pally! A regular dumpster fire! You twisted around that weird little puppy dog, Scrow into helping you get the win over me at Defcon, then I bet you kicked his ass to the curb. Well ... pally, let me tell you who I am!

Dex bites his lip.

Dex Joy:

I want to be the best! I want to be a champion! I want to be the man! I want to be the top of the food chain in DEFIANCE Wrestling! But before I can do any of that, Carny, I'm going to make you pay! I'll make you pay for putting out my friend, Nathaniel Eye! I'll make you pay for messing with me and ducking me like a coward! And when I get you in this ring one on one, Carny ... you're gonna be on that floor more than Johnson's wax!

The microphone gets slammed down and a heated Dexy Baby leaves the ring full of fire in his step!

DDK:

You heard it here first! Dex has goals but the first one to go off the list is to avenge his friend, Brazen star Nathaniel Eye and then gun for gold!

Lance:

Lofty goals for sure! But we know Dex isn't going to stop until he can win.

Dex Joy gives the fans a thumbs up from the ramp and then heads to the back ... with Carny Sinclair no doubt watching somewhere ... in the crowd with a smile on his face. The camera catches the brief glimpse and then he turns and disappears into the Faithful.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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THE WHY?

As DEFTV returns from commercial break, Jamie Sawyer is standing backstage with Scrow. The deranged man has his head down with one side covered in hair while the other his piercing brown eye stares upward. Dressed in tan jeans, with a brown unbutton vest. Unlike when you see him in the ring he has no face paint on.

Sawyers:

I am standing here with the man that faced not only Dex Joy but a man he has forged an alliance with in Carny Sinclair.

Jamie looks over at Scrow who has not taken his glare off the camera since Jamie started talking.

Sawyers:

I guess the question The Faithful would like to know is Why?

Scrow slowly turns his head in a diagonal fashion to stare toward Jamie, while the microphone is moved to his mouth.

Scrow:

Why? Why what?

Sawyers:

Well, a lot of The Faithful wanted to know why you let Carny take the win over you when you had the match won all you had to do was cover Dex Joy.

Scrow:

So what you are saying is these Faithful...

He points toward the camera in a sign pointing to all the Faithful in the DEFplex.

Scrow:

They feel Scrow owes them an explanation why after I gave the FearFall to that hack Dex Joy. Here is the answer you want SCROW DOES NOT OWE YOU PEOPLE A GODDAMN THING!

He quickly changes his voice tone to that of a whisper.

Scrow:

Let Scrow ask you something Sawyers...have you ever had a hot beverage thrown at you?

Sawyers:

No.

Scrow:

How about a cold one? How about a bag of popcorn? Or better yet how ABOUT A GODDAMN SHOE!

Sawyers:

No on all accounts Scrow.

Scrow turns his head slowly back to the main camera talking in his normal tone.

Scrow:

Well Scrow has by these same people that feel they deserve an explanation! SCROW DOES BY THESE SAME INGRATES WANTING ANSWERS!

Scrow's voice changes once more to a more of a whisper.

Scrow:

Now that Scrow has answered your question do you have anything else to ask Scrow?

Sawyers:

Well, since we are not going to get an answer I have one more thing to ask you. Later tonight you face Scott Douglas, any choice words for him?

The Faithful cheer when they just hear Douglas' name spoken. Scrow stares at the camera with a blank stare.

Scrow:

Oh, look at another Defiant these people feel the need to praise. Let Scrow guess you people are going jeer at Scrow all throughout the match? Well, feel free Scrow guesses you people have already made up your minds who you will cheer for. So Scrow will just have to do something that will make sure you people will not have a good time at Scrow's expense. The one thing that comes to Scrow's mind is to beat Scott Douglas TO A BLOODY PULP!

Scrow walks past Jamie as he sends it back to DDK, and Lance.

"THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO v. HIGH FLYER IV

DDK:

We've got some high flying ... action coming up next!

Darren glances toward Lance Warner, waiting for his terrible pun to be berated.

Lance:

That we do, Darren. It should be a great match!

Darren is taken aback and can't muster the words.

Lance:

Darren ... ?

Still nothing.

Lance:

Uh, lets - um, let's go to this ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

ONE FALL!

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring, weighing in at one hundred and seventy-eight pounds ... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania ... HIGH FLYER IV!

HFIV paces out toward the center of the ring and holds his hands up to a sizable reaction from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO!

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain and into the cloud of fog onto the DEFIANCE stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCCCTOR VAAAAAACCIIIOOO!

In the smoky distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of his black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine generated mist as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of black motocross boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage. The former BRAZEN champion makes his way down the ramp with zero fanfare or even the simplest acknowledgment of the event surrounding him.

DDK: *[back to his senses]*

Lance, we've come to know Victor Vacio as a, particularly dangerous and brutal man.

Vacio takes the steps up and into the ring as the camera cuts back to the stage as the piano music fades out.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. As brutal as he can be it wasn't enough to topple Southern Heritage Champion, Gage Blackwood at DEFCON! After giving up the BRAZEN title to get that shot ... the man with nothing to lose literally has nothing to lose!

DDK:

Agreed, he may be more dangerous now - than ever! But if High Flyer IV can pull off a win here against the former BRAZEN champion ... that's quite the feather in his cap to take back to BRAZEN!

DING DING**Lance:**

The Official Benny Doyle calls the bell!

Vacio and HFIV circle before Victor shoots in and the pair lock up. Flyer IV quickly turns out and twists Vacio's arm up in an arm ringer. Vacio simply jaws HFIV with his free hand and breaks the hold. Victor backs off into the corner as Benny Doyle warns about the closed fist. Flyer IV takes the moment to shake it off, realizing what kind of fight he has found himself in.

The pair meet back in the center of the ring and lock up once again. Vacio overpowers smaller HFIV and shoves him to the mat, standing over him gloating. HFIV slides himself back to the corner and resets. Doyle motions for the match to continue.

HFIV pulls himself up from the mat and heads back toward Victor, this time with some steam. Vacio throws up a big boot but High Flyer baseball slides underneath. The Lost Cause turns about-face in time to catch a dropkick and stumbles backward. HFIV pops back to his feet and pushes Vacio back into the ropes before whipping him to the other side. On the return--

DDK:

Diving crossbody block! And the cover!

Benny Doyle counts the pinfall.

ONE!

TW ...

Vacio launches HFIV up and off him with a gorilla press. HFIV lands on his feet. Vacio gets to a knee and Flyer IV strikes.

DDK:

Big running knee for High Flyer IV!

Lance:

Incredible impact, Darren! Flyer IV obviously understands what this win could mean for him in BRAZEN!

HFIV goes for the pin attempt once again but Vacio rolls a shoulder before Doyle can get in position. Flyer IV leads Vacio up with a handful of Victor's mask, Doyle warns but not really enforcing it. HFIV pushes Vacio back into the ropes and sends him for the ride. On the return, Vacio regains the upper hand with a flying forearm. HFIV falls flat and Vacio to knees, both men pop up but Victor has the edge.

DDK:

Standing sidekick!

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

DDK:

That could be the end of High Flyer IV here tonight folks!

Vacio climbs the turnbuckle and steadies himself.

Lance:

It certainly could have been but Victor Vacio isn't so sure ... as he takes to the top!

DDK:

We've seen this before, partner. "Causa Perdida," the Shooting Star Press.

