

RUNDOWN



Bright colorful lights roll across the entire arena, the fans go wild as the DEFtv opening video is played on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

Signs and excitement everywhere!

CONOR FUSE = CONFUSED
DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON!
MIKEY: MOOOOONNNNEEY PLEASE!?
BURNS IT DOWN, BAY-BAY!
GAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
THE VIRUS IS REAL!
IT'S THE LUCKY SEVENS!!! NETFLIX SOUND
MORE VIOLENCE!!
WHERE'S THE BUS?!!
OSCAR HAS A BAG MAN
A LOT OF F-BOMBS
HOLA BITCHOLAS!!
IT'S A TOY IN A BOX
BLACKWOOD ISNT LIT
SoHeR LiT!
STALKER WAS MY UBER DRIVER TOO... 5 STARS... VERY FRIENDLY
BREAK A LEG MAX ... OH THE PCPS ALREADY DID IT
GO BACK TO UNCUT, DE VARGAS!

Finally, we land on the commentary duo known to DEFIANCE fans everywhere.

DDK:

Welcome one and all! Thank you for joining us on our one-hundred and fortieth edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is Lance Warner!

Lance:

So excited to be here, Darren! What a night we have ahead of us!

DDK:

One hundred percent, Lance! The penultimate edition of DEFtv before ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020! Which is already shaping up to be one hell of a --

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

DDK:

What in the world?

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

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

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

Lance:

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is certainly not part of our broadcast. I can assure you that this is not...

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

A slightly larger white light appears on the opposite side of the screen which helps to reveal only certain characteristics of this person's features but as it slowly fades in and out the effect on the screen shown by the lights against the dark is not enough to get a positive ID.

DDK:

Who is that?!

Feedback hits once more as a glimpse of Mikey Unlikely holding the FIST of DEFIANCE high in the air appears before quickly returning to the live shots on the screen.

Distorted Voice on Screen:

For a Minute there....I Lost myself. When I go forwards, you go backward.

The red lights disappear completely.

Distorted Voice on Screen:

WHEN I GO FORWARDS YOU GO BACKWARDS

Then the white one drops. The darkness in the arena is only lit up by the following words on the screen...

And somewhere we will meet

Static hits again as the words struggle to stay on screen and are replaced in an instant and for only a moment

Breakthrough

Suddenly the screen goes dark and we're back to normal.

DDK:

I'm sorry folks apparently we're having some technical difficulties.

Lance:

Difficulties?... someone's trying to send a message!

DDK:

Nevertheless folks we've got a ton of action lined up for you this evening!

GETTING A WORD

DDK:

Actually, I hear Jamie Sawyers is ready for us backstage. Jamie, what do you have for us tonight?

The scene cuts to Jamie staring directly back into the camera holding a microphone. The sound takes just a couple seconds to play into his earpiece before he begins.

Jamie Sawyers:

I am here backstage with a man who has caused quite a bit of a groundswell in popularity among the Faithful, Darren. Former BRAZEN member and current DEFIANCE wrestler Matt LaCroix is here with me. Matt, how are you doing tonight?

Matt LaCroix steps into frame wearing his typical black denim vest with his hood down, he leans into the microphone with a small cheer from the Faithful.

Matt LaCroix:

I'm doin great, how's ya mama an' them?

Sawyers:

The family is doing great, Matt... but that's enough about me, let's talk about not your family but a good close friend of yours Sam Day. On the last DEFtv he got a rare opportunity to have a match on the main roster against the son of a former rival of yours in Black Panda. Things didn't go too well for Sam, as he was beaten handedly in a match some people may say went way too far. Far enough that it brought you out to ringside yourself. What are your thoughts on that twisted display?

The demeanor of Southern Stong Style immediately changes to that of aggravation, his cool blue eyes narrow with a spark of emotion.

LaCroix:

Ya see playin' wit lives an' livelihoods ain't sumtin I appreciate, Jamie. I know y'all lookin back at Kerry an' askin me if I did tha same thing and listen here, Kerry is on tha main roster an' that was the entire point. I didn' think Kerry coulda beat me one one one an' I was wrong. I was fightin' for a spot ta prove my point that I belonged. I was fightin' for my own livelihood. Booker already has his spot. Booker's job is safe, know what I mean?

Sawyers:

I follow.

LaCroix:

So what give him tha right ta try an' take someone else's livelihood from them? He wasn't tryin' ta win. He wasn't tryin' ta earn a spot. He was an ornery child tryin' ta get my attention, throwin' a tantrum and by the grace of tha good lord above I'll tell ya what, Jamie... he did it. It's yours, Booker. You want another shot, I'll give it ta ya. Signed, sealed, and delivered at ACTS of DEFIANCE... ya wanted tha "old" Matt LaCroix. You wanted some of tha Renaissance? I'll give it ta ya, but ya know what, boy? We don't gotta wait until ACT we don't wanna. I mean, hell, if you wanna pass a good time I'm right here. Ya know where ta find me.

And because it's wrestling, a sophomoric giggling can be heard almost right on cue. However, it's not Black Panda, but another locker room nuisance walking into the interview. BRAZEN star Alvaro de Vargas cuts into the interview.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Senor High-may... you should be talking to a REAL star! Somebody who didn't take forty-five years to get to the main roster!

LaCroix snorts in his direction.

LaCroix:

Last I heard about you... you ain't even on the main roster.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Semántica, pendejo! I already have my first Pay-Per-View match at Actos de Desafío against Trailer Trash Thomas. And when I beat a member of the main roster, DEFIANCE management will have no choice BUT to recognize my talents and put me where I belong. I kicked him in the balls two weeks ago because that's what this place has done to me by putting talento superior like me down in BRAZEN while Tom gets to walk away from whatever shift he was working at the gas station and is already on the roster? Maybe I'll do the same to you right now....

He grins wider. The fans watching on in the arena start booing when the shot pulls out to show the silver masked face of Black Panda standing behind ADV. ADV shivers, as though he feels a presence and turns to get a shock from Panda's uninvited presence. He goes to talk but Panda steps past him to get into Matt's personal space.

Black Panda:

It's funny when you hear hypocrisy. The sight of you clutching at straws to explain what you did to Kerry in comparison to what I did to Sam last week on DEFtv...

The fans boo loudly as Matt snarls in response.

Black Panda:

There is no difference between those situations. You're telling me that your best friend Sam Day isn't good enough to stand inside that ring? I wonder what Sam thinks of that. Well... if he still has the capacity for independent thought after last week.

The fans' boos grow louder as LaCroix is clearly trying to restrain himself. The Black Bastard Prince looks ADV up and down before returning his gaze to LaCroix.

Black Panda:

I'll be there at Acts of Defiance, Matt. And I hope that the real Matt LaCroix turns up. Because you wouldn't like me if I get this K-Mart crusader again.

His gaze turns back to ADV and returns to the Southern Strong Style. Then ADV stands behind him and resumes grinning like an asshole.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Maybe you'll be an example for Trashy Todd. Tal vez te haga un ejemplo ahora mismo.

ADV's eyes dart behind Matt and his grin turns to a snarl. The Faithful cheer as Trashcan Tim comes into view, clapping a massive hand across Matt's back, ever-present toothless grin plastered on his face.

Trashcan Tim:

Mister LaCroix, it seems to me you just might be in need of a tag team partner tonight! I say we give these here boys a chance to stop flappin' they gums about being tough guys and prove it in the ring. I think we all know that I have a score to settle with this -

Tim pauses and really enunciates each syllable, in a word he clearly practiced, jutting a finger at ADV.

Trashcan Tim:

Pen-day-ho here!

ADV's eyes bulge as The Faithful erupt in laughter.

Trashcan Tim:

So whaddya say, boys?! How about Mister LaCroix and I see you in the ring later tonight?

ADV scoffs

Alvaro de Vargas:

I'd LOVE to destroy the both of you...

Then holds up a taped left thumb.

Alvaro de Vargas:

...But I hurt this thumb when I nearly broke my fist over Titus Campbell's snitch bitch head last week. You'll have to wait til the PPV, Tom...

Black Panda:

We accept.

He shoots one last stare at LaCroix. After Panda brushes past de Vargas, Matt nods to Tim in acceptance. Tim smirks at ADV and the two leave while de Vargas is now left alone with Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Quick word about your match with Trashcan Tim at Acts?

ADV turns to Sawyers and fumes.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pendejo...

ADV storms off in the other direction as the scene heads elsewhere.

MASON LUCK vs. FLEX KRUEGER

DDK:

The next match is going to be very important where it concerns the Lucky Sevens and the Pop Culture Phenoms! We have it on good authority that after that attack by the Pop Culture Phenoms on Max Luck's knee, Mason went to management and he wanted a match with the Phenoms at Acts of Defiance!

Lance:

And they got it, didn't they?

DDK:

They sure did! That satisfied them to a degree but Mason demanded to fight one of the PCP group tonight and he gets their muscle man Flex Kruger! What makes this match more important is that it the winner will be allowed to choose the stipulation for the tag team match!

Lance:

Wow! I would normally give the edge to that tag team match to the L-7s, but Pop Culture Phenoms are considered the overall best tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling whether you like them or not. A win here could give them an advantage to offset their size ... or The Lucky Sevens can really seal their fate and do something like bar the rest of the PCP's from ringside.

DDK:

It's true. Mason Luck is looking for payback for his brother and tonight he will try to take his pound of flesh from Flex Kruger.

Quimbey:

This next match is for one fall. Whichever person wins for their team will give them the choice to pick their stipulation for their match at Acts of Defiance!

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

7 7 7

The numbers appear on the screen and soon the intro plays.

This is why the World Series of Poker
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game
They consider no limit the only pure game left

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

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, raising the signature "Winning Hand" to the fans that cheer them now. Max limps to the ring behind him and Mason taps fists with him before they walk to the ring.

DDK:

Mason is on a mission to hurt somebody. Until that attack by the PCP's to Max's knee, it has been mostly fun and games between these two teams. We saw what some have called a movie, but I question its integrity where the Pop Culture Phenoms are concerned.

Lance:

And look at Mason now to the ring. He's ready for a fight.

Mason raises the "Winning Hand" again for the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful. They cheer in response. They don't

cheer for his opponent when his singles theme plays.

♪ "Flex" by SIP ♪

Quimbey:

And now representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. Accompanied to the ring by O-FACE, Elise Ares, The D, and Klein ... Weighing in at 275 pounds... "THE Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfectionnnnn" FLEX. KRUGER.

Marching out in bright red shiny trunks, Flex well... flexes on demand as O-Face points to the former BRAZEN Champion. His pecs bounce to the beat as he marches down to the arena through a choir of jeers. The D speaks words of encouragement for Flex while Elise Ares and Klein are behind them. He stays hype all the way into the ring, entering with assistance from O-Face holding the ropes but they all clear the second he enters the ring because Mason grabs his arms and starts clubbing PCP's muscle man with shots to his back!

DING DING DING!!!

DDK:

Look at Mason go! He's done playing around with the PCP! The PCP may be entertaining to many out there but there is no question they'll do whatever it takes to get the win and make sure people know their name!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens want to follow in the footsteps of their famous grandfather "Wild" Winston Luck, but they want to do it the right way! That's definitely where these two teams clash!

Mason is punching away at Flex Kruger in a corner and doesn't give him an inch. More punches to the bread basket follow and he gets doubled over. Flex is pulled out of the corner and Mason follows that big shot up with a huge running knee lift to his head and that puts Flex on the ground.

DDK:

Look at Mason go! Flex is one of the most powerful men on the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster but right now Mason is manhandling him.

The man known as Big Mase is waiting for Flex to stand up. He lets him have it using an upper cut that sends Flex sailing back into the corner. Mason feeds off the crowd and then he charges from one side of the ring to the other and then he crushes him with a splash. Mason grabs him by the side and then he hurls him out of the corner using a side suplex. Max is cheering on his brother from the outside and the PCP's are looking like they have been told "no" to another Netflix special. Mason has Flex right where he wants him when he comes off the ropes using a huge leg drop and then goes for a cover.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

Lance:

Flex kicks out.

DDK:

He does, but Mason isn't going to stop hurting him.

Mason is back up and he decks Flex with another huge right. Max is juking and jiving on the outside, swinging his fists and telling his brother to stick and move. Mason nods at his brother and then grabs Flex. He raises his hand and then looks for what can be a game changer.

DDK:

He's going for the Winning Hand!

He tries to grab the face of Flex Kruger with the Winning Hang but Flex starts to show the skills that brought him to the dance. He grabs his arm and uses his power to push Mason back! The crowd is shocked by this and Mason looks somewhat surprised but he doesn't let that stop him for long. He comes at Flex, but Kruger catches him and then actually lifts the giant so he hits the ropes with a giant-sized hot shot.

DDK:

The PCP's finally have something to cheer for! Flex just turned things around quickly with that surprise hot shot.

Flex isn't done. Using that fabled strength of his he slowly gets him set on his feet and then throws Mason face first onto the top turnbuckle using a snake eyes. Mason is still not off of his feet but he is stumbled in the corner. Flex charges and uses a spear type of move to hit Mason in the spine!

Lance:

Nice move by Flex! He has Mason on the ropes.

DDK:

And now look at Flex. He finally knocks Mason off his feet using a shoulder block from off the ropes!

Flex Kruger takes time posing his pecs until The D points out he needs to win before he can do any of that. Flex realizes his error and then tries to pin Mason to give PCP the leg up for Acts of Defiance.

One ...

Tw ...

Mason is up before the count of two but Flex does as he's told by The D and Elise Ares and he keeps attacking Mason using right hands of his own. The official tells Flex he needs to back off but Flex tells him where to stick it and then starts punching him again. Mason tries covering up but Flex gets through the defense and then stands up. He lands three elbow drops in quick succession on Mason and then tries to win the match.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

DDK:

Now Flex has got Mason down! He can't let up!

Flex mocks Mason Luck and puts up the "Winning Hand" taunt of his own then starts to wipe his own metaphorical behind with what he thinks of the key weapon of the Luck Family. Flex tries has him up again and wows the crowd when he takes Mason down with a backdrop suplex! Flex has the leg right near by when he tries to pin Mason.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Mason knows how big this match is and won't give it to Flex. Now what is Flex going for?

Flex starts to tell the crowd what he's going to do and then tries a torture rack. The crowd shows some cheers when he gets him up, but Mason knows the hold as it is a variant of his own finish. He grabs Flex's neck in a sleeper hold while he's up on his shoulders until he finally lets go, then Mason spins him around into the Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

Mason finally got the Winning Hand Slam! But he's too hurt to follow up with the cover.

Mason doesn't go for a pin on Flex and both men are down. Mason starts feeding from the cheering of the crowd and then grabs Flex. He gets taken to one corner and then hit with a splash. He then gets tossed across the ring and hits a

running knee to his chest. Flex is doubled over and then Mason hoists him up on the shoulder before spinning him around and back down with a yokosuka cutter.

DDK:

Nice! Can the Deck Cutter get the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mason sits up and then starts to hold the Winning Hand again. He has Flex by his hair and tries to get him up for Rack City but when he does that, Elise and Klein both climb to two different sets of ropes.

DDK:

What are they doing?

Mason tries to swat at both of the PCP members and they back away from the ring. But while this is happening, The D sneaks up behind Max and uses a drop kick on his knee! Max yells out in pain and Mason goes to check on him ...

Lance:

They distracted Mason so The D could sneak that cheap shot on the bandaged knee of Max!

Max tries to ride through the pain and shoves The D out of the way but when Mason checks on his brother, Flex sneaks up behind the giant with a big time school boy ... and then puts his feet on the ropes out of the official's vision!

One ...

Two ...

Three!

DDK:

Oh no! Oh no! Flex Kruger steals the match!

Lance:

Definitely not good news for the Lucky Sevens! That gives the Pop Culture Phenoms the right to choose their match!

Flex Kruger has a big wide smile on his face until he sees Mason Luck start to stand up and start heading his way. Mason screams and sends Flex flying over the ropes!

DDK:

Look at Mason! He's mad that he fell for that trap when they tried to attack his brother but it paid off.

Flex gets helped up to his feet from Klein. They join Elise Ares, The D and O Face up the ramp to celebrate getting to choose the stipulation for their tag team match at Acts of Defiance! Max heads into the ring to look after his brother who is kicking the ropes and looks upset with himself.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020



*Next up! ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND!*

RETURN TO DEFIANCE 30:00-45:00

Conor Fuse left the Toybox with a special gift. Just what was on the two cards Dandelion pulled from Jestal's back pocket?

Jestal:

Hey shut up she was about to tell me!

Dandelion flips the cards over. Jestal's eyes widen as she puts them together.

Jestal:

Your kidding, those gaming geeks are responsible for our trip to the future!?

On the cards is a picture of Jestal and a picture of Dandelion and when you put them side by side a tornado appears.

Jestal:

That's not possible!

Dandy looks at the cards again very sad. She slowly looks up from the cards with the cards covering the lower half of her face. The look in the doll's eyes no longer is of fright, or confusion but of anger.

Jestal:

Calm down Dani, those little gaming dorks will pay for this! Until then let's see if we can find Clucky and our Blondies.

Dandelion drops the cards. She watches them fall to the ground. Staring at them in a blind rage with her eyes. She looks up at Jestal and nods.

Jestal:

Listen you hear that?

Meanwhile, some talking is heard down the hall, the siblings decide to investigate. It is none other than The Stevens Dynasty! It appears one of The Toybox's missions is about to be finished.

Cary Stevens:

What the hell were you thinking?!?!?

Cary yells at Bo who is trying to explain, but the patriarch of the Stevens family isn't hearing it.

Cary Stevens:

I don't want to hear your excuses boy! You've already done enough damage as is!

Cary shouts as he pokes his finger into Bo's chest.

Cary Stevens:

You cost us and now we have to face them fools at the pay-per-view. What do you have to say for yourself?

Before Bo can answer Jestal enters the picture.

Cary Stevens:

What the hell do you want?

The Toybox finally arrive and seem relieved the ones that were holding onto their Tag Team Championships finally! However, much like their previous encounters, this moment in time has changed as well.

Bo Stevens:

Freak show, my eyes are up here, but darling you can continue to stare all you want.
Both siblings continue to stare at the waists of Bo and George.

George grunts at the Toybox.

The Toybox continue to ignore them still focused on their waists.

Cary Stevens:

You two better start talking or with a snap of my finger, my boys are going to take their frustration out on you.

Finally, the siblings break their silence.

Jestal:

They don't have them, Dani.

Dandelion shakes her head while still staring.

Jestal:

Well, that's just great, what else can go wrong.

Dandelion notices the Dynasty has been trying to talk to them this whole time and nudges Jestal who also breaks his stare.

Jestal:

What did you do with our championships? Who has them?

The Stevens Dynasty look at each other.

Bo Stevens:

The Sky High Titans, but you are go..

Jestal quickly interrupts Bo.

Jestal:

SERIOUSLY!?

Jestal pushes himself through The Stevens Dynasty in a huff followed by Dandelion as he says.

Jestal:

You have someone do ONE thing and they can't even manage to do that!

Bo Stevens:

HEY!.....

Bo finishes his sentence in a soft tone as they are long gone.

Bo Stevens:

You are going to have to go through us first.

PLATFORMER EXTRAORDINAIRE

The scene switches to right outside Gorilla as Conor Fuse sits on a table, as his legs dangle freely, to and fro. Across the way, The Game Boy stands, arms crossed and back against the wall. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two is seemingly in mid-sentence as the cameras pick it up.

Conor Fuse:

Yep. I play tennis, soccer -or strikers as I like to call it-, golf and I even dabble in some go-karting from time to time. Oh, and wrestling, clearly. What can I say? I'm just a multi-sport athlete!

Conor's legs continue to swing from side-to-side and front-to-back.

Conor Fuse:

What about you? Do you play any sports in your spare time?

Conor's eyes glisten as he looks towards The Game Boy, anticipating an electrifying response.

The Game Boy, however, says nothing.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, yeah. I hear ya loud and clear, my little buddy! I also enjoy horseback riding and Olympic-style games! Look, some people don't know it but I have been known to pop pills and quickly organize them by colour, just for funzies of course. I'm no Doctor or anything but that should definitely be a sport! Also I-

???:

Conor, you're up.

A voice is heard from inside Gorilla. Immediately, Conor's eyes roll back in his head. He turns to the direction of the voice.

Conor Fuse:

Do I have to?

???:

Well, your opponent is already in the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Who is he?

???:

Walter Levy.

Fuse crinkles his face, becoming frustrated.

Conor Fuse:

Walter... Levi?

???:

No, Walter Levy.

Conor Fuse:

That's what I said, Walter Levi.

???:

Okay, whatever. Can you just come out here already?

Conor gives a sigh. He even says the word “sigh” out loud.

Conor Fuse: *[to The Game Boy]*

Okay. Come along, let's get this over with and then I can make my game-altering statement!

DDK:

Conor Fuse vs. Walter Levy, it's next!

CONOR FUSE vs. WALTER LEVY

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

DDK:

Well, this should be something. Walter Levy has a great opportunity here but with this new thing Conor has in front of him...

Conor emerges from the rampway to a chorus of boos. In front stands The Game Boy, eyeing down the smaller Walter Levy in the ring. The scene switches to the BRAZEN talent who goes from looking confident to concerned as he sees the hulking man moving down towards him. Levy turns to referee Mark Shields.

Walter Levy:

Wow, he's big...

Conor pops his head up from behind The Game Boy at times, like he's playing a game of peek-a-boo since TGB is so large Conor can't be seen.

DDK:

Just mind games. I've given Conor the short end of the stick many, many times but he's much smarter than he lets on.

Lance:

Definitely, Keebs. He ran into Deacon, lost and immediately got himself this big man to watch over him. I hate to say it but it's a smart move.

The duo stop outside the ring as Conor tussles The Game Boy's mask and marches up the steel steps. Before the referee can call for the bell, however, Fuse requests a microphone.

Walter Levy comes to the center of the ring while Conor waits on the turnbuckle.

Conor Fuse:

Mr. Levi, let me ask you something... do you want to do this? Because I... *don't*.

The Gamers boo while Levy takes a moment to look over at The Game Boy again. He contemplates, takes a deep breath and shakes his head yes.

Conor Fuse:

Uncle Walter, c'mon man. You're an ultimate NPC. I'mma waste you so fast, bro. My skills are elite! You're done, Levi!

Walter can be heard saying "it's Levy". Conor simply rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

That's what I said, Levi! Is everyone deaf around here? Listen, BOT, you make good jeans, I'll give you that but I'm more of a *Wrangler* guy myself.

Suddenly, Conor's voice and demeanor turn into a sales pitch.

Conor Fuse:

I'm comfortable in jeans that are tough. I'm comfortable in jeans that will last. I'm comfortable... in *Wrangler*.

DDK: [sigh]

This is nonsense. Get on with the match...

Like the announcer, the fans are having none of it.

Conor Fuse:

Brett Favre, eat your heart out.

Conor starts giggling like a schoolgirl.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay. We'll do this thing but I want you to know, the injury is on YOU. Ring the bell!

DING DING

As Mark Shields does, Conor sprints towards the referee and grabs him by his collar.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting at Shields]*

WRANGLER FIVE STAR PREMIUM DENIM JEANS!!

Shields has a "WTF" look in his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

BUILT TOUGH WITH LONG-LASTING, HEAVYWEIGHT DENIM.

The Game Boy hops on the apron.

Conor Fuse:

BUILT COMFORTABLE, WITH RELAXED FIT.

He slips into the ring.

Conor Fuse:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

DDK:

NOOO! Look out Levy!

Walter Levy turns around...

WHACK.

And is laid out cold, eyes open, from a stiff forearm courtesy of The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

WRANGLER!!!

Mark Shields is a deer in the headlights.

Mark Shields:

Dude, I shop at Abercrombie.

An evil smile crosses Conor's face, as if he knew how annoying he was and had this planned all along. He drops Shields and brushes him off, too when The Game Boy exits the ring but not before spinning the ref around so Conor can get a quick leg drop in before Shields notices anything strange. Then, pulling Levy's lifeless body to the corner of the ring, he goes floor to top rope and connects with...

DDK:

The Super Splash 450!

Conor with the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

As Conor pushes off the BRAZEN wrestler, he gets in one more verbal jab.

Conor Fuse:

Real. Comfortable. Jeans.

Conor is trying his best to hold back laughter as his grin is as wide as ever when Mark Shields raises his hand. The Codebreaker falls right back into the same corner he initially spoke from and picks up the mic.

PORTAL

Conor Fuse:

Okay, cut my music! Time for my big announcement! This is a CONOR DIRECT.

DDK:

A Conor what?

Lance:

I don't know, I think it's some gaming terminology.

Conor Fuse:

I have beaten the likes of Gerardo VillaBoBo, one half of the Vengaboys and now Walter Levi. I have proven I can hang in this Singles Players Campaign. BRAZEN wrestlers, no more. From here on out, I will NEVER fight another lower tier goomba.

Conor walks right into the cameraman on the apron.

Conor Fuse:

Because with HIM by my side, I am unstoppable!

Fuse points to The Game Boy who has his arms crossed, not moving a muscle, like he never even hit Walter Levy to begin with.

Conor Fuse:

But that is not my announcement. Oh no. My announcement is I am going up FIVE levels. For I, Conor Fuse, the Character Formerly Known as Player Two is hereby making a challenge. I want to step into this ring and battle for the SO-

Magdalena:

You know what I hate?

Magdalena steps through the curtain to the stage area.

DDK:

It's... Magdalena!

She paces the ramp area and puts the mic to her mouth.

Magdalena:

I hate it when someone does that coin behind the ear trick. You know the one where they say they found a quarter behind your ear. They want you to be all - "oh wow! How'd you do that?" And they don't tell you like it'd mess up their pending contract for a show in Vegas.

The scene quickly changes to Conor Fuse who nods, like he can't sense the sarcasm. This causes Magdalena to stop, smirk and then put a finger on her chin.

Magdalena:

Wanna know what I hate worse? People like Conor Fuse who think that after stringing together a few victories against wrestlers who have collectively put together less than a handful of victories, that they're little magic run has put them in line for a title run.

With a gesture toward the ring, she continues.

Magdalena:

But I should warn you, Conor, I know someone who knows a little bit about title runs AND magic.

The arena goes dark. The crowd explodes in cheers that nearly drowned out the monk chant building ever so slowly. A chant of "I believe" forms among those in the section in front of the concession stand (blame the popcorn) and then filters all the way to the two sections nearest the stage where Magdalena is, or was.

The lights start to raise. Conor glances left, right, up and then over the edge of the apron. The Gregorian chant dies. Conor gestures for The Game Boy to lift the apron and check under the ring. Magdalena is no longer on the stage area. The "I Believe" chant fades to sounds of confused bewilderment that reach Conor who...

Conor laughs it off.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, hey, Madagascar, whatever cheat codes you got going on there, ain't gonna work! Maybe this nonsense flies in fWo but here, I make the rules. See ya, girlie!

Fuse wants to go back to his announcement but the time keeper tells him he can't, due to the show needing to continue. He tilts his head, drops the mic and meets TGB on the outside.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, my little buddy. It can wait. Let's get going!

He playfully skips up the rampway with the hulking henchman following behind.

JOINING FORCES

DDK:

Well coming up next, Lance, we have Dex Joy coming out here and he has some sort of challenge that he wants to issue to Team HOSS. It has just been bad blood ever since Maximum Defiance for these men. Team HOSS have bullied people in the locker room when Dex stood up to them and kept them from cheating their way to a Unified tag team title run.

Lance:

I know! Dex has fought them both in singles action with Dex beating Aleczander the Great but falling to Angel Trinidad. We've seen Team HOSS attack Dex Joy and Scrow twice each and after their attempted attack last week I don't think Dex is going to take this anymore.

DDK:

Dex Joy is a very loud and proud man that we know doesn't back down from fights. We'll have to see what he has up his sleeve to contend with Team HOSS.

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 ♪

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and he is wearing his brand new bright green "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" High Voltage t-shirt. He is not the hand slapping mood tonight but he does greet the fans with nods. Dex is now in the ring and the music goes away when he pulls a microphone out of his back pocket.

Dex Joy:

TEAM!!! MOTHER!!! LOVING!!! HOSS!!!

The crowd is booing at the mention of the long time DEFIANCE Wrestling team. Dex is full of that signature energy of his.

DDK:

Well I think Dex is getting his point across quickly.

Lance:

I believe that.

Dex Joy:

Aleczander The Wank and Angel Trinidick! The two of you have been going around for weeks waving your dongs in people's faces because you still like to think that DEFIANCE Wrestling owes you some sort of debt. You think that you can run around and bully people when things don't go your way because you haven't had titles in a trillion years of rampaging the Earth or whatever. Well, let me tell you two jagaloons something!

Dex Joy:

DEX JOY KNOWS HOW TO DEAL WITH BULLIES! YOU BULLY THEM RIGHT BACK! YOU BULLY THEM INTO SUBMISSION WHEN THEY TRY TO BULLY YOU FIRST! YOU CYBER BULLY THEM WHEN THEY ARE BEING MEAN ON SOCIAL MEDIA! YOU ...

Dex realizes this is probably not the correct message to send.

Dex Joy:

Kids scratch that. You stand up to the bullies, but don't bully the bullies cause that's probably wrong. But I'll tell you what I'm gonna do with those two ... and for that, I need to see a certain Scrow!

DDK:

It appears Dex wants to have a word with Scrow.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

Lance:

This is not who he expected.

Team Hoss step from behind the curtain, to a chorus of jeers from The Faithful.

DDK:

It appears Dex has another problem. Angel and Aleczander have been a thorn in both Dex and Scrow's side as of late.

Angel motions for the music to cut. Both members have a microphone. They start talking as they walk down the ramp.

Angel Trinidad:

Look what we have here Alec. Dex Joy calling out a job boy.

Aleczander:

Why on earth would that scrawny no talent hack come out here.

Angel and Aleczander look at each other.

Angel Trinidad:

So I hear you are looking for a fight at Acts of Defiance. We got an opening to beat the shit out of you again so how about a good old fashion ass whoopin courtesy of Team Hoss.

Dex Joy doesn't have the odds in his favor right now but he is still itching for a fight.

Dex Joy:

Angel and crappy spelling of Alexander the Great ... and I'm saying that with an ex and not a ec because your name looks as stupid as you sound when you talk ...

The Biggest Boy is now drawing an imaginary line on the mat.

Dex Joy:

Step over this line to Big Dex Ass Whooping Insurance, pallies! And I'll make sure I beat a deductible out of you both!

Team Hoss laughs a bit but the crowd is cheering.

Aleczander:

You may have these idiots behind you but they won't be able to stop us from stompin a mudhole in your ass right now.

Team Hoss makes their way to the ring once more.

♪ The In-Between by In This Moment ♪

The Faithful quickly look to the entranceway, Dex has a grin on his face. Team Hoss however are laughing. Scrow slowly steps from behind the curtain microphone in hand. The reaction he is getting from the Faithful is mostly positive.

Angel Trinidad:

Hey cut his music, guys like this don't deserve theme music.

The music cuts, Scrow looks up and around as the sound system shuts his theme off. He then looks back at Team Hoss.

Aleczander:

So have you come out here for another beating little Scrow?

Angel Trinidad:

Sure he is Alec its what he does best...well that and losing.

Team Hoss laughs once more. Scrow slowly raises the microphone to his mouth.

Scrow:

...

Angel cuts him off.

Angel Trinidad:

Don't say anything. Why don't you just head to the back and save what humility you have left? Leave the real wrestling to the men. You can watch us beat the hell out of fat boy over there.

Aleczander:

I mean after all what has Dex done for you Scrow, besides hog the spotlight from you. His career is on the rise, while yours...{laughs} is buried six feet under!

Dex Joy:

Scrow! Look ... you and I aren't friends on account of the fact that you once injured my best friend in BRAZEN and I beat your ass like a drum because of that ... but forget about that right now! Don't listen to these two jagaloons! Do you want some payback? Here it is! Tag with me at Acts of Defiance and we'll kick the shinola out of them! What do you say?

Hoss laugh once more! Scrow clenches his fists throughout this whole ordeal. Scrow tries again to raise the microphone to his mouth. Hoss continue to taunt him, he drops the microphone and just stands there.

Angel Trinidad:

That is what we thought! You're afraid so why don't you take your decrepit self to the back we got some business to take care of.

Angel and Aleczander turn and dash in the ring. Dex starts to fight for his very life as Team Hoss unloads on Dex.

DDK:

And there goes Team HOSS! They make the most of their numbers when they can!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd though! Dex is fighting back!

Dex goes after Angel Trinidad when he tries climbing into the ring. He batters him with fists but Aleczander the Great is in the ring and he throws Dex back. He pummels Joy in a corner but Joy fights back and throws fists like it's a "punch somebody in the face" sale! Joy seems to be holding his own as he knocks down Aleczander but eventually, Angel grabs him by his waist and manages to muscle Big Dex Energy to the mat! The numbers are too much even for Dex and now Aleczander arrives to help Angel kick away at the powerhouse. Scrow looks conflicted but the fans want to see him get involved and even get a loud "Scrow!" chant going.

DDK:

Come on Scrow help him!

Lance:

He is leaving, I told you, Darren, the bad blood between Dex and Scrow would never let them see eye to eye.

Scrow stops in front of the curtain as Dex is trying to block kicks, but is having a hard time doing so. He still looks out to Scrow hoping for help. Scrow turns slightly to the right watching Team Hoss pick up Dex Joy and try to double powerbomb him. Scrow turns around and The Faithful are on their feet as Scrow is power walking to the ring. Team Hoss waits for him as he slides in the ring they quickly jump on him and start to unload on him. Scrow battles his way up to his feet, with stiff kicks and backhands back and forth. The Faithful are on their feet as Scrow is actually keeping Angel and Aleczander off balance. He throws a head kick and knocks down Aleczander!

DDK:

DOWN goes Aleczander!

Lance:

Behind you Scrow its Angel!

Before Angel can attack Dex is back on his feet and spins him around and levels Angel dropping him like a sack of rocks! Scrow quickly windmill kicks Aleczander up and over the top rope. While Dex clotheslines Angel over the top rope. Dex is fired up but Scrow just stares down at Aleczander emotionless. Team Hoss regroup in front of the ramp.