Victor launches from the top rope and comes crashing down on High Flyer IV.

Off the recoil, he positions himself atop the chest of HFIV and Benny Doyle starts the count.

DDK:

Victor Vacio with the pinfall ...

ONE

TWO

THR --

Victor pulls HFIV's shoulder up from the mat. Benny Doyle interrupts the count and questions the tactic with obvious disgust.

Lance:

We've seen this before from Victor Vacio... as we spoke about earlier, his brutal tendencies!

Victor hops back to his feet and HFIV writhes on the mat, gripping his midsection. He takes a look around at the booing Faithful almost in a trance. Suddenly, he turns his attention back to HFIV and starts laying the boots to him. Benny Doyle warns Victor but he does not relent. Doyle gets in between Victor and HFIV but in his rage, Victor slings Doyle to the mat and returns to laying the boots HFIV.

DDK:

Indeed, partner. There is that incredible mean streak that generally costs Victor Vacio the win!

Vacio continues to stomp away at HFIV as a recovering Doyle has had enough and calls for the bell.

DDK:

Not this again!!

DING DING DING

BEATDOWNS ALL AROUND

DDK:

This is too much! We need DEFsec down here!

The crowd's heat is intense, seemingly driving more and more fury behind each of Victor's blows.

DDK:

This kid doesn't deserve any of this!

The lights go out. The crowd pops. A moment later, the Gregorian chant begins.

DDK:

I've watched enough wrestling over the last 20 years to know what that means.

And some in the crowd do as well - a smattering of boos mixing with the standard response. That smattering grows as Magdalena steps through the curtain flanked by the Mute Freak.

Lance:

The Deacon has arrived, and he's got an eye on that ring. If I were High Flyer IV, I'd head the other direction. The Deacon's history with the kid's dad is legendary, crossing multiple promotions.

The Deacon steps over the top rope. Vacio takes a swing. The Deacon grabs Vacio's weapon and rips it from his hand - tossing it out of the ring and up the ramp. Vacio strikes Deacon with a hard right. The Deacon staggers back. Another right. Another. Deacon rocking back into the corner. Vacio hits the ropes and--

DDK:

BIG BOOT! And Deacon's got him in position...

Deacon lifts Vacio into the air, placing him in Crucifix position for--

DDK:

ALTAR CALL! Vacio is down!

Deacon stares at Vacio as Flyer IV starts to get to his feet. The kid looks around and starts to put things together. He mouths a "Thank you" and stretches a hand out toward Deacon. With a snap of the head, the Mute Freak's glare says all he needs to stay. Flyer IV takes the hint, awkwardly putting his hand back to his side.

FEELING STROPPY

Cut to the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, DEFIANCE! At this time, I've got the two men challenging The Sky High Titans for their Unified Tag Team Championships tonight. Please welcome the returning "Bantam" Ryan Batts and the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE... "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

The crowd ROARS as Burns and Batts appear on set again.

Jamie Sawyers:

Batts, welcome back to the main roster.

Ryan Batts:

Thanks, Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

And Oscar... tough loss for you at DEFCON 2020 to Mikey Unlikely, but you seem to be trying to rebound from that with another title win tonight. Tell me... what's going through your mind before this match right now?

Oscar Burns:

It's been an absolutely difficult few weeks, Jamie. I lost the FIST. I didn't put a rematch clause in my contract this time because I've held onto that championship for nine months. I defended it with honor and with pride against the biggest, the best and everybody in between that wanted a shot at that title. I packed quite the sad after I lost, but I can't challenge for it, so I'm moving on...

He looks over at Ryan Batts.

Oscar Burns:

And I'm moving on with my friend, Ryan Batts! Batts came back from BRAZEN and now he's a member of this main roster again! And I'm not sure why PCP turned down the chance to go for the Unified Tag Team Titles tonight, but that's not my problem. An opportunity came up to be champion again and I'm not gonna lie... that's where I excel. I had two reigns on top to represent this company the best I can and after tonight, that's where Batts and I are gonna be again, GC!

Batts smiles at him and Ryan continues.

Ryan Batts:

I wish Jack Mace nothing but the best as he continues on in BRAZEN looking to be the BRAZEN Champion again... but right now, my focus is gonna be with Oscar on becoming the next Unified Tag Team Champions. We've both been in that ring with Uriel Cortez. He's beaten Burns, but Burns tapped him out last year retaining the FIST. Burns kept that title and tonight, as good of a team as Minute and Cortez have been... they ain't Tech Savvy like we are.

Oscar Burns:

Nope, not at all, GC. Cortez is a MONSTER and Minute's quicker than a flat foot out in the wop wops, but they don't have what we have, mate. Minute and Cortez have three matches as a team under their belt. Ry and I? Many years. I trained him, he's sparred with me and shown how good he is! Tonight, I'm ready for more gold. How you feeling, Ry?

Batts elbows Sawyers in the arm.

Ryan Batts:

Say it with me, Jamie... AND NEW!

Batts and Burns nod and then head off from Sawyers, ready for their main event.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

DAMAGE DONE

Cut back from commercial.

The Faithful in the arena anticipate what's about to happen next as the crane camera pans around for a few moments before some music hits.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Understanding this is Gulf Coast's new theme song, the fans give a cheer in respect of their battle against Fuse Bros. 360 during DEFCON.

DDK:

Well this is a surprise. I was not expecting to see this trio for a while!

Lance:

Yes, that's true. Gulf Coast Connection was unsuccessful at DEFCON but you have to respect what they did. They gave it right back to Tyler and Conor and have nothing to be ashamed of. That match was brutal!

Aaron King and Theodore Cain appear from the back. While seemingly in good spirits, they look like they are still in the process of recovering from their Red Ring of Death Match. King's right knee is heavily wrapped and he has bandages scattered throughout his right arm. Theodore Cain's right arm is in a sling and he has a tensor wrap around his forehead. As they wait on the ramp, The Crescent City Kid is the last to emerge from the curtain. He looks to be in the worst shape. He has a walking boot on his left foot, his ribs are taped up, his forehead is bruised and his right hand is in a specialized protective glove. He gets a good ovation from the fans and thanks them, as the three members of Gulf Coast slowly make their way to the interview sage. Their theme song fades as Theodore Cain asks for a microphone.

Theodore Cain:

Thank you, guys.

He receives another cheer.

Theodore Cain:

We were unsuccessful in our match against The Bruah's...

Boos sound off from The Faithful upon hearing that name.

Theodore Cain:

But we gave it everything we had, man!

DDK:

They certainly did!

Cain opens his arms as if to show the viewers the extent of their injuries. Aaron King painfully leans out and takes another microphone from a PA.

Aaron King:

We didn't get the W but we showed everyone watching at home and more importantly *everyone* in the back of that locker room that Gulf Coast Connection is here to stay, man!

DDK:

Great news!

Aaron King:

At DEFCON, I heard my knee pop but the results came back negative. I should be cleared to compete in about a month.

Theodore Cain:

We just need some time to heal from our injuries.

The Crescent City Kid nods from the *comments*.

Theodore Cain:

And The Kid here, god bless him man, he'll be cleared in a short amount of time, too!

A light "Crescent City" chant begins throughout the arena.

Theodore Cain:

The Fuse Bruah's will get what's coming to them and the rest of the tag division will be on notice. Gulf Coast Connection is not going anywhere!

DDK:

This tag division is getting better and better!

What looks to be the end of their time in the ring is suddenly extended as...

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames strut out on stage to a lackluster reaction by the fans at best. Microphone in hand, Malak waits until the theme music melts away to speak.

Malak Garland:

Hold on one second.

Thinking he was referring to them, Gulf Coast Connection looks on with intrigue. In reality, Malak needs a second to check his phone. He holds up his index finger to the crowd, asking them to wait for a brief moment. He gives the microphone to Teresa, whips out his phone from his pocket and presumably swipes and types through a few happy text threads and meme posts before stowing it away from where it came. The crowd grows a bit more agitated.

DDK:

Really? Malak couldn't have checked his phone five seconds ago, before he came out on stage?

The Comments Section heads down to eventually join Gulf Coast Connection in the ring. Teresa brings the microphone to Malak's lips.

Malak Garland:

Hold on one more second.

As The Comments Section stands across from the brutalized Gulf Coast trio, Malak pulls out his phone once more. He presumably scrolls through a different thread of posts as he becomes really agitated. Teresa holds the microphone for Malak to speak into as his phone holding is clearly a two handed job.

Malak Garland:

This. This right here is what's wrong with professional wrestling.

The crowd sullenly groans as Malak is referring to what's on his screen.

Malak Garland:

I'm on the DEFIANCE Instagram page and I'm wondering why, just exactly why, a team like Gulf Coast Connection has more likes and views on their DEFCON match posts than The Comments Section's match has.

Lance:

I'm with you, Darren. Really?

Malak takes a breath, visibly upset to the point where he clicks his phone backlight off. Out of sight, out of mind.

Malak Garland:

We, The Comments Section are internet moguls. Icons amongst wannabes. We are NEVER outdone online. We use the best filters, the best hashtags, the best memes, the best posts, the best *comments*, the best everything!

Cyrus nods definitively in the background, mouthing "That's right."

Malak Garland:

We are multimedia sensations! So when we see that a tiny, insignificant group of wannabe surfers accrue more likes and views than us... well, how would you guys describe it? That doesn't quite jive with us, bruhhs. It really bothers me. It really bothers *us*.

DDK:

That's their complaint? Gulf Coast was in a wild hardcore match at DEFCON. Some of those moments were out of this world! The Comments Section had a nice victory but nothing insane...

The Faithful throw a few fake verbal sympathies at Malak in hopes he will just go away.

Malak Garland:

Especially because we WON and you LOST! Heck, we're an undefeated tag team!

DDK:

In all fairness, they've only ever wrestled in one match and even then, they had to queue up a video for a move during it.

Malak Garland:

UNDEFEATED TAG TEAM!

Theodore Cain gets up close and personal with Malak Garland who backs a good bit.

Theodore Cain:

Look, we're actually not interested in starting any petty war over virtual views and likes or whatever.

Malak plugs his ears and jumps all over Cain's words as he wasn't quite finished talking yet.

Malak Garland:

STOP! ENOUGH! TOO BAD! The damage has already been done. No one can fix my deeply hurt feelings over this!

The crowd shows the most dismay they have with respect to Malak's hurt feelings.

DDK:

Garland can't be serious! He's just complaining about stuff aimlessly!

Malak Garland:

The only way this will get better is by making you three pay for this. We will make better posts. I promise.

Teresa pulls the microphone away as The Comments Section and Gulf Coast Connection exchange words and looks. Cain is heard saying "Do it, we dare you," however Malak slaps his comrades on the shoulders and in true keyboard warrior fashion, they act as cowards, duck out and leave.

Lance:

Figures.

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. SCROW

Cut back to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall ...

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite at the sound of grunge once again playing over the Wrestle-Plex PA system.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas comes through the curtain, taking the stage as the grunge tune kicks into full gear. Scott looks out to the crowd for a second from atop the stage. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, same cut off jeans and the same scuffed boots. He heads to the ring.

DDK:

"Sub Pop" Scott Douglas in singles action here coming off a tag team loss to the recently reunited Pop Culture Phenoms.

Lance:

Yes, Darren and coming off that loss, one has to wonder; was the team of Seattle's Best short-lived experiment?

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ Death Angel by The Enigma TNG ♪

The DEFiatron shows a field of yellow grass as it pans out, the camera pulls away from the DEFiatron showing Scrow standing in a scarecrow pose, on the stage below the tron. The stage floor area is engulfed in yellow smoke. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, the shot is able to catch the DEFiatron behind him.

On the DEFiatron the back of Scrow's head is on the tron, and he quickly turns his head in the mask he is currently wearing to the ring with a sadistic smile with his name in jagged lettering next to him appearing on the tron.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ...SCROW!

Lance:

Scrow, since arriving in DEFIANCE, has found himself in a strange alliance with Carny Sinclair, and although he didn't technically take home the victory at DEFCON, the pair worked together to put down DEFIANCE's Biggest Boy.

DDK:

I don't even know what to say ...

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps and then climbs the turnbuckles. He stands on the top turnbuckle and does another scarecrow pose this time a spot light from behind him shows a shadow on top of the ring mat of a scarecrow.

Lance: *[confused]*

I'm sorry, what?

The lights return and he hops down from the turnbuckle. He slowly removes the mask revealing his deformed left side of his face, and on the right side is all painted like an actual scarecrow.

DDK:

I'm just not used to having a broadcast partner that contributes worthwhile comments. It's ... well, it's something.

Scrow and Douglas stare at each other from the opposite sides of the ring as Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK: *[clears his throat]*

...well, here we go!

The two men move to the center of the ring. Douglas appears uncertain how to approach the odd stance Scrow is in at the moment. The more experienced "Sub Pop" measures his mangled opponent before attempting to go on the offensive; which is immediately cut off by Scrow throwing a variety of spinning kicks and backhands. The flurry sends Scott Douglas reeling backward to avoid the assault until he finds himself backed into the corner.

DDK:

Scrow has confused and caught Scott Douglas off guard here and refusing to relent!

Lance:

Well, Darren - Scott Douglas, although once a rising star here in DEFIANCE has been on an incredible downward spiral since his return after injury. Granted, he has picked up a stray win here and there ... more times than not DEFIANCE's Favorite Son may not be what he once was!

Scrow charges with a clothesline trying to smash Scott into the corner. Sub Pop quickly gets out of the corner; forcing Scrow to collide with the turnbuckle and immediately turn around. Scott follows up now, unloading with his own variation of rights and lefts in the corner at the prone Scrow.

DDK:

Douglas back on the offensive! As Lance mentioned, things haven't been going quite Scott's way as of late but he is the last one you want to count out!

As Douglas unloads another stiff right, jerking Scrow's head back and to the left. He grabs his arm and pushes into him before Irish Whipping him into the opposite corner. Scrow collides, chest first, into the loosely padded steel before the recoil staggers and causes him to fall to the mat.

Scott, quick on the draw, picks up his deranged opponent; sends him into the ropes and on the return he hip tosses Scrow.

DDK:

Douglas has captured an arm! Locking in that arm bar!

Benny Doyle checks on Scrow a few times but it is obvious this will not be his end. A testament to just that, Scrow muscles his way to his feet, slapping his arm a few times before reversing the armbar. Scott quickly feels the pain and pulls Scrow to the ropes; stepping up and flipping over.

DDK:

Incredibly agile reversal by Scott Douglas as he sends Scrow to the outside!

Lance:

This is a dangerous place for Scrow!