Dex extends his hand to Scrow, he stares at it and then back at Team Hoss. He looks back at Dex and just nods at him and leaves the ring and jumps the barricade and heads out of through The Faithful. Team Hoss has back up to the entranceway and off-mic you can hear Angel say.

Angel Trinidad:

You both will pay at Acts!

Team HOSS head to the back. Dex wants a fight and dares them to come back but they are already gone.

DDK:

I think Scrow just accepted, Lance! Dex Joy gets what he wants and that's a tag team match with Team HOSS with Scrow as an unlikely partner!

Lance:

Will they be able to find any sort of synergy though? Team HOSS have been champions in DEFIANCE Wrestling and have been a team for years. This will be Dex and Scrow's first time teaming!

Dex salutes the cheering Faithful and is happy to get what he wants in a partner to take on Team HOSS once and for all.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

MATCH MADE OFFICIAL

As we come back from the commercial break we have the Stevens Dynasty standing in the middle of the ring for their official contract signing and the trio of men looking rather dapper. George is dressed in a custom tailored black suit, while his cousin Bo is wearing a white suit with a black button up and white tie and a single black leather glove on his right hand. The Patriarch of the Stevens Dynasty is wearing his signature golden suit and Cary is not looking too happy.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty is not wasting any time tonight as they are in the ring to sign their contract for their match at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

At least they are dressed for the occasion Keebs.

DDK:

They are looking snazzy Lance but couldn't Bo take off his sunglasses? I mean, we are indoors after all.

Lance:

Well you know what they say about people who wear sunglasses indoors.

DDK:

They are either blind or assholes.

Lance:

Exactly!

DDK:

Or there is a third option, they could be hiding black eyes from Cary smacking him around.

Lance:

It's possible.

Cary twirls the microphone in his hand before bringing it to his lips.

Cary Stevens:

Cut the damn music!

Cary shouts as he looks towards the entrance ramp.

Cary Stevens:

Gulf Coast Connection. Get your asses out here and let's make this official.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

All three members appear. By no means are they dressed like the Stevens'. Instead, they wear surf casual clothing, colorful from oranges to blues to yellows. The members slap hands with fans before getting into the ring and waiting what's to come.

Cary Stevens:

You could've at least dressed up for the occasion.

Cary says mocking the attire of the GCC members.

Cary Stevens:

I mean this is the.....biggest.....match of your careers.

Cary says grudgingly and The Faithful are letting him have it and GCC are encouraging The Faithful to continue their heckling.

Cary Stevens:

You think this is funny?

Aaron King:

Bruah, yeah, it is pretty funny. You guys look like you're going out to prom. Me, Theodore and The Kid, we're taking your girls to the beach!

King high five's the other two.

DDK:

I think they are trying to be annoying.

Lance:

Oh, agreed. And it's obviously working.

Cary Stevens:

You think we are a joke?

The Kid nods frantically.

Cary Stevens:

We aren't laughing boys.

Cary says sternly as the crowd's mood shifts to jeers and Cary shakes his head.

Cary Stevens:

I don't care what those idiots think because the only thing you need to know is that you should not be in the same ring as us.

Cary says as he points to the members of GCC. This makes Aaron put his hand in the air like he has a comment.

Aaron King:

But we... beat you guys. Twice.

DDK:

That they did!

Cary Stevens:

You got lucky against my boys.

This time, Theodore Cain puts his hand up like he has something to say.

Theodore Cain:

But we... beat you guys. Twice.

More high five's and laughter from the crowd.

Theodore Cain:

No luck, all skill. Even if it was by DQ. You just saved yourself the pinfalls.

Cary Stevens:

Yeah you did get lucky. Certain people were suffering from I'm An Idiot disease and that's why you are having this conversation with me now.

Cary states before leaning in closer.

Cary Stevens:

We've already signed the document, but if you do, I can promise you that if you sign that contract, your luck will end and your careers will be over at Acts of DEFIANCE.

King rolls his hands through his hair.

Aaron King:

We've come a long way since battling the Fuse Bros. and The Comments Section. We hung with both of them. You guys are nothing. We'll prove it.

King signs the contract, followed by Cain and CCK.

Cary Stevens:

Well, now that it is official there is only one thing left to do.

Cary says as he looks at Bo and George.

Cary Stevens:

GET THEM!!!!

Cary shouts and the two Texans attack GCC, but they stand their ground and send the former tag champions in retreat.

DDK:

The tag match has been made official and can GCC continue to ride the wave of momentum and pick up a huge victory at the pay-per-view or will the Stevens Dynasty finally get back on track?

The scene ends with The Stevens Dynasty shouting on the outside of the ring and Gulf Coast Connection begging them to get back into the ring and fight.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE NO-SHOW BUSINESS

And now to the Commentation Station with Keebler and Warner.

DDK:

Well, up momentarily, we have a non-title match between what was scheduled to be Unified Tag Team Champions The Sky High Titans against Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames of The Comments Section, but... from last we heard, Minute has been radio silent since the events of two weeks ago.

Lance:

We've been seeing The Comments Section release these leaked emails and text messages regarding replacing Minute as Uriel Cortez's tag team partner when they were cheated out of the titles briefly by the Pop Culture Phenoms. The first set had a conversation involving Junior Keeling sending Thomas a list of potential new partners scouted from BRAZEN.

DDK:

And as if that wasn't enough, we thought Uriel Cortez had his back through this whole thing... but according to Malak Garland, another leaked text from Junior to Uriel Cortez said he was willing to consider it. Can you believe it?

Lance:

My gut said no initially especially how close Uriel and Minute have become... but when The Family Keeling admitted the first set of texts were true... well, I'm not sure. And on that note, right before that match, we're gonna take it to the gorilla position where The Family Keeling and Uriel Cortez are standing by with some words for their opponents tonight and at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

The camera then pans to the gorilla position with the crowd cheering for the appearance of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, then a somewhat mixed reaction for Thomas Keeling. Junior is nowhere to be found.

Thomas Keeling:

Comments Section... and you, Malak Garland, little boy... I hope that you're proud of yourselves. You KNOW that deep down that on your own, your team can't beat OUR team on your best day so you resorted to leaked messages to try and fracture us. And because of that, Minute isn't here tonight.

Booing from the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

We've already gone over those first messages you leaked and those were true. But Uriel brought Junior and I to our senses. What happened wasn't Minute's fault and he's as much of a member of this group as anybody else.

Uriel steps in.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute, if you can hear me out there, that message WAS. NOT. TRUE. Look... The Keelings are our management team, but never did I think for one second what happened with the PCPs was your fault. That was a line of bullshit that Malak Garland tried to shovel onto his previous bullshit. And because of that, before we get to ACTS, I'm going to beat more of that bullshit out of his cohorts tonight.

Thomas Keeling nods.

Thomas Keeling:

Since Minute isn't here tonight, this will be handicap match and though it's two-on-one... Cyrus, Teresa, it's the two of you who have the disadvantage. I...

Thomas stops when Junior finally arrives... in a generic wrestling singlet, tights and boots. Uriel looks surprised.

Thomas Keeling:

Oh, boy... what are you doing?

Junior looks up to Uriel.

Junior Keeling:

Dad... Uriel... this is all my fault. We're down a man and we're Keelings, but I'm not too proud to admit I made a damn mistake trying to replace Minute. Let me go out there as your partner, Uriel.

Thomas Keeling:

Boy, no... look, you spar in that ring, but those are trained wrestlers. Cyrus Bates is the actual TOUGH one of that group.

Junior Keeling:

I'm not taking no for an answer. I'm going with you. And Minute...

He turns to the camera.

Junior Keeling:

If you're watching, I'm sorry, man. I'm sorry things got this far, but Uriel was right. His faith NEVER wavered in you once since The Sky High Titans became a thing. That part is true.

Thomas looks to Junior.

Thomas Keeling:

Mr. Cortez, that's your call.

Uriel silently takes a moment to think over Junior's proposal... then nods and makes a "let's go" motion.

Uriel Cortez:

Watch Garland. I'll deal with the other two.

Junior Keeling:

You got it.

Uriel and Junior both head out to the match to come with Thomas right behind them as their music plays...

SKY HIGH TITANS vs. CYRUS BATES & TERESA AMES

DDK:

Wow! Junior Keeling must really feel bad about those leaked messages. Minute is apparently a no-show here tonight and I hope that we'll have an update on him soon, but in the meantime, I guess it will be Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames taking on Uriel Cortez and... Junior Keeling.

Lance:

Junior was a former wrestler years ago, but discovered being a manager was much more lucrative and a lot less physical. But tonight, he's got that... honestly, awful wrestling singlet on. But he's gonna try and help out Uriel...

DDK:

All right, match time!

And to Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is a tag team match! First, making their way to the ring accompanied by Thomas Keeling... they are the team of one-half of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ... AND JUNIOR 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 GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing his signature business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute that he takes off. He is also carrying all FIVE for the Unified Tag Team belts. On the right is... Junior Keeling, flexing and trying to look tough.

DDK:

He's six feet tall, so Junior isn't a small man, but Minute he is not. Do you think Uriel will try and keep him out of the way, Lance?

Lance:

I don't know. He may very well try, but he was right before. Uriel on his own is almost too much for any one person in DEFIANCE. In two years he's been with the company, he has only taken one direct loss and that was to "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns back at Ascension 2019 where he challenged for the FIST. If Junior doesn't tag, The Comments Section could have a hard time with him.

Uriel and Junior Keeling approach the ring with Thomas Keeling behind him. Thomas barks orders at his son in the corner and then he nods. Uriel stands in the ring and hands the massive collection making up the Unified Tag Titles to the official as they wait for their opponents.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The house lights dim as The Comments Section walks out to the ring. Malak strums an air guitar, pretending to play along with the theme music as Cyrus and Teresa look all business. Malak can't help but bounce around with joy to the thought of having a tag title shot in his back pocket.

DDK:

Well here comes Malak and company and look at how exuberant he is. Even though he suffered a loss to Minute, now the tables have turned as Minute is nowhere to be found and Malak Garland has himself a guaranteed title shot opportunity.

Cyrus slides into the ring. Teresa positions herself on the apron and Malak the sh*t monger, lurks ringside.

DING DING

Uriel Cortez stands by and heads right for Cyrus Bates, but the Bellicose Brawler ducks under an attempted lock up and goes right for Cortez's knee with a kick. The blow stuns him momentarily and allows Cyrus to fire off a series of big shots to the big man.

Lance:

Wow! I didn't expect any member of The Comments Section to come out swinging like this, but I think Cyrus realizes they gotta do what they have to do to beat Cortez!

DDK:

Now Cyrus backs up Uriel. The former powerlifter tries to move Cortez... uh-oh.

Cortez stays in place and lets out a low growl at Bates. He SHOOTs him into a corner with a hard whip of his own! Cyrus comes back out of the corner stumbling and then Uriel takes him over with a HUGE Back Body Drop!

DDK:

Oh, my Lord! Cyrus almost went up into the lights!

Malak Garland's demeanor changes on a dime as his jaw almost drops at ringside and Junior and Thomas Keeling both watch on with glee while the fans cheers. Uriel grabs Cyrus off the mat and throws him into a nearby corner. Cyrus tries to break free, but The Titan of Industry holds him in place...

THWACK!**DDK:**

Chop of Ages! I think Cyrus and the rest of The Comments Section are rethinking needling The Sky High Titans as bad as they have.

Cyrus gets doubled over when Uriel comes running again and CRUSHES him with a huge Corner Clothesline. He pulls Bates out of the corner and then hits a big Short-Arm Clothesline, then follows that up with a BIG Elbow Drop to the heart! Bates cringes in pain while Uriel lays on top of him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Cyrus Bates is gonna feel that tomorrow.

DDK:

He was lucky to kick out. Now Uriel has him up for a Powerbomb... no! Cyrus fights his way out!

Cyrus wails away on the top of Uriel's dome with punches until he lets go and then goes right to the leg with a low Shoulder Tackle. Uriel winces and doubles over and that gives Cyrus an opening to hit a Jumping Knee to the face! Uriel doesn't go down, but a second one catches him that finally brings the giant to the mat. Cyrus goes for the cover.

ONE... NO!

DDK:

No! One and a half at best! Two big knees from Cyrus Bates, but Uriel fights his way out!

Cyrus Bates looks a little flummoxed while Malak Garland is half watching the match and mostly now vlogging about how he'll look good with the Unified Tag Team Titles and how that will bring them that many more likes after Acts of DEFIANCE. What it doesn't catch is Cyrus trying for his Keyboard Kick, only for Uriel to catch him and THROW him over the ropes! Malak turns around to see his partner and Teresa Ames leave the ringside area to check on Bates. Junior looks on and has an idea when he reaches out for a tag. He points at The Comments Section on the floor and

pleads with Uriel for the tag.

DDK:

What does Junior want? Is... he asking what I think he's asking?

Lance:

I think he's... oh, dear. And Uriel tags Junior!

The crowd pops when Junior gets the tag... even more so when Uriel presses him over his head and **THROWS** him out onto the floor! Malak looks up first and moves out of the way, but Junior gets tossed onto Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames on the floor, Fastball Special style! The crowd goes nuts as Uriel smiles pretty widely. Thomas gives the dive two thumbs up from ringside!

DDK:

My God! I can't believe that happened! And that Junior survived! He's back up, but just barely!

Lance:

And Malak Garland let them take the brunt of the fall. What a great guy he is!

His heart is racing but he gives the crowd a thumbs up and then moves over to get the legal man Cyrus Bates in the ring. He tries to get the bigger man up while Thomas Keeling watches happily. Once Bates is back inside, Junior goes in... but Malak picks the leg behind the ref's back and trips him up!

DDK:

Oh, come on! Garland is garbage. I don't have a nicer way to put it.

Lance:

Junior has done his fair share of stuff over the years and isn't always upstanding... but he's **NOT** a full time wrestler.

Malak laughs while the fans jeer. Meanwhile Cyrus is up and slowly picks up Junior, then punches him in the stomach. Junior doubles over and then he gets picked up by Cyrus over the shoulder. He finally tags Teresa who goes up and hits a Missile Dropkick! The double-team move connects and now Teresa goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

DDK:

Wow! Junior barely gets the shoulder up off of that! But he's not going to be able to take too much punishment.

Lance:

No, I don't think so, either. Massive difference between sparring with wrestlers on occasion and doing this night in and night out.

Teresa stands over Junior and as he tries to get up, she pelts him with kicks. He tries to get up and take a swipe, but he backs off and then she plants Junior with a DDT. Uriel cringes from the DDT, but he's far away from the ring. Teresa then climbs over and makes the tag back to Cyrus Bates, who stands over Junior. He picks him up by the arm, then presses him. Malak Garland is cheering them on from the outside and watches as Cyrus dumps him hard with a Military Press Slam!

DDK:

They're toying with him! Come on!

Junior is still hurt when Cyrus has him where he wants him. He tries to go for a Chokeslam now... but Junior surprises him with a Forearm! The blow barely rocks him, but Uriel cheers him on as he fires up with another. The blow stuns Cyrus, then Junior runs off the ropes and fires a second forearm! Uriel then wants the tag, but when Junior fights back, Malak Garland...

DDK:

What is he doing now?!

Malak Garland approaches Uriel as he's in mid vlog.

Malak Garland:

Hey! Give the people some words about what happens when The Comments Section takes your Unified Tag Titles! You'll be forgotten faster than the Harlem Shake!

Cortez growls and leaps off the steps, about to chase Garland! Thomas yells at Uriel to stop!

DDK:

Garland just got under the skin of Uriel Cortez! He's chasing him around ringside...

Lance:

That's what he wanted! Look!

In the ring, Junior tries to fight back, but Cyrus has had enough and CRACKS him with a big boot to the gut, then nails the Keyboard Kick! Junior is out cold as he rolls him over and covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

That's damn highway robbery! Rest assured, Faithful, this is NOT a representation of Sky High Titans.

Uriel stops mid-chase when he hears the bell, then throws his arms up. He runs into the ring, but Teresa, Cyrus and Malak all clear ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **THE COMMENTS SECTION!**

Malak hops into the waiting arms of Cyrus Bates as he is carried to the back even though the big man was the one who just exerted himself in a match. Malak acts like they just won the lottery as he pumps his fists in the air until the trio disappears from sight, leaving what remains of the Titans to pick up the pieces on a third occasion before the titles would be on the line.

LAY OF THE LAND

As we come back from a break we see the FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely standing on the interview stage, poised and ready to speak. Standing behind him, clapping as the music dies out is none other than returning DEFIANCE Superstar Perfection. Unlikely pulls his shades down and looks out across the crowd as Christie Zane bring the microphone to her own face.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen once again I'm joined by James "Perfection" Witherhold, and The FIST of DEFIANCE, The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer, Mikey Unlikely! ...Now Mikey, after the last few weeks you heard a lot of flak from the fans and sports pundits out there who say your competition level has been a little light lately. Your retort was to allow the fans to vote for your next opponent via an online poll! The only caveat was that it would only feature wrestlers from the BRAZEN talent pool! Now tonight the fans have spoken, and you will take on, and DEFEND your championship against a 19 year old upstart Declan Alexander. Your thoughts?