Scott positions himself as Scrow struggles to his feet, his upper body resting on the apron.

DDK:

BASEBALL SLIDE!

Scrow is spun into a one eighty before he collapses to the floor. Scott wastes no time and exits the ring, following Scrow as he crawls up the rampway.

Scott, catching up to Scrow, reaches down and grabs the deranged man and picks him up before sending him careening into the ring apron. The Faithful voice their rampant approval as Scott heads back toward Scrow; who quickly rolls in the ring stumbling around and holding his lower back as he staggers to the opposite side of the ring. Scrow holds himself up with help of the top ropes as Scott slides in the ring; moving toward Scrow ...

But before he can get there ...

DDK:

Is that... ?

Lance:

Darren, that's Tyler and Conor Fuse!

DDK:

Coming through The Faithful! What is the meaning of this!?

Douglas takes notice and stops in his tracks.

Lance:

Scott Douglas has dipped his and Kerry Kuroyama's collective toe in the tag team ring ... Obviously, the Fuse Bros. 360 have taken umbrage with that!

Lance may be right as the Brothers' Fuse take front row seats and stare daggers toward Scott in the ring. Once the former tag team champions are seated, Scott feels the threat to have declined and ... although still confused, turns back to Scrow.

DDK:

OHhh! HUGE Roundhouse Kick from SCROW! Out of nowhere!

Lance:

High impact blow! That's the same roundhouse Scrow dropped the likes of Dex Joy with!

Scott crashes to the mat. Scrow, still favoring his lower back, falls forward in a stance as if he were doing mountain climbers; striking Douglas' shoulder and with his knees repeatedly.

Feeling the damage done, Scrow climbs to his feet; his breath is somewhat heavy and the pain from the ring apron on his lower back still apparent. He drags Scott up and unloads with a series of kicks. Scrow starts low and moves quickly up Douglas' body. A mixture of spin kicks front kicks, sides kicks.

At ringside, Conor seems amused. Tyler has no emotion at all, staring intently at the action in the ring, almost without blinking and not taking his eyes off Scott Douglas.

Meanwhile, Douglas is struck back and forth with reverse back fist lefts and rights finally ending with a knee lift right under the jaw! The last blow literally knocking the taste out of Scott's mouth, as he spits up in the air on his way down to the canvas.

DDK:

Scrow with cover!

ONE

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Scrow seems a bit upset at the count.

At ringside, Conor doesn't seem happy either. Again, Tyler shows no change.

Scrow doesn't let the count distract him and stays on Scott. Scrow picks up Douglas and throws him through the second rope to the floor he exits the ring and stands on the apron. The deranged man stands poised to strike. As Scott finally gets to his feet he turns around to be met in the chest by Scrow's knees in a kitchen sink maneuver! Scrow gets to his feet catching a few puffs of oxygen as Scott holds the back of his head. Scrow picks up Douglas and tosses him in the ring! Scrow follows and quickly goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO!

THR --

KICKOUT!

Scrow appears agitated with Doyle as he picks himself up and drags Scott to his feet.

DDK:

Scrow sending Sub Pop into the ropes!

As Scott returns Scrow tries a clothesline and The Faithful pop as their Favorite Son drucks and reverse into a crucifix, dropping and rolling Scrow up in a pinfall!

ONE

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Scott Douglas nearly taking this one with a flash pin!

Scrow quickly hops to his feet and tries to strike Douglas with a right forearm. Scott ducks once again, swinging around Scrow, hooking an arm and grabbing a cobra clutch. Douglas doesn't maintain the standing hold for long as he leaps forward; bulldogging the prone Scrow.

DDK:

Scott Douglas with the cover!

ONE

TWO!

THRE...

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Scrow is determined to stay in this bout, Darren!

Scott is surprised but undeterred as he turns around and picks up Scrow. The former SoHer looks to the crowd and it's obvious he is ready to finish it. Fuse Bros. 360 catch his eye for a split second, but determined to not make the same mistake twice ... he hooks the fisherman suplex set up for the Sub-Pop Suplex.

DDK:

This could be it!

Douglas gets Scrow in the air but Scrow abruptly floats over.

DDK:

NO! Scrow reverses and is back on the attack!!

Scrow strikes Scott with a gut shot and slams Scott's face into his knee ...

Lance:

Could this be the FearFall!?

If Scrow had his way; it certainly would be as he throws the accompanied clothesline but ...

DDK:

Douglas ducks!

Scrow quickly turns around and it appears the two men have the same idea.

Lance:

OH! Double roundhouse kicks and both Scrow and Scott Douglas go DOWN!!

DDK:

Doyle now starting the standing ten count!

ONE!

At ringside the stoic Tyler Fuse, who's eyes haven't left Douglas since the Game Shark wielding pair arrived in the front row, stands up.

TWO!

DDK:

Now, what does he think he's about to do!

THREE!

Lance:

I would certainly hope he doesn't intend to hop the guardrail!

FOUR!

In the ring, Douglas begins to stir.

In the front row, Conor tugs at his brother's arm in an attempt to get him to snap out of it and sit down. Tyler appears unresponsive.

FIVE!

Douglas struggles to one knee, seeming to be off balance as he clasps his head.

DDK:

Douglas seems to be the first to recover here but ... this is HONESTLY anyone's match ... as long as the Fuse Bros. stay out of it!

Lance:

One hundred percent, Darren! And ... I'm new to this obviously but I feel that rather than calling for DEFsec once things have gotten out of hand ... it would be prudent to get Wyatt Bronson and his crew out here *NOW* preemptively!

SIX!

DDK:

Oh, Lance. Sweet ... innocent, stupid, Lance. You've got a lot to learn.

Douglas nearly makes it to his feet but stumbles, strifing left and catching himself on the ropes. Scrow, however, hasn't made much movement other than turning over to his back.

SEV -

Doyle halts his count as Douglas is back to vertical base. He makes his way, albeit it labored, to the nearest turnbuckle and climbs to the top. On the mat, Scrow stirs but hasn't fully recovered. After some doing, Scott stands tall on the top turnbuckle ... he shoots a glance at the standing and glaring Tyler Fuse just before ...

DDK:

Diving Elbow DROP!!

Lance:

Incredible height and impact! This may be enough --

Darren cuts Lance off.

DDK:

COVER!

Douglas hooks the leg, pulling with everything he has left. The force of which slowly rotates the injured yet indignant Scrow.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEE!

Doyle calls for the bell as Scott lets go of Scrow a hundred and eighty degrees from where they started.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Scott Douglas pulls this one out!

Lance:

Albeit unconventionally!

Back to the front row and Conor has taken to his feet. He is now pushing at Tyler, forcing him back to the aisle way. Tyler does everything he can to maintain his gaze toward the ring until meeting the aisle way, as Conor's force turns him about. Tyler acquiesces to Player Two's gentle force only reverting for a moment, spinning back for one last glance as Benny Doyle holds Douglas hand up in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

And you winner ... "Sub Pop" Scott ... DOUUUGLASSS!!

The Faithful are ecstatic as the grungiest hero has won out in the end but obviously this isn't the last we'll see of Scrow and certainly not the end to whatever issue Fuse Bros. 360 have with Douglas.

Cut to commentary as the ring is cleared.

TAKING THE FIST ON THE ROAD

As we shift to the backstage area we see Scott Stevens making his way through the hallways carrying his championship and baggage towards the arena exit.

Voiceover:

Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens!

A voice in the distance shouts as Christie Zane rushes towards the Texan.

Christie Zane:

Mr. STEEEEEEEVVVV.....

Christie takes an unfortunate tumble as she reaches Stevens and the Texan shows some manners as he helps her to his feet.

Scott Stevens:

Can I help you.....?

Christie Zane:

Christie.

The blonde introduces herself to Stevens.

Scott Stevens:

What can I do for you?

Stevens asks as Christie fixes herself.

Christie Zane:

Yes, what is your response to Matt LaCroix and what he did to your brother?

Scott Stevens:

Who?!?!?!?

Stevens asks, confused.

Christie Zane:

The man who said that you stole that ACE of DEFIANCE championship from him and the guy who attacked your brother.

Christie reiterates and Stevens waves her off.

Scott Stevens:

Look toots, I don't have time for nobodies trying to use me to get over you understand? If this McCray fellow wants to use my name to get noticed he better do something to get noticed first! Until then McCray can go back to cleaning toilets in BRAZEN where he belongs. And as far as George goes, my brother doesn't need his big brother to save him when he gets in trouble. Trust me, George can handle himself, now if you will excuse me I'm in a hurry!

Stevens storms off.

Christie Zane:

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!?!?!?!?

Zane shouts.

Scott Stevens:

TAKING MY CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE ROAD! SINCE LINDSAY AND MIKEY DON'T WANT TO GIVE ME THE TIME OF DAY I WILL DEFEND THE REAL FIST ALL OVER THE WORLD!

Stevens shouts back as he exits the arena.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

MY TIME(LINE)

Coming back from commercial.

The boos come.

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannonn ♪

DDK:

After a successful defense of the Southern Heritage Championship at DEFCON, like him or hate him, here he comes.

Blackwood strolls out, without Shooter Landell or Gunther Adler behind him this time. He has The SoHer around his shoulder and is sporting black jeans and his trademark "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt, with another name crossed out on the back, Victor Vacio.

DDK:

I never realized until now but this has to be hard for you, Lance. You were the one who had interviewed Blackwood many times during the beginning of his career, seeing the man grow from someone who couldn't say two words to now... well, to a man who is very successful inside the ring but has become questionable outside of it.

Lance:

Thanks, Darren. Yes, it has been hard to see. Gage and I became close backstage over his first year in DEFIANCE and now I've seen the man he's become. No need to go further into it.

Blackwood rolls into the ring and asks for his theme song to close. He takes a mic and soaks in the jeers for some time.

DDK:

This could go on all day.

Lance:

While his character is certainly in question, one has to wonder if anyone is going to be able to take The SOHER away from him. Blackwood is wrestling at an elite level right now.

The boos continue but finally, Blackwood ignores them and speaks.

Gage Blackwood:

Respect? Well, I have pretty much given up on earning anyone's respect. By now I have done it all and there's no need to convince anyone else just who I am. The names crossed out on the back of the t-shirt I'm wearing PROVES I am on the biggest role of my career! No one can stop me.

Blackwood looks straight into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Victor Vacio, I took EVERYTHING from you. And now I want you to know how that feels. You gave up your BRAZEN Championship just for a *shot* at MINE. Look where that landed you. That landed you with nothing.

The crowd starts an "ASSHOLE! ASSHOLE!" chant.

Gage Blackwood:

Yes, how original. The fans can sit back and get on talent for lacking originality and, yet, you chant the same bullshit responses night in and night out. You overlook the real talent all the time. But that's okay. I fully accept I will never be seen in a positive light again and I will live with that. I don't WANT your affection just as much as you don't want mine.

Blackwood holds The SOHER in the air before looking around at The Faithful.

Gage Blackwood:

And now, / dictate what happens next. I have proven to be an unstoppable force, STILL undefeated in my singles career on pay-per-view. I make the rules. I have the final say. Yet for now, because you play by my rules... you'll have to wait.

Blackwood lowers the mic to the mat and exits the ring. His theme song begins again as he walks up the rampway, completely ignoring The Faithful.

DDK:

I can only imagine what he has in store.

Lance:

After going through the BRAZEN roster, it's tough to predict what's next for him...

DDK:

Well I'm sure we won't hear the end of it, when Blackwood decides to tell us. Whenever that is.

ANIMAL CROSSING

The scene is backstage where the DEFtv backdrop and Jamie Sawyers stand. Sawyers notices Tyler and Conor Fuse pass him by and attempts to grab a word. At first, The Bros. don't seem to care and refuse to adhere to the interviewer's request. However, after a second attempt, Tyler turns around first and then does his brother.

Jamie Sawyers:

Guys, guys, what brought you out there to the Scott Douglas match?

Sawyers raises his microphone to Tyler's face, as he is usually the first to speak. Except this time, he doesn't say a thing.

Jamie Sawyers:

Are they your next targets? How are you holding up after DEFCON?

Tyler, again, says nothing.

DDK:

This is strange.

More silence passes as Tyler continues to stare a hole into Jamie Sawyers' forehead.

Finally, it's Conor Fuse who breaks the awkwardness.

Conor Fuse:

No need to worry my little NPC. We're doing just fine.

Anticipating more, Sawyers keeps the mic out for longer but eventually catches on... he's not going to hear anything further.

Jamie Sawyers:

Okay, thank you.

Conor breaks his complacent look with a cocky, over-the-top annoying smile and thumbs up. Tyler still hasn't blinked.

Lance:

I don't know what's gotten into The Bros. but Tyler has been on a completely different level lately.

Fuse Bros. 360 walk off.

Jamie Sawyers:

I guess back to ringside!

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF 2020

The Road to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE has begun! Available LIVE only on DEFonDEMAND!

A SWEET SUITE PARTY! (THREE)

Once again, we're back outside VIP Skybox #4. The godawful music is still playing. The frapps inside are flowing. Mikey's probably being obnoxious (duh). And all the while, two bodyguards stand sentinel on either side of the door, having turned away multiple DEFIANTS and staff people alike as the night wore on.

They're also kinda bored. And wouldn't mind a frapp.

Bodyguard 1:

So if you could get one of those frapps, what kind would you get?

Bodyguard 2:

Heard they're doing alcoholic ones, so probably a Black Russian.

Bodyguard 1:

Y'know, for as little as this dick is paying us, you think he'd at least pass some of those our way. What is Mikey Money anyway?

Bodyguard 2:

Pretty sure it's not real. Like Bitcoin for jackholes.

As the two guards discuss the validity of Mikey Money, we see someone coming down the hallway towards the pair. You all saw her show up out of nowhere at DEFCON. You've all missed her, except for Stoovins but he doesn't count as a person. And she's not about to suffer this Mikey Unlikely FIST reign for very long.

It's ya girl, El Tee.

Lindsay Troy approaches the guards with a spring in her step. The two men narrow their eyes at her, ready to turn her aside.

Lindsay Troy:

Gentlemen.

She gives them a cool smile.

Lindsay Troy:

Gonna be needing to get in there.

The men look at each other and then back to this extraordinarily tall woman.

Bodyguard 1:

Sorry lady. No further occupants per the FIST.

Bodyguard 2:

Unless you're a stripper.

Bodyguard 1:

Think he calls them strippees.

Bodyguard 2: (rolling his eyes)

Whatever. Unless you're that, you're not going in.

Lindsay Troy:

Well, that's too bad. I had it on good authority from a friend of mine in the bodyguard business that if I just gave you a passphrase, you'd let me in.