Mikey looks from the crowd, to Christie, back to the crowd again.

Mikey Unlikely:

My thoughts? MY THOUGHTS? My thoughts are that it doesn't matter if you put Declan Alexander or Eric Dane in that ring. It doesn't matter if it's a singles match, a ladder match, a submission match, or whatever. The only thought I have is that no matter what this Championship...

He holds the title up in it's display case.

Mikey Unlikely:

...isn't going A-KNEE-WEAR! It's like this Christie, the people want to see the title change hands because they like to be a part of history. I can't fault them for that! I don't blame them. Underneath all the funny boo's and underneath all the online hate I get for being awesome, I can tell the truth. The fans here in DEFIANCE love me!

Booooooooooooooooooooo from every corner.

Mikey Unlikely:

They love the champion who's brought more mainstream media to DEF than it's EVER seen before! They love the champion who defends the title on a near WEEKLY basis! They love the man who's going to hold this championship forever. ME!

He pauses and lets the fans do their thing. Eventually he motions for them to hurry up which only causes them to go longer.

Mikey Unlikely:

Declan alexander is a punk kid. He's not old enough to even have an Alcoholic Frapp... You hate to see it Christie! I don't know what kind of chance he thinks he's going to have against the greatest in the business today... ESPECIALLY with my buddy watching my back.

Perfection is smiling in the background and chewing gum. That stupid, cheesy, grin slying across that face most in the Wrestleplex want to slap off clean. His eyes have been drifting around the crowd as Mikey has been talking but now, in the midst of her next question, Christie Zane has made eye contact with James Witherhold.

Big mistake.

Perfection [Off Mic, Audible]:

Oh please! Don't act like you haven't been eyeing me, Christie.

James decides to step forward and ask Mikey for the microphone in hand. The FIST obliges with a bigger smile on his

face than when James was behind him.

Perfection:

Let me tell you little dopey, inbred, garbage Louisiana trailer trash, something you don't know. I'm not only here to give you the best goddamn wrestling of your meger lives!

Free index finger goes up.

Perfection:

I'm also giving you- 'Yours Truly'. Oh yes- I'm MOVING to this shit-hole, baby!

Witherhold holds his arms out to his sides as Mikey claps hard in the background. Not the reaction expected from the Faithful though as they drown Witherhold out in a shower of hate.

Perfection:

Awe. Guys. Ladies. Whatever. I get it. You can't contain yourselves. Please, believe me -

James lifts his hand to wave off the jeering.

Perfection:

I *KNOW*! Being new neighbors and all is exciting... for *you*. Newsflash by the way, especially for those simps who have crushes on her...

James walks over to one side of the set and points directly at an area of Faithful..

Perfection:

That means 'Yours Truly' is closer to one Ms.Christie Zane. Yes, the broad you have wet dreams over and who's undressing me with her eyes at this very moment!

James makes a smooth 180 back towards Zane and a walk back to center stage.

Perfection:

For two WEEKS- that's FOURTEEN DAYS for those of you who can't do math.

James lowers the mic and looks at Mikey who smiles. It's obvious Mikey's trying to hold his laughter but he manages to put his hands up in a faux "don't get me involved in this one". We can kinda hear Perfection laugh under his breath before a flick of the fingers to bring the microphone back up.

Perfection:

NON STOP- texting... from... you, Christie!

Zane's jaw might as well be detached.

Perfection:

"Oh, why did you leave me Perfection the first time!" "Oh, why was I never invited to the private parties with you and Mikey." My assistant had to burn my burner because of you!

Zane looks at Witherhold perplexed.

Zane:

That... didn't...

James has put his hand gently on Zane's microphone and lowers it. He looks her dead in the eyes while talking over his mic.

Perfection:

Listen, Christie!... I get it- you're lost for words that I'm back! These... Faithful, much like you, are clearly happy I'm back!

Mikey Unlikely [Off Mic, Audible]:

Obvs!

Perfection:

Totally Ob...

The Faithful join together in unison to let Perfection know he's unwelcome which gives Christie her chance to be a professional.

Zane:

That is quite the reaction from the Faithful here in the Wrestleplex!

Respect is given to Christie, they will let her speak.

Zane:

They love this company but they just seem to not have those same sentiments towards you, Perfection.

James hands the microphone back to Mikey and then proceeds to take Zane's away. Interview time is over.

Perfection:

Look at me! Took a good look at what you've begged over, sweetheart!

James points at Zane and then himself.

Perfection:

You know I have all the goddamn talent in the world! You know behind this suit stands a man that's the craftiest, deadliest, the single prevevayor of witt when it comes to this sport- bar none! And the most dedicated to that craft-

He points behind Zane and to the crowd closest to the interview stage that's decided to flare up.

Perfection:

You shut your goddamn mouth when a MAN is talking, SOY BOYS!

Witherhold eyes Zane up and down again.

Perfection:

As your previous text messages would have shown-

Now we can see Christie's eyes go from professional to "I want to punch your teeth out".

Perfection:

You personally know 'Yours Truly' is- will forever be- ALL MAN! To the point, Christie; I don't have all night to reminisce on what you thought you and I could be.

James smirks, turns away from Zane and goes front and center.

Perfection:

So! To all of you schelprocks out there!

His left hand extends at the champ and back to the direction of the FIST.

Perfection:

Take a good look behind me. You see that?! Do you see that glorious piece of DEFIANCE legacy this man holds? Do you see the beauty held in that case? He treasures this belt MORE THAN YOU! That's why he's YOUR FIST!

The boos get heavy as Mikey lifts the briefcase.

Perfection:

That reaction right there upsets me. I'm a little... bewildered by it. I mean, you love DEFIANCE don't you? You love this company? THIS MAN IS YOUR COMPANY! This man has bled, sweat, been broken- he is a 'Saint of Sports Entertainment'!

James shouts over a screaming Faithful close to the stage.

Perfection:

Normally!... I'd call you a bunch of Ungratefals for the way you've treated him! The way you've treated 'Yours Truly'!

James shakes his head in disappointment.

Perfection:

But you're worse than that...

He spits his gum out towards the fans in the front row.

Perfection:

You're Unfaithfuls.

Cut to elsewhere.

HE LIVES! PART II

Darkness. Silence.

Suddenly...

A film leader pops up and begins counting down.

7

6

5

4

3

2

Downtown. A busy city afternoon. The hustle and bustle of the day murmur softly in our speakers, as people in business attire go about their day, chattering on cell phones while walking down city streets. The noise of humanity, though, is gradually muffled by a low groan that catches the attention of the populace.

A shadow draws near, covering the streets in darkness as the crowds slowly transition, from gawking at the threat before them, to panicking, running in fear, their voices a feral whelp.

We focus on one man in particular, who runs like hell towards us, screaming a single line that the subtitles pick up for us...

"HE LIVES!"

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

JAY HARVEY vs. BO STEVENS

Shots from every angle imaginable from the sold out Wrestle-Plex blow passed your 4K TV screen. The fans are loving the night's action and don't want it to stop. Darren Quimbey is in the middle of the ring with Hector Navarro off in the corner behind him.

DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a Fifteen Minute time limit.

♪ "My Name Is Bocephus" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bo Stevens, with his uncle Cary in tow, walk out from the back and make their way down the aisle. Bo's got a cocky grin on his face while Cary is the picture of smugness.

Darren Quimbey:

...from Waco, Texas...representing the Stevens Dynasty...weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty Four pounds...BO! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVENS!

DDK:

Bo Steevens making his way to the ring. Lance we saw , just like many of you at home, what happened after we went off the air two weeks ago with Jay Harvey and Gage Blackwood.

Lance:

Now for the record... we don't know if that was in fact Gage Blackwood who was behind the wheel. Let's take you to the footage...

We roll the UNCUT footage the two are referring to of Harvey nearly escaping being struck by a high speeding vehicle.

DDK:

You are right, Lance. We aren't certain who really was behind the wheel but we have found it out that it was in fact the rental car in the name of Gage Blackwood that was involved in the incident.

Lance:

These two are taking things to another level. We have seen Gage Blackwood almost cracking at the seams in the past few weeks.

Bo mouths off to a few fans in the front row before climbing into the ring. He sheds his white vest and tosses it to his uncle.

♪ Bullet Holes - Bush ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Wrestle-Plex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is all business here. I do not want to be Bo Stevens.

DDK:

Harvey hasn't been able to find Gage Blackwood... Bo might be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarrveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. He holds his right arm into the air. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner.

DDK:

Bo Stevens not waiting for the bell!

DING! DING!

Bo Stevens goes on the offensive and lays into Jay Harvey causing Hector Navarro to rush the bell. He gets into Bo's ear about the early attack which goes in one ear and out the other of Stevens. Bo lands an onslaught of forearms to Harvey's back, causing Jay to evade. Stevens is on him like white on a paper plate.

Bo gets Harvey into the corner and continues his assault. Stevens lands a series of wild swinging fists to Harvey midsection. Harvey is trying to cover up as best he can. Stevens grabs Harvey by the back of the head and lands a devastating Jawbreaker that rocks Harvey back into the turnbuckles.

Harvey has no time to think about defense as Stevens is back on him. Stevens lands more wild fists but Harvey grabs Bo and tosses him into the corner! Harvey's had enough and is on the attack just working open handed fists into the gut of Bo Stevens. The crowd is behind Harvey as he now switches it up to elbow shots to the side of Bo's head.

DDK:

Harvey like a man possessed!

Hector Navarro starts a Five Count for Harvey to get Bo out of the corner. Harvey Irish Whips Stevens across the ring to the adjacent ring post and Stevens slams chest first into the buckles! Stevens is down and the crowd is loving the action!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is on the move. Man, I think the impact just knocked Bo out!

Lance:

Bo Stevens going full steam into the corner... you might be right, Darren!

Uncle Cary yells for Bo to get back to his feet as Harvey stalks after Stevens. Harvey grabs at Bo pulling him to his feet. Harvey is a man on a mission and looking to make quick work of Bo.

Stevens snaps an elbow strike right to Harvey's jaw giving him some separation. Stevens leaps and bounces off the middle rope and comes back with a Bo-Dazzled Discus Lariat! Harvey is down and Stevens is once again in control.

Stevens is just brutalizing the downed Harvey with boot stomps. Harvey is trying his best to deflect the shots but Stevens isn't letting up. Stevens drops to the mat and lands vicious closed fists to the top of Harvey's head. Referee Hector Navarro is giving Stevens a Five Count. Bo takes it the distance and gets off his opponent.

DDK:

Bo Stevens is really taking it to Jay Harvey here!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is again being assaulted by Stevens!

Bo is back on top of Harvey and lands another series of fists before Hector Navarro is back at with another Five Count. Stevens soon gets into the face of Referee Navarro and Hector isn't backing down, getting a roar from The Faithful.

The crowd is hoping for the tides to turn once again in Harvey's favor but until then Stevens is on the attack. Bo pulls at Harvey trying to get him vertical. Bo lands a few stiff shots on Harvey's back. Bo then is attempting a German Suplex but it's blocked! Harvey is the smoothest transition you will see, takes Stevens' back and hits a beautiful Snap Release Dragon Suplex!

Harvey and Stevens are both back up! Stevens swings wildly but Harvey ducks and catches Stevens with a Neckbreaker! The crowd is on their feet! They can feel the end coming for Bo Stevens. Harvey is waiting for his moment. Uncle Cary puts his hands over his eyes cuz he know what is coming next.

DDK:

We've seen this before, Lance. Harvey is waiting to give Bo a Wake Up Call!

Lance:

Harvey is looking to put an end to this one right here.

Bo Stevens is on all fours, Harvey is waiting for Bo to get exactly where he wants him. Harvey shoots off the ropes and connects his right knee with the temple of Bo Stevens! Harvey quickly goes for the cover and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by Pin Fall... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeeeey!

Lance:

Jay Harvey victorious after connecting with that devastating Knee Strike. I think Bo lost a tooth!

DDK:

Jay Harvey continues his winning ways since his return to DEFIANCE.

The crowd is roaring! A quick roll of the highlights of the match hit your screen before we return to live action where Jay Harvey is calling for a microphone.

DDK:

Jay Harvey with a decisive win here tonight.

Bo Stevens is seen walking to the back with Uncle Cary yelling in a fit of rage at his nephew.

Lance:

Bo tried getting to Harvey before the bell but Harvey just wasn't going to be denied.

Harvey finally gets a microphone as the cheers die down.

LIKE A MAN!

Jay Harvey: *[abored speech]*

Blackwood! The running... the games... it stops... NOW!

The crowd is roaring again.

Jay Harvey:

You want a piece of me?! You want to settle things?! Do it in the ring... like a man!

The crowd is behind Harvey. Cameras cut to fans around the Wrestle-Plex before returning back to Harvey pacing the ring.

Jay Harvey:

Any other time... I'd almost be flattered to have someone want to run me over! You just turned things to Eleven! Come out here! Come on! Get in your little car and drive out here and face me!

Blackwood emerges from the entrance. He sports a "So-HeR LiT" t shirt and black jeans. Mic in hand, he takes a moment to let the jeers roll past him and then a smirk crosses his face.

Gage Blackwood:

I don't know what the hell you're talking about, you stupid bloke. I didn't try to run you over. In Scotland, we drive on the *correct* side of the road. I just got... confused.

DDK:

Please. As if *that's* the excuse.

Although seemingly calm, cool and collected, as The Faithful continue to heckle him and seeing Harvey in the ring, the SOHER rambles on but slowly unravels more and more, to the point where some of his sentences don't make a lot of sense.

Gage Blackwood:

I am not giving you anything. I am not giving you nothing. I am not letting you near me and this championship. I am not even going to acknowledge you anymore. I am not going to-

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"HARVEY BEAT YOU!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

He pauses and looks into the crowd.

Gage Blackwood:

SHUT UP. That idiot over there didn't beat me. I mean, okay, he DID beat me but he could never do it again. I wasn't half the man I am now when he beat me the first time. And then four weeks ago... I WASN'T EVEN READY FOR THE FIGHT. Jay Harvey, I hate you. You're the scum of the earth. You come back here to the world I worked so hard to build, with your boring persona and tough-guy attitude.

As the champion continues to ramble, the camera moves to Jay Harvey who seems to be enjoying himself. He leans against the ropes, a smile on his face, watching as Blackwood's confidence continues to dwindle.

DDK:

I haven't seen Gage this rattled, ever!

Harvey puts his hand up to stop the ranting and raving of Gage Blackwood.

Jay Harvey:

Throw as much shade as you'd like. Hate me all you want. I'm a man who is into facts... and fact is I've bested you not once but twice! You know if that title you wear around your waist was up for grabs, you'd be looking at the TWO TIME Southern Heritage Champion!

The crowd roars but Harvey is quick to cut them off.

Jay Harvey:

You always say you are the leader, you are the best here... put the title on the line at ACTS OF DEFIANCE! Show these people that you are a fighting champion! You want me to shut my mouth?! You want these people to respect you?! You know what you have to do!

The crowd is all cheers and it's getting to Blackwood. He looks like a crazed man atop the entrance ramp.

Gage Blackwood:

You are nothing. I am everything. I AM DEFIANCE. When the DEFtv signature runs at the end of every show saying: THIS. IS. DEFIANCE. It should read GAGE. **IS.** DEFIANCE. Do you have your name on a signature? NO. You do not. So you want to take this from me, huh? The Southern Heritage Championship!? FINE. Go ahead and try. You. Me. ACTS. SOHER on the line. I will beat you once and for all!

DDK:

Did he just talk himself into the match?

Lance:

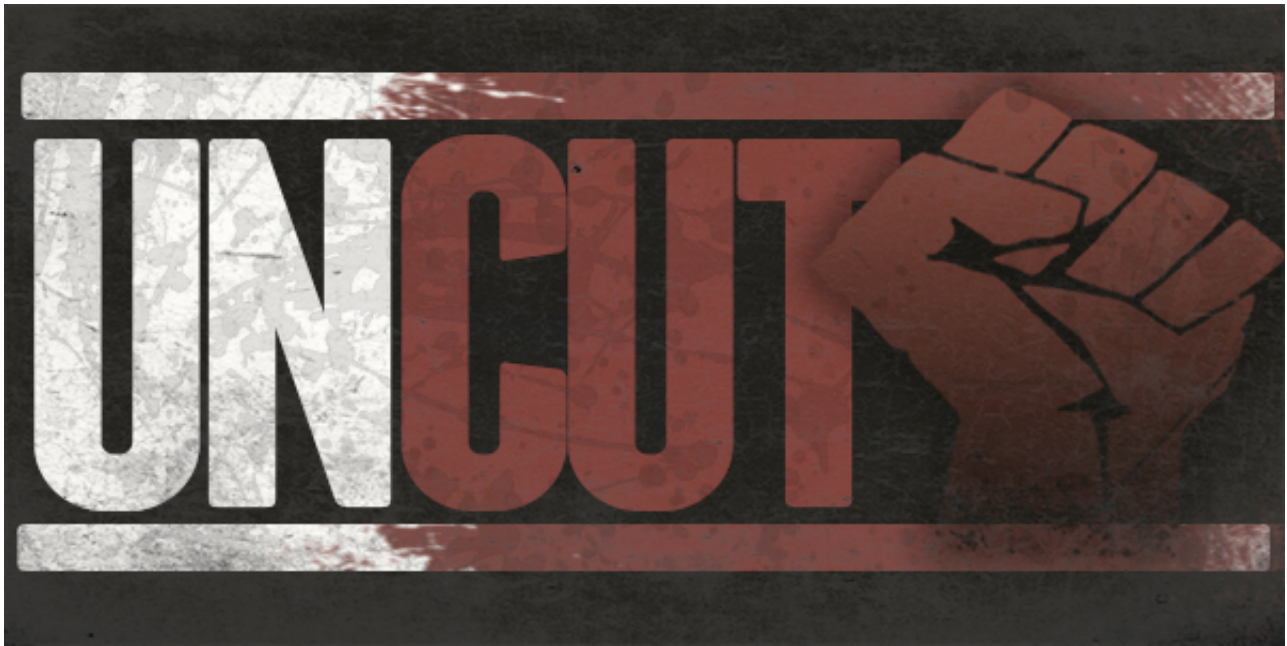
I think so!