There's that smile again, disarming and suave.

Bodyguard 1:

Well... (a pause) ...*technically* that's true.

Bodyguard 2:

It *has* been in the Hollywood Bodyguard Handbook since 2007.

Bodyguard 1:

We'll need a minute to confer.

The two huddle up, discussing what the passphrase should be. Troy checks her nonexistent watch.

Bodyguard 2:

Alright. Ready.

Lindsay Troy:

Splendid. (thinks) Frapps are part of a balanced breakfast.

Nothing.

Lindsay Troy:

Hm. Mikey Money is the best form of currency and is accepted at Starbucks worldwide.

Bodyguard 1:

Sweet, is it?

Bodyguard 2:

No, man, it's probably not even real.

Lindsay Troy: (winces)

If he's paying you in Mikey Money, you're both getting screwed.

Bodyguard 1:

Fuck!

Lindsay Troy:

Okay, I got it. ... Mikey Unlikely: Greatest FIST and Hollywood Star in the world.

The guards look at each other, shrug, and the one on stage left opens the door for her.

Lindsay Troy:

I'd scoot along if I were you boys. A fake paycheck from this sleazeball isn't worth your trouble.

Once inside the party, the Queen is treated to a scene that is absolutely horrifying. Mikey Unlikely is dancing terribly with two women.. He has Frapp and whipped cream covering his face, and he's clearly had too many iced alcoholic beverages. He's oblivious to LT's presence. Each one of Mikey's moves is a half second behind the music. His singing is even worse. Dammit, it's "Roar" by Katy Perry again!

Mikey Unlikely:

You hear my voice, you hear that sound! Like thunder, gonna shake the ground! You held me down, but I got up! GET READY CAUSE I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

It's when he hears a familiar voice that he freezes in place and slowly turns around.

Lindsay Troy:

Nice to see you're still proving the stereotype true that white dudes can't dance.

Mikey Unlikely looks immediately from Lindsay Troy to the FIST of DEFIANCE in its display case.

Mikey Unlikely:

How did you get in here? GUARDS! What the hell!

The FIST looks around for the guards who have all disappeared.

Lindsay Troy:

I gave 'em the passphrase and told them to scram. Start paying people in real money, you dolt, and they might stick around.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! Mikey Money is legitimate! SHHHHHHH The Strippees!

Troy rolls her eyes as whipped cream drips off Mikey's chin.

Mikey Unlikely:

You're not going to sneak in to MY PARTY, on MY NIGHT, and scare off EVERYONE!

Unlikely gets heated and approaches Troy to guide her to a door. She swats his outstretched hand away.

Lindsay Troy:

Ohhh that would be a bad idea.

The champion slows his roll.

Mikey Unlikely:

I don't even know why you're here! I beat Oscar Burns fair and square and won MY FIST OF DEFIANCE! For the last two years I've been running this place while you've been off Momming or whatever it is you do! These people don't want you here, and even though I'm taking this title home with me, I'm the headliner... you're old news, Lindsay.

Lindsay Troy:

Am I?

All semblance of a civil smile is gone from her face.

Lindsay Troy:

Maybe you don't remember because you had your head up Kendrix's ass all that time ago, but my FIST of DEFIANCE reign was cut short because Eric Dane, Kelly Evans and Dan Ryan had their panties in a wad and fucked me out of the belt. Then they reneged on my contract. I might've made peace with Dan and Eric, but it wasn't easy and it wasn't quick. And don't think for a second that Kels was ever gonna make it simple for me to return and take back what I never should've lost.

She points to the belt in the case and then jabs her finger against Mikey's shoulder.

Lindsay Troy:

That roadblock's gone now, *bruv*, because Favoured Saints couldn't wait to renegotiate with me. And that means you've got a real shitty time in store for you.

The champion shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Not me. Not that Championship. We're outta here! For now, you're outta here too!

Mikey pushes Lindsay Troy towards the door. He gets the first push, and that was enough for Troy... Lindsay Troy swats his arm away a second time. Mikey tries again and this time she grabs his arm and takes him to the ground in the middle of the suite. Mikey breathes out heavily sending glitter into the air. The strippees and other "Entourage" members scatter.

Mikey Unlikely:

NO! The party is NOT OVER! Come back!

Troy pulls the arm back on Mikey, making sure he can't do too much. The fans in the arena laugh at the champion.

Lindsay Troy:

Just me and you now, kid.

An enraged champion forces his way off the ground.

Mikey Unlikely:

THIS IS YOUR FAULT!

But Lindsay is ready and once again out finesses Mikey. As he swings for her she's able to send him into a bunch of bar stools facing the arena window. As Mikey tries to recover, he attempts to back away from her but he can't find his footing. She walks toward him.

Lindsay Troy:

You might've beaten Burns fair and square, but all things considered you're about as entertaining as the Joe Exotic prison tapes and will end up a worse FIST than both Stevens and Curtis Penn.

Unlikely continues to back up; he now grabs a half full Frapp and tosses it at Troy to thwart her attempt to get to him. She bats it away and grabs Mikey, and pushes him over the DJ booth. Mikey lands on it and rolls backward, falling on the ground with a thud. The music in the room stops.

Mikey Unlikely:

OW! MY FACE!

He stands up holding his nose. He looks over Troy's shoulder and sees the FIST sitting inside its display case. He makes a dash for it, but Lindsay catches him once again.

Lindsay Troy:

We're gonna fight for the FIST, even if I have to beat the challenge out of you...

Unlikely reaches for the championship but it's a good 15 feet away. He spins, and breaks the hold Troy has on him, in the struggle he swings wildly and lands a forearm flush against the face of the Queen of the Ring. Unlikely gets wide eyed right away and realizes what he's done. As Lindsay tastes the blood and wipes her mouth,

Mikey tries to calculate how much time he had to run, grab the belt and get to the door. He makes a break for it.

Unlikely gets the FIST and stuffs it under one arm. He makes a break for one of the doors. Lindsay Troy comes running from the other direction, mid stride she hits the strippee pole, swings around and kicks Mikey with both feet square on the chest sending him and the championship flying. The glass smashes in the case as it hits the ground.

Mikey Unlikely:

NOOOOO!

He rolls over trying to catch his breath. He reaches for the championship and pulls the case closer to himself. Troy

laughs and walks toward him when suddenly the door to the Suite bursts open and in pours DEFsec. They get between the champion and Lindsay Troy to cut off the violence. The Queen of the Ring puts her arms up and presents no struggle to the DEFIANCE security team. Mikey, on the other hand, couldn't be happier to see them. He gets up off the ground and pretends to want to get at Troy once he's sure he's being held back.

Mikey Unlikely:

Get her the hell out of MY SUITE! I'm the FIST dammit! This is EGREGIOUS!

Lindsay Troy turns to leave with security but before she does she looks over her shoulder.

Lindsay Troy:

Be seeing you, Mikey.

Unlikely clutches the box holding the FIST of DEFIANCE tightly against his chest. Sweat pouring off him.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy is back in DEFIANCE and she's made it apparent to our new champion what she's after!

Lance:

What a matchup that could be Darren! Mikey Unlikely vs Lindsay Troy! But what about Scott Stevens and the ACE? So many questions..

DDK:

Well it looks like if Mikey gets his way he'll never defend the FIST! I have a hard time believing DEFIANCE will let that happen, but he appears content keeping it to himself.

Lance:

Forget DEFIANCE, What about TROY!?

Cut back to ringside for the main event.

THE SKY HIGH TITANS Â© v. OSCAR BURNS & "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

Lance:

I'm ready for this main event, Darren, how about you?

DDK:

I am! But I can't help but wonder what will come of the FIST! ... That being said ... The show must go on and ... The Sky High Titans have become unlikely champions, but they aren't wasting any time sitting by and letting the Unified Tag Team Championships collect dust. Tonight, they wanted to put those titles on the line against The Pop Culture Phenoms, but when they declined to take the challenge, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and his protege, "Bantam" Ryan Batts took them on!

Lance:

And Burns and Batts can be a VERY formidable team. We can't forget that Batts is a great tag team specialist as a former member of The WrestleFriends, and has trained alongside Burns for years, the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE. Can Burns turn his luck around from DEFCON tonight?

DDK:

I think they have a great chance! They stated earlier that The Sky High Titans only have three matches as a team, however Uriel Cortez and Minute have forged a relationship out of mutual respect and are two polar opposites that have come together! They defeated The Stevens Dynasty, who were family! So we'll see who wins tonight! Let's get to ringside!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! This match is your main event of the evening and is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships! Introducing the challengers, at a combined weight of 448 pounds... they are the challengers, **"Bantam" Ryan Batts... and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!**

The graphics appear to show the collection of the former World Trios and World Tag Titles appearing on screen to form the now one set of titles.

♪ "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. Behind him, "Bantam" Ryan Batts has on a black shirt in yellow that says "HEY, I LIKE GRAPS, TOO!" Both men head to the ring awaiting their opposition.

DDK:

Burns and Batts look ready to go! They've got the background and the pedigree to take the titles from The Sky High Titans, but can they put that together tonight?

Lance:

We'll find out soon enough!

Junior Keeling:

AHEM! The Family Keeling demands your attention!

The fans turn to ringside where out comes Junior Keeling, dressed like an actual adult for once instead of half-assing it. Dressed in a slick-looking navy blue business suit, the crowd cheers for the smooth-talking manager.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing first up, the brains of the outfit! My dad, Thomas Keeling!

Then Thomas Keeling makes his way out from the back in an identical suit with the crowd giving him a mostly positive response. Weird.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son. Ladies and gentlemen, they are polar opposites. One is a giant who blocks out the sky, standing at seven-foot one...

Junior Keeling (and the crowd):

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

And a man so fast, you'll blink and you'll miss him. One is a Titan of Industry. The other can soar to amazing heights among the titans. Introducing...

Junior Keeling:

At a combined weight of 532 pounds... Please welcome making their debut as a proper tag team... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! "The Sky High Kid" Minute! They are... **THE SKY! HIGH! TITANS!**

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

As they belt out the lyrics, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, complete with grin on his face. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute.

Cortez steps onto the ring apron and then lifts the ropes open so Minute can slide through them and get into the ring. Cortez rips off his replica luchador mask and throws it into the crowd, then Minute leaps onto the top rope, then the corner rope, and then backflips into the ring... yes, all in his suit! The two men then meet in the middle and raise their fists in the air. The collection of championships go to referee Brian Slater. The titles go high in the air to show what's on the line. Ryan Batts starts for his side while Minute starts for the Sky High Titans.

DING DING!

Minute comes running with a Dropkick right off the bat, but the quick Batts rolls out of the way! Minute rolls back to his feet when Batts quickly knees him in the stomach and pushes him to the ropes. He whips Minute off the ropes, but the 5'5" dynamo slips between Batts' legs, then pops to his feet. Batts flips around for the go-behind, but Minute quickly goes behind him. Then Batts. Then Minute. vThen Batts. Then Minute. Then Batts. Then Minute. Then Batts. Then Minute. Then Batts. Then Minute. Then Batts. Then Minute.

DDK:

Wow, look at them go! Batts is a great technician, but Minute has that lucha background!

The two men continue and the crowd goes wild before Batts finally gets the advantage, flipping Minute up... no! Minute grabs him by the head and snaps him over with a Flying Snapmare! Batts gets snapped forward and when he hops back to his feet, it's Minute that wins the day with a Spinning Kick to the head! Batts goes down and Minute grins! The Family Keeling at ringside and the giant Uriel Cortez look on impressed!

Lance:

And now Minute in control with kicks to the chest!

Minute lays into Batts with a few kicks and then tries for a Thrust Kick, but Batts goes low and rolls him up with a School Boy. Minute rolls out of the hold, but Batts comes back with a Low Dropkick of his own and knocks him flat on his back... then runs at Cortez with another Dropkick at the knee, stunning the giant on the apron!

DDK:

Look at Batts go! Tag to Oscar Burns!

The crowd roars for the two-time former FIST as he enters and he and Batts go low and high with Dropkicks of their own, finally knocking The Titan of Industry off the ring apron! The crowd cheers on Burns and Batts as they focus on Minute now. Batts grabs his arm with an Arm Wringer, followed by one from Burns... then Batts... then Burns.... Then Batts! Back to Oscar who CRACKS Minute with a stiff European Uppercut!

DDK:

Look at Burns and Batts' teamwork! They've trained together for years and it's showing!

Brian Slater orders Batts out of the ring so he does just that... by running off the ropes and DIVING onto Uriel Cortez on the floor with his Somersault Tope called The Flipside! The blow doesn't knock the giant off his feet, but it does rattle him as Batts heads back to his feet and back to ringside. Burns grabs Minute and then pulls him up before making the tag to Ryan Batts! He plants Minute over with a big Double Underhook Suplex and then holds him in place with a bridge as Batts comes off the ropes with a HUGE Frog Splash!

DDK:

Burns and Batts might win this off the bat! Batts with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO WAY! CORTEZ BROKE UP THE COVER BY LAUNCHING BURNS RIGHT AT HIS OWN PARTNER!

The crowd looks on stunned by the strength of the Titan half of the Sky High Titans as the replay shows what happened. Burns tried to block him from getting back in the ring to break the cover, so Cortez simply shoved him backwards onto his partner!

Lance:

Batts and Burns threw all those moves at Cortez and he's already back in the ring now! And he wants Burns!

He pulls Burns back up and CLOCKS him across the back with a huge Clubbing Forearm to send him back to the ropes. He runs at Burns, but The Technical Spectacle has enough foresight to pull the ropes down, sending Cortez up and over, spilling back to the outside in the process!

In the private locker room of The Pop Culture Phenoms, a monitor is fixated on the in-ring action. The D is having his scalp rubbed by The O-Face while Klein and Flex watch on... Elise is checking the Insta and all that good shit because she don't have time for these poors.

DDK:

You saw that, right, Lance? I thought The PCPs were too good to compete tonight.

Lance:

I know they said what they said earlier, but all teams in the division want to be the Unified Tag Team Titles. No doubt they're looking for any weak links in the armor of either the Titans or the team of Burns and Batts.

Now Batts is left alone with Minute as he pulls him up and clocks the luchador with a pair of Elbow Smashes. He rotates and tries to throw a Rolling Elbow Smash when Minute ducks. He comes back with a Wall Flip Kick to stun Batts on his feet, followed by cracking him upside the head with a Jumping Enzuigiri! Thomas points at the corner and tries to get Minute to make the tag to Uriel, but he opts to measure up Batts for a Standing Asai DDT...