The Faithful are on fire!

Jay Harvey:

Just know this, Gage... at ACTS, I'm going to kick your ass up and down every inch of this arena! You won't be able to hide! Not from me, not from The Faithful! I'm going to beat you within an inch of your life... and become the NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

Harvey's music hits as Blackwood holds the Southern Heritage title high up into the air. Harvey has his eyes locked on Gage and the title. The crowd is going nuts as the bombshell announcement has been made. The Southern Heritage title will be up for grabs at ACTS of DEFIANCE. We move between shots of Blackwood and Harvey before cutting out and going to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

"BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys ♪

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!" cries the lead singer of The Dropkick Murphys. "Black Out" Pat Cassidy emerges from the back, walking to the ring with a purpose and taking swigs from the bottle of water in his hand.

DDK:

Here comes "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, a newcomer here in DEFIANCE who is already starting to make some waves.

Lance:

We saw the catalyst for this next match last week on Uncut. Cassidy and BRAZEN's Kazuo Akamatsu had a confrontation in a local bar and they're going to settle it right here.

DDK:

We saw what really sets Cassidy off - you don't spit in a man's beer.

Lance:

I heard that particular establishment banned Cassidy for life and he's none too pleased.

Cassidy enters the ring and tosses his water bottle off to the side, out of sight. He unzips his green sleeveless hoodie and hands it to a ringside aid. As the Dropkick Murphys begin to fade out, Cassidy leans on the ropes closest to the entrance way, waiting for his opponent.

Darren Quimby

The following contest is set for one fall! Already in the ring, from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 242 lbs..."Black Out" Pat Cassssssidy!

When his name is announced, Cassidy throws one hand into the air, and receives a moderate round of cheers from the fans in attendance.

♪ Iron Man (instrumental) by Black Sabbath ♪

Kazuo Akamatsu appears on the entrance way, his gaze locked on Cassidy in the ring.

Darrn Quimby

And his opponent, from Osaka, Japan...

Quimby doesn't get to finish his introduction of Kazuo, though, because Cassidy quickly sprints out of the ring and rushes the Japanese wrestler! Cassidy and Kazuo begin to brawl wildly!

DDK:

This match hasn't even started, but they're picking up right where they left off on Uncut!

While throwing flurries of punches at each other's heads, Cassidy and Kazuo make their way down the ramp and toward the ring. With the fans around them cheering on this wild start to the match, Cassidy blocks one of Kazuo's punches, grabs him by the back of the head, and sends him face-first into the nearby ring steps. Kazuo is stunned, and Cassidy rolls him into the ring.

DING DING

Lance

And now we're officially underway!

Inside the ring, the heated brawl continues with Cassidy unloading on Kazuo with right hands. Cassidy shoots Kazuo into the ropes and meets him in the center of the ring with a kitchen sink knee to the gut! Kazuo flips forward onto his

ass, and Cassidy charges with a head of steam, sending a stiff kick into Kazuo's lower back. Cassidy finishes the assault with missile-like forearm dropped right into Kazuo's face! With Kazuo downed, Cassidy covers!

ONE!

TWO - KICKOUT!

Although Kazuo kicked out, he's still disoriented from Cassidy's aggressive offense. He uses the ropes to pull himself back up, but Cassidy is right there to meet him with a clothesline that sends him over the ropes and out onto the floor!

DDK:

Cassidy is showing a seriously aggressive side here.

Lance:

I think Kazuo might be regretting not taking that drink right about now.

As the ref begins a count, Kazuo gets to his feet and takes full advantage of the ten count to regain his senses and regroup. Cassidy paces impatiently in the ring, egging Kazuo on to get back in and continue to fight.

Finally, Kazuo enters the ring, and motions to Cassidy that he wants to lock-up. Cassidy shakes his head yes, seemingly fine with switching from brawling to wrestling. The two men circle each other, sizing each other up, and then lockup in the middle of the ring! Kazuo quickly wrenches Cassidy's arm into a hammerlock, which Cassidy reverses into a headlock. Kazuo whips Cassidy off the ropes and tries to catch him on the rebound with an armdrag, but Cassidy blocks the armdrag attempt and grabs Kazuo's other arm bringing him down in a backslide pin!

ONE!

TWO - KICKOUT!

Kazuo escapes the pin attempt and regroups in a corner opposite Cassidy. Cassidy is all smiles - he's shown him that he can brawl AND that he can wrestle and doesn't seem afraid of Kazuo. Cassidy makes the "bring it" motion, and Kazuo sneers, again motioning for another lockup. Cassidy moves toward him and obliges - but Kazuo uses his quickness to land a lighting-quick eye poke!

DDK:

Kazuo managed to keep that dirty tactic out of the referee's line of sight.

With Cassidy holding his eyes, Kazuo springs into action. He forces Cassidy into a corner, and begins to unload with a series of brutal knife-edge chops right into Cassidy's chest! One chop! Two chops! Three chops! Cassidy falls to his knees, but Kazuo brings him right back up for a fourth chop! Five chops! Six chops! Kazuo allows Cassidy to fall face-first into the ring, holding his now red and raw chest. Kazuo circles his prey with bad intentions.

Lance:

Welcome to the big leagues, Black Out. Cassidy needs to realize not every opponent is going to be Richie Dunson!

Kazuo lifts Cassidy to his feet and drops him with a high angle Backdrop Suplex. Kazuo immediately moves in for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR - KICKOUT!

Kazuo is relentless. He stands up and measures Cassidy. As Cassidy attempts to rise, Kazuo kicks him square in his

already raw chest. Cassidy crumples, and Kazuo continues to circle Cassidy's downed form. The crowd, who seem to have taken to Pat Cassidy, are not fond of this turn of events, but Kazuo does not care one bit. He approaches the rising Black Out from behind and locks in a chinlock, wearing the young wrestler down even more.

DDK:

Kazuo is not endearing himself to The Faithful, but he's been successful in stopping Cassidy's earlier momentum.

With the crowd cheering him on, Cassidy guts it out and is able to power up and OUT of Kazuo's chinlock. Cassidy tries to mount a comeback with some punches to Kazuo's face, but Kazuo comes back with another brutal chop to his injured chest and Cassidy immediately crumples down to the mat!

Kazuo lifts Cassidy to his feet, throwing him into the corner. Sneering mercilessly, he AGAIN nails Cassidy with an unforgiving chop to the chest! Cassidy, holding his chest and yelling out in pain, stumbles out of the corner and falls down into the center of the ring. Pat Cassidy is in a bad way.

Lance:

Here it is. He can drink and sing and be as charming as he wants, but now we find out what this kid is made of.

Kazuo again lifts Cassidy to his feet, and disrespectfully slaps him across the face! Sensing the end is near, he sends Cassidy into the ropes and rebounds himself to put the Boston native down with a clothesline - but Cassidy ducks! The two men continue their momentum, bounce off opposite sides of the ring, and meet again in the center - but this time it's Cassidy on offense as he hits Kazuo with a spear-like takedown! Cassidy is on top of Kazuo and begins to unload with right hands as the crowd voices their approval.

DDK:

Still some fight in "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

Cassidy is up now and hooks Kazuo for The Irish Goodbye - but Kazuo elbows his way out and puts Cassidy down again with a final unforgiving chop to the chest! Cassidy falls onto his back, and Kazuo grins a wide and evil grin - but that switches to a look of pure shock when Cassidy suddenly springs back to his feet! Cassidy is *pissed*! That pale irish face has become as red as his chest. In a reversal of roles, Cassidy begins to unload with a series of brutal chops of his own on Kazuo!!

DDK:

The Faithful come alive as Cassidy fires up! I don't know where this burst of energy came from, but he's giving Kazuo a taste of his own medicine.

Two chops!! Three!! Four!! Five!! Kazuo is forced back into the corner. Six!! Seven!! Eight!! Kazuo falls to his knees!! Cassidy lifts him back up and hits a ninth and tenth chop to the Japanese man's chest. Still looking unbelievably pissed off, Cassidy turns Kazuo around, hoists him into the air, and perches him on the top turnbuckle facing outward. Moving slightly gingerly but determined, Cassidy himself climbs up to the top turnbuckle and drops Kazuo down with a BIG top-rope belly-to-back suplex!

Big impact! Both men are down: Kazuo was rocked by the top rope suplex, and Cassidy is spent from his sudden comeback. Brian Slater begins a ten count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Both men are beginning to stir.

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Both men are to their knees.

SEVEN!

Both men are up! They meet face to face in the center of the ring and we come full circle in this match as they trade punches back and forth! Cassidy! Kazuo! Cassidy! Kazuo! Cassidy! Kazuo!

Kazuo breaks the back-and-forth with a kick to Black Out's stomach. He hooks Cassidy for a powerbomb - but Cassidy backdrops his way out of that! Kazuo hits the mat, but recovers immediately and bounces back up and turns around - but he turns right into Cassidy's Irish Goodbye!!! Kazuo's head bounces brutally off the mat as Cassidy hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimby:

Your winner via pinfall: "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

Cassidy rolls off Kazuo, trying to catch his breath, running his fingers through his hair, and gingerly touching his own still very raw chest area.

DDK:

I think we learned two things about Pat Cassidy here tonight: he can take a butt kicking and his Irish Goodbye maneuver can come out of nowhere.

Lance:

Another big win for the rookie. These guys did not hold back.

Cassidy climbs to his feet and raises his arm high to a pop from The Faithful. He notices Kazuo, who is beginning to collect himself and stir on the mat. Cassidy walks over to Kazuo, staring daggers into him.

DDK:

Uh-oh. This might not be over yet...

Kazuo slowly pulls himself to his feet and notices Cassidy staring him down. Slowly, Cassidy extends his hand for a handshake! Kazuo eyes the hand suspiciously for a moment - but takes it! This time, he accepts Cassidy's olive branch after a hard fought battle. The men shake and shoot each other a nod of respect and nothing more. Kazuo exits the ring and heads to the back as Cassidy climbs to the top-rope to soak in some more cheers from the crowd.

MAGIC: THE GATHERING

The scene is near the exit of the WrestlePlex where Conor Fuse leans against a wall and The Game Boy is right beside him.

Conor Fuse:

Just stupidity. I didn't even hit Madagascar when we took The Defcon down but it seemed like she bumped her head somewhere in-between then and now! Silly girl! Spouting out pure insanity, let me tell you. Those weren't even cheat codes. It sounded like some Bob Dylan song.

The Game Boy says nothing but Conor hits him on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, I know. They originally spoiled my announcement but I haven't forgotten. I will make the announcement on *UNCUT*, instead. *CONOR DIRECT* on *UNCUT*. Brilliant! She threw me for a loop. Anyway, man, I'm thirsty. Thirsty, thirsty. Would you mind getting me some Kool-Aid? I think I left it in my locker room.

The Game Boy nods and walks away.

He probably should have checked behind Conor first. A moment after The Game Boy disappears, the *KLANG* of a chair echoes through the exit area before the *THUNK* of Conor's body collapsing on the concrete floor. Holding the chair, The Deacon stares down at the former tag champ and beside him, Magdalena stands, taking the back of her hand and knocking it against the dented steel.

DDK:

HE *IS* BACK!

Magdalena:

No cheat codes or magic, Conor. Just a reminder to you and your stooge... we'll see you at *ACTS* of *DEFIANCE*.

TRASHCAN TIM & MATT LaCROIX vs. ALVARO de VARGAS & BLACK PANDA

DDK:

Ready for our next match, partner? We've got four talented rising stars that certainly have bad blood between them. Black Panda and Matt LaCroix have history between them while BRAZEN star Alvaro de Vargas has been turning heads, especially at the expense of Trashcan Tim, the man he recently scammed into getting matches on TV.

Lance:

Truly. We saw Alvaro befriend Trashcan Tim when it meant getting a spot on TV, then kick him to the curb just as fast! Meanwhile, Black Panda's history with Matt LaCroix goes back to their time in Japan and now Black Panda wants to settle a grudge against LaCroix once and for all.

DDK:

Before Trashcan Tim and Alvaro de Vargas and LaCroix and Panda each fight at Acts of DEFIANCE, they meet tonight in tag team action! Tim and LaCroix against Panda and ADV next!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 272 pounds... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair is the massive Cuban-American standout... and a microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hello once again, DEFIANCE! ¡Hola otra vez! Soy la futura leyenda de DEFIANCE and the bringer of pain... portador de dolor for Trash Ass Jimmy!

DDK:

Trashcan Tim!

He continues his slow pace and shows off his taped left thumb.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tonight... despite suffering this CRIPPLING injury by breaking this thumb busting that pendejo, Titus Campbell, upside his bald-ass head two weeks ago... myself y Black Panda are gonna DESTROY that drunken swamp rat Matt Sparkling Water and that fat gas station employee Trash Panda Tommy. Battle of the Pandas! Then at Actos de Desafío, I'M gonna be the real star! I'll FINALLY be out of that agujero de mierda rezumante BRAZEN! I'll...

♪ "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus ♪

ADV snaps his head around, not happy with the interruption.

DDK:

I think Black Panda has heard enough!

As the lights flicker on the beat, the Black Bastard Prince stands on the stage adjusting his silver panda skull mask. He stops to stare at ADV before making his way to the ring.

Lance:

Last week, we saw Black Panda destroy Sam Day in brazen, pardon the pun, fashion.

DDK:

It was a brutal attack inside two Bell tolls, Lance, and one can only assume he's got a score to settle tonight with LaCroix.

Black Panda stops to bow to the ring before he leaps up onto the apron and stalks around the edge, around the corner and stops to stare out at the Faithful.

DDK:

I really don't think Panda is one to play well with others.

Lance:

Well, DDK, I doubt Black Panda will see teaming with ADV as being an opportunity to restore that honour he talks so boldly about.

Stepping through the ropes, Black Panda drops to his knees with his back to the centre of the ring, as if in meditation before the contest begins when the music changes.

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Next, from Merigold, Mississippi, weighing in at three-hundred five pounds... TRASHCAN TIM!!!

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

Lights Out.

♪ "Scenotaph (DJA Infected Remix) by Emanuel ♪

Smoke engulfs the stage area and is ignited by red lighting. Inside the smoke a silhouette of a man rises from a kneeling position with his back to the ring. He turns around and steps through the smoke, pulling his hood off of his head and revealing the focused face of Matthew LaCroix.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighting in at 242 pounds, "Southern Strong Style" MATT LAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIXXXX!

The Faithful reach out to slap hands with the hometown star as he makes his way down the aisle.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is ready to get his hands on Black Panda after last week... and probably ready to get his hands on ADV after earlier tonight.

Lance:

Since his return to professional wrestling, Matt has heard endless shots about his past addictions. While I'm not so certain that would normally get to him, the way Black Panda has been working him up probably hurts the situation.

DDK:

You have to think he's ready to start this match and wants a piece of Black Panda early!

Matt LaCroix joins Trashcan Tim in the ring and they stare across the ring at their opponents. They share a few words back and forth, drowned out by the music as it ends. Words results in a first bump and they seem to have an agreement.

DDK:

Here we go. Looks like ADV wants in there first.

Alvaro de Vargas wants in the ring first and Black Panda stands quietly on the ring apron, not taking his eyes off Matt LaCroix on the other side. Trashcan Tim wants in and Matt lets him have the spot graciously while also staring a hole right back at Black Panda. The bell rings...

DING DING!

...and ADV tags Black Panda and climbs back out. Tim throws his hands up in the air while Black Panda looks annoyed.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**Lance:**

And already, the young BRAZEN star is making enemies left and right. I don't think Black Panda was expecting that.

DDK:

But unlike ADV, he's not shying away from Trashcan Tim. Both of these men are heavy hitters in different ways! Trashcan Tim is more of a scrappy powerhouse while Black Panda has a lot of that strong style influence.

ADV gives Black Panda a thumbs up. He largely ignores de Vargas and then stands across from the big brawler. The two big bulls lock up while Alvaro cheers on Black Panda from the corner. They quickly try and press the advantage around the ring with Tim being able to hold his own against the Next Gen Kaiju. They fight amongst the ropes when Tim has Black Panda up against the ropes. Carla Ferrari tells Tim to let go and he does, but Panda aggressively comes at him with a big shoulder that doesn't knock Tim down, but he does stumble.