DDK:

No! Batts hangs onto the ropes and Minute lands back on his feet... but Batts stops him with a kick!

The tag gets made to Burns again. Batts grabs Minute and throws him down with an Exploder Suplex! Then Burns pulls him and hits one of his own! Two big Exploders later and Burns goes for a cover on one half of the Unified Tag Team Champions.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close, but no! The Family Keeling breathing a sigh of relief! Uriel needs to make a tag!

Burns shakes his head, then goes back to Batts again for another quick tag as he has Minute up. Burns has him up on his shoulders as Batts tries to climb up the top turnbuckle. They look to be setting up a Doomsday Dropkick of sorts, but The Yellow and Black Attack misses as Minute rolls Burns forward with a Victory Roll... followed by a Jumping Double Stomp to the chest of the former two-time FIST!

DDK:

WHAT A COUNTER BY MINUTE! NOW HE NEEDS TO TAG!

Lance:

Cortez is on the ring apron! Can he get it?

Minute rolls over past Batts... and the tag gets made to The Titan of Industry as the crowd roars!

DDK:

The Sky High Titans have been incredibly popular since coming together and now it shows! Uriel wants in!

He waits until Ryan Batts gets back to his feet and then **BLASTS** him with a Running Shoulder Tackle that sends him spinning in mid-air before hitting the ground! Oscar Burns gets back up and then tries to catch Uriel under the chin with a pair of solid European Uppercuts. He rocks Cortez into the corner and then gives himself space before trying to hit a Running European Uppercut towards him... but Uriel catches him! He **THROWS** him into the corner and looks out to the crowd with a smile...

THWACK!

DDK:

Chop of Ages! Uriel just let Burns have it with that vicious Double Chop of his!

Burns is doubled over in pain when Uriel grabs him by the arm and then **HURLS** him out of the corner with a massive Hip Toss Slam! With Burns disposed of, he grabs Batts and pulls him up from the corner. Uriel makes the tag back to Minute and holds Batts in mid-air as he waits for Minute to run to the opposite buckle. He **TOSSES** Batts across the ring with a vicious Atomic Throw! After he crashes on the ground, Minute hits the ropes and then flies off with the Senton Bomb!

Lance:

They call that double-team move The Business End! And that can be it!

Minute tries to go for the cover with both legs hooked on Batts!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Faithful can't believe it as Batts gets the shoulder up! Minute turns to Junior and Thomas Keeling and Thomas tells him to stay on him. Minute nods and the young luchador lays into Batts again with a few more kicks before letting him have it with a Thrust Kick to take down the kid called Bantam. Batts stays down as Minute heads to the ropes, then comes at Batts with a Springboard...

DDK:

Springboard 450... no! Batts moves! And Minute adjusts and lands on his feet!

Minute does land on his feet, but when he turns around, Batts CLOCKS him with a Flatliner! Quickly, he rolls behind Minute and wows the crowd with a Deadlift German Suplex! Minute goes crumbling over and now Batts has the chance to make the tag back to the fallen Burns, still trying to get back into the ring.

DDK:

This match has been going a hundred miles an hour since it started! Now Burns has the chance to get in!

The crowd wills on Batts as he rolls towards Burns as Minute rolls away, holding the back of his head... TAG TO BURNS!

DDK:

And listen to The Faithful! Burns now back in the ring with welts on his chest from the Chop of Ages earlier! And he stops Minute from getting the tag!

Burns picks up Minute and then doubles him over again with a knee to the chest. He whips him off to the corner and then connects with a Running High Knee to Minute in the corner! The move clocks him and Burns then trips him up in the corner. Burns then snaps him out of the corner with Snapmare, followed by a tight lateral press pin...

ONE!

TWO!

TH.. NO!

Minute's arm goes up, but Burns grabs it and then immediately goes to a Cross Arm Breaker! Minute frantically tries to fight his way out, but the much larger Burns is giving him a hell of a time and almost has it locked...

DDK:

Burns has the submission! Cross Arm Breaker! If he fully locks in The Graps of Wrath II, we're going to have new Unified Tag Team Champions!

The crowd reaction is loud as some want The TJ Tornado to tap, but the gutsy luchador tries to fight... until Cortez comes back and breaks it up with a boot to the chest of Burns! He breaks it up, but Ryan Batts comes off the ropes with a Springboard Missile Dropkick, sending him staggering back a bit! Cortez hits the ropes as Batts helps Burns to his feet so the two men can try and stop The Titan of Industry.

DDK:

Burns and Batts now trying to save the match for themselves after Burns almost had the Tag Titles won! What a rebound from his loss at DEFCON this could be tonight!

Burns goes high with a pair of European Uppercuts and Batts kicks low on the giant. They both try and whip him across the ring and he runs, but when he comes back, the crowd GASPS as he smashes right through both Batts and Burns with what might be the largest Running Cross Body ever seen in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

DID YOU JUST SEE THAT, DARREN! CROSS BODY! 375-POUND GIANT!

The Titan of Industry comes out of the move and slowly gets back to his feet, beating on his chest and letting out a roar as he comes back to the corner just as Minute rolls over, grabbing his arm so Uriel can make the tag! He's back in and waits on the legal man Oscar Burns...

DDK:

Uh-oh, what's he got planned?

Burnsie is stumbling up when Cortez lets out a roar a then hoists Burns onto his shoulders before tagging back out to Minute. He SPIKES him down mid-ring...

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD! THE WAIST-LIFT SIDE SLAM CONNECTS!

Lance:

And Minute is heading to the ropes...

Minute measures his target...

Lance:

Minute Detail! What an incredible Springboard 450 Splash!

DDK:

HE GOT ALL OF IT! THAT HAS TO BE IT!

Minute DRIVES his whole body into the chest of Burns and then sits on his chest as he holds a leg back on the former two-time FIST...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The leg of Burns falls as Batts is kept from getting in by Uriel Cortez! Batts' jaw drops to the floor as Thomas and Junior Keeling celebrate at ringside, hugging each other in triumph.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS AND STILL THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

Minute can't believe he just pinned "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns in the middle of the ring, but he has clearly done just that! The 21 year old lucha prodigy grabs his set of the former World and Trios Tag Titles and Uriel does the same for his as the two clink their belts together and celebrate.

DDK:

What a match! Both teams came out of the gates at 110% in this main event! Burns and Batts worked very well together and tried to chop down the giant, but this dynamic team of Cortez and Minute is just firing on all cylinders.

Lance:

You heard Burns earlier tonight... he really wanted this win... but it looks like since losing that FIST, the former champion may be on a downward slide. That's not to take away from anything The Sky High Titans have done tonight. They EARNED this win.

Backstage, one more time, the PCPs are still watching. Elise is off her phone and shrugs.

Elise Ares:

Poors!

And goes back to the Insta. The D sarcastically golf claps, but inside the arena, The Faithful continue to applaud the amazing efforts put forth by The Family Keeling's new super-team. Uriel Cortez now has Minute on his shoulders, celebrating the biggest pinfall win of his career tonight.

DDK:

While Burns' apparently bad luck continues since his fall at DEFCON, the rise of The Sky High Titans can't be ignored! They proved that winning the championships at DEFCON was no fluke! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Thank you for joining us this evening for DEFTV!

The final scenes are The Sky High Titans and The Family Keeling still celebrating in the ring, taking in the noise from The Faithful while Batts helps a very sad and sore Oscar Burns out of the ring.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.