Panda hits the ropes again and hits another shoulder, but Trashcan Tim bounces back to ropes only to come back and hit Panda. The Next Gen Kaiju goes into the ropes and comes back with yet another shoulder, but once again Trashcan Tim stands his ground. Both men try the same thing and come off for dueling shoulders, smacking into one another. They both stumble, but Trashcan Tim recovers just a tad faster and then RUNS Panda over with another Shoulder Block!

DDK:

Wow, what an exchange! The Faithful are now behind Tim!

The crowd cheers on Trashcan Tim as Black Panda tries to get him back to his feet, then takes him down with a Knee Lift. The blow rocks Black Panda and gives Trashcan Tim the chance to hit a Standing Elbow Drop followed by a cover.

ONE... NO!**Lance:**

Black Panda kicks out!

DDK:

And I think LaCroix doesn't want him to have all the fun.

LaCroix reaches a handout and Trashcan Tim brings him to the corner. The crowd cheers even harder as Matt tags in and the man called Southern Strong Style takes the fight to Black Panda quickly with a STIFF pair of Knife-Edge Chops! He shakes the feeling from his hand and then hits a pair of European Uppercuts that rock the Next Gen Kaiju. Matt leads him to the ropes, but Black Panda reverses and tries to catch Matt with a slam. He slides out the back and when Panda turns him around, Matt goes for the leg.

DDK:

Peacemaker! Peacemaker!

Lance:

And Panda gets the ropes!

ADV is watching the action unfold while Matt reluctantly lets go of the hold. He stands his ground and dares the angry powerhouse to try his luck again. Panda doesn't back down and when Matt tries to shoot at the leg, Black Panda kicks up the aggression and goes right for him with hard Clubbing Blows to the back, then takes him over with a big Vertical Suplex Slam!

DDK:

That strength of Panda just let him take over! And now... oh, lord...

NOW ADV decides he wants the tag and tags himself in after Panda lands the slam. ADV tells him "Buen Trabajo" and then stands over a beaten Matt.

Lance:

And now he's all over LaCroix with those big right hands! We've seen how nasty de Vargas can be in that ring, but he hides it behind this bravado and that smile.

DDK:

He's not hiding anything right now! He has Matt... Cuban Missile!

He CHUCKS LaCroix into the ropes with a Throwing Snake Eyes! He crumbles against the buckle and ADV hurries over for a cover, but before he can, Black Panda tags himself in now.

Black Panda:

He's mine.

De Vargas growls, but it's a perfectly cromulent tag, so he has to go back to the corner per Carla.

DDK:

De Vargas and Black Panda don't seem to be getting along too well, but that hasn't stopped them from putting LaCroix in a bad spot.

Lance:

No, it hasn't... look! Matt's fighting back!

The Ace of Spades has the crowd roaring again when he comes at Black Panda with Chops and Forearm Smashes, but when he leaves himself open for a whip, Panda CRACKS him with an extra hard Elbow Smash that has some oomph to it! He goes stumbling back and then gets caught with a Sidewalk Slam! Not done, Panda follows THAT up with a Standing Senton! The fans cringe from the impact and LaCroix's family watching in the audience gasp. Black Panda looks over their way and grins then hooks a leg.

DDK:

What a vicious combo right there! That might do it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

LaCroix's shoulder inches off the mat, but Black Panda senses he has LaCroix where he wants him. He picks him up again and then drills him with another Forearm Smash. He hoists him up and then makes sure that LaCroix's family in

attendance can see what he's doing to their boy, then dumps him with a big Fallaway Slam! LaCroix goes bouncing off the mat, but Black Panda slowly measures him and then delivers a Double Foot Stomp! LaCroix is in a bad way now!

DDK:

Black Panda is working over that midsection! Trashcan Tim is watching and wants a tag while ADV seems to be just having a ball over there.

Lance:

He'll fight when he wants to. Black Panda is hell bent on proving that he can live up to his family's legacy in Japan. He wants to BEAT Matt LaCroix.

He tries again with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

LaCroix is in a bad position but still tries to fight while the fans cheer him on. Trashcan Tim is on the corner and the Man from Merigold watches his partner. ADV is cheering on Panda while nursing his taped thumb and seems to enjoy The Next Gen Kaiju putting a beating on Matt.

DDK:

I think Panda is gonna wrap this one up...

Lance:

He's calling this Retrovertigo, that Press Slam leading to that kick.

LaCroix looks hurt, but when Panda tries the Press Slam, Southern Strong Style slips out and hits a desperation Chop Block on the knee! LaCroix clutches his ribs in pain, but when he sees an opening, he takes it...

DDK:

DIS! Destruction in Spades! He hits the desperation Shining Wizard, but he's too hurt to follow up.

Indeed, he's clutching his midsection after the beating from Black Panda and ADV. Meanwhile, Trashcan Tim has an outstretched hand for the tag. Black Panda is staring up and turns to his corner out of instinct while Tim is finally ready for the tag. The crowd cheers as LaCroix heads to the corner to make the tag...

Lance:

Trashcan Tim is in! And he's gunning right for de Vargas!

The Cocky Cuban and man from Merigold meet in the middle and trade blows with one another. They continue flying and the crowd cheers on the brawl until it's ADV getting the advantage by blocking a shot and then BITING him on the forehead. Tim flinches and grabs his head while ADV slaps his leg. He runs the ropes and comes back with his signature Running Big Boot, but doesn't connect. Trashcan Tim keeps running, then comes back with a HUGE Flying Shoulder Tackle that doesn't miss!

The crowd is cheering on the big brawler as he stands up and then GRABS de Vargas over his shoulder! He carries him and rams the tall Cuban-American into the corner and then throws a few big body shots before backing off and then cracking him with a huge Body Avalanche! De Vargas is hurt, but it gets worse when De Vargas pulls him out of the corner and wallops him with a Short-Arm Clothesline. Tim has the crowd going when he picks de Vargas up again and then hoists him up into a HUGE One Armed Spinebuster! After he hits the big move, he drops down for a lateral press!

DDK:

Tim is getting his pound of flesh from that turncoat de Vargas!

*ONE!**TWO!**SAVED BY BLACK PANDA!***Lance:**

Black Panda just saved the match! I think more for himself getting to Matt LaCroix than anything else!

Black Panda wails away on Tim with a bevvy of blows, but the Orleans Outsider makes his return and knocks Panda back with a kick to the face followed by a Cactus Clothesline sending both men to the floor! The two men both roll out and Matt continues trying to take the fight to the big man, but Panda blocks a shot. He grabs LaCroix and HURLS him into the audience right into his family at ringside!

DDK:

Ugh, no! Black Panda just threw Matt LaCroix not only into our audience, but right into his family sitting front row! That was classless!

The crowd jeers and Panda has a smile. While back inside, Trashcan Tim continues wailing away on Alvaro. He has him hoisted...

Lance:

Trash Compactor coming up?

He does try, but ADV clings on to the nearby top rope for dear life. He continues pulling until he lets go, almost bumping into Carla! Trashcan Tim stops himself but when he turns around, ADV JABS the taped thumb into his throat! Tim suddenly doubles over in pain clutching his throat while ADV rolls him up! Carla never sees the shot and goes low for the pinfall.

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!*

Boos erupt from the fans while Alvaro de Vargas looks happy with himself!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **BLACK PANDA AND ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

De Vargas grabs his thumb in "pain" and continues shaking it as he rolls out of the ring, grinning like an asshole. Carla raises his hand and the smile can't be wiped from his face while Black Panda looks satisfied to a degree, coming out on top tonight.

DDK:

That thumb to the throat! Does he have something in that tape? He must! Tim is still holding his throat!

Lance:

I hate to say this and give ADV any sort of credit for anything, but he just scored an upset we don't see every day. A BRAZEN roster member just defeated a member of the DEFIANCE roster! If he can do that again at Acts of DEFIANCE, he may very well prove his point.

Black Panda starts to walk off while Matt LaCroix is growling one way and checking on his family in the other. Meanwhile, Tim is still holding his throat coughing while ADV raises his taped thumb from on top of the ramp, smiling like an asshole.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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RETURN TO DEFIANCE 45:00-50:00

After the encounter with the Stevens Dynasty, the siblings who just cannot seem to catch a break, as it appears a team called The Sky High Titans now have their Tag Team Championships. The only positive they have going for them is taking back their Funhouse from Heavy Artillery. With no way to return to the past, they now continue their mission to find Clucky, and have a word with these Sky High Titans!

Jestal:

The nerve of those guys, how could they lose our Blondies like that. I tell you, you can't trust your possessions to be safeguarded by anyone these days.

Dandelion motions a bit as the siblings continue down the corridor.

Jestal:

Yea then those devious Fuse Bros, one seems to be a dick with a girl from a video game, the other must of been hit on the head too much Conor is a nutcase.

Dandelion waves her hands in the air.

Jestal:

I am not a nutcase, I am just misunderstood!

The two continue to talk to each other not really paying attention to where they are walking.

BAM!

Jestal falls on the floor and Dandelion catches her footing.

Jestal:

HEY! Watch where your goi....

As Jestal turns around as he stands up he comes face to face with Max Luck's.....manhood! The jester slowly looks up at Max then over to Mason. In a hysterical fashion.

Jestal:

KAIJU!!!KAIJU!!! They are going to destroy the WRESTLEPLEX RUN!!!

Jestal crashes through furniture and crates in the background as he runs out of picture Dandelion watches him making a mess behind her. She looks back at the twins and waves at them with a smile. Max is unsure of how to react to the strange twosome and Mason is rolling his eyes and mouthing "oh God more crazy people."

Mason Luck:

Hey Max, remember when Pops always told us wrestling was a circus? I now understand what he meant.

But Max is ignoring his brother and looking down at the girl.

Max Luck:

Oh ... Hello there little lady.

She closes her eyes in an anime style smile toward Max. Mason points behind her toward Jestal who is barely heard as he crashes through everything shouting KAIJU.

Mason Luck:

Hey ... I'm going to ask you a sentence I never thought I would but after all we've been through with the Pop Culture

Phenoms ... is the tiny clown going to be alright?

Dandelion looks back at where Jestal ran off then back at the twins. She shrugs her shoulders at them.

Max Luck:

So what's your name? I don't think we have seen you two around before.

Dandelion motions with her hands the brothers look at each other not understanding sign.

Mason Luck:

We don't understand. Sorry.

Dandelion puts her hand over her chin trying to figure out how to communicate to them. She comes up with an idea she makes a sign for a phone.

Max Luck:

Phone?

She nods quickly and then points at Max.

Mason Luck:

I think she wants to know if we have a phone.

Max Luck:

Yea I ha..

As he goes to pull it out Dandelion snatches it from him quickly!

Max Luck:

HEY!

Mason Luck:

That's why you just don't hold out stuff! Because of weird clowns and ... I don't know probably a quiet girl that can kill you in your sleep can take your stuff.

She clicks a bunch of buttons on the phone and then turns it around to show a picture of a Dandelion. She then points at the picture and then to her.

Mason Luck:

Your name is Dandelion?

She nods quickly with a smile.

Mason Luck:

Lovely name, but of course your name is Dandelion.

Max Luck:

Then who was the clown?

She looks stumped, as she blows a puff of smoke upward blowing her blonde bangs up. In what looks like she is changing the subject she points to Max's knee with a brace on it.

Max Luck:

Oh, this the PCP are responsible for this. We plan to make them pay for it too.

Just mentioning the PCP Dandelion seems happy.

Mason Luck:

Not exactly the response we thought we get from you Dandelion.

She jumps for joy a bit, which really does not sit very well with the twins.

Max Luck:

So you approve of this cheap shot?

Dandelion stops jumping for joy and looks back at his knee and shakes her head now completely distraught.

Mason Luck:

Make up your mind woman?

She suddenly perks up when she notices something behind the twins she quickly pushes her way between them.

Mason Luck:

What is the deal?

The twins turn slightly to the right. Dandelion is in front of a vendor selling snow cones for the show.

Vendor:

I am sorry young lady they cost \$3.00 a cone.

Dandelion pats her jeans and is distraught, she has no money on her. Max hands some dollar bills to the vendor. Dandy looks on as the bills are handed through the sky high above her. She snatches the cone and is in utter ecstasy. She turns to the Twins and gives a sign of thank you. She smiles and walks away entranced in her snow cone.

Mason Luck:

Uh, Dandelion your clown friend went the other way.

Dandelion clearly does not care as she is all caught up in her snow cone.

Max Luck:

Strange girl huh bro?

Mason is frowning.

Mason Luck:

Well, at least it's better than the last one. The one that helped get your knee bashed.

Max Luck:

Yeah, thanks for reminding me you tool.

Mason Luck:

Come on we should get ready. I'm going to put Flex Kruger's teeth on the floor and then I'm choosing "win via murdering the Hollywood idiots" as the stipulation.

Max nods and hobbles along behind his brother again when the scene closes out.

STALKER vs. JJ DIXON

Returning to action in the ring, JJ Dixon just made his entrance much to the dismay of the DEFIANCE Faithful, the Brazen talent, one-third of the Southern Bastards is standing in the far side corner of the ring while Darren Quimbey is standing ready in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Already in the ring, he's one-third of the Southern Bastards hailing from Houston, Texas weighing in at two hundred sixteen pounds here's...JJ!!! DIXON!!!

♪ "It's On" by Korn ♪

Unknown entrance music to The Faithful pops on next, a video package on the DEFIATron plays of Jason 'Stalker' Reeves. Brief and to the point the video reel shows the highlights over the past few weeks on repeat as Stalker makes his way down the rampway. Dressed in black wrestling pants and a black t-shirt that reads 'No More False Heroes!' he stares daggers into the wrestling ring as the bald-headed veteran stalks his way to the ring while ignoring The Faithful's boos.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, weighing in at two hundred and thirty-five pounds ... from Seattle, Washington ...
 SSSTALKKKERRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Arriving at the ring Stalker climbs the steps entrance before pausing and pulling off his 'No More False Heroes!' shirt and tossing it into the crowd, his black wife beater matches his wrestling pants as the grizzled veteran steps through the middle ropes. A look in his eyes gives the impression that he's very much studying the ring as he slowly makes his way to the opposite corner of Dixon, ignoring the reaction of the crowd Stalker nonchalantly takes a seat against the bottom turnbuckle while keeping his eyes on Dixon as referee Benny Doyle gives out the match instructions.

DDK:

We've seen quite a bit of Stalker and what he is capable of since arriving in DEFIANCE seemingly summoned by Tyler Fuse!

JJ Dixon settles into the opposite corner that Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is sitting down in, Doyle rings the bell and Stalker deftly stands up to a chorus of boos from the Faithful.

DDK:

It bears mentioning, Dixon was scheduled to face Scott Douglas on tonight's card. We learned earlier today that Douglas' injuries, suffered at the hands of Stalker and Tyler Fuse two weeks ago, would preclude him from competition for the time being.

Lance:

That has to be playing on the mind of JJ Dixon, who was prepared to face Scott and get the Stalker substitution at the last minute!

DDK:

I would have to agree, Lance. Dixon seems a little bit offset by his new opponent. However, that doesn't seem to stop one-third of the Southern Bastards!

JJ Dixon charges forward to kick things off!

Stalker ducks a quick lariat from the youthful Dixon, stepping backward the slow veteran doesn't engage him, he simply walks backward almost bating him forward.

Lance:

The Faithful has seen what Stalker's capable of, with his brash of attacks against Scott Douglas over the past couple

of DEFtv's, the vague threats made on Uncut and now for his first match here on DEFtv and the veteran wrestler doesn't seem too comfortable in a regular match up.

Commentators are right in a sense as Dixon finally had enough of Stalker's slow backing up, he moved forward and initiated a grapple with the even heightened Stalker, with two knees to the gut, Dixon got a quick advantage by knocking Stalker's wind out.

Dixon uses his speed and agility to yank the veteran Stalker with an Irish whip into the far corner in which he started the match sitting in. Bouncing hard in the corner, Stalker waits, playing possum when Dixon charges, moving swiftly out of the way of Dixon's body splash. The crowd once again booed as Stalker paced away from the younger wrestler almost like he was studying the man's movements.

DDK:

Three weeks of unwarranted attacks against either Scott Douglas or the other half of Seattle's Best Kerry Kuroyama - and this is the type of man he is? Hiding in the ring from a wrestling match?

Lance:

Not entirely sure he's hiding.

Dixon has had enough, missing the body splash took a few seconds to recover from and as he did he went to town on Stalker. Leveling him with a massive lariat that Stalker seemingly just took, Dixon cat called out to the crowd to get some cheers - but the Southern Bastard was still hated among most of The Faithful - even if Stalker was hated more.

Referee Benny Doyle follows Dixon as he picks Stalker up from the mat, dragging him from corner to corner, Dixon gives Jason a pounding. Unwilling to let the older wrestler go, Dixon uses his head as a battering ram into the top turnbuckle on opposite sides of the ring. The second crushing blow into the top turnbuckle was enough to send Stalker flat on his back.

DDK:

And Stalker is down!

The Faithful finally getting a chance to see some wrestling from this bout, Dixon unleashes a flurry of blows into Jason Reeves, foot stomps to his ribcage, forearm, and head cause a bit of a pop from The Faithful but a warning from Benny Doyle to back off after the direct face hit.

Not used to getting a few cheers, the bad guy Dixon flashes a bit of a smile as he picks up Stalker, hooking him up he lifts the hardcore maniac up for a snap suplex, not wanting to let him recover from it, Dixon pulls him back up and hits ANOTHER longer Vertical Suplex that makes Stalker bounce off the mat with the impact.

Lance:

Impressive showing from JJ Dixon here, Darren!

Not through with his handiwork, Dixon was quick to follow that up with bouncing off the ropes for a firm hard-hitting elbow drop across Stalker's throat.

DDK:

Agreed! This may be a turning point for the BRAZEN talent!

Clearly, with the advantage in the ring the younger Dixon now has Stalker set up in the middle of the ring, the beat down of a few moves, has the winded veteran reeling. Whipping him into the corner Stalker collides into the buckles with his back, his legs flailing into the air as the impact devastated him enough to cause him to hit the mat with his butt.

Lance:

JJ Dixon getting some fan support here by outmaneuvering the tormentor of Scott Douglas tonight, at this juncture

won't be surprised at all to see the BRAZEN talent steal the win.

Dixon goes to capitalize on Stalker falling to the mat, Dixon moves in with a quick boot to the chest, followed by another... and ANOTHER! Stalker reacts violently to each kick, his body being bounced around like a rag doll, the effort in his reactions almost seem put on, but Benny Doyle doesn't see his reactions that way. In fact, Dixon's efforts cause another stern warning from the ref when the Southern Bastard starts using the top rope to wedge his boot against Stalker's throat.

DDK:

I think JJ Dixon and Benny Doyle both need to be paying attention to Stalker!

As Dixon pleaded his case and Doyle gave him a final warning about choking, Stalker was using the ropes to pull himself up. Standing in the corner, both arms hugging the top rope, the veteran started to regain his breath. JJ Dixon was quick to notice Stalker's position and opted to stop arguing with Doyle. Running to the opposite corner, Dixon got himself psyched up even through a mixture of boos and then charged... SPEAR... MISSED!!

Lance:

Stalker dodged the spear attempt and it sent Dixon like a flying missile into the turnbuckles. His shoulder collided with the metal!

There was a small gasp from the crowd from that heavy metal dinging impact and even Doyle walked forward to check on him but Stalker was having none of that, he swooped in, pulled his opponent from the ropes, hooked him... RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP out of the corner!

DDK:

Signature move from his Empire Pro Wrestling days, seems he at least remembers how to pull that move off.

Like a predator, Stalker encircled his prey, lifting him off the mat the woozy Dixon tried to shove the veteran back but Jason Reeves wasn't having it... unleashing a flurry of nasty uppercuts, each one causing Dixon to stumble further back in the ring until eventually landing against the ropes.

Using the ropes as leverage, Stalker ran into them, bouncing back with a swift dropkick to the knee. Dixon hits the mat face first with a thud and Stalker uses the momentum from the dropkick to slide outside of the ring. The Faithful start giving him massive shit while he stares at all of them, silently looking for his targeted object Stalker looks under the ring to retrieve a folded steel chair.

Lance:

Unlike the bout between Tyler Fuse and Scott Douglas where Stalker showed up dressed like Codename Reaper, this is NOT a no holds barred match. Weapons are not allowed...

The rules don't seem to be of matter to Stalker as he slides into the ring with the chair in both hands. JJ Dixon had managed to crawl himself over to the corner, pulling himself up slowly as the crowd tried to somewhat get behind the usually hated Southern Bastard. Benny Doyle was watching Stalker closely, warning him as he climbed up the steps, but Jason Reeves wasn't hearing it.

DDK:

We do NOT need this type of lunatic in DEFIANCE, Doyle should just disqualify his ass right now!

Verbal exchanges start happening as Stalker climbs into the ring, chair in hand he wants to get closer to Dixon but Doyle is putting both hands up and asking for the chair. JJ Dixon is still recovering in the corner as Stalker tries to move past Doyle, which he does but not without the referee yanking the chair from Stalker's hands.

Lance:

Looks like Benny is trying to get control of the match here, this is a regularly sanctioned match... weapons are definitely not permissible.

Stalker has his back turned to Dixon and is watching as Doyle takes the chair with a final reminder to Stalker that he can't use it in this match, he turns to place the chair out of the ring, slowly moving to the ropes to drop the chair on the outside of the ring. Dixon FLIES IN with a LARIAT! Stalker ducks it! Dixon spins around to face the veteran and Stalker kicks him swiftly and harshly in the groin. This is done completely behind Doyle's back!

DDK:

I KNEW IT! Shades of ... well, his entire career!

The Faithful erupt in boos as Dixon falls to his knees, hitting the mat with a hard thud, just then Benny's attention is back on the match. Perfect timing for Stalker as he hooked Dixon up... EVENFLOW DDT! Dixon's head popped hard off the mat from the devastating DDT.

DDK:

Perfectly timed after that illegal low blow, I don't think Dixon stands a chance!

Neither does Stalker, as he rolls over the flattened Dixon for the pinning attempt. Hooking the leg with a chest to chest pin, Doyle swoops in for the count just out of eye sight as Stalker hoists his legs up to the second rope for extra leverage.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

Lance:

Dixon while certainly caught off guard by the low blow and a hard-hitting DDT ... He still had a bit of life in him as he attempted to kick out!

DDK:

Jason Reeves is a known cheater so I'm not surprised by his actions tonight. Those ropes stopped Dixon from getting up from that pin. And he doesn't look pleased!

A CHANGED WORLD

Dixon is now standing in the middle of the ring as Stalker quickly rolls from the ring after scoring the victory, not even a pause was given for his arm to be raised. JJ Dixon is trying to explain to Doyle about the low blow and the obvious use of the ropes to keep him pinned but Doyle is not hearing any of it. The Faithful start erupting in boos as Stalker goes for the steel chair that Doyle put outside.

DDK:

Oh man, Dixon is not aware Stalker still has his eyes set on the man. The match is over... as far as Stalker cares, now this is a no rules situation.

Sliding into the ring behind Dixon, Doyle is quick to see the incoming hit but barely dives out of the way as the chair CRASHES into Dixon's back. A loud smack of metal against skin drives the man to the canvas. Dixon rolls over in pain and in defense, holding both hands up to shield himself but the maniac Stalker drives the chair flat against Dixon's face! He's able to shield some of the blow but it's enough to cease any fighting from the man as the demented maniac Stalker circles around him like a victory parade before going for a microphone.

Lance Warner:

Unprovoked attack after the match. Is he sending a message here? Not sure if one needs to be sent, considering Douglas, the man he attacked last week, wasn't able to compete tonight because of him.

DDK:

This guy... lives in his own world. His own rules, his own... logic. Nothing will ever make sense with him. Trust me... I've seen some of his past handiwork including grudge matches against former DEFIANT Impulse.

Stalker: *[yelling into the mic]*

THIS COULD HAVE BEEN YOU SCOTT!!

Stalker looks like a mad man, standing over the fallen body of JJ Dixon. The massive chair shots sent the young member of the Southern Bastards into a knocked out state. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves stands over him, chair in his left hand and mic in his right.

Stalker:

You could be the one standing here, sending a statement to the weak herd of DEFIANCE. But... just like ALL of the OTHER False Heroes - you carry a code that makes you weak!

Having enough of looking at Dixon, he walks away from the beaten man and stares forward to the DEFIATron.

Stalker:

Obviously, you were too weak to show up tonight but don't worry, I showed YOUR Faithful what an UPGRADED and UPDATED version of Scott Douglas would look like.

Pointing towards the fallen Dixon as well as raising the chair in his hand, The Faithful give 'The Most Insane Man' to ever grace the ring a resounding set of boos.

Stalker:

So... the question is, Scott, are you going to keep running or are you going to face your FEARS and accept the fact I've been brought here, to bring the reality of your choices to your front lawn. The Falsehood of the idolism you have garnered, the friends you carry, it's all weakness, Scotty. Tyler knows this... I know this...

Pause for dramatic effect.

Stalker:

Even the fans who The Faithful look down upon, the ones who just crave to see the type of World I bring, know it! Are

you going to run from my rules Scott Douglas? The rules that make me the virus DEFIANCE needs!?!?

Another set of loud boos.

DDK:

Hey!! Wait a second, that's Tyler Fuse!

Fuse slides into the ring and immediately starts hammering JJ Dixon with a fury of hard left hands, as JJ's head ricochets off the canvas each time Tyler connects.

Lance:

Where did he come from!?

Dressed in faded gray jeans and a black generic t-shirt, Tyler has bandages wrapped around his forehead, where the barbed wire baseball bat took a piece of him two weeks ago.

He is a man possessed, wanting nothing more than hurting JJ Dixon over and over again, showing no remorse and in a tantric state of mind.

Thump, thump, thump, goes Dixon's head.

DDK:

We have two idiots out here. JJ is a true developmental BRAZEN wrestler. He never should have been placed in this dangerous situation but he wanted the opportunity-

Tyler has moved to kneeling Dixon's face now, getting to one foot and dropping his free knee harder and harder as more boos resound. Finally, after at least ten shots, Tyler pulls himself to his feet and he falls into the ropes. Stalker and Tyler exchange a look as Fuse nods, with an off-mic statement that's lightly picked up on the camera mic.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm in. Let's kill him for good.

DDK:

He's IN? He's IN for what!?

And then it's Tyler who seemingly pulls something out of Jason Reeves' book. He methodically drops to his knees and slips backwards out of the ring. Walking underneath the rampway, he disappears.

DDK:

What the HELL is going on here!?

Lance:

I think these two are working together or, at least, have a common enemy...

With a bloodied JJ Dixon, the disgruntled Faithful are left with Stalker who idly watched Tyler Fuse's loose cannon nature show up yet again, further hammering the defenseless JJ Dixon and for no reason.

Stalker:

Well... Scotty... you heard him. He's in.... so come ACTS OF DEFIANCE you'll be hearing from both of us. Welcome... to OUR WORLD!

A nasty snarl appears on Jason's face as The Faithful try to wish Scott Douglas into WrestlePlex but to no avail as Stalker follows Tyler's lead, rolling under the bottom rope after dropping the chair next to the fallen JJ Dixon. Medical staff rush to the ring while Stalker simply walks underneath the rampway.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. BRAZEN

Back in the arena the lights dim down and the next match is set to begin.

DDK:

Up next folks is another match in the Mikey Unlikely FISTvitational!

Lance:

That's right Darren, For weeks Mikey Unlikely has taken on talent that is slightly 'less than'. He's faced a lot of outside competition that isn't directly featured in DEFIANCE. That changed this week when Mikey set up the fan vote. He had 5 BRAZEN superstars on his poll as to which the fans would like to see him defend against. The outcome was quite surprising!

DDK:

Lance you couldn't be more right, after long time Brazen superstar Levi Cole had a distinct lead over the field, underdog and newcomer Declan Alexander got into a little Twitter spat with the champion and the fans seemed to hop on board as after their back and forth, the votes SURGED in for Declan Alexander and sure enough right here tonight he gets his first shot against the FIST of DEFIANCE! His first match on the main roster of DEFIANCE as well!

Lance:

A very pissed off FIST of DEFIANCE based on their conversation!

The camera cuts to the ring where our favorite ring announcer is standing.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "Happy Song" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The cheerleader style intro turns the WrestlePlex into a sea of flashing yellow and blue lights. Wearing his trademark varsity style jacket, the POGChamp bursts onto the stage with vlogging device in one hand and telling the crowd to get loud with the other. You can hear the cheers of the Faithful get louder as he turns the camera away from himself and onto them, trying to talk over the ovation. He turns the camera back to himself and greets it with a sendoff and a wink before dropping it and his jacket to the floor and begins his march to the ring with a hop in his step.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... THE CHALLENGER! Hailing from Brookline, Massachusetts... weight in at 242 pounds, "DEC4L" DECLAAAN ALLLLLLLEXANNNDERRRRRR!

The internet-famous video game streamer points back at Darren Quimbey and smiles before slapping hands with all the fans at the barricade on his way down to the ring.

DDK:

At just 19 years old, Declan Alexander is making his DEFtv debut in a match for the FIST of DEFIANCE. For those of you new to this kid, he had made his name in the world of video game streaming as a young teenager and has over a million followers on his channel. His daily videos stopped however, when he turned 17 and decided to use the money he had made to do his dream to train to become a professional wrestler.

Lance:

He went to the right place, Darren. His trainers include former multiple time World Champion with another organization Vivica J. Valentine, and DEFIANCE's own Lindsay Troy. He's hoping to take the FIST of DEFIANCE by surprise here and see if he can succeed where his trainer fell short.

DDK:

This has all the makings to either make a legend or lead a lamb to slaughter, Lance. You have to wonder if any of this

was calculated to rub a little salt into the wound of Lindsay Troy tonight by roughing up one of her more accomplished students.

Lance:

Regardless, it's the opportunity of a lifetime!

DDK:

Could you imagine if Declan Alexander at 19 years old manages to pull this off tonight?

Declan Alexander is on the top rope smiling and looking out into the Faithful as his music ends. From behind the curtain comes rolling the signature red carpet. It rolls all the way to the ring.

Lance:

I'm very excited for this, you never know Darren! Anything can happen.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Through the curtain comes Hollywood's favorite C Lister. Shortly thereafter comes the man everyone saw with him earlier... Perfection. The boo's pick up in volume. In his hand Mikey's carrying the FIST OF DEFIANCE case, with the handle handcuffed to himself. He stands at the end of the stage and takes in the audience. Perfection smiles and looks down at the competition in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming out next, being accompanied by PERFECTION... hailing from Hollywood, California...He is the REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE...THE WORLDS GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Holding the briefcase in the air The two talk strategy for a moment before Mikey alone heads for the ring. Perfection on the other hand heads over to the commentary table to sit in on the action.

Perfection:

This has to be the cheapest headset I've ever put on. Holy cow, guys.

Lance:

Well, we weren't expecting a guest this evening yet, unfortunately, we have one.

Perfection:

Nice to see you pricks too.

DDK:

So, the big question. Why are you back, James?

Perfection:

Less about me, more about the manly man headed to the ring, boys.

Lance:

Sure thing, as you've been absent a while, James, let me get you up to speed. The reigning FIST of DEFIANCE has been on a tear lately, the only complaint is his competition. At this point, we're not even sure if there's going to be a match for the FIST at the upcoming Pay Per View.

DDK:

Someone's certainly been pressing Mikey's buttons. We've seen it for weeks. The lights going out on him, random notes left behind marking the date of ACTS. His tension is high despite the games he's been playing.

At the bottom of the ramp, the champion goes through his normal pre-match ritual of handcuffing the Championship case to the ring post for safekeeping. Once it's secure he gets into the ring and stretches, staring at his opponent.

As the official calls for the bell, Mikey Unlikely takes a moment to look back up the ramp towards the commentary booth where his friend Perfection waves back. Unlikely smiles and points to him with a "You the man" like expression.

Perfection:

You're the man, Champ! Look at him, boys. A pure gentleman of the sport!

DDK:

I don't know if I would call him a gentl.... Nevermind.

This gives Declan an opportunity that he seizes. As Mikey turns around he doesn't see the opponent jumping off the top rope and drilling him with a missile dropkick. Mikey flies across the ring from the impact and crashes into the corner butt first. Declan gets right back up and with a full head of steam runs towards Mikey and crashes into him full speed with a basement dropkick into the chest of the Unlikely one.

Lance:

Declan with a huge take over early in this matchup as he already has Mikey reeled into the corner and holding his chest in pain!

Perfection:

The bell hasn't even rung! Hector Navarro needs to do his damn job! Declan should be disqualified immediately!

Lance:

Maybe you should pay him off?

DDK:

That's right. You did pay off Mark Shields.

Perfection:

Oh please, sour grapes, dude. Get over it.

Declan gets right back up and the crowd is feeling it. As Mikey tries like hell to move out of the corner and out of harm's way, he's grabbed by Alexander and hooked for a suplex. After a handful of quick efficient slams, Alexander waits for Mikey to get up and goes for his finisher early!

DDK:

He's setting up for the Play of the Game!

Unlikely is able to push off the back and wiggle out of the move before it lands. He then pulls Alexander back towards him and grips him around the waist from behind. He lifts and goes for a big German suplex but Alexander is able to roll through and as Mikey gets back up with his arms out wide. Alexander runs and drops him with a running bulldog. Unlikely's face bounces off the mat and Declan makes a quick cover!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

The crowd Oooo's audibly by the close call. They've taken a liking to Alexander. Declan is fired up but not wasting any time. He pulls Mikey to his feet and takes him to the corner. With a quick lift, he's able to set Mikey on the turnbuckle. He begins to climb up and throws Mikey's arm over his head to set up the superplex. As he goes to lift Mikey is able to wrap his leg around the ring post and prevent being pulled. Suddenly he lifts Declan and sends him back to the mat

face and chest first. Having remained on the turnbuckle, Mikey stands on the second rope, measures, and drops the diving fist drop across the brow of the challenger.

Perfection:

You see the wit and ring awareness of the FIST, boys? How he just sacrificed his own body with that very dangerous, HIGH-RISK maneuver?!

Lance:

Wait, what?

DDK:

His weak knees are probably shot from impact.

Perfection:

That doesn't even mean anything, Dopey Darren, and I'd like you to find anyone in the same category of selfless and high risk like "Mr. Sports Entertainment" Mikey Unlikely, Lance!

Lance:

Well, there's...

Perfection:

You can't- PERIOD!

Unlikely pulls Alexander to his feet and turns to the official arguing that the turnbuckle is illegal to use. Hector Navarro argues back that it's most definitely not illegal and never has been. It's during this kerfuffle that the official can't see Mikey raise his leg behind him. Blasting Alexander in the netherregion. He falls to his knees and cups his no no zone.

Navarro immediately checks on him and looks at Mikey accusingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT!? I was talking to you the whole time!

Lance:

What a cowardly move by Mikey Unlikely!

Perfection:

What the hell did you just say over there?! You better show some damn respect! It's obvious that he had a severe cramp in his quad and needed to stretch. Maybe Declan should have more of what I talked about earlier.

DDK:

What's that?

Perfection:

...ring awareness. Awareness- paying attention, Darren.

While Declan is recovering Hector decides to give a stern talking to Mikey who still plays it off like nothing happened. As he looks over the shoulder of Hector Navarro he can see Declan begin to recover and rushes in with a quick clothesline. Declan turns his body and converts the attempt into a hip toss. Mikey hits the canvas with a thud and immediately grabs his lower back. Declan connects with a sharp kick, and then another swift one for good measure to Mikey's kidney area. Unlikely yells and then rolls out of the ring, furious with Declan and Navarro. Still frustrated with the kick Mikey slaps his hand on the skirt and marches towards his briefcase admiring it as Hector begins the count-out.

DDK:

Seems young Declan has an answer for everything the champ is throwing his way, and this crowd couldn't be

happier.

Unlikely orders Hector Navarro to make the challenger back up so he can get in the ring. Alexander has no issues giving Mikey the easy way back in. Unlikely wipes his feet on the mat and gets back in. He doesn't take his eyes off of him this time. The pair lock up in the middle of the ring, Mikey ducks underneath and behind. He lifts up Alexander and takes him to the mat and lets go of the hold and begins to viciously club the back of the neck of the challenger.

Lance:

Well, this turned from wrestling to a brawl really fast!

Mikey meanwhile tries to throw knees as well but Declan's able to back out of his precarious position. He gets to the ropes and pulls himself to his feet but Mikey is right back on him. Sending the challenger off the ropes, Unlikely delivers a beautiful dropkick that finds its mark on Declan's face. The champion follows up and grabs both feet of the challenger.

Perfection:

Backstory, baby! He's gonna hit it! Get your cameras ready, flash off of course.

Lance:

Mikey is setting Declan up in this submission, but isn't exactly center in the ring!

Perfection:

He doesn't need to be. Break his back and make him humble, champ!

Declan grabs The Champion and tucks his head rolling him up into a pin. Hector Navarro slides into position.

DDK:

The champion's shoulders are down!

Perfection:

NOOOO! Kickout!

ONE....

TWO....

Kickout!

Perfection:

I knew he wasn't going to get him! Not even close! Not going to pin Mikey fucking Unlikely that easy Pog man.

As the two both race to their feet, exhausted and breathing heavy. Alexander goes for a big haymaker. Trying to take the champions head with him. Unlikely is able to duck and jump up with both knees on Declan's back and pulls him down into a lungblower.

The crowd lets out an audible "OOOOHHHH" on impact. Rolling on the mat Alexander can't help but hold his back in pain. Unlikely sees his opening and lifts him to his feet. He tucks his head under his shoulder bending him backward.

DDK:

He's setting it up!

Perfection:

Roll Credits!! That's it, baby! Goodnight, Unfaithfuls!

Unlikely delivers the spinning lariat into a backbreaker. He pins his younger opponent without even bothering to hook

the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Perfection:

YES! I told you guys! Look at him! Do you know how much champagne we have ready to celebrate this victory over one of the hardest fought victories yet?!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER AND STILLLLLLLLLL FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! MIKEE

The lights go out.

Just like two weeks ago.

The music stops.

The fans stop booing.

DDK:

What the...

The lights come back on and in the ring stands Scott Stevens. Wearing just a pair of jeans and no shirt. Looking in better shape than ever. His hair a little longer, sitting in his face. In his hand is his Ace in the Hole championship that grants him any booked title match.

Perfection:

Shit- Hey! You better not touch him, scumbag! You don't do that!

Lance:

Is Scott Stevens cashing in his chance?!

Stevens holds the championship over his head as Mikey stands wide-eyed and breathing heavy. He slams the championship in the chest of Mikey. Unlikely and jumps on him with a body press. He drives Mikey to the mat and starts hammering away on his face.

The Faithful in the arena explode for Stevens!

Perfection:

JESUS CHRIST!!! I gotta go!!!

Stevens picks up Mikey and tosses him out of the ring. The opposite side of the ring from his championship. Perfection hops off the commentary platform and runs for the ring.

DDK:

We haven't seen Scott Stevens for months!

Lance:

Well, it looks like he's been the one messing with Mikey! This whole time he was sending a message.

Stevens tosses Mikey over the railing and climbs over himself. He begins to fight Mikey into the crowd and away from the ring. He's wailing away as the faithful go nuts and crowd around them. He boots Mikey in the stomach and grabs him by the head and directs him up a flight of stairs.

DDK:

He's taking this right to the faithful! He's got the champion!

Lance:

Watch out, Perfection is at the ring.

Perfection runs around the ring, passing the FIST of DEFIANCE which is still handcuffed to the post. He gets to the railing and puts on the brakes. He turns and looks back at the FIST.

He looks back up to Mikey, then back to the FIST.

Lance:

Looks like Perfection has a decision to make!

He runs back to the display case and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a key and unlocks it from the ring post.

DDK:

Does he have a key?

Lance:

They've shaken hands, Darren, you know what that means!

Perfection has the FIST and begins to bolt to Mikey. At this point, Scott Stevens has him on top of the staircase. He once more boots Mikey in the gut, and right there on the concrete platform, he piledrives Mikey head first.

DDK:

Did you see his head bounce off the pavement!

Stevens stands up, breathing heavily. He walks out to the Faithful. He puts his arms out and screams. The crowd screams with him.

Lance:

Everyone in this building is excited to see Scott Stevens! I can't believe it! We're not used to this.

DDK:

They're tired of seeing Mikey book his own matches. They're tired of seeing the FIST make a mockery of that proud championship! They're ready for someone, anyone to get Mikey.

Perfection grabs the semi-aware Unlikely, picks him up, and pulls them up the staircase. James hands the case back over to Mikey who holds it close with one arm and his head with the freehand. Stevens now stands on a fan's vacated chair to watch and scream at Unlikely. The two walk up the stairs to safety guided by security.

Lance:

Well, it looks like we have our answer as to who will challenge Mikey Unlikely at ACTS OF DEFIANCE for the championship!

DDK:

The Wrestleplex is booming! They can't believe it! I can't believe it! I need a break. We all need a break. Commercial break. We'll be back!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS OF DEFIANCE 2020



*Next up! ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND!*

DDK

Our main event is gonna be a good one, Lance! We're just mere weeks away before we see arguably one of DEFIANCE's biggest singles matches yet! The two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns takes on another former champion, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy! But before we get there, Lindsay Troy takes on Burns' protege and best friend, "Bantam" Ryan Batts!

Lance:

The story of Batts is a good one! Many say he's quietly underrated, but he holds victories over big stars. He's beaten another former FIST in Scott Stevens and a former world champ in other promotions, Andy Sharp. This is a big opportunity for him and his biggest since challenging Burns for the FIST last year.

DDK:

Perhaps! Lindsay Troy is a very well-rounded star and surely, she's not looking past Batts for a second. She's ready for a fight at any time and she wants to show Oscar Burns before their match at Acts of DEFIANCE that she can match up with that technical style both like to employ. Let's get to the intros for our main event!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall and is your main event of the evening!

ZOMGPOPSPLSIONMAINEVENTTTTTIIIIIME~!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, making his way to the ring from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 205 pounds...
"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of gold and white and from the back, outcomes "Bantam" Ryan Batts, waving a rally towel and dressed in black pants-length tights with purple trim, fringe on the boots, and a purple bandana. With a grin on his face, he waves the towel for the crowd and then heads towards the ring.

Lance:

Like you said, Darren, Ryan Batts looks ready!

The Gokd Wholesome Wrestle Lad throws the towel into the crowd and gets caught by a young fan a few rows deep. Batts runs up the steps, poses on the second turnbuckle and looks out to the fans before he leaps into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

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

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage, hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts. After a few moments, she marches down the ramp, a confident smirk on her face.

Darren Quimbey:

...from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-five pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

And here's the Queen! Burns is no doubt watching this match with a vested interest. Both Burns and Troy have made it no secret they want to get back to another title match with Mikey Unlikely and a big win at the PPV could do just that!

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she hops onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and turning to face Ryan Batts. Benny Doyle does a quick check-over of both DEFIANTS and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Both Batts and Troy circle each other to start things off. Batts tries to shoot in with a leg takedown but Troy side-steps the attempt and fires off a kick to his head. Ryan quickly rolls out of the way and is up to his feet. Lindsay charges forward with a knee to the midsection, then lifts his chin and fires off some stiff knife-edge chops, working Batts back to a corner. She shoots him across the ring with an Irish whip and runs after him, but Batts uses the turnbuckles to vault up and over the incoming LT, then dropkicks her into the corner for good measure.

DDK:

There you go! Batts gives up some height to Troy, but he has a great combo of speed, power and technique like that!

Batts gets some cheers from the crowd while the camera cuts backstage. "Twists and Turns"; Oscar Burns watching intently. Back to the ring now. Batts grabs Troy's arm and pulls her out of the corner, but Lindsay reverses momentum and yanks Ryan forward...no! Batts pivots and pulls LT into him, wraps his arms around her and launches her over his head with a belly to belly suplex! Troy goes flying across the ring and Benny Doyle has to scramble out of the way to avoid getting clocked. The Queen lands hard and Ryan scrambles to make the cover!

ONE!**T-KICKOUT!****DDK:**

Not a two-count, but Batts still in control!

Batts stays on the veteran, not wanting to waste any time since Troy kicked out of his pin attempt at not-even-two. He hammers her with forearm smashes, then knees to her arm, starting to soften her up for the Fastest Armbar in the West. Lindsay attempts to cover up, but Ryan's hitting her fast and furiously. Instead, she uses her long legs to kick him repeatedly in the back of the head, and that seems to do the trick for now. Batts blinks the stars away from his eyes and Troy rolls a couple feet away from him to do the same.

DDK:

Batts almost had that Fastest Armbar in the West locked in, but Troy has done her homework.

Lance:

Indeed, now they're getting back at it!

Both fighters are back to their feet but Batts is just a hair quicker. He stuns Troy with another forearm shot to the arm and deftly moves behind her, looking to catch her with another suplex, but as soon as he lifts her off the mat, he's met with hard elbow shots to the temple and is forced to release her. The taller Troy grabs the back of Ryan's head and catches him with a $\frac{3}{4}$ facelock jawbreaker, which puts Bantam on his back and sends her floating over for a cover of her own!

ONE!**TW-SHOULDER UP!****DDK:**

And now Batts kicks out! Great counter by Troy! She knows where she's at, at all times!

Lindsay's to her feet first, shaking her arm out, and punts Ryan square in the mouth as he's rising up to a knee, making good on her statement two weeks ago for Batts to take an inventory of his teeth before their matchup. The Faithful *oooooh!* the stroke of violence from the High Queen DEFIANT. She muscled him to his feet and cracks him with an uppercut that staggers him back. Troy stays on the offensive, not looking to waste any time. She bounds off the ropes, gaining a head of steam...

DDK:

Troy with those strikes on Batts...

Lance:

Queen's Gamb... no! Look out!

CRASH!

Ryan Batts, though, has the wherewithal to duck Troy's flying double knees and pull down the top rope, sending her airborne to the mats and the barricade below!

The Faithful in the front row stand up and look over at the sprawled-out Queen of the Ring and shout encouragement, while Benny Doyle starts his ten count!

ONE!

...

TWO!

...

THREE!

Ryan, though, isn't content to just wait for Lindsay to pick herself up and get back in the ring. This is an opening to do further damage and he wants to take it.

FOUR!

...

FIVE!

He sprints to the far ropes and runs back, then leaps through the air and connects with the Flight of Fancy!

Lance:

Flight of Fancy! Ryan caught her with the Somersault Tope! What a move!

DDK:

Batts got him, but Troy's taken a lot with those shots in the last few minutes.

Benny Doyle is forced to restart his count while both Bantam and the Lady are prone on the outside and sucking wind. He makes it to five before either are able to roll to their sides and up to their knees. Seven, before they're wobbling upright on spaghetti-legs. At the count of nine, both Ryan and Lindsay dive in tandem back into the ring to avoid a double count-out, and the Faithful cheer wildly!

DDK:

Close one by both competitors! Batts is giving Troy all she can handle!

Ryan starts to haul Lindsay to her feet, but she catches him between the legs and brings him back to the mat with a flash roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

THRNOOOO KICKOUT!

DDK:

Kick out... no! No! Batts tries again for the Fastest Armbar!

Out of the pin attempt, Batts grabs hold of Troy's arm, falls backwards, and locks in the Fastest Arm in the West!

Lance:

He's got her! He's got the hold locked in!

The pain is instant, but Lindsay's close to the ropes as the fans come alive! She stretches out her arm, her fingertips barely grazing the bottom cable. Batts tightens his grip but she grits through it, scooting just a hair to her left and reaching out again; this time, she's able to clutch the rope. Benny starts his five count and Batts, ever the Boy Scout, breaks the hold at one.

Ryan's up first, ready to go. He doesn't wait for Lindsay to get all the way back to her feet, instead grabbing her arm and rolling through for a Crucifix pin! Benny's in position for the count...

...but LT's got it scouted!

She rolls out of it and scrambles to her feet. Batts, confused that Troy slipped out of his grasp, is up to his feet as well, and notices her making a break for him all too late before she comes at him...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT! Troy connects!

And after she lands the blows, the crowd goes nuts as Troy rolls over to hook both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Troy can't believe it and Batts just BARELY gets the shoulder up off the canvas before the third hand hit the mat. The Faithful are roaring and clapping for the exciting main event match still going on.

Lance:

Batts is showing some fire tonight, but Troy isn't taking him lightly!

Troy decides to end it quickly while backstage, the camera cuts back to Oscar Burns watching the match closely and quietly rooting for Batts. Back to the ring and Troy is LEATHERING Batts across the chest with some Shoot Kicks. She lands the third one and comes off the ropes for something else when Batts surprises her out of nowhere using a Reverse STO! He then sneaks up behind Troy as she's down on the ground and POWERS her off the mat into a HUGE Deadlift German!

DDK:

WOW! Batts still has life in him! The cover!

*ONE!**TWO!**NO!*

Troy rolls over onto her side and now Batts can't believe it, but he tries his damndest to stay on the Queen and not give her a chance to fight back... but when he tries to pick her up from her head, he gets WALLOPED with a huge kick from Troy from the ground! Hurriedly, the Queen gets back on her feet and CRACKS Batts upside the head this time with an even louder kick! With Batts groggy on his feet, Lindsay hits the ropes again. She leaps and latches onto his back, using her momentum to drive them both down to the canvas, Ryan's head and neck taking the brunt of the force! She holds down for the pin.

DDK:

By Royal Decree! That's it!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!*****DING DING DING!*****Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner of this match...LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

Batts gave her all that she could handle, but just one mistake allowed Troy to get the win. She's more than ready for Burns!

Lance:

And now Burns is coming out here for his friend! Great effort by Batts as always.

Troy gets to her feet and Benny Doyle raises her hand. She stands in the ring, hands on her hips, catching her breath, watching and waiting for Batts to get to his. Once the young Californian does, and he turns to face her, she gives him a slight nod to acknowledge his effort. Then she turns to see her opponent for Acts of DEFIANCE standing on the ring apron, staring her down.

DDK:

Tense staredown between the two former champions. They've been civil up til now.

Lance:

What's gonna happen?

Burns stares at Troy... then moves out of her way.

Oscar Burns:

See you, Queenie.

Lindsay slips between the ropes, keeping her eyes on Burns, and cracks a half smile as she stands next to Oscar on the apron.

Lindsay Troy:

Looking forward to it.

She hops to the mats below and saunters up the ramp. Oscar looks after her for a moment before turning to check on Ryan Batts.

DDK:

It's going to be a hard-hitting affair between Burns and Troy in just two short weeks, Lance.

Lance:

You ain't kiddin', Darren! I couldn't pick a favorite in this one even if I wanted to.

DDK:

That's gonna be about it for us tonight folks. Acts of DEFIANCE, two weeks, LIVE and SOLD OUT. For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler. Goodnight, and ...

Cue Wilson Phillips...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